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

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

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM *AMERICA'S DECLINE:*

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

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

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

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

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

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

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

BOOK REVIEW

Barbara Kulaszka (editor), foreword by Dr. Robert Faurisson, *Did Six Million Really Die? / Report of the Evidence in the Canadian 'False News' Trial of Ernst Zündel - 1988.* 8 + 564 pages, 28 x 21 1/2 centimeters; many illustrations. Available from Samisdat Publishers Ltd., 206 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ontario M5A 2L1, Canada; Phone: 416-922-9850.

By
Dr. Charles E. Weber

As a result of publishing a small book, *Did Six Million Really Die?* (reproduced on pages 505 ff.), Ernst Zündel, a German-born commercial artist residing in Toronto, was charged with violating section 177 of the Criminal Code of Canada, which provides:

Every one who wilfully publishes a statement, tale or news that he knows is false and that causes or is likely to cause injury or mischief to a public interest is guilty of an indictable offense and liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years.

This law had seldom been applied in its long existence. In 1985 and 1988 two long trials by jury took place. They are among the most significant trials in North American legal history and provide a valuable source for historians.

As one of the defence witnesses in the first trial I had an opportunity to observe members of the jury, which consisted mostly of rather old men, some of whom must have been veterans of the Second World War (as I am). For me, the trials of Ernst Zündel had a bearing on my own experiences in life, for I had been involved in the Allied "denazification" following the war.

I know from my own experiences and observations that most veterans of the Second World War have a tendency to

want to believe that their sacrifices and those of their contemporaries were for a good cause and that they were involved in a "good war" in spite of our alliance with and strong support of one of the most evil regimes in the history of mankind, the government of Stalin, which had ruthlessly murdered millions of its own people, even before the war. Believing the "Holocaust" tales is thus a psychological compulsion for typical Canadian, American and British veterans of the Second World War.

In a broader sphere, the desire to believe in the ethical inferiority of our adversary in the war, National Socialist Germany, in a war which required great national sacrifices, is no doubt a factor that favors the ready, seldom-questioned acceptance of the "Holocaust" accounts and tales, fantastic and improbable though they might seem to an unprejudiced examiner. The sentences imposed on Ernst Zündel (later revoked by higher courts) were dependent on opinions of members of a jury consisting of Canadian citizens selected more or less at random. In assessing the verdicts in the trials of Ernst Zündel we must bear in mind the atmosphere in which they were conducted.

The trials, however, provide a unique opportunity for historians who wish to be objective to examine the "Holocaust" material, since they involve a juxtaposition of opinions of advocates of what might be called the Extermination Thesis, a thesis which even today has an important influence on American thought, policy and even legislation in a number of areas. The "Holocaust" question is certainly one of the most important questions with which an historian can concern himself. The first trial, but not the second, received a great deal of attention in the Canadian press and television. The media in the United States paid virtually no attention to the trials.

This massive book is an admirable and valuable attempt to summarize what was brought out by historians

with opposing views on the "Holocaust" during trial in which the usual rules of evidence were supposed to prevail, quite in contrast to the Nuremberg trials of 1945-1946. Furthermore, the book supplements the evidence brought out in the trials with new developments on the "Holocaust" question that have taken place since 1988, such as the report of the Krakow Forensic Institute commissioned in 1990 by the Auschwitz State Museum (page ii).

The book summarizes rather closely the testimony presented by the various witnesses, with many direct quotations included. The summary of the testimony for the Crown occupies 157 pages, that for the defence 276. Two major witnesses for the Crown, Raul Hilberg and Christopher Browning, were involved. The summaries of their testimonies occupy 148 1/2 pages, while the summaries of the testimonies of six major defense witnesses occupy 224 pages; Felderer 13, Weber 63, Walendy 13, Faurisson 65, Leuchter 8, Irving 62. I give these figures in order to provide the reader at least an idea of the dimensions of the book and its contents since it is difficult to indicate much more than the general nature of the testimonies within the usual limits of a book review.

Summaries of the testimonies (pages 1-423) are preceded by a publisher's note (pages i-ii), an editor's introduction (page iii), a foreword by Dr. Robert Faurisson (pages iv-vi) and a significant essay by Barbara Kulaszka (pages vii-viii) on the legal aspects of "Holocaust denials," in which she points out that even statements by Jewish historians might constitute "Holocaust denial." Faurisson stresses the importance of the investigation of the physical aspects of Auschwitz by Fred Leuchter and subsequent investigators as well as the courageous rôle played by Ernst Zündel. However, he also admonishes us that court proceedings are not the ideal setting for the examination of complicated historical questions.

Only one major witness appeared for the Crown in person, Christopher R. Browning, whose testimony is summarized on pages 84-157 (73 1/2 pages). Browning is, ironically, a professor at Pacific Lutheran College in Tacoma and was 43 years old at the time of the trial. He obtained his Ph.D. degree in 1975 and studied in archives in Jerusalem, Bonn, Koblenz and in other locations. His research specialty was the treatment of Jews by the National Socialist government. He is the author of *Fateful Months: Essays on the Emergence of the Final Solution* (1985; 111 pages), which we reviewed in our *Bulletin 9*, republished in *Christian News*, 2 March 1987. Browning read from a number of documents in order to discredit *Did Six Million Really Die?* Many of these documents had been presented at the Nuremberg trials, such as the Stahlecker Report. Stahlecker was commander of an *Einsatzgruppe* operating in the Baltic region (pages 94-95). It mentions executions by Latvian and Lithuanian auxiliaries selected on the basis of having had relatives murdered or deported by the Communists (during their occupation of the Baltic lands during 1940-1941). Christie's cross-examination of Browning begins on page 103. Browning admitted that he was being paid \$30,000 by Yad Vashem for writing a book. In contrast to such defence witnesses as Felderer and Leuchter, Browning admitted that he had never visited any concentration camps in Poland or Germany for purposes of research (page 104). Browning's naïveté about the origins of the Second World War becomes apparent on page 109. The famous phrase, "bei Freilassung" (= upon release) in the Wannsee Protocol is discussed on page 112. A striking example of the biased, one-sided nature of Browning's research is on page 130: Browning, who had claimed that he had spent 17 years studying the treatment of Jews by the National Socialist government, admitted that he had never read the works of Wilhelm Stäglich, whose *Der Auschwitz Mythos* was perhaps the most important revisionist work on the question ever published

before 1988. (It was reviewed on pages 24-44 of the May 1985 *Liberty Bell*.) Browning had heard of the "Committee for the History of the Second World War" (page 156). Did he have our committee in mind?

The court also had read to itself the testimony that Raul Hilberg had given in the first trial in 1985. Hilberg is an author who has written a great deal to support the Extermination Thesis and is a professor at the University of Vermont. His chief work is *The Destruction of the European Jews*, of which the first of several editions appeared in 1961. In a letter to the Crown attorney, Pearson, dated 5 October 1987 and reproduced on page 445, Hilberg declined to testify at the second trial for various reasons, including the "time and energy required to ward off" the assault on his testimony. Douglas Christie, Zündel's attorney, objected to the reading of the testimony from 1985, charging that Hilberg had perjured himself at the first trial. Hilberg's testimony is summarized on pages 5 to 80. In view of Hilberg's justified timidity about subjecting himself again to Christie's penetrating cross-examination, it would appear that Hilberg's testimony should not detain us in detail here. The curious reader can read Douglas Christie's devastating cross-examination on pages 15-78. Christie was very well prepared for detailed cross-examination of Hilberg and confronted him with a great many appropriate citations from a great variety of sources.

Ditlieb Felderer from Sweden was the first witness called by the defence. Felderer had been an adherent of Jehovah's witnesses and wanted to investigate the fate of members of that cult in German concentration camps. This stimulated his investigations of various concentration camps and he found to his astonishment that they were quite different from the way they had been described by advocates of the Extermination Thesis. He became strongly

fascinated by aspects of the thesis, so much so that he made some 30,000 slides of concentration camps in Poland, about 300 of which he showed to the jury and 230 of which are reproduced in the pictorial section toward the back of the book (pages 457-462). On page 167 Felderer drew parallels between West German Auschwitz trials and trials of witches who had to admit to having had sexual intercourse with the Devil.

Following Felderer's testimony Thies Christophersen, author of *The Auschwitz Lie*, testified. Christophersen was an officer who was stationed at Raisko during 1944. Raisko was a subsidiary camp near Auschwitz. Agricultural experiment were conducted there.

The eighth witness for the defence was the historian Mark Weber, who was born in Oregon in 1951. Weber discussed a wide variety of aspects of the Extermination Thesis, including the Einsatzgruppen, the Wannsee Conference, Zionism, the Hoess confessions obtained by torture and aerial photographs of Auschwitz. Throughout his testimony Weber demonstrated his wide archival experiences and his vast knowledge of many aspects of the history of the Jews in Europe during and before the Second World War. He discussed the questionable legal basis of the Nuremberg trials which were condemned by no less a figure than Senator Robert Taft of Ohio (page 208). Pearson, the attorney for the Crown, cross-examined Weber at great length (pages 239 ff.), largely about the Einsatzgruppen and then about Weber's personal experiences and beliefs. In sometimes bitter exchanges Pearson tried to suggest that Weber was a racist.

The twelfth defence witness was the Jewish author, Joseph G. Burg. He testified that there were no liquidations in the concentration camps (page 261). Burg was not cross-examined.

The sixteenth witness for the defence was the German historian and publisher Udo Walendy. His testimony dealt largely with his collaboration with Zündel, censorship and "reëducation" in Germany. Walendy has been publishing the important series, *Historische Tatsachen*, for nearly two decades. He wrote several books and distributed *Did Six Million Really Die?* in Germany.

Professor Robert Faurisson was the eighteenth witness for the defence. In Faurisson's six days of testimony he, like Mark Weber, covered a very wide range of aspects of the Extermination Thesis, one of which was his notable research on the diary of Anne Frank. A good deal of Faurisson's testimony was devoted to an analysis of the booklet, *Six Million Did Die* (pages 307 ff.), published by the South African Jewish Board of Deputies. Faurisson characterized this book as a "bad book." At the beginning of cross-examination by Pearson, Faurisson pointed out (page 328) that court proceedings are not the proper setting for historical debate, as he does in the foreword to the book. Faurisson demonstrated not only his wide knowledge of the history of the Jews in Europe during the Second World War, but also his great verbal skill (with an occasional touch of Gallic humor) in a language which is not his first language. Faurisson summarizes his opinion on the "Holocaust" as follows:

The alleged Hitlerite gas chambers and the alleged genocide of the Jews are one and the same historical lie which opened the way to a gigantic political-financial fraud, whose principal beneficiaries are the State of Israel and international Zionism, and the principal victims are the German people—but not its leaders—and the entire Palestinian people.

