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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 Congolids 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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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

You Quit? Surprise! So Do We

from the Prof

This morning I happened to catch an instructive item on the opinion page of that inadvertent purveyor of truth, the *USA Today*. It is a short piece by columnist Barbara Reynolds concerning the evil of racism.

The day's *ugly subject*, writes Reynolds, is a book by Charles Murray proclaiming that longstanding IQ differences between the races reflect (dare one think it) natural differences in the races themselves. Murray believes that whites are, on average, innately superior to blacks in various aptitudes that the exams purport to measure. According to Reynolds¹, Murray's book offers a rationale for tracking programs that would destine those on the bottom for "unproductive lives".

Reynolds states that noted studies by Murray and others "dissected blacks as if they were laboratory frogs" and depicted them as "overpopulating dumb bunnies" beyond the reach of programs designed to raise their inferior status. She describes the book as being "[a] plea for eugenics in disguise" and says that it would "fit easily in pre-Nazi Germany". In response, she offers a mind's-eye scenario of her own:

In reply to these obscene stories, a coalition of 100 black groups around the country propose a strike that would deprive the nation of thousands of nurses, physicians, police officers, mail carriers, and all the rest. This *IQ* ("I Quit") strike, she imagines, has implications as well for departments of Commerce and Energy, suddenly bereft of their black leadership, and for the 30% black military. Further plans call for those involved to "snatch up every single record, poem, product or process" (this involving a variety of equipment and appliances) and a gigantic boycott of advertisers who support the guilty

1. The book is *The Bell Curve*, co-authored by Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein. Though I have read a number of books alleging intellectual difference between the races (they are, after all, nothing new), I have not yet had time to read this one and so must rely on Reynolds' editorial for information.

news organizations hyping such stories about alleged black stupidity.

In her fantasy she quotes one involved party, a Reverend John Highmind, who explains, "We're tired of trying to prove that we're humans deserving an equal chance. So let's just say we're as stupid as we're accused of being. Too stupid to find our way to work, to find our wallets, to help society through our contributions. Next year we will be too stupid to pay our taxes." In a panic, imagines Reynolds, the White House calls out the National Guard to enforce business as usual. But IQ-ers will not come back to the post "until a study is done on why white pseudo-intellectuals find their self-worth only in the exploitation of others"

☆ ☆ ☆

A Few Racial Thoughts

It is, in fact, a clever story. It is also a sad one. The thought of a Clinton-led administration trying to coerce and cajole disgusted black workers back to their jobs is a funny one. Yet beneath the tongue-in-cheek scenario one hears the pain of Miss Reynolds, and the anguish likewise of those decent black men and women who have labored for decades to upgrade themselves and their families against the odds—men and women who have struggled to live responsible and productive lives even while a good many of their racial brethren were perpetuating the stereotypes they fought against. I do not blame self-respecting black readers for feeling slighted by the stories and the racial claims to which the column alludes. I do not blame Miss Reynolds for disliking the book written by Charles Murray.

But for all of this, I must say, Reynolds' discussion is neither objective nor insightful. It is instead a perfect example of the daily failure of blacks everywhere to take serious stock of the problem that Murray's book (like many books before it, though lacking the publicity) addresses. It fails to see what must have motivated Murray, and others like him, to write such a book in the first place: If anyone has not yet noticed, blacks *do* lag consistently behind whites in intellectual performance. They continue to fail no matter what is done,

by way of tutorial; performance tracking; reward; punishment; classroom integration; classroom segregation; the upscaling of classroom demand; the downscaling of classroom demand; the implementation of new teaching strategies; the re-implementation of old teaching strategies; and now, for several decades running, the presentation of positive mass-level images, as for example, the resident black genius or life-mentor who is dutifully inserted into every film that comes out of the racial sewer that is Hollywood.

The work has been stupendous. *Yet in four decades of witnessing this charade, I have yet to hear one black mainstream activist honestly acknowledge this effort on the part of white educators.* Instead I hear daily of how "the system" has deliberately failed black people through its apathy, its fear, its laziness, its lack of commitment and imagination. I hear without end that whites have not given enough, have not yet truly opened their hearts, have not mentally contorted themselves as yet into enough positions to fully understand what is the essence of The Black Experience. But when I turn from this orchestrated media message to the real world, I see instead that often as not, blacks perpetuate their own problems, despite efforts from without, by their own continuing behavioral modes of stubbornness, aggression, manipulation and promiscuity. And I see every effort at honest diagnosis of this problem stifled by ethnic and ideological aliens who (I am convinced) willfully conceal this truth from the public for their own racial and political ends. I am enraged.

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Further Comment: A Personal Rejoinder

What, Miss Reynolds, is *ugly* about an honest analysis of racial differences? It strikes me as being a perfectly legitimate subject as it relates to the development of biology and the social sciences. Or do you suppose that some such subjects are somehow bad of themselves? Or that human beings are, or should be, for some reason, exempt from scientific investigation? (I hate to think where this would

leave medical research.) This aside, do you seriously think for a moment that *your own* people (of whom I have known quite a few) doubt for a moment that such differences exist? Listen to your own kind when they watch a football game or a mixed prizefight. Are they racially neutral in their expectations? Do they lack convictions about who will prevail in a contest, say, of sprinting or the slam-dunk? They don't. And they shouldn't. Nor should we, when life experience—and our own repeated frustration—tells us that you are not, in all respects, our equals, either.

I am convinced furthermore that the claims of some researchers about differences between the races tend to be conservative. For the differences go well beyond what is measured on an IQ exam. They are physical (one instance just noted) and emotional as well as cognitive. And these differences multiply against each other in every situation where your race and mine are forced unnaturally into collision with each other. *Those of cognition are compounded by those of temperament. The result is that black students, on average, are neither able nor inclined to do what is required to become physicists, mathematicians, philosophers, or classicists with the proportionate frequency that "equality" demands.* For this reason the black / white disparity in academic performance is generally higher than the approximate 15-point IQ difference would anticipate. And so is perpetuated our mutual frustration. We who read and write such books as the one you discuss are not villains for wanting to know the truth of the matter. We are not wrong for telling you what our own best investigative efforts, both in the laboratory and on the streets, have shown us.

