



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

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

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

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM *AMERICA'S DECLINE:*

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

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

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Death In The Homeland

Harold Covington:

page 42.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Professor R.P. Oliver

POSTSCRIPTS:

High Ideals, page 1; The Atheist, page 3; Want to Buy a Bible?, page 6; Coming Home, page 11; Silesian Inferno, page 15; Bibliographical Note, page 18; God is Where You Find it, page 18.

The First Amendment Exercise Machine
page 26.

Eric Thomson:

Who Are the True Jews, page 36.

Mestizo America, page 51

Allan Callahan:

The Inquisition in Mexico, page 39

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FREEDOM OF SPEECH — FREEDOM OF THOUGHT FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

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

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

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

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

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

POSTSCRIPTS

by Revilo P. Oliver

HIGH IDEALS

John Reed, a crackpot and perhaps a mattoid, was born in Oregon in 1887. He is the subject of several laudatory biographies, but I have never thought it worthwhile to ascertain his ancestry or follow his career. I do not know whether he became a Communist before, during, or after his years at Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1910. In the following year he began to compose bait for stupid proletarians as the foremost contributor to a periodical bucket of garbage called *The Masses*. Having thus proved himself, he was, as one would expect, employed as a "distinguished" foreign correspondent by the Jews' *New York Times*.

It was in this capacity that he was in St. Petersburg and Moscow when the Masters of Deceit captured Russia in 1917-1918. He witnessed, of course, the Bolshevik seizure of power by terrorism, and his vicious mind doubtless gloated over the slaughter of civilized Russians. Exalted by the savagery of the Judaeo-Communists, he wrote a paean of praise for the glorious victory of the proletariat and the triumph of "human rights" and "social justice," which was published in New York and London in 1919 under the title *Ten Days that Shook the World*.

As one would expect, the poisonous book was fulsomely extolled as a revelation and new gospel by our domestic enemies, who used it to confirm and activate the faith of the simple-minded dupes of Marx's pseudo-atheistic reformation of Christianity. Even today, Reed's filthy concoction is often described, even by people who must know better, as "the best eyewitness account of the revolution." It thus serves to obscure and discredit veracious accounts of what actually happened.¹

1. I have looked at two standard reference works, *Webster's Biographical Dictionary* and the *Columbia Encyclopedia*. Both devote a generous amount of space to Reed and ignore Robert Wilton, an honest journalist, who faithfully described what he saw happen in Russia, and whose report of the sadistic murder of the Russian royal family by a pack of Jews has now been fully verified from the Soviet archives that have been opened by Yeltsin.

The nest of Sheenies in Hollywood naturally produced, in the 1930s, a cinema version of Reed's book, entitled "Reds," in which, if I am not mistaken, Reed's rather beautiful mistress, Louise Bryant, appeared as herself, while the part of the late John Reed was taken by an actor named Warren Beatty. Louise was, of course, the heroine of the film, which was, equally of course, blatant Communist propaganda colored and flavored to suit the degree of fatuity that had been thus far induced in the American public.

Even writers who admit that Reed's book was a fraud on the public continue to credit him with a noble soul and "high ideals," and to attribute his lies to misinformation that he accepted because he was blinded by his high-minded passion for "social justice" and similar nonsense. He was, we are assured, mistaken, but righteously so, given his lofty inspiration of love for "the poor" and the downtrodden masses.

Now Boris Yeltsin, the clever actor who is currently playing the stellar rôle in the comedy that convinces gullible Europeans and Americans that "Communism is dead," instead of being more deadly than ever behind its new mask, shrewdly helps create the desired illusion by opening the archives of the Kremlin to expose the deeds of the Soviet régime that has supposedly been supplanted by lovely new freedom and light. He accordingly instructed the Russian historian, Rudolf Pikhoya, to go through the secret archives and turn up data that will impress the credulous West.

The file on John Reed and Louise Bryant discloses that in 1917 Lenin's Bolsheviks paid Reed the equivalent of \$1,500,000 in current American currency to write *Ten Days that Shook the World*. Reed's vaunted idealism did indeed come high.²

Reed was Lenin's apologist and hired liar. He returned to the United States to promote his book and plant Communist cells, enlisting the usual assortment of idealistic nitwits and blood-thirsty misfits driven by organic hatreds. Protected by powerful influences within Woodrow Wilson's government, he escaped prosecution as an enemy agent and returned to his employer in the Kremlin. He died,

2. For the information about Yeltsin's disclosure of Reed's venality I am indebted to the July-August issue of Hilaire du Berrier's *H du B Reports* (P.O. Box 786, St. George, Utah; 84771. \$75.00 per annum).

reportedly of typhus, in 1920 and was given a spectacular funeral and burial in the wall of the Kremlin as a great "hero of the revolution."³

So we at last see that Reed was a worthy precursor of Walter Duranty, another "distinguished foreign correspondent" of the *New York Times*, who was, in the terms used by his latest biographer, "Stalin's apologist" and whose systematic and rhetorically embellished lies are credited with having facilitated Franklin Roosevelt's treason in imposing on the United States diplomatic recognition of, and lovey-dovey relations with, the Soviet that was ruled by his collaborator and fellow conspirator, Stalin. Duranty's achievements as a liar won him a Pulitzer Prize for excellence as a journalist and the reward of being able to indulge his psychopathic urges securely in Russia, but he was also well-paid by Roosevelt's dear "Uncle Joe."⁴ Perhaps Yeltsin will soon let us know just how much the scoundrel received.

THE ATHEIST

The scabrous stooges who are destroying Canada for the Jews succeeded, on their second attempt, in having James Keegstra convicted of "hate," that is, of having mentioned certain historical facts to his students in a high school. When he made the blunder of telling the truth, he was a teacher in the high school of Eckville, Alberta, and the mayor of the little town. The Sheenies squawked, and the pusillanimous White inhabitants of Eckville obeyed their masters by removing Mr. Keegstra from both positions and forcing him to earn his living as a mechanic in a garage.

3. M. du Berrier's article includes his reminiscences of Louise Bryant, whom he "inherited" in Paris in the "early 1930s," after her marriage to and divorce from William Bullitt, who became Roosevelt's ambassador to Russia and later to France and helped his master arrange the catastrophic war that began in 1939. She had become an alcoholic, and M. du Berrier tells us how "she tossed down double gins on the terrace of Le Select," while he drank hot chocolate to avoid immobilizing himself. When sufficiently inspired by gin, she often confided to him that Reed had intended to break with Lenin, who accordingly disposed of him by having him infected with typhus and then giving the heroic liar a state funeral. When sober the next morning, Louise denied what she had said when enspirited. *In spiritu frumenti veritas?* It is not impossible that Reed became discontented, and it is, of course, normal procedure in Judaeo-Communist circles to discard worn-out tools.

4. See *Liberty Bell*, February 1991, pp. 10-11, where I cite S. J. Taylor, *Stalin's Apologist* (Oxford University Press, 1990).

At his second trial, Mr. Keegstra, impoverished, had to act as his own attorney and was doubtless inept, lacking knowledge of legal technicalities and, above all, of the techniques of persuasion and cross-examination. The jury that convicted him cannot have been entirely composed of invertebrates, for they argued among themselves for eighteen hours before returning a verdict of "guilty." His conviction naturally was followed by obscene rejoicing by his and our enemies. One of them had the effrontery to say that "all Canadians" rejoice that they have been muzzled and forbidden to displease the aliens who have captured and occupied their government.

One feels compassion for another martyr who sought to defend our fatuous and self-doomed race, but I am sure that Mr. Keegstra, who professes a belief in Christianity, will be astonished when he realizes, on reconsideration, that he was convicted of atheism.

Intelligent Jews, needless to say, do not believe the absurd myths told in the Jew-Book, but they nevertheless maintain their racial identity and solidarity by an unshakeable belief in their race's enormous superiority to *goyim*, whom they despise for the very qualities that we honor, and in their race's manifest destiny to preside over the whole earth and impose their godly whims on enslaved subjects. That confidence they summarize in the neat maxim, "God is the Jewish People."

The late Jack Bernstein, a Jew¹ who went starry-eyed to Israel and returned embittered, asserted in his first booklet² that the present ruling class in Israel is composed of atheists, meaning, no doubt, that they did not even pretend to believe their race's mythology. In his second and more valuable booklet, *My Farewell to Israel, the Thorn in the Middle East*,³ he quotes significant passages from the Babylonian

1. Assuming that his mother was a Jewess. If she was not, he was not a real Jew, according to the orthodox definition of their race.

2. See *Liberty Bell*, May 1985, pp. 5-6.

3. Detroit Lakes, Minnesota; Pro-American Press, 1985. I do not know where copies may be obtained. Letters to the Press are unanswered. Part or all of the stock of Bernstein's first booklet fell into the hands of a Christian dervish, who distributed copies to persons who contributed funds to his business. If the second booklet likewise came into his possession, he probably destroyed something so damaging to the Self-Chosen People, whose patronage he must retain. Part of the second booklet is a narrative of Bernstein's experiences in the "police state" of Israel,

Talmud and from the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion (of which he does not doubt the authenticity, having seen its program carried out in the normal operations of the Zionists), and he also sees that they are not inconsistent with atheism as he uses the term. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the atheistic Jews are determined to become gods to the *goyim*.

"God is the Jewish People" appears at first sight to be a paradoxical statement. But is it not logically implied by the otherwise amazing statement in the Talmud⁴ that when God has a problem, he consults the learned rabbis and follows their advice?

That the Yids identify their race with God is apparent from the work of a singularly candid and honest Jew, Maurice Samuel, who tried to explain, as courteously as he could, the impassable, unbridgeable gulf between his race and our own in his *You Gentiles*,⁵ a book that you simply must read, if you hope to understand the Jewish problem.

Mr. Samuel tells us frankly (p. 74) "In the Jew, nation and people and faculties and culture and God *are all one*. ... The feeling in the Jew, even in the free-thinking Jew like myself, is that to be one with his people is to be thereby admitted to the *power of enjoying the infinite*." [My italics.] He later discusses the *religious* emotions of atheist Jews, which must come from the religion that identifies their race as a living god in this world, a divine reality, unlike fabulous supernatural beings of whose existence there is no proof.

from which he succeeded in escaping in December 1976. He earned our gratitude by taking our side in the clandestine war against our race. He died, of a suddenly developed cancer, in the Veterans' Hospital, Martinsburg, West Virginia, on 4 May 1987. Shortly before his death, he asked *Liberty Bell* (the only periodical that would dare to print what he had to say) to send a reporter to whom he could recount his observations of Zionist subversion and sabotage of American interests in the Philippines, from which he had recently returned, but unfortunately it was impossible to fulfill his request before he died.

4. I noticed this passage of impudent arrogance, astonishing even in Jews, when glancing through that horrendous collection, but I seem to have failed to make a note of precisely where it occurred.

5. New York, Harcourt-Brace, 1924; reprint available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$6.50 + postage.

"God is the Jewish People." And that god has ordained, for purposes of his own, that the livestock on his plantation are to venerate him and believe whatever he tells them, no matter how absurd. The animals must have a Faith that paralyses such powers of ratiocination as they may possess.

Keegstra, you see, was convicted of doubting God's Word.

WANT TO BUY A BIBLE?

If you have paid any attention to English drama, you have read the *Duchess of Malfi*, by Shakespeare's greatest contemporary. You may even have seen one of the rare productions of that deeply moving tragedy. And you remember the horrible scene in which a group of madmen, placed in an apartment next to the one in which the Duchess is confined, so that their uproar will prevent sleep at night and obtund her ears by day, are sent into her presence and rave, each yelling out the revelation he wants to communicate to the world. One of them, you remember, proclaims, "We are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation." (The episode ends when the Duchess mistakes for one of the madmen the assassin whom her brothers have sent to strangle her.)

You recognized the allusion to what is called the Geneva Bible, and recognized that allusion as another gibe at the Puritans, such as a madman's earlier disclosure of the scatological composition of the syrup that a clever apothecary sells to the Puritans to soothe their throats when they become hoarse with perpetual ranting and exhortation.

Although the Calvinistic translation of the Bible was extremely popular in its day—a bibliographer found in two English collections a hundred and forty editions (reprintings) of it published between 1560 and 1644, and there were probably scores of printings that escaped the collectors—you would probably have to go to a large library to see a copy of it today, although everyone knows one passage in it, the passage in *Genesis* in which we are told that when Adam and Eve discovered they were naked, "they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches," thus anticipating today's feminine styles.

That is apt to give the impression that the "Breeches Bible" is just a curiosity, like the very rare and expensive copies of Bibles in which Yahweh commands "Thou shalt commit adultery" (thus anticipating

the creed of so many evangelicals today) or predicts, with unwonted accuracy, "the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God," or states a sad truism, "The fool has said in his heart there is a god."¹ But that is to ignore the importance of the Genevan Bible in the long and gloomy history of Christian fantasies about their superstition.

I was astonished the other day to discover that the Geneva Bible is back in print in a photographically enlarged reproduction of an edition of 1599, which contains the text of the translation and the accompanying mass of marginal notes that interpret the text in strictly Calvinist terms. The republication, said to weigh 6¹/₂ pounds, may be obtained for \$120.00 from the National Christians (P.O. Box 1839, Ocala, Florida; 32678), who describe it as "certainly the cornerstone of our forefathers['] faith and of our heritage." So, if you are interested in the sad history of Western Christianity, here is your chance to own a very significant edition of the Bible, which, you may be sure, your Christian friends have never seen.

The advertisement for this new edition, however, is simply breath-taking. It begins

In 1557, a then unknown clergyman, John Calvin, undertook to translate the complete Bible into English. Calvin's Bible, which came to be known as the Geneva Bible, was printed from 1560 to 1644 in over 200 different printings.

This is so typical a consequence of religious fervor that I must comment on it

(1) In 1557 Calvin was the most famous heresiarch in Europe. He was the virtual dictator of Geneva, which he had made a theocracy, ruled by God, who, however, was busy elsewhere and had named Calvin as his Vice-Regent. From this fortress of holiness he launched verbal lightning-bolts against the Anabaptists, the Lutherans, the Roman Catholics, and all other servants of Satan, and he had attained even greater and extraordinary celebrity in 1553 by covertly exposing the pseudonym under which Michael Servetus had concealed his

1. There are many more curiosities of this kind. You may sympathize with Seventeenth-Century printers and proof-readers, but it was in the 1920s, as I recall, that a highly reputed publisher issued a large edition of the Bible with supplemental material, including a list of the degrees of kinship within which marriage was forbidden by the Church of England. This included a surely unnecessary prohibition: "a man may not marry his grandmother's wife."

authorship of *Christianismi restitutio*, insuring his conviction by supplying as a specimen of his handwriting a letter that Servetus had written under the impression that in Calvin he was addressing a friendly fellow Protestant, and when Servetus escaped from prison and passed through Geneva on his way to a refuge in Germany, having him arrested and burned at the stake.² In 1557, Calvin may have been the most famous man in all of Europe.

(2) Calvin never translated the Bible or any considerable part of it into any language.³

(3) Calvin never wrote anything in English, a language of which he was totally ignorant. He was born Jean Cauun (the spelling of the name in legal documents)⁴ and French, his native tongue, was the only language he used in addition to Latin. Having received a good education, he decided that the family name should be Chauvin, which he then Latinized, calling himself Iohannes Calvinus, since he was something of a Humanist (his first publication was a commentary on Seneca's *De clementia*) and wrote by preference in Latin, the language in which he published, under the cover of a pseudonym, his *Institutiones Christianae* (1536), which outline the theological fantasies from which he never subsequently deviated.

(4) The guess about 200 printings may be substantially correct—the only plausible statement in the quotation.

The advertisement goes on to assure us that

The Geneva Bible was the Bible of choice for William Shakespeare and John Milton. The 1599 edition was the Bible the Pilgrims were holding

2. Calvin's admirers make much of the fact that he was so tender-hearted that he suggested (but did not command) that Servetus be decapitated instead of roasted alive. Servetus was a man of some scientific attainments, having evidently been the first to discover the circulation of blood in the human body and a number of other facts, but he unfortunately shared the current infatuation with religion, took the Christians' story-book seriously, and tried to imagine ways to explain away its innumerable internal contradictions.

3. It is true that a dishonest printer once published under Calvin's name a reprinting of a Huguenot translation into French by a certain Pierre Olivétan.

4. Some contend that the name was originally Cohen. There is no proof of this, which may be only a surmise based on the fact that Calvin devised a thoroughly Judaized form of Christianity.

when they stepped on Plymouth Rock. ... This Bible [is] the foundation stone upon which our Christian American Republic was laid.

Welladay! Christians are incorrigible, so we must note that Shakespeare (whether he was the actor or the Earl of Oxford), like Webster, whose opinion I indicated above, and everyone connected with the theatre, detested the Puritans and all their works, since attending theatrical performances was high on those fanatics' list of deadly sins for which Yahweh ordained drastic punishment. I do not recall having read anything in which Milton expresses an opinion about translations of the Bible, but he was a Puritan. The Pilgrims probably did have a copy of the Geneva Bible, which was extremely popular in England, where it was proscribed by law and possession of a copy was sometimes treated as a felony. Many of the founders of the United States (e.g., George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin—assuming that he was not really an atheist) were Deists; many more were, at least nominally, Anglicans, who would have spurned the Puritans' seditious version of their holy book; and even many of the influential descendants of the Puritans in New England (e.g., John Adams) had abandoned Calvinism. The American Republic, which lasted until 1861, was based on political abstention from every variety of religion.

The Geneva Bible is an English version made by William Whittington⁵ and two of his friends, Puritans who, perhaps resisting a temptation to become glorious martyrs at an early age, hid themselves

5. Not to be confused with Richard Whittington, who is the subject of an astonishing folk-tale, which is an instructive example of the mythopoetic power of the popular mind. Everyone knows the story of 'Dick' Whittington, a poor lad who was a scullion and whose only possession was a cat, and who was leaving London in despair when he heard the Bow bells and fancied they were urging him to return; by dint of most extraordinary good luck he became rich and eventually the Lord Mayor of London. The facts are that Richard Whittington was the son of a prosperous landowner, Sir William Whittington, and, being a younger son, elected a career in commerce, which he began with sufficient capital to participate in a loan to the city made by leading merchants. Perceiving that contemporary conditions would make wholesale trade in textile goods highly profitable, he became a mercer and accumulated such a fortune that he could personally lend money to Kings Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry V, and entertain the latter at sensationally lavish parties. One of the wealthiest men in England, he was frequently elected Lord Mayor. During his lifetime and, since he died

to Geneva, perceiving that the climate in England was not healthful for them during the reign of Queen Mary. Their translation of the "Old Testament" was based on the English version approved by King Henry VIII (often called the 'Great Bible' or 'Cranmer's Bible'), revised with the aid of three Latin translations, especially that by Sebastian Münster (1534), and Calvinistic ideas; the "New Testament" was Tyndale's version, revised with the aid of Beza's Latin translation (1542).⁶ It is unlikely that there was any real consultation of Hebrew and Greek texts. Calvin doubtless approved the Geneva Bible, although he could not have read it. Its strident Calvinism depends largely on the marginal annotations, many of which were translated from Calvin's writings.

There are innumerable English translations of the Bible, but in all of them the stories are essentially the same, differing only in diction and in details that concern only theologians who use them to whet their own axes. The Bible is not like another famous story-book, usually called the *Arabian Nights*, of which the four commonly used English translations differ enormously in content.

If your appetite for Bibles is not satisfied with possession of the very important Geneva Bible, you may also obtain from the National Christians the translation, purportedly made directly from Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek, by Ferrar Fenton (1903), for \$30.00. You may also make a contribution toward the publication of the whole of the Aryan Translation, on which Dr. Oren Fenton Potito has been

without issue, after his death much of his wealth was devoted to public benefactions (building a library, founding a college, etc.). No one knows how the folk-tale was generated, more than a century after his death in 1423.

6. This translation has the great merit of being in decent Latin that can be read without discomfort. I obtained my copy, dated 1949, from the British Bible Society, which, when I last heard, was keeping that edition in print. Beza was a learned man, but nevertheless so godly that he believed that all vile heretics (i.e., everyone who was not a Calvinist) should be burned at the stake to prevent them from leading others to eternal damnation; when he succeeded Calvin in Geneva, however, he relaxed some of the rigors of theocratic despotism. He presented one of the most important Biblical manuscripts, the famous Codex Bezae, to Cambridge University, giving a disingenuous and perhaps mendacious account of how it had come into his possession.

working for thirty years. His Aryan Translations of the gospels attributed to Matthew, Luke, and John are already in print and may be had for \$12.00 each. I have not seen them, but Dr. Potito's views on race, National Socialist Germany, the Jews' impudent Holohoax, the repulsive mongrel Eisenhower, and similar matters, as shown by his published comments, are eminently sound and deserve our support.

COMING HOME

The *Manchester Guardian* may have been a liberal publication when it was founded in 1821. When I first began to glance occasionally at copies of it, a hundred and thirty years later, it had already become an evangel for "Liberal intellectuals," telling them what to think—or to recite without troubling their consciousness with thought. I am, by the way, becoming very tired of putting quotation marks about a phrase that designates a horde of chatterboxes who are neither liberal¹ nor intellectual. "Liberal intellectuals," as Joseph Sobran once dared to say publicly, to the displeasure of his editor-in-chief,² are only slightly disguised Communists, i.e., votaries of the Marxian religion, although some may be too ignorant to know it.

As one would expect, recent issues of the *Guardian's* weekly supplement, which is widely distributed in this country, are filled with passionate yelps that the "rich nations" (that means you, sucker)

1. In political terms, a liberal necessarily desires a society fit for *liberi*, free men, and, heeding George Washington's warning that "government, like fire, is a useful servant, but a fearful master," he will strive to reduce governmental control of individuals to a very minimum—the very antithesis of the slavery desired by the self-styled "Liberals," who perpetually agitate for more Soviet-style legislation and more degradation of their own race, which they take pride in denigrating and betraying. And they have already imposed on us Marx's dictatorship of the Sheenies and their thugs who control a mindless proletariat. The last American liberal was Albert Jay Nock, whose *Our Enemy, the State* (New York, Morrow, 1935) should be read by everyone who is at all interested in politics in the true sense of that word—the sense in which it was used by a constitutional lawyer, who was fond of remarking, "Never try to discuss politics with a politician: he couldn't understand it, and wouldn't give a damn, if he could."

2. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, August 1987, pp. 2-5.

must reduce their own standard of living so that they can give trillions of dollars to the "poor nations" (and that means billions of niggers, wogs, and other biological détritius) to help them "save the planet" (by breeding faster). (That is the hogwash purveyed by the Gore who is now, incredible as it seems, a candidate for the office of Vice President.)³ There is naturally no mention of the only pollution from which the planet needs to be saved, the horrible overpopulation by billions of vocal anthropoids that are multiplying like guinea pigs, thanks to the fatuity and subconscious death-wish of our own ill-starred race.

Occasionally, however, the *Guardian Weekly* prints something worth reading. In the issue for 21 June 1992 there is an item by Ralph Whitlock, which, I hope, may have reminded the paper's habitual readers that there is much that neither they nor we can understand about our fellow creatures, who have as much right to this planet as we do, although our race, long bemused by a pernicious superstition, thought that they were made for our swollen-headed species to use and abuse. It is worth quoting.

Mr. Whitlock says that last May he and a neighbor were commenting on the late return of swallows and house martins when

Over the meadows before his house, dipping and diving toward us as they hawked insects on the wing, were four or five martins. Suddenly they were with us, and, losing their interest in flies, they made straight for the sites of their last year's nests. Without hesitation and with no exploratory reconnoitering, they flew directly to the vestiges of the nests that had survived the winter's gales, and clung to them twittering. It was as if they were saying, "Well, here we are Home again! and so glad to be here!"

And I fell to marvelling at the unerring instinct that had brought them all those 7,000 miles from their winter quarters in South Africa, 14,000 miles if you reckon the autumn journey. When the time came to begin the journey the birds must have had a clear picture of their destination, and a detailed programming of their route. ... And there was no mistaking the impulse which guided them, for, the next day, they were busy laying the foundation of a new nest under the house eaves, using what remained of their nest of the previous year.

In the martins and many other species of birds, as I remarked when commenting on Dr. Rhine's imposition on the credulity of the

3. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, April 1992, pp. 21-22.

public,⁴ we have a genuine instance of "extra-sensory perception." Their astonishing journeys are certainly not explicable in terms of the five senses that we possess. The most plausible theory is that they somehow perceive the lines of force in the earth's magnetic field and, perhaps, the angle of the sun's rays. But whatever the explanation, we have here a phenomenon of what can be called a "spiritual force" and is much more worthy of our attention than absurd religions about supernatural beings, whether old and outworn superstitions or newly invented by the hucksters of marvels for the gullible.

The same inexplicable power of perception is present in various species of mammals. If you ride a horse over winding trails in the foothills, which he has never visited before, the instant his head is turned homeward he will know it, although you may not, if you have not consulted a map. There are apparently unquestionable reports that if a baboon is carried, in a vehicle from which he cannot look out, a hundred miles along the two legs of a right-angle triangle, he will, when released, start homeward across the hypotenuse.

We lack that power of extra-sensory perception, although some have claimed that vestiges of it are to be found in the most primitive species of talking anthropoids, Capoids and Australoids. However that may be, as the late Robert Ardrey has insisted in several of his books,⁵ all of the higher mammals, at least, including us, possess an instinctive sense that connects them with a specific place, a home. And all of them, if not degenerate, will fight to the death to preserve that home.

We all have that instinct, although "Liberal intellectuals" and other nitwits try to deny it. I have met a highly intelligent woman, who holds a quite responsible position in a large city, but maintains, at considerable expense, a house in the town in which she was born, a thousand miles away; she refuses to rent it, and has it maintained by a hired caretaker, although she can visit it for a few days only once or twice a year. "Without that home," she said, "I would feel lost, a mere bit of flotsam adrift in the human sea."

4. I noticed this passage of impudent arrogance, astonishing even in Jews, when glancing through that horrendous collection, but I seem to have failed to make a note of precisely where it occurred.

5. New York, Harcourt-Brace, 1924; reprint available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$6.50 + postage.

The perspicacious lady is right. We are truly human only when we own some plot of ground with a house that is our home, from which we may wander, but to which we can always return. That is why the World Destroyers are imposing real-estate taxes, usually for socially pernicious ends, such as "Welfare" and the monstrously overgrown boob-hatcheries, that reduce "ownership" of a home to renting it from the tax-collector; and use the Communist devices of income and inheritance taxes to make it admittedly impossible for most of the younger generation of Americans ever to have, even provisionally, a home of their own. That is why they have almost succeeded in liquidating families and making marriage a purposeless farce. (Although holy men rant about marriage as a magical "sacrament," the social function of marriage is to ensure the inheritance of property by the owner's legitimate children. One cannot speak of another possible result of marriage, the lifelong devotion of a man and a woman to each other, without exciting shrieks from the harridans of female "liberation," who are currently concerned with the danger that their "liberated" sluts might live with one man long enough to become accustomed to him.)

Much effort has been devoted to reducing Americans to "flotsam adrift on a human sea," individuals as rootless as rats in a sewer. In this, they have had the coöperation of the large corporations, which have become another device for destroying private property. In 1945, all the businesses in a typical American town, with the possible exception of a branch of the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company and perhaps one of United Cigars, were owned by local "capitalists." Today the town has only "outlets" of huge corporations, managed by hirelings who are shifted about the country from state to state like tumbleweed on a desert, precisely for the purpose of preventing them from staying long enough in any one place to acquire property, form family connections, and put down roots.

Our enemies have created a generation of isolated individuals, as unconnected with others as billiard balls and half-mad with the terrible loneliness of a man in a crowd. In this work of devastation they are abetted by mattoids and rancorous misfits, such as H. G. Wells,⁶ who

6. That Wells knew what he was doing when he became, like Toynbee, an agent of a dire conspiracy is shown by one significant short story, "The Isle of Dr. Moreau." His motive, so far as I know, has not been determined. On Toynbee's impudent confession of conspiracy against civilization, see *Liberty Bell*, May 1988, pp. 7-8.

realize that there is only one way to produce a "warless world" and that is to abolish humanity and replace it with zombies deprived of their racial instincts. The dehumanized animals will be herded by God's People, of course.

The territorial imperative is inherent in our racial inheritance—and no doubt, with variations, in other races, which need not concern us. The blind forces of biological evolution have so formed our species that we are fully human only when we are attached to property, a home, and, if possible, a family that has a known past and could have a future. The great majority of Americans became so befuddled that they, having at first accepted Marx's income tax in the spirit of the girl who was not worried by becoming "only a little bit pregnant," have been brought by their unappeaseable enemies, step by step, to a plight in which almost the whole of their lives is a continuous revolt against nature.

The laws of nature are absolute and from them there is no appeal. They may be violated for a time by individuals, nations, and races, but never with impunity. The ultimate and inescapable penalty for all is death.

SILESIAN INFERNO

I have several times expressed regret that *Silesian Inferno*, which was published in English by the German Informations- und Dokumentationszentrum, was out-of-print and copies had become rare. The book has now been reprinted by a new publisher, the Landpost Press in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, which is producing a series of reprints of the very highest quality. Cloth-bound copies may be obtained from Liberty Bell Publications, \$22.50 + \$3.00.

The German original, *Schlesisches Inferno*, is a documented compilation of survivors' reports of the ferocity of the Red Army when it occupied the Silesian part of Eastern Germany after the withdrawal of German troops in 1945. The collected reports from parts of Silesia are supplemented with geographical tables and reproductions of pamphlets and other printed material issued at the time. The compilation was made by Karl Friedrich Grau, and Professor Ernst Deuerlein added a concise introductory survey of the historical background. The book was translated into English by Ernst Schlosser, who had a command of English that is rare in persons for whom it is not the mother tongue.

The accuracy of the survivors' factual reports is guaranteed by two documents, of which I have copies in my possession, which were written by survivors of the Red Army's occupation of Central Germany and Austria for the information of their descendants. The ghastly events narrated in this book will harrow your mind, but you must read it for two vital reasons.

First, you will be at first tempted to call the soldiers and commissars of the Red Army beasts. That is a fundamental error, encouraged by Christian mythology, from which you must redeem yourself, if you are to think rationally about the world in which you live. All quadrupeds are morally superior to hominids. Beasts kill only to obtain food and to defend themselves; they never intentionally torture or debase their prey. Only species that are called human take a sadistic delight in killing for the joy of killing, in torturing for the joy of witnessing agony, and in defiling for the joy of degrading their betters. You must learn that with most of those species such conduct is instinctive and natural, and that although we belong to a race that instinctively reprehends such conduct, there are Aryans who are no better than the races that are naturally savage.

You must not think of the horrors described in this book as extraordinary and exceptional, as events that occurred during a war in a distant part of the world and in peculiar circumstances. You must understand that the harrowing accounts describe only what is normal and to be expected wherever and whenever hominids of various species have an opportunity to obey their innate and unalterable instincts. Only when you have learned that lesson will you succeed in understanding our plight today in the world and especially in the country that once was ours.

Second, in 1941 we were a nation and had a country of our own—at least one of which we could quickly have recovered possession. We have now permitted ourselves to be dispossessed, but we Aryans have inherited the guilt of our fathers.¹ Remember that the savage creatures that perpetrated the atrocities of which you read in this book were armed with American weapons and financed by the American people, who had permitted their great War Criminal to herd them into the Jews' war against our race and our civilization and make them revert to barbarism. That they were deceived does not palliate

their guilt, because they, infected with dire superstitions and moral cowardice, were willing to be deceived.

When Euripides remarked that the gods always visit the sins of the fathers on the children, he did no more than state a fundamental truth, historical, social, and biological.² From that law of nature there is no escape. That may not be just, but the real world knows nothing of justice, a human invention; it obeys only causality, the inexorable nexus of cause and effect that the Greeks called *heimarmene*. You may not err as did your fathers in 1941, and it may be said of you, as Horace said of his friend, *delicta maiorum immeritus lues*: you, though guiltless, will expiate the crimes of your ancestors. Your own innocence may be to you some spiritual consolation when you pay the inevitable penalty for their folly, and it may even give you the will to fight for a probably lost cause. But your innocence will in no way deflect the blind and ruthless mechanism of the universe.

The *Silesian Inferno* will enable you to foresee what Americans have, so far as we can now tell, doomed themselves to suffer, probably before the end of this millennium. At present, it looks as though the White population will first be driven from Texas and all the territory that we took from Mexico when we were still a viable and virile nation in 1848, and which the hordes of mestizos who are daily swarming into the United States are determined to take for themselves.³ The Americans of the Southwest will suffer as the Germans in Silesia and

1. Sociologically a man's life is divided into five stages of approximately fifteen years, videlicet: 0-15, childhood; 15-30, adolescence; 30-45, youth; 45-60, maturity, the generation that is always in control at any given time and must bear the gravamen of responsibility for what is done; and 60-?, senility, during which only the few men who have fortified themselves in positions of power can control events, but even they must largely depend on the acquiescence of the preceding generation, the men of 45-60.

2. For some reason, this statement of the obvious was thought profound when put in the mouth of the savage god of a race who had created him in their image; see the Jew-Book, *Exodus*, 20.5.

3. Of course, the invaders, whom our rulers welcome into the country that once was ours, have no conceivable claim to a territory that was first conquered by Spaniards, not the descendant of their slaves, mongrels who have only a small percentage of White blood. There is some uncertainty about California, where the ever increasing population of

the Sudetenland suffered, but some survivors will probably be able to reach a temporary refuge in the Middle West and Northwest, the portions of the country in which our race is likely to survive a little longer. And the survivors will probably dictate memoirs like the ones you will read in this book. But by that time such horrors will have become commonplace.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

I have often referred to a fundamental study of theological technique, Joseph Wheless's *Forgery in Christianity* (1930), and regretted that it was out-of-print. I learn that it has now been reprinted by Health Research (P.O. Box 70, Mokelumne Hill, California; 95245) in their standard format of sheets approximately 6"x9", slotted and bound by a plastic spiral. The price is \$25.00 + postage. I have also cited once or twice F. Cornwallis Conybeare's attempt to explain the contradictions within and between tales in the "New Testament," *Myth, Magic, and Morals* (1910). This has been reprinted in the same format, \$17.50 + postage. The postage for one or two books is \$2.50.

GOD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

The *Skeptical Inquirer* for Spring 1992 contains an article—or, more exactly, preliminary notes for a very interesting article—by Martin Gardner, whose robust scepticism I have frequently mentioned in these pages. He adumbrates a puzzle that he does not solve, the career of the noted British geneticist, John Burdon Sanderson Haldane (1892-1964).

It would have been well to note that the geneticist was the son of John Scott Haldane, once well-known for his studies of respiration and ventilation, and the nephew of the statesman, Richard Burden Haldane, who was raised to the peerage as a Viscount, and who is now remembered as the British envoy who (probably on instructions from

Mongolians and Mongoloids may act in unison and take that state or the greater part of it for themselves. If our masters involve us in a war, Florida may be taken and its Aryan population massacred even before the mongrels from Mexico "reclaim" the Southwest. All this, needless to say, is merely conjectural, for we know neither what our masters now intend to do nor what they will decide to do when the time comes.

his superiors in the Liberal Party) refused to consider a treaty of reciprocal neutrality with Germany and thus did his part in involving Britain in the disastrous war that began in 1914.¹ He ended as a colleague of Ramsey MacDonald, whom several British writers have identified as a crypto-Communist.

The geneticist, therefore, was the great-great-grandson² of John Alexander Haldane, a Scottish evangelist, whose elder brother, Robert, after a distinguished career in the Navy, had his head turned by the rodomontade of the blood-thirsty world-improvers of the French Revolution, and then, not unnaturally, contracted analogous hallucinations about Jesus ben Yahweh. He squandered a fortune, large for the time, in efforts to bring Anglicans and Roman Catholics to True Christianity, and to afflict his god with a multi-racial Heaven, including hordes of niggers from Africa. There is a curious analogy with the career of the geneticist, and there may have been a vein of mental and emotional instability in the family.

The man in whom we are interested here is reputed to have been one of the most brilliant British geneticists at a time when such studies were not subject to political pressure and coercion. I accept a valuation which I cannot criticize, since I have not read more of Haldane's work than a few popular essays, from which, however, it is clear he, of course, accepted the Darwinian doctrine of biological evolution, and that, like many scientists of his generation, he was also a well-educated man.

He became an "instructor"³ in biochemistry at Cambridge. In 1925 his relations with a female named Charlotte Franken, whom he

1. Viscount Haldane was an author of some repute, having written a biography of Adam Smith and a work of popular philosophy entitled *The Pathway to Reality*, which I wish I had read. He was one of the translators into English of Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. He was also one of the earliest promoters of Einstein's Relativity.

2. There are too many Roberts in the genealogy, and I am not sure whether the geneticist's father was the great-grandson or the great-grandnephew of James Alexander.

3. The word is Martin Gardner's and I do not know what academic position in the English university it represents. That might make a great difference in estimating the gravity of the scandal that moved the University (and presumably his college) to expel him.

eventually married, involved him in a nasty scandal. It must have been a particularly nasty one, since Cambridge expelled him from the faculty, although it reinstated him, at least for a year or two, when influential Englishmen intervened on his behalf.

It is at this point that we crave enlightenment. As everyone even superficially acquainted with the history of our race well knows, the great influence of women on events long antedates their attainment of the privilege of participating in the political corruption that is dear to lovers of "democracy." What were Charlotte's character and antecedents? And, crucial here, was she a Communist when Haldane became involved with her? Which converted the other to the new religion? Or was it their faith that attracted them to each other?

Haldane, like many a wiser man, was evidently the victim of an illusory infatuation. At the beginning of the Spanish Civil War in 1936, the Communists, obviously operating as a conspiracy with a quasi-military power over its dupes, ordered the woman to Paris as a secret agent of some kind, *and she obeyed*. It would be interesting to know whether Haldane was distressed or relieved by his wife's defection.

Mrs. Haldane had an affair with an American nitwit who, possibly infected by some stupid or cunning professor of the pseudo-sciences in his college, enlisted in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and went to Spain to fight for the enemies of civilization, who naturally used the American fools as eminently dispensable shock troops to be thrown into the path of the Spanish Army to delay its advance. Charlotte seems to have been fond of the dunce, for when he was killed, she resented her masters' use of him as cannon-fodder and eventually emancipated herself from servitude to feral barbarians.

According to Mr. Gardner, the woman's autobiography shows that she had "for years" wished to divorce Haldane, but was forbidden by her masters to do so, because the two suckers were so useful for their "propaganda value." If her masters did not change their minds, she must have defected from the conspiracy before she obtained a divorce in 1945.

Mr. Gardner's first problem will be that of determining whether Haldane, when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, was a member

of the nest of perverts and traitors who were hatched out in the 1920s by Communists in the faculties of the various colleges and the University, where they were tolerated, in keeping with Anglo-Saxon respect for divergent opinions and eccentricity, on the mistaken supposition that a Marxist faith was no worse than belief in transubstantiation or reincarnation.

The undergraduates who became traitors to Western Civilization while at Cambridge and later traitors to their country, when they infiltrated British government and neutralized even Military Intelligence, were all, so far as we know, members of our race and the children of respected and necessarily prosperous families of the middle-class, the gentry, and even the peerage.⁴ They are an appalling phenomenon, but if we are to understand their conspiratorial network, we must first determine whether they began as Marxists whose hatred of our culture also found expression in homosexual perversion, or as perverts whose sense of guilt or degeneracy made them hate their betters.

Was Haldane a member of that Marxist clique while he was an undergraduate or did he get the new religion only some time after his ill-starred marriage? (He did not openly join the Communist Party until 1942, when it was safe to do so, since England was in the midst of her suicidal Holy War and allied with her implacable enemies; most of the Communist conspirators from Cambridge sedulously avoided all contact with the Party to keep their real allegiance secret and thus to facilitate their covert treason). That is a fundamental question, because we must ascertain whether he became converted to the dire religion before or after he attained competence in genetics, a strictly scientific subject. And it would be interesting to know when Haldane first read the gospel of Mordecai, alias Karl Marx, and got religion—or did he ever read *Das Kapital*?