Pages 354-362 contain the relatively short but crucially important testimony of Fred Leuchter, the American expert on penal execution procedures. Although Leuchter was allowed to give oral testimony, Judge Thomas did not

allow a presentation to the jury of the Leuchter Report with its detailed physical and chemical data from his on-site investigations of concentration camps at Auschwitz, Birkenau and Majdanek. (See also testimony on this matter on pages 376-379.)

The prolific British historian, David Irving, was the twenty-third and final witness for the defence on 22, 25 and 26 April. Irving can justifiably boast—and indeed he is not a man to hide his light under a bushel—not only about the quantity and wide range of his publications on the history of the Second World War, but also about his extensive archival research and his knowledge of the German language, which gives him far greater access to original sources than in the case of some historians who have written in this area. Irving has written on such diverse topics as Churchill and the Hungarian uprising of 1956. He often shows his contempt for academic historians who show no originality, who drift along with popular mythology and who do not rigorously go to original documentation. Irving said that he had not read Hilberg's three-volume work and added that he does not read other people's books if he can avoid it and that it is easier to go to the archives and read the original documents (page 394). When Irving published *Hitler's War* in 1977 he accepted most of the Extermination Thesis without much questioning but later changed his views on it. Pearson found what he considered an important wedge here and took advantage of it by reading extensively from *Hitler's War* and challenging Irving's change of views (for example, pages 394 ff.). Irving had strong praise for the value of Leuchter's forensic, on-site investigation, which he characterized as "shattering in the significance of its discovery" and "a stroke of genius on the part of the defence" (page 378). Irving's views were changed even by testimony he had heard at the trial "in the last few days" (page 384). Irving testified that he did not dispute the

authenticity of the Wannsee Protocol of 20 January 1942 (page 380). I find this astonishing because there is a good deal of evidence that it has been altered, if it were not a forgery from the outset. It has even been convincingly argued that there are Anglicisms in it. (The German text is readily available in Wilhelm Stäglich's *Der Auschwitz Mythos*.) I also find Irving to be rather cavalier about statistics. On page 395 he mentions the 11 million Jews in the statistical table of the Wannsee Conference protocol, figures which are considered notoriously high (especially for France) and which include Jews in neutral countries and above all the USSR. He says (also page 395) that Hungary had "nearly a million Jews." Irving would do well to look at some pre-1933 sources, such as the readily available statistics on European Jews cited in my propaedeutic book, *The Holocaust: 120 Questions and Answers*, which I took from *Der große Brockhaus* article on Jews published in 1931, volume 9, page 473, where the number of Jews in Hungary is given as 500,000. Although there were many discussions of Jewish population statistics at the trials, no witness seemed aware of the excellent study on Jewish population by the statistician Friedrich Burgdörfer, "Die Juden in Deutschland und in der Welt" on pages 152-198 of the third volume of the invaluable *Forschungen zur Judenfrage*, Hamburg, 1938. I could not escape the impression that Irving was crippled as a defence witness as a result of his somewhat embarrassing, previously expressed positions, positions which he should not have taken as late as 1977, long after questions had been raised about the Zionist versions about what took place during the war, for example by the senior U.S. intelligence officer John Beaty, whose important *Iron Curtain Over America* was published in 1951 and also cited in my book. Irving adheres to the view that there were isolated massacres of Jews in the Baltic lands and in Ukraine which were not authorized by Hitler and indeed prohibited by him (page 417) and that Hitler envisaged the

final solution of the Jewish problem in postwar emigration of Jews from Europe, a movement which has actually taken place to an extent since 1945. Irving suggests a similarity in some respects of the massacres of Jews to those by American forces in Vietnam (page 368).

All of the six major defence witnesses, with the possible exception of Mark Weber, have been subjected to severe legal difficulties, like Zündel himself. Faurisson testified that he would continue his historical activities no matter what was to be his fate, in spite of previous legal harassment and brutal physical attack that had taken place against him. Of course, such measures against historians who question the Extermination Thesis are a striking demonstration of the panic amongst Zionist propagandists whose lies and distortions have been exposed by a small, poorly financed group of courageous historians motivated by an idealistic search for the truth. At the end of Weber's testimony (page 253) he pointed out that he was appearing as a witness with no compensation other than a personal satisfaction, quite in contrast to Browning, who was being paid \$150 per hour by the Canadian government. Faurisson (page 297) mentioned that a man who distributed Harwood's *Did Six Million Really Die?* in France was murdered, thus demonstrating the importance of the booklet.

There was general agreement amongst the defence witnesses that *Did Six Million Really Die?* was a relatively early (1974) revisionist work on the "Holocaust" question that contained some errors, mostly of a minor nature. Irving felt that it contained essentially sound arguments. Much of the testimony and cross-examination by the Crown examined particular passages from the book, as was in keeping with the objectives of the trial.

Nearly all of the major witnesses, both for the Crown and for Zündel, pointed out that many deaths of Jews resulted from actions of the Einsatzgruppen, German field security units whose duty it was to protect German soldiers from the devastating actions of partisans, irregular forces fighting for the Communists. Since the vast majority of the partisans were Jewish, measures taken against them resulted in Jewish losses. (For detailed information on the partisan aspect of the Second World War, see Rudolf Aschenauer, *Krieg ohne Grenzen*, 1982, reviewed in our *Bulletin* 59.)

The summaries of the testimonies are followed by an epilogue containing Judge Thomas's reasoning for sentencing Zündel to nine months in prison (page 424-425), a very valuable pictorial section (page 428 to 468) that included 230 slides presented by Ditlieb Felderer, a condensed version of the Leuchter Report that was never permitted to be shown to the jury (pages 469-502), a facsimile of the original bone of contention, the booklet *Did Six Million Really Die?* (pages 537-562). The two final pages reproduce Zündel's appeal of 5 January 1993 for compensation for wrongful prosecution after the Supreme Court of Canada invalidated the whole trial on 27 August 1992 on constitutional grounds and thus acquitted Zündel.

This book is an absolute necessity for every reputable university library in institutions where modern history is taught and indeed for any honest scholar of modern history who deals with the "Holocaust" question, even just tangentially. With all due respect for the books previously published by revisionist historians in the area, this book now assumes the position of the most important reference work on the "Holocaust" question. Advocates of the Extermination Thesis will ignore it at the risk of making fools of themselves. □

LAVENDER BLEW

By
Bob Frenz

One fellow informed me that an impeccable information source had discovered that I am a faggot. Since I rarely engage in the refuting dance nonsense, I decided to use an appropriate color for this month's issue. I hope this "expert" will accept this documentary (paper) "proof" as a validation of his assertion. I am no hypocrite and will not run, with tears in my eyes, to the nearest lawyer because someone called me a naughty thing.

I have also been accused of causing upset stomachs in the ranks of the "right-wing". I hope so. A catharsis will improve their dispositions. In addition, many feel I should be writing for the ADL since I say things which they "might use". My friend Eric, who coined the term "ZOG" in 1976, refers to this set of etiquette minded twits as the "blight-wing". I am disrupting the effort of "fighting the juice", so they say. The Jews are not the problem. They simply stepped into the shoes that the Aryans who built this country no longer wish to fill, and were applauded for doing so.

I don't care who controls the media or what the Nazis did 50 years ago. I do care about people like the woman, a frequent dinner guest in my home, who was recently the victim of a genuine atrocity. While leaving a bowling alley, in broad daylight, she was punched so severely, from behind, that she fell onto the pavement face down. Her attacker, a 240 lb. Sonderneger, then proceeded to stomp upon her upper body until she suffered a broken collar bone and broken ribs. He then stole her purse and fled.

Curiously enough, the previous day, a teen-age daughter of another friend of mine was smashed in the face with a pistol barrel while she exited the subway. No provocation and no motive was discovered for the pistol-whipping which broke her nose and cheekbone. The assailant was a teen-aged

female of the melanin persuasion. Events, such as these, concern and trouble me, deeply.

MILEAGE OUT OF CREEPS

A local priest now has his tail in hot water because he "misappropriated" church funds. That's "nice guy" talk for theft. The man is a thief. Period. Given the opportunity, he would steal from other sources because thievery is part of his character and I don't care if he does talk to God. Thieves also lie. The "blight-wing" says that a person, of this type, has his uses and hence, should not be condemned. Perhaps this is a modification of Lenin's "useful idiots" notion. Whatever we call this aberration, it permeates the thinking of all blight-wingers from the "inter-lick-you-all" to the envelope stuffer. They seem compelled to try and get mileage out of creeps.

We are directed to overlook the LSD addiction of one creep because he is an "excellent writer for our side". Another creep, whose word is not worth a maggot fart, is supported because he publishes expensive brochures which are useful in "fightin' da juice". We are told not to criticize a well-known (creep) advocate of race-mixing because he appears on numerous creepy talk-shows (for "our side", of course). Recently, millions supported a political aspirant (creep) who declared "equal treatment for whites". The fact that this person was heavily addicted to sodomy and other sexual excesses, was never talked about in "polite company" because he was "heppin' our honkie asses". It might do well if we stopped and asked ourselves what "our side" really means.

Is a crook to be admired because he steals for us? Should we support liars because they lie for us? Must our ranks be tolerant enough to accept drug-heads, alcoholics, thieves, prevaricators, steroid-gulpers, womanizers and perverts simply because they perform something seemingly useful and seemingly helpful? If you believe so, then it might be worthwhile for you to examine what kind of Aryan people you wish to be a part of, or represent.

During one of my undergraduate years, many, many moons ago, I was introduced to a young woman who absolutely captivated me with her physical beauty. Her name was Yolanda and we saw each other several times. However, during an exam in social science, I observed that she was cheating. From that moment on, my interest in her ceased. If I were a blight-winger, I could perhaps have "tolerated" this slight imperfection and concentrated upon the beautiful face and body, the excellent skating ability and the warm, sweet smell of her body. However, I could not divorce myself from the fact that she was a cheat and my decision to not see her again inaugurated a very difficult period in my life.

So I say to all of you blight-wingers and your "fightin' da juice" business: Go suck on a razor blade, call me what you will, threaten me with your mealy-mouthed law suit notions, look down your wart-decorated noses but don't expect me to lie down with your dogs. I don't like fleas.

ROCHESTER

Freshman week, at the University of Rochester NY, starts with an inner city graffiti cleaning project. Like sheep, we sweep. It's part of the "They breed. We feed." program. UR takes pride in "helping" the community, which in my vulgar world, simply means cleaning up the crap the apes leave behind.

UR is also very considerate. It accepts recommendations from the parents of the students in regard to their offspring. Since all parents know their children are beautiful and intelligent, one must necessarily stand amazed at these high standards. (Thanks, HG)

CONVALESCENCE

As I sit, licking the wounds of recent verbal assaults upon my wicked person, and feeling deep empathy for the verbal beating George Dietz is taking from the right-wing / "blight-wing" thought-police, I have decided to give the readers a coffee break. The following is the text of a 1987 report to the British House of Commons, by **Dr. John**

Seale, Royal Society of Medicine, concerning the hero's disease — AIDS. I was led to believe that this report had been deep-sixed and therefore not generally available. For what it's worth:

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Third Report from the SOCIAL SERVICES COMMITTEE Session 1986-87

PROBLEMS ASSOCIATED WITH AIDS Volume III

Minutes of Evidence (8 April-13 May 1987)
and Memoranda

Ordered by the House of Commons
to be printed 13 May 1987

LONDON:

HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE
60. Memorandum by Dr. John Seale,
Royal Society of Medicine

INTRODUCTION

No politician can make rational decisions to deal with AIDS without a clear understanding of the nature and severity of the epidemic, the means of transmission of the virus and the prospects for cure or preventive vaccine. The key scientific facts underlying the epidemic are quite simple, though AIDS is perceived to be unusually complex and full of scientific uncertainties. These perceptions have been produced by a few scientists and others who have recklessly minimized the seriousness of the epidemic and have fostered confusion and dangerous misconceptions.

The most important and urgent task for politicians, both in Government and Parliament, is to force scientists to speak clearly, precisely and honestly about the AIDS epidemic. Half-truths, wishful thinking, flawed scientific

hypotheses and deceptions have been perpetrated by scientists, and allowed to flourish as conventional wisdom, aided and abetted by editors of scientific and medical journals. The deceptions must be exposed with maximum publicity.

The public must be fully informed of the true nature of the threat from the virus which faces us all. Once this is done the mass of the population will accept measures essential to halt the spread of the virus, even though they will inevitably require severe curtailment of the liberty and civil rights of everybody, just as happens in war-time. The longer the truth is obscured from the public, and the greater the multitude of innocent people who die most horribly as a result, the more ferocious will be the explosion of hatred and revenge against those guilty of perpetrating the deceptions.

The virus has the properties of a skilled, devious, hidden and implacable invader with the capacity and willingness to kill every man, woman and child in our country. It may now be spreading amongst us precisely because it has this capacity. It is unwise to assume that such a force can be vanquished without taking actions which the people of Britain accepted as entirely appropriate to fight two world wars; particularly as dissemination of the virus is being actively encouraged by some who wish to destroy our society.

A. THE NATURE OF THE DISEASE

1. AIDS is a contagious, infectious, communicable disease caused by a lentivirus (slow virus), a member of the family of retroviruses.

2. No lentivirus has been known to affect humans before the advent of AIDS.

3. AIDS is a typical slow virus disease with a prolonged, silent incubation period of great variability, but usually lasting several years, followed by slowly progressive disease always ending in death.

4. An epidemic of a new slow virus disease spreading unchecked is the ultimate virological nightmare, yet in none of the major scientific or medical journals has this been spelled out clearly and the implications discussed.

5. Death is caused by the AIDS virus infecting, and slowly destroying, cells in the brain, lungs, intestine and the immune system.

B. MORTALITY FOLLOWING INFECTION

1. Within five years of infection with the virus, 25 per cent of people have developed full-blown AIDS and all of them die. This is the official conclusion of the US Public Health Service recently endorsed by leading scientists from the National Academy of Sciences in Washington.

2. The ultimate mortality within twenty years of infection is unknown as the virus has been spreading for only ten years. The optimistic view held by a decreasing number of virologists is that only 50 per cent of those infected will die. Many virologists now accept the pessimistic view, that all people infected with the virus will eventually be killed by it.

3. All virologists are agreed that once infected with the AIDS virus, people are potentially infectious to others for life.

C. FAILURE OF ANTIBODIES OR VACCINES TO PROTECT

1. In all people with antibodies to the AIDS virus, some virus persists in brain and other cells from which it cannot be removed. In contrast to most virus infections, antibodies to a lentivirus do not provide protective immunity; they fail to neutralize or eliminate it. Although many people infected with the AIDS virus look and feel well for several years, destruction of cells of the brain and immune system is progressing slowly.

2. The outlook for a successful vaccine is bleak. None is available for the lentivirus diseases of animals. Search for a vaccine against infectious anaemia of horses for eighty years, and against maedi-visna in sheep for forty years, has

proved futile. Indeed, when antibodies to a lentivirus are produced artificially by vaccination, the vaccinated animals die after subsequent infection more rapidly than those which are not. In spite of many successful vaccines, it should be realized that for the majority of viral and bacterial diseases vaccines do not work.

D. BLEAK OUTLOOK FOR A CURE

1. No simple, effective, curative drug, like penicillin, will be available for AIDS in the foreseeable future because once a person is infected, the viral genetic code is permanently inserted into the human genetic code of cells in the brain and other tissues. Any drug which blocks replication of the virus, thereby halting the progress of the disease, will have to be taken continuously for life. All drugs used so far are highly toxic and expensive. If a cheap, apparently effective, drug becomes available it will take several decades to be certain that it is both effective and safe. Nevertheless, many companies will announce "promising" new drugs and "breakthroughs" in the treatment of AIDS for simple commercial motives.

2. The handling of the recent AZT clinical trials by the US Government was particularly important. The US Public Health Service insisted the trials cease long before any long-term benefit of the drug had been shown, and before the manufacturing company suggested it, thereby misleading the public into believing a "cure" for AIDS was already in the pipeline. Such disinformation weakens the political will to implement the tough control measures required to halt the spread of the virus.

E. TRANSMISSION OF AIDS - SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

1. Scientists and doctors have repeatedly stated as fact that the AIDS virus is fundamentally transmitted during sexual intercourse but is, unfortunately, sometimes transmitted in blood. This is highly misleading, though published laboratory and epidemiological evidence, and editorials in scientific and medical journals, have been heavily slanted to support this "fact".

2. In reality AIDS is characteristically a blood transmitted infection, which is only transmitted with difficulty during sexual intercourse compared with the genuine sexually transmitted diseases gonorrhoea and trichomoniasis. All the experimental and epidemiological evidence is consistent with this view.

3. Obviously AIDS is transmissible during sexual intercourse, but so is influenza, glandular fever and scabies. Sexual intercourse is only one of many ways by which the virus can be transmitted, and is by no means the most efficient.

4. The illusion that AIDS is essentially a sexually transmitted disease arose from the first observations that AIDS appeared to affect only sodomites with numerous partners. However sodomy is not sexual intercourse in the biological sense of the words. As we are dealing with a very important biological event, the transmission of a lethal parasite from one human host to another, it is essential that scientists use words describing the transmission with the utmost precision.

5. In biological terms sexual intercourse means the union between male and female which may result in reproduction of the species. In mammals this invariably requires contact between male and female genitalia. Consequently sexual intercourse between two men in the biological sense is impossible.

6. Scientists who state, or imply, sodomy is sexual intercourse without some qualification are being imprecise and misleading, whether intentionally or not.

7. Homosexual men engaged in homosexual activities frequently insert their fingers, fist, penis or tongue into the lower intestinal tract of their partners. These manoeuvres transmit any virus which persists in the blood for months or years with devastating efficiency, even though no virus is present in either semen or saliva. This has been shown very clearly with hepatitis B virus which, in prosperous communities, infects the majority of homosexual men

within three years of becoming sexually active whereas hepatitis B infection remains rare amongst heterosexual men and women, even though they frequently change partners.

F. DISINFORMATION FROM SCIENTISTS

1. The AIDS virus persists in an infectious state (i.e. as cell-free virions) in blood and semen at levels up to 25,000 virions per milliliter, according to the only published paper giving this critically important information. Cell-free virions were detected easily in saliva over two years ago, but quantitative studies have still not been published.

2. No infectious virion has been detected in semen according to the only two detailed published studies on the subject, which between them included a grand total of merely three men examined. In 10 percent of 50 infected men, according to another report sent to me personally but which gave few details, cell-associated virus has been detected in a few white blood cells in semen, but never in spermatozoa.

3. Virions have been detected in the vaginal secretions in only trivial quantities - about one per milliliter - indicating that their infectivity is minimal.

4. The scale of the deceptions and misinformation perpetrated by virologists, clinicians and editors of scientific and medical journals about the infectivity of genital secretions, compared with that of blood, serum and saliva, has been astonishing. In the presence of a new, lethal virus spreading amongst people, for which no vaccine or cure is in sight, every sane person would assume that scientists have been working flat out to verify precisely how it is transmitted.

5. On the contrary, having assumed for a variety of motives that AIDS is a sexually transmitted disease like syphilis or gonorrhoea, a negligible research effort has gone into the critical matter of transmission. A few preliminary papers were published and their findings have been repeatedly quoted as showing the opposite to what they

actually showed. When this was pointed out in letters to the editors of major medical and scientific journals,

6. As far as it goes, the tiny research effort into infectivity of bodily fluids indicates that saliva is more infectious than genital secretions but that blood and serum is vastly more infectious than either. Consequently the idea that condoms can have any significant effect on the spread of AIDS in a nation is utterly preposterous.

7. Governments all over the world are spending millions of dollars advising their citizens to prevent AIDS by using condoms on the basis of manifestly fraudulent misrepresentation of scientific evidence presented by scientists themselves.

8. The AIDS virus is unusually stable outside the human body. It retains almost all its infectivity after seven days in water at room temperature and some after being kept dry for a week. A virus with this degree of stability, which persists in the blood and is shed in saliva cannot possibly fail to be transmitted in many ways apart from sexual intercourse.

G. VARIABLE EFFICIENCY IN MEANS OF TRANSMISSION

1. A virus which persists in moderate quantities in the blood for years and is shed in small quantities in saliva will be transmitted with far greater ease by some means than by others.

2. Injection of the virus through the skin in hypodermic needles is the most certain method of transmission. This happens when blood-contaminated hypodermics are re-used without sterilization, as is common amongst drug addicts in the West and in health care facilities in less prosperous countries. It also occurs when virus-contaminated blood transfusions and clotting factor are administered.

3. Male homosexual contact of the finger, penis or tongue with the rectal wall of another man transmits the virus very easily. 70 per cent of the male homosexual population of San Francisco were infected within six years of the arrival of the virus in the city and nearly 30 per cent

of London homosexuals are already infected. The percentages are rising remorselessly in large cities throughout the western world unaffected by the highly acclaimed "safe sex" propaganda.

4. Well over 50 per cent of new-born babies of infected mothers are infected.

5. Moderately efficient means of transmission include mouth-to-mouth and genital contact before and during normal sexual intercourse, oral salivary contact between small children, needle-stick injuries to nursing staff and chance contact of sores or abrasions with blood, serum, saliva or sputum.

6. Inefficient means of transmission include social kissing, inhalation or respiratory aerosols caused by coughing or sneezing and blood-sucking insects.

7. Transmission by inhalation is only inefficient because of the relatively small number of virions shed in saliva and bronchial secretions. However if an AIDS virion is inhaled into the lung it is engulfed by an amoeba-like macrophage on the lining of the alveoli (air sacs). It has been shown repeatedly in the laboratory that the AIDS virus readily infects macrophages, and the virus replicates within them, thereby enabling infection of people to be initiated by this route.

8. Understandably, and wisely, the DHSS has officially advised all British dental surgeons always to wear masks to avoid AIDS virus infection when using high speed drills. These drills make aerosols of saliva similar to those produced by sneezing.

9. Chronic lymphoid interstitial pneumonitis is a well recognized variety of pneumonia caused directly by infection of the lungs with the AIDS virus. It is similar to the pneumonia of maedi-visna in sheep and is particularly common in children with AIDS. When associated with pulmonary tuberculosis, a very common complication of AIDS, it is inevitable that coughing will produce some aerosols containing tubercle bacilli and the AIDS virus. After the fluid in the aerosols evaporates the minute dry flakes

3. The initial impact of AIDS on homosexuals in the West inevitably resulted in an unusually high proportion of them becoming involved with the disease since it first surfaced. Many of the men who are particularly knowledgeable about and dedicated to AIDS research, treatment, legislation, publication and education are homosexuals.

4. Most in the professions are only identifiable as homosexuals to other men with similar tastes - few have "come out" and even the wives of those who are married are usually unaware of their habits. Hence they automatically form a type of secret society without even trying, with wide ramifications across professional, institutional and national boundaries.

5. Homosexual men have been vectors of the virus throughout the western world and if it had not been for their activities very few people in prosperous countries would now be infected. Their oft-repeated statement that they are the major victims of the virus is true, but it is also true that they have spread the virus to each other by their practices and then onward to the rest of the population.

6. Many do not wish to face reality because of guilt, most do not wish to change their ways, and a few seeing death and destruction facing themselves and their friends are dedicated to destroying the rest of society with them.

7. All wish to deny the reality that restricting the freedom of homosexuals to infect each other and other people, is essential if our society is not to be destroyed by the virus.

b. Scientists

1. Every biological scientist who has dispassionately studied the virus and the epidemic knows that the origins of the virus could lie in the developments of modern biology, just as the origins of the nuclear bomb was modern physics.

2. Most biological scientists have not yet come to terms with the terrible truth and have developed various neurotic reactions to cope with it.

3. Many have developed a selective denial of reality and genuinely cannot see what is happening. Most who see it keep quiet, but increasing numbers are talking privately though they still lack the moral courage to speak out in public. They still hope it is a nightmare which will vanish with tomorrow's dawn.

4. Some who know perfectly well what has happened are deliberately fudging scientific data to keep the heat off them and fellow members of their molecular biological "club".

c. Editors of Scientific and Medical Journals.

1. Medical and scientific editors have misled their professional colleagues about the nature and severity of the AIDS epidemic for five years. By selective acceptance or rejection of original papers and letters, and by selecting authors to write "safe" editorials and review articles, they have perpetuated dangerous misconceptions.

2. As the harsh reality of what is happening becomes ever more obvious editors have developed a range of neurotic reactions similar to those of the scientists.

d. Doctors.

1. Most doctors are incapable of conceiving the scale of the problems as only three hundred people have died from AIDS in Britain in the last five years, but 40,000 die each year of cancer of the lung. How can AIDS be so important?

2. An epidemic slow virus disease is new to medical science and its significance largely incomprehensible to doctors because it is outside both their practical experience and theoretical training.

3. Epidemics were supposed to have been abolished, along with the old fever hospitals and TB sanatoria twenty-five years ago. It is difficult to change cherished beliefs. It is assumed that scientists will soon have a vaccine and the AIDS epidemic will disappear like a bad flu epidemic.

4. Doctors who have treated many patients with AIDS are profoundly shocked at their own, and modern medicine's, inability to restore the health of so many young patients.

containing tubercle bacilli and AIDS virus float in the air indefinitely and both remain infectious for days.

10. The normal route of transmission of the maedi-visna lentivirus between adult sheep is by respiratory aerosols when they are crowded closely together in winter shelters. Maedi-visna is not a sexually transmitted disease of sheep.

11. The efficiency of the transmission of the AIDS virus by biting insects will depend upon the quantity of virions in the blood of the bitten person, the anatomical structure of the biting parts of the insects, their feeding habits and other factors.

12. Infectious anaemia of horses, a lentivirus disease, is characteristically transmitted by large biting insects, particularly stable flies and horse flies. It is not a sexually transmitted disease of horses.

13. The AIDS virus has been shown to remain infectious in the stomach of bed bugs for at least two hours. It has been shown that it can infect the cells of insects, including mosquitoes and cockroaches, both in laboratory cell culture and in intact insects. Replication of the virus in insect cells has not yet been demonstrated.

H. SATURATION OF THE BRITISH POPULATION WITH THE VIRUS

1. There is a key to estimating how long it will take for the people of Britain to be saturated with the AIDS virus, if its spread is allowed to continue unchecked as at present. This is the application of probability theory to the known facts about the virus, its pathogenesis, the frequency of "contact", and the efficiency with which different "contacts" transmit the virus.

2. The basic facts are that the entire population is susceptible to infection, and once people are infected they remain potentially infectious to others for life.

3. As the number of people infected rises the probability of transmission during any particular "contact" between individuals also rises.

4. Initially the virus was introduced into Britain from the United States by homosexual men who soon infected others by having frequent, efficient, "contacts" - sodomy with strangers. As the number of infected homosexuals rises the probability of infection being transmitted during one "contact" rises at first exponentially, but then at a slower doubling rate as saturation with the virus of the homosexual population is approached.

5. Once some intravenous drug addicts were infected, a further, frequent, efficient "contact", self-injection with shared needles, rapidly spread the virus amongst addicts.

6. As numbers of infected homosexuals and addicts increased, efficient "contacts" rarely performed - such as receiving a blood transfusion, or clotting factor, or having a baby - infected more and more people.

7. Once a critical mass of infected people has been created by highly efficient "contacts", then "contacts" which are only moderately efficient but occur very frequently - such as normal sexual intercourse or small children playing together - will spread the virus in ever widening circles throughout the population.

8. Finally, highly inefficient "contacts" which occur very frequently indeed, such as coughing and sneezing in public, and being bitten by insects, will infect many people as millions of infected persons interact with the non-infected, and saturation of the entire British population becomes unstoppable.

I. GROUPS MISINFORMING THE PUBLIC AND THEIR MOTIVES

a. Homosexual Men.

1. Homosexual men have been the most determined and effective in distorting the truth about AIDS.

2. They have been so effective because there is a scattering of homosexuals amongst all the key professional groups involved - scientists, doctors, medical editors, journalists, lawyers, politicians and priests.

Although death be delayed, remissions are temporary. Deterioration is so protracted, often lasting years, that many AIDS patients kill themselves as a means of escape.

5. Many young doctors working only with AIDS patients soon become depressed themselves. The term "AIDS burn-out" is now widely used in America - it has similarities with war-time battle exhaustion.

6. Many senior doctors in charge of numerous AIDS patients develop profoundly neurotic attitudes which enable them to cope with their job by selective denial of reality. In support of their patients for whom they can do so little medically, they fiercely defend their rights of confidentiality, and freedom of association, totally ignoring public health responsibilities to ensure that others are not infected. They are regularly consulted by Government and the Media and other doctors on how to control the epidemic.

e. Journalists.

1. In the face of a lethal disease, journalists and media editors have been frightened to contradict the conventional wisdom being put across by the scientists. There has been no serious attempt at investigative journalism into the wealth of scientific scandals surrounding AIDS.

2. They have often given way to the tremendous pressure put upon them by scientists and homosexuals to understate the seriousness of the epidemic and, in the last two years, have capitulated to demands that AIDS is portrayed as an "ordinary" venereal disease.

3. Understandably, as in a war that is going badly, all news of break through with cures and vaccines are given lavish cover. These lull politicians and public into fatal inaction.

f. Politicians.

1. Leading politicians from all parties in all nations have, till very recently, hardly mentioned AIDS in public. Accepting the earlier views of scientists that it was just a homosexual disease, and the revised view that it is only a

venereal disease, they know that taking AIDS seriously would have gained them few votes.

2. No prominent politician has thought there was reason to doubt the much publicized opinions of scientists and public health doctors concerning the facts about AIDS.

J. VARIETIES OF MISINFORMATION

1. People with AIDS are categorized as belonging to a small number of "risk groups" giving the false impression that the vast majority of people cannot get AIDS.

2. AIDS is portrayed as only a behavioral disease caused by sexual and narcotic misdemeanors. This implies that if anybody gets AIDS it is their own fault.

3. Emphasis on transmission of the virus during sexual intercourse, and education as a solution to the epidemic, implies that the disease will disappear with modified behavior. This misses the point that as the epidemic explodes infection by chance, non-sexual, contact becomes ever more common.

4. By equating sodomy with sexual intercourse the impression is given that homosexuals have just been unlucky to get infected before heterosexuals. In reality homosexual activity has spread the virus through the population at a vastly greater speed than normal sexual intercourse could achieve.

5. The value of blood tests for diagnosis of AIDS virus infection is repeatedly denigrated by those who do not want them introduced compulsorily. In fact the blood test is an unusually reliable diagnostic tool.

6. The suffering of those with AIDS is highlighted while ignoring the suffering of those who will get AIDS in the future if appropriate steps are not taken to stop its spread.

7. The rights of those infected with the virus are stressed, while the rights of the uninfected to be protected from infection with a lethal virus are ignored and glossed over. Protection of the life of its citizens is one the major obligations of the State.

8. Misinformation is perpetuated by homosexuals actively obstructing the publication, in the scientific or general press, of facts and conclusions which they want suppressed.

K. METHODS OF CONTROL

1. The most urgent step to be taken is to break the pervasive grip by homosexuals on the information and disinformation which has emanated for so long from the journals of science and medicine, and from much of the media. Once this has been done other scientists, doctors and politicians can stress accurately the reality of the situation.

2. Once the truth is known and publicized the steps required to halt the epidemic become more obvious and less controversial.

3. Speed is of the essence because every day that is lost will increase the human misery which, in any event, will be vast.

4. We are facing a national catastrophe equal to any in the history of the nation. The life of every citizen is at stake. Death from AIDS is a protracted horror unequalled by other diseases.

5. The only way to halt the spread of the virus is to identify all those who are infected by compulsory testing. Government must then take whatever steps are required to ensure that those infected do not pass the virus on to anyone else.

6. The longer this action is delayed the greater will be the task when it is finally undertaken, and the greater the danger that the spread of the virus will then be unstoppable.

7. The actions required by Government are comparable to those taken in waging a war of survival.

8. The war against AIDS is a war of survival. If we lose, Britain and all her people will perish.

From *F.A.E.M.* (First Amendment Exercise Machine, April 1993),
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"Turning the Bones" on Madagascar

By
Allan Callahan

Most people know very little about Madagascar. Fewer yet know that Hitler hoped to settle European Jews there.

It is a very large and interesting island. White snakes and black geese are found there, along with white-necked crows and fireflies which give off a green light. The white snakes are slender, get up to four feet long, and are found nowhere else on earth (there are no poisonous snakes on the island). Madagascar is also the home of a plethora of other creatures.

Up until recent centuries a giant bird, called "aepyornis," meaning "High Bird," lived on Madagascar, which was far taller than any ostrich. They attained a height of 14 feet, laid eggs up to 14 inches long whose shells could hold six times as much as an ostrich egg, or as much as 12 dozen hen's eggs.

It is thought that the last of the High Birds died more than 250 years ago. A half-century or so back, a report stated that the eggs of aepyornis could still sometimes be found by natives who searched for them.

Madagascar, maybe better known to the younger generation as the Malagasy Republic, or the Democratic Republic of Madagascar, is 980 miles long and 360 miles wide at the widest part. At around 226,000 square miles it is the fourth largest island in the world. Plenty roomy to have settled the Jews on. And not overpopulated either.

The native inhabitants are a mongrelized mix. It is thought that people of Polynesian stock first came to eastern Africa, partly mixed with the Bantus, and to a certain extent with Arabs, also. They then migrated to Madagascar sometime between the first and 10th century A.D. Arriving on the large and fertile island, a large portion of the purest Polynesian stock settled in the highlands in the central part

Holland, Belgium, Germany and England, to name a few, are far more densely populated. In fact, compared to them, Madagascar is vastly *underpopulated*. Yet they are light years ahead of the Malagasy natives as far as High Culture is concerned. The *type of people* makes the difference.

Conditions on Madagascar are causing some very deep furrows and some very high brows. There are plans to try and save some of the most threatened animals and birds. The plowshare tortoises were saved when there were only thirty left. Various other creatures will probably also be snatched from the brink. But it looks like many will die out in the next century, unless things change.

Whites living on the island are of course worried, and want to help, but their small numbers make them only a speck on the colored population. Whites from other countries will have the most leverage; but, without the cooperation of the Malagasy natives, it doesn't look like things can ever really turn around.

With the average income only \$200 a year, the poverty is desperate. The forest have been reduced to groves along the coasts and some of the mountain slopes. The erosion goes on apace, more and more plants and animals are threatened, but the Malagasy themselves are not concerned about their island's future. They think that all they have to do is dig up the bones of their ancestors occasionally, turn them, and all will be well. This will take care of the severe forest destruction, the erosion, and everything else. No need to worry.

It looks like the Bantu-Arab-Polynesian mix did not turn out a hybrid that is very good at thinking. The blood of the darker Bantu people overwhelmed the blood of the other two lighter-skinned subraces. This is always the way these things work out. The Bantus are the most primitive of the three, and the more primitive genes are always dominant. □

COURAGE

By
J. B. Campbell

The show trials were already in motion. Having usurped the Bill of rights, the judges in the land were busy sentencing dissident patriots as quickly as the marshals and Special Police could round them up. Wives of rebels were given especially severe sentences in order that their now-motherless children could be seized from the schools-at-home and re-educated.

The Battle

Jennifer Thompson sat in a cold cell, on a hard, steel bedframe. The guards who had carried her in, kicking and handcuffed, three days ago hadn't bothered to give her a mattress or a phone call or even the paper she needed to use that wretched pot in the corner.

She'd read about the demoralizing tactics the government used on dissidents. They were described in a booklet distributed by one of the outlawed patriotic organizations. The booklet made clear what to expect in an interrogation; what you could expect was to be tortured to some degree. It had rather quaintly advised the reader to demand all his rights and to waive none of them, but that part was of no use to her now. Dissidents had no rights under the new emergency laws. Things such as Habeus Corpus and the right to counsel had been suspended in all cases which the government considered "seditious." She had read the booklet with interest then, though never intending to be captured herself. Her husband and she had agreed over a year ago, during the Great Gun Grab, that they would never submit, since it was generally believed that political prisoners had begun to disappear. "If they come for me, Jock," she'd assured her husband, "I promise you—I won't go quietly."

These people want to demoralize me, she thought. But even if I am, I won't let it show, she determined bravely. I will deprive them of that until the bitter end, if it comes to that, and surely it will, now that I killed those foul-mouthed assassins who attacked me at home (was it just three days ago?). She forced herself to relive that horrifying afternoon...

of the island and more or less kept to themselves. The geographical separation from the African stock preserved some of the Polynesian blood until about 400 years ago, when integration and mongrelization set in in earnest. The dark descendants are called the Malagasy.

Their religion is a kind of fetishism, with a peculiar feature. This is to dig up the bones of their ancestors from time to time and turn them. This is supposed to take care of all problems.

And problems they have, aplenty. Originally a dense belt of forest, averaging 15 to 20 miles wide, passed around the whole island, but much of this has been cut down. At the present rate of destruction it is predicted that the forests will be gone in 30 to 40 years. But the Malagasy have a saying that "the forests, like true love, will last forever."

Erosion is another problem they either cannot or will not get a handle on. From space, a red ring around the whole island is visible, from the countless tons of soil that wash into the sea. At one time the native fishermen used a somewhat large European-type schooner, but extensive sections of the rivers are silted up so badly now that more and more of these schooners are sitting high and dry on mud flats, and the fishermen are reverting to the same small-type skiffs and rowboats that their ancestors used generations ago.

Annexed by France in 1896, many thought the island had a bright future if France would colonize it, and the native population was much smaller then. Some French colonists did come, plus some other European, Chinese and Indian settlers, but there were not nearly enough to offset the lopsided weight of the Malagasy population.

There was still room for a lot more people, though, in 1940. The short war between Germany and France ended in June of that year, with Germany the victor. Hitler was keen to find a homeland for Europe's Jews somewhere, and Madagascar seemed like the best bet. Some of "God's Own" were willing to go, but the main Zionist leaders wanted Palestine, claiming that their ancestors had lived there, even though most of them were Khazars who had never lived in

Palestine. Hitler, however, must have felt that a Jewish homeland carved out of Arab territory in Palestine would have caused too much trouble with the Arabs, and events have more than proved him right.

Hitler's plan hinged upon a favorable outcome of WWII, which of course did not happen. It seems to have been a reasonable plan, though, and had Germany won, there appears to be no reason why the plan could not have been carried out, in whole or in part.

It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened if most of Europe's Jews had indeed settled in Madagascar. Would the island have been ruled by Vichy France? Or Germany? Or would the Jews have been allowed to rule it themselves? Some say that the Jews, with all their supposed skill at handling money, are no good at running their own country, and that the state of Israel would have gone broke a long time ago if various other countries, and particularly the U.S. and former West Germany, hadn't given them an immense fortune in money, grants, loans and "reparations" over the years.

This may very well be true. But another possible explanation is that the Jews haven't *had* to shape up. With so many brainwashed and Jewized nations willing to hand over aid to them, why *should* they shape up? But maybe they could, if they had to.

Even if they are not particularly good at running a country, they have done pretty well in agriculture in Israel, under conditions that are at least partly quite arid and harsh. So, if Hitler's plan could have been carried out, the island of Madagascar would have been a lot better off today, as far as its farmland and forests are concerned.

It became independent from France in 1960, and was named the Malagasy Republic. In 1975 it was renamed the Democratic Republic of Madagascar. A January 1993 report said that Madagascar now has 11 million people. Still it isn't overpopulated, compared to a lot of other countries. But it does have one of the fastest population growth rates in the world.

Coming home from the grocery store, she'd had an unsettling premonition. Something seemed terribly wrong. Her skin got that creepy feeling, the one that children described as "a ghost walking through you." A mother's intuition, perhaps? Hers was well developed, no doubt about it. She turned off the main road and took a seldom used route. Her feelings made her hurry. Forgetting about the bags in the back of the pickup truck, she took a corner recklessly and sent the groceries tumbling.

Her imagination had given her a picture of their house, surrounded by lawmen. She breathed a sigh of relief as she pulled into the empty driveway and parked alongside the kitchen door. God, I feel silly! Why am I being so paranoid? We've done nothing wrong! Still, I'll feel better when Jock gets back.. She swung her shapely legs from under the steering wheel and got out, taking the keys with her. Despite her relief, her fingers trembled as she unlocked the kitchen door and pushed it open, leaving the keys dangling from the lock. The house was empty and quiet except for an impatient Congo, who was out on the deck, scratching at the sliding glass door. The sight of him relieved her further as she crossed the wide living room to where the huge Rottweiler was waiting happily, wagging his tail and prancing in place.

Letting him in was easy; getting rid of him was next to impossible! He had been Jenny's constant companion for over eight years. He'd arrived as an adorable puppy, cleverly disguised as an engagement present from Jock, the man with whom she was hopelessly in love. He'd used tiny Congo as bait to trap her into marriage, or so she often teased. For her, it had been love at first sight and she couldn't possibly live without either of them, so she became Mrs. Jock T. Thompson.

After being properly greeted by Congo, Jenny went to check her answering machine. The first message, she was annoyed to hear, was yet another one from the federal education officer, inquiring again about her son and daughter, ages seven and five. "Mrs. Thompson, as you well know, it is, now, one full month into the school year. Dane still has not been enrolled in second grade. Michelle is supposed to begin kindergarten! I have left a message every day this week! Your neighborhood monitor informed on—informed me—that you have been home. Home-schooling was made illegal last year, Mrs. Thompson. I have requested that you be investigated immediately!"

"This creep won't take 'No' for an answer," Jenny observed. Congo gently accepted the biscuit she offered him. The next message was from Jock: "Hi, Darling! I'm still on the road. Won't say where in case Big Brother's listening. Everything went well, so don't worry! We all love you and I'll call tomorrow. Erase this message pronto! Bye, Love."

She did so as the biscuit recipient licked her hand and she smiled down at him. "We missed him. Too bad. Well, I'll just have to deal with Mr. Education Officer myself. With your help, of course, you big monster. In fact, when he shows up, you can answer the door!" As if he'd understood, the nimble giant sprang to his feet and headed for the open kitchen door. "This is a job for Congo!" she mused. Before she'd finished his name, however, a man's bloodcurdling scream pierced the air.

Startled, Jenny turned to the closet beside her and found a short-barreled shotgun and made her way for the kitchen door, where the scream had faded to a whimper. Outside, on the ground, she discovered a very thin, ferret-faced man on his back with his head pressed painfully against the front tire of her Chevy. His torso was covered by Congo, who had the man's throat in his massive, disciplined jaws.

As she stood in the doorway she observed three men to her left, approaching cautiously as if they had run away and were now unsure. She watched them steal up the driveway and decided they were the most repulsive looking thugs she'd ever seen. Were they for real? It occurred to her they might be escaped convicts! Suddenly very glad she'd grabbed the intimidating sawed-off gun, she leveled it at the advancing trio and told them, "Stop!" They had just reached the rear of her long-bed pickup.

"Put that ——— gun down before you hurt somebody!" the shortest of the three demanded in a voice so gratingly nasal that she winced. "I am a federal marshal. We are here to search your house. I am ordering you to call off your ——— dog!" Jenny jerked her head in the dog's direction and without taking her eyes or gun off the three, asked, "Who's that?"

"That-is-Mr.-Finkel! He is the federal education officer for this sector and *you are in a hell of a lot of trouble!*"

"Congo!" she said firmly, "come!" In an instant, the obedient canine was at her side, teeth bared at the menacing intruders. Mr. Finkel, she noticed, was crying now and had curled up like a

baby around the truck tire. Jenny wondered if there were more of them possibly closing in on the house? Better to get back inside, she decided. "That's what happens to idiots who come sneaking up on people," she warned, indicating the pathetic Mr. Finkel with her toe. "If he'd had just one foot inside the door, our dog is trained to attack! From the looks of it, he must have come in without knocking."

"You!" shouted a young, pimply-faced officer who wore the badge of the Special Police, a blue, six-pointed star with the initials, "SP" over it. "You're under arrest for threatening federal officers and Special Police with a firearm and, hey, that's a shotgun and they're illegal, too! You've had it, lady!"

"Put down dat weapon an' get on de' ground!" the other SP shouted. This one was a negro with baleful, bloodshot eyes that blazed with hatred. He and the other two had their hands on their revolver butts. Jenny aimed the shotgun directly at the marshal's head, since he appeared to be the leader, and in her bravest voice, replied, "You go to hell." And with that, she pulled the keys from the door and stepped back inside, shutting it and locking herself in.

Congo began to pace frantically, growling all the while. "Oh, my God!" Jenny rushed to the telephone to call her brother who lived in the next county. "Ray would never forgive me if I didn't call him now..." But as she dialed she realized the line was dead. Stay calm, she told herself, but started as a man's head popped up in the living room window. She swung the shotgun at him and he disappeared. "Checking to see if I'm alone," she whispered to the dog, "and now they know."

But she wasn't alone, not really... Her husband and children were with her, in spirit. She lived for them and would die for them if it became necessary. But physically, they weren't here today because Jock had driven the children to her sister and brother-in-law's home in the Rockies. There he'd left them in anticipation of this battle with the school system. "They're making monsters in those public school factories," Jock had said angrily, "and we didn't have children so we could turn them over to government brain surgeons so they could come back to us with their brains like processed cheese!" And she had agreed wholeheartedly. Their son had always been home-schooled and little Michelle had been too young, until this year.

Jock wasn't due home for several days.

Jenny made her way to her husband's gun room. Pulling the heavy curtains closed, she emptied a box of shotgun shells into a paper bag. She found a brand new five hundred round box of .22s and reached up for her favorite plinking rifle in the rack: the Winchester Model 62 her grandfather had left her. She took everything into the hallway where she could watch both the living room and the kitchen and loaded the rifle with experienced but nervous fingers. This has the same action as that pump shotgun and I won't get confused, she thought. And its fifteen rounds at a time would be handy if this turns into a shootout. I can hold them off with this, she figured.

Cautiously, she made her way to the kitchen and got her purse. She took her snubnosed .38 out and began to feel better. Who would make the next move, she wondered? "That ugly marshal with the foul mouth wants to take me to jail, Congo. You saved me, you know. They were going to sneak up on me and you saved me! Come here, you big hero!" He did and got a kiss on his head and a big hug. But the moment she released him he returned to his frantic pacing by the kitchen door, growling and sniffing at the sill. Jenny was glad that Jock had insisted on leaving the capable dog.

All at once there was the sound of shattering glass! Congo bounded for the living room. Jenny retreated to the shelter of the hallway and picked up her shotgun and thumbed back the hammer of the old Model 97. She could hear heavy footsteps on the deck outside. She kicked off her heels and pressed her back into the wall and raised the muzzle expectantly. Congo was growling ferociously. Jenny dropped down and peeked around the corner and could see him braced in front of the jagged hole in the sliding glass door, his fur bristling, his paws struggling to push away the flower pot beneath him, the flower pot which had just come through the glass. The marshal's heavy New York accent split the air: "Listen, lady, we can do this the hard way or the easy way but either way, we're comin' in! We have a free entry pass here, and you are breakin' the law! Think about your kids... livin' in a foster home... Do you want people tellin' 'em their ol' lady's a ——— fruitcake? Maybe they say it already," he sneered, "but don't make it any harder on 'em!"

So, thought Jenny, Jock had been right! They had come for the children. How utterly evil! Thank God they're safe! The state's deadly fingers would never touch them now. Now, nothing

can hurt me. Not these mercenaries and not their weapons. Her precious little ones were free from harm. She got up and pressed herself against the wall again. Surely, she thought desperately, he won't stick his hand through that hole to unlock the door! Surely, he's not that stupid. But Congo's growling intensified then and there was a scream of pain followed by a stream of filthy language and Jenny winced at the nauseating words. There was a shattering gunshot! A heartbreaking thud. "NO!" she cried.

It was then, when all the pent-up rage she'd been storing from all the abuse and intimidation to which she and her family had been subjected, all of the frustration and pain they'd suffered at the hands of their own government was released. Shotgun in her hands, .38 in her waistband, she stepped 'round the corner to deal with the devil just as the sliding glass door slid open. With hot tears of fury streaming down her cheeks, she pumped three rounds into the marshal who was just stepping over her beloved pet, still cursing, his shirt-sleeves shredded and his arm bleeding. The first shot blew him against the door frame... the second and third weren't necessary—they were for Congo.

She knelt down and stroked the face of her lifeless animal. "I'm sorry," was all she could get out, her voice failing. She knew as she stroked Congo that there were at least two more of them. Why didn't they rush me with the first shot?

As Jenny stood up warily, shotgun ready, a bedroom window was shot out. The negro SP suddenly appeared, head and shoulders above the railing of the deck. She was staring right at him! Somewhere in her mind she heard the word, "Pull!" She squeezed the trigger and didn't need to go look to know he was finished. Skeet shooting, she thought ironically, had been her favorite sport until they outlawed shotguns.

What happened in the bedroom? She crouched low and carefully checked but found it empty. Just a bullet hole in one small pane of glass. A diversion, she decided. They wanted to check on the marshal.

They hadn't expected her to go on the offensive. Most women, especially mothers, wouldn't. That gave her the advantage. They probably expected her to faint or give up when they broke the glass door. The marshal had probably been a big shot who'd show the SPs how it's done! Well, he'd showed 'em, all right.

She went back to the dead dog. She held the gun one-handed and pulled a woolen blanket off the couch and carefully spread it over Congo's body. "Goodbye, my friend," she whispered, big tears welling in her stinging eyes.

Her ears were still ringing from the gunshots so it took her a few moments to realize that sirens were approaching. The missing SP must have called for backup. She made her way carefully to the picture window by the front door. She could see four squad cars. One blocked the driveway and three were in the street. She withdrew and could hear the distinctive noise of a helicopter overhead. This looks like my Alamo, she reflected. She and Jock had made a special trip to San Antonio while on their honeymoon. She remembered the plaque near the entrance to that famous battleground:

Be Silent, Friend
Here Heroes Died
To Blaze A Trail
For Other Men

Smoking canisters crashed through windows and a dirty haze filled the air. Jenny didn't need to be told it was gas. Some gas makes you cry and some makes you sick, Jock had told her. She fled the living room into the den, collecting the shells in the paper bag as she went through the hallway. She locked the door and quickly found the gas masks that Jock had bought them at a survival store after their friends had been gassed out of their home in an illegal IRS seizure. She pulled the awkward mask over her head and tugged the straps to tighten it, forcing herself not to panic. I'm going to die with dignity, she resolved, and I'm taking as many of these devil's assassins with me as I can!

She plunged her hand into the paper bag and reloaded the shotgun. As her fingers did automatically what they'd done thousands of times before, she thought how they must have joked at my expense this morning, planning this "simple" capture! Won't these vampires be disappointed when I don't come out coughing and crying? She smiled at the thought of depriving them of this last thing. She looked around, thinking. Jock always says to do the unexpected. She scrambled atop his heavy roll top desk. They won't be looking up this high when they rush in, she told herself, aiming the Winchester at the door.

A few more minutes passed and they seemed an eternity. Then, the door burst open and Jenny's gun exploded into the thick of a nightmare of masked faces coming through the fog. She fired and pumped and fired and pumped 'til the shotgun was empty. She reached for her .38 just as hands grabbed her ankles and yanked her down to the floor where fists and heavy boots pounded her almost senseless. The last thing she saw was one half of a numchuck before it slammed into her head.

He gingerly fingered the bump on her head and winced. The swelling had finally begun to diminish last night. It still surprised her that the powerful blow had not killed her instantly! Why am I alive? Why didn't they shoot me? Were they ordered to take me alive? Maybe, she thought, they'll torture me! After all, they consider Jock a leader of the rebellion... It's probably a concentration camp for me...

How long have I been here, she wondered again. I keep losing track of time. No windows and they never turn out the lights. She knew she had passed out when they hit her. That was Friday afternoon. But how long was I unconscious? She shook her head. She'd awakened handcuffed and struggling with a guard on either side of her, practically dragging her through a corridor between rows of cells. She found her voice and delivered a scathing commentary on the episode at her house, the Special Police, marshals and the wicked government in general, only to be shoved against a cold, dirty, graffiti covered wall. One of the guards pressed his body to hers and told her in no uncertain terms what he would do to her if she didn't shut up! She believed him.

She wished desperately that she could wash up. Hours later, a guard appeared and ordered her to do just that. "Yo' is goin' befo' de judge today!" stated the big uniformed black guard.

"What day is it?" Jenny asked.

"Dis be co'te day, woman!"

"But, can't you tell me what day it really is?" She asked desperately, "I mean, what day of the week?"

"Monday."

"Thank you," she sighed. The guard watched as she cleaned her face and hands over the stationary tub near her cell. As he led her back to the cell, Jenny asked him if she could have a rubber band? At first he refused.

"What fo'?" he demanded. But something in the dignified woman's pleading eyes made him change his mind. He found one and gave it to her, saying, "Be quick! We doan' make de judge wait!" and with that, he turned away.

As she braided her hair, she thought of her reflection in the mirror over the stationary tub. I look like a raccoon, she thought. Two black eyes and a cut lip. My whole face hurts but not as much as my aching body. It hurts to breathe but I don't think my ribs are broken. The movements she made to fix her hair caused shooting pains through her arms and torso but she couldn't let herself appear degraded. Then they'd win.

The guard came back. With the rubber band in place at the end of her braid, she stood up. Now, she told herself, I'll go tell that judge exactly what I think of him! I've got nothing to lose now.

"Stop rat theah, woman. Lemme put dese shackles on you!" She stopped and looked down as the jailer fixed the leg irons and belt manacles. "Dey tells me dey shot and killed yo' old man..." The guard was watching her craftily and grabbed the chain belt as her knees buckled. Jenny regained her balance and fought to keep her composure as she furiously reminded herself of the diabolical tricks they would play on her. I will not believe it! I will not believe it! "Okay... come on, woman!"

Judgment Day

"God, I love my job," Herman Cohen had told his caddy just that morning at the country club. Now, seated at the bench in his courtroom in the the county courthouse, he eagerly anticipated the prosecutor's haranguing of Jenny Thompson, the captured wife of a rebel leader. He'd been particularly pleased by her violent arrest. He'd harbored a black hatred for Jock Thompson, who had appeared before him several times before the rebellion on charges of Crimes Against the State and weapons violations. Thompson had managed to beat the system with technicalities. Cohen despised Thompson's scornful independence, his refusal to bow down. Thompson's contempt for authority seemed to fill the air every time he'd entered the courtroom. Technicalities, thought the judge, could no longer be used by the Jock Thompsons of the country; they were the property of the State.

Judge Cohen was a happy man. He would destroy Thompson by destroying his wife. He was practically delirious, envisioning the rough treatment she could receive at his request—and he

would request it. He knew where to send her: Everglades Facility for Dissident Women. She'd do hard time in the swamps, three thousand miles from home. A thousand acres of dirty water, alligators, mosquitoes and bloodsucking leeches. And helplessness. More women died there than were released. The federal medication law was in full effect there and the inmates were frequently "going crazy," or contracting AIDS. It was rumored that the prison officials were threatening the injection of AIDS-tainted blood to coerce new confessions and information from the women.

Everything would be perfect, he thought, if that Thompson woman would wipe that dignified look off her face and grovel. She should be frightened, he thought. He looked her over. Obviously a good looking gal when she wasn't beaten up. Even in ugly jail dungarees she has presence... too much confidence. How? Hadn't the jailers done their best to humiliate her for three days? Hadn't they denied her even the basic necessities? Hadn't the foul obscenities and threats against her children broken her spirit? What do these goddamned rebels have that makes them immune to even the harshest treatment? "God, I hate you," he murmured under his breath, his thick lips barely moving. He blinked suddenly as he realized she'd been watching him! Insolent bitch; just like her husband. "Let's get this over with!" he bellowed, no longer able to look at her.

"This court will come to order!" shouted the bailiff, "Judge Herman Cohen presiding!" Jenny glanced at the bailiff as he shouted, twisting to look behind her at the empty spectator area. So, this is how they do it, she thought. No lawyer for me! But what difference would it make? He'd just sell me out anyway. Just a prosecutor and a bailiff and a judge. I guess I can defend myself as well as any court-appointed shyster would in this mock-trial... No cameras allowed in an in camera court trial! Chamber trial's more like it... It's a secret! Nobody knows I'm even here!

"This," began Judge Cohen, "is the sentencing hearing of dissident Jennifer Thompson..."

Jenny gasped involuntarily. Sentencing!

"... who has been convicted of multiple Crimes Against the State which include seditious writings, inciting to riot, distributing anti-State propaganda, membership in an outlawed organization, participating in outlawed demonstrations,

destroying evidence, failure to comply with compulsory gun registration, compulsory census returns, compulsory tax returns, compulsory child registration and mandatory public schooling. You have concealed your children from federal education officers and have practiced illegal home schooling. You have failed to use your Social Security number on legal documents. You have failed to obtain Social Security numbers for your children as required by law." The judge paused to catch his breath and wipe spittle from the corner of his mouth.

"Sentencing? What about my trial?"

"You have failed," he continued, "to comply with your federal neighborhood watch program and have refused to fill out and return your weekly watch forms. This criminal negligence gave cause for a lawful entry into your home. You, however, denied lawful entry to two federal officers and two Special Police, who possessed a free entry residence pass for search and seizure. You brandished a loaded, sawed-off shotgun and threatened these officers with bodily harm. When the officers attempted to perform their lawful duties, you deliberately shot and killed a federal marshal and a member of the Special Police while resisting arrest. Subsequently, you deliberately shot and killed four members of the marshal's SWAT team and wounded two others. In addition, you deliberately loosed your trained and vicious attack dog on a federal education officer..."

Cohen looked up. Jenny Thompson returned his gaze evenly. "Does the prosecution have anything further to add?"

"Your Honor," hissed the prosecutor as he stood up, "this despicable dissident has shown that she is incapable of rehabilitation. She is a violent traitor to her country and a cold blooded killer! The People ask for the harshest possible sentence: death by electrocution!"

That's too quick for this one, Cohen thought, but he nodded at the prosecutor. He glanced at Jenny. That must have thrown you, you bitch. You thought you were coming here for a preliminary hearing! These emergency laws were made for scum like you...

Despite her sophistication and awareness of New Reality, Jenny wasn't prepared for this. The electric chair! When, tomorrow? Will the children understand? My sister will explain this, somehow. And Jock—surely he's not dead! Dane and Michelle... what beautiful children! Intelligent and funny, loving

and strong. No public school will ever poison those two. They're safe, at least, in the mountains. They'll always be able to think for themselves... What has happened to our country that men such as these—parasites, sadistic parasites—have become our overlords? How—

"Defendant will answer!"

Jenny blinked and looked at the judge. "What?" She hadn't heard him at all. The bailiff was approaching her menacingly, hand on nightstick.

"The honorable judge," barked the bailiff, "asked if you have anything to say for yourself, prisoner!"

"Why?" Jenny cleared her throat. "The question is, what will you have to say for yourself, Judge Cohen? Liar! You, not I, will answer for your crimes. I will say this: I have lost nothing! I have my dignity, my loyalty to the cause. I have betrayed no one, nor will I ever; I would die first. My children are safe and free. I have done the best I could. My husband would expect no less from me. My only regret is that I lost consciousness before I could empty my weapon in every one of your murdering Gun Police!"

"Jailer!" screamed the judge, "Gag her!"

"Never mind," said Jenny. "I'm finished." The bailiff hesitated and looked at the judge and slowly replaced his soiled handkerchief, obviously disappointed.

The prosecutor cried, "This defendant is without remorse, your honor! Justice begs for the harshest possible sentence!"

"The Court agrees," said Judge Cohen, "and hereby sentences the defendant to life imprisonment at hard labor in the Everglades Facility for Dissident Women in South Florida, without possibility of par—"

Suddenly, there were two bursts of gunfire outside the courtroom. The door banged open and an armed guard fell in, dead. Another one lay beyond him in the hallway. Stepping over both of them was Jock Thompson, his submachine gun still smoking. He wasn't happy. The brawny bailiff grabbed his revolver but was blown against the bench in the hail of .45 calibre bullets. Jock's stride didn't falter as he went to Jenny. The judge and prosecutor were frozen in place as she swayed and fell toward him. He picked her up in one arm and went to the dead bailiff, watching the two men from the corner of his eye. Wordlessly, he knelt down and found the keys and quickly unlocked Jenny's shackles as she helped herself free. He picked

up the dead man's revolver and handed it to her. Then he stood up and looked at the judge. His anger filled the courtroom.

"I told you I'd kill you if you ever tried this. Remember?" Herman Cohen licked his lips and swallowed. "Do you remember?"

"Thompson, you'll never get away with this! How dare you shoot your way in—"

"You don't remember."

"I'll remember this when we strap you in the electric chair! I'll remember what a dirty son of—"

Thompson's submachine gun came alive and the judge was blown over backward and disappeared behind the high bench. There was a heavy thud and Jock went around and gave him another burst for good measure. The judge's ruined head hung over the trash can. Jenny peeked around the bench and observed, "He was trash!" They heard running footsteps and looked to see the prosecutor making for the door and freedom. Again, Jock's gun blazed and the lawyer fell in a heap. Quickly, he changed magazines and removed his wool jacket, handing to her. As she put it on he gently touched her bruised face.

The Militia

"I knew you weren't dead! I knew they were lying," Jenny murmured. He looked at her wearily and shook his head.

"Come on, my love," he looked her over. "You don't look too much like a jailbird now." He watched her check the bailiff's revolver and snap the cylinder closed. "There'll be time to talk, later."

"But how did you know where I was?"

Jock looked out carefully and coned the hallway before leading his wife out of the courtroom. "Believe it or not, we've got a couple of militiamen in the police... now—let's go!" They darted into the empty corridor. "You watch behind and don't hesitate to shoot anyone with a gun drawn!" They scooted toward the main doors but Jock halted so suddenly that Jenny ran into him.

The sounds of pounding footsteps, jangling key chains and rattling equipment were coming up the stairwell from the basement. With his left arm Jock swept Jenny against the wall and he then hit the floor as a half dozen cops made the landing. Deliberately waiting until all were exposed, he fired a long burst into them, knocking everyone down. Quickly, lying flat as

possible and not taking his eyes off the fallen men, Jock again replaced his almost empty magazine. Then he was up and sprinting for the entrance, Jenny hot on his heels. They reached the main doors and as Jock peeked out he warned, "Watch 'em, Jenny! They're wearing bulletproof vests..." She glanced quickly from man to man but none was in shape to harm them.

"Okay, love—here's the drill: we're going down that long walkway to the parking lot and our car which I hope is not blocked. If necessary, we'll commandeer someone else's. Okay? Now!"

He pushed the heavy door open and out they went into the early morning sunlight. "Keep your eyes open, watch for guns—uh oh!" A large black van rolled silently into the parking lot and accelerated up to the courthouse walkway, its back doors swinging open before the thing could be screeched to a halt. Black-suited SWAT shooters jumped out but were startled to see Jock Thompson charging them, submachine gun blazing in short, deadly bursts. Two SWATs were hit immediately and two more fired their assault rifles ineffectually and ran back behind the Black Maria, momentarily rejecting whatever discipline they'd accumulated. Jock bent down and saw their feet and quickly sent a hail of slugs ricocheting into their ankles and calves. Down went two more!

Without looking behind him, he motioned to Jenny to catch up. The wounded SWATs struggled to recover their rifles but Jock put an end to their efforts. "The driver!" shouted Jenny, who saw him lurch from behind the wheel and disappear. Suddenly the ninja-clad SWAT tumbled out the back, clutching an UZI but took a burst of lead before he could get an accurate shot off. Jock pulled Jenny down behind a bench as he again replaced the magazine.

"Oh, no! Jock—look!" Several police cars roared into the parking lot from different directions. Bending low, Jock scuttled to one of the dead SWATs and recovered his assault rifle, checking it quickly.

"Here! It's ready—just pull the trigger!" He held it and she ran up and took it just as they heard a crash of breaking glass behind them. Jock's head jerked at an upstairs courthouse window; a cop aimed his revolver at them as Jenny snapped the rifle to her shoulder and fired three times. The cop was hit and fell back inside.

Then, from within the courthouse, there were muffled gunshots. Jenny searched but couldn't see any attackers. Jock was searching the parking lot. "Come on, friends, now's the time," he muttered, his vantage point obstructed. A half dozen police were approaching cautiously, shotguns and revolvers clutched nervously. Jenny got down next to Jock and watched the scores of courthouse windows for trouble.

Suddenly—crack! Crack! Crack! Ducking, they both looked at the approaching cops in the lot. Three of them were down and motionless. The other three jumped and looked behind them. "Hey!" cried one, "We're in a crossfire!"

"Throw down your weapons!" boomed a voice in the distance. Jenny frowned and cocked her head. "NOW!" The three patrolmen laid down their guns and raised their hands reluctantly. Instantly, four armed men appeared and rushed the surrendering cops, who cringed slightly. But the men expertly took the lawmen down, handcuffed them and their own cuffs and retrieved the weapons.

Jock sighed in relief and turned to examine the courthouse windows. Jenny whispered, "Who was that?"

"That was your dear brother, Ray!"

"I knew it!"

"Okay, dear—let's get to the car..." On their way, Jock collected the SWATs' weapons and placed them in the Black Maria, collecting from within some of their loaded magazines.

One of the armed men guarded the three prone policemen as his companions approached Jock and Jenny. One of the cops groaned, "Who are you bastards?"

"Mind your manners!" snapped the armed man. "You're talking to a militiaman..."

"...Yeah. I figured as much."

The three militiamen smiled grimly at Jock and his wife. "Good job," said Jock, matter-of-factly.

"Yeah, thanks! We'd have gotten those SWATs, but you were so damned quick!"

Jock nodded. "Always do the unexpected. And always charge an ambush! Now—Mike, drive Jenny out to where Ray is..." Jenny clutched his arm.

"Oh, please, Jock!"

"Dear, we've got some business inside. The safest place I can think of for you is with that ex-Marine sharpshooter out there. You've had enough excitement for a while!" He put his arms

around her waist and kissed her tenderly. "You can keep the rifle, sweetie—and these extra mags... Now go... We'll be out of there in a few minutes..." Jenny sighed but obeyed and went with the other man to the gray sedan. Then they were gone.

"Right," said Jock, "let's get these guys tucked away first..." The militiamen pulled the prostrate cops to their feet and pushed them into the back seat of a patrol car, rolling all windows up. The cops didn't say a word, realizing their lives were being spared today.

Then the five militiamen checked their weapons and headed for the courthouse.

Later

Jenny ran up and threw her arms around her husband as he stepped down from the Black Maria. She kissed him and hugged him. "I'm so sorry," said Jock quietly, "you've suffered so... I'm so sorry I wasn't with you at the house..."

Jenny just hugged him, tears pouring down her cheeks. "Congo was so brave, Jock! He saved my life! Twice!" Jock just nodded, too choked up to trust his voice.

"Good old Congo," he finally muttered. He cleared his throat. "Right! Let's get the hell out of here!"

As the militiamen transferred the SWAT weaponry from the Black Maria to their vehicles, Ray emerged from his vantage point. He silently shook hands with his brother-in-law and hugged his sister. "Well, folks—the revolution's under way..." Everyone stopped briefly and looked at the ex-Marine, then went about his business. "All right, boys—let's bombshell and meet you-know-where."

As the men began driving away in different directions, Jenny asked Jock, "What happened in the courthouse? What was the shooting we heard from inside, anyway?"

"As I said, we've got a couple of patriots in the police... We went back in to help 'em clean up... This county's now suffering from a shortage of crooked judges, cops, lawyers and other parasites."

"Did you get the jailers, downstairs?"

"We got 'em all, honey."

Jenny nodded. She understood. "Jock, let's go get the children..." □

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**OPEN LETTER
to**

Dr. J. Clayton Lafferty, CEO
Human Synergistics, Inc.
39819 Plymouth Road
Plymouth, MI 48170

December 3, 1992

Dear Dr. Lafferty,

I read your article, "America: A Future Without Achievement?" in *Crain's Detroit Business*, November 30, 1992. You seem to think we can psych ourselves out of our national decline. I'm sure you make money selling that idea to naive managers.

However, no amount of self-psyching can overcome the debilitating effects of national leaders (from the President, thru his Cabinet and down to the lowest freshman in the House) who are traitors and are deliberately subverting America.

We invented the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light, the vacuum tube, FM radio, the transistor, the integrated circuit, the modern computer, the laser, the Salk vaccine, the A and H bombs, nuclear reactors, the satellite system, the space shuttle, the fastest and highest airplanes in the world, the CAT scanner, and on and on and on—and yet we are becoming a third rate nation.

How do you suppose we got from the TOP to the BOTTOM, Dr. Lafferty? It wasn't because of any silly psychoanalytic theories as you propose, IT WAS BECAUSE OUR LEADERS DELIBERATELY SUBVERTED OUR NATION TO TAKE ITS PLACE IN THE NEW WORLD ORDER—A VERY LOW PLACE.

You see, Dr. Lafferty, we (the U.S.) are completely under the control of the International Bankers; the Rockefellers, the Rothschilds, the Warburgs, the Pincuses, the Lazares, the Kuhns, the Loeb's, the Lehman's, the Goldmans, the Sachs', etc.

When they say "Crap," George Bush squats—like right now!

The well-known fact is these banks have made billions of dollars in unsound loans to third world countries—Mexico and Brazil are two good examples, but there are many others.

These third world countries could never repay the loans so the bankers ordered Bush to export American jobs to these countries, so they could make some profits and repay the bankers. And Bush is using American tax dollars to take away jobs from the Americans who paid the taxes.

It is that simple Dr. Lafferty—you don't need a Ph.D. and esoteric psychoanalytical theories to explain it.

Furthermore, Dr. Lafferty, every time America and the other countries of the world have a war and come out of it poorer than they went into it, you will see if you check, that the International Bankers did just the opposite—they came out of it richer than they went into it.

Why do you suppose, Dr. Lafferty, that the Federal Reserve has never been audited and strenuously fights every attempt to audit it, and why every politician who tries to audit it gets defeated in the next election? IT IS BECAUSE THE FED IS GIVING AMERICAN TAX DOLLARS TO THESE FOREIGN BANKS WHO OWN THE FED—AND THEY WANT TO KEEP IT SECRET.

It is obvious, on the face of it, that anyone who refuses to be audited is doing something shameful they want kept in the dark. Your psychoanalytical theories should tell you that.

I could give you a hundred examples—but I will limit it to just one more. These same International Bankers financed Marx and Engels to write the Communist Manifesto. They next financed the Bolshevik revolution in Russia and murdered the Czar and his family. They actually sent revolutionaries trained in New York City to help in the revolution. Various reasons have been advanced for the above. Three that I value highly are:

1. To punish Russia for passing repressive laws against the Jews in the 1880's.

2. To give Russia a nonproductive economic system (Communism) which would eliminate them as competitors against Western Capitalism and keep their people in penury.

3. To give the Free World (?) a straw man adversary to instill fear of attack in our hearts so we could be bled to death by taxes to create a totally unnecessary military machine to fight the adversary the Bankers had created. The Bankers got the taxes of course, in the form of interest on the national debt.

It's all so simple, it's laughable. But it's so well concealed that nobody (almost) believes it. No grand psychoanalytical theories necessary, all you need to know about is:

1. Dollar power
2. Greed, and
3. Satanic intelligence.

That explains it all, Dr. Lafferty. Even a 12 year old kid (with no Ph.D.) could understand it (Satan is a bit too much for a kindergarten kid).

So if you find any people who put money first, above all else, and are extremely greedy and have Satanic intelligence—then you have found the culprits.

Tho' I have demolished your theory, Dr. Lafferty, take heart—here is a chance to make an easy 100 bucks. I'll bet you 100 bucks that Keith Crain will not print this unexpurgated rebuttal to your article. If he did, he would lose most of his advertising overnight or be kicked out of the NWO Establishment.

Yours truly,
Jack Jones, President
NRG Control, Box 389, Walled Lake, MI 48390

Distribution: Keith Crain/*Crain's Detroit Business*; Matt Rouch; Read Dunn, President, Franklin Bank, NA., Southfield; Thomas Jeffs II, Vice Chairman/NBD Bankcorp, Inc., Detroit; Edward LeFevre, Chairman/Royal Bank Group, Inc., Royal Oak; Michael Monahan, President/Comerica Bank, Detroit; Will Nill, Chairman/First State Financial Corp., Eastpointe; Forrest Ward, Ernst & Young; Rep. Henry Gonzales; Rep. Bob Smith; Rep. William Broomfield; Sen. Carl Levin; Sen. Don Riegle.

* * *

Jack Jones on

DISINFORMATION (I)

December 22, 1992

Memo to: *Criminal Politics*; *The Spotlight*; *Northpoint*; *Aid & Abet*; George Eaton; *The Omega Times*; Christian Research; Karen Meyer; Rev. L. Pulvermacher; Bo Gritz; Len Martin.

There is, in my opinion, SERIOUS DISINFORMATION being spread around by a screwball named George Eaton of *The Present Truth*, P.O. Box 122, Ponderay, ID 83852. Following are some points from his recent newsletter (If any of you want copies, let me know).

1. The National Guard Armory in McCall, ID was broken into recently and all weapons were taken. I called

McCall telephone info and the McCall police station and THERE IS NO NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY IN MCCALL!!!!

2. UN troops have Ocala, FL surrounded and going house-to-house confiscating weapons. I called my dealer in Miami and he said, "That's absolute nonsense. I have friends in Ocala and I'd have heard about it if it were true."

3. Pratt & Whitney is making F-18 fighters for Japan in West Palm Beach, Fl, making Japan the third largest armed force in the world, and a threat to America.

Now it just so happens that I've spent 8 years in engineering on jet engines, including 2 years on the F-18 fighter.

A. P&W does not make aircraft; they make only engines.

B. The F-18 fighter is made exclusively by McDonnell-Douglas in St. Louis.

4. There is a super patriotic, super rich organization called COSMOS that will save us all from the NWO.

Sure it will!!!! And its COB is the Tooth Fairy, its CEO is the Easter Bunny and Ross Perot is the janitor who cleans the toilets and David Rockefeller is trying to get Henry Kissinger a job there as a typist.

THERE IS MUCH MORE!!! IT IS TRULY INCREDIBLE.

Either George Eaton is shooting up with something very powerful, or he is a great practical joker, or he is an infiltrator from the enemy. (But the enemy is not so stupid, therefore we must rule out the last reason.) Whatever he is, he gives me a pain in the butt and I would like to kick his.

Some people are actually falling for his stuff, so it might be wise to publish a warning about him in your periodicals.

Sincerely, Jack Jones.

Liberty Bell / May 1993 — 55

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