



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

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

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

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

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## THE COUNTERFEIT GOSPEL

*By Nicholas Carter*

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

# POSTSCRIPTS

by Revilo P. Oliver

## PRACTICAL POLITICS

### 1. A POLITICAL PUZZLE

Lyndon LaRouche, who was several times sponsored as a candidate for the Presidency by his own volatile political organizations, is now serving a sentence of fifteen years in a Federal prison, and some of his subordinates are now being prosecuted in various states. That fact is significant, but difficult to interpret.

Needless to say, it is impossible to tell whether or not LaRouche was guilty of the offenses of which he was convicted. Our masters in Washington have so large a staff of highly trained *agents provocateurs*, forgers, and perjurers that they could convict anyone of any crime.

If LaRouche was innocent, why was it deemed expedient or requisite to use the ponderous Federal machine to suppress him? If he was guilty, why was he given so severe a penalty for what the pets of the occupation government, guilty of graver and far more lucrative crimes, are amerced, if tried and convicted by some mischance, by only a few months in a prison that resembles a fairly good hotel?

That is a political puzzle which any man who contemplates some kind of political activity had better try to solve.

I first took cognizance of Lyndon LaRouche in 1976 when I was sent a copy of his "U.S. Labor Party's" *Carter and the Party of International Terrorism*. I noted that while the booklet contained such wild assertions as that Adolf Hitler was an agent of the Rockefellers, it did contain a very large amount of detailed and apparently accurate information about the many individuals and organizations mentioned in it—information that could have been drawn from the files of the F.B.I., the C.I.A., or Mossad, but which a man who did not have access to those files could amass only by hiring a team of investigators to do research in large libraries and archives.

I further noticed that Mordecai, alias Karl Marx, was described as a "scientific genius," whose "scientific world view" the "Fascists" (i.e., Rockefeller & Co.) were desperately trying to destroy by "per-

verting it" to Fabian Socialism, and that other "Fascists" included, imprimis, the Chinese Communists of Mao Tse-Tung. I also noted that while the Rockefellers were doubtless participants in a conspiracy against civilization and our race, the thesis that they were the source of all evil had been adapted and elaborated from the writing of the late Dr. Emanuel Josephson and his associate, who in the 1950s published for years a sheet called *Capsule News*; and furthermore, the doctrine that the Rockefellers were practically distinguishable from Satan only by lacking a cloven hoof or tail, was a dangerously misleading simplification, which served only to mask and conceal our other and more potent enemies.

I further noted that LaRouche's financial support, so far as was known, came from certain corporations that oddly resembled the dummy corporations by which the C.I.A. commonly disguises its own illegal operations in this country. This, although far from proof, suggested interesting hypotheses about LaRouche and his activities.

I was sufficiently interested to continue observation of LaRouche, depending almost entirely on four books that he published. By far the best of these is *The New Dark Ages Conspiracy* by Mr./Mrs./Miss Carol White (New York, New Ben Franklin House, 1980). The sex of the author is uncertain, so I shall gallantly assume hereafter that *he* belongs to the less amiable half of our species.

Carol's research was diligent and adroit, concentrated on the purpose assigned to him when LaRouche commissioned the book, which is succinctly stated by the subtitle, "Britain's Plot to Destroy Civilization." The book is adorned with multitudinous footnotes that refer to an impressive bibliography. The specific quotations that I have checked are accurate, and have been cleverly distorted and misinterpreted to lead a credulous reader to the conclusion that the British are, indeed, the root and source of all evil. The corollary, of course, is that God's worshipful Race are holy beings, wholly innocent of all wrongdoing.

White, whoever he is, had a real genius for the kind of dirty work for which he was hired, and we must accord him the commendation that we do not withhold from technicians who are expert in their *métier*.

He is more adroit and better educated than most journalists, and his technique is instructive, almost a model for such writers. He has mastered the art of bamboozling unwary readers by introducing names of persons and events of which they have only a hazy

recollection and then making statements, seemingly documented, with such authoritative confidence that they never think of trying to clarify their own recollections or consulting a reference work. His book will come into the hands of some persons who happen to have in mind adequate information on some of his points, but he can rely on them to toss his book contemptuously into the wastebasket after reading a few pages, unless they have some strong motive for taking notice of it.

If you are interested in this technique of deluding unsuspecting readers, the following paragraphs, set off by a distinctively different type, will give you a specimen, as concise as I can make it. If you are not interested, skip this typographically distinct section and go on to page 9, where the article resumes after the digression.

To give you a small specimen of White's technique, I open the book at random and find before me page 115. I shall quote the first two and one-half paragraphs on that page, inserting within brackets numbered references to my comments on obvious points and verifying dates from standard reference works, but I shall not waste time by looking up data on points about which I am uninformed.

Spawned in Vienna from the circles associated with the father of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, the Thule Society[1] was the German branch of the Theosophy Movement[2], itself a British[3] product of the late 1880s. The Society's spiritual father was Edward Bulwer-Lytton[4], British colonial secretary during the British Opium Wars against China[5] and later High Commissioner in India. Bulwer-Lytton was an outspoken promoter of the Isis cult[6], the pagan ritualistic cult that formed the basis[7] of Theosophy and all other British cults to the present day[8].

Bulwer-Lytton's protégé, satanist Aleister Crowley[9], who in turn trained Aldous Huxley[10], helped found the British equivalent of the Thule Society, the Isis-Urania Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn.[11] The ghost writer of *Mein Kampf*,[12] Major-General Karl Haushofer,[13] was initiated as a controller of the Order of the Golden Dawn.[14]

Bulwer-Lytton's spiritual ties with Nazism[15] go deeper. His first novel, *Rienzi*,[16] became the story for Richard Wagner's first opera.[17] Wagner set British cult life[18] to music.

Now all this flows as smoothly as treacle pouring from a can, doesn't it? And it all sounds so impressive and learned! Carol dishes it out with a practiced hand, but here are the facts:

1. The Thule Society was founded in Germany in 1918 (thirty-eight years after the 1880s) as the secret society of an élite working for the preservation of authentically German culture and aware of the systematic defilement of the nation by the Jews and of the Jewish engineering of the defeat of Germany in that year. Taking their name from the ultima Thule of ancient geographers (perhaps Iceland, possibly Norway, certainly a northern and hence presumably Nordic country), they studied Norse-Germanic mythology and also the mystical religion of Aryan India, for which some of them expressed a sympathy that could be taken for belief. The interest in occultism may have been no more than a cover for serious and rational political purposes. Many of the members were naturally attracted by Hitler; others were not, believing that what should be an intellectual and cultural reformation by an élite was betrayed and vulgarized by enlistment of the masses in a political organization.

2. Theosophy was founded in the United States in 1875 by Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, a Russian adventuress, after several earlier efforts to combine spiritual values with swindling had failed. It had little success until her two volumes of pretentious mishmash of religions, *Isis Unveiled*, was published in New York in 1877. There is no basis for comparison of Theosophy, hokum for persons who were too well educated and reasonable to believe the Christian myths, but had a religiosity that thirsted for spiritual verbiage and comforting assurances of immortality and importance in the universe, with the Thule Society which, whatever the value of some of its members' interest in mysticism, was devoted to a practical and rationally patriotic purpose. It was Nordic, whereas Mme. Blavatsky's hoax was to be a "universal brotherhood," with the usual mindless gabble about "all mankind."

3. The Theosophical Society was founded in 1875 in the United States, from which Mme. Blavatsky migrated to India, where deft Hindu conjurers helped her demonstrate spiritual values to the credulous wives of British officials and to some of the weaker-minded males. She went to England in 1884. It is true that her other major work, *The Secret Doctrine*, was published in England in 1888, subsidized by two English gentlemen, who edited it and reduced

Mme. Blavatsky's often incoherent nonsense to a more or less systematic treatise. (Cf. *Liberty Bell*, August 1984, pp.4-10).

4. Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, did enter politics, a gentlemanly thing for a man in his position to do, and as a Whig he was elected to parliament several times, and, as a loyal party man, he was rewarded with administrative positions, for which he seems to have had a real talent. There is no reason to believe that he ever seriously influenced the policies of the Whig party, let alone those of the Empire. He always regarded his political activities as secondary to his literary career. In British politics he is chiefly remembered as the candidate for parliament who, when he went around the hustings to give speeches to prospective voters, was followed a day or two later by his wife, who gave orations about why such a scoundrel was unworthy of a single vote. (He doubtless regretted that he had married a pretty but almost dowerless girl, disregarding the prudent advice of his widowed mother, who thereupon disinherited him.)

5. The two "Opium Wars" took place in 1839-1842 and 1856-1858. When Bulwer-Lytton became Colonial Secretary in 1858, the second war was practically over. There was a brief renewal of hostilities in 1859. He was never High Commissioner for India. (His son became Governor General of India in 1875, two years after the father's death.)

6. Talk about an "Isis cult" was suggested by the title of Mme. Blavatsky's first work, but *Isis Unveiled* is not the expression of a religion but only a literary allusion to the ancient religion which was exported from Egypt to the Roman world. The "veil of Isis," given iconographic expression by statues that showed the goddess as wearing a veil, was the symbol of the hidden forces in the universe, beyond the ken of mortals. The veiled Isis was supposed to have decreed, "he who lifts my veil must die." That was probably a promise that the secrets of the universe would be revealed only to the souls of the dead in an afterlife. Isis is, of course, mentioned, more or less prominently, in virtually every occult theocracy. The Christians converted her into the Virgin Mary when they needed a female element in their originally misogynist cult. — Mme. Blavatsky compounded her spiritual pot pourri principally from the Hindu Vedanta spiced with second-hand Jewish Kabbalism, but she threw in a dash of all the religions of which she had heard, for she professed to expound a "universal religion" which was the real basis of all others. So, of course, she mentions the cult of Isis in antiquity, but the title of her book enables Carol to invent an "Isis cult" and to

call it "pagan," using the term the Christian propagandists invented to depreciate the less fanatical and more salubrious religions of Graeco-Roman antiquity. Needless to say, Bulwer-Lytton did not promote a cult that Mme. Blavatsky invented four years after his death. He wasn't the "spiritual father" of any cult, although he, like many Victorian gentlemen, was swindled by even second-rate spiritualist mediums and other fakirs, and he was fascinated by occult hocus-pocus. His Rosicrucian novel, *Zanoni* (1842), has a subject he selected for its novelty and dramatic possibilities, but, given his credulity, he may have wondered whether there was some real basis for his fiction.

7. Theosophy was merely one of the innumerable esoteric cults that were spawned by the Rosicrucian hoax, on which see the admirable study by the late Frances Yates, *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment* (London, Routledge, 1972). The hoax, which was doubtless suggested by the Kikes' Kabbalah and partly modelled on it, was launched in 1614-1615 with a fiction about a secret society of great sages, their brains stuffed with arcane wisdom, who had been laboring in secret for centuries to save the world (but had oddly failed to use the vast powers over the physical world bestowed by their secret mastery of cosmic forces). Gullible persons naturally sought initiation into the magical secrets, and through the centuries since 1615 clever promoters have invented scores, perhaps hundreds, of secret societies with bizarre rigmaroles that are the Rosicrucian drivel spiced for contemporary tastes. Boys delight in secret societies with grotesque initiations and horrendous rituals, but boys know they are playing games; that persons who are physically adult should be less mature mentally is a phenomenon that must arouse wonder and despair.

8. For a list of many varieties of occult hokum peddled by secret societies to British and American suckers who are too well educated to accept the Christian superstition, but are deficient in critical intelligence and have minds so weak they cannot master their craving for mystic swill, see the two works by Miss Stoddard cited *infra* and Lady Queensborough's *Occult Theocracy* (London, 1933; available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$18.00 + postage. Please note that the word in the title is *theocracy*, which is one scheme for imposing a *theocracy*.) All of these diddles are imitations of the Rosicrucian hoax, sometimes diluted with Satanism, a cognate species of mummery. On the authors of the three books I have cited, see *Liberty Bell*, August 1984, pp. 14, 47.

9. Bulwer-Lytton died in January 1873, two years and ten months before his supposed "protégé," Aleister Crowley, was born in October 1875. White, of course, guessed that many of his readers would not know when the novelist died or might confuse him with his son, and would remember Crowley only as a celebrated practitioner of "sexual magic" and for his presumptuous boast that he was "the wickedest man alive," with only a vague notion of the time at which he flourished. I dare say that many readers did not question White's confident assertion. It is a good example of the art of a really talented and expert purveyor of sucker-bait.

10. Aldous Huxley (1894-1963) could have met Crowley or, at least, passed him on the street in London or Italy, but not after Huxley moved to California. If, in addition to *Brave New World*, you have read any of Huxley's sardonically brilliant descriptions of the decay of society after the First World War, you will ask yourself how in Hell White could have imagined that Huxley had been "trained" in anything by the self-styled Great Beast. The answer is that White calculated that most of his readers wouldn't know what he was talking about, but would assume that he did.

11. The Order of the Golden Dawn was founded in 1888 by MacGregor Mathers (who claimed to be Baron MacGregor of Glenstrae), doubtless with the help of the Jewess whom he had married while he was studying the *Kabbalah*; his purpose, unless he was insane, was to vend to educated and prosperous suckers occult gibberish modeled on the Rosicrucian Hoax. Aleister Crowley had nothing to do with the foundation, but appears to have joined the Order around 1900 and, naturally, in the jargon of modern politics, he proceeded to "destabilize" it. With a confederate, he did found an almost identical system of hocus-pocus called Stella Matutina in 1903 (or, according to some, 1905).

12. Although Adolf Hitler undoubtedly considered the many and various suggestions made to him by informed and patriotic Germans, and probably adopted some of them, there can be no doubt but that *Mein Kampf* is primarily his work, expressing clearly the principles on which he founded National Socialism in Germany. Of the associates who helped him, the greatest contribution was almost certainly made by Dietrich Eckart (whose cogent little booklet, *Bolschevism from Moses to Lenin*, is available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$2.50 + postage). Hostile writers who try to trace the origins of Hitler's political system, such as A. James Gregor (*The Ideology of Fascism*) and George L. Mosse (*The Crisis of German*

*Ideology*), do not even mention Haushofer, who was, at best, a late and marginal adherent. To call him the "ghost writer" of *Mein Kampf* is audacious mendacity.

13. Professor Karl Haushofer, a distinguished geographer, was a learned and highly intelligent man. His system of "geopolitics," which was most fully set forth in his *Bausteine zur Geopolitik* (1928), is now generally accepted without mention of his name. His *Weltpolitik von heute* (1934), a realistic appraisal of the geopolitical situation at that time, was largely, though not completely, written to support the National Socialist movement.

14. That Haushofer had ever had the slightest connection with the Golden Dawn or its offshoot, Stella Matutina, was unknown to Miss Stoddard, who was for a number of years a Ruling Chief of the Mother Temple of Stella Matutina and must have closely watched the original order. See her *Light-bearers of Darkness* (1930) and *Trail of the Serpent* (1936), both of which she published under the pseudonym "Inquire Within." That a German professor ever became an officer in a British clique of occult mummers is in itself preposterous.

15. If Bulwer-Lytton, who died in 1873, had "spiritual ties" with a German patriotic and racial movement that began in 1918-1920, in a world changed beyond the wildest fancies of a Victorian, his ghost must have been more pertinacious than the being he imagined in his best-known short story, "The House and the Brain." What White, whose effrontery knows neither shame nor limits, means here is probably what he says later in his spiel, where he unblushingly claims that Bulwer-Lytton's novel, *The Coming Race*, "contained nearly everything that...Houston Stewart Chamberlain had to say on racial 'theory.'" The novel is merely a fantastic story of an accidental visit to a realm in the centre of the earth where the members of a technologically more advanced and stridently feminist civilization (having developed *vril*, the equivalent of controlled nuclear power combined with laser beams) are maturing their plans for emerging to the surface of the planet and replacing mankind. The book may be regarded as one of the earliest specimens of what was later called "science fiction," in which its theme frequently reappears. It has no more relation to anthropology than have the novels that Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote about Pellucidar in imitation of Jules Verne's *Voyage au centre du monde*.

16. Bulwer-Lytton's first novel, *Falkland*, was published in 1827; it was followed by other novels at the rate of about one per year.

*Rienzi* appeared in 1835, the year after he published what is probably his best-known novel today, *The Last Days of Pompeii*. The subject of *Rienzi*, as should be obvious from the title, is the career of the famous Cola di Rienzo, who, with solemn anachronism, made himself Tribune of the Roman People in 1347 and sought to restore the glory of Antiquity by rousing the miserable rabble that was almost lost as it wandered among the still surviving and vast monuments of a greatness beyond its comprehension. He may have been inspired by Petrarch, whose sympathy and support he won. His career, with all its vicissitudes of seizure of power, battle, victory and folly, overthrow, exile, imprisonment, deliverance because a pope died at the right time, return to power, and eventual murder in 1354, is highly dramatic in even the most dryly factual history, and naturally attracted a novelist in search of a subject for his own powers of vividly dramatic narration.

17. The career of Cola di Rienzo had for Wagner the same attraction it had had for Bulwer-Lytton, whose dramatic novel enabled the composer to dispense with historical research when he chose the subject of his first real opera (the two earlier compositions do not count, although *Die Feen* contained at least one fine lyric). The success of Wagner's *Rienzi* assured his career. It is a brilliant opera, although, overshadowed by his later and greater works, it is now seldom performed.

18. What could be a conceivable connection between romantic renditions of an historical episode and "British cult life"? This, needless to say, is hogwash of the most stinking kind, but note the skill with which White has made it palatable to the thoughtless and ignorant.

A sequel to White's book is *Treason in America*, by Anton Chaitkin (New York, New Benjamin Franklin House, 1984; 2d edition, 1985). It is a larger book (631 pages) and more pretentious, with an imposing bibliography, and it naturally conforms to LaRouche's policy of blaming all the world's ills on the nasty British and resolutely assuming that Yahweh's Yids can do no wrong. The author's very extensive research provides him with a large amount of little-known data that are easily distorted and misrepresented, but he lacks White's skill and writes with crude Yiddish impudence. I doubt that many have read it without contempt.

*Dope, Inc.*, a collaborative effort by Konstandinos Kalimtgis, David Goldman, and Jeffrey Steinberg, the editors of LaRouche's expensive *Executive Intelligence Review*, was published by his Franklin House in 1978, and is probably the one of his books that attained the widest distribution, since it was, for a fairly long time, sponsored and sold by Liberty Lobby and its *Spotlight* in Washington. It alleges that all the trade in narcotic drugs is the evil work of the Satanic British, and argues that with such fantastic pertinacity that if it were issued today, I am sure that it would describe as British agents the seventy colonels, majors, and lieutenants of the Israeli army who are now acting as gunmen and bully boys to protect the cocaine industry in South America.<sup>1</sup> Needless to say, in the opinion of Messrs. Kalimtgis, Goldman, and Steinberg, and of their boss, Lyndon, God's People by definition can do no wrong.

This absurd book takes its departure from the British Opium Wars in China, which are misinterpreted with a perverse anachronism that cannot be mere ignorance. The moralistic falsification of history so neatly illustrates the *modus ductandi* of LaRouche and his people that I think it merits brief consideration in a typographically distinct section, which you may skip, if you wish.

The attempt to use the "Opium Wars" to excite moral indignation against Great Britain is intellectual dishonesty of the most flagrant and contemptible kind.

We must keep in mind two preliminary points:

(1) In the period 1839-1860, Britain believed in the policy of free trade, and so did other European powers. The demand for tea and other Chinese products made trade with China almost necessary. It was the policy of the Manchus, who had conquered China and ruled it, to exclude the "White devils" from China and, if possible, to prevent all contact with them; this policy doubtless won the approbation of most of their Chinese subjects. The military power of

1. *Die Welt* (Bonn), 25 August 1989. Some part of this fact could not be suppressed in the American press, which even reported that an Israeli colonel had affirmed that he had been despatched by his government to Colombia, thus ruining the Jews' pretense that the officers were "former" members of the Army, from which they had resigned to engage in private enterprise, without the consent of the bloody butcher-boys who rule the "Holy Land."

the "White devils" forced China to allow them to reside in a small and strictly circumscribed area adjacent to Canton, and to engage in trade with Chinese there. Whether free trade was, in the circumstances of the Nineteenth Century, a sound economic policy may be debated; the question is morally irrelevant.

(2) It is quite true that (as LaRouche's scribblers are careful not to mention) God's Pet Predators, the Sassoons and others, who had acquired a virtual monopoly of the opium trade in India, profited enormously from the "Opium Wars," but it must be remembered that since Cromwell and his Puritans adored God's Chosen, whose financial support they needed, and admitted even undisguised members of the tribe to England, the British, befuddled by Christianity, tolerated the invaders and the pollution of their own aristocracy by marriages with handsomely dowered and superficially Christianized Jewesses, eventually even admitted the Chosen to British citizenship, and were cozened into believing that an Anglo-Yiddish alliance was destined (by "Bible prophecy" and economics) to rule the world. This delusion seemed confirmed by the career of Benjamin D'Israeli, who championed a sound imperial policy and became Prime Minister and Earl of Beaconsfield. The folly of the British naturally led to their ruin, but Americans, who ruined their country and gave it away to please the International Predators, have no right to wax censorious.

With so much preliminary proviso, we may come to our real subject.

The basic fact, known to everyone who has even a slight acquaintance with English literature, is that during the period in question opium had approximately the status of aspirin today. Every English family of consequence and most Americans kept opium, usually in the form of its tincture, laudanum, in their homes, for use to relieve insomnia, headaches, and arthritic and other pains. That was simply a matter of course, and no one (except possibly a few professional yappers) thought that use of opium objectionable. It was known, of course, that some persons became addicted to opium in one form or another, just as some became alcoholics, and that addiction was physically deleterious to some of them, but persons who became addicted to any substance so far as to damage their physical or mental health were obviously moral weaklings, and no one was, as yet, so idiotic as to try to protect individuals from themselves and thus aid godly witch-doctors in their schemes to attain total dominion over an enslaved populace.

I used the analogy with aspirin (acetylsalicylic acid) advisedly. It does relieve insomnia, headaches, etc., but whether it is salubrious, even in very small doses, is questioned, and it is known to be injurious in large doses. It is also addictive for some persons. About twenty years ago, as I recall, a wreck on a railroad and several deaths were caused by a locomotive engineer who had become addicted to aspirin and had to have twelve or more tablets every day; the drug so impaired his vision that he mistook a red signal for green. Aspirin is manufactured very profitably by several large drug companies, and, so far as I know, no holy man has as yet thought of agitating to have it prohibited.

The basic principle of free trade is that merchants have a right to offer for sale commodities such as opium and sugar and jewelry; if opium is bought by addicts, or sugar bought by diabetics, or jewelry by women who cannot afford it, that is not the merchant's concern—and, as a matter of practical business, cannot be. Free trade in commodities is something quite different from the sale of weapons to enemy races, which, like the training of aliens in our race's technology, is simply treason and should be punished accordingly.

The difficulty began because the Chinese, evidently through some racial weakness, possibly exacerbated by a feeling of frustration under Manchu rule, became addicted to opium in large numbers. The Manchu government, unable to prevent its subjects from buying, sought to prohibit British and other merchants from selling the desired commodity. The Manchus seem to have been sincere in that purpose, although they also wished to save for their economy the money that was spent on opium, and certainly were glad of a plausible pretext to intensify their harassment of the hated White men.

It is a matter of record, diligently concealed by purveyors of moralistic sucker-bait, that the British were sympathetic to the Chinese and that in 1839 Sir Charles Elliot, who, as a naval commander, had supervisory authority over British traders in China, forced the British merchants to hand over to the Chinese authorities their entire stock of more than twenty thousand chests of opium, worth more than \$10,000,000 (in real money) and to pledge themselves that they would bring no more of that commodity to China. The mandarins claimed they destroyed all twenty thousand chests; it was rumored, however, that some of the chests served to make some enterprising Chinese wealthy.

Had the Chinese been content with that settlement, there doubtless would have been nothing more to chronicle, but, as other races invariably do when they confront Aryans, a race incomprehensible to their minds, the Chinese mistook generosity for weakness. They used their "victory" over the cowardly "White devils" to make demands so outrageous that no self-respecting nation could accept them, and they fired on vessels sailing under the British flag. In those days Aryans, although infected with Christianity and plagued with do-gooders, were still men, not the shrinking little twerps they have now become, and Great Britain took appropriate action, which can be rationally deprecated only as being too mild.

It is unnecessary to trace the hostilities, repeatedly terminated by treaties the Chinese did not observe, and renewed several times until the British (with French allies) lost patience and sent an armed force to Peking, where the Chinese government, facing the warlike "White devils" in its own capital, finally yielded. (An apologist for the Manchus can truthfully allege that the inconsistency of policy in Peking may have been partly caused by the T'ai-p'ing revolt of Hung Siu-ts'üan, which enlisted the sympathies of many British and Americans.)

The important point to remember is that opium was *not* the cause of the "Opium Wars," which began after the English had agreed not to offer that commodity for sale in China, and that, as a matter of fact, throughout those "wars" the British did not demand the right to sell opium in China until they dictated the terms of peace in Peking, where they were determined to end forever a specious pretext for harassment of, and violence against, British merchants.

For all practical purposes, the right to sell opium to the Chinese became largely theoretical. Enterprising Chinese in the western provinces imported the right varieties of poppy from Turkey and went into production, and by 1900 they were supplying the Chinese market with 20,000 tons of opium annually, and exporting large quantities to the countries of southeast Asia. Only a small amount of opium was still imported from British India to China, sold chiefly to persons who believed it superior to the domestic product.

The racial weakness of the Chinese and the efforts of the Manchu government to prohibit domestic production (which, naturally, had chiefly the effect of increasing the price of the drug and the profits of successful vendors) attracted international attention, and soon do-gooders began to wail about the horrid drug.



There was no "drug problem" in the United States, where, in most states, opium and cocaine could be purchased over the counter in any drug store, until the Harrison Act in 1914 sought to restrict distribution of such drugs to physicians, and placed the physicians under supposedly strict regulations. The do-gooders kept at it, of course, until the now demoralized and servile nation reached its present plight. But that is another story.

We now come to the latest of the four books, the autobiography of Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr., *The Power of Reason: 1988* (Washington, D.C., Executive Intelligence Review, 1987). Although no mortal could attain such erudition and wisdom as to deserve the accolades that LaRouche bestows on himself, it is obvious that he has read widely and accumulated a store of miscellaneous learning. It is probable, for example, that few Americans, outside departments of Russian in major universities, know the name of Ivan Goncharov or the title of his now forgotten novel, *Oblomov* (1858), which LaRouche seems to have read. He has certainly read Nicholas of Cusa's *De docta ignorantia* (c. 1440), to which he, following some Catholic scholars, attributes an exaggerated value, and even the less known *De pace fidei*, from which he claims that he and his wife derived their conception of ecumenical Christianity.

The knowledge that LaRouche thus displays makes one wonder whether the fantastic ignorance he also displays is not voluntary. One makes allowance, of course, for his ill-defined mysticism and for his certainty that, e.g., Newton and Darwin, being Englishmen, must have been the agents of an infernal conspiracy to destroy civilization, but how can one account for such blatant absurdity as his description of the Emperor Tiberius as "pacing in his villa, waiting for the messengers from Judaea announcing Christ's death"?<sup>2</sup>

2. Of course, assuming that the famous Jesus really existed and was executed, as stated in the "New Testament," that would have been a trivial incident that Pontius Pilate would not even have mentioned obiter in an official report, and which he would have forgotten in a few years, at most. The incident is put in proper perspective in Anatole France's celebrated short story, "Le procureur de Judée," of which, by the way, there is an elegant Latin translation by Conrad Mueller, which won the first prize in the Certamen Capitolinum in 1951 and was published by the Institutum Romanis Studiis Provehendis in that year.

LaRouche's *pia ignorantia* becomes explicable when he informs us, to the amazement of everyone who has even a smattering of historical knowledge, how Octavian achieved his great victory over Anthony and Cleopatra at Actium. You see, the future emperor Augustus met secretly with the priests of Mithra<sup>3</sup> in a grotto on the island of Capri and made a deal with them to obtain the support of "the Syrian military orders," who then won the battle for him. But why should LaRouche invent such asinine twaddle? He knows what he is doing, for it leads to the world-shaking disclosure that his Jesus wasn't crucified by the godly Yids, who can do no wrong; no, indeed! the crucifixion was contrived by those awful priests of Mithra, who had conspired with Augustus to prevent the capital of the empire from being moved from Rome to Alexandria, which was then the equivalent of New York today, the largest Jewish city in the world. There is, you see, method in Lyndon's madness.

3. Although it is possible that in the time of Octavian there were in Italy a few low-grade Orientals (probably not Semites) who worshipped Mithra (*Mithras*), the Romans knew nothing of them, and it was not until about a hundred and twenty-five years later that the cult became a noteworthy religion in Italy. It spread rapidly throughout Europe thereafter, its votaries being chiefly soldiers and merchants of Oriental ancestry. As is well known, the Christians, when they came along, took many elements of their cult from the Mithraic (Christmas, the eucharist, the notion of salvation through the shed blood of a god, the presence of shepherds and Zoroastrian priests at the birth of Jesus in a cave (later changed to a stable), the title of 'Father' for their holy men, etc.).

The worship of Mithra was a derivative of Zoroastrianism, much as Christianity was a derivative of Judaism: it invented a son for its supreme god, made the son a Saviour who redeemed mankind and served as a mediator between his father and mortals, and thus made the son overshadow and almost replace the unapproachable father. Mithraism was a manly religion, and although it is much to be regretted that it was replaced by Christianity, that was perhaps inevitable. The Mithraic faith was available only to men, who met in small congregations of twenty or less, which were about all their small grottos (which Christian churches imitated on a much larger scale) would hold; wives and mistresses had to go to a temple of the Magna Mater, which was sometimes conveniently located across the street, but their religion therefore differed radically from that of the men.

Needless to say, "the Syrian military orders" were also invented by LaRouche.

The foregoing will suffice to show in what spirit you should read the great man's autobiography. LaRouche's greatness is evident from the ardor with which he waves the incense pots before himself. It is obvious from his foreword that he is the only man in the world who understands the music of Mozart and Beethoven, and the first sentence of his first chapter modestly informs us that he is "the leading economist in the world today." If he were not so modest, he would have admitted he is the only one who is not a fraud and fool. That follows, because he is the only one who understands his epochal discovery, the application of Georg Riemann's non-Euclidean geometry and theory of complex variables (the mathematics of Einstein's Relativity) to economics.<sup>4</sup>

The proprietor of the "LaRouche-Riemann method" claims to have predicted accurately some economic fluctuations in the United States. I have not tried to verify that claim.

The cosmogonic "LaRouche-Riemann method" yields marvels that are not confined to economics. It enables Lyndon to speak with contempt of British conspirators, such as Newton and Darwin and Rutherford, who use the vile empirical method and try to ascertain reality by experiments with material and perceptible things, instead of sitting down with a pencil and pad of paper to manipulate mathematical formulae and thus know what happens in multi-dimensional space-time—which no one has ever seen and which may exist only in a fevered brain. It also, in some obscure way, led LaRouche to his vision of "ecumenical Christianity," on which, he says, Pope John Paul II is in almost complete agreement with him.

LaRouche, moreover, has learned something since 1976. Marx is no longer a "scientific genius" with a wonderful "world view."

4. Riemann's *Habilitationschrift* (Inaugural Lecture) in 1854 is said to mark the point at which serious consideration of non-Euclidian geometry began. For help in understanding Riemann's methods, I suggest *Fundamentals of Mathematics*, translated by S. H. Gould from the *Grundzüge der Mathematik* (Göttingen, 2d ed., 1967-1971), and published by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1974-1976. For Riemann's non-Euclidian geometry, see Vol. II, pp. 563-566 and 598-604, and specially note (and ponder) the conclusion on p. 563 that the multi-dimensional "Riemannian space" is "locally"—that is, at any given point—the normal three-dimensional space of Euclid. For Riemann's analytic calculus, see Volume III, where the entries are so numerous that you had best find the pages by looking up Riemann's name and the adjective derived from it in the index. Since LaRouche, so far as I know, has never published his own calculations, how Riemann's involute mathematics apply to economics is a profound mystery.

Marx's doctrine has become "a chimera" and a "clever hoax"; it is "irrationalist" and most of it was plagiarized from the wicked writings of many evil people, such as Descartes; it is materialistic and contrary to Christian principles; and—if you have been following Lyndon's mental processes you do not need to be told what comes next—Marx was hired and supervised by British intelligence in its plot to destroy civilization.

Lyndon has learned something more that pains him intensely. He has had a tragic experience. Despite a career devoted to manufacturing smoke screens to hide Jews at work, and although he is "assisted by Israeli intelligence" (i.e., Mossad), he was—oh, horrors!—called "anti-Semitic" by the Defamation League of Jewish cowboys who ride herd on their American cattle. That makes them bad boys, even though they are God's Chosen, and enabled LaRouche to discover that Indira Gandhi, the "wonderful woman" who was the only "head of state...of world-stature," having been wise enough to collaborate with Lyndon, was assassinated by terrorists hired by the A.D.L., the Heritage Foundation, and Senator Jesse Helms.

Lyndon claims that he, applying the invincible LaRouche-Riemann method, invented the plan, sponsored by Ronnie Reagan as a "Strategic Defense Initiative" and derisively called "Star Wars" by the newspapers, for making the United States invulnerable to atomic and other missiles by shooting them down and destroying them in the upper atmosphere.<sup>5</sup> He is certain that it would be infallible, and when one reads the roster of "concerned scientists" who hysterically protested it couldn't possibly work, from Abbie Abrams to Zollie Zuckermann, one inclines to believe him right about that—but one would feel more confident, if he did

5. I remember having read many years ago a "science fiction" story according to which the United States, after having broken up into a number of independent states, usually at war with each other, and having suffered great loss of life from both war and epidemics, fortunately including all of the pestilential "minorities," thus becoming a White (Aryan) nation again, was protected and completely isolated from the rest of the planet by such an electronic shield, which instantly and automatically destroyed every metallic object in the atmosphere or on the sea. Airplanes were, of course, impossible and the exhaustion of domestic supplies of petroleum made automobiles useless. Electric power from the earth's magnetic field near its subterranean core operated the much improved railways, while farming and local transportation depended on horses, to the great improvement of health, morality, and social stability.

not straightaway propose to establish American colonies on Mars.<sup>6</sup>

We must not take time to enumerate the other marvels to be found in this autobiography,<sup>7</sup> or to inquire who finances the network of intelligence agents who continually report to LaRouche from all parts of the world. We must now consider our only real problem: Why did the slightly disguised tyranny in Washington use ponderous machinery, including hundreds of its lawless bullies, to squash a man who, whether half-mad victim of his own delusions or a cynical merchant of hokum, has given no evidence of an intellectual capacity that would make him a threat to them—or anyone else?

But has he nevertheless offended our masters?

He has called attention to the fact that the United States has destroyed its own economy and virtually liquidated the industrial capacity it once had, but that is simply a fact painfully apparent to anyone who considers our present dependence on imports, even for things still sold under the names of American corporations, from typewriters to bulldozers.

He has vehemently denounced the depredations of “international finance” in this country and throughout the world. That is a grievous offense, especially since the Jews have declared that hostility to the looters of international finance is, ipso facto, “anti-Semitic.” But a number of other writers, with more numerous or at least more influential readers, have dared to do as much and do it more lucidly and cogently, for example, Lawrence Patterson in the monthly market-letter that he candidly entitles *Lessons in Criminal Politics*, and it has not yet been thought necessary to incarcerate them in prisons.

6. While it is probably technically possible to build metal igloos on Mars within which a few human beings could exist in an atmosphere chemically generated and electrically heated, the expense of such an undertaking, even by LaRouche’s optimistic calculations, would greatly exceed the combined resources of the United States, Europe, and Japan, but that is not the real point. What sane man would want to live on a Mars?

7. I cannot, however, forbear telling you that the *Odyssey*, if read by a genius, proves that Ulysses sailed across the Atlantic into the Caribbean, then traveled up the Atlantic coast to New England, crossed the Atlantic to Europe, and thence went home to Ithaca “by land” (whether walking or driving a Mercedes is not stated).

A graver offense, no doubt, is to be found in the chapter of his autobiography entitled “AIDS: the Apocalypse,” in which he discusses the nature of the malady and points out the biological impossibility of ever producing a vaccine that would limit the contagion. He affirms that “the policy-making structures of the West’s so-called industrial powers” have, in ways he does not explain, “created the AIDS pandemic,” and he avers, perhaps with some hyperbole, that his “best computer estimates, using the most conservative estimates based on known statistics, is [sic] that AIDS can make the human species extinct within as soon as thirty-five to forty years from now.”

Such a cry of alarm must be vexatious to our rulers, whose principal problem is that of spreading the infection among White men and women before the infatuated boobs perceive that, aside from sexual perverts, the dire epidemic is (as Lyndon would never dream of admitting) chiefly carried by niggers, mestizos, and Kikes, and by White women whose instincts are so etiolated that they copulate with bearers of the lethal disease.

LaRouche’s alarming remarks must have been annoying to the Establishment, but other men with better credentials have described how direly infectious is the virus that destroys the immune system and are still unimprisoned, for example, the two physicians named McNamee in their book, *AIDS: the Nation’s First Politically Protected Disease*, on which I hope to comment in a future issue of this periodical. And their book should be reassuring to our rulers. It was published in the hope of influencing the referendum in California, at which a majority of the voters, including, no doubt, an undetermined number of Americans, voted to facilitate spread of the epidemic, doubtless to promote sacrosanct Equality.

Lyndon, furthermore, while crying alarm about the epidemic, has done so in a way the government should approve. He not only says nothing about the racial factors in the epidemic, but he vigorously insists that the deadly Immunity Deficiency is not “sexually transmitted,” thus making clear how outrageous would be prejudice against our precious perverts. That should give him a gold star on his record.

Against these offenses we must set off Lyndon’s activities that should endear him to our enemies in Washington.

He has *imprimis* consistently and strenuously labored to conceal all the depredations of Yahweh’s Master Race, diverting attention away from them, commissioning and publishing volumes

of more or less artfully manufactured sucker-bait, which, although they excite only cynical laughter from educated and critical readers, doubtless do impose on the many Americans who are thoughtlessly ready to believe whatever they see in print, especially if it is decorated with footnotes.

He has found every way to denounce "racists" and wicked individuals who believe in biology instead of the LaRouche-Riemann method, which proves that we should stimulate to the maximum the breeding of anthropoids everywhere on this planet until we reach the paradisial millennium around 2400, when there will be only standing room on the globe and we shall have to learn to sleep standing up. Belief that there are distinct races is the dastardly work of conspiratorial British materialists, who perversely consider visible and tangible realities instead of spending their time with a pencil and pad of paper, jiggling mathematical formulae while meditating on the glories of "ecumenical Christianity."

Those two achievements alone should make Lyndon worthy of a Congressional Medal of Honor, according to the criteria by which that decoration is now awarded.

LaRouche concludes the main part of his autobiography with the candid admission that he "is the only person in sight who possesses the tested abilities for doing what must be done." Consequently, "among all of the power elite, the idea of my being president scares them almost to death."

Now I am willing to wager that neither Ronnie nor Bushy, nor yet any one of their thousands of accomplices, ever lost so much as ten minutes of sleep through worry over Lyndon's chances of becoming president. And that brings us back to our original puzzle: why was it deemed necessary to use all the resources of government to clobber an intellectual nullity?<sup>8</sup>

8. One could imagine, of course, that LaRouche is a man of keen intellect who, like the first Brutus, pretends to be foolish while awaiting the time to strike a decisive blow, but of that there is no evidence whatsoever. One could suggest that he is the victim of in-fighting between the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., or between the C.I.A. and Mossad, since the two agencies, while overlapping, are not identical, but such conjectures are vain so long as the sources of LaRouche's income during the past two decades remain unknown.

## 2. ROUSING THE POPULACE

As we all know, democracy (in the contemporary sense of that word) depends on keeping the herds grazing contentedly and growing pelts for their annual fleecing, and this involves keeping them amused with games and with "crises" about which they will chatter without ever trying to understand them.

If nothing that LaRouche or his pet scribblers have done seems to merit the drastic chastisement inflicted on him, perhaps the solution to our puzzle is to be found in his followers' anomalous political organization, of which the potentiality has not yet been clearly determined. It appears, however, to be something of a nuisance.

In *Liberty Bell*, June 1986 and April 1987, I reported on the misbehavior of numerous voters in Illinois. They read the "populist" laws about primary elections, enacted to please bumbling reformers before the First World War, and they took the decorative verbiage seriously, imagining that they actually had a right to decide who would represent them in the government of the state. They thus nominated in the "Democratic Party" two of LaRouche's followers for the offices of Lieutenant Governor (a man whose duties are to twiddle his thumbs until the Governor leaves the state, often dashing to Asia, seeking to import more Chinese and other Orientals to help keep the tax-paying animals in their place) and Secretary of State (whose principal job is to issue licenses for automobiles).

That audacious act precipitated an uproar. Although one of the candidates was a Jewess, the Jews scurried to their Wailing Wall and lamented that unkind remarks about the Federal Reserve and open objection to financial looting was simply "anti-Semitism," and quaking with fear that millions of Sacred Sheenies were about to be stuffed into gas-chambers. That was probably just automatic behavior by a race that never misses an opportunity to wail that it is persecuted by its victims. What was significant was the reaction of the political gang that owns the state.

In their indignation over the ingratitude of the voters, they gave the whole show away. They had generously provided for the tax-payers of Illinois a game they could not only watch every two years, whenever they were tired of watching niggers kick or throw balls, but in which the spectators could themselves participate by squandering their time and money to advance the candidacy of

Tweedledum over Tweedledee, or even rush around in a frantic attempt to organize a "Third Party," which would have no chance of appearing on the ballot, given the enormous number of *unchallengeable* signatures on petitions that protective legislation had made necessary. It was outrageous that presumptuous voters, not content with the recreation kindly provided for them, should make trouble for the managers of the carnival.

The Democratic bosses, beating their breasts in pious anguish over their negligence in permitting those damned voters to nominate candidates of their own, urged all loyal party members to vote against their party, i.e., that half of the ruling gang, thus forever making ridiculous the pretense that there is real competition between the two teams that are needed to play games for the public. The Democratic candidate for Governor flounced away in lady-like horror at being associated, even on a printed ballot, with such vile wretches and extemporized a sudden political party of his own (he was a privileged character, of course), thus facilitating the reelection of the generally detested incumbent, as may have been originally planned. And pus spurted from every editorial office in the state.

At nearly the same time, the politicians in Michigan likewise exposed the much-touted "Two Party System" as just a hoax. An earnest and determined man, who openly professed the view that White Americans are entitled to be represented in government, won the Republican nomination for Congressman. There was again turmoil and horrification. The Republican bosses urged Republican voters to vote against their party's candidate, that awful man who was not content with the status of White Americans as tax-paying animals. The slime-machine in Michigan pumped out its best sludge, and, by heroic efforts, the Republican half of the gang was saved from the disgrace of electing a candidate whom those God-damned voters had actually had the gall to choose for themselves. The "Two-Party" hoax was exposed, of course, but the bosses didn't give a damn, relying on their power to keep the dumb brutes in their place thereafter.

What makes these shenanigans so quaint is their futility. Had the American candidate been elected to Congress and refused to sell out, he could have inserted statements in the *Congressional Record* and said some disobliging things, but, one man amid about five hundred, he actually could have accomplished no more than a sailor who had joined the crew of a pirate ship. The candidates of

LaRouche's organization could have done even less in Illinois, given the limitations of the offices for which they were candidates. They could have talked, of course, and would have been entitled to a derisive simulation of impartiality in the poison-pen press, but that is all—and what harm would a little talk have done in a situation in which the two teams of the ruling consortium frequently spend time in trading insults and arguing with each other to give the impression that the legislative enactment, whatever it is, has not been determined long in advance.

If an elected maverick becomes an annoying nuisance, he can always be disposed of easily. Dr. Carlton Myers, a veterinary who was appointed a Federal inspector of meats and naively imagined that his duty was to inspect meats intended for the market, instead of playing pinochle with his buddies and giving the boobs the impression that the meat had actually been inspected, in his unfortunately dull but pathetic book, *"I Had to Watch My Country Die"* (s.l.; published by the author, 1976), recounts (pp. 195 ff.) the fate of a man named Dean, a member of the Senate of the State of Georgia, who dared to expose publicly a particularly malodorous plundering of the tax-payers by a scheme that would net the promoters a billion dollars (of 1976 vintage) in three years. His speech went unnoticed, but three days later the scallawag press in Atlanta began to scream that Senator Dean had misreported some items on his expense account. The curs in the rest of the state's journalistic kennels began to bark and howl in chorus, and join in demanding investigation of the criminal. He was indicted and tried (but not convicted, untrained persons having been included in the jury); he was censured by the Senate (evidently for not having been convicted); and the flood of publicity ruined him politically. That's what can always be done to public officials who dare to vex their masters, and while it would be a bore to have to make the effort to abate a nuisance elected by voters who become insolent, it can always be done, if the rulers are seriously annoyed.

The political comedy will be played again this year, for LaRouche's followers, undeterred by the capture and isolation of their titular leader, are again trying to get into the show. In Illinois, the two who were defeated in 1986 have filed petitions to enter the Democratic primaries, and they have been joined by three others, one a negress. The engineers of the political machine are already bellowing that they will see to it that insubordinate voters do not have another chance to take the bit between their

teeth and run away. It will be remarkable if the bosses have not arranged to have some spurious signatures on the petitions that are needed even to enter primaries, and the question could be tied up in the courts until after the primaries are over. And it is not surprising that two of the candidates have been indicted for robbery, theft, burglary (!), and extorting money from an old woman.

The latter charge seems to be fashionable in politics today, if I am correctly informed that, by a very odd coincidence, in the State of Oregon the two candidates from LaRouche's group have likewise been indicted for extorting money from an old woman. The indictments will probably be all that is needed to restore the *status quo* in Oregonian politics.

I have not heard what is happening elsewhere. I suppose that in several other states LaRouche's followers have put forward candidates, some or all of whom have been indicted for burglary and extorting money from old women.

Let me note emphatically that I know nothing about the LaRouche organization's candidates, and that I necessarily have reservations about persons who choose to follow the self-ordained and self-admiring genius whose writings I have described above. I am interested in them only for the elucidation of practical politics their efforts occasion.

In a democracy, of course, it is necessary to keep a tight rein on the tax-paying voters as they pull the ever heavier wains to which they are harnessed, but even so, is not the consternation in the ruling gang by nominations in primary elections excessive? Even if the offending candidates are nominated, what harm could they do?

I do not know what those candidates intend to say, if they succeed in obtaining a chance to contest the real election.

They will orate, no doubt, about the destruction of American industry and the looting of the country by the international usurers, but why not let them? The work has been done. The United States is utterly and hopelessly bankrupt, and the den of thieves in Washington is working hard to get as much more loot as possible before the crash comes. The Federal Reserve's trading stamps will inevitably become useful only for recycling paper. The factories that have been destroyed cannot be rebuilt, and debts to the usurers cannot be reduced, but will instead increase geometrically. Nothing can be done about the *fait accompli*—and if it could, the Aryans have become such pusillanimous little creatures,

afraid of their own shadow, that they would never dare to do it. Everyone knows that, so why not let the candidates talk to a helpless populace? They will orate about hygiene and good health to a man on his deathbed.

I can see only one way in which the candidates could create a sufficient stir to embarrass the masters and disturb the smooth performance of the usual electoral vaudeville show.

LaRouche's publication *New Solidarity*, 31 October 1986—the issue, incidentally, in which was reported the raid on the publication's office by a mob of four hundred (yes, 400!) agents of the Federal Bureau of Intimidation, the opening of the drive to suppress and imprison LaRouche—printed an article by Warren J. Hamerman entitled, "If You Really Want to Know the Truth About AIDS, Ask a Veterinarian." I am told that it has been reprinted recently.

The article points out that the lentivirus of the disease is of the same kind as the several varieties of lentivirus that cause devastating epizootics among sheep, cattle, and horses, which can be controlled and halted only by slaughter of all infected animals and all animals that have been in contact with them (since they may have been infected and be capable of spreading the contagion without showing detectable symptoms for a fairly long time). It is, of course, obvious to anyone who is willing to think about it that the epidemic of the invariably lethal infection called "AIDS" (a more accurate term is African Plague) can be controlled only by rigorous segregation and quarantine of all persons known to be infected, and strict supervision of all who may have been infected by them.

The writer of a letter printed in *Liberty Bell*, June 1989, p. 45, reports, on the basis of information given him by a worker in a morgue, that in his county the rate of death from the epidemic is almost ten times as great as the total number of cases, living and dead, reported by official statistics. This suggests that the death-rate throughout the country is nearing the point at which it will no longer be possible to conceal the actual extent of the epidemic.

If the LaRouche candidates are allowed to campaign on this issue, and do so skillfully, they might be able to excite a contagion of fear that could put them in office. The majority of Americans no longer care about what will soon happen to their race, their culture, and their children, but it may be that they retain enough of the mammalian instinct of self-preservation to react to an imminent danger to their own lives. But the results of the referen-

dum in California and the present apathy of the public makes it more likely that the Jews' newspapers and boob-tubes will be able to keep the feckless Aryans befuddled so long as the death-rate is not so great that it can no longer be ignored.

Let me repeat that I am uninformed about the strength and financing of LaRouche's organization, which appears to have gone partly underground, and the characters of its candidates, matters which are irrelevant here.

The important point is that, on the record, the followers of LaRouche, whose candidates include both Jews and niggers, and who would never think of noticing biological facts of race, must be far more acceptable to the ruling powers than any Aryan organization could possibly be. Their leader has been successfully removed from public life, and if he had not, the mentality evinced in his book and the books manufactured to his specifications is one that makes any serious fear of him absurd. He appears to have no successor, and any acephalous organization is sure to be ephemeral.

It would be hard to imagine an association of persons determined to break into politics without becoming lackeys of the rulers that, on the evidence, would be more innocuous to those rulers than LaRouche's remaining followers. The bitter opposition they have encountered must therefore come from politicians whose interest is only in maintaining their monopoly of public office as obedient servants of those rulers.

The political gang, which is genuinely "bi-partisan," is a tightly organized band of professionals, who naturally resent amateurs who try to break into the club. No man becomes a 33<sup>o</sup> Mason without passing through the lower grades. In the Army, even today, not even Jews and niggers become generals without having held lower ranks, though they rise through those ranks with the agility of greased eels. The same is true in politics, and for very urgent reasons.

An aspirant to political power must begin by holding minor and relatively unimportant offices, in which his ability to woo voters and his conduct in office can be observed critically, and if he shows a tendency to honesty or other undesirable characteristics, he can be quickly and permanently eliminated.<sup>9</sup>

9. A good illustration is provided by a young and ambitious State's Attorney who took an interest when the body of a new-born pickaninny was found in the garbage of a large apartment building, and the police connected it with the only black female in the rather expensive apartments,

The rewards of working one's way up and proving one's worth are, of course, great, and a talented crook may attain the beatitude of eventual membership in what is, for all practical purposes, a closed club. In its issue for June 1989 the staid *Reader's Digest* published an article, "Congressmen for Life: the Incumbency Scandal," which took its departure from the election in 1988, in which 99% of the incumbents were reelected to the Congress, in which, it was observed, there was less turnover than in the Supreme Soviet. The normal rate of reelection is over 90%, a remarkable figure when one considers the inevitable losses through retirement of the aged (on pensions of more than \$80,000 per annum plus many other emoluments) and death. The article goes on to explain the ways in which life-time tenure of office is virtually guaranteed to incumbents who are not rash enough to offend the masters, and to list many sources of additional loot.

The subject was taken up by quite a few periodicals, even *National Review*, and attracted the interest of conscious Americans. A group in Oregon saw the point and organized the Silent Revolt (P.O. Box 1445, Hillsboro, Oregon; 97123). The revolution is to be carried out passively, without fanfare, without rallies, without aggressive action, by the procedure of never, never under any circumstances, voting for the incumbent, and always voting for the rival candidate, however unlikeable, who has the

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which were occupied by graduate students and instructors in the local diploma-mill. She was on her way to the degree of Ph.D. in Social Service, and explained that she had not known she was pregnant—she thought she had the "flu"—and she was really surprised when the baby popped out. Since she had no use for it, she stopped its crying, wrapped it neatly in newspaper, and carried it up two floors higher, where she dropped it in the garbage-chute that passed in front of her own apartment, thus, as she believed, effectively concealing the origin of the little corpse. The State's Attorney was so full of bigotry that he thought that laws applicable to White tax-paying animals were also applicable to Noble Niggers, even to a mental giantess on her way to becoming a Doctor of Philosophy. He proposed to try her for murder, as the state's laws provided. The management of the diploma-mill felt outraged, and in such communities large diploma-mills are big business, just as steel-mills used to be, when the United States was an industrial nation. The political gang naturally protected the industry, noticed the character of the unreliable State's Attorney, and went into action. When I last heard, the erstwhile lawyer was working as a clerk in a "supermarket."

best chance of unseating the scoundrel—and who, of course, is to be voted out of office at the next election.

If this procedure is adopted widely enough in all elections for state or federal office, it might enable Americans eventually to recover control of their country, and it has the great advantage that it is hard to see how terrorists from the Federal Bureau of Intimidation could harass and overawe the offending voters. The proponents of the Silent Revolution hope that there are enough intelligent Americans to make the method successful, and they draw inspiration from Kipling, whose description of undemonstrative but implacable resolve they quote:

Their voices were even and low,  
Their eyes were level and straight,  
There was neither sign nor show,  
When the Saxons began to hate.

The question, of course, is whether there are enough Saxons and others of their race (as distinct from twerps of Germanic ancestry) left in this blighted land to hate their tyrants. But anyway, the idea and especially the verses may induce apoplexy in some politicians and "Liberal intellectuals," and that would be a net gain.

### 3. ONE SWALLOW

In February 1989 occurred an event that continues to excite more interest in our thin ranks than is currently aroused in the general public by the rather sensational events in Europe associated with the new dance routine introduced by that stellar team of hoofers, Gorbachev & Bush. David Duke was actually elected to the legislature of Louisiana.

It would be redundant to identify the man to readers of this periodical, or to appraise the joy that his election aroused in some quarters. If you are interested, see the typical and encomiastic article in *Instauration*, September 1989. Our interest here must be in the political process that resulted in his election, after which we may inquire whether Aristotle was right in his warning that one swallow does not end winter and bring spring.

A reasonably fair account of the election, without the usual journalistic caterwauling, appeared in New Orleans in the Sunday edition of the *Times-Picayune*, 5 March 1989. The cardinal facts are these:

(1) The district, on the southern edge of Lake Pontchartrain, from which David Duke was elected, consists principally of the

town of Metairie; the population is 99.6% White; 61% own their own homes (so far as that is possible under Judaeo-Communist rule, where the serfs really rent their homes from the tax-collectors, and often, from usurers, too). This is obviously the primary cause of the disaster. One of the gangsters whom the Commissariat appoints as Federal judges to keep the serfs in servitude should have issued an order, as was recently done in Yonkers, New York, that the serfs must be taxed to build homes for enough niggers to produce "racial balance"—or, better yet, since there are only 2.4 persons per household in the district, he could have ordered every house to accommodate a dozen niggers to teach Civil Rights to the occupants.

(2) The political gang was taken by surprise. The man whom Duke defeated said that he had been sure "it was going to be some sleepy little ol' election, a state representative kind of race where nobody gives a damn who wins." No one gave a damn when the choice was between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Shouldn't they be even more unconcerned when an alternative to Tweedledee was unthinkable? The gang's political experts and poll-takers had assured them that White worms never turn, and would never vote for someone who favored them. When the gang belatedly awoke to the danger, the harm had already been done, and the candidate whom they had regarded with contempt was recommending himself to voters who were becoming impatient of their servitude.

(3) The all-out measures taken to cope with the emergency were oddly ineffective. The Sheenies, incensed by possible insubordination of their White dogs, screeched as they usually do, and one of their terrorists openly threatened bloodshed. That did not work, and some clever rabbis thought it had been a mistake.

The chief of the dervishes, Archbishop Hannan, supposedly a power in a predominantly Roman Catholic society, yelled that Divine Providence, alias Yahweh & Son, had decreed the "equality of races," it being understood, of course, that Yahweh's Yids and their pet niggers are fifty times as equal as the lowly Aryans, whom the aforesaid Providence appointed to serve them. His retail spook-vendors were instructed to ram his pronouncement into the ears of all their customers. Most of the holy men in other denominations loudly agreed with him, thus incidentally making obvious the source of the infection that has rotted the minds of our race.



The president of the diploma-mill called Loyola University circularized the alumni, urging them to be content with their servile status. (So far as I can learn from the press, the president of Tulane, which had a high reputation in the old days, was more prudent.)

And finally, Ronnie and Bushy, who could not possibly respect themselves, naturally had no respect for the traditional dignity of the position to which they had climbed. They jumped down from their pinnacle in Washington and waved their arms in horror at the danger that the White curs might elect a man who thought they had rights.

Some believe that all that righteousness was, as journalists like to say these days, "counter-productive," or, in English, self-defeating. At all events, David Duke was elected, by a generous margin, to a seat in the legislature in Baton Rouge, where, according to all accounts, he is behaving prudently and well, within the very narrow limits of the position he holds.

The Jews naturally rushed in from California their big Holohoax show about the millions of sweet Sheenies who were incinerated before they crawled into the United States and anchored their mandibles in the hides of their American cattle. The obscene fraud was sponsored by the Governor of Louisiana, the Louisiana State University, the Louisiana Endowment for the Humanities (!), and other scum.

I do not know whether any newspaper in Louisiana published the gob of Jewish excrement, said to be the work of a "New Orleans investigative journalist," that appeared in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, 11 June 1989. It was headed, "David Duke, Building a Nazi Base in Louisiana," and was obviously manufactured to impress the feeble-minded. There was the usual offal about *Mein Kampf*, which it is devoutly hoped no American will read and find in it, *mutatis mutandis*, a clear description of his own plight, and about the Ku Klux Klan, which will never be forgiven for its activity in 1865-1875, which prevented the South from becoming a lovely jungle of diseased and mindless mongrels, ready for the Jews' One-World. The "investigative journalist," aghast that the vile people of Louisiana have not murdered Duke, implies that soon thousands of jack-booted Storm Troopers will be marching down Canal Street, dragging millions of wailing Yids to a soap factory or a bonfire. If the absurd article was published in Louisiana, many a White man who cringes whenever a lordly Jew

frowns at him, said in the secret chamber of his own heart, "Ojalá!"—so that it, too, was "counter-productive."

At all events, the Wiesenthal show did not diminish the popularity of the newly elected legislator. According to seemingly reliable reports, he, elated by his victory, intends to seek a seat in the Federal Senate at the next election.

If he does, the Establishment, including both the professionals, determined to retain a monopoly of their dirty jobs, and our ruling enemies, determined to liquidate our race, will be tensely alert and will use all of its resources to destroy him, no matter what compromise he may make, because he has become a significant symbol. And he will be campaigning, not in a district of which the population is 99.6% White, most of them decent individuals, comparatively well educated, and moderately prosperous, so far as anyone, outside criminal circles, can be prosperous in the United States today. He will be campaigning in a state of which no more than 60% of the population can be considered White and are divided, perhaps fatally, by economic differences and many diverse interests that can be cunningly exploited. It may be that this is the means that has been chosen to get rid of the nuisance.

I have met David Duke, have seen video-tape recordings of some of his appearances on television, and wish him well. If I had ever been associated with him or had known him for ten years or more on terms of some amity, I would hazard a conjecture about his character. As it is, I cannot predict whether he will sell out or be shrewd enough to realize that if he does, it will do him no good. If he does not, he will certainly be suspected of having done so by some of his supporters, because he has not accomplished the impossible or has not accepted their advice or has made compromises that displease them.

Since I unfortunately lack the psychic powers that enable so many of our contemporaries to know matters for which there is no reliable evidence, I cannot estimate even the present situation. A correspondent assures me that Duke is vulnerable to blackmail, another tells me he is an unscrupulous opportunist, and a newsletter reports a latent scandal that would alienate many of his supporters, although unrelated to what is the only real issue, the survival of our race. Whether or not there be truth in those assertions, he is in a delicate and precarious position.

Even his friends report that he is trying to "distance" himself from his former connections with the Ku Klux Klan and even with

his own Association for Advancement of White People, as though they were something of which he should be ashamed and for which he should apologize. How hazardous that is is shown by a letter published in *Spotlight*, 25 December 1989.

The writer of the letter asserts that, in an interview, David Duke said that he was "not a big fan of *Spotlight*," and that connecting him with it was "guilt by association." That report made the editor of the weekly indignant, because, he said, Duke had solicited its support in his projected campaign for the Senate, and the editor remarked with acerbity, "Nowadays, one never knows what David might [= may] think it is in his interest to say."

Now I do not know what Duke said or the context in which he said it, nor do I know whether the irate editor's characterization is justified, but I do know that no more damning an allegation can be made about anyone who seeks the confidence and support of rational men. The barometer is falling.

I can only suggest that (1) no one knows whether Duke's success would have been possible, had not the gang in Louisiana been overly confident that *all* Americans had been made so imbecile that they would never think of their own interests and welfare; and (2) before we can tell whether the untoward event in Louisiana was more than a mere flash in the pan of a flintlock, we shall have to see whether (a) other predominantly White districts nominate and elect candidates who profess to believe that White men have rights; (b) whether Duke survives or disappears politically; and (c) if he survives, by what means he has done so.

Only when we know the answers to all these questions can we decide whether the swallow was really the harbinger of a hoped-for but unexpected spring.

The determination of the professionals to retain their monopoly of their lucrative and pleasurable racket is a political force that cannot be overestimated. The foregoing, therefore, is an emphatic lesson for anyone who contemplates effecting a political change by seeking to obtain nominations within one or the other wing of the political gang that now has a monopoly of employment in the dirty business of government.

#### 4. A SECOND PARTY?

The only alternative to trying to infiltrate the existing monopoly is the organization of an independent political party.

Persons who opt for this method are usually inspired by the brilliant success of the present Republican Party, which was formed by an alliance of fanatics, crackpots, and thieves to destroy the American Republic and launch a war of plunder and conquest against the southern states which had been part of the union thus dissolved. They forget, incidentally, that that Republican gang was not a third party, but a sixth party.

It was the last successful new political organization in this country. The Progressive Party of Theodore Roosevelt was just a Jewish promotion to ensure the election of their trained poodle to the Presidency, and it naturally evaporated when it had served its purpose. Other new parties, which were third parties when there still was some real competition between the two large ones, have had a regional success for a few years, e.g., the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota and the Dixiecrats in part of the South.

There have been quite a few efforts to found a political party loyal to Americans since the final amalgamation of the official Democratic and Republican Parties in 1952. I saw something of one of them.

It was in the later 1950s, as I recall, that I spent some days in Memphis, shuttling by taxicab between the venerable and almost fabulous Peabody, where the "authentic" Constitution Party, having expelled subversives and malcontents, was holding its annual convention, and one of the garish new hotels, in which the "authentic" Constitution Party, having expelled subversives and malcontents, was holding its annual convention. I was, of course, treated to vehement demonstrations that virtue resided in one hotel and evil in the other, but I was convinced only of the dolorous frailty of our race.

Later, another disinterested observer and I discussed the question whether the fission was more than proof that the party had from the first lacked a man qualified for true leadership, i.e., a man endowed with the quality we call 'charisma,' which is not oratorical ability or intellectual acumen or pragmatic shrewdness, nor yet a combination of all three, unless one adds the mysterious force of personality for which there is no adequate explanation. Spengler equates it with a certain daimonic force that is both genetic and a quasi-religious faith. Interested only in men of exceptional ability, he divides them into two exclusive categories: "es gibt geborene *Schicksalsmenschen* und *Kausalitätsmenschen*." The latter think about life, the former live instinctively. Erudition, logical ratiocination, and critical acumen are, so to speak, afterthoughts: they do not make history. Men who are born with the

vital force live instinctively, and use their keen minds as they might use a hammer or a sword, not to understand a phenomenon, but to accomplish their own purposes. And the Man of Destiny, driven by a will to power, must have an unquestioning belief in his own destiny: *der Glaube an einen Stern*, such as presumably inspired Napoleon—and, should we add, Hitler?

Whatever the explanation, *charisma* is innate; it cannot be learned or imitated. So our question really was, What would have happened to the Constitution Party had a man with the requisite charisma appeared to found it or take it over?

It was obvious, of course, that given the great difference between Germany and the United States, the difference between 1918-1932 and 1950-1960, and the enormous difference between German and American populations, neither Hitler nor his mode of action could have succeeded here. And if we asked for an American counterpart of the great Führer, we (who were *Kausalitätsmengen*) could not even define in what his inspired leadership would consist, if he were to produce the desiderated miracle.

I believe that the Constitution Party was doomed from the first and could have been saved by no conceivable charisma, because the great majority of Americans no longer cared about the Constitution, such as it was. The schools had been devoted to teaching "life-adjustment," but their lessons may not have been necessary. Our people were so demoralized that their one interest, like a slave's, was in adjusting themselves to existing conditions—in obtaining as much comfort and pleasure as they could within the servile limitations imposed on them by an authority it would be hazardous to question, let alone disobey.

And that, I think, could be a reasonable summary of the fate of all the ephemeral political parties that were organized in the United States between 1946 and the present.

I knew something of the operations of a number of them, and, with an effort, I could probably recall their names and their promoters. I wish someone with scholarly proclivities would compile a roster of all those parties and of the dates that enclose their brief existence. The number of them would astonish you.

Some were mere rackets. I recall one, with a name that has been used several times, that was headed by a man whose aunt was a friend of my wife's; she said she had disowned the man as a nephew ever since he swindled even members of his own family in a closely held corporation. Most were well-meaning, if maladroit,

efforts by men who imagined they had found a magic formula that would "awaken the people" and produce a patriotic effort that would be like a fire sweeping through a dry wheat field, and was actually like a lighted match dropped on grass after a rainstorm. Such efforts usually ended in bankruptcy and/or enough lawsuits to rejoice the legal profession.

Such efforts were always inadequately financed. I doubt that the total spent on all such attempts to form a patriotic party in the past forty years would equal the amount collected in a single year by just one of the big-time operators who vend Jesus-jargon to the ignorant and gullible.

They were all doomed from the first by the need to dissemble and compromise with the ignorance and incomprehension of the very public to which they would appeal. I remember a candidate for the Presidency whom I had known for some years and who was in an agony of embarrassment lest he compromise himself by being seen by reporters in an extended conversation with me. I understood, of course. He has since been utterly ruined politically by a scandal that was probably contrived for that purpose, but I still respect him and wish him well in the obscurity to which he had retired.

The same factors, of course, ruined what we may call parapolitical organizations, which hoped to create a climate that would result in political action for American ends. The only one that may have had a chance to be effective was the Birch Business, which I described in *America's Decline*, with a note in *Liberty Bell*, May 1985; it deserves a concluding chapter, which I hope to write soon.

One such organization that seemed at one time to have a potentiality was the Congress of Freedom, which reached its acme with a convention in San Francisco (in 1957, if recollection serves me), and attracted an attendance that surprised and perhaps a little overawed the press. It flourished, with smaller but more seasoned audiences, until 1960 or 1961, after which it speedily declined into a group of stalwarts who met every year "for auld lang syne" and to talk to each other, and it ended, perhaps a decade or more later, in a quarrel over a pitifully small amount of money and some battered furniture.

The insoluble problem at its peak was simply typical of all patriotic efforts involving organizations. There were essentially three irreconcilable points of view, viz. (1) God's People should be

above criticism; (2) The damned Jews are destroying the world, but the damned Americans are so stupid they will never believe it, so we must arouse them with some subterfuge; and (3) An hypocritical pretense that will not deceive the enemy and only alienate some friends is vain, and the only hope is that of inducing people to accept the painful truth, stated with conviction and courage. Obviously, no ship can sail in three directions, and cutting it up into three pieces will not help.

The same dilemma appears in "new parties," multiplied many times, because their primary and immediate problem must be, What will startle prospective voters out of their apathy and yet conciliate them? There is, perhaps, no answer.

If this were not enough, such efforts face the determination of the professionals to avert any threat to their unsavory jobs. That is all that really interests politicians. A friend of mine, who held a fairly high governmental position, was wont to pun on the original meaning of the word and the one it has acquired in American usage: "Never talk about politics to a politician: he isn't interested, and wouldn't understand, if he were."

In England, any man can stand for election to Parliament, if, to make certain that he is not merely frivolous, he deposits a sum of money that will be forfeited if he does not receive a certain small percentage of the votes (4% or less, as I recall). The National Front, under the leadership of John Tyndall, began to contest a large number of seats, not, indeed, expecting to win any, but to obtain the right to a few minutes on television to explain their position. The professionals acted promptly in Parliament and increased the size of the deposit to make the cost of an unsuccessful candidacy prohibitive.

In the several American states the same result is obtained by increasing the number of signatures requisite on an electoral petition, increasing the number of counties in which a certain minimum of signatures must be obtained, and making many persons ineligible to sign (e.g., if they voted in the preceding primary election). The requirements in the several states are so different that it would take a long time to compile a list of them, but regulations regarding petitions are, I believe, the usual means of preventing competition with the professionals, even if such competition would be no more than a passing nuisance.

I remember one state in which a "new party" raised money, chiefly from many small contributions, and made an earnest effort

to obtain a place on the ballot. I do not remember what party that was: it could have been the Constitution Party or one of several others. I was consulted by a worried lady, the wife of a not indigent farmer. She had come to the headquarters bearing \$2000 and an offer of her own services. She was assigned to a corps of perhaps twenty women who were industriously forging signatures and addresses from numerous telephone books to bring the number of genuine signatures obtained by intensive solicitation to the minimum legally required. That did not seem honest to the lady, but she was told that that was politics. And so, indeed, it was.

If you must know, I advised the lady to follow her own conscience, as she could do with the more confidence, because the effort, however laudable its stated purpose, would fail anyway. And so it did. As I recall, the forgeries were not detected, but the petitions were rejected out of hand on some technicality about the printed forms that had been used.

Needless to say, a new party cannot hope to win in an election; it can reasonably seek only to present its policy to the public and obtain enough votes to keep it alive until the next election, two or four years later, at which it can hope to make a better showing, and so grow gradually to the point at which it can contest offices with some prospect of possible success. To do this, it must overcome the reluctance of voters who will be assured that they are "wasting" a vote they could otherwise cast on behalf of Tweedledum or Tweedledee. And even if that is accomplished, the viability of the party will be doubtful, for many of its promoters, unreasonably discouraged by the first inevitable failure, will lose interest and drift away to other activities. Its chance of survival is about that of a new-born baby that has been exposed on a trash-heap.

One obstacle legislated to impede new parties is a requirement that a party must present candidates for a certain list of offices, sometimes including quite minor ones, for which it will be difficult to find persons who will make the necessary sacrifice of their time and ordered life to campaign, as the press will maliciously force them to do. This and other disadvantages of a new party can, in some states, be avoided by a man who will file to enter the election as an independent candidate.

One of the states—perhaps the state—in which this is most easily done is Wyoming. And that brings me to a document which should be in the hands of everyone who is contemplating political activity.

The proponents of the Pace Amendment (on which I commented in *Liberty Bell*, September 1986) publish a periodical, the *Advocate Bulletin* (1222 South Glendale Avenue, Glendale, California; 91205). On the subject of contemporary politics, the number for May 1989 is the most informative publication that I have ever seen.

Wyoming is a large state and so sparsely populated that it sends only one Congressman to the den of thieves in Washington. It is a state in which outdoor living still predominates, and more of the old West survives than in any other state. Presumably, therefore, it is the state in which American traditions are strongest. The population was almost entirely White, chiefly of British and Germanic ancestry with some Slavs, when I was there a few years ago, and I suppose it still is, since I have heard of an irruption of niggers, mestizos, Vietnamese, Chinese, or other alien enemies. Sheenies seemed to be in a much smaller proportion than elsewhere, so the state is as Aryan as any and far more than most. And it may not be amiss to add that Wyoming was the home of Rudy 'Butch' Stanko, who built up a very large business and was sent to prison for refusing to give it to God's People, as is ordained by the holy laws of the Talmud. (The Federal government, of course, provided plausible pretexts for its trained judges. For the appalling details, see Stanko's book, *The Score*, available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$15.00 plus postage.)<sup>1</sup>

It is a reasonable inference, therefore, that a political effort on behalf of our race will have the greatest possible success in Wyoming.

Such was the belief of William Daniel Johnson, a lawyer of international reputation, one of the very few American attorneys who are fluent in Japanese, with offices in Glendale. He acquired the necessary citizenship in Wyoming, circulated a successful petition, and became an independent candidate for Wyoming's one Congressional seat.

His candidacy released a flood of swill from the newspapers, which are as putrid in Wyoming as elsewhere. The *Advocate Bulletin* for May 1989 consists of thirty-two pages of photographic reproductions of seventy-eight gobs of journalistic pus. The only editorial matter is a quarter of a page in which George King, apparently the editor, observes correctly that "The world's toughest job is trying to convince several hundred million sniveling palefaces around the globe to stop committing suicide."

1. The book also contains a good summary of the Jewish problem.

When candidates that favor the survival of our race appear, one expects the newspapers to produce their most malodorous slime, even in what purports to be news, but the nice irony is that they disclosed enough of the truth to have ensured Johnson's election by a "landslide," if the Aryans in Wyoming had been interested in not becoming extinct. He claimed that he was not a "racist" but only a "separatist," but that was thought to be as bad, since it would prevent realization of the great American ideal of Integration and replacement of the present population with half a billion coffee-colored mongrels having the minds of rats. Evidently the Aryan majority agreed. Some journalistic slime stated that he favored "expulsion of non-Whites," a policy which should have commended itself to every intelligent Aryan in Wyoming, and doubtless did: the election merely proved how few they were.

One prize editorial, urging that Johnson be driven from the state, referred to the "excrement-stained banner of racism" and the "mongrel [!] campaign of hate and racism." Whether the journalist was a slaving Kike or a journalistic hit-man earning his wages does not appear.

What makes the affair so instructive is not the journalistic pus, but the reaction of the people of Wyoming.

A few press photographs appear in the cuttings reproduced. One picture shows a mob of one thousand idiots pouring through the center of Casper to protest the suggestion that there could be forms of anthropoid life lower than they are. Another shows Johnson watching three demonstrators, evidently grotesquely female and looking as though they were assorted vampires from a new and more horrible production of *Dracula* in Hollywood. Beyond the edge of one picture, according to the caption, another harridan was shown at a press conference, waving a "swastika crossed with blood red."

Another picture shows the State's Director of Youth Alternatives, who is also a "civic leader" of Cheyenne, lamenting that a human conscience should be so corrupt as not to perceive the White race's duty to cuddle niggers and stamp out "racism"; he is a nigger, and the people of Wyoming are apparently proud of him—at least a mestiza said so and a Jewess, the Secretary of State of Wyoming, chimed in with a vow that after the election she would attack Johnson with a cudgel.

Johnson was condemned by the Wyoming Educational Association, which resolved to use the schools to warn children that

he was an incarnation of evil. The membership of the Association must largely consist of highly paid White females, who normally glow with virtue as they hold children down and inject the "One World" pus to induce infantile paralysis of the cerebrum. They are what John Dewey's racketeers have trained for decades, and have been selected for intellectual mediocrity.<sup>2</sup>

The mayor of a town in which Johnson proposed to rent a house declared that he and the town council "don't want him here" and urged the inhabitants to "shun" him and show him that his "philosophy is anathema to all right-thinking people." To be sure, if Johnson had been someone that right-thinking Americans love and cherish, such as a syphilitic nigger homosexual rapist with "AIDS," the town council would have embraced him in rapturous welcome and probably hoped that he would copulate with as many of their daughters as possible to hasten Integration.

There were letters from boobs who demanded that Johnson be driven out of the state at once or be told to "get out" of any town in which he appeared. And many state officials boasted they were looking for a legal pretext for excluding Johnson or prosecuting him on some charge.

I have given you but a few examples. You must read all of the thirty-two pages carefully to estimate the quality of the population of Wyoming, although that was sufficiently shown by the results of the election. The votes were these:

Tweedledum	74,258
Tweedledee	60,821
Johnson	500

It is obvious that the Aryan majority in Wyoming doesn't want to survive, and doesn't deserve to.

You can find excuses for them. The minds of our race have been rotted by centuries of the hallucinatory drug of Judaeo-Christian superstition, petrified by a crypto-Marxist "education" in the tax-supported boob-hatcheries, and pulverized by alien professors. In the 1950s, Professor Arthur Bestor, the American historian, and I noticed that in our respective departments the 'A' and 'B' students who had entered with the intention of teaching in secondary schools all changed their minds when they had to take the required courses in the "science of education," usually in their junior year, and decided to become librarians or accountants or lawyers or laboratory technicians. We consulted the ranking member of the swarm of deans in the "College of Education," who naively told us, "We prefer the 'C' grade students because they do not question what we tell them."

and journalists who profess to believe the Holochoax. Perhaps one should feel sorry for them, but that is far from mistaking them for a viable species, capable of political action. A friend of mine once visited a Federal hospital in which the real victims of our war to establish Communism and savagery in Indo-China<sup>3</sup> are awaiting a belated death. Most of them were so horribly mutilated and mangled that my friend's voice almost broke as he spoke of them, but he did not think of hiring them to build his new home.

There is, to be sure, one difference. The spiritually mutilated people in Wyoming are still able-bodied. If you wish to be an optimist, speculate about what they are likely to do when, as now seems inevitable, there will be a total collapse of society in this country and they experience want and privation, and have been robbed, beaten, and stabbed by their present darlings, exasperated because the White serfs can no longer give them everything they want. Although it is far from certain, it is not impossible that the wretched Aryans will then recover something of their racial vigor and remember William Daniel Johnson.

Even today there are, no doubt, little pockets of still viable Americans here and there, but there is no reason to believe that the majority of Aryans throughout the country differ greatly from the ones in Wyoming. So, when you contemplate some political activity, meditate on the 0.03% percent of the votes that Johnson received after a vigorous (and, no doubt, expensive) campaign in a still predominantly Aryan state. □

3. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, October 1988, pp. 1-10.

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

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The great question in theology for the Higher Critics\* of organized religion in the late 19th and early

## THE COUNTERFEIT GOSPEL

by Nicholas Carter

20th centuries was, What is Christianity? The many fine scholars (Couchoud, Guignebert, Klausner, Schweitzer, *et al*) who dedicated so much of their lives to the investigation of the origins of Christianity, have provided us with a good deal of excellent historical information and a number of educated guesses regarding the theological developments that occurred around 1900 years ago in the Hellenistic Orient. Nonetheless, we are still in the dark regarding the actual origins of one of the foremost religions of our time.

What is now recognized as the Christian religion developed in and through myth. The historical principle that all religions are simply phases of continuous evolution is irrefutable. The creeds of all mankind run into, and derive from, the myths of some other religions. It is logical

Higher Criticism, in contrast to textual or "lower" criticism, describes the kind of broad, scholarly research necessary to eliminate traditions and dogmatic opinions—to clear the historical ground, as it were, of the turgid mythology that prevents objective thinking and constructive building.

territory of faith is rational: and, indeed, there is no evidence to sustain a single one. It logically follows, too, that ALL Christian traditions are myths; and that brings us to the crux of the problem: When the facts of reality are woven into the "antique fables and fairy toys" of transcendentalism, they are never easy to unravel.

But what is myth? Is it folklore? Or is it "an effort to explain a custom or belief whose origins have been forgotten"? Is it "an intermediate between collective dreams and collective poems"? Does it "create for itself a collective symptom for taking up all repressed emotion"? Is it "another way of saying that emotion will create for human yearning those goals which mind cannot establish as fact"? Is it "a way of disguising or evading the shocking facts of life rather than recognizing and accepting them"? Is it "the pious formula into which life flows when it reproduces its traits out of the unconscious"? Does it "correspond to the displaced residues of wish fantasies of entire nations"?

As often happens, the scholars have provided more questions than answers. We can

to conclude, therefore, that no system of belief inculcated on the dangerous and malevolent

be certain of *one* thing, however: Myth does seem to be everywhere in all times. Look around and you can observe the creation of legend which myth absorbs. The legend of FDR. The legend of the Kennedy's Camelot. The legend of Lee Harvey Oswald.

For hundreds of years scholastic theologians have been elaborating on, and in some cases refining, the primitive myths of Catholicism, including the *principal* myth of the Western World, which is not God or the Mother, but what we call the Christ—the myth, that is, found with practically all ancient peoples of the deliverer, the savior, and with all but the Jews, "the sacrificial offering on the fructifying tree." The Christ myth is the foundation upon which the Gentile church built the orthodox teaching of Christianity.

From time immemorial the death and resurrection of a salvation-deity considered to be both human and divine have been the prime tenets of the gospels of the many Gentile *mystery* (meaning secret) religions within Hellenistic Asia and the Far East. The origin of death being necessary to life evolved out of the progression of the seasons. If Mother Nature could die down in winter and revive herself in springtime, then surely a god could die for the benefit of his worshipers and then provide redemption by returning to life. Symbolically, the Sun, born as the Son of God, threatened by the powers of darkness, growing up as the shepherd of the heavenly kine, is eventually revealed as the triumphant hero and the deliverer of the world.

Animals have also been used throughout history for essentially the same purpose—to lift the mantle of troubles from the shoulders of the believer. On the Day of Horn Blowing, or the Great Day, also known as the Day of Atonement, the sins of Israel would be transferred to the scapegoat for Azazel (originally a god of the flocks, just as Astarte was a cow-deity), which was then taken into the wilderness and shoved backward off a precipice. (The history of sacrifice is full of surrogates—of the animal for man, of wine for blood, of prayers for sacrifices.)

The scapegoat ritual, which resulted in the sins of the community being expelled into the wilderness, bears a close resemblance to the Babylonian *puhu*, or substitution ritual. The Judean rite also duplicates the ritual-mystery of the red heifer, which in Egyptian mythology stood for Typhon, the Evil One.

Within the more sophisticated mystery cults of the Hellenistic Orient, the impurity of the guilty human race is done away in the body of a human deity who is himself untouched by impurity. Thus, the dying god differs in degree, but not in principle, from the common scapegoat. He is loaded with the sins of the world, which then die with him on the cross. The

obscene sacrifice of the just to the unjust, of the ideal to the nonideal, of virtue to vice, allows the sinner to palm off on someone else the accumulated transgressions and misfortunes which he shrinks from bearing himself.

Psychoanalytically speaking, the folk-soul seeks to deceive God and evade the claims of justice. This desire leads to the creation of an elaborate scenario in which a salvation-deity dies for the benefit of his worshipers. The Son, the divine sacrifice for all, submits to the Father and is then slain, which results in a sense of guilt, the need for self-punishment to relieve it, and a mystery of salvation based on the suffering and death of the savior-god conceived as redemptive.

And thus it is that myth esoterically reinforces that most subversive of psychological defenses—the denial of reality. In the simplest terms, myths are “life lies” that enable us to believe that supernaturalism exists in a natural world...that nonmateriality exists in a material world...and that miracles and prophecies exist in a world in which there is no scientific proof of supporting miracles and prophecies.

Within the world of mysticism, there are no metaphysical givens. Transcendent theories are created first. Facts are then created to fit the theories, with tradition always altering truth in the process of its development. Indeed, among the reasons which retard the progress of religious history in the modern world, the most conspicuous is this: Dogmas that have been canonized and traditions that have been agreed upon are widely accepted as historical truths.

Conceived in the womb of mythology, the Christian Bible is composed of fetishes, legends, parables, poems, songs, prayers, moral apothegms and wildly exaggerated exploits; and Christianity is a complex mystery religion composed of saints, multiple deities (three gods in one substance), demons, oracles, prophets, miracles, wonder-workers, prodigies, signs, portents, auguries and magical sacraments—a veritable metaphysical dungeon containing much of the primitive “baggage” of the Semitic and salvation religions of Asia. To any student of history whose capacity to distinguish truth from error hasn’t been suborned by faith, therefore, the orthodox account of Christian origins cannot stand up to critical examination, and the facts supporting this statement are overwhelming.

On Tuesday, October 31, 1961, the discovery of the largest single collection of historic documents ever unearthed in the Holy Land—second in importance only to the Dead Sea Scrolls—was announced by Dr. Yigal Yadin, professor of archeology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

In all, there were 64 documents, including two Bible fragments from the Book of Numbers and the Book of Psalms, which were among the earliest fragments of the traditional Jewish holy writings ever found.

As with the first set of documents that were unearthed in a cave near the Dead Sea in 1947, the newly discovered scrolls, which established the existence of Bar Kochba, a legendary figure in Jewish history whose existence had been questioned, made no mention of Jesus the Nazarene or the early Christian Church—although they dated from 88 to A.D. 135. Dr. Yadin candidly admitted that he found the omission “strange.”

*Strange?* Not to a substantial number of the Higher Critics, who have comprehensively investigated both Judaism and Christianity in conjunction with the AGE in which they were developed, for the very pertinent reason that the two sets of remarkable scrolls discovered in the *Terra Sancta* belong to an ancient literary country within whose bourne *no historical Jesus has ever been found.*

The Jewish philosopher, Philo of Alexandria, gained prominence within that literary realm during the alleged lifetime of the Nazarene. He left more than fifty works *without a single allusion to the Christ of his followers.*

Justus of Tiberius was born in Galilee, circa A.D. 30. In his two monumental works comprising a history of the war of independence and a chronicle of events from Moses to Agrippa, *not the smallest reference to either Jesus of Nazareth or the Christ cult can be located.*

The Jewish historian Josephus was born around A.D. 37. In his *Jewish Antiquities*, he purportedly wrote that a holy man called Jesus arose from the grave after he was crucified and appeared before his disciples, and that the holy prophets had “predicted of him these and many other wonders.”

Over 200 years ago the statements of Josephus were exposed as forgeries by scholars who had a broad knowledge of Jews and Judaism as well as Christianity. They were able to prove that an intellectual Jew like Josephus, who sincerely believed that the day would come when all men would accept the Torah, would never have written that the holy prophets of the Israelites had predicted the coming of a Jewish savior-god who would be worshiped by Gentiles in a mystery cult setting. When did the spurious insertions take place? Some time in the latter half of the 3rd century, after Origen, who read the Josephus work and stated that the author did not believe that Jesus was the Messiah, and before Eusebius, who read it in the 4th century with the insertion and accepted it. The discrepancies in Josephus’ writings are so glaring that even Catholics now admit the forgeries.

Even more mystifying is the fact that the Christ controversy is nowhere to be found in ANY of the writings of the 1st century of the Common Era (as the Jews prefer to render the period A.D.), aside that is from the New Testament—which cannot under any circumstance be



accepted as a factual historical document. I am referring to such notable figures as Seneca, Petronius, Pliny the Elder, Juvenal, Martial, Quintilian, Epictetus, Plutarch, Appian, and others, *whose works have not left us with a single reference to the Nazarene or the Christ*

What on earth happened? Surely *some* of the contemporaries of Jesus — IF HE LIVED — must have heard of the man who supposedly “attracted the multitudes.” Is this blank-out merely accidental? Or coincidental? Or part of God’s master plan? Or even Satan’s master plan? After all, notable Christians used to preach that Satan, anticipating the *true* religion to come, had planted such things as virgin births, body and blood ceremonies, stars announcing the births of savior-gods, and resurrections, in a “diabolical parody of the uses of the Church” just to create doubt and confusion when the *true* Messiah finally arrived. In particular, Clement and Justin Martyr fed the flames of this fantasy. When Justin learned that Perseus was begotten of a virgin, he blamed Satan for counterfeiting the incident. The rationalizing of modern Christians in this regard is a bit more sophisticated: “The Church Fathers saw truly when they saw these aspects of paganism as part of the divine preparation for Christianity.” Rather than “satanic,” the *preparation* is now “divine.” (The genius for pious falsification appears to know no bounds.)

And what are we to make of the fact that orthodox Judaism has never accepted the Christian Messiah as either divine, or as the same Davidic Messiah whose coming is predicted in the Jewish version of the Old Testament? (In the Talmud, Jesus is represented as a false prophet who supported his claims with sorcery.) In truth, Jews could never acknowledge the divinity of Jesus and still remain Jews. The foundation of all Judaism has been the unity and the spiritual nature of ONE divine being. Just as there could be no ghost, no angel, and no spirit of Yahweh, there could be no SON of Yahweh. Even emperor worship was considered to be blasphemous to the extreme by orthodox Jews.

Like it or not, these devastating historical records tell us in no uncertain terms that the “Christ-Myth” theory is *true*. And they tell us in even more forceful terms that the religion of Christianity is rooted in fraud, and that the whole Western world has for close upon two thousand years lain under the spell of a lie. Admittedly, this is a mind-

Not until much later were writings produced allegedly proving that Jesus Christ was an historical figure. It is neither logical nor scholarly to accept the 2nd century speculations and conclusions of Tacitus, Suetonius, Pliny the Younger and others, however, who were motivated to write off the Christian legends that were by then being developed as if they were rooted in historical fact rather than in evolutionary folklore and evangelical fancy.

boggling impeachment. And yet, if the sense of realism is ever to triumph over the dogma of infallibility in all of its forms, the day will surely come when intelligent Christians will have to accept these harsh historical judgements, and subsequently decide how to save what is worthwhile in their religion.

With what, then, are we left? Without doubt, the most intriguing “Who done it?” in the history of the Western world — a world, incidentally, that now seems to be patently indifferent to this remarkable mystery. Not that this cavalier attitude is surprising, considering the fact that virtually no one today is aware of the radical conclusions cited above. Nor are they aware of the fact that numerous erudite scholars of the 19th and 20th centuries were utterly convinced that the biblical Jesus never existed. To Volney, the Nazarene was an astral myth; to Dupuis, the sun; for Kulicher, a vegetation-god; to Bauer, perhaps the first great scholar to deny the historicity, he was the personification of certain ideals then current; to Kalthoff, he was an illusion of reality more compelling than fact itself; and to others, he was just one more composite image of the mythical savior-gods.

The premier proposition that must be recognized and accepted by the historical sleuth interested in shattering the bubble of this enigma is that the entire New Testament was written and rewritten and expanded and edited over a period of several hundred years *beginning sometime during the latter half of the 2nd century*. I am referring to the *one* Gospel, composed, according to the *Canon of Muratori*, of more than one version, as well as the remaining New Testament books, including the so-called Epistles of Paul that postdate him by several centuries. It is clear to all serious scholars that the New Testament was the result of a lengthy Christianizing process that occurred during that period of time when the Gentile Fathers of the Church were determining what the religion was supposed to be.

The only extant copies of the Gospel reach back no farther than the 3rd century. Not a single copy is free of mistakes and no two copies agree. The first certain traces of a Gospel are to be found in Irenaeus, *circa* A.D. 180; but its existence is neither mentioned nor implied in the Epistles nor in Barnabas nor in the *Didache*, a book of moral precepts that was authored around the turn of the 3rd century. In fact, to this day we don’t know when the Gospel was accepted without further editing and changing. For example, somewhere along the way, a passage declaring without question or qualification that the three divine entities were of “one” substance (“For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one...”) was added to the Book of John; but it was omitted from the Revised Version

(1881) after it was demonstrated to be a forgery. And it simply isn't coincidental that Clement of Alexandria, one of the more significant theologians of the 2nd century, never made use of what are now called the Synoptic Gospels (*Matthew, Mark & Luke*)—just one more indication that the Gospel was fabricated long after the events it relates supposedly occurred.

The only logical conclusion that can be drawn is that the Gospel discourses had a wide oral circulation before they were ever written down; and over the centuries the redactors retained whatever sayings and memories that could be reshaped in a messianic light, while discarding any recollections that didn't harmonize with the Christianizing process. According to their own conceptions, they revised, corrected and created history: and what became known as the Evangelic Tradition consisted of little more than anecdotes—"the naive products of the folk-mind"—told and retold for the purpose of explaining or defending differing and even contradictory beliefs and practices of the Church over the centuries. (Tradition invariably goes beyond commemoration and into creation and fabrication in its description of significant events and personalities.)

In time, the first version of the Gospel gained authority in the Syrian congregation; the third was influential in Greece proper and in Rome, where *Mark* was also in use; and the fourth had taken root by that time in the congregation of Asia. In the finished products, the authors of *Mark* concentrate primarily upon persuading the readers that Jesus was the Davidic Messiah whose coming was predicted in the Septuagint. *Matthew* goes further and expounds the view that the teaching of Jesus had the force of a new law. The most conservatively Jewish version of the Gospel, *Matthew* is also unquestionably anti-Pharisaic, although the Pharisees are also denounced in the Books of *Mark* and *Luke*. *Luke's* authors indicate an acquaintance with Josephus' *Antiquities*; and like *Matthew*, *Luke* contains material that does not appear in *Mark*.

What finally emerged as the Gospel of *John* appears to be primarily the work of a Jewish Hellenist motivated to include a Gospel version interpreted from the standpoint of Paul that would stand out from the Gentile impressions of the story. His condemnation of the Jewish people was probably induced by the conviction that the Pharisees had murdered Paul just as they murdered Stephen. Some scholars have described John as the Philo of the New Testament.

Over the lengthy period of time the Christians were seriously involved in creating a Gospel dedicated to proving that their so-called Messiah was the same as the Davidic Messiah, any number of "good

news" writings were produced by authors eager to contribute to the newest mystery cult.

There were gospels according to the Ebionites, the Egyptians, the Syrians, the Nazareans and the Hebrews. There were gospels according to various men, including a Barnabas, a Bartholomew and a Papias. There were little books called *Acts* according to various Christian leaders. There were letters said to have been written by Jesus, Mary of Magdala, Joseph and the brothers and sisters of Jesus. There were said to be quaintly detailed lives of Adam and Eve and of other persons in the Jewish religious books, not to mention the apocalypses of Noah, Abraham, Joshua, David and Elijah, along with the testaments of Isaac, Jacob, Enoch, Daniel and others. There were books about Solomon telling of incredible wonders that he had performed; booklets relating wondrous prophecies and miracles that were to come; and writings about persons who were said to have known Jesus, including two Roman emperors.

There were even "good news" books on the infancy and childhood of Jesus telling how he caused the sun to stand still; how with his own little fingers he shaped animals of clay and brought them to life; and how he moved mountains, stilled the seas, hushed the winds, made barren trees give fruit, and with numerous other wondrous events proved that he was the long-awaited divine child. From the most fanciful minds of the time came the most wondrous events of all—those that occurred when the divine child was born. The temple of Apollo at Rome burst asunder and fell down; the earth opened in such wide clefts that the doomed souls in hell were able to come up and peer out; and it was a totally painless and bloodless birth for the mother—who, after the event, miraculously retained an intact maidenhead.

More notable among the many contradictions in the *four* versions of the Gospel that were finally accepted by the Church (probably because there were *four* established congregations by that time: Jerusalem, Rome, Antioch and Ephesus) are the ones involving the visitors to the sepulcher. According to John, Mary Magdalene came unto the sepulcher the first day of the week; Matthew thought it was Mary Magdalene and the *other* Mary; to Mark, the visitors were Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Salome; and Luke introduced not only the mysterious Joanna to the group including Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, but also the *other women* who were with them.

Among other contradictions, the Synoptics limit the duration of the public career of Jesus to one year at most. John extends it to two, or even three years. John tells us that Jesus went up to the Holy City five times, while the Synoptics take him there only once. And John reveals

that Jesus celebrated *three* Easter festivals with his disciples instead of only *one*, and that he died on the 14th and not on the 15th day of the month of *Nisan*.

*Luke* alone tells the story of the twelve-year-old Jesus in the temple. Four brothers and several sisters are mentioned in *Mark*. Where does Jesus' age place him among the children? We do not know. In addition, nothing is said anywhere about the physical appearance of the Nazarene or the state of his health or even the language he spoke.

One explanation for the many New Testament contradictions is that community interests controlled the formulation of the information. In particular, the Gospel versions appear to have evolved as literary basins into which materials developed in different conditions and needs, were poured. The 11th chapter of *John* is a striking example of the way in which the most glaringly opposed inferences can be transcribed side by side by authors indifferent to either embarrassment or shame.

What of the famous Twelve known as the Apostles? The word apostle means "to send or commission." The apostolic implication is that the Apostles were *with* Jesus and commissioned *by* Jesus to go forth and preach. But just as there was no Jesus, there were no Apostles "commissioned" by Jesus. Once again, it isn't coincidental that the thoughts and labors of the legendary Twelve are unknown to Eusebius, the eminent Christian historian, in the 4th century. The "Apostles" were all chosen long after the 1st century by different people in different times—which makes it nearly impossible to determine who's who and who's what within the apostolic circle.

*Mark* and *Matthew* contain nearly identical lists of the Twelve. *Luke* has two lists in which he identifies Simon the Cananean as Simon the Zealot. In the place of Thaddaeus-Lebbaeus, he provides us with a Judas, who is a brother of Jacob called James. But which Jacob is he referring to? Jacob the son of Alphaeus or Halphaeus? John's version doesn't list all of the Apostles, but he does make reference to at least some of them: Simon Peter, Thomas called Didymus (the name given in early Syriac literature as Judas Thomas, meaning Judas the Twin), Nathanael of Cana, Jacob and John the sons of Zebedee and a couple of others who are unnamed. We also have John mentioning Philip, Judas Iscariot and another Judas (not Iscariot). Just one of the rather improbable conclusions to be drawn from this jumble of names is that there were *three* persons among the Twelve with the name Judas.

Why *twelve*? The number betrays a symbolic intention. With twelve helpers Joshua passed through the Jordan. Jason went after the golden fleece with twelve helpers. The sun wanders through the twelve signs of

the zodiac. And so it was that Jesus wandered through the Holy Land with twelve disciples. In the religion of the sun-worshippers the twelfth month is the betrayer of the sun that sickens and dies at the winter solstice. Ergo, Jesus is betrayed by the twelfth disciple.

The reasons cited above explain why it has always been so difficult for scholars to identify, not only the Twelve, but also the family of Jesus; why one author writes of Joseph's pedigree AND the account of the virgin birth; and why another has Jesus attack Jewish laws AND, in practically the same breath, censure the slightest departure from them. Typical of the confusing elements to be found within these writings is the fact that prior to the Council of Nicaea in 325, Eusebius time and time again quoted the Great Commission in *Matthew* 28:19 as follows: "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations in my name."

Is it any wonder that St. Augustine once saw fit to remark that he wouldn't believe the Gospel to be true if it wasn't for the authority of the Church?

There are additional reasons to believe that the Christianity that supposedly existed in the 1st century didn't begin to develop into a Gentile mystery cult, with the notion of the doctrine of spiritual immortality apart and free from the body attached to it, until much later. It was late in the 2nd century in the city of Antioch, located in Southern Turkey, that Christians were first identified by that name. There was no distinction at that time, however, between the active and passive members of the faith. What later developed as the Catholic conception of the priesthood was foreign to the first two centuries. By the end of the 3rd century, the "clergy" of the new faith were thought to be a divinely "chosen" group. A bishop, according to Ignatius, ought to be regarded as the Lord himself.

As late as the 4th century, seven pieces—Epistle to the Hebrews, Apocalypse of John, and five Catholic Epistles—were not acknowledged as canonical by some of the congregations. Typically, the Christian author of the Epistle to the Hebrews—written long after the 1st century—not only misconstrues every verse, but also misreads several words of Scriptural text.

The LAST or HOLY Supper—"The flesh is fed with the body and blood of Christ that the soul may be made fat from God."—wasn't transformed into the Mass until the latter half of the 4th century. The word "Mass" derives from the Egyptian Eucharist in which the cakes were called "Mest." The Israelites learned the word and called it "Mass" (or plural Massoth). The Church of Rome adopted it as "Mass" or "Messe." The word "host," which is used in the Catholic ritual is from

the Latin *Hostia*, which can be interpreted as an animal slain in sacrifice—a sin offering. As the Mass came more and more to be regarded as a heathen sacrifice, so it increasingly was equipped with external trappings and observances borrowed from pagan rituals. Purgatory, on the other hand, wasn't accepted by the Church for the first five centuries, because it was considered to be a heathen tenet and therefore heretical. It's interesting to note, too, that by the 7th century, the Church was endeavoring to suppress the picturing of Christ as a lamb because of the paganism inherent in the idea.

It wasn't until the 5th century that the Church hierarchy decreed that the Christ would be represented to the world as a tortured body fastened to an instrument of punishment more infamous than any ever invented. The cross, chosen as the emblem of the Christian faith, was borrowed from the mystery cults, where it usually signified salvation. It was the sign of the T-shaped cross by which Osiris (the Egyptian god of vegetation) gave eternal life. Soon thereafter the image of the cross was stamped upon all nature and all art within the Christian world. Even the doctrine of the trinity wasn't proclaimed by the Church until around the time the new city of Constantinople rose to power—approximately A.D. 380.

The transmission of the power from the legendary Apostles to those who were assumed to be their successors is one of the most audacious frauds in history. The first definite reference to the founding of the official church by Peter and Paul was made by Dionysus of Corinth about 170. The founding of the Papacy, the first distinct signs of an episcopal government, and the Roman claim to be in a special sense "the see of Peter," all occurred long after the Nazarene and supposedly ordered the establishment of a Universal (Catholic) church. As to the time of the origins and relative ranks of various church officials (bishop, presbyter, deacon), there is still uncertainty. (Presbyter is a Greek word meaning "old men." The word priest is derived from this term.)

Surprisingly, there was no authentic portrait of Jesus—no identifiable type of features had been determined—as late as the 5th century. The Nazarene was variously represented as dwarfed, ugly, and sometimes repulsive. Not until the Middle Ages was he distinguished by handsome, straight-nosed, Gentile features—with, at times, blond hair.

Most difficult for some Christians to understand is, why Christmas day wasn't introduced as the birthday of Jesus until the 4th century. At that time, religion hadn't reached the point of proclaiming that God must be sought within the domain of the ideal and the absolute outside of the world of sense. The only rational and scientific cult they had to turn to was that of the Sun. During the process of creating their own

savior-god, therefore, the Christians were drawn more and more to the most significant days in the calendar of sun-worship. December 25th was the birthdate of the Persian savior-god, Mithra, and other sun-gods. By the middle of the 4th century, Christians were beginning to assign the Nativity of Jesus to the winter solstice in December because that was deemed the Nativity of the Sun. Not until the 6th century, however, was the day of Jesus' birth finally commissioned. A Scythian monk, Dionysius Exiguus, chose for Jesus the birthday of the sun. The festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin was then commissioned to be celebrated in the Roman Church on March 25th, a date fixed by the fact that it was exactly nine months of embryogeny before December 25th.

The date of the crucifixion was also determined following the assimilation of the new Christ to the savior-gods of Asia. For the purpose of giving some credence to the claims of the supernatural events that supposedly occurred when the "Son of God" was cruelly put to death, the Catholic hierarchy chose a day when a partial eclipse of the sun had occurred—an actual event (April 3rd, A.D. 33), according to modern astronomers. The Cappadocians first made the vernal equinox the date of Easter or the resurrection. The attraction to the glory of the Sun's day, coupled with a growing resistance to purely Jewish observances, prompted the Christians to shift their Passover celebration to the Sunday following the Jewish celebration. Our Easter was initially dedicated to the celebration of the pagan resurrection of the unconquered sun. For reasons both obvious and ironic, modern theologians would prefer not to be reminded of the fact that for the first few hundred years most Christians were sun-worshippers. According to Leo the Great—Pope from 460 to 461—it was the custom of many of the Christ-folk to "stand on the steps of St. Peter and pay homage to the Sun by obeisance and prayers."

By now, it should be apparent to those people to whom the facts of reality and the conclusions of reason are of value, that the traditional origins of Christians are false.

TO BE CONTINUED...

## HISTORICAL COMMENTARY

BACON, B.W.: "St. Augustine's view of the predictive character of Psalm 22 is of course impossible."

BATES, M.S.: "From the two Testaments taken together, the dogmatist, the bigot, the man of faction, the literalist, the bureaucrat, the disciplinarian, the sadist have been able to justify their will, from that

day until now.”

CARPENTER, E.: “Early man felt great truths and realities of life — often, I believe, more purely than we do — but he could not give form to his experience. That stage came when he began to lose touch with these realities; and it showed itself in rites and ceremonials.”

CHEYNE, T.K.: “The Christ religion is a synthesis, and only those who have dim eyes can assert that the intellectual empires of Babylonia and Persia have fallen.”

GOGUEL, M.: “Tradition has so little belief that baptism goes back to Jesus, that the 4th Gospel after quoting a statement that Jesus had baptised, itself corrects this (*John: 4-2*).”

GUMPLOWICZ, Ludwig: “Every code of human morals from the earliest times to the present day has this thoroughly characteristic peculiarity: the product of actual occurrences and relations is everywhere explained by, and derived from, imaginary circumstances.”

HALL, STANLEY G. “True miracles are things which are absolutely false. They never happen...Why then the persistent credulity of so many who should know better concerning this class of marvels?”

HARNACK, ADOLPH: “I would reject the current opinion that Jesus was formally tried by the Sanhedrin for an alleged offense against the Hebrew criminal code...The case against Jesus could under no circumstances be tried by any tribunal except that of the governor...All four Gospels must be wrong in stating that the trial occurred on the day before the Sabbath, for it was forbidden to hold court on that day.”

LIPPERT, JULIUS: “If to the savage in his intellectual isolation a soul seems to be the cause of every phenomenon, then in the natural development of thought to a philosopher, whose intellectual horizon has expanded to comprehend the idea of the universe, the cause of causes behind the universe, must seem to be a universal soul. From this idea, so evidently derived from the domain of the cult, man has never been able to extricate himself.”

LOISY, ALFRED: “...the sin of the guilty human race is done away with in the body of the Man-Christ, who was himself untouched by it...childish dreams worked up into a theological nightmare and adapted, by hook or crook, to a lofty moral conception!”

McCOWN, CHARLTON C.: “The 19th century ended with the

destruction of its characteristic ‘liberal’ portrait of Jesus. It would appear that after nearly forty years [now nearly 100 years], the 20th century has discovered none at all of its own.”

MENCKEN, H.L.: “Men simply credit to Gods whatever laws they evolve out of their own wisdom or lack of it.”

MURRAY, GILBERT: “Previous historians of Christianity have generally been theologians, convinced of the miraculous nature of their subject, and consequently, however learned, compelled to be uncritical.”

ROBERTSON, J.M.: “There is not one teaching in the Gospels that cannot be paralleled in the ethical literature of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Hindus...I shall be obliged to any theologian who will bring me a saying which I cannot prove to have been already in existence in his time.”

SCHECHTER, SOLOMON: “Although the Jews of Jesus’ time are supposed to have been both the target of his wrath and the object of his pity and prayers, the literature of the Jews of his time has not left us a single reference to this controversy.” □

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Americans who support the interest of the United States over the interest of

## PIZZA WARFARE

by Major Joseph Stano, USAF Ret.

the State of Israel by the exercise of their basic First Amendment right of Freedom of the Press when they write a letter to a newspaper, soon become aware of the tactics employed by those who support Israel above all else and reject the democratic process of a free and open debate for the more productive fields of censorship by intimidation. To wit: The "Coinbox Commandoes" who try to censor all opposition to the machinations of Israel by telephone death threats.

As for the Americans who have not yet had the experience of having creeps screaming death threats, morning, noon and night over the telephone, this letter may serve as a basic primer for the many "delights" one may look forward to sampling if one dares to write a letter that even inadvertently boots the sacred cow of Israel in the rump roast.

It's sad to say, but these "Telephone Terrorists" have been quite successful in their organized censorship of Americans by threatening to murder their families. Having been on the receiving end of these telephone death threats, on and off, for nearly six years, I can certainly claim some

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expertise in the field.

I can't fault Americans for putting the lives of

their families above a letter to the editor that might be considered as critical of Israel by its fanatical supporters. As one man put it: "I can't put my wife through that again." I know exactly what he means. I've listened to countless howling, screaming, shrieking threats to murder my wife, my children and myself. And I've also listened to some filthy creatures — that their female victims call "heavy breathers" — graphically describe the disgusting sexual perversions they were going to commit on my wife. Therefore, I have the deepest sympathy for all of my fellow Americans who have had to endure these threats.

Having never married, all the threats to murder my nonexistent wife and children are wasted on me. So the Coinbox Commandoes are left with the rather difficult task of trying to censor me with their silly threats. As in these choice items:

By far, the most popular threat is: "You're a dead man!" Or a simple: "You're dead!" It gets to be quite boring when one hears it over, and over, and over... At times, I've even implored my callers: "If this is a death threat, do try to be a bit original." All to

no avail. I guess the effort expended in screaming and shrieking leaves little room for original thought.

When they find the courage to frame a longer sentence, it's something like: "We've got our Uzis. And we're coming to get you!" In a kind of cute and smirking tone. When I tell them to: "Come on over...I'm waiting for you." It seems to take all the "cute" out of the conversation. Apparently I'm not sticking to the script.

Of course, one does have lighter moments, as in this threat from one monumental ass: "We're coming to get you with our Ouzos!" Oh, the horror of it all! Assaulted by a band of fanatical Jews wielding bottles of Greek brandy! As a professional soldier one may expect to die with the smell of cordite in one's nostrils; however, to die in a cloud of licorice is quite unseemly for a "pro." Naturally, I'm terrified!

Of course, this is America and not Vietnam. In Vietnam I wasn't always allowed to return fire when I was shot at, so I'm rather looking forward to exercising my constitutional right of self-defense, and with a bit of luck I might even be able to end the telephone careers of a few "heavy breathers."

All wishful thinking of course, year after year of death threats, and not one of all those Coinbox Commandoes has found the courage to show up — with or without Uzis. I'd even settle for a few bottles of Ouzo! Well...one can but live in hope.

What does one do when the caller is spewing nothing but screaming, howling curses? Unless one is trained in the fine art of profanity, I'd recommend hanging up on the caller. However, as a former NCO who functioned back in the good ol' military days when one prided oneself on one's ability to string perfectly matched profanities, I had the pleasure of returning their pathetic efforts with a soaring dissertation on the antecedents of my howling callers, giving particular emphasis to their mother's lineage. And the love life of goats.

Along with the Coinbox Commandoes, one also gets death threats delivered by the post. All anonymous, of course. However, I had the great good fortune to identify one of my death threat pen pals due to the pompous, posturing style that he had employed when writing letters to the press in support of Israel.

This poison pen pal is a former commander of a Jewish War Veterans Post and conceivably the greateast windbag and blowhard to ever stroll the planet earth. In fact, one is forced to assume that he must stagger about clutching a very large anvil, lest the "Montgolfier Effect" of all that pent-up hot air make him airborne.

This splendid leader in the organized and orchestrated intimidation of American citizens also devotes his time to printing childish death

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threats in — of all things — RED INK. I could not resist it! I sent him a letter commenting on his sandbox mentality and his craven cowardice. His reply was a WHINE that it really wasn't a death threat — it only seemed that way. It would seem that someone informed him that death threats are felony crimes and sending them by the U.S. Postal Service is a Federal Offense. Ergo, the pathetic WHINE!

My latest experience with Israel's Coinbox Commandoes was a couple of laughable phone calls from two certifiable jerks. The first jerk used that old, tired saw: "Stano, you're a dead man!" I told the jerk he didn't have the guts. His pal called me a minute or two later spitting: "Christian filth!" At least that was original.

Having exhausted their limited repertoire, they decided to call my number every few minutes, have the phone ring once, and then hang up. Psychological warfare, or just plain silly warfare? I suppose it eventually dawned on these jerks that the effort to constantly dial my number and hang up after one ring was somewhat labor intensive. They soon tired of their silliness. But it gave me a good laugh every time they "dinged" once and hung up. In the courageous world of the Coinbox Commando, every "ding" was the equivalent of firing a mortar round.

Of course, their "battle" wasn't nearly as courageous as that of one bloomin' idiot who tried to keep me awake all night by dialing my number every fifteen minutes. I simply turned the phone off. Apparently, this never occurred to him. When I turned the phone on at six the next mornning, he promptly rang at six-fifteen and croaked, "Communist!" before he hung up. Staying awake all night had obviously warped what little brains he had. My connection with Communism has been fighting them and killing them in combat.

This wacko is still calling me some eight months later. He calls me, now and then, at five-fifteen in the evening and hangs up when I answer. Apparently, this is his shot for the day in his war against those nasty pro-Americans who put the interest of the United States above Israel's. I hate to disappoint this courageous fighter for Israel, but my phone number is quite close to the phone numbers of a doctor, a bank, and a funeral home. So I hardly notice his phone call amongst all the other wrong numbers.

Unfortunately, my two Coinbox Commandoes got tired of "dinging" me and decided to pull their infamous "Pizza Routine" on me. These Coinbox Commandoes for Israel are quite famous for it, in fact, they invented it.

The Pizza Routine is where the courageous Coinbox Commandoes for Israel bravely call up all the pizza restaurants in one's area and have

them deliver dozens of pizzas to one's home.

To what end? They rob a small businessman of his hard-earned wages. They waste a massive amount of food at a time when people in this country are hungry. And they send a lot of students, trying to work their way through college, out into the winter nights for nothing. All things being relative, one must assume that in the world of these misfits, this "courageous" act is their equivalent of a bayonet charge.

I laughed at their pathetic threats. So these cowardly creatures, who haven't got the guts to face anyone, just had to inflict some kind of punishment on someone — on anyone! They're too gutless to come after me, so they content themselves with punishing a group of people trying to earn a living or get an education. The very fact that they take pleasure in these actions certifies these creatures as more than just cowards. By their actions they confirm a nasty streak of sadism.

It's an old military maxim: "Know your enemy." Therefore, Americans who are being harassed by these Coinbox Commandoes should always keep this question in mind: what kind of a character would pull this routine? In a war one must rely on military intelligence for information on the enemy, these sorry creatures are telling you all about themselves every time they make an harassing phone call. The two jerks who called me on the phone clearly described themselves as sadistic cowards. Miserable creatures who would probably torture a stray dog to satiate their frustrations as cowards. When these Coinbox Commandoes go to the trouble of painting a self-portrait over the telephone, one should treat them with the contempt and disgust that they so richly deserve.

I suppose these characters thought that Pizza warfare was called for in my case, in that, many of these Coinbox Commandoes scream "WOP!" or "Guinea!" and then hang up. In fact, a friend sent me an anonymous letter he received, wherein the writer had admonished him for associating with "a greasy WOP." Clearly, they think my surname comes from Italy. Well, though I have valued Italian friends and relations, the name "Stano" comes from Czechoslovakia. Lots of luck!

I would have informed the howlers of this fact, but these Coinbox Commandoes are so terrified that the police or the F.B.I. has bugged the phone, that they just scream and hang up. And probably run from the coinbox to their cars and "burn rubber."

I've taken pains to tell these characters the truth, I informed a loathsome "heavy breather" that he had befouled a telephone booth for nothing in emoting on all the perversions he was going to commit on my nonexistent "wife." I passed the same information on to the howler who was planning to "strangle" she who doesn't exist. And I rather disappointed a screamer

planning to "boil my children alive," by explaining why he could not boil, bake, fry, barbecue, or even microwave my dear little Hansel and Gretel. This Coinbnx Chef was disappointed, to say the very least.

The whole point of this primer on censorship by harassment is simple: These cowards hide behind a telephone for a very good reason. Whenever the police catch one of the loathsome "heavy breathers," a creature who has terrified countless women, and they finally put a body on the disembodied voice that has caused so much suffering, it's not fear that the victims experience when they first see the creature responsible for their torment. It's usually disgust. Disgust with the miserable little creature who hid behind the telephone, and disgust with themselves for being frightened of a creature they would have ignored or laughed at if they had seen him in person.

One can well imagine the sorry collection of wizened gnomes and fat, bloated lumps whose pudgy fingers dialed my number and the numbers of other Americans. Little wonder they dare not show their face in public without becoming a bad joke.

In recent months the people of Eastern Europe stood up to guns and tanks for the right to exercise the very freedoms that we enjoy under our First Amendment. Americans need only stand up to a collection of misfits who dare not show themselves in public. On the two-hundredth anniversary of our glorious Bill of Rights, don't let these pathetic "telephone terrorists" rob you of your precious birthright to agree or disagree with anyone or anything—including the State of Israel.

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