As was doubtless obvious to men who can think analytically long before 1916, when Correa Moylan Walsh, in the great work I have so often cited, identified Marx's revelations as a "salvation religion,"

4. If Mr. Gardner undertakes to complete his article, he will find a good survey of the Marxist cult at Cambridge in John Costello's *Mask of Treachery* (London, Collins, 1988); there is an American edition (New York, Morrow, 1988?), which I have not seen.

similar to primitive Christianity, faith in Communist dogma is induced by glandular emotions, not by reason.⁵

Thoughtless individuals, of course, are taken in by Marx's profession of "atheism" and "materialism," and do not make the effort of considering the pretense critically. Thus they never perceive that his gospel is a denial of biological evolution, presupposing the existence of some god or other supernatural force that ordained the exaltation of the proletariat, the dregs of civilized society. Like the famous Jesus, Marx came to "make folly of the wisdom of this world" by promising that "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

It is a nice irony that while Marx's profession of atheism deceived many atheists, who were willing to tolerate and even support any movement that would diminish the power of superstition over society, it did not deceive many sincere Christians, especially those with what John Maynard Keynes called "the strain of Puritanism" in their blood. A typical example is the student in Peterhouse at Cambridge who, according to his tutor, Herbert Butterfield, was "a Biblical fundamentalist of great seriousness. He was early converted to Marxism by regular attendance at meetings of the Student Christian Movement." That emotional boy represents thousands of Christians who perceived that the gospel of Marx differed from the gospel of Mark in only a few details, which they were willing to disregard. It is not a coincidence that the places where Marxists found it easiest to recruit dupes were Christian seminaries, and it is probable that most of the recruits in the 1920s and 1930s were young men who had believed, or at least wanted to believe, the tall tales in the Christians' story-book. More recently, of course, since the Marxian Reformation has been accepted by virtually all of the Christian Churches,⁶ adherence to its absurd dogmas is just a requisite for advancement in a shabby business.

To understand Haldane as a significant phenomenon we need to know the biographical essentials. Was he imbued with superstition in his youth? And was the superstition specifically one about supernatural

5. Cf. Philp Wylie, *The Innocent Ambassadors* (New York, Reinhart, 1967): "Communism is the most successful religion yet evolved."

6. There are some exceptions, which I listed in *Liberty Bell*, December 1990 and August 1991.

beings or the derivative one about human perfectibility? The facts could be ascertained, I am sure, from a published biography, but I am not trying to write here the article that I hope Mr. Gardner will write.

It is true that residual superstitions do not preclude scientific accomplishments. Everyone will think of Joseph Priestly, and there are fairly numerous other examples.⁷ More to our purpose here is Joseph Needham, a biochemist at Cambridge, who described himself as a "Christian Marxist," having decided that "the Gospel teaching demanded Communist solutions to social problems." He was also one of the most active and successful recruiters of Communist agents at Cambridge in the 1930s.⁸

Whatever the determining factors, Haldane evidently became devout in his new faith. It seems that he, like all persons whose glands dictate to their brains, he was a True Believer, incapable of critical thought. Had Lenin declared that the earth did not rotate on its axis, Haldane would have believed it. He did believe something equally fantastic. He believed the biological nonsense devised by a Russian charlatan named Trofim Lysenko because Stalin endorsed it. Stalin, of course, had endorsed it because he, like the rulers of the United States today, saw that a doctrine of human equality⁹ was a useful and

7. Examples must be weighted critically. It is a deplorable but much advertised fact that Sir Isaac Newton wasted much of his time on theological puzzles, but it must be remembered that in his time it was universally believed that the Bible was an historical record of events that had actually happened. In the Victorian Age, some English scientists were taken in by "spiritualists." Some of them, like Sir William Crookes (on whom see *Is There Intelligent Life on Earth?*, pp. 8-9), were doubtless more interested in the physical, than in the metaphysical, charms of beauteous spook-raisers, but others had witnessed with their own eyes phenomena which they regarded as valid data, since they were not astute enough to detect the magicians' tricks, and not hard-headed enough to know that inexplicable phenomena in violation of the laws of nature must be spurious.

8. According to Sir Herbert Butterfield as reported by Andrew Boyle, *The Climate of Treason*, 2d edition (London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1980), p. 77.

9. This kind of hokum, so dear to the racketeers who are working the education swindle today, has ancient origins. It was known to Plato, who toyed with it (you remember the slave boy whom Socrates taught to recognize a geometrical theorem). A noteworthy example in the Eighteenth Century is Helvétius, who claimed, and may have believed,

effective weapon against civilization, but Haldane, like many Communist dupes, was too naïf to understand that.

Lysenko, on the basis of some faked experiments with wheat, denied the well-known laws of heredity and claimed that characteristics acquired (e.g., by 'education') could be transmitted to offspring. (Of course, similar results can be produced over a long period of time by selective breeding, as is obvious from the course of biological evolution, but that is not what Lysenko had in mind.)

That a geneticist could believe such irrational twaddle is evidence of a mind seriously impaired by some malfunction of the psyche.

That Haldane suffered some mental alienation is evident from a statement that Mr. Gardner tells us was seriously meant. Haldane had suffered from chronic constipation for fifteen years "until I read Lenin and other writers, who showed me what was wrong with our society and how to cure it. Since then I have needed no magnesia." It is a pity that he did not succumb to an older faith and get cured at Lourdes—or in the ruins of the ancient temple of Sequana, who was in the business of miraculous medicine centuries before she had to meet the competition of the fabulous Virgin. That form of superstition would have been less dangerous to him and to society.

The statement that Mr. Gardner quoted is a prime datum. I need not remark again that in speaking of Communists we must recognize an absolute dichotomy between (1) simple-minded folk who believe in their religion and, of course, never attain any position of importance in the conspiratorial apparatus, and (2) the men who do attain positions of some power and are, of course, too intelligent to believe the bunkum they use to recruit and manipulate their living tools. Haldane's absurd claims and other antics are evidence that he belonged to the first class.

that "l'éducation nous faisait ce que nous sommes," and asserted that by education he could endow the simplest peasant with genius.

10. Such dichotomies are not limited to the Marxian cult. Anatole France once thought of writing a treatise on the great theologians who were atheists.

We need not wonder that Haldane, while he labored mightily for his True Faith, writing voluminously for both British and American editions of the *Daily Worker*, expressed himself with so little discretion that, as Mr. Gardner says, "he became one of England's comic eccentrics."¹¹ Nor yet is it more than natural that when his faith in Messiah Stalin (not in the Gospel) was at last a little impaired, he hied himself (with a new wife) to India, became an Indian citizen, and went native, on the model of the sleazy agitator named Gandhi, whom the British had stupidly failed to shoot in the 1920s.

Haldane's work as a geneticist was, I assume (since I know no better), commensurate with the scientific reputation he attained.¹² He is, therefore, a prime example of a disastrously common phenomenon, a combination of scientific talent with an extraordinary credulity and capacity for auto-hypnosis. A genuinely psychological study of the causes of his mental deformation or deterioration would therefore be of great interest and of considerable value in diagnosing the most virulent epidemic disease of our time. So I recommend the subject to Martin Gardner as one on which he has made a good beginning. □

11. The British laughed at him, but they should have hanged him. As Martin Gardner seems not to know, Haldane was a Soviet spy, one of a group of spies who were supervised by a female whose cryptonym in Soviet intelligence was "Sonja." She was a Jewess named Ruth Kuczynski, who acquired British citizenship by marrying an Englishman and, of course, discarding the fool after he had served her purpose. She had a brother, Jürgen Kuczynski, who crawled into England as a "refugee" and naturally went to work to undermine and destroy the nation of nitwits who had admitted him to their country. The British, you see, had become so muddle-headed that they, first, permitted Klaus Fuchs to work on development of an atomic bomb, and, second, when his treachery became unmistakable, failed to hang him and his accomplices.

12. This is subject to the *caveat* that our enemies always tout the abilities of such Communists to bestow on them an illusory prestige and fictitious distinction, which imposes on persons who are too ignorant or busy to examine the propaganda critically. A preliminary investigation of Haldane's real achievements is therefore in order.

From

F.A.E.M.

First Amendment Exercise Machine

Robert Fréns, Editor—Box 433, Buffalo NY 14223

The following is the text of a letter I sent on behalf of Ernst Zündel, 6 September 1992:

Mr. Howard Hampton
Attorney General of Ontario
720 Bay Street Toronto
Ontario, M5G 2K1

Dear Attorney General:

The book of Ecclesiastes 3:8 states, in part: "A time to love, and a time to hate;". God did not say "... and a crime to hate." It remained for mortal man to attempt that.

As an American, directly descended from signers of the Declaration of Independence, I have taken a keen interest in the decade old Ernst Zündel affair. The most disturbing feature of this apparently endless legal matter, is the careless abandonment of logic and precision in regard to the use of language. Since the "false news" law has been struck down by the Supreme Court, it would serve no purpose to demonstrate the illogical structure of that archaic law. All high school sophomores should have learned that any conjunction is false if either of its conjuncts is false. I was perplexed when I failed to notice that your courts failed to address this issue irrespective of the Zündel proceedings. In my opinion, the case against Mr. Zündel should have been dismissed at the start because, as subsequent events have demonstrated, the charges were leveled out of pure malice by an obviously influential and rancorous minority who have taken it upon themselves to decide what Canadians should say, or not say. The "false news" law was ludicrous and its demise should serve as a cause for celebration for all Canadians. Even if that law were other than ethereal, and logical analysis applied, and not the emotional nonsense that ensued, Mr. Zündel could hardly have been found guilty of anything.

I am at a disadvantage because I do not have access to all of the facts. In this regard, I beg your indulgence. However, there appears to be running rampant, an irrational connection between a diminished view of Jewish suffering, during the Hitler era, and the charge of

being an "anti-Semite". Even so, is anti-Semitism a crime in Canada as it was in the Soviet Union? Suppose I gave a small talk and elaborated my belief that 90,000 or so Japanese were not killed in an atomic assault upon Hiroshima. Would any group of Japanese be justified in calling me anti-Nipponese? If I deny the fact that the Allies deliberately terror bombed the defenseless cultural city of Dresden, in February 1945, and that 100,000 Germans were burned alive, would Germans be justified in calling me an anti-Deutcher? If I vocalized my belief that no cows were ever killed in the Chicago stock yards, would it axiomatically follow that I am anti-bovine? If this sounds inane, and it is, then pray tell, why is anti-Semitism equated with doubting any part of the concentration camp episodes? The answer to this would probably issue from a psychoanalyst's couch.

Mr. Zündel is called a hatemonger—a peddler of hate. If we are to deal with haters, then what of those who hate hate? Could it be possible to hate those who hate hate and not be a kettle calling the pot black? Or simply be illogical? What, pray tell, is hate, in the first place?

Hate is an emotion and using printed symbols to portray emotions is an extremely difficult, if not impossible, art of which only rare humans have been able to demonstrate and then, only in a precarious manner. I send a post message: "I hate you." Was I laughing when I wrote it? Or was I seething with anger? Who can say? One thing is certain, however, hate lies in the mind of the reader. Are we then, as civilized and logical beings, going to forcefully cater to the opinions of all who unhappily interpret the printed words of others? To do so would be to invite the types of tyranny which have bloodied far too many pages of our history.

I have always disparagingly marveled at the thought processes of those who equate negative criticism with a desire to inflict harm. Moreover, it appears to me that only the mentally unstable would equate a singular, or minority, opinion, that was in contradiction, with an intent to annihilate or cause harm. Suppose, for example, that I calmly and deliberately espoused my belief that the tales of black slavery were simply concoctions to discredit wealthy Southerner plantation owners. What bizarre and nebulous threads would connect this belief to feelings of hate for black people? The answer, again of course, lies within the domain of psychoanalysis; fit for academic study and not courtroom exercises.

It is my understanding that Mr. Zündel's home was bombed and that he is a continual target of obscene threats both to his life and limb. I have observed, on television, physical assaults against his per-

son and that of his attorney and friends—on courthouse steps, no less! One might well ask who Mr. Zündel has threatened or assaulted. We could continue by asking whether it is Mr. Zündel or his antagonists who possess the greater hate and represent a greater danger to public consonance and calm. Mr. Zündel has demonstrated no behavior, which in no conceivable fashion, could be interpreted as a menace to anyone. He incites nothing and advocates nothing remotely akin to violence or disorder. Mr. Zündel merely has opinions that are not shared by everyone. It is high time that legal energies be spent harnessing those who perpetually demonstrate violent and threatening behavior instead of those who merely have opinions that are not pleasing to all.

Not all violence and mayhem is rooted in hate and hate does not automatically lead to violence. While serving in the U.S. Army, 17th Airborne Division, 514th Infantry Battalion, I observed fellow soldiers engaged in killing merely because they found great pleasure in it. Fellow schoolmates, serving with the 8th Air Force killed massive numbers of civilians during bombing raids, not out of hate or pleasure, but simply as a duty, which implies a considerable portion of indifference. Criminals often kill their victims, not out of hate or any other emotion, but for petty and practical considerations—the advantage of having no witnesses. If I kill one of my neighbors purely because I love killing my neighbors, would this be a “love crime”? Should we have “love crime” laws? If I kill my neighbor because I was curious about the efficacy of my home-made weapon, would I be guilty of a “curiosity crime”? If these queries appear ludicrous, then it would be to our advantage to examine “hate crime” notions.

As an American with established roots and a fervent believer in the principles held by the Founding Fathers, I feel it should be the Crown's duty to protect Mr. Zündel from those who seek to harm or silence him. Let Mr. Zündel babble what he wishes. If you don't agree with him and he proposes no threats and advocates no violence, then where is the peril? Should we persecute and prosecute every person topped out on LSD for vocalizing his hallucinations? Is it the duty of any government to ensure that I, or anyone else, be free of disturbing mental thoughts? Should we attempt to protect all vocal paranoids from their inner conflicts? Should we also outlaw dreams if they cause mental anguish? What rubbish!

The fact that some people feel that the public should be protected from “news” they disapprove of, or other types of comment, is a rather sad one. It is also insulting to become aware that I am held to

be an idiot incapable of determining truth or falsehood by myself. If Mr. Zündel believes that the Antarctic harbors flying saucers, does this logically lead us to believe that he hates penguins, UFOs, ice or frosty weather? Should donkeys be silenced because their braying causes someone “mental anguish”? When thought control leaves the realm of persuasion and enters the arena of enforceable law, we will all find ourselves in a hell on earth.

It appears that, as in Canada, certain elements in the United States are also attempting to set sail in the very dangerous and malignant waters of speech suppression. As a lover of freedom, I protest against your government's treatment of Mr. Zündel for the benefit of a handful of vexatious and arrogant Canadians who have voiced their contempt for the recent and related Supreme Court decision simply because it wasn't to their fancy. That alone will tell you more about Mr. Zündel's vindictive adversaries than it does about Mr. Zündel. Stop, once and for all, this blatant legal harassment of Mr. Zündel and let's pray that Canada will never be known as Canuckistan.

GAD A MIGHTY. I was minding everyone's business while handing out copies of David McCalden's comic book. An irate born-again type nearly collapsed on the sidewalk after reading the first 3 pages of *Trial By Jewry*. With a threatening finger gesture, he shouted down at me from his towering indignation, “Didn't you know that the Nazis exterminated almost a million Norwegians during the invasion and occupation? And that they cut down all of the forests just to supply the wood that was needed for the pyres?” I didn't know that.

He continued with a tale about how Jesus sent a UFO to spread “true news” to the earthlings (actually ZOGLings). The “all Hell will break loose” countdown began in August of this year. During September, Bush will position troops in certain areas of ZOGLand. In October, the signs of calamity will be all about. Re-elected Bush will be assassinated in November, Blacks will start their killing rampages, Quayle will take-over and, in December, Federal troops will be slaughtering all of the Whites that the Blacks missed in November. I didn't know that.

MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO. I was recently reminded that the Soviets launched men into space orbits before the Americans. This indicated that the German scientists who they kidnapped were somewhat superior to those who we kidnapped. If the greedy usu-

ners and envious capitalists hadn't obliterated the new Germany, it was highly probable that German men would have planted their feet on the moon before 1953. Oh well. If you can't compete, then stomp them to death.

The Soviets used dogs as the first space pioneers. Once it was determined that dogs were safe, it was only reasonable that human cargo come next. Not much difference, though, because it has been said that Soviet citizens lead dog's lives anyway.

The Americans used monkeys in the first launches possibly because Americans love to monkey around. Anyway, nostalgic urges are hard to overcome, so it was a natural choice to continue to use apes as biological cargo. The latest shuttle carried a black ape and a yellow monkey as baggage.

The next time you see a Cheeta driving a Lincoln pimp-mobile with 1948 style whitewalls, remember that Henry Ford was not related to Sammy Davis Jr. or Jesse Rainbo Jackson.



POPULIST PURITY. The latest flak concerns a fellow named Weaver who enjoyed a brief span of notoriety during the recent standoff/shootout at the ZOG corral in Idaho. Populist prez candidate Bo Gritz (rhymes with "toe mites" and not with "blow shits") emerged, from the cabin under siege, with the remaining objects of our government's latest "Mountain Storm" effort. The papers and jew-tube were full of (whatever passes as news these days) the details, both real and imagined, and I will not cover it here. I am more concerned with Rambo Bo.

Bo is obviously a very brave man who has short-comings that nullify the effects of his soldier-like prowess. My opinion, and it is based entirely upon a story which might not be true, leads me to believe that this man should stay in the business of shooting gooks, of which he is accomplished. If what I understand of the Weaver episode is true, we don't need "leaders" of this sort.

Bo Gritz (I'll call him BOG) apparently was working hand-in-glove with ZOG. He, and an accomplice, gained access to the Weaver cabin under false pretenses and, contrary to his word, disarmed and rendered helpless the occupants thereof. The surrender walk immediately followed. BOG justified his betrayal of a racial comrade on the grounds that "lives were saved". What macho bullshit! In moments of conflict, we deceive our enemies and this clearly indicates that BOG felt that Mr. Weaver was an enemy. That action alone should tell us

all we want to know about the Populist Party's insect candidate. Mr. Weaver is a strange duck in his own right who apparently had a faulty ruler when he sawed off that shot-gun. Mr. Weaver believes he is a "true jew" and I'll let the articulate Mr. Thomson carry things from here with the article WHO ARE THE TRUE JEWS [found on page 36 of this issue].



C.C.C.P. I was invited to speak at a meeting of the Concerned Citizens of Corfu and Pembroke. I was not sure what they were concerned about but I supposed that it was about the welfare of the beleaguered Aryan. Apparently someone didn't read my lips. I was not their kind of goy. I'll bet my last glazed donut that I'll not be invited back.

The group was a collection of ex-Birchers and the tax protesting bunch. They all had one thing in common—a desire to cling to their possessions no matter what—like the greedy, trapped monkey with his hand tightly clenched about the goody within the gourd.

The room was filled with "experts", all with recommendations concerning off-shore funds, living trusts, non-living trusts, dying trusts, trusts of trusts, etc., blah, blah. I pointed out that all of those nice paper trips were based upon an assumption that conditions will favor the honoring of those paper rules. What good did all of those deeds, titles and papers do the Hunt brothers when they decided to corner the silver market? Or the clowns that trusted paperwork when Castro took over? Or the Russians when the Jews seized power after the revolution? Or the white nincompoops who voted for black rule in Rhodesia? One must never forget that man-made rules—lawyer belching—only work if everyone agrees to abide by those rules. Ultimately, all rules are interpreted by the guy holding the gun: That's why the rules were changed when the Hunts thought they had it made. One sad fellow had \$100,000 in property seized by the ZOG. He shouted: "They can't do that. It's all here in the Constitution!" The man then offered stacks of court citations, books and copies of this and that to "prove" his case. I made the simple observation that the ZOG perhaps shouldn't have seized his assets, and that they not only could, but they did! "Imagine", I told them, "that a mugger stuffs the barrel of a .38 up your nose and demands your wallet. How effective would it be if you cited the law that 'forbid' him from robbing you?" The government in this land adheres to the rules only when it suits their purpose. When it doesn't, they stuff a gun barrel up your nose.

As kids, we played a game with marbles. We had a set of rules. All wanted to use his skills to capture as many marbles from the "pot" as possible. Super shooters always went home with the most marbles. We played by the rules and tried to improve our skills. One day, however, an oaf of a kid showed up and wanted to play. The rules were explained and a game began. The oaf, Norman, had the marble shooting skill of a constipated moose. One could see pain expressed in his face as he lost marble after marble. Then, unexpectedly, he knocked two of us to the ground, scooped up all of the marbles and departed saying "F— your rules. I want the marbles!" You see, rules are interpreted by the guy with the larger muscles. Today, that's the ZOG and if you forget this, you'll end up babbling to yourself and wondering where the yellow went.

Included, in this group, were a set of hypocrites who are trying to legally shed their United States citizenship but retain State citizenship. It all has to do with the shucking of certain taxes and whatever. They wanted to slip out of the Social Security system and yet required the "system" to guarantee their "right" not to be a part of the system. Rinky, dinky, yo-yo time. One read aloud the content of a letter from some twit who now resides in Belgium. This winner (the goy living in Belgium) actually and legally discarded his U.S. citizenship but became irate when he was denied re-entry into the U.S. on the grounds he was now an illegal alien, and subject to a different set of rules.

I left this "eat, meet and retreat" session with a thought in my head: Those that can, don't have the means. Those with the means, won't. That, friends, is definitely not a formula for success.

JAWS: Skin-divers were being interviewed on TV in regard to the hazards posed by the sharks that were moving about the area which attracted those particular divers. The female member, of a beautiful Aryan-looking couple, smiled and said: "It's risky, but you should remember that these waters are the sharks' feeding grounds and they have a right to it."

An ugly non-Aryan male was also asked the same question. His response was: "All sharks should be exterminated. They are a danger to me when I want to go skin-diving." May he rest in jaws.

An Aryan attitude is always in harmony with nature.

DUKISODE. I've given the thumbs down gesture to Buchanan, Perot and Duke. Of the three, I have ruffled the greatest number of

warts among the Duke crowd. So, I'll reveal the content of a personal letter and leave you with the question of whether a character of this sort is what you desire in a leader. I quote:

Odd that Wally would devote so much space to bashing the bedsheet-bunglers of the KKK, which is simply a person with a stutter trying to pronounce "kook". Pretty boy David Duke left a legacy of mischief up in Canada when he visited as a "KKK representative". Of course, there is no historical nor reasonable basis for the KookKs in Canada as there is, unfortunately, in the Jew-ass of A. A certain Wolfgang Droege was infatuated with Duke and his K-K-Kook group, which Duke, according to form, later abandoned. As a journey-man printer, he made good money and helped Duke and his KKK mischief-makers in Toronto and in British Columbia (also known as British California). Wolfgang supported a young mestizo named McQuirter who wanted to out-Duke Duke. Their Toronto "klavern" also included a brain-damaged Latvian named Sikсна and another very dark mestizo named MacFarlane. McQuirter came from a long line of petty criminals and, like Duke, was a "lady-killer" with good looks, a gift of gab and the ability to create an aura of mystery which swept the girls one finds loitering around Dairy Queen, right off their number 9 size feet. Like Duke, McQuirter usually zeroed in on the moronic wives of his supporters. Both are hung up on bed-sheets. They drape them over their heads when they aren't playing jump-jump on top of them. This Duke clone would sell out his own mother for another go at a bang-bang party.

The rule is simple. Pay attention to what a man does and not what he says. Character is the basis for everything. It is like my father said: If a man's word is no good, then neither is he.

DEBT DOUBT. The young lady, in the TV commercial, happily exclaimed, "Not only do I have a new Chevy, but I also have credit!" This was one of those ads that "sucker in" first time car buyers. After the frosting is licked off, her remark can be translated. She was given credit. With that she secured a new Chevrolet AND a debt. She no longer has the credit. She used it. The statement should have been: "Not only do I have a new Chevy, but I also have debt." This debt exceeds the value of the automobile. If you doubt this, then immediately try selling the car for what you just paid for it. This loss is, however, of small import. The sad thing is that the young lady had chained her-

self voluntarily to the wage-slave system that gravely diminishes freedom.

In the 1950s, I wielded a pick and shovel for the New York Central Railroad, as did several of my friends. We were paid the same wage. Jim Canty used his money to purchase a new car on the installment plan. He never had enough money left over for gasoline. He spent most of his time seated in a parked car. I took another route. I bought a used 1940 Hudson for \$150 and always had excess money for gasoline. I traveled and traveled and traveled. Jim sat and sat and sat. To each his own.

Somewhere I read that the average American family's "share" of the national debt is about \$64,000. And that's not a question. Last month I was in debt a thousand dollars, give or take a fistful of dollars. I owed Sears \$292; AMA \$121; my butcher \$87; etc. The point is that I know to whom I am indebted and where the payment should be sent. Why have none of the TV mouth-offs or the political yappers mentioned TO WHOM our wunnerful government is indebted? One explanation is that we owe it to ourselves. Bull droppings! Any debt requires the existence of two, at the least, entities. Our government isn't indebted to itself—it is indebted to the Federal Reserve—a private usury organization run by international banksters. These are the same pack of criminals who operate the "national" sounding Bank of England and other money-grubbing rackets around the globe.

If the national debt makes you lose sleep, then I have a solution. Elect an American government for a change, instead of those Zionist lackeys who have been selling you out for nearly a century. The first order of the day, then, would be to tell those paper shufflers to play drop-the-soap in the nearest shower. Tell them to take the national debt (the money we owe them) and stuff it into their lower orifice. Bug off and go get buggered. End of debt.

The banksters, of course, wouldn't want us to get away with this action. They would then mount a campaign to get the other debt-laden countries to launch a war against us, as they did when Mr. Hitler yanked Germany out of their clutches. If we remained massively powerful, in a military sense, we could then be instrumental in directing all of the other countries to exterminate (do I smell gas?) their usury racketeers. It won't happen because too many people support activities of gluttonous, gourmandistic greed.

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30 Wendel Avenue
Kenmore, NY, 14223
30 September 1992

Project Hate
90 Harbour Street
Toronto, ON M7A 2S1

Gentlemen:

It is my understanding that you intend to charge people with the "crime" of hate if they happen to express opinions that differ from those that you cherish. I am wondering if I qualify for your extravagant attention. Therefore, as a veteran of World War II, I am offering the following collection of personal opinions:

- 1) No man can walk upon water.
- 2) People cannot be turned into pillars of salt.
- 3) Diesel exhaust gasses are not safe to breathe.
- 4) Six million Jews were not exterminated by the Germans during WW II.
- 5) Forty percent of the American Congress consists of perverts.
- 6) It is physically impossible to cremate 2000 people per hour in one furnace.
- 7) Hillary Clinton is a dyke.
- 8) Saddam is not an Adolf.
- 9) The "ozone holes" in the welkin are not as dangerous as the holes in the heads of the experts that dreamed them up.
- 10) Hungarian jews, when burned, do not produce a different colored smoke than do Polish jews.
- 11) You cannot feed a thousand people with one loaf of bread.
- 12) Santa comes in a sleigh.
- 13) The Easter bunny has A.I.D.S.
- 14) Charles Manson is neither Jesus Christ nor Adolf Hitler.
- 15) Ernst Zündel owns a 40 foot flying saucer.
- 16) The Germans never intended to invade Nebraska in 1942.

Please send me a few of your opinions: If I do not happen to agree with them, and in the interest of balance, I'll be glad to charge you with a "hate crime"—whatever that is.

Tolerantly yours,
Robert Frens

Who Are The True Jews?

by
Eric Thomson

We are assailed from time to time by press reports announcing the capture of White or partially-White people who declare themselves to be "the True Jews", Israelites or Israel Identity adherents. These people have over-dosed themselves with readings and misinterpretations of the jew-book, which in itself is a relatively recent work of tribal legends which have been concocted, selected and edited over several centuries to proclaim (a) the cunning, treachery and savagery of jews, alias Hebrews, alias Israelites, alias Judeans, etc. and (b) the equally vicious and pernicious deity, Ja, alias Jaweh, alias Jehovah, etc. who has "chosen" those beings "in his image". As they say, it takes one to know one, so how can any White person recognize such a people and such a god as "his own"? That quality alone is sufficient to disqualify anyone from membership in the White or Aryan Race, for there is nothing Aryan or White in regard to the Jews and their "divine demon". Hitler was supposed to have said that the "jews are a race of the mind", while the Germans were "a race of the loins". If that is so, then the majority of those who are loosely classed as "humans" on Planet Earth are of "the jew-race", and, if one judges them by their behavior, the vast majority of those who appear outwardly to be White are also members of that parasitic and criminal bunch.

Aryan thinkers have long pointed out that gods, goddesses and religions are emanations of race. If these deities and principles have an independent existence, with or without mankind to believe in them, as religionists supposed, then they transmit signals which would appeal only to certain types of beings or, conversely, humans radiate signals which would attract unto themselves certain types of deities. On a practical, historical level, we have seen that the tri-racial Khazars of the Black Sea region chose Judaism over the two current slave cults of Christianity and Mohammedanism (a) because the two watered-down versions of Judaism were at war and the Khazars did not want to fight and (b) because Judaism is the "master cult" which rules over adherents to the other two cults. Why choose to be a slave when one could choose to be a master?

Why did the Puritans, the Calvinists, the Mormons, the Boers, the Amish, the Mennonites, Jehovah's Witnesses, Seventh

Day Adventists and myriads of other groups, cults and sects choose to identify themselves as "the true jews" over centuries of recorded history? I confine my inquiry to those who have reverted to the so-called Old Testament, rather than to "Christians" and "Moslems" who claim to have made "legitimate" additions to the jew-cult, much as the jew "Lenin" did to Jewish "Marxism". Breathes there an Aryan with soul so dead that he could embrace these foul idols and perverted principles as "his own"? I do not think so. My own personal experience with so-called Christianity would be proof of this. It was as if I had been made to attend a Nigger rap concert every Sunday: the "Christian" church services beat upon my eardrums, but did not stir my soul in the slightest, unless I count the revulsion I felt at my first "holy communion" in which I was invited to "eat the body and drink the blood" of "my" deity. I had thought that I was growing up in a civilized society, but I was shocked to learn that millions of my fellow citizens were engaging in symbolic cannibal rites every Sunday. To this day, that feeling of disgust remains as my foremost souvenir of the Christian slave-cult. Because I knew myself to be less-than-angelic as a boy, I wondered why an "all-knowing, all-powerful, all-good" deity would choose to create everyone "in sin" before they were born, when he/she/it could just as easily have created us to be "sinless"? After reading the late David McCalden's excellent booklet, *Exiles from History*, which deals with the Jew-psychosis, I now see in "Christianity" all the earmarks of a typical jew guilt-racket.

To answer my question, why do so many dwellers in Western Civilization choose to be Jews? I can postulate (1) that adherents to any branch of Judaism cannot be White, regardless of their physical appearance, much like blond Jews of Khazar ancestry (alias Azhkenazim) who are, according to *The Genetics of the Jews* from 5% to 10% Negro. Or (2) that if Israel Identity adherents et al. are genetically White, then they are the products of dysgenics or racial down-breeding, as described by Prof. Pendell in *Sex vs. Civilization*.

The inability to think logically on the part of "true-jew" adherents is very much an indicator of (1) or (2), for logic is as Aryan a trait as one can identify. To become a "true Jew", one must disregard all absurdities and contradictions one finds in the jew-book at the very outset. The Bible cannot be read with clear-eyed sobriety for very long until the reader throws it down in a fit of laughter or disgust. So the prerequisite for reading the

jew-book to completion is that one go into the sort of trance favored by visitors to the Auschwitz Museum of Frauds & Hoaxes, so that one believes that a potato cellar or mop closet could be a "death chamber" in which "millions were gassed". To read the Bible's tales of 'celestial swindlers,' 'holy whores,' 'messianic marauders,' 'divine gangsters,' etc. without triggering a mental immune system response is virtually impossible for an Aryan, but not so difficult for race-mixed non-Whites or Whites who are, for whatever reason, mentally defective.

Once a person has proved his or her racial and/or mental deficiencies by identifying himself or herself as a "true jew", further absurdities may be expected at any moment. After all, the Red Queen could harbor several absurdities before breakfast, so self-styled "true jews" can be infested with multitudes of absurdities since they put in much more time acquiring them. One common absurdity is the "true jews" penchant for 'declaring war on the Zionist States of America' and denouncing its police, marshals, et al. as "minions of Satan". Then, after an armed confrontation, to meekly surrender themselves and their children to 'Satan's tender mercies and courts', when they had the means to "...roll over to (their rifles) and blow out (their) brains and go to (their) god like a soldier", to paraphrase Kipling. No Aryan, myself included, can understand such a failure of reason. It is not a failure of courage, for one would not hesitate to "save the last bullet for oneself" and use it, if one REALLY KNEW the nature of the Zionist enemy and REALLY BELIEVED IT. As an Aryan I can only conclude that these "true Jews" do not believe that which they proclaim OR I must conclude that they fear to meet their god far more than they fear to be in the grasp of "Satan". Such pathetic creatures should be put out of their misery as swiftly as possible, for they are burdens to themselves and to all Aryans. 'Thanks be to Z.O.G.' that they are being removed from this earthly realm or are at least being removed from circulation. It saves the White Race from doing the job ourselves, for we already have our hands full and there are too few of us as it is.

For White people who are wondering what "Israel Identity" is all about, I offer the inherent wisdom of the Aryan children's rhyme: jewish books are for the jews and jew messiahs too, so if you're not of jewish blood, what good are they to you? □

THE INQUISITION IN MEXICO

By
Allan Callahan

It had always been my assumption that the Inquisition had been a European affair, and mostly confined to Spain, but recently I came across an account which showed that the Inquisition had operated in Mexico, also. It was written by an Englishman named Miles Phillips, who had fallen into its clutches.

Miles was a sailor making his third trip to the New World when his ship ran short of provisions in the Gulf of Mexico. Some of the men expressed a desire to be put ashore, even though it would be in a strange and maybe hostile place, rather than endure the pangs of hunger any longer. They felt they had rather take their chances with Indians or Spaniards than continue to suffer.

The man in charge, general John Hawkins, readily agreed, and had the captain make for land, where part of the men left the ship. This was on Oct. 8th, 1568.

After putting up with a night of drenching rain, they walked along the seacoast the next day. Attacked by Indians, who first thought they were Spaniards, they could hardly defend themselves at all, since they had very few weapons, and no armour. Eight of them were killed before the Indians realized their error, and broke off the attack. They did, however, strip stark naked all the white men wearing colored garments, except for black, and took the clothing with them, while leaving all those wearing black clothes alone. As they departed, they pointed in a certain direction and spoke the word "Christiano" several times, which the whites took to mean, "Go that way, and you shall find the Christians."

In due time they did find Christians (Spaniards) but almost wished they hadn't, because after being robbed of their money, they were made prisoners and informed that they were to be taken to the "city of Mexico" (Mexico City), which was a considerable distance away. As they marched through all the towns and villages along the way they were gaped at by the townspeople, who looked upon them as great curiosities. At some of their stops they were well treated and well fed; at other places they were ill treated and ill fed.

When they reached Mexico City they numbered about 100 men. From then until 1574 they were either imprisoned, or made to do various kinds of labor outside the walls, sometimes even acting as

servants for wealthy families. This was probably about the easiest work they did. This long stay in and around Mexico City was about like their first few months in captivity, as far as treatment was concerned. Sometimes it was good, and sometimes bad, depending on who was in charge of them at a given time, and what kind of labor they were doing.

Although the Inquisition had been operating in Spain long before Miles Phillips and his shipmates were made prisoners in Mexico, it had not yet reached that country, and many Spaniards there hoped it never would, but their hopes were dashed in 1574, with the arrival on the scene of four top men in which the main authority of the Inquisition was to be vested. They were a Chief Inquisitor and three other officials. They lost no time in conducting trials, and the first ones subjected to them were the English prisoners, whose numbers had shrunk to 68 by that time.

Placed in dark dungeons, where they could see only by candlelight, and never more than one or two to a cell (so there could be but little communication between them), they were at first brought before the Inquisitors one at a time. Here they were severely examined about their religious beliefs, and ordered to say the *Ave Maria*, the *Pater noster*, and the *Creed* in Latin. Since most of them did well to say them in English, this was the first black mark against them.

They then were asked various questions about the Sacrament, the Host of bread, and other matters, which the prisoners tried to answer as best they could, but never satisfying the Inquisitors. The Englishmen were accused of lying, and told that they would be set free if they told the truth. Not a man fell for this, though, figuring it was only a ruse to entrap them.

The Inquisitors returned the men to their dungeons and did nothing for some time, then subjected everybody to the rack. This naturally produced some confessions, which was what the judges were waiting for. The tortures were stopped, and a large scaffold erected in the downtown Market Place.

The night before the judgments were to be pronounced, church officers went to the dungeons and issued "fools' coats," called *San Benitos*, to all, which were made of yellow cotton, with red crosses upon them front and back. No sleep was allowed the prisoners that night.

The next morning every man was given a cup of wine and a slice of bread fried in honey for breakfast. Then a rope was placed around his neck, a large green candle placed in his hand unlighted, and he was marched off to the Market Place, with a guard on either side.

The assembled churchmen and other officials numbered about 300, many of them being Friars, and of course there was a great multitude of onlookers. A solemn *oyez!* was made, and the crowd fell silent.

The judgments then began. The first man was sentenced to have 300 stripes (lashes) on horseback, and then committed to the galleys for ten years. One by one the others were called; the stripes ranged from 300 down to 100, and the years to be served as a galley slave from ten years down to six. The ones who got off the lightest received no stripes at all, but were sentenced to work in a monastery, wearing a *San Benito* all the while. These sentences ranged from five years down to three. Phillips himself got five years.

Most of the prisoners had to suffer the lash. Naked from the waist up, each was mounted on a horse and led around to various places located on the principal streets of the city. Leading the way were a couple of "criers," who yelled as they went, "Behold these English dogs! Lutherans! enemies to god!" At each appointed place every unfortunate victim received a certain number of stripes with a long whip. Several of the Inquisitors went along too, and exhorted those applying the lash to "Strike! Lay on these English heretics! Lutherans! God's enemies!"

At the end, each man's back was a mass of blood and lumps. They were then taken from their horses, and carried again to prison, where they stayed until deemed fit to be sent to Spain to serve out their sentences in the galleys.

Of the 68 men, three were sentenced to be burned at the stake, and they were reduced to ashes the same day. Death at the stake was one of the most horrible of deaths, and you might wonder why Christian judges would sentence anyone to it. Well, they probably figured that, since God was going to burn the poor sinner in hell forever anyway, he wouldn't mind if they burned him for an hour or two ahead of time.

**THOSE WHO WILL NOT READ
HAVE NO ADVANTAGE
OVER THOSE
WHO CANNOT READ!**

DEATH IN THE HOMELAND

by Harold A. Covington

Some months ago, agents of the Federal government of the United States decided they were in the mood to send a few "White supremacists" from the Aryan Nations group to prison on some bogus rap or other. After all, it isn't as if this country has any kind of serious problem with actual crime, is it? Certainly not a serious enough crime problem to justify taking any valuable Federal time, funds and manpower away from the vital task of suppressing political dissent and destroying the few remaining tattered shreds of the United States Constitution.

The first step in this kind of fun and games is to secure a Federal informant within the group targeted for victimization, and the best kind of informant is a petty criminal facing a bit of time on some charge or other. Lacking a petty criminal, our Federal hotshots simply create one by framing some poor sucker on a fabricated drug or gun rap or whatever. Then the 'droids in the three-piece suits let the patsy know that his only chance to avoid the great stripey hole is to "co-operate with law enforcement," i.e., spy for them, tell them what they want to hear, and finally get up on a witness stand in a court of law and swear away the lives of innocent people.

In this case, the garbage in Brooks Brothers threads thought they had found a patsy, a 44-year-old former Green Beret from Naples, Idaho named Randy Weaver. They tricked him into selling a shotgun to one of their lackeys, the barrel of which allegedly measured about one quarter inch shorter than the legal limit, and then hauled him in on a Federal firearms violation and tried to play Let's Make a Deal. Much to their surprise, Randy Weaver told them in no uncertain terms where they could take their squalid little proposition, and what they could do with it once they got there.

That got the Feds teed off. They weren't used to being defied by the White peasantry, and they didn't like it. Who the hell did Randy Weaver think he was, refusing to tell lies on a witness stand when he was ordered to do so, pretending he had rights, acting like he was somebody? Did he not understand that college-educated yuppies who wear three piece suits and carry little badges and photo-IDs from Washington are his natural superiors? Where the hell did Randy Weaver get off, not doing as he was told by men who draw government salaries five times what Weaver earned through the mere labor

of his hands? This uppity racist had to be taught a lesson.

So the agents of the United States government taught Randy Weaver a lesson. They murdered his wife and his son. They shot down 13-year-old Sam Weaver and his mother Vicky, right before Randy's eyes. Now they are going to bury Randy Weaver alive as a punishment for having defied them, along with a young family friend named Kevin Harris who dared to strike back at the cowardly, blood-drinking Federal jackal who killed the boy. America the Beautiful.....

In the summer of 1991, *RESISTANCE* conducted a poll of its readers to determine their views on the best future direction for the Aryan racial separatist movement. Southern Nationalism and a new National Socialist Party had a number of articulate and enthusiastic advocates. The eventual favored option turned out to be a racial nationalist "think tank" to provide support, consultancy services, and ideological guidance to the growing White political and social upheaval taking place in North America.

But the second most favored scenario was the creation, through immigration and settlement, of an Aryan homeland in the five northwestern states of the U.S., and by extension the three western provinces of Canada and Alaska as well. In view of the great similarity of this concept to what the Jewish people actually did between the years 1890 to 1948, when they settled and then seized the land of Palestine, some refer to this plan as "White Zionism". Others call it the Northwest Imperative.

One of the points brought out in favor of the Northwest migration by its proponents was the undeniable fact that will we, nil we, a move to the Pacific Northwest on the part of White families and working people is in fact already taking place.

The vast majority of this movement into the five settlement states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming is completely non-political. White people who would never dream of supporting a "racist group" are nonetheless getting sick unto death of all the economic and racial problems of urban liberal America, and they are voting with their feet.

Even celebrities and big wheels within the Establishment are packing their grips and heading Northwest. A reporter recently asked macho actor Bruce Willis how he coped with the violence and tension in riot-torn Los Angeles. Willis replied. "I don't. I only come down here to work; I live on a farm in the Northwest." CNN nabob Ted Turner and his consort, "Hanoi Jane" Fonda, choose to make

their home, between jet-setting junkets, on a huge ranch in Montana.

Needless to say, big stars and harassed yuppies and ordinary working Joes alike wax abstruse in their complex disclaimers when they are asked on occasion by nosy reporters to name the specific reasons why they have left Southern California and the cities of the east. They use code words like "less crime", "less stress", "better schools", "a more laid back lifestyle", and so on.

Of course, the real reason they have come to the Northwest is quite simple. The Northwest is the last remaining part of North America which is still overwhelmingly White, and all these people have moved to rural Washington or Billings, Montana in order to get away from blacks. It is the suburban "White flight" of the '60s and '70s on a continental scale.

Incidentally, a smaller version of this phenomenon may be observed on the east coast, where increasing numbers of White families with any money at all have some kind of "bolt hole" set up high in the Appalachian mountains of North Carolina or West Virginia, or the Ozark hills of northern Arkansas and Missouri.

It is no coincidence that Apalachian or Ozark, Rockies or Cascades or Sierra Nevada's mountain folk are 99.9% Aryan. There is something about the high ground, the misty valleys and crags and rushing mountain streams—"It's a White thing, you wouldn't understand".

To return to the topic at hand, although the debate within the racial nationalist movement over our ultimate strategic goal is by no means settled and will no doubt be pursued with vigor in the coming years, it is time we took notice of the undeniable facts which are being created on the ground.

The Northwest Migration exists. People are doing it. Politically motivated and non-political, Identity and National Socialist, working class and retiree alike. White people are packing their grips and fleeing to the lush green lands and the (relatively speaking) clean and safe towns of the Homeland. As bad as places like Seattle and Portland and Spokane have become, they are still infinitely more desirable places to live than Chicago or Atlanta or some god-forsaken mill town in the Rust Belt of Pennsylvania, where you have to drive seventy miles a day to get to a \$4.25 per hour minimum wage job.

The Northwest Homeland is coming into being, not as part of some grand political master plan or conspiracy on the part of us horrible racists as portrayed on made-for-TV movies, but because the conditions of life in the rest of America are becoming unbear-

44 — Liberty Bell / November 1992

able and those who can get the hell out are doing so in growing numbers. Arguments about how "we mustn't give up one inch of America to the enemy" are increasingly losing force. The White man in North America has no territory to give up. The enemy owns it all; we are slaves here. Or hadn't some of us noticed?

In addition to this increasingly significant creation of facts on the ground which will eventually pre-empt the debate whether we like it or not, there is a growing moral reason for White racial nationalists seriously to begin considering a Northwest Homeland. That is, that this new nation has already been watered with the blood of martyrs.

Bob Mathews, John Singer, Gordon Kahl. And now Vicky and Sam Weaver, not to mention the dozens of men and women who are now in prison through assorted Federal fabrications and show trials. It is true that Kahl and Singer lived and died outside the designated geographical area of the Homeland, but their principles were essentially the same and we claim them as our own.

The spilling of blood has always been a sacrament of deep occult significance, going back to the days of literal human sacrifice, while the blood of a warrior who dies fighting and the innocent who die out of the tyrant's rage and hatred for a free people has always been held in the deepest reverence by our race. Randy Weaver and young Kevin Harris now join the roster of those who have rendered up everything they possessed on earth in order to follow the credo of David Lane's Fourteen Words:

"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."

When those words were spoken during David Lane's final address to the jury which entombed him alive in the belly of Zion's beast, we gained a simple statement of purpose unmatched in all the millions of words ever spoken or written in defense of our cause. When those words were sealed into the earth and stones of the Pacific Northwest by the heroism of gallant men who preferred to die on their feet rather than live on their knees; when they were inked in with the lifeblood of a murdered mother and her child—then, my brothers, we were given a nation.

Someday, when we all understand the gift which that precious immolation has given us, we will claim that nation.

The Federal regime in Washington will be unable to stop us. They will resist, and there will be many, many more dead who will follow Bob Mathews and Gordon Kahl and Vicky Weaver. Let us

Liberty Bell / November 1992 — 45

remain under no illusion on that point.

Yet the Washington regime will fail. The reasons for this failure are many and complex; it's a book-length subject which one day I hope to address in book length. In essence, Washington's day is done because change is the natural order of things. Nothing lasts forever, most especially not human institutions of government.

There are certain signs which are infallible historical indicators that a society is doomed, and in the late twentieth century America now reveals every one of those telltale symptoms. A prime one, for example, is the open toleration and encouragement of homosexuality, something which no civilization since the dawn of history has ever survived.

The single most obvious sign of Federal weakness, the hand-writing on the wall which foretells their eventual defeat in the Northwest, is the perfectly evident moral inferiority and the patent physical cowardice of the Federal agents who surrounded Randy Weaver's cabin. The yellow streaks which decorated the spinal column of every United States law enforcement officer involved were even visible to the CBS news reporters on the scene, who felt compelled to make a few tentative on-the-air remarks about "overkill".

Gone are the days when G-men of old like Melvin Purvis and Treasury agents like Appalachian rev'nouer "Big Six" Henderson strapped on a six-gun and went man-to-man, hand-to-hand in head-on shootouts with the likes of Baby Face Nelson and Pretty Boy Floyd. Present day FBI, BATF, and U.S. Marshals are bureaucrats and careerists remarkable for one consistent, common trait: a strong aversion to danger and a hefty reluctance to place their precious aerobically-fit bodies in the line of fire. (To be fair, the Secret Service and DEA do seem to attract a higher caliber of individual, but these agencies are almost never deployed as goon squads against political dissidents like the others.)

Indeed, the propensity of Federal law enforcement personnel quite literally to hide behind local police, deputies and state troopers during confrontational situations has become so notorious that it has leaked into the media and become a source of friction between Feds and local cops every time there's a fight in the offing.

In this case, although the original "surveillance party" of U.S. Marshals outnumbered the Weaver men three to one, (after they killed the 13-year Sam Weaver who was walking the family dog), at the first hint of resistance and the first casualty they took, the Feds went scuttling off the mountain with their tails between their legs, screaming for help.

They refused to approach the cabin again until they were accompanied by 200 more of their own kind, armed to the teeth, attired in body armor, and protected by a detachment of Idaho National Guard with artillery and helicopter gunships. All this to take out a party of six mountain people, four of whom were women, and the youngest a ten month old infant.

Those of us who were around during "Operation Clean Sweep" in 1987 will recall the use of over 100 agents, helicopters and SWAT teams to arrest the then 62-year-old Robert Miles at his farm in Michigan. They didn't even dare go onto Richard Butler's property, but lured him into town with a faked phone call before surrounding him with dozens of heavily armed agents in a local diner. Butler was an elderly Identity minister in his late 60s who subsequently had to undergo a heart bypass operation at Federal expense before they could subject him, along with his fellow defendants, to the ludicrous Fort Smith "Sedition Trial".

The point of all this is not merely to point the finger and yell "Fraidy-Cat!" at the Federal agents, cowardly scum though they are. There is an important lesson to be learned from these examples of observed Federal behavior. Let us ask ourselves this question: based on what we have seen in the Idaho case, during "Operation Clean Sweep", and in our own experience of dealing with Federal agents, do these people have what it takes to overcome and suppress a genuine, full-fledged rebellion against the government they serve? (Hypothetically speaking?) Do they have "the right stuff"? Do they have the guts, the moral fiber, the confidence in their chain of command and the belief in their system willingly to lay down their lives in defense of it all?

Could Federal agents handle the daily pressure of fighting a guerrilla war, in the cities, the towns, the mountains and forests of the Pacific Northwest? Could they stand the strain of saying goodbye to their families and stepping out of their doors every morning not knowing whether they would return? Could they handle living among an increasingly hostile local population, like the folks who gathered at the Idaho roadblock and jeered at them?

If Portland was like Belfast and the Idaho hills were like South Armagh, how many mornings could your average FBI man or ATF bitch check their car for bombs before turning their ignition keys, before the strain became too much for them? Could they deal with walking down a street or driving down some isolated back road, not knowing whether a telescopic sight was trained on the back of

their neck? Could they handle going to more and more funerals, including the occasional funeral where the casket turned out to be loaded with fifty or sixty pounds of Semtex, as has been known to happen in Ireland?

True, in Ulster the R.U.C. and the U.D.R. stand up to these hideous daily stresses and strains as well as the actual I.R.A. attacks. But they are Irishmen themselves, mostly born and raised within a twenty miles radius of where they fight and die and where their wives and children wait. They are defending their homes against Marxist murder; FBI and BATF agents are merely earning their paychecks.

Did we see any sign of Ulster-style toughness or courage in the hesitant, trembling handball-players and target-range gunslingers who milled around the lower access roads in their heavy flak jackets, obviously scared shitless that some bureaucrat watching CNN in an air-conditioned Washington office would order them up the hill to face the rifle of the man whose wife and child they had butchered?

Bear in mind that we're talking white-collar cops, mostly middle-class mall rats who have never done any actual work in their lives other than maybe a summer of construction to supplement their college loans. These swaggering hullies are used to going into conflict situations only with maximum force and under optimum conditions, against poorly trained, poorly motivated criminal elements who are semi-literate, stoned and as cowardly as the Feds themselves.

In many cases their mental makeup and emotional stability are shaky to begin with. Let's face it, normal, healthy people who feel good about themselves and have nothing to prove don't become FBI agents. Female Feds especially have in recent years developed an unenviable reputation in law enforcement circles as neurotic and unreliable flakes, dangerous to themselves and dangerous to other officers who work with them. Jodie Foster's "Special Agent Clarice Starling" character from *Silence of the Lambs* is purely fictitious, a feminist wish-fulfillment fantasy.

(If I may be permitted a digression. I was once told by a man who was in a position to know that female FBI agents are not lesbians, as one might at first assume. Despite J. Edgar Hoover's well-known, lifelong homosexual relationship with Clyde Tolson, the Bureau still refuses to recruit faggots or dykes because of potential security leaks, possible blackmail, and also because homos lower morale by pawing and propositioning their fellow gumshoes. How-

ever, my contact informed me that, in his experience, almost all women FBI agents were frigid and incapable of reaching an orgasm. I can't speak from first-hand knowledge, worse luck, but it would explain a lot, wouldn't it?)

Returning to the central question, could such men and women fight a bloody guerrilla campaign for years on end, against an enraged, fanatical, determined, and lionhearted enemy who would crawl through a burning minefield for the chance to rip out the windpipes of Vicky Weaver's murderers with their bare hands?

How well could they function under such conditions? How effectively could they serve their paymasters in the face of constant fear and paranoia about what awaited them around the next corner? How long before their paycheck simply wasn't worth it any longer and they sought another line of work?

And in this (of course) hypothetical situation of armed revolutionary struggle for an independent Aryan state, when this first line of ZOG's defense crumpled, who would take over and shore up the collapsing Federal rule?

The National Guard of the various states? How reliable would such a force be, especially since any revolutionary movement worth its salt would have made it a top priority to infiltrate and subvert the Guard and thus gain access to weapons, training, supplies, etc. What if the Guard turned their guns on their own officers and went over to the Aryan rebels?

The U.S. regular military? Although it is majority female and non-White now, there would still be a high percentage of White troops, more so in the Marines, many of them drawn from the South and from the shrinking White urban working class, men who enlisted to escape the unemployment of the deteriorating American economy. How eager would such men be to fight and die for a government which robbed them of their future and consigned them to a life of affirmative action quotas and second-class citizenship?

And in the crunch, could even the Army and Marines suppress a true American revolution? Do they have "the right stuff", morale and loyalty aside? Not if the abysmal showing of the ground forces during Operation Desert Slaughter is anything to go by. Cutting through the hype, it is now known that the performance of every military arm except the Air Force during the Big Iraq Attack was downright pisspoor. High-tech equipment failed to function; whole brigades and divisions got lost in sandstorms; supply broke down and intelligence was often nonexistent; women troops were too

weak and slow to keep up and slowed down operations; incidents of theft, rape, drug abuse, and general indiscipline were rife; so many reservists (mostly female and non-White) refused to report for duty or deserted while still stateside that the Pentagon refuses to release the figures.

In the end, the U.S. high command chose not to "...Cry havoc! and let slip the bitch of war," may the shade of Will Shakespeare forgive me. It's one thing to drop smart bombs on Iraqi baby formula factories and crowded air raid shelters from 30,000 feet, but were these weekend Ramhos and Rambo-ettes capable of facing the Iraqi Republican Guard man to man, or man to bitch, as the case may be? Judging from the assiduous care General Schwarzkopf and General Powell took to avoid any bona fide ground combat, they didn't think so.

Of course the wily Saddam Hussein strung them right along, knowing full well that a pitched "mother of all battles" on the ground was in no one's interest and that the Americans would avoid it if they could. Our illustrious President mistook the game. He thought he was playing poker, but Saddam knew the game was chess, and in the manner of Asiatic despots from time immemorial, Saddam willingly sacrificed a hundred thousand pawns and forced George Bush to a stalemate.

I trust that there is no one reading this newsletter who is so half-witted as to suppose that such a revolutionary situation exists today, or that any of the preceding is anything but an extrapolation of one of many possible futures. The fact remains that when all is said and done, Vicky and Sam Weaver are still dead and the lives of Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris are for all practical purposes at an end. In view of the open sympathy of the local population, their trial will presumably be moved to a place where they can enjoy the benefits of a "multi-culturally diverse" jury, and even if that fails and they are acquitted, there are always Catch-22 Federal "civil rights" charges.

What will happen in the long run? Whatever you make happen, people. Whatever you're willing to make happen.

Crusading attorney Kirk D. Lyons is attempting to gain entry into the Idaho case as counsel for Kevin Harris and Randy Weaver, not only to defend the accused pair but also to file a wrongful death suit against the Federal government. Anyone who wants to help should contact Kirk at the CAUSE Foundation, P.O. Box 1235, Black Mountain, North Carolina, 27711. U.S.A. □

MESTIZO AMERICA: The End of Aryan Enterprise

by
Eric Thomson

Benjamin Disraeli wrote that "those who do not understand race will never understand history" and a European whose name I forgot predicted in the 19th century that "the U.S. would conquer Mexico and be destroyed." The Aryan conquerors of Mexico in the 1840s were much wiser than we are today, for they already knew the truth of Disraeli's statement. Thus did Aryan-ruled America annex the least-populated parts of Mexico, even though many Mexicans wanted them to annex all of the country to have done with mestizo misrule. But Aryan Americans wanted no part of populous Mexico with its ungovernable, unproductive, corrupt and prolific mestizo inhabitants. Thus was the European's dire prediction confounded until this century of the "Pox Judaica."

Now that the Zionist bankster government in the District of Corruption has decreed that North America, including Canada, the U.S.A. and Mexico will join in economic/political union whether we like it or not, it behooves us to consider the cost of adopting the entire mestizo population of Mexico in addition to the hordes already within our borders. One Zogling in the Pentagon's War College let slip the fact that Mexico nearly 'self-destructed' into chaos and civil war in the 1980s due to endemic corruption and mismanagement plus the omnipresent mestizo population explosion. He said the C.I.A. "had warned Americans of this danger." Well, he and his fellow Pentagonian Zoglings may have received the C.I.A.'s warning, but few other Americans did, to my knowledge, for the likelihood of another violent outburst of the kind which wracked Mexico from 1910 to 1929 hardly seemed "newsworthy" to the U.S. jewsmedia.

History, as Santayana warned us, is repeated by those who do not learn it. We should therefore consider what brought about the so-called Mexican Revolution of 1910 and the carnage that followed. Mexico under the Aztecs had a workable, albeit bloody-minded, system of birth control. Tribal wars were the 'national sport' and prisoners were taken for blood sacrifices.

Thus were the natives occupied when the Spaniards came and committed two cardinal blunders: they stopped the human sacrifices and they miscegenated, thus providing a crazy, mixed-up population which bred like 'piraña-bunnies.'

Porfirio Diaz, one of Juarez' mestizo generals, but atypical, ruled Mexico for 34 peaceful and prosperous years until he was forced to flee the country in 1910. He died of old age in France, whose armies he had fought under Juarez. Porfirio Diaz wanted Mexico to progress. He saw, wherever he looked, that Mexico's Indian heritage and population were preventing Mexico from becoming a wealthy and powerful country. Even having lost some two thirds of its territory to the United States, Mexico was large, rich in natural resources and well-situated for world trade. Its climate and soil were well-suited to a broad spectrum of agricultural production.

Except for the Indian factor, Diaz saw no reason why Mexico should remain a poor and backward country. Thus did he encourage the immigration of Whites into Mexico, along with U.S. and European investment capital. Under Diaz, most of Mexico's railroads and factories were built. Public works projects, such as water systems, roads, bridges, telegraph and telephone systems, public transportation services and other attributes of Aryan civilization were eagerly introduced throughout the country. In 1910, Mexico was becoming a modern, Aryanized state. In that year, Diaz was at the height of his achievements. Unlike most Latin American dictators, Diaz took care to keep the armed forces small, cheap and always under his watchful control. The Mexican Treasury had a large surplus, in gold, and it would appear that Diaz himself was not only patriotic, but honest, in comparison to all of his successors up to the present. Naturally, he was surprised when the inevitable explosion came.

What caused Mexico to self-destruct in 1910? The most important factor was the incredible mestizo population explosion. Diaz had undone himself to some extent by introducing water purification plants and hygienic water distribution systems in so many Mexican towns and cities. This otherwise thoughtful and patriotic measure drastically reduced the normal infant death rate and contributed to the population explosion. In those days, the United States did not serve as a safety-valve for Mexico's fast-breeding mestizo population. So the pressure built up quickly. Not only is Mexico still plagued by the problem of mestizo locusts, we in the U.S.A. are also suffering from the swarms

which have invaded our living space.

Another fatal flaw in Diaz' Mexico was the adoption of the 'supply-side economics' or the 'trickle-down theory'. The idea was and is that if the rich can become very, very rich, some of the wealth will 'trickle down' into the hands of the less-wealthy. As the money pours into the hands of the rich, it is fondly hoped that some of their pockets will overflow or that a moneybag will burst and sprinkle some means of exchange throughout the economy. Ah, fond and baseless hope! Up until 1910, some Mexicans and foreigners grew quite rich, just as the Milkens and Boeskys prospered in the 1980s here in the U.S. But 'supply-side economics' did not bring about general prosperity, either in the United States of today or in the Mexico of 1910. Why did Diaz adopt such a disastrous policy? Well, he was, after all, only a mestizo soldier, so he respected economists who claimed to be 'up-to-date' and 'progressive.' Even Aryans have been fooled by glib conmen who are adept at economic jargon and are capable of performing marvelous feats of statistical 'jew-jitsu.' Non-Aryan Franklin D. Roosevelt called his 'advisors' "brain-trusters" and non-Aryan Diaz called his "los científicos" ("the scientists"), regardless of the bad advice they gave their respective employers.

History teaches those of us who will learn that the two fatal flaws in 1910 Mexico were primarily the non-White population explosion and secondarily, a defective economic policy adopted by the government. These two fatal flaws will preclude any 'rescue operation' for present-day Mexico or the United States as assuredly as the iceberg and the enormous gash in the hull sank the *Titanic*. Unless we in the U.S. solve the racial/population problem and adopt sound economic policies, this country will go under, too. Our Zionist Occupation Government in the District of Corruption is merely running the (money) pumps faster and playing the music louder to distract us from the dark waves which lap around our ankles.

Enlightened self-interest is an alien concept to the mestizo mind. What is produced by the mestizos' shortsighted greed and rapacious reproductive instincts is a country from which rich and poor alike must flee; the poor to seek employment and the rich to protect and to enjoy their largely ill-gotten gains. The mestizos' nightmare is that they will find only other Mexicos in their flight. This nightmare becomes reality wherever the mestizos gather in sufficient numbers to overwhelm Aryan society, as

has happened in parts of California, Texas and other states. The mestizo recreates Mexican corruption and poverty unavoidably, for they are inherent parts of his genetic makeup. He brings Mexico with him, no matter how much he wants to escape it and he imposes Mexican conditions upon us, much as swamps impose mosquitos on those who dwell nearby.

U.S. citizens fleeing San Diego, California, report that they cannot find jobs which pay even the minimum wage, because swarms of mestizos cross the nearby Mexican border every day to work in the San Diego area and U.S. employers can pay them less than the officially required minimum wage. This means survival in terms of Mexican living standards, but such low wages allow no one to partake of U.S. living standards.

Saye's Law & "Foreign Aid"

The mestizo mentality is, in regard to shortsighted greed, rife in the North American Business community which cannot see reality much beyond their quarterly balance sheets. In order to "reduce labor costs," U.S. businessmen and farmers import mestizo workers and/or move their operations into Mexico, the source of North America's "cheapest" labor supply. Although these policies may look profitable in the short run, they only serve to prove the adage that "there is no such thing as cheap labor." Mestizos erode the U.S. tax base and burden tax-payer supported social services, so it is the U.S. tax-payer who must make up the difference for what any employer "saves" by hiring mestizos. Mestizo labor is a large net loss for the U.S. economy and lowers the U.S. standard of living. Such employers only care about "saving money." They couldn't care less what it costs U.S. society when they import mestizos into the country and export jobs out of the U.S. A truly "national" government would stop these traitors in their tracks, but none exists right now to govern the U.S.A. There is only the Z.O.G. composed of criminal Jews and their *Goy* stooges.

Criminal folly is, however, eventually corrected, for there is an inherent justice in the scheme of things, no matter how criminally fools wish to behave. It is therefore only fair to warn those who want "free trade" with Mexico that there is ultimately no escape from Saye's Law which states that those who produce must be paid sufficient to buy the products they make, whether it be in a local or world economy. This means that if only Mexi-

can wages are paid for products, these products must eventually and inescapably be sold at Mexican prices, not U.S. prices. Otherwise they will not be sold and there will be no point in making them. As for the unemployed in Canada and the U.S. who have lost their jobs to Mexicans, it is unlikely that they can buy these goods, even at Mexican prices. So much for "cheap labor."

The concentration of wealth into the hands of a rich minority has never produced prosperity, only poverty and instability, as we have seen throughout Latin America, Asia, Africa, Europe, and the U.S.A. The rich few cannot consume the products of world industry, even if they would like to. Thus they have a vast surplus of purchasing power which will not be spent to absorb the vast inventories of world economic production. The rich will only buy so many cars, houses, yachts and so much food and clothing. Although Imelda Marcos did her best to consume world footwear production, even her heroic efforts were unsuccessful. What can be done with the huge surplus of production?

For several decades, the rich have resorted to two short-term schemes to sell these products at a profit: money-lending and tapping the tax-payers. Because U.S. workers are generally paid insufficient real wages to buy the products of their labor, this wage-price gap has been "filled" by credit. Most U.S. workers must borrow money to meet the barest requirements of food, clothing, shelter, and transportation. If they have children or illness, it is a certainty that a median U.S. family with two wage-earners will be in debt. Prices and taxes seem to preclude saving money "to make ends meet" in today's Judaeo-America.

But even credit or money-lending to individuals is insufficient to absorb the excess productivity, so the rich lobby governments to use the tax-payers' money to buy the otherwise unsalable (at current prices) items. This is why the rich see nothing wrong in welfare states and 'foreign aid' programs, as long as they do not have to fund them. The same applies to war materiel and weapons production which profit the rich as they impoverish the tax-payers. When foreign countries want to buy products, but lack the money to do so, they are lent the necessary funds by the various tentacles of the world bankster community. These loans are often "insured" by the U.S. tax-payers, so the rich can only gain—in the short run. The late Roman Empire was similarly afflicted by such shortsighted economic policies and it is unlikely that many wealthy members of Roman

society remained rich after the Empire's collapse, which they helped bring about more effectively than any barbarian invasion. History teaches us that contemporary rich people will face social collapse and chaos in "in the long run," which will probably occur within our own lifetimes.

The tax-payers are becoming unemployed or are earning less. Borrowing money at interest is becoming dangerous for the individual and the world economy, for either the lenders must stop lending or money will have no value. This is the inescapable penalty for usury, for the money lent and the interest charged do not represent productivity. They only represent the profit motive of the lender and the need of the borrower. If properly used and created, money represents the supply of goods and services in the economy, as a measure of value, like honest weights and measures. It is, or should be, a means of exchange, not a tool of speculation, just as no one is allowed to speculate on the length of a yard or the volume of a quart. Bankster-created inflation and deflation of our money supply is robbery. When a worker has earned the wages of an eight-hour day and is later told that his money is only worth that of a six-hour day, someone has stolen two hours of that worker's life and productivity. It is not too difficult to identify the culprit: "Find the jew," to paraphrase the incorrect French expression.

There is no substitute for saving, but nobody does that these days, largely because of our debt-based economy. Were we to adopt an economy based on productivity, as the German National Socialists did, saving would be both possible and desirable. Putting your jewish money into a bank, savings & loan, real estate, stocks, bonds, mutual funds, etc. these days is really gambling, not saving, and you will need all the luck you can get to keep the wolf from the door and the shirt on your back.

In the short run, our jobs are going south and what has passed for prosperity here in the U.S. is going with them. The mestizos will keep on coming north until the last vestiges of Aryan civilization in U.S. territory are destroyed. The European's dire prediction will be fulfilled when we have finally incorporated Mexico into the U.S. economy. In reality; we are witnessing Mexico's conquest of North America and it means disaster for all concerned. Race is everything. It is dangerous and uncomfortable even to be rich in a mestizo society. □

KEEP THE LIBERTY BELL RINGING!

Please remember: *Our* Fight is *Your* fight! Donate whatever you can spare on a regular—monthly or quarterly—basis. Whether it is \$2., \$5., \$20., or \$100. or more, rest assured it is needed here and will be used in our common struggle. If you are a businessman, postage stamps in any denomination are a legitimate business expense—and we need and use many of these here every month—and will be gratefully accepted as donations .

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

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

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

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

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

**DO YOUR PART TODAY—HELP FREE OUR WHITE
RACE FROM ALIEN DOMINATION!**