You say that this book would have found an environment in pre-Nazi Germany. Probably so. But does it ever occur to you (and in fairness, I confess, it will probably *not* occur to most of my own racial kin) that this fact may really imply something contrary to what you intend? Instead of serving to condemn this book, perhaps your observation gives us reason to take new stock of Nazi Germany! Perhaps their own racialism was not the berserk and randomly vicious thing that decades of (predominantly Jewish)

propaganda have led my own people to think. And perhaps men like Adolf Hitler² had reason to be concerned about the effects of miscegenation upon his homeland at that time. Hitler believed that the races were, in certain respects, unequal. He also believed that a concerted effort was being made to ruin his own race. One look at black behavior in this country, and the lies told about it, is enough to give his claims plausibility.

You say also that the work of men like Murray is "pseudo-intellectual". How so? Do you object in some way to his methodology? Or have you examined the book at all, beyond hearing about it and then announcing to the world that you dislike his conclusions? I think that I know the answer. In brief, Miss Reynolds, committed white racialists are not vicious. They do not enjoy the pain of other races. They have no wish to exploit you, or take from you what you have earned. They do not find their self-worth in your disadvantage or discomfort. I myself am not pleased that this article, if you should chance to read it, may cause you pain or anger. But neither do I enjoy being made daily a witness to the destruction of my race. I do not like the epidemic of black-on-white brutality—of rape, murder, and even planned and executed torture³—that saturates our once-great cities, or the media lie that accompanies it. I do not like the deterioration of the educational system that comes about with every federally enforced effort to manufacture your intellectual "equality". In sum, when reflecting on personal experience, I do not like your noise, your mayhem, your puerile come-on, your sexual aggression, or your brazen immaturity. I don't like, either, the smug look on the

2. Concerning his attitudes toward blacks and Jews, see, for example, *Mein Kampf*, chapter 11, "Nation and Race"—"It was and is Jews who bring the Negroes into the Rhineland, always with the same secret thought and clear aim of ruining the hated white race by the necessarily resulting bastardization, throwing it down from its cultural height, and himself rising to be its master" (page 325, Manheim edition). Those acquainted with recent Jewish activity in America will realize that the claim fits hand-in-glove.

3. Two publications exposing these atrocities on a monthly basis are *American Renaissance* (Box 1674, Louisville, KY 40201) and *The Truth at Last* (Box 1211, Marietta, GA 30061).

face of that obnoxious young black male who goes out of his way to annoy or even threaten me, continually and without provocation, and without thought (*not five seconds' thought in all his life*, I shall wager) of how many times I may have tried to help men like him by my own efforts. It has happened too many times. Enough, I must say, of this atrocity. Enough of you.

You suggest that Charles Murray has chosen an illegitimate means of self-worth. I submit that this man, like others before him, finds his self-worth not in offense, but in truth. I have seen such men lose their homes, their livelihood, and even their lives in carrying their message to an unsympathetic public that would prefer to give you a forum instead. This is an outrage. But again, Miss Reynolds, if you do not like what I am telling you, perhaps there is some consolation. For one day we ever-so-bad racialsists will succeed in our aims, and our separatist agenda will be realized. You will then be rid of us.

☆☆☆

Old Friends and Enemies

Thumbing last night through some old grade-school photographs, I was reminded of the joys of childhood, and of the simpler time then in which many of us lived. Here was one. Fourth grade. And there was Gene—front row, eyes crossed, with me behind him, each of us straining to look his most absurd. How we had caught hell afterward.

Since that time he and I had stayed in touch. I looked again at the photograph and thought of the conversation we'd had a few years ago, one that taught me something about the extent to which we racialsists differ from those of our people still in the mainstream. Perhaps the incident is worth a short recounting.

Gene and I had known each other since around the second grade, which was more than thirty years. Over that time we had gone in different directions. A few common interests brought us together every now and then. I had become for the most part a loner. He had stayed with the crowd. We got together on occasion to en-

joy some light banter and an argument over some bit of sporting trivia from years past. He would lament the ineptitude of white prizefighters. I would tell him (though I knew better) that Gerry Cooney, or whoever, was going to change all of that. Three or four times that summer we had grabbed a movie on a Friday afternoon and downed a couple of drinks afterward. On this occasion we had caught a matinee and parked ourselves later in a splendid old bar on a downtown block near our home area.

Perhaps the stage was set. Not long before, on a similar occasion, I had shocked him. When he had started in about some great book extolling the genius and moral excellence of Jews, I had told him what total crap he was getting in this book and from the industry that had spawned it. I told him that blacks were idiots. I told him that there was a war going on.

On this occasion we sat amidst century-old booths and fixtures, each of us putting down a hot Spanish coffee and batting around a few odd remarks about race and kindred issues. He baited me with some comment about the hopelessness of white athletes. Ordinarily I laughed these things off. This time I took the occasion to tell him again, in more explicit terms, what I had told him the last time—that these children of the Exodus whom he admires are not the divinely chosen, forever-misunderstood innocents they proclaim themselves to be; that the races are not equal; that eating carrots instead of beef will not enlighten him or improve his next incarnation; that jerk-off car salesmen named *Rosenberg* who start calling themselves gurus and offer their flocks (Gene and his wife had shelled out big for this one) jazzily packaged new age “personal transformation” seminars—while they reportedly screw their own daughters behind closed doors—do not have the keys to cosmic wisdom.

Gene and I were used to arguing—we had always done it, and had always laughed about it. But the tone of the conversation was changing. Unable to know what to say to my claims about anti-white aggression and related media bias, unable to understand my seriousness about all of it, he at last lamented my “extremism”. There was, he supposed, a variety of solutions to the various social

and economic problems that plagued us. But my own solution, he observed, was not even "on the spectrum". *What* spectrum, I wanted to know. Was this imagined "range" of choices (roughly that between Michael Dukakis and George Bush, or whatever was its character casting at the moment) a range dictated by *reason*? If this range was called a spectrum, did that mean that it represented the whole possibility of rational choice-making? Where did he imagine that the men at Valley Forge stood on the political spectrum of *Britain*? The point, of course, was lost on him. Maybe I should have known better.

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Readers who have had conversations with child-men like Gene (and most, I am sure, have) would not have been surprised at the way that this conversation went. I have not spent a lot of time with white liberals. I never will. But Gene is typical of them. All his life his instincts have told him to flee the situation before it becomes dangerous. His inherited money has enabled him to build a home on an acre of land out of town in the woodlands. As a result he has never been hit squarely enough in the face with racial truth to understand what a racist is trying to tell him. His two or three experiences with black occupants have taught him (in his own phrase) "never to rent to niggers". But he refuses, at the same time, to think that *race itself* may have given rise to this state of affairs. He cannot believe, either, that there may be genuine anti-white malice behind the appearances of everyday American life. He trusts alien-controlled organizations like Time / Warner and FOX-Network television to supply him with fact and entertainment. He is not strong enough to distance himself psychically from these media long enough to see their essential perversion. He cannot imagine that he, and one day soon, his own Montessori-educated young son, might be the target of racial animosity more severe than any he has ever imagined. He knows vaguely that the system caters to "wealth", but he cannot see that it also moves daily with grim purpose toward the disintegration of his race.

The barkeep flamed a third round. We downed a bit more of these great and powerful concoctions and admired the surroundings. Gene then caught sight of a hefty mulatto next to a white female at a table perhaps twenty feet away. He sipped again. He looked down and muttered. "I'm gonna kill that nigger." I looked over at what appeared to be a rather innocuous after-work gathering of four or five office personnel. I asked him if he was serious. He gave some vague answer and changed the subject. The rest of his conversation bore no connection to the remark he had made. And he still thought that my racial ideas were "fantastic". On that note the conversation ended. Not long afterward we parted company for what will probably be the rest of our lives.

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Perhaps there is a lesson in this somewhere. If Gene is mindless, he is far from unusual. For all his inanity, he is bright and hospitable, and he can be engaging. He can read fairly sophisticated material and enjoy it. But again, he is incapable of assessing the device itself through which he gathers his information. He is thus, like so many in his circle, bottled, a passive consumer of the service that supplies his cognitive nourishment. He still imagines that he is part of a *nation* presided over by sane and responsible individuals who have an interest in the welfare of persons like himself who vote them into power. He supposes that the left and right "wings" of political activity provide him with all of the reasonable choices that he can make with respect to the condition of his society. He cannot understand my concern with Jews, since (thanks to the miracles of Hollywood imagery) he "wouldn't be able to tell them" from anyone else if some were accompanying us in the car on our way to the theatre. (*They* would, I replied, though again the point was missed.) Whether an aimless little screwball like this is worth caring about I will leave to the reader. Some racials may count as their kin every last pale-skinned organism that meets the biological rule. I do not. I only mention him as an indication to interested readers of what they can expect to encounter among their own acquaintances as they move further in their thinking from those still in the mainstream.

How indeed can a white man be so perfectly truth-resistant? To understand the problem, one must realize that the majority of white citizens in this alleged nation are not only brainwashed, they are viscerally *trained*. They are conditioned not only to believe that blacks, for example, are their equals, but to find them morally appealing. Thus is developed an interracial sympathy that colors their perceptions of every event in the world. When the average white man reads, say, a recent *Newsweek* article reviewing a book proclaiming genuine intellectual differences between the races, he reads the allegations with antagonism, with an emotional pull against the dread message of racial inequality. And when he sees immediately following the editor's good-news rebuttal proclaiming the success of some new inner-city educational program (i.e., revealing the potential brilliance of these disadvantaged dark "youths"), he is restored. When blacks and whites are embroiled in a confrontation, he wants the black to prevail, for he believes, and *wants* to believe, that the black is the one with the cause. Thus emotionally spring-loaded, he sits in front of the television watching the enactment of alien scripts that make his own folk the butt of minority wit. He waits and listens, and when the white foil is knocked over yet again, he laughs with righteous satisfaction. In this self-punitive condition he is ripe for the slaying. The voice of racialism falls hard on his ears. He willfully resists it. It is for this reason that a talk-show host, for example, can manipulate his crowd against a racist guest while violating all rules of propriety and fairness, why he can "refute" that guest without once touching upon the issues this villain may raise. It is for this reason that (as Tom Metzger once told me) a racially conscious white man lives his life behind enemy lines.

As for Gene, we have not spoken since that time, and probably never will again. Over the years I have parted ways, over racial issues, with several friends—old friends, good friends, men and women for the most part of some fine qualities. It isn't easy to break with people after sharing with them stages of life from childhood to middle age. But there comes a point where friendship is not only a compromise, it is a lie. Considering what is at stake, and bearing in mind the alternative, I do not regret the loss. □

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE:

NATIONALIST, PHILOSOPHER, ECONOMIST

by
Joseph D. Pryce

*Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province.*
James Thomson

The great German thinker Johann Gottlieb Fichte was born on May 19th, 1762, at Rammenau in upper Lusatia. His father was the descendant of a Swedish soldier who, serving under Gustavus Adolphus, was left wounded at Rammenau and decided to settle there. Fichte's mother is said to have been of a quarrelsome and jealous disposition, and biographers have occasionally hinted that these traits can account for the philosopher's legendary impetuosity and impatience. One might say that whatever were the faults of Fichte's mother, she managed to give birth to Fichte.

At a very early age, our hero showed such remarkable intellectual precocity that he was taken under the wing of one Freiherr von Miltitz, who provided the earnest young man with an education which would have been far beyond his father's circumstances. After a short stay at Meissen, Fichte was enrolled in the Schulpforta at Naumburg, that legendary breeding-ground of genius (Nietzsche was to be an alumnus). In 1780, he entered the university of Jena as a student of theology, supporting himself by private teaching. During the years 1784-1787, he became tutor to various families in Saxony. In 1788 Fichte obtained a tutorship in Zürich, where he eventually met Lavater and Hartmann Rahn, to whose daughter, Johanna, he became engaged. Unfortunately, their wedding plans were overthrown by a commercial catastrophe which shattered the fortunes of the Rahn family.

After settling at Leipzig, Fichte experienced the most important event of his life, his encounter with the Kantian philosophy. His letters of this period testify to the overwhelming impression which the critical philosophy made upon him. Feeling that Kant's manner of expression was impeding the successful propagation of his ideas, Fichte set about preparing an abridgment of Kant's *Kritik der Urteilskraft*, which, however, he soon abandoned. Shortly thereafter, he did complete an original work, the *Versuch einer Kritik aller Offenbarung* (Towards a Critique of all Revelation), which impressed Kant so much that he procured a publisher for the work. Due to an oversight on the part of the printer, Fichte's name did not appear on the title-page, and the readership jumped to the conclusion that the work was in fact written by the great Kant himself. When the truth as to the actual authorship was made known, Fichte's fame was secure.

The success of Fichte's book, coupled with an improvement in the fortunes of the Rahn family, enabled our hero to marry his sweetheart at Zürich in October 1793. At the end of 1793, Fichte was invited to succeed K. L. Reinhold as extraordinary professor of philosophy at Jena, where his fame was instantaneous and complete, due largely to his tremendous effectiveness as a lecturer. Later, under the bayonets of Napoleon, this skill would be instrumental in awakening the dormant forces of German nationalism.

The years at Jena were very productive ones, and from this period comes Fichte's masterwork, the *Wissenschaftslehre* ("The Science of Knowledge"), which he worked on for many years, and which appeared in several guises, accompanied by an astonishingly varied panoply of editorial, supplementary, and introductory materials over the succeeding years.

In the *Wissenschaftslehre*, Fichte, who teaches that the ultimate basis for the act of cognition is located in the Will, attempts to isolate and describe a principle which might unify the realms of pure and practical reason. To answer the question as to what this principle might be, we must bear in mind just what Fichte's intention was in designating all philosophy as *Science of Knowledge*. Philoso-

phy is, for him, the radical rethinking of cognition, the theory of knowledge, the complete exposition of the principles which ground all rational cognition. Philosophy must trace the necessary acts whereby cognition comes to be what it is, in content and in form. This is not, according to our thinker, a *phenomenological* history of consciousness, or a *natural* history, but an attempt to deduce the entire organism of cognition from a series of fundamental axioms. There are three thinkable, necessary conditions for the emergence of cognition: one, which is perfectly unconditioned both with regard to matter and form; second, unconditioned in form but not in matter; and a third, unconditioned in matter but not in form. For Fichte, the first must be fundamental, since it conditions the other two. This discussion forms the meat of the introduction to the *Wissenschaftslehre*.

Fichte then asserts that the primitive condition of all intelligence is that the *Ego* shall posit and affirm itself. Consciousness can come to be only when the *Ego* brings about the process of its own self-emergence. The non-*Ego* is that which is opposed to the thinking consciousness; the two limit one another, or set determinations to each other, and, as limitation functions as the negation of part of a divisible quantum, the divisible *Ego* is opposed to a divisible non-*Ego*.

It would take a tremendous amount of time and space to indicate the steps by which the *Ego* develops into the all-embracing system of cognitive categories, or to trace the deduction of the processes (productive imagination, intuition, sensation, understanding, judgment, reason) whereby the indefinite non-*Ego* eventually assumes the appearance of definite objects in time and space. This is, obviously, a very difficult system of thought, and shortly after the initial appearance of the *Wissenschaftslehre*, wits were exultantly braying (philistines will be always with us, I fear!) that Fichte was claiming that the entire phenomenal world was a figment of his own imagination! This prompted the sage Goethe to the devastating query: "What does Fichte's wife say about that?" (Those readers who wish to delve further into the labyrinth of the

Fichteian metaphysics might do well to obtain a copy of the Heath/Lachs translation of the *Wissenschaftslehre*—"The Science of Knowledge," with the First and Second Introductions, published by the Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1982—reprinted in 1984).

Students of this philosophy will note how close is the thinking of our hero to the dialectical method of Hegel (brought to its glorious triumph in the magisterial "Phenomenology of Spirit"); one might note as well that the great Arthur Schopenhauer, favorite thinker of so many of the German National Socialist leaders (*not*, repeat *not* Nietzsche!), was indebted to Fichte for his conception of the role that the Will plays in Nature and in consciousness.

Fichte's career at Jena came to a catastrophic close when he was accused of atheism, on the basis of a short paper entitled *On the Grounds of our Belief in a Divine Government of the Universe*. The government of the grand duchy of Sachsen-Weimar secured Fichte's censure, assuming that Fichte would back down from the position which he took in the paper. They did not understand their man, of course, and Fichte was dismissed.

Berlin, which was the only town in Germany open to Fichte at this point, became his home from 1799 to 1806 (except for a short visit to Erlangen where he delivered a series of lectures in the summer of 1805). Here he published many of his most original works, of which the most remarkable are *Bestimmung des Menschen* (The Vocation of Man); *Der geschlossene Handelsstaat* (The Closed, or Isolated, Commercial State—about which more later in this essay); lectures on the *Wissenschaftslehre*, *Wesen des Gelehrten* (Nature of the Scholar); and the *Anweisung zum seligen Leben oder Religionslehre* (Way to a Blessed Life).

The disasters which befell Prussia in 1806 drove Fichte out of Berlin. He moved first to Stargard, then to Königsberg (where he delivered several lectures), then to Copenhagen, whence he returned to Berlin in August of 1807. He was, knowingly or not, on the verge of his greatest hour.....

On a Sunday evening, December the 13th, 1807 to be specific, a short but stocky man whose large, piercing eyes shot lightning from under a mass of thick, dark hair, strode to the podium of the great hall of the Academy of Sciences in Berlin, where he was scheduled, at least according to the *Moniteur* newspaper, to deliver the first of a projected series of lectures on proposals for reforms to the educational system. The authorities, one would assume, thought that our hero was about to deliver some safe and sleepy stuff. But Fichte, who by now had become acknowledged as one of the glories of the classical age of German Idealistic philosophy, had decided to deliver something very different to the students and scholars assembled before him. Though French troops were still occupying Berlin in the wake of Napoleon's victories against Prussia; though the hall of the Academy of Sciences was lousy with spies; and though close friends had warned the philosopher to take care for his physical safety, Fichte had prepared, and proceeded to deliver, the first of his fiercely nationalistic and epoch-making *Reden an die deutsche Nation* ("Addresses to the German Nation"). He would continue with this series of Sunday-night lectures until the twentieth of March, 1808. Fichte's courage must have completely disarmed the occupation authorities, for he doesn't seem to have been molested. Again we see, as we have seen throughout the course of Western history, that one man of iron determination can overwhelm his enemies with the sheer force of his Will, leaving them stupefied and defenseless before his onslaught.

The "Addresses" are extraordinary documents. Far from being the vaporous outpourings of a bookish and sheltered theoretician with his trotters firmly planted in Cloud Cuckoo Land, they comprise both a projection of the desiderated items in the German character from which a genuine state might be formed, coupled with a closely-argued exposition of the means whereby these items might best be utilized by a practical statecraft.

Fichte asserts that he speaks "for Germans and for Germans only" in the first address, and with this self-imposed limitation, we

can sense just how far Fichte has traveled from the imbecile nostrums of the so-called Enlightenment, which make no provision for the *particularities*—whether ethnic, historical, religious, or psychological—which color life as it is lived on planet earth. When an ‘Enlightenment’ thinker comes across the phenomenon of Machiavelli, for instance, he will immediately drag out from his bookshelves a treatise on Morality, and beat the great Italian statesman over the head with its weighty pronouncements, which are thought to be binding in all times and in all places, from the Stone Age cave to the rococo *salon*. Fichte, however, asks whether Machiavelli shouldn’t be judged by the standards of his time, and in the context of the real world in which the author of *Il Principe* attempted to achieve his reforms. Fichte is a philosopher, after all, and not an intellectual, and it strikes him that the Prussian monarchs who followed Frederick the Great would have been well-advised to incorporate a little of the great Italian’s realism in their plans for a reborn kingdom—nothing else seemed to be able to protect them from the ravages of Bonaparte’s militarism! One is still amused when reading eighteenth-century enthusiasts with their lucubrations on a certain creature called ‘man’—this fellow has no predicates attached to him; he is of the void and formless, his skull housing nothing other than delight at the thought of being force-fed with the injection-moulded plastic of a universalizing ‘education.’ Fichte, on the other hand, ignores such airy hallucinations to describe the German spirit as he finds it. The Germans are, he feels, of a free disposition because of their unmixed racial stock, and because of the infinite plasticity of the German language, which enables it to express, in vivid and colorful fashion, the most probing thoughts. Fichte feels that the other Germanic languages, and the languages of the Latin races, are infinitely less capable instruments. With regard to the ethnic greatness of the Germans, he remarks that no other Volk has ever been favored by nature and history with such an ebullient nationalism, without which there could have been no successful fruition for the great idea of the Protestant Reformation. The Germans are also

uniquely endowed, he feels, with the gift for the deepest-reaching philosophical speculation. With that last statement, few of us would disagree.

Modern commentators, most especially in the wake of the Second World War, have been assiduous in attempting to persuade us that Fichte’s nationalism is really very little different from the fulminations of our 4th of July rhetors, and that his concern for Germany was that of an impassioned patriot whose country was occupied by foreign troops, whose conduct was, as might be expected, less than impeccable. Of course, we’re supposed to regard Hitler’s words a century later, at a time when Negro troops are occupying German soil, raping and slaughtering German women and children, as beyond the pale. But if you quote representative passages from Fichte’s “Addresses” cheek-by-jowl with the most inflammatory pages from *Mein Kampf* you’ll find that you’d be hard-pressed to tell the difference between the attitudes motivating these two thinkers. Certainly, the intellectuals on whom I tried this little trick became quite exasperated when their high-powered craniums gave them no assistance—they were completely at sea with regard to who was who!

Here are a few of our thinker’s weighty words from the “Addresses to the German Nation”:

What is love of fatherland, or, to express it more correctly, what is love of the individual for his nation?....only the German—the original man, who has not become dead in an arbitrary organization—really has a Volk and is entitled to count on one, and that he alone is capable of real and rational love for his nation.

He to whom a fatherland has been handed down, and in whose soul heaven and earth, visible and invisible, meet and mingle, and thus, and only thus, create a true and enduring heaven—such a man fights to the last drop of his blood to hand on the precious possession unimpaired to his posterity.

What spirit has an undisputed right to summon and order everyone concerned, whether he himself be willing or not, and to

compel anyone who resists, to risk everything including his life? Not the spirit of the peaceful citizen's love for the constitution [!!!!] and the laws, but the devouring flame of the higher patriotism, which embraces the nation as the vesture of the eternal, for which the nobly-minded man joyfully sacrifices himself, and the ignoble man, who only exists for the sake of the other, must likewise sacrifice himself.

We must at once become what we ought to be in any case, namely, Germans. We are not to subject our spirit; therefore we must, above all, provide a spirit for ourselves, and a firm and certain spirit; we must become earnest in all things and not go on existing frivolously, as if life were a jest; we must form for ourselves enduring and unshakable principles which will serve as a sure guide for all the rest of our thoughts and actions. Life and thought with us must be of one piece and a solid and interpenetrating whole; in both we must live according to nature and truth, and throw away foreign artifices; in a word, we must provide character for ourselves; for to have character and to be German (Charakter haben und deutsch sein) *undoubtedly mean the same.*

Quite moderate and respectable in tone, no? I would like to see one of Fichte's tame exegetes in the Federal Republic fetch a bull-horn and recite any of the above on a streetcorner, say, in *Frankfurt*. I'm sure the Oberjuden will instruct the *Polizei* to release the offender after a *kalpa* or two in protective custody: "Oh, I see! That sermon was just a bit of harmless fun from old Fichte. Let the good professor go in peace."

Earlier, I mentioned Fichte's work on the closed, or isolated (exclusive) commercial state. We must now discuss one dimension of his thought which hasn't been explored in any depth in our time, namely Fichte's economics. Now anyone who has perused a significant amount of economic literature will sympathize with Thomas Carlyle, who referred to the entire discipline as 'the dismal science.' Fichte, however, who is scarcely mentioned in even the major contemporary textbooks on the development of socialist

theory, did publish, in 1800, a volume entitled *Der geschlossene Handelsstaat* ("The Closed Commercial State"), which was considered by Fichte himself to be the most carefully wrought and profoundly considered of his entire career. Although this work has not received much attention of late (indeed, few theoreticians of the nineteenth century itself seemed to be aware of its findings), it might be in our interest to study this text because the problem with which Fichte is grappling here is one about which many racial-nationalists are talking at this very moment: namely, *Autarky*—the theory of absolute economic self-sufficiency. Naturally, the utopian and 'scientific' socialists of the nineteenth century, who were interested, almost to a man, in dragooning the entirety of a self-like 'mankind' into their classless, fatherland-less legions, couldn't see the point of attaining total economic sovereignty in the German lands or anywhere else for that matter. But we, who are laboring in the shadows of the most perfected and lethal universalist tyranny which the globe has ever witnessed, might find that those of us who will be fortunate enough to survive the upheavals which loom ahead, might want to know just how to go about achieving, in the future Aryan 'Ethno State,' an hermetic closure—in the economic sphere and in the national sphere—which can preserve us for all time from the consequences of New World Order theory and practice.

Fichte was a very hard-headed man, and his designs for an autarkic state are based upon a granitic foundation: before he generates his theory, he observes the nature of man as he actually exists on the earth. In this, of course, Fichte runs counter to almost the whole socialist tradition of European thought in the nineteenth century, with its programs and platitudes, with its deceptions and deliriums, and with its resolute insistence upon legislating for a *homo sapiens* that was never seen on sea or land (other than in dreamland). When Fichte remarks that spirit cannot take flight until the man has had enough to eat, we realize that we can trust our tiller to his hand.

Now Fichte's theory, which forms a beautifully contrived

amalgam of Gallic radical thought and German nationalistic Romanticism, raises as many questions as it answers; for instance, Fichte doesn't toss the concept of *Freedom* around as if it were a universal condiment, a ketchup for any type of fast-food. He realizes that the very concept of freedom is problematical, as when he insists that unlimited liberty is equivalent to no liberty at all, because no one can conceive of causing an effect in the phenomenal world whose duration will be guaranteed. In short, life in the state will entail an antagonism of forces which can only be resolved through the instruments of formal and informal agreements. These agreements, by their very nature, will restrict and, in some cases, curtail the liberty of one or the other of the parties involved. The agreement thus arrived at which assigns rights of free activity to the citizens is called *property*.

Fichte regards this manifestation of contractual agreement and unification of human activity as the *Vernunftsstaat* ('Rational State'). Fichte opposes the idea that it is the function of the State to assign property to its citizens and then to provide protection for the rights which correspond to that property. Fichte scorns the notion that property arrangements exist independently of the state, which is not permitted to inquire into the means whereby the property was acquired. Recall, if you will, Balzac's belief that all great fortunes were founded on great crimes!

In opposition to the prescriptions of utopian intellectuals, who preconize the sound and fury of their own raucous voices, which rage in the air without rhyme or reason or sound common sense, Fichte insists that without a scrupulous theoretical basis, all schemes for the reform of the economic sphere must be left to blind chance. He feels that utopian scribblers are not really interested in the real world, and that they are attempting to legislate for fantasy-land, never having incorporated a genuine perception of the nature of man in their theoretical constructions. Fichte is convinced—and although this is a hard word, we would ignore it to our peril—that “everyone who wishes to organize a Republic, or any State for that matter, must assume the maliciousness of

man.” This recognition of the less-than-angelic nature of our species prompts Fichte to design certain provisions which will bind the citizens of his Closed Commercial State (I will delve, a little bit further on, into the extra-economic benefits with which this scheme will endow that projected racial State for which we are all working).

Fichte insists that the constellation of contracts which will bind the citizens of his State must contain both a 'negative' provision (which entails that each group must stick to its profession), and a 'positive' provision (which requires that each group must render up to the others that which is required to engage in their trade to the satisfaction of the commonweal. It is the *dirigiste* State which imparts a legal status to the above-mentioned contracts, and which supervises their execution—and the State is not to be a passive observer. Fichte sees the State power as organizing and planning the activity of the main categories of economic life (agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce) under the following four aspects:

1. The numbers of citizens involved in the three main corporations are to be calculated on the basis of the aggregate of agricultural production. Fichte insists that full employment cannot be guaranteed unless the State fixes the exact number of those who are permitted to work in a particular branch and provides for the production of the necessary means of livelihood for all citizens.

2. All citizens are to be guaranteed a proportional share of all products so that all of the inhabitants of the country may enjoy an equally agreeable standard of living. Fichte regards it as one of the essential elements of State policy to ensure that superfluous commodities are to recede behind the commodities which are indispensable. The first obligations of the State, according to Fichte, are to ensure that all have enough to eat, and that all should have permanent housing accommodations (and that, before one decorates one's dwelling!). All should have clothing which is warm and comfortable before clothing which is merely sumptuous.

ous. It is unjust in the extreme for some citizens to parade around in unnecessary finery while their fellow-citizens lack even the essentials.

3. The State will guarantee not only jobs, but also markets to its citizens. Prices are to be fixed, and to have legal character.

4. Here we come to the most-important element of Fichte's Rational State:

The State is obligated to guarantee for all of its citizens, both by law and by force, the conditions resulting from the equilibrium of their common intercourse. Yet the State will not be able to do so if any person outside its laws and dominion can exert any influence on this equilibrium. It is therefore imperative that the State cut off all possibility of such an influence. All intercourse with foreigners must be forbidden and made impossible for its citizens.

The government, in order to assure continuously the fulfillment of the customary needs of its citizens, must rely on the certainty that a certain quantity of goods is being traded. How will the State be able to count on the foreigner's contribution to said quantity since he is outside the government's dominion? It is to fix and guarantee the price of a commodity. How can the State succeed with respect to foreign nationals if it is unable to fix those prices which prevail in the foreigner's country and at which he will buy the raw materials? If the government sets a price for him which he cannot afford, he will accordingly avoid its market and a lapse in the satisfaction of customary needs will ensue. It is to guarantee to each subject the sale of his products at the specified price. How can the State do so if the subject can sell his product on foreign markets where different economic relations prevail which the State can neither oversee nor control?

A closed economic state is a closed imperium of laws and individuals....It can turn into money whatever it desires, provided that the State declares that it will accept this and no other money....The State would thus create a national currency without bothering to raise the question as to whether this currency

would or would not be accepted abroad, because for a closed commercial state foreign countries are as if they did not even exist.

A closed commercial state does not care whether there is, in customary terms, a large or small quantity of money in circulation. The total quantity of money in circulation represents the total quantity of goods in circulation.

How does Fichte assure that foreign trade is to be rendered impossible? Simple: he would deprive all citizens of international means of payment. Before the inauguration of the new currency, the State would purchase all foreign commodities in the country. This achieves, at one stroke, an assessment of the available stock and present needs for such commodities, and an opportunity to facilitate the centralization of the administration of price-fixing.

The government will now set up a monopoly for the administration of foreign trade—from this point on the government, and the government alone, will decide which commodities will be imported and exported.

Next, the government will set up a central clearing agency to control and liquidate all foreign claims to and from its citizens. Fichte now introduces his concept of *natural frontiers*:

Certain areas of the earth, with their inhabitants, are destined by nature to form political units. They are isolated from the rest of the planet by rivers, oceans, mountains.... It is these indications of nature as to what must remain united and what must remain separated that one keeps in mind when speaking of the natural frontiers of empires; a consideration which must be taken more seriously than is commonly done. We mustn't place our sole emphasis on impregnable protected frontiers, but rather on productive independence and self-sufficiency.... Governments will speak of the necessity of rationalizing their borders and state that, in view of their other territorial possessions, they cannot exist without this or that fertile province or mine or salt-work, always thinking of the acquisition of their natural boundaries.

Of course, Fichte regards war as inevitable until that moment when the Rational State has arrived at its natural boundaries, at which time the closed commercial state

must give and be able to give its neighbors the guarantee that it will henceforth refrain from further expansion..... To the closed commercial state not the slightest benefit can accrue from an expansion beyond its natural frontiers, because its entire constitution has been designed only for its given extension.

The authorities now proceed to develop internal sources for import substitutes, distinguishing at all times between such needs as contribute to the well-being of its citizens and those which merely serve as prestige items. Though foreign trade is still taking place (so that the State can use up all of its foreign exchange reserves), as soon as autarky is achieved, the world will be partitioned among a number of these closed commercial states who have reached their natural frontiers, between which states

destined to a continuing barter [of those commodities which cannot be produced in a certain country because of, say, climatic conditions], a trade agreement could be achieved according to which one partner is pledged forever to grow for the other a certain quantity of wine in exchange for the delivery of a certain quantity of corn. Neither partner is to attempt to achieve a profit on the exchange, but only an absolute equality of value. Therefore, there would be no need for currency in such trades, only for clearing.

One is struck by the serendipity of it all: not merely has Fichte furnished us with an exposition of the nature of his Rational State and the means whereby such a state may be constructed, but he has solved two very worrisome problems of whose very nature he can only have been dimly aware. He wrought, as it were, better than he knew.

And what were the two problems that I just mentioned? First,

it should be obvious that the implementation of Fichte's scheme breaks the powers of those mediative agents upon whose skill and chicanery all international trade, currency exchange, and price-fixing of precious metals depends. There can be, in short, no room for our dear national and international parasites, the Jews and their flunkies, who are not now, who never have been, nor will they ever be, real producers of wealth, genuine creators of values, but merely lucre-cadging agents of the One Mud World. With the implementation of the Fichtean scheme, international Jewry will be, for the first time in the history of the world, effectively *marginalized*. Without bowing down and racing our skulls towards the brick wall of Jewish power, with the *Protocols* in one hand and the *International Jew* in the other, we will find that that we will be able to shatter the fortress of the Money Power without even having to disclose our larger aims to the timid and superstitious fools who are wasting so much of Mother Earth's oxygen supply.

The second point—perhaps even more important than the first—we have discovered, under the great philosopher's tutelage, a means whereby the gene-pool of our Aryan Imperium can be preserved from racial contamination. When foreign travel and international trade, those great engines of miscegenation and chaos, have been reduced to the desired minimum, national borders will become national barricades instead of the permeable membranes that they so obviously are in the current situation. We will thus be enabled to encourage a free play of those essential mechanisms whereby evolutionary biology achieves its progressive aims (so well described by Sir Arthur Keith in his "A New Theory of Human Evolution"): namely, *prejudice and nationalism*. In an exclusive economic sphere, nationalism will function as the analogous phenomenon of inter-tribal hostility functioned during the period of our most rapid evolutionary advance—as a racialist prophylaxis. From isolation will come cohesion, and from cohesion will be fashioned the *Lebensborn* of the Aryan Lords.

The great battle for German independence began in 1813,

and although Fichte could not take an active part in the war, he continued to deliver lectures for the cause. His addresses on the idea of a true war, *Über den Begriff eines wahrhaften Kriegs*, contain a pointed contrast between what he regarded as France's aggressive actions against Germany and Germany's just prosecution of her War of Liberation.

In the autumn of 1813, with the hospitals of Berlin overflowing with the sick and wounded victims of the campaign, Fichte's wife devoted herself to caring for her countrymen without the slightest regard for her own safety, and, in January 1814, she was smitten with a virulent hospital fever. Fichte was struck down the day after his wife was pronounced out of danger. He lingered on for some days in a semi-conscious state, and succumbed on January 27th, 1814.

Yet he lives.....

"DADDY, WHAT IS THE NEW WORLD ORDER?"

(A spokesperson replies on the day of the NWO's victory:)

Red banners float as shadows lean their lengths
Away; the sun glides up behind the muscled back
Of Hell's dawnshining god, whose iv'ry arms
Stretch out in supplicating summons to
The massed hordes on the roadside.
He smiles, and fierce words bray forth from his throat:
"Come, my callow, cowed, knee-bending throng!"
Upon the monstrous shoulders glossed with gold
I stand with wonted invitations to
You all. The tall lamps just below my feet
Are garlanded with mockers spilling forth
Their bloated tongues between half-gritted teeth;
Such mouths will lure with noxious sorcery
No more—yet these loud, roiling roisterers,
Through which my ship doth sail, swell in their brine
With frenzy frothing in chaotic eyes,

Awaiting decimation in the tide.

Now from the alleyways the foetid stench
Of heroes toppled from fouled pedestals
On dead-eyed heretics proceeds in haste,
With warming breeze propelling memory.
Yet still the swarm bursts forth from bourns of earth
To hop my hecatomb gone wheeling down
The Road of Death which I will soon sum up
In one wide sea of bubbling butchery.
The Beast would have it thus. For who am I?
Well might you ask, you dregs, *disjecta membra*,
Filthy orts spewn from the sewer's maw
On this the One World's coronation day;
But answer have I none, for he who'd hear
(And, hearing, would perpend) has dripped from out
Our clutches and become a blood-caked mess
Piled up with those pathetic choristers
Who played Cassandra to our wondrous Change.
As what was done was done in your full sight,
I'll be your ruler now; I'll feed the Beast
And ease you through his entrails morsel-wise.

The sun's enthroned at middle of the day,
And all the burgs begin to dash hot waves
Of steaming, fungoid filth from shore to shore,
From sex to sex; the feeble orgiasts,
Who titter and spew forth inventive oaths
Through strange mirages, moist with crime,
Now tear at one another, squirting spray
From sickened arteries upon their gowns,
Whose gaudy, sequined, iridescent folds
Are grimed with mud and excremental gouts,
The dark decoctions of experienced
Uranians, and madly-thirsting gulfs

Of drones now shorn of freedom's pale allure.
An ulcerated, pulsing protoplasm
Heaves its mass before the worshippers
Who sluice their fluids to its bursting loins
Like drunkards spewing into porcelain.
Now, swiftly, are the slaves shot forth from wombs
To bear the tortured rites to centuries
You'd not imagine in your darkest nights.
The day is dimming to its close, and still
The wheels find servitors to slime their rims
With fondly nurtured children's steaming gore.
But as the night drops down, and shadows grope
Towards you in the twilit glamor, we
Determine—O the Moon begins to climb!—
That some great, hirsute prowler in the Beast
Must now erupt from alabaster, turned
To one great feral mass of storming death.
Now upward to his waist streams forth your blood,
And downward to his metamorphosed claws
Pours moonlight as new asphalt-folk burst forth
To immolate themselves upon the altar
Of his lycanthropic rage unmasked.
You craved the spoor of Thanatos by day, and now
You'll feel our dark Lord's vulpine tooth crack through your skull:
Let us be done with words, with words, with deepsleep words;
Let us now loft ourselves through vistas shimmering
In whirling deeps now gathered to the grasp of *MIND*.
It's time to spawn perfection on the several worlds,
Lest we who hurled the spears invite them to our necks. □

REVIEW

"Schindler's List": A Post-mortem

by Major Donald V. Clerkin

Steven Spielberg's "Schindler's List" is probably the final act of Jewish Hollywood's attempt to promote the Great Hoax. Whereas the films "Holocaust," and "War and Remembrance" made the vain attempt to portray the National Socialists as rationally machine-like in their studied brutality toward the Jews, "Schindler's List" reversed the psychological process and made one particular German, SS officer Amon Goeth, commandant of the Plaszow concentration camp, appear as a totally deranged man. Goeth killed Jews for no reason in "Schindler's List." He did not delight in his murderous ways; he seemed unconcerned with them. This is a sign of insanity in anyone.

Jewish psychoanalysis has proclaimed since Sigmund Freud that insanity absolves the criminal of his crimes. For this reason most exterminationists have argued that Adolf Hitler was not insane, which is true, though a popular notion has it that Hitler was insane. The Jews will allow no exoneration, no exculpations for Adolf Hitler. Hitler must be held responsible for the murder of the fabulous Six Million; therefore, the Holocaustians no longer question his sanity, his clinical state of mental health. To continue to do so would raise a dichotomy: how could an insane Adolf Hitler be held culpable for genocide?

But the case of Amon Goeth is just the opposite. His insanity is clearly stated in the film. Yet the Jews do not absolve him. (Note: Commandant Amon Goeth was indicted by an SS administrative court on charges of mistreating inmates at Plaszow and for money corruption. He was sentenced to prison by Judge Konrad Morgen. "Schindler's List" shows none of this.) The Jews further condemn Amon Goeth for desiring the Jewess Helena Hirsch, whom Goeth took into his house as a servant, beating her mercilessly for no apparent reason, another sign of insanity. Amon

Goeth is portrayed as a tub of guts, almost effeminate in his manner; another example of the dichotomy of the Jewish response to implied homosexuality. Jews constantly defend the homosexual and the perverted lifestyle that goes with homosexuality, still they cast Amon Goeth as a near-queer, supposedly to further revolt the masses who view the film and who are not Jewish, thus having no love for the homosexual and his perversion. Why Goeth beats Helena Hirsch is never explained. At the end of the film, Goeth admits his lust for the woman to Schindler, telling him that war is over he would like to take her to live with him in Vienna.

The only German redeemed in "Schindler's List" is Oskar Schindler himself; and this because he is a *shabbas goy*. The real Oskar Schindler was a failure at business before the war, but who flourished on the black market once the war began. His own wife denounced him as a scoundrel who fed his Jewish workers spoiled meat he bought cheap. The film portrayed Schindler first as a cold profiteer, then slowly as a sympathetic protector of the Jews and actually a saboteur of the German war effort.

And what of the Jews themselves? They as usual are at once brilliant, kind, patiently long-suffering, and victorious against all adversity. "Schindler's List" spares no bathos in its description of the travails suffered by Jews at German hands. They are shot for their advice on building construction, for not making hinges fast enough—the semi-automatic pistols mysteriously misfire in one scene wherein a little rabbi who makes hinges is saved—and as target practice for Amon Goeth from a balcony of the commandant's house portrayed in the film as situated atop a hill, while in the plans of the Plaszow camp the commandant's house lies at the bottom of a hill, from which Goeth could not have targeted the Jewish camp inmates. Nothing is spared to tell this lurid tale of German insanity. We see an SS guard screaming with joy as bodies are burned. But only in "Schindler's List" has the insanity defense been set aside. Germans are never to be absolved.

I would not have missed this film for the world. It must be the final act of the Holocaust exterminationist play, the Jews' answer to the Christian Passion Play. Should the next holohoax film por-

tray the Germans as being sane in their atrocities, how will the dichotomy raised in "Schindler's List" be answered?

Every Jew with a typewriter or a camera is liable to concoct a new version of the holohoax. Steven Spielberg, known to his admirers as the producer of the "Indiana Jones" and "Jurassic Park" films, no doubt thought that his portrayal of Germans in "Indiana Jones" made us laugh too much at the venality he alleged of the Germans. Something more "dramatic" was required to get the *goyim* into a state of guilt feelings. The Kehillah probably thought that no one should ever again laugh at Nazi antics. Thus, Spielberg may have been told to tighten up the portrayal, make the Germans really look like devils. So the little NOVEL "Schindler's List" was dredged up and Spielberg made it into a film in black-and-white so it would remind us of a documentary. The final package, incidentally, caused some California middle schoolers to laugh hysterically in the theatre they were dragged to as part of their coursework; they could not believe the gratuitous killing sprees depicted of Amon Goethe. Spielberg had not counted on the obvious: so outrageous was Goeth's portrayed behavior, that schoolchildren saw through the dismal attempt to present a comic opera character as a serious player on the stage of recent history. The middle schoolers were subsