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

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

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

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

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

BAGATELLES

by

Joseph D. Pryce

THE FEAR THAT GNAWS AT THE HEART OF AMERICA.

America is driven by a great fear. It whispers menacingly in dusky corners and threatens our slumbers in the night of storms. It is a fear which enables America's sheepish inhabitants to applaud our lords and masters as they rain down incendiary explosives on the heads and homes of helpless civilians overseas—without the slightest compunction. It is that great, that overmastering fear which prompts America's involvement in the blockade-racket, the sanctions-racket, and the human-rights-racket. It is that undying panic fear in the heart of *boobus americanus* which motivates the hordes to sally forth on those endless crusades which have disgorged thousands of our young men on foreign soil, where the beast whom we dread flourishes amidst the shifting miasma of his poisonous lair. Whether those same young men return to their native shores in slate-gray body-bags; or in a drug-induced stupor from which they may never emerge; or tainted with bizarre microbial infestations, does not matter. For these young men have faced, and battled bravely against, that terrible dragon whom we fear with all of our being, and duty demands their sacrifice. The supine reaction of America's citizens to the nakedly terroristic attack on the innocents who lived on David Koresh's grounds in Waco, Texas, resulted from that same unyielding fear, a fear which has been instilled in Americans with the very birth of consciousness. That fear renders ordinary Americans unwilling to identify those individuals who have taken part in Z.O.G.'s great conspiracy, an enterprise which has resulted in nothing less than *the world in which we now live*. The prison bars clank down around us, and dull in the dark are our fear-smitten eyes....

What is it that we fear? Well, what was wrong with Kaiser Wilhelm II? What was wrong with Adolf Hitler? What was wrong

with Saddam Hussein? What is still wrong with Colonel Khadafy? What is wrong with anyone who hints at the conspiratorial nature of the scheme which has laid our Aryan people low? What strange entity could cause an adult American to attempt to explain to his fellow prisoners the real nature of Judaism, that nation-wrecker *par excellence*?

You may have guessed the name of the beast by now. One more hint: what other country in history has ever employed its military units as if they were squads of roving psychoanalysts, itching to hunt down the spectre of psychopathology wherever it rears its ugly and despised head?

We Americans fear madness. That's all there is to it. And this fear of madness has induced in our people that which they most fear—MADNESS.



PROPHETS WITHOUT GRACE.

Education can't give it to you. Native intelligence won't assure its appearance.

The gift won't drop down from the vasty deeps simply because you've decided to summon it. It is a rare thing, indeed, and is granted only to the rare. I'm speaking, of course, of the benison of *prophecy*, that mysterious gift whose revelations have astounded sages and confounded the powerful.....

Those individuals who man the establishment's podiums and who make tidy livings acting as mouthpieces for the Weltgeist often fall spectacularly on the ice, legs and arms atremble in the icy air when they avail themselves of the opportunity to make predictions, and one would be churlish indeed not to make merry at the spectacle. My favorite boneheaded 'expert' is one Richard J. Evans, a professor of history at Birchbeck (birch beer?) College of the University of London, who, in 1989, published a monograph, entitled *In Hitler's Shadow—West German Historians and the Attempt to Escape From the Nazi Past* (Pantheon Books, New York), on the *Historikerstreit* which was then raging in German intellectual cir-

cles. It seems that some German historians had become so temerarious as to consider the possibility that German 'war-crimes' should be considered in perspective, and that, perhaps, the Germans weren't the only parties involved in the Second World War to emerge from the struggle with blood-caked forearms. It was truly comical to observe our professor castigating the 'revisionists' as cranks and, it was hinted, as neo-Nazis, without his even *mentioning* any writer more radical than the shape-shifting Ernst Nolte. It was as if the author were railing in apocalyptic and stenorian tones against the Matterhorn while pointing at a mouse.

But the truly mirth-making moment of prophecy came when our author—remember that this was published in 1989—confidently asserts that "The Bismarckian version of German unification thus lasted all of sixty-seven years. More and more, it appears not as the culmination of German history but as a mere episode in it. Nineteen eighty-eight marked the fiftieth anniversary of its demise." [!!]

Next, after quoting a couple of lickspittle 'German' professors to the effect that the Germans have no right to a unified and sovereign state because of their incomparably sadistic record of thuggishness, he opines that "the developing national consciousness of the East Germans" will prevent any union of the Germanies in the future! To add insult to injury (or mud to mayhem), the back cover of my edition of this work is adorned with a fulsome blurb by another 'expert' (parlance of faith and not of evidence), Professor Michael S. Kater of York University in Toronto, to the effect that Evans has given us the 'definitive interpretation' of something or other, blah, blah, blah. Of course, neither man has ceased publishing in the wake of such spectacular howlers, in this resembling some of Yahweh's most fervent fans, who seem never to be incommoded by the failure of the Most High to return in flame and fury at the precise moment predicted by his clergy.

It is a melancholy fact, however, that some of those who speak in the movement's name have been quite eager to take the same liberties with the 'gift.' Many of those who write for movement

periodicals seemed to have convinced themselves (and here, of course, the wish is father to the thought) that accurate prophecy is as rare as sweat and as easy to manufacture. There are some people on the right-wing (all the way from Tory to Fascist) who are able to get on the hot-line to the World Spirit on what seems a daily basis; their communications, though, however fresh and thrilling they might seem at the moment of their *accouchement*, give off a somewhat musty odor when examined with the benefit of hindsight.

We have all been treated to confident predictions of a successful Soviet occupation of our continent by 1984 (and, lest I be accused of ignoring the metaphorical slant in these prognostications, I recall that the words *Red Army* were used!). We've all read smug little visions from the immediate post-WWII world in which 'white' Britain continues to occupy her invincible position in colonial affairs—and this at a time when the nation that refused to parlay with the foul fiend Hitler decided to roll out the red carpet for Jamaican trash and travesty (much nicer to be invaded by reggae-howlers rather than by those nasty Nazi Wagnerians, what?). Tories never, ever learn. We have all shuddered at those malefic phantasmagoria which indicated that a catastrophic breakdown of the financial and economic networks of the West would occur by the summer of 1980, or 1981, or 1982, and so on. We're now being instructed by our pundits that Hillary and her gigolo, with flush carpetbags in hand, will be high-tailing it out of the dismal swamp at any minute, in response to all of the scandals that have nibbled at their posteriors. Some of our worthies, perhaps (one can only hope) gill-deep in liquor, are satisfied to believe that this or that grubby 'conservative' politico is really 'one of us,' and is just waiting for the expedient moment in which to yank his snout loose from the System's fundament. I blush—when will we realize that a vote for someone like Perot or Buchanan is more damaging to our cause than a vote for an out-of-the-closet Bolshie like Clinton? A vote for Buchanan delays the onset of the revolution, and diverts us into wasting our time and our labor in tracking down

unicorns and lost chords. A vote for Clinton sets the match to the powder.

For my sins, I'll issue a prophetic word: if we don't wake up, we'll stay asleep.



THE HIDDEN EMPEROR

Nothing stops us but the one thing, that which Martin Heidegger would have called an "absence." That absence concerns our inability to deliver a genuine, competent, and charismatic Leader, he or she who will smash the System into a billion pieces; who will gather together those loyal agents to whom will be entrusted the task of renewing the race-soul of the Aryan peoples; who will unmask the Aryan self-hatred which, due to that hyper-sympathetic spirit which has been emplantated in us by Levantine superstitions, has left us battered and disarmed before the eternal World-Enemy: we must find that person—indeed, wouldn't it be a marvel if our Savior were already among us?

Cast your mind back for a moment, and recall, if you will, an olden time. We see a tattered bit of film footage: Vienna, at the turn of the 20th Century. There goes the arrogant and dictatorial quack-meister Freud, lifting his hat stiffly in our honor; over there, in his cumbersome and ornate carriage of state, looms old Franz Josef of the magisterial and efflorescent mustache.

Before our eyes parade the journalists and bankers, the businessmen and statesmen, most of them exuding that confidence in "progressive" thought and unthreatened prosperity which we always seem to find on the faces of the doomed. There are writers too, and artists, and some of them are disclosing in their works the premonitory tremblings of the cataclysms to come.

And somewhere in this mysterious and shadow-laden world is the young Leader, devouring piles of racialist and philosophical literature in some back-street doss-house; or, shivering with cold and damp, painting a glorious vision of a Gothic cathedral spire glistening in the gloaming; or, perhaps, drinking

in, abandoned to a most-high ecstasy, Gustav Mahler's profound interpretations of the German and Austrian musical classics.

Now Vienna, ceases to be a mere catafalque, a mouldy mausoleum housing only dust and the foetid gases of decay, and becomes the womb, as it were, of nascent greatness, a blessed and enchanted homeland of our souls. Yet who, among Adolf Hitler's Viennese contemporaries, could ever have guessed that this young loner would turn out to be the Aryan Hero? But that is precisely what He was: as Pushkin phrased it, "From the spark will spring the flame."

Somewhere, on this desolate, dying earth, at this very moment, in some remote and desolate farming community; or in some vast, cobweb-strewn library; or, perhaps, knitting clothing for her bright-eyed child—the One might be already there, waiting patiently, potently in the darkness of an expectant hour, to storm forth at the appointed time, with the torch in one hand and the banner in the other:

Keep the lookouts posted:

We must find the hidden Monarch. As Kurt Hildebrandt once wrote, *Only the creative one, the Hero, can be the incarnate Ideal.*

✠ ✠ ✠

ROOSEVELT THE FIRST

From time to time one comes across racial-nationalists who have imbibed the notion that Theodore Roosevelt was of our ilk, and that he was just itching to lower the knout on the sheenies and blackmoors. I confess that I'm completely in the dark as to the origin of this superstition. Maybe the firearm enthusiasts among us enjoy the posing of a rank *poseur* in front of his 'kills.'

Does it matter that we see clearly on this issue? I should think so, as it seems that every time that old blusterer put his foot down on matters of substance, he put it wrong; and I refuse to believe that we want to proselytize with the aid of a gimcrack politician whose words and deeds might return to bedevil us. I'd like to draw

attention to just a few of the less-savory items in this fat-mouth's dossier, in the hopes that I might help our people avoid the notion that this vulgarian was anything but a huckster with delusions of grandeur.

How about considering the fact that Balfour (of the infamous 'Declaration') considered T.R. to be "the greatest moral force of the age"? How about considering the fact that the Jews were always whooping up Ted's efforts to stop the 'persecutions' of their fellow-bandits in Russia and Romania—and anywhere else his gaseous verbiage might penetrate? Does it bother our patriots that Teddy appointed Oscar Strauss to be the Secretary of Labor and Commerce, the first Jew ever appointed to the Cabinet? How can we keep a straight face when Teddy bellows the ballyhoo about Kaiser Wilhelm's 'militarism'? Didn't Teddy howl for war against the German Empire in even more harsh and cacophonous tones than those employed by parson Wilson and his astute handler, 'Colonel' House? Sure did.

I would think that our anti-totalitarians and states' rights enthusiasts (whose superstitions, I can assure you, I do not share) might be less than amused by an examination of this creature's view of the expansion of the powers of 'our' Federal government:

All of the arguments against the extension of Federal power which we hear in political addresses and read in political journals, and all the fears of Federal centralization which are used to excite popular apprehension of the latest phase of the growing and therefore ever new Nationalism, are repetitions of the arguments employed and the fears expressed in every previous stage of national development from the days of George Washington to the present day..... It is clear to us as A B C that the successive extensions of Federal powers have made us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable, and powerful nations that ever inhabited the terrestrial globe; and without them we should have been everything that is directly the reverse.

The New Nationalism

Do you still think that the tyranny with which we've been afflicted began with his successor, that heldentenor of the airwaves, Roosevelt the Second?

And can you guess who's coming to dinner?

To hell with him!

☒ ☒ ☒

I SENT MY NEWSLETTER THROUGH THE INVISIBLE.

In a cantankerous piece in the September *Liberty Bell*, the author of the oddly-titled *ARYAN DIP SQUATS* hurls insults and objurgations at just about every type of 'Aryan' one might imagine. Some of his *ballistae* were aimed well; some not. That's the way of all *ballistae*, I suppose.

One area not shelled by our artillery officer is the field of literary scholarship—and with good reason, for here he stumbles badly. He misquotes stanza LXVI of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in the Fitzgerald translation, and then proceeds to attribute the verse to Kahlil Gibran.

In both the 1879 and 1889 editions of Fitzgerald's work this stanza appears as follows:

*I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."*

Cinema buffs might recall that this same stanza was employed to magnificent effect in 1945's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (MGM), directed by Albert Lewin, and starring Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and the young—and incredibly lovely—Angela Lansbury. Highly recommended, as they say in the catalogs.

☒ ☒ ☒

OUR ROMPER ROOM RULERS.

Several years ago, I began jotting down some of the more pithy utterances of our star politicians and media personalities as they cavorted about in front of the cameras and the microphones. Now I can't swear to perfect accuracy in what I will call my renditions of their words (I was often forced to swallow Dramamine before I was able to transcribe the sacred texts), but I'm fairly sure that in most cases I did 'get the drift.' I present some of the juicier items here for your delectation.

That staunch and highly-principled Zionist agitator, Senator Henry 'Scoop' Jackson, was always ponderable, as they say. Perhaps these gems will 'do you right':

"These are things that I think are do-able."

"We do have to have these programs moving in which we can buy time."

"...it's an up-and-down proposition."

"...where imports of automobiles is increasing."

This one I especially enjoyed:

"I'm not very optimistic in the face of the events that face us in the economy."

Well, who would be, 'Scoop'?

Let's eavesdrop on the good Senator Howard Baker as he clears his throat:

"No place is more important than your deliberations here today."

Who could possibly be so bold as to disagree?

Here we have an example of our rulers' mania for otiose verbiage (does anyone know just when those contentless prepositional phrases like 'in place' and 'in force' entered public discourse?); this time our amateur Cicero is one Lloyd Bentsen:

"Iran believes that we had to bow to any blackmail that they put in force."

We're all adults, I take it, and are well aware that blackmail which has been put in force is much more distress-making than

plain-old blackmail.

Or just visualize this, if you will (one might almost imagine this as an advert for one of those kitsch sculptures hawked by the Franklin Mint); this time it's our old friend, the perennially-amusing 'Jimmy' Carter, UFO-spotter and heir to the throne once occupied by Thomas Jefferson:

"Nothing can bend our stance on basic issues of principle" (What about not-so-basic issues—do we introduce a little silly-putty into the spinal column when these come up?).

And only the gods can imagine just what warlord William Westmoreland's skeleton is made out of:

"We can see an unraveling of our foreign posture."

Enjoy the reflective Philip Crane, as he launches himself into a discussion of something that sounds like statistical analysis, or, perhaps, even geology (sorry, 'Earth Science'):

"This is one of those trend-lines very alarming to anyone who has followed the course of this piece of paper" (I've got it now: he's discussing navigation, map in fist, with the first mate of his cardboard trireme).

Crane also contributed this delightful little aphorism:

"It's not a Johnny-come-lately to the particular view I hold today" (Phil, Phil! I never said it was!—officer, fetch the Prozac!).

Does anyone remember the regal, the lovely, the soft-spoken Bella Abzug? Treat yourself to her considered views on Jimmy Carter's attitude to the ladies:

"I have always been very supportive of the President's support for women" (can't say fairer than that, now, can you? For some reason I kept waiting for Jane Russell to emerge from the wings, torpedoes at the ready).

You will never clap eyes to a more cultured vulture than the

sophisticated Hugh Downs:

"Well, there have been some change on that front, isn't it?" (silver-locked Hugh has certainly mastered one language that's Greek to me; perhaps, like the suave James Bond, he took a First in Oriental languages at Cambridge—whatever the reason, I can't make any sense out of his vaporings).

My favorite quotation from that time (mid-seventies) was a masterpiece of rococo and innovative grammar from the famous Charlayne Hunter-Gault, who asked plaintively:

"If social criteria could be used as a criteria, would that be a problem if?" (most certainly not, my dear! Perish the thought. Do any of you know anything about Ms. H.-G., and why her career might be especially of interest to racial-nationalists? Those who do, will notice how gallant I am in not turning the scalpel on the good woman).

Of course, I can't leave Fat Face out of my account. Senator Ted's winsome ways with the mother tongue are well-known in bar-rooms and brothels from Massachusetts to Malaysia:

"...the areas in which I feel strongly about" (I refuse to sully these pages with cheap and smutty innuendo. So there! At any rate, I detect in that expression a hint of John Barleycorn, and a slight listing to starboard).

If the strategic thought of our enemies is as sound as their syntax, perhaps we needn't worry so much... (Joe Pryce, 1994).

In a more contemporary vein, I'd like to quote Ross Perot's campaign advisor's response to a question about what specific proposals his hero would suggest for the purpose of balancing the Federal budget—please, fasten your seatbelts:

"Just the other day Mr. Perot and I had a lengthy meeting during the course of which he stated that he hoped shortly to institute policies

and programs whereby we could begin to establish a forum within which Mr. Perot could call on various administrators and experts for the ultimate purpose of evaluating and putting in place programs and agenda whereby this exceedingly complex problem could be delved into" (this mellow breeze sighed forth, as you may have guessed, after our gasbag had criticized George Bush for not giving his concrete proposals for balancing the budget! As I hail from Brooklyn, N.Y., I can tell you what I would like to do with a little concrete).

As I say, some of these quotations may not be verbatim, but I certainly couldn't have invented them; not, that is, without the intervention of a little LSD-25.

Let me end this brief anthology of public utterances on a slightly different note. This is from an address entitled *The State* by Hans Freyer, delivered to the Leuchtenburgkreis during the Easter weekend of 1927 (I think that our anti-totalitarian friends might learn a little from this):

The power of the Greek polis over its people is founded upon the fact that it has absorbed into itself the Greek spirit in its entirety. Outside the polis there is no life worthy of the name. Only within it is there spiritual existence. Only within it is there freedom (which for the Greeks is never freedom from the state, but rather always freedom to the state: never bourgeois freedom, but rather always political freedom). The polis is the most unbourgeois type of state conceivable, for it is the state in its purest sense. The omnipotence with which it envelops its inhabitants is boundless. That it may demand any sacrifice in war is taken for granted, since with his death the citizen of the polis merely repays the cost of his nurture. But the polis demands and receives this same degree of sacrifice in every hour of peace. It is not only a state but also a church. There is no escape from it, including escape into religion. All spiritual activity, all art and science, all ability and all virtue is realized in and for the polis. Works of poetry, of historiography,

of art, of music belong not to the realm of individual satisfaction or free inquiry—they are a service to the polis, carried out on its behalf, oriented to its norms. And the boldness with which Athenian democracy is able to elevate the Volk to a sovereign position within the state is warranted by this belief: that man is a thoroughly political being, possessed by the state, and that the law of the state powerfully permeates all of its citizens.

Quite a contrast, huh? Like that chiaroscuro of which the art historians speak! And, believe you me, it was quite enjoyable being as unfair to our opponents, for a moment or two, as they are, habitually and consistently, to us! (Freyer quotation is from *The Other God That Failed—Hans Freyer and the Deradicalization of German Conservatism* by Jerry Z. Muller (Princeton University Press, 1987)]

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DOCTOR MOREAU'S NEW WORLD ORDER

I recently reread H. G. Wells's *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, that classic fable of a hubristic scientist whose plans for the transformation of subhuman specimens into ersatz humans goes awry, resulting in the good man's downfall, death and dismemberment. I remember that when I was a boy in Catholic grammar school, I used to spend my spare time after exams (between the anxious moment at which one handed in a written test and the close of the school day) storming through the collection of Scholastic Book Services paperbacks that was available on the shelves at the back of the classroom. I read Wells over and over again, and perhaps my fondness for *The Island* was a tell-tale sign of an incipient Mengelean megalomania, or maybe it was just a relish for a rollicking good 'read.' But whatever it was, I find that the affection has endured.

Perhaps we've been unjust to the fine doctor in our literary histories (he's ordinarily referred to as a 'villain'). It crosses my mind that Dr. Moreau might well have been an *unabashedly* ad-

vanced social scientist, a forward-looking tinkerer in the vanguard of the progressive movement—wasn't our friend, after all, attempting to establish the first 'Head Start' program on his little island hideaway? Aren't we being treated by the author to a fictional exposition of that 'piecemeal social engineering' which we are assured, even now, will transform headhunters and metics into enlightened and productive citizens of an endearing, and enduring, Utopia, that New World Order for which our airheaded brethren yearn?

If only we could be sure that Z.O.G.'s social scientists and their political soul-mates might have as sticky an end as did Dr. Moreau:

*He lay face downwards in a trampled space
in a cane brake. One hand was almost severed
at the wrist, and his silvery hair was dabbled
in blood. His head had been battered in.....
The broken canes beneath him were smeared with blood.*

Interestingly enough, the feckless Moreau was done in by the mutants whom he had tried to elevate from their lowly zoological station. Although my most fervent belief is that we Aryans must save ourselves or we are really not worth saving, one finds that one does experience the occasional daydream in which black nationalists lend us a little assistance in our efforts to ensure that *our* story might have as happy—and as sweet!—an ending.

☒ ☒ ☒

THE DARKER SIDE OF COON.

One of the few American anthropologists to communicate anything remotely resembling the truth on racial matters was Carleton S. Coon, whose many books on physical anthropology and geographical exploration have long occupied a cherished shelf on the bookshelves of racial-nationalists the world over. Quite rightly so.

And yet, the man who was eventually to praise Wilmot Robertson's *The Dispossessed Majority* as a classic seems to have

been a loyal and enthusiastic tool of our enemies during WW II; he was a member of the O.S.S., and he seems to have regarded 'Wild Bill' Donovan as some sort of American folk-hero! Coon even went so far as to compose a mawkish threnody for that worthy in 1959, which culminates in the following flatulent peroration:

*As American as chowder, Crockett, and Putnam
A free fighter's hero, may God give him peace.*

For Coon to bungle his punctuation indicates, perhaps, an emotion that must have been genuine—his writing is ordinarily quite fastidious in this regard (the entire text of Coon's doggerel appears in *A North Africa Story—The Anthropologist as OSS Agent 1941-1943* by C. S. Coon published by Gambit, Ipswich, Massachusetts, 1980).

Many years ago I came across, in Coon's *Adventures and Discoveries: The Autobiography of Carleton S. Coon* (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1981), a garbled and confusing reference to the assassination of Admiral Darlan. I didn't really think anything of it at that time, and I suppose I was guilty of shutting a blind eye to what should have been a crimson warning signal. So imagine my surprise to read in "C" *The Secret Life of Sir Stewart Menzies, Spymaster to Winston Churchill*, by Anthony Cave Brown (Macmillan, New York, 1987), an account of Darlan's murder which pretty clearly indicates Coon's complicity in the affair (Coon admitted that he was in the vicinity of the Palais d'Ete at the time of the murder, and lamely claims that the weapon which was used in the commission of the crime—a Colt Woodsman definitely owned by Coon—had been stolen from his locker at Ain Taya shortly before the murder took place).

Is this all a little circumstantial, a trifle *tenuous*? Isn't it our native impulse to give our friends the benefit of the doubt when such unwelcome phenomena are brought to our attention?

I wish that I could convince myself that Coon was not in-

volved. Unfortunately, however, shortly before the attentat Coon had written a memorandum (which has, damningly, survived), which urges the Allies to adopt a policy of murdering any politicians who were in their way, so that they would be able to nip "the causes of political disturbance in the bud." Coon urged the Allies to train and equip a group of Anglo-American terrorists for the job so that they would be able to strike "as soon as the first spots of decay appear."

So it seems that the drum-head court-martial, which was established by Giroud, and which tried, sentenced, and executed the hapless Bonnier for the murder, was as much of a sham as the lynching-bee of Nuremberg three years later.

And our hero did nothing to stop it.

☒ ☒ ☒

BURGESS REMEMBERS

The late novelist, musician, and critic Anthony Burgess, author of the notorious *A Clockwork Orange*, once wrote a sort of addendum to Orwell entitled *1985* (Little, Brown, and Company, Boston 1978). In the course of an interview which serves as a sort of overture to the text proper, he reminisces about his wartime (WW II) experiences as follows:

Now we all know about organized hate. When I was in the army I was sent on a course at a Hate School [!]. It was run by a suspiciously young lieutenant-colonel—boy-friend of which influential sadist, eh? We were taught hatred of the enemy. "Come on, you chaps, hate, for God's sake. Look at those pictures of Hun atrocities. Surely you want to slit the throats of the bastards. Spit on the swine, put the boot in." A lot of damned nonsense. (p. 13)

A mirific and elegant beatitude seems constantly to emanate from the pages of Anthony Burgess—his language is scintillant, flexible, earthy. Such authors grant us access to the most mysterious and magical realm of all—*Reality*. Burgess, who was a master-magician with

the English language, was not one of us politically, but he did call things by their proper names; and that, as philosophers are wont to remark, is the beginning of wisdom. His books were beautifully crafted, and, as you can see from the above excerpt, he had a truth or two to share with all of us.

☒ ☒ ☒

Once upon a time, back in the roaring twenties (not so roaring in Europe, though), a famous musical fellow named Arnold Schoenberg was in Vienna to rehearse a small chamber group from the Vienna Philharmonic for an upcoming performance of his *Kammersymphonie* (Arnie was, I might interject, the musical analog of Einstein in physics—both were talents puffed up into an outsized and unwieldy Olympian stature by sheeny flugelmen). Anyway, during the rehearsal a clarinetist named Polatschek, later brought over by Serge Koussevitsky to grace the Boston Symphony Orchestra's woodwind section, remarked to a colleague that he had, by mistake, been employing a clarinet in B flat instead of the clarinet in A which was indicated in the score—and that Schoenberg hadn't noticed it! Musicians will instantly realize the implications of this *faux pas*—the rest of us can compare this situation to reading a letter which has been typed by a secretary with her fingers on the wrong home-keys: everything, *but everything*, comes out wrong.

Well! One of Polatschek's colleagues, a wag by the name of Burghauser, suggested to his fellow woodwind players that they try the experiment of intentionally playing wrong notes to see if the Emperor had any clothes on—sorry, I mean to see if Schoenberg would hear them.

As a matter of fact, Schoenberg did not.....

R.I.P., pal Arnold. □

BOOK REVIEW

Roche, George. *The Fall of the Ivory Tower / Government Funding, Corruption, and the Bankrupting of American Higher Education*, Washington: Regnery, 1994. 10+310 pages. Foreword by Malcolm S. Forbes Jr.

by
Charles E. Weber, Ph.D.

Aryan high school graduates about to enter college and their parents should read this book as a warning and as a source of information about what is presently going on in American colleges and universities. It is not a pretty picture which the author presents. He is well positioned to inform the reader about the destructive rôle of the federal government in higher education because he is the president of Hillsdale College, a small Michigan liberal arts school with a little over a thousand students. The school accepts no direct aid from government in order to remain independent.

In his Introduction Roche points out that the political and intellectual radicals of the 1960s have now become the Establishment on the campus, with its "liberal-left agenda on race, class and gender." Roche states the thesis of his book as follows (page 4): "Whereas once the dominant form of education in this country was private, the state now holds sway from kindergarten to graduate school. The effect of federal subsidy and control has been more profound, more direct, and more damaging than anyone has yet realized. It has led to a situation in which the entire system of American higher education is academically, morally, and, quite literally, going bankrupt."

In his first chapter Roche presents facts and statistics which reveal the difficult financial plight of higher education in the United States (in spite of federal subsidies) and the actual deterioration of the quality of education offered to students as a re-

sult of mismanagement and influences of the federal government. Even Harvard, with its very high tuition costs, ran a \$42 million deficit in 1991-1992.

Roche continues with an historical outline of the rôle of the federal government in higher education in various stages, such as the New Deal, World War II and the G.I. Bill, the National Defense Education Act and even the present Clinton administration. With ever increasing government subsidies have come such evils as "affirmative action" and racial quotas, which are aimed against Caucasian students and which Roche describes in shocking, disgusting detail (pages 103 ff). Private colleges, such as Hillsdale and Grove City have been particular victims of the hostility of the federal government to colleges which strive to maintain their integrity and independence.

Tuitions have risen much more rapidly than price increases in general ("inflation"). Roche contends that senior professors are not sufficiently involved in the teaching of undergraduates, a duty often turned over to assistants.

An especially important chapter (8, pages 187-209) is devoted to the college curriculum and political correctness. A rather long list of papers presented at conventions of the Modern Language Association reveals some of the absurd trends of the research of members of that Association. Roche points out: "Gay and lesbian studies in particular... have moved from the sidelines to the center of academic publishing."

Roche's book is a depressing exposition of what is going on in American Academe. It is depressing because the decay and perversion of higher education is bringing about a decline of the United States. If higher education decays, so will the country at large.

Most people who attend colleges and universities do so for the primary purpose of improving their earning capacities. Their tuitions and other expenses should therefore be counted as a business expense and hence a deduction for tax purposes. That would not only be fair but it would also help to circumvent fed-

eral control over higher education with all of the evil, unjust dictates by the federal government, such as affirmative action (i.e., putting Caucasian students at a disadvantage on the basis of de facto quotas), influencing curriculum content, enforcing what is cynically known as “political correctness” and the like. Instead, students and their parents must defray the expenses of higher education with painfully taxed money. The taxes they pay are then used to control the nature of their education.

Heavy government intervention can lead to a type of economic dislocation (“overproduction”) which can be to the disadvantage, in the long run, of the very students who receive government aid in the form of low-cost loans and scholarships. I recall a conversation I had with one of the graduate students in the linguistics program at Louisiana State University around 1965, when I was teaching there. This graduate student was receiving benefits from the National Defense Education Act passed in 1958 after the Soviet Sputnik launched into the sky in 1957 caused panic from the realization that the USSR was educating scientists at a great rate and that these scientists (with the help of German rocket experts) were able to perform a feat which the United States was either unable to do or had not found important to do. The Act was designed to increase the number of graduate students in such fields as mathematics, foreign languages and the quantitative sciences. I admonished the graduate student that heavy government subsidies in his field could result in its overcrowding and hence to a later depression of salaries in it. I recall that I told him that for every dollar in benefits he was then receiving he might lose five or ten later on as a result of the overcrowding. Roche describes the National Defense Education Act and similar programs but I fail to find mention of the type of economic dislocation (described above) in Roche’s book. □

Revalo P. Oliver, RIP

by

Maj. Donald V. Clerkin

Professor Revalo P. Oliver, 1908-1994, classical scholar, linguist and Aryan loyalist, will be sorely missed. His books, researches and essays into the causes of America’s decline came to the inevitable conclusion that this civilization falters in direct proportion to the unwillingness of whites to stand up for the Aryan race and its moral values. Professor Oliver did not spare the Jewish complicity in America’s decline. They and only they are ultimately responsible for the decline in moral values, their media constantly promoting subjectivism in all areas of conduct, philosophical nihilism and outright trashing of the traditions of those Aryan values that built America up from nothing.

In his own way, Revalo Oliver was more of a “patriot” than all of the bottom dwellers who wave flags and sing paeans to the government, its bullying and intimidations. Early on he saw through the money-making schemes of the kosher conservatives, whose loyalty was to their own bank statements and not to race and nation. How easily they fell down to worship the pearls the Jews threw before them, the swine. Professor Oliver was around before the Second World War, when the German-American Bund, the Silver Shirts, and others on the Aryan Front in America stood for race and country in the face of Roosevelt and Francis Biddle, Roosevelt’s Attorney General, who went after the critics of the anti-German policies in the Federal courts after Pearl Harbor and got convictions on charges of sedition, convictions which were subsequently thrown out by the Supreme Court of the United States on First Amendment grounds. One would have thought that the kosher conservatives might have realized that the Roosevelt gang was protecting Marxist-Jewish interests in prosecuting Fritz Kuhn, William Dudley Pelley, Col. E.N. Sanctuary, Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, and so many others.

Professor Oliver obviously understood it, for when he addressed Franklin Roosevelt in his essays he did so as “that loathsome creature in the White House.” When in the late 1950s Robert Welch, candy tycoon, founded the John Birch Society, Revalo P. Oliver was asked to sit on the board of directors. Soon, however, Professor Oliver discovered that Welch was protecting the Jewish originators of Communism from any mention of their

complicity in the overthrow of the Romanovs, their control over the Soviet Secret Police apparatus, and their scheme to control the U.S. money supply through the private Jewish corporation known as the "Federal Reserve." He left the Birch Society realizing that its purpose was to organize Aryans into herds of musk oxen, cattle and sheep to be shorn by America's Jewish masters.

We are going to miss Professor Oliver. His loyalty to the Aryan race and its high civilization gives the lie to those who claim that Aryan racialism is mere blind hatred and senseless violence. If there is hatred and violence, it is because, as Revilo Oliver said, the established order refused to listen to those who had something positive to say about the White Man's way. Professor Oliver should have been able to live to see the Aryan Republic. He would approve, I am sure.

☆ ☆ ☆

White Isn't Enough

America has no future. A white man has no future in America. Don't believe it? Think everything will work out in the end? The non-whites coming to majority status in America will be nice to an aging white population? WRONG! A white who lives long enough into the next century will experience the worst discrimination ever seen in this continent. As the non-whites become the majority, their representatives will dictate policy, especially hiring and tax policy. White who manage to be productive in the work forces of the future will carry a tax burden so crushing that their own families will diminish in size to the point at which there is hardly a white birth rate at all.

Social Security will go under in the second decade of the 21st century. There won't be enough white taxes to collect sufficient to carry the soaring increases in minority slouches on S.S.I. grants to keep up their booze and drug habits. The federal budget already cuts into Social Security for interest payments on the Debt. White had better think again about having any government benefit well into the next century.

The new "health care" scheme Hillary and Billary propose will make life for the white aged and their grandchildren even more miserable. Anti-white discrimination in health matters will become government policy. How much will an old white life be worth, or the life of a white male infant? In combat medicine there is a policy known as Triage. Choices must be quickly made concerning whose wounds are treatable, who has the best chance of recovering. Those who it is deemed cannot survive are given a heavy injection of mor-

phine to kill the pain and are set aside to quietly die. There will be racial Triage in the health care System of the future. I have written that whites are now considered to be tax farm and cannon fodder, but especially tax farm. What is the worth in minority terms of an old white who cannot work because of age or illness? Triage in civilian "health care" based on the race of an individual will be the standard of the future. See who are the doctors of tomorrow: Jews, Asians, East Indians, et al.

One day the old white man will wonder why his Social Security or military pension check no longer comes. A trip to the government office will see an ocean of color, non-white employees with a Jew overlord dictating the policy. The old white man will be sternly told that he has imposed on non-whites long enough; that he should go home and take his life, his old white wife too. Is this too stark a prediction? You don't want to find out. Consider how much you have already lost in a country you once thought was yours.

Obviously being white isn't enough. You must renounce loyalty to this Washington regime, this regime that has pulled the rug out from under you and yours. The only citizenship you now hold as whites is state citizenship. Washington is not a country, not a nation; it has no citizens, merely servants, officers and non-white wards. The "United States" is an international corporation. It exists only on paper and in its military bases, its possessions and territories. It cannot make a non-white a citizen of any state, no matter what the Fourteenth Amendment proposes or the Civil Rights statutes say. Washington's dictates carry the force of law only among its servants, officers and wards. It is no more a nation than General Motors or IBM.

As a white you are an organic citizen of the state in which you were born or now reside. But the states have been corrupted by federal money. The same anti-white policies employed by Washington are generally in effect in your state. At least in the states you have a government that pays attention to what you say, if you say it loud and often. On the city or county level you can be heard even more. I am of the opinion that whites are much too silent on issues affecting their lives and future.

Aryanize your minds. Don't think of yourselves as "U.S. citizens." Washington knows you are not. Oh, they will wrench taxes out of you at the point of a gun. We are their victims, their farm. Look toward a future that includes only your race in a new governance. The Aryan Republic concept cannot thrive in an atmosphere that sees whites loyal to alien regimes, their false propaganda.

I walked recently along the shores of one of Wisconsin's most

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fashionable resort lakes. I saw the mansion-like summer residences of the white wealthy, their huge, private swimming piers and their expensive power boats tied up at them. It was a bright Sunday and the whites were at play with their children and their dogs. And I thought of the French nobility in 1789 and how they must have viewed their own decaying society. The French Aristos never dreamed that in a few short years they would be loaded into tumblers and taken to the Guillotine. Our white wealthy hope that their own dream, the "American Dream," does not turn into a nightmare as it did for the French. Though it probably would do no good to remind them of what happened to people just like them in 1789. They think that being white and wealthy is protection against just about anything. They have no racial conscience, which is why I call them the "Blankos." White skins and no souls. They might as well be black for all the care for their race they display.

No, being white isn't enough. Wealth won't save the "Blankos," Aryanism will. How to teach the "Blankos" a racial conscience, how to get them involved in the preservation of our people and the making of a future for white children? That is the question of our age. We Aryans don't like the prospect of leaving the recalcitrant "Blankos" to their racial fate at the hands of the operators of multicultural America. It is like throwing a lifeline to a drowning man who refuses to take it. It is very difficult for those of us who have sworn to protect our race and culture to grasp the reason(s) why the "Blankos" will not speak up for their own kind, why they actively assist in the empowerment of other races; why they cooperate with the Jews and the ZOG. Be certain that they are coming to a critical point in their refusal to speak up.

YOUR INHERITANCE: The Best Kept Secret In The World, is proving to be a powerful tool to open the eyes of our people. Traces the white race back to their earliest history. 247 pages, 200+ pictures. Coats of arms of all white nations & concise racial history shows where modern religion went wrong. The price is \$10.00 plus \$1.00 postage. Sacred Truth Ministries, P.O. Box 18, Mountain City, TN 37683. Or send an SASE for information about other racial and political subjects.

From *The Talon*, published by
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Milwaukee WI 53221

BULLOCH'S DEXTERITY

by

Stephen Contrado

In 1861 the Confederate Navy Secretary Stephen R. Mullory declared war on United States commerce. Under Commander Raphael Semmes of the CSS *Sumter*, the slop of war captured eighteen prizes in six months.

Mallory sent James D. Bullock to England to purchase vessels to be fitted for war. The task was very difficult because it violated the Queen's proclamation of neutrality. And, Thomas H. Dudley, the United States consul at Liverpool, had spies everywhere.

Bullock had the "290" built in England. "290" derives from 290th vessel constructed by the Laird Brothers Shipyard, Liverpool. Dudley had evidence of Bullock's activity and was arranging to have the ship seized. Bullock had already created an uproar when his first, ship the *Oreto*, escaped the British authorities. Bullock's chances seemed slim indeed. But Bullock knew how to gain intelligence too and acted promptly.

Bullock brought the "290" out on an innocent trial run. Food and champagne were served to the dignitaries on board. Then he arranged that he and his guests return to Liverpool aboard a tugboat. The "290" was at sea. The officials failed to see the ruse.

Bullock remained master of the situation in England. The British Foreign Enlistment Act prohibited the Confederates from recruiting sailors. Bullock avoided violating the law. He recruited only after the ships left English waters.

On August 24, 1862 the cross and stars was flown, musicians struck up the Dixie anthem, and cheers broke out. The ship was built of only the best materials. The hull of the "290" was copper-plated. It could raise its propeller and sail. Its speed was 13 knots, and it was well armed with six 32-pound guns and a 110-pound Blakely gun. Semmes' lieutenant John McIntosh Kell said of the cruiser that it was "the most beautiful ship that ever touched the sea." Semmes likened to a new bride.

A gun was fired and the "290" was christened the Confederate States *Alabama*. Semmes was given the commission of the ship. "Any of you that thinks he cannot stand to his gun, I don't want", Semmes told the crew.

Bullock, who was present, said farewell to return to England. The South now had two unsurpassed cruisers, thanks to Southern

daring.

The "triangular" trade—the South to Europe to New York—was the basis of maritime prosperity. The South could not afford to allow the North to have uncontested control of the sea. Breasting its way along the rough and often stormy Atlantic coast in the American Civil War was overcast with cold, blind, deadly terror for shipping. War and the Northern blockade of Southern ports retarded subsequent construction of cargo ships. The American merchant marine fleet did not attain first place over England until after the Second World War, urged by world economic recovery.

Every nation must maintain its waters if it is to prosper. The Soviet Union with its Eastern European satellites never competed in cargo ships. Instead it invested in its navy. This contributed to the fall of communism.

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THE ANTI-HUMANS

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

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REVISIONISM IS JEWISH

by
Robert Frens

One of the more noticeable things about the blight-wing is their propensity for imitating those whom they criticize. In addition, the blight-wing has its own version of a politically correct vocabulary. Part of this is the rule which forbids one blight-winger from criticizing another. Any such criticism is supposed to cause disunity in the battle against the embodiment of all evil, the Jew. Disunity? How can you disunite something which was never united in the first place? Essentially, the blight-wing is a collection of mail-order operators whose life-blood is a mailing list. Mailing lists are survival lists which are guarded closer than a pimp polices his whores. If the blight-wing was truly interested in the overall welfare of the Aryan, then there would be a sharing of resources and a "let the best man emerge" atmosphere. This is not the case and never will be since the "leaders" are, to the last man, only mediocre personalities who earn their living from the non-existent "movement". I have met a good share of them and I have yet to be impressed by a single one. Basically, I have little use, or regard, for anyone who privately espouses opinions which are diametrically opposed to the views they vomit into their "newsletters" or from a podium. If we believe that Adolf Hitler was the epitome of Aryan leaders, then we must ask ourselves what assumed name he wrote under. Did Adolf ever use party (supporter's) money to finance vacations with his girlfriend? When did he use supporter's money to buy himself a new automobile? When did he ever mouth personal opinions about the German people which he voiced publicly, in the opposite, in order to increase the donations? The blight-wing is an absolute impediment to any resurrection of Aryan attributes and the quicker anyone, or any group, even the Jews, hastens its disappearance, the better.

I always have, and always will, value simple honesty and will not, in spite of the "advice" I get from people, cater to anyone as a means of enhancing donations or gathering support. "You must use honey to catch flies" I am advised. Hell, what would anyone who is not a revisionist want with a mess of messy flies? Over and over, I listen to blight-wingers who complain that the Jews are us-

continued on page 30

Revalo Oliver Is No Longer With Us

For many years Revalo Pendleton Oliver was a tall tree in the Groves of Academe. Born in Corpus Christi (TX) in 1910, he obtained his B.A. at the University of Illinois and his doctorate from the same university in 1940. From there on the curve was all up. He became one of the world's foremost scholars in classical languages, even translating a play from the Sanskrit.* His knowledge of Ancient Greek and Latin was so comprehensive that during WWII, the War Dept., as it was then called, put him to work deciphering German secret codes.

Sometime during the war Oliver saw a light, one that shattered forever his chances of living a life of ease and respectability with a long entry in *Who's Who*. Unlike the light that converted St. Paul to Christianity, the light encountered by Oliver led him into the perilous and unrewarding path of racial dissidence—the dissidence engendered in the mind of one who looks closely at the fabric of Western civilization and finds it woefully shredded.

After WWII, Oliver joined forces with William F. Buckley Jr. for whose *National Review* he wrote extensively. Delving into the political arena, he was present at the founding of the John Birch Society. *American Opinion*, the Society's journal, published page after page of his rare amalgam of Swiftian and Ciceronian prose.

Oliver, however, was much more than a clairvoyant anti-Communist, a political stance that endeared him to the Birch Society's Robert Welch and Buckley. He was a firm believer that race, not economics or environment, was the principal determinant of man's fate. This *Weltblick* did not endear him to so-called conservatives who out of fear and mental cowardice shied away from the more important issues. In the end Oliver quit or was forced to quit his part-time, part-way ideology allies and go it on his own. He wrote books and articles that no mainstream publication would publish, only managing to get his words in print in quasi-unknown magazines and xeroxed fliers. He probably felt, as most of us do, that even if only a handful of people reads what he writes, it is better to get into print somewhere than bury the manuscripts in a desk drawer. Ironically the closer his writings approached the truth, the more he was denounced by the kept press, which shrugged him off as a deranged Nazi.

Oliver's bristling intellect, his Old World courtesy, his encyclopedic knowledge and his standing as a top-ranking professor at a top-ranking university raised the morale of young Majority activists who worried that no American

with a brain in his head supported "their side." A personal visit to their mentor, whose door was always open, gave them the face-to-face assurance that they were not alone.

The fall of Soviet communism revealed the madness of Marxism and proved what Oliver had always foretold, though by depriving him of one of his principal *bêtes noires* it removed a chief prop of his conspiracy theories, too many of which permeated his writing. Otherwise everything he wrote and thought was based on a solid understanding of the racial tragedy unfolding before his eyes. If there ever was a prophet without honor in his own country, it was Revalo Oliver.



Oliver gave his people little chance for survival. But he never stopped trying to save them from the ash heap of history towards which they are rapidly heading. If the United States should turn around, if the Northern European race is saved either in North America or Europe, if black and Jewish racism is finally defeated, he may go down in history as one of the great men of the 20th century. If all is lost, somehow the memory of this unique man will remain. Bodies do not last, but the products of a supernova mind keep glimmering in some remote corner of the universe until the time arrives for a far-off Promethean descendant to restore the processes and juices of civilization.

Revalo Oliver died, at age 84, on August 10 at his home in Urbana, Illinois. He is survived by his life-long companion and amanuensis, his wife Grace, an artist. The Olivers had no children.

*Oliver's finest writing is found in his book, *America's Decline, the Education of a Conservative* (paperback, 375 pages), which can be obtained from Liberty Bell Publications, P.O. Box 21, Reedy, WV 25270. Price is \$10, plus \$1.50 shipping and handling.

On November 19 a symposium honoring Dr. Oliver will be held at the University of Illinois. Reservations can be made through Sam Dickson, 247 Washington Ave., Marietta, GA 30060. Telephone: (404) 872-3019.

Attendance will be limited to 50.

Revisionism is Jewish, continued from page 27

ing pretense, and outright lying, as bridge-heads for their assault upon Aryan values. Out of these very same mouths comes the recommendation that Aryans engage in identical subterfuge so that, when the time comes, they can assert whatever it is they think they should assert. If the Jews do this, then it is dirty. If Aryans do it, then it is justified. What hypocrisy! It all reminds me of the criminal group, who after obtaining illegal wealth, suddenly decides to go "legit" with a dry cleaning business and a cigar shop. A crook is a crook. He can change his socks but the stench is still there. One correspondent even apologized for the "wiggers" who engaged in hooliganism. Wiggers are usually degenerate white misfits (who no self-respecting black-face would ever associate with) and decidedly are not nice Aryan fellows "feeling their oats." We may excuse a Black for acting like a nigger, but an Aryan? Never! I will not agree with the person who views vandalism as merely an expression of youthful Aryan "energy" and that "sporting" slaughter has something to do with the Aryan psyche.

Revisionists, of course, firmly believe in the "talking cure". This has been the hallmark of every Jewish psychiatrist from cocaine-snorting Freud to the quack Spock who both managed to sire additional misfits. If you engage in the right kind of talk, for the right length of time without belching, then any sociopath can be "cured" of whatever it is that turns him on. The talking cure nonsense has permeated every level of American thinking. Just say "no" to drugs. Just say "no" to crime. Education, which is the code word for the ultimate talking cure, is supposed to be the answer to everything from jock-itch to typhoons. We can supposedly educate people out of poverty. We can supposedly educate people out of their stupidity. The fact is that the more people are "educated", the worse everything becomes. According to Earl Bauby, "I cut off a piece three times now, but it is still too damned short."

We are near the end of fifty years of the holocaust talking cure and the revisionists are still talking. Nevertheless, the talking is still inviting and with that in mind, I fired up my rusty 1977 Ford and drove to Niagara Falls where David Irving was going to do some more talking.

I arrived at Days Inn where I stumbled upon Ernst Zündel

who was generous enough to pay my admission. Prior to having Mr. Irving talk down to us, we sat and sipped some coffee. A tall and slender fellow came in and sat beside Ernst. The conversation indicated that this person was Michael Hoffman who, I believe, writes a paper called the *Revisionist Researcher*. I remained somewhat perplexed because a few years ago a "Michael Hoffman" was pointed out to me, at Ernst's home, but that person was short, swarthy, and accompanied by a woman who looked like an escapee from the Tonawanda Indian Reservation. Oh well. Time moves on. I introduced myself and I moved on. Ernst and Michael appeared to be collaborating on the writing of another book. Another book? The Great Holocaust Trial Revisited? How Jewish!

Prior to taking my seat, I introduced myself to Jack Wikoff, a mild mannered person who looked like he just arrived fresh from a Kansas farm. Jack publishes a paper called *Remarks* which I read whenever I can secure a free copy, which is hardly ever. Revisionists are as terrified of "free" as the Jews are of shower rooms.

Among the other wholesome looking people in that collection of about 70 was what I assumed to be the immediate family of Mr. Hoffman. From the smallest tot on up, they were a fine looking set of white people although a little too sober for my liking. Corpses don't smile either.

I sat down next to some old acquaintances from Buffalo NY who were engaged in eating some kind of cattle feed called "granola". I nodded and they munched. I flexed my beef-fed muscles while they sighed feebly and tried to adjust their bony posteriors to fit the curve of the chairs.

Mr. Zündel introduced Mr. Hoffman who, in turn, introduced Mr. Irving who then began to talk about Mr. Irving. This followed Mr. Hoffman's talking about Mr. Irving. My opinion that if you heard Mr. Irving once then you've heard Mr. Irving twice, was still valid. David Irving talked and talked and reinforced my opinion that Revisionism is Jewish. Revisionist gatherings are like the Jewish academy awards. Everyone is busy patting each other on the back. "What a fine job we are doing." Smile. This propitious moment is being captured on video tape.

Jewish science always starts with a conclusion and then selects whatever facts seem to fit. Mr. Irving, although keen to discredit Jewish "eye witnesses" to the Auschwitz line dancing affair, was very keen to credit a German who was an "eye witness" to some mass execution on the Eastern Front. How Jewish! Wars are hell; politicians tell lies; and no one knows for sure the details of much of anything in times of chaos. Prolific David churns out tons of written material demonstrating what we all guessed before he ever sharpened his first pencil.

Revisionists, it seems, are also very fond of reinventing the wheel. One revisionist, to Mr. Irving's exuberant acceptance, is writing a paper on the durability of ferric-ferro cyanide (Prussian Blue). This is in reference to the stuff called Leuchter's Blue which was not found in the non-existent Auschwitz non-gas chambers. Where has this researcher-revisionist fellow been? Prussian Blue, and its bed companion Turnbull's Blue, have been used as paint pigments for centuries. Old tombs are plastered with it. The history of the past will never be settled to anyone's satisfaction so Revisionism will continue to be a treadmill exercise—lots of motion but going nowhere. Revisionism is a verbal Nordic-Track. We're on the right track, track, track, track...

Revisionists, in typical Jewish fashion, also find hidden meanings in what people say. An example was given by Mr. Irving. According to an "eye witness" (gad!, not another?) Adolf Hitler voiced that he felt as clean as a babe after taking a bath. How unusual! Since Adolf took this bath, or shower, after the "night of the elongated machetes" then his remark had to be decoded according to Freud. This, of course, meant that Adolf didn't feel "clean" following the execution of all of those Brown Shirts who plotted and moved against him. Adolf, according to corpse mind-reader Irving, "knew he did something dirty." The lesson we can all learn here is that whenever you take a personal hand in rounding up your enemies for execution, you should refrain from using soap and water until the whole episode becomes a dim memory. Otherwise, any astute lad will immediately know that you are using the soap on your body in order to cleanse your mind. Do religious people take showers after they watch porno movies? Should I brush my teeth after I see a Burger King commercial?

Revisionism, following another Jewish fashion, becomes more believable according to the number of Jews involved. Mr. Irving acknowledged the efforts of the Jew David Cole when Cole visited the Auschwitz theme park. Cole saw nothing more than any goy ever saw, but if you wear a yarmulke while seeing it, you can apparently "see" more (Jewish voodoo!). David Irving announced that more and more Jews are now getting on the revisionist bandwagon, which, and this is Jewish also, enhances the whole shebang. You see, if it comes from a Jew then it must be true.

Revisionists are also very Jewish in their examinations of what it is they examine. "Revisionism is nit-picking," says Robert Faurisson, who is a well-known revisionist. Rabbis are also nit-pickers which leads me to believe that Revisionism should be immediately turned over to the rabbis who have centuries of experience in nit-picking to draw upon. Whenever a batch of revisionists ponder the symbols on a document, you almost can hear the rabbinical questions concerning the meaning of an "i" where the dot is placed to the left. Was it an ink dot or merely fly shit?

Mr. Irving, as well as Jewish-looking, Jewish-acting Freddie, spends an inordinate amount of time showing how the Germans "might have" and "probably did" snuff out thousands of innocent Jew choir boys. It is all part of the "revisionist shuffle". When one pokes about the imaginary ash-piles of Auschwitz, a raft of noise is heard. To quiet the noise, one does the shuffle, that is, stick to your position that the Nazis didn't gas the entire world synagogue in an Auschwitz clothes drier, but did manage to get rid of them in other ways. I suggest a college course called "2001 Ways to Kill Jews Without Using Cyanide." I would like to see a collection of American G.I. tales covering the different ways our troops settled the "German question". Dick Wilkes, a childhood friend of mine who fought in WW II, even had photos of what two German civilians looked like with only their feet sticking out from under a tank tread. Chuck Prospero enjoyed the game of "watch the Kraut crawl" which preceded "target practice." Gene Elmore finally settled the question of whether a starving German will eat piss-soaked bread.

The "revisionist waltz" goes like this: They pick up on some Jew sob story and busy themselves by trying to convince the unin-

terested that the story could not be factual. The Jews respond with another story and the revisionists get dancing to another tune. Back and forth it goes, and goes, and goes, only serving to keep the *goyim* detracted while, behind their backs, their country is being dismantled and plundered.

Holocaust talking, pro or con, and whether in print, on some dumb computer network, or on short-wave radio, is not going to be a cure for anything. In fact, the more the revisionists yap about the holocaust, the more the Jews yap about the holocaust. One yap deserves another. Since most Americans are "up to here" with the holocaust nonsense, is it little wonder that they are also getting fed up with the revisionist arguments as well. It is over, my friends, and Jewish money and influence have established yet another bit of nonsense as "fact". It is to the credit of the Jew that this was accomplished with little bloodshed. Contrast this to the establishment of Christianity among otherwise content savages by means of torture, terror, and bribes.

The Holocaust fable has no future. Time will bury it as it did the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre, and the Inquisition, which remain only as scribbles upon the pages of books no one ever bothers to read. Revisionism is only a reactionary exercise in history which remains parasitical in its relation to the "survivor" moaning business. David Irving thinks the Holocaust, as it is currently presented, will have gone bye-bye by 1996. If that becomes true (and it won't) then will the revisionists finally go out and get a decent job? Will the Blacks stop pushing drugs and the Mestizos return with their stolen cars to Mejjico? Do chickens have lips?

The notion, as I see it, is that the country is in a "fine mess" because the naughty Jews have so much power. Do you remember the posters which told you to always remove the keys from your auto so as to prevent "a good boy from going bad?" If some s.o.b. steals your car then it was because you turned him into a criminal by forgetting your keys. If some bastard burglarizes your home, then you are at fault for not installing an expensive alarm system. This same odd attitude dumps the blame for the actions of our Ar-yan garbage upon the Jew. Get rid of the Holocaust, since it is the mainstay of Jewish power (it ain't—the Jews were powerful long before the Holocaust), and the Jews will no longer be "corrupting" the minds of our brain-dead, hedonist, young wiggers. Crap!

Revisionists also employ another Jew tactic. Create a problem and then offer a solution. The revisionists created the minuscule "debate" in the first place. They now offer a solution which always involves sending them money. A few more court fracasas, a few more books, a few more short-wave broadcasts, a few more blah-blahs, and then the vapors of cyanide will have all blown away. Kosher sausage! Lies have short legs but the revisionists keep them alive, and promote the manufacture of more, by giving this nonsense a reason for being. Spielberg's latest delusion is viewed by David Irving as a revisionist success since it indicates that Revisionism is "winning." The only thing that Swanzler's List demonstrates is that the Jews can lie faster than the revisionists can refute them. It's all a game of "can you top this?" where the Jews can afford the larger pile of betting chips.

Holocaust revisionism is on its last legs and most of the revisionists are as goofy as the Jews they debate with. As the ranks of revisionism fill with Jews, it will die all that much faster. Willis Carto, who worried more about a dollar than he did about the quality of the people he hired, is now engaged in a battle with his former underlings at the Institute of Historical Review. Down is the future direction. It is interesting, also, that once a Jew becomes a revisionist, he moves from holocaust lying to revisionist truth-telling. It's a "born again" episode without all of that magic water.

Schindler's List is the latest whopper that gets the revisionists all flustered. I have often wondered why the revisionists never got excited about Hollywood's "The Ten Commandments", or "The Robe", which contain far more meat for "making history fit the facts" than does any "I've been gassed a dozen times" type of fiction. After all, every one of Hollywood's religious film spectacles were Jew-produced, Jew-financed, and involved stories about Jews as told by Jews. What a strange discrimination these revisionists practice!

Revisionists are doing something valuable and needed. This is the opinion of many. In a way, I agree. I suppose that while the country is dying of a cancer, it is better to do it with the accompaniment of revisionist music so that we can go to the Happy Hunting Ground with smiles upon our faces. As for myself, I'd rather shoot the distracting music players and get on with the business of fighting the cancer. It is time to get off the pot. □

Dear George,

The death of Revilo P. Oliver will take a strong wind out of the racialists' sails. There was so much to learn from each of his remarkable articles and the shame is that the majority of our people never heard of him. What an impact it would have been if his writings would have been dropped in every mail slot in the nation. Is it possible to print a compilation of his articles? [We are now in the process of preparing Dr. Oliver's "Postscripts" for reprinting in book format; just as soon as the financial situation improves, the first volume will be published; we hope to have it ready within the next two to three months.—Ed.] I have been putting off making a collection of his works. Perhaps you could make such an offering in the future.

In the October 1994 issue of the *Liberty Bell* you printed an article by Friedrich Berg entitled "The Furnace Tender Should Wear a Gas Mask when Tending the Fire." I contributed a letter which you printed in the April 1993 *Liberty Bell*, which dealt with the explosive characteristics of HCN and my engineering experience with natural gas and explosion proof equipment.

The existence of an explosive air-gas ratio is not a pre-requirement for the installation of explosion proof electrical devices. What is a concern is the malfunction of equipment or operator error in handling flammable gases near open flames. Particularly in equipment leaks of heavier than air gas (which does not include HCN) in enclosed areas. In industry propane is the chief villain. In most cases the explosive danger is far fetched but is installed anyway in accordance with the National Electric Code. That does not mean it was a requirement in National Socialist Germany. I am certain that all contemporary designs of any installation that would normally have any level of HCN in the atmosphere would require explosion proof equipment, Dupont notwithstanding.

It is true that HCN's flammability limit ranges from 5.6 to 40% by volume in air, but that range is at standard conditions and

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

will expand on an increase of temperature and I believe also with pressure. So if a pocket of air-gas mixture is ignited the sudden temperature increase would also incinerate the more diluted adjacent air-gas volumes, thereby contributing to the flame body or explosion.

Recently, while reviewing my old collection of *Life* magazines, I came upon an article (*Life*, December 22, 1947, page 31) with "before" and "after" photos of a house in Los Angeles being fumigated with Cyanide gas. The "after" picture showed the house completely flattened from a devastating explosion. Also, sometime during this year's news, it was reported that a lady had released all at once 25 cans (bug bombs) of fumigants in her house resulting in an explosion.

In real life HCN does explode. I also agree that the danger is generally ignored by most people handling the stuff.

Yours truly, R.T., California

✻ ✻ ✻

It appears from the comment by I. S. in the November readers' section that some subscribers may think that my own pieces (e. g., July and August) were written by the late Professor Oliver. In fact, I am not Oliver, though I am honored to be a part of the forum that he shared.

While at it, I might add, my occasional use of the "Prof" moniker is not meant to boast any special aptitude or scholarship, but merely to note my familiarity (about three decades' worth) with the "higher" academic industry and the irreducibly Jew-leftist race-leveling disease that has for years afflicted it. (My wife, incidentally, is now pursuing a degree, and judging from her experience, it is apparent—to no surprise—that the horrors are all the greater at the present time.)

Like other *LB* readers, I lament the passing of Dr. Oliver, whose rare combination of courage, erudition and racial insight made him an example for all ages of true Aryan character.

A. F. S., aka "The Prof"

☒ ☒ ☒

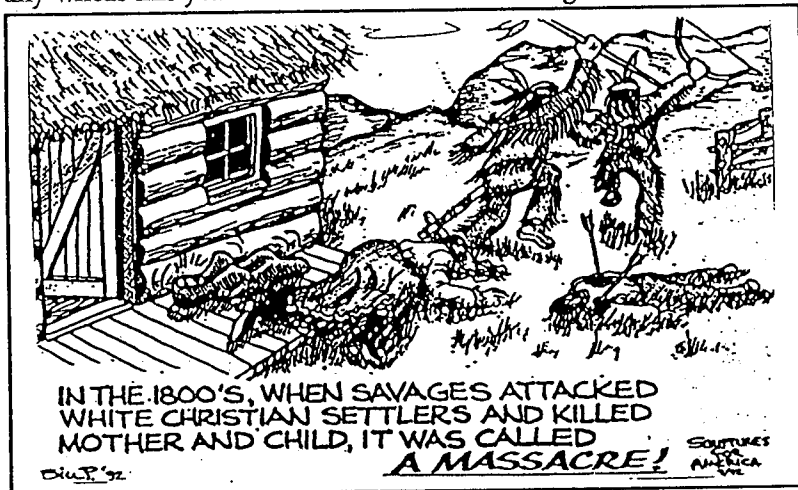
Dear George,

I am very sorry to hear of the passing of Professor Oliver, he will be very sorely missed. I was privileged to receive important correspondence from him, which I will always treasure.

As I write this [23 September 1994], the "peaceful" invasion of Haiti has been accomplished. I have not, at this stage, received sufficient reliable information to make any in-depth comment. However, I do believe that I heard Bill Clinton say that one of the main reasons for the invasion was that the people of Haiti were being denied human rights and were being badly mistreated. Was this something like the story of those terrible Germans (Huns) cutting off the hands of Belgian babies during the first World War? Be that as it may, but the question did cross my mind: Who is going to invade the United States of America, to indict Bill Clinton, and Janet Reno for the burning and denial of human rights of the Branch Davidians and the children at Waco, Texas last year?

I am enclosing a draft for \$90 for renewal of my subscription.

We have cattle, sheep and crops, and at present we have one of the worst droughts we have ever had. There may be a few, but I can't think of anyone in N.S.W. or Queensland who will harvest any wheat this year. For over six months our highest fall of rain has



been less than 10 points, and we have only had one or two of those. (I don't like the metric measures that have been forced onto us without asking our permission. I understand that the "Imperial" measurements have a long history in the Aryan people. They are also trying to take the Union Jack out of our flag like they have with the Canadians. These three crosses are supposed to be "Christian;" The Cross of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, but I understand that they were symbols of Aryan peoples 3,000 years B.C. That is, they go back 5,000 years. No wonder the Jews want to root them out. I understand that you people are under pressure to go "metric" in the U.S.A. If at all possible, DON'T LET THEM DO IT!)

Yours sincerely,
J.D.S. Barton, Australia

☒ ☒ ☒

Dear Mrs. Oliver:

With the passing of Dr. Oliver, we have lost a True Friend, and so we share this grief with you.

We conservatives do not have enough good classical scholars in this world, hence the passing of Revilo Oliver is a very considerable loss to us. We shall miss our good Professor Oliver with all his irascible wit yet so well graced with classic root. Even the symmetrical



spelling of his name, Revilo Oliver, reflected some balance of Greco-Roman architecture—another expression of his wit?

Dr. Oliver was a kind of champagne to our intellectual experience, hence we must query: Whence comes such another?

Best wishes,
R.S. Hoehler, Colorado

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Mr. Dietz,

I was surprised to hear from one of your subscribers that you published my letter to Chuck Harder in your publications. Obviously, you agree with my candor with Mr. Harder.

Since my association with you fell apart some ten years ago, please accept the following up-date.

I have abandoned Christianity in its entirety; the church, the bible, including the law, and the Jewish god of the bible. The entire bible scheme is a Jewish concoction to neuter and/or destroy the Aryan race. In retrospect, it is difficult to believe I got taken in by this force, so destructive to the beautiful Aryan mind.

Anyone who questions my position must learn what I have learned. and remember, I am the one with a bible college degree in bible and theology. One must view the two-hour color video, "The



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Naked Truth," then try to tell me I'm wrong. We all must learn the three C's:

Jewish Communism
Jewish Christianity
Jewish Capitalism.

A person accused me of "losing my faith." My reply was, "I did not lose my faith. I tore it out by the roots and smashed it to bits on the anvil of Truth."

The passing of Revilo P. Oliver is a great loss. Perhaps I can soften this loss by supplying you with some timely information. The Paul D. Wilcher document is being sent to you under separate cover. Use it as you see fit. It will include the up-dated Clinton body count.

I would like to receive the copy of the *Liberty Bell* containing my letter. Thank you!

Sincerely, a restored colleague,
J.B. Crawford, Tennessee

P.S. The use of "Rev" in my letter to Harder was to get his attention. Otherwise, I abhor it!!!

✠ ✠ ✠

Euro-American Alliance
P.O. Box 21776
Milwaukee WI 53221
(414) 423-0565

27 September 1994
Gordon Elliott
c/o CBS Broadcasting Center
524 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019

Dear Mr. Elliott:

You asked a guest today what Martin Luther King had actually done to advance the cause of Communism in America. The young man could only say that King was killed before he could do any-

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thing damaging.

In 1967 I lived in Chicago. During that summer there was a big anti-Vietnam War demonstration. One of the highlights was a massive march of some 7,000 demonstrators down Wabash Avenue to the Chicago Coliseum, where a rally was held. In the front rank of the marchers was the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., marching arm-in-arm with Gus Hall(berg), General Secretary of the Communist Party of the United States. This event is on record with the three Chicago newspapers, the *Tribune*, the *Sun-Times* and the *Daily News*, published at that time. Now I did not merely read about this march in the papers. I was there on Wabash Avenue in a small, pro-troops counter-demonstration. I personally witnessed King marching with Gus Hall(berg).

King associated with known Reds, including Hunter Pitts ("Jack") O'Dell, Carl and Ann Braden, of the Southern Conference Education Fund, a Communist Party front; and King did accept funds from Communist sources through the various front groups. One of the reasons the King file is closed by the FBI, kept from publication by Executive Order, is the fact that Martin Luther King's associations were documented by J. Edgar Hoover. He had connections to stolen car rings, white slavery (which he used himself quite regularly), and his lifestyle indicated amoral turpitude that would have tarnished his phony sainthood had the facts got out. If anyone cares in the next century, the file will be re-opened; that is if anything is left in it.

As an Australian, I see what liberalism has done to our own country. It is also killing America. They have made an icon of Martin Luther King. Had he lived, he probably would have been defrocked.

Sincerely,
Major Donald V. Clerkin

☆☆☆

3 October 1994

Hon. Robert Blanchard

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District Attorney, Racine County
The Courthouse
730 Wisconsin Avenue
Racine, Wisconsin 53403

Dear Mr. District Attorney:

It is my opinion that the Wisconsin Hate Crimes statute should be added to any homicide charge you file in the Skinhead killing case. This particular statute has meaning only when it is employed, and the criterion for its employ should not be whether a conviction is assured.

The fact is a black man killed a white man with a gun, and the white man was unarmed. It cannot be said therefore that the black man was protecting himself. Why, then, did he kill him? The Skinhead probably said something to the black man, or vice-versa; there may have even been "fighting words" exchanged between the two. A defense will probably raise this supposed mitigation. The fact remains that a black killed a white over speech that has yet to be revealed.

If the Hate Crimes statute is not employed, then it will be seen as applying only to cases in which a white does something to a black or another protected "minority." The statute becomes laughable when the State uses it to punish only one segment of the population. Those who proposed this statute, I am certain, thought that it would suppress expressions of "bigotry" in whites. Here is a case that wants prosecution of a black who killed a white because he WAS WHITE.

Were I prosecuting this case, I would include the charge of a hate crime with the homicide information because all the circumstantial evidence—and probably parole evidence to be adduced at trial—indicates that this killing was racially motivated; that there was no other rational reason for it. It would not make a difference whether I could get a conviction on the hate crime count. I would already have a homicide charge and a concealed weapons charge. I would file the hate crimes count because I know it happened that

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way.

Sincerely,
Major Donald V. Clerkin, B.S., LL. B.
Chairman / Commander
Euro-American Alliance, Inc.

☆ ☆ ☆

10 October 199

Editor / Letters
Racine Journal Times
212 Fourth Street
Racine, Wisconsin 53403

Dear Editor:

Poor Racine—poor politically—correct Racine. Joe Rowan was just a Skinhead. His murder by a black gang-banger isn't really a local matter. After all, Joe was from New Jersey, in Racine to attend a Skinhead rock band concert. Racine doesn't condone Skinheads holding their "hate" concerts. Isn't there a call to ban such "hateful" concerts in Racine?

Well, that gets Racine off the hook, doesn't it? A Skinhead killed in a brawl, shot in the back. It didn't happen to a "nice" young man, now did it? So Racine doesn't have to do much about it. If witnesses are too scared to come forward, scared of black gang retaliation, then why compel them? No need for grand juries or "John Doe" investigations; even a coroner's inquest would cost the taxpayers more than Joe Rowan's

life was worth to Racine. Gosh, lucky for Racine the shooting wasn't the other way around—the Skinhead shooting a black in the back. Think of what that would cost. And the terrible national publicity. Racine would have to break a leg to prosecute the killer then. But Joe Rowan was just a Skinhead. No one cares that he was murdered. Maybe the killer is encouraged by the lack of reaction in Racine. His next white victim may not be a Skinhead.

If the District Attorney of Racine County does not want to do anything to bring Joe Rowan's killer to justice, maybe he can be

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compelled to act by court order, the proper extraordinary writ being "Mandamus." Failing that, maybe a complicity in wrongful death suit against the county. But I'll tell you something is going to be done about Joe Rowan's murder.

Sincerely,
Maj. Donald V. Clerkin
Chairman / Commander
Euro-American Alliance, Inc.

☆ ☆ ☆

13 October 1994

European Journal
Box 803
Corvallis, Oregon 97339

European Journal:

Michael Friedman a leading light of the Christian Democratic Party? This Jew is nothing but a stalking horse for the Zionist crowd and their Marxist theories. Helmut Kohl is in good company with Friedman. He regularly goes on his belly to the Jews.

European Journal is an obvious front for the radical left in Europe. Every week you showcase some dreary silly who is doing something to destroy the European culture and the white race. If it isn't Michael Friedman it is some darky from Africa who is making the scene beating tree logs and calling it "music." I watch European Journal just to see your reporters tell these sordid little stories with a straight face.

But you are noticing that the racials are increasing their constituencies in every European country. Friedman can get up in front of a crowd and say, "Ich bin Deutscher," but everyone knows what he is and what he represents. He isn't fooling anyone.

And neither are you.

Major Donald V. Clerkin
Chairman / Commander
Euro-American Alliance, Inc.

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October 16, 1994

Mr. George P. Dietz
Editor and Publisher, *Liberty Bell*
PO Box 21
Reedy, WV 25270

Dear Mr. Dietz,

I received the November issue of *Liberty Bell* yesterday. As always, I sat right down and read it through cover to cover. In my opinion, *Liberty Bell* is the finest of the many fine publications dedicated to the near hopeless task of awakening a never more lethargic Aryan remnant of this country to the horrible fate that awaits it. Your courage, George, rivals that of the late, great Revilo Oliver. I admire you for allowing Dr. Oliver to express his rational and scientific views regarding religion even though so allowing would decimate your subscribers. That is real devotion to truth and right!

I would like to comment on James F. Wilkins' letter to the editor in the November issue that took friend Frens to task so waspishly. I think Mr. Wilkins is suffering from the E. Hume syndrome: a tendency to go off half-cocked. I, too, wrote a scathing criticism of Mr. Frens which was published in *Liberty Bell* early in 1993. I was new to the movement and mistook Mr. Frens's depth of reasoning for shallowness. His response to my criticism was very gentle. I thought I'd better read this man again and with more attention to what he was saying. I found he not only had important things to say; he said them in a fashion reminiscent of the great H. L. Mencken. He can be very amusing.

I happen to believe only in the Natural Laws and the product of those laws. Religions of all sorts, especially the Jewish ones, are so much irrational superstition to me. The long pages that Mr. Wilkins found so worthless I found otherwise. Of course, I don't agree with everything that Bob Frens writes, but much that he does write finds the target.

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We can't afford to pick up our marbles and trot home every time someone writes something that scorches one of our secret little irrationalities. For example, I don't agree with Bob regarding revisionist historians. I think they are desperately needed.

CC: Bob Frens

☒ ☒ ☒

Greetings!

I read with interest and *enjoyment* James F. Wilkins' letter to the ed. and the ed's reply in November *LB*. Yes, *LB* can be fun too! Too much seriousness is dull and foolish solemnity.

I agree wholeheartedly with Wilkins' assessment of Robert Frens' writing—he *does* write like a Jewish American Princess! His writing is "self-centered and concentrates on "I", "me," "my", in publicizing hard-nosed opinion of a mediocre mind..."

The First Amendment Exercise Machine (FAEM) I used to receive until in one issue, after the newsletter writer explained that most revisionists were money motivated, in a pejorative sense, he states that he himself *must* be compensated for his writing—to the tune of \$60 for twelve issues; more expensive than *LB*. A Jewish whine—"why, if I'm not paid, I'll do something else and ye'all will not read me again!" or something to that effect.

Judging by Frens's writing (and that's all one should judge when discussing his writing) he, in type, is obnoxious, spoiled, and conceited and really brings no deep penetration to a topic. The essence is of a juvenile character. I lent a few copies of *FAEM* to my brother for his evaluation...he said there are many words with little insight.

So much for that. Although I agree with the Wilkens evaluation of Frens, I think Wilkens errs in his condemnation of *LB*—and canceling a subscription to *LB* just to avoid a particular writer is idiotic. There surely must be something else bothering Mr. Wilkins, but no need to go into that!

Continue to publish all types of writers (as I'm sure you *will*)—even Frens. As I said, enjoyment is a special part of *LB*, and Frens is *fun* to read. *His* idea of himself, as he comes across in his

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writing is surely at odds with reality. Now that's fun!

Your Jersey Pal, T.

☒ ☒ ☒

Dear George:

How are you? Things are going well here. It has been so long I can't even recall when last I wrote.

Very sorry to hear of Dr. Oliver's passing; he will be missed. No way to write a proper epitaph for so great a man. All I can say is, "Thank you, Dr. R.P. Oliver for all your effort on our behalf." At least he lived a long life and, hopefully, accomplished much of what he wanted to do.

Enclosed is a subscription renewal for the coming year. Keep up the good work.

Best wishes,
V.G., Michigan

☒ ☒ ☒

It appears from the comment by I. S. in the November readers' section that some subscribers may think that my own pieces (e. g., July and August) were written by the late Professor Oliver. In fact, I am not Oliver, though I am honored to be a part of the forum that he shared.

While at it, I might add, my occasional use of the "Prof" moniker is not meant to boast any special aptitude or scholarship, but merely to note my familiarity (about three decades' worth) with the "higher" academic industry and the irreducibly Jew-leftist race-leveling disease that has for years afflicted it. (My wife, incidentally, is now pursuing a degree, and judging from her experience, it is apparent—to no surprise—that the horrors are all the greater at the present time.)

Like other *LB* readers, I lament the passing of Dr. Oliver, whose rare combination of courage, scholarship and racial insight made him an example for all ages of true Aryan character.

A. F. S., aka "The Prof"

☒ ☒ ☒

Dear Mr. Dietz,

I would like to receive a sample of your *Liberty Bell*, and also, of course, a complete catalog of your publications. I will probably subscribe again when I am definitely settled down somewhere. I think very much of settling down in Germany, Denmark, or even...Russia.

Momentous things are happening In Europe. Our comrade Manfred Roeder is doing a magnificent job, trying to promote co-operation between Germany and Russia. It would be Europa's last hope for survival. New opportunities are opening each day. If I were you I would very seriously consider going back to Deutschland! You would be so much happier than vegetating in this hopeless Septic Tank called America! Since I have seen beautiful Germany, I have been dreaming about settling there, especially in the Hessen [my Home state — *Ed.*] area (it's magnificent!). If I couldn't stay in Europe I might just as well go back to South-East Asia, which is probably right now one of the best areas in which to live in the whole world.

If you ever have a chance, go and visit Indonesia. It's fantastic! Gorgeous landscapes, delightful climate, and the nicest, friendliest people in the world (and very open-minded in politics too, especially about Revisionism!)

Keep up the good work. But believe me, if I were you, I would forget about the pseudo-Aryan "White Americans;" rush back to Deutschland and do serious political work there. Forget about America. It's like Brazil now. Finished and dead. Good riddance! — Heil der Deutsch-Russischen Gemeinschaft!!

Yours truly,
M.d.L., France

☒ ☒ ☒

10 August 1994

Please use the enclosed material in any way you want. I am not afraid to speak up and I am not a coward. Three assassination attempts against my life did not stop me to this day.

To open my mouth is too much for some of these Bastards in

this great country. If I have to go to hell, I will meet many of these politicians at this nice and warm place.

Horst W. Petzold, Sr., Washington

To Whom It May Concern:

In reply to your request to send a check, a donation, or forward other monetary help, I have to inform you that the present government-imposed conditions of my bank account make it almost impossible. The financial condition of many SENIORS OF AMERICA, including myself, is due to: Federal Laws, State Laws, County Laws, City Laws, Corporation Laws, Liquor Laws, Mother-in-Laws, Brother-in-Laws, Sister-in-Laws, and Outlaws. Through these Laws, I am compelled to pay a Business Tax, Amusement Tax, Road Tax, Property Tax, Excise Tax, and In-

IRS Tries to Ruin Company Over 1¢

Although the federal tyranny squanders untold billions of dollars every year, the Internal Revenue "Service" was certainly vigilant beyond the call of duty in trying to wring an extra penny out of Rainmaker, Inc. of Montrose, Colorado. So vigilant in fact that

Rainmaker's accountant, Tom Jaskunas, received a hate letter from the IRS announcing that the "Service" was considering taking the company's "wages, property and other assets" if the company did not immediately send one cent the IRS said was underpaid in quarterly withholding taxes.

The huge one cent shortfall was the result of the rounding of figures to the nearest dollar that the IRS says is allowed. But that did not deter the "Service" from insisting on their penny.

The matter was dropped only when Rep. Scott McInnis (R-CO) wrote the IRS, taped a penny to his letter and told the bureaucracy to "back off Rainmaker."



come Tax.

I am required to get a Business License, Car License, Operator's License, and Truck License, Dog License, and, of course, a Marriage License.

I am also required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of woman and man is capable of organizing; The Woman's Relief, the Unemployment Relief, and Gold Diggers Relief. Also, every Hospital and Charitable Institution, the Salvation Army, United Fund, Red Cross, Blue Cross, Purple Cross, and Double Cross; Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, YMCA, YWCA, as well as stations for wayward girls, and Boys Town, and Boys Ranch.

For my safety, I am required to carry Health Insurance, Life Insurance, Fire Insurance, Car Insurance, House Insurance, Burglary Insurance, Liability Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Storm Insurance, and Old Age Insurance.

My business is so governed that it is no easy matter to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, suspected, dejected, examined, re-examined, informed, requested, summoned, fined, commanded and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money to every known need or hope of the human race.

Simply because I refuse to donate to something or other, I am boycotted, Talked about, Lied about, Held up, Run down, and Robbed until I am almost ruined.

I can tell you honestly that, except for a miracle that happened, I could not enclose a check herewith. The Wolf that comes to many doors nowadays just had pups in my kitchen. I sold them. Here is the Money, you Blockheads. Do you think I am naive and stupid??? Please forward a report of your Overhead, Salaries, and Expenses.

Yours very truly,
Horst W. Petzold, Sr., I.O.M.
22 June 1994

☒ ☒ ☒

October 17, 1994

Dear Mr. George Dietz,

I have just recently gotten your address. I am a 23-year-old white female, I am in a Texas prison for women. I have only recently been introduced to National Socialism. I have to say that I never heard of National Socialism before, much less understand its meaning.

I have a very good friend who is in the mens' prison in Gaterville, Texas. My friend has been teaching me little by little on the subject, i.e., newsletters and other pieces of literature. One of the pieces my friend sent to me was the *GANPAC Brief* that I consider very informative and an eye-opener on my part. Just from the few pieces of literature I have read, I feel like I have gone my whole life totally ignorant of the world around me. Everything I was taught in school about World War II and the "Holocaust" was false. I know I haven't even begun to know the truth about the "Jews" and their control of the media and important institutions such as banks, the government, etc. I read your article in the February 1994 GANPAC Brief concerning *The Protocols*.

My friend told me about a book authored by Adolf Hitler titled *Mein Kampf*. He suggested I obtain a copy of the book to learn what I need to know about National Socialism. I am very eager to learn all I can on this subject.

Mr. Dietz, is it at all possible for you to send me a copy of *Mein Kampf*... [We are getting requests for free copies of this and other titles, and subscriptions to Liberty Bell, on a daily basis. We simply cannot honor these requests. Are there any sponsors among our readers who could help this young white woman, and 10 worthy but incarcerated white men with subscriptions to Liberty Bell.—Editor]

Sincerely,

Robin Lowe, #2240 Unit-H

6901 N. Highway 83, Crystal City, TX 78839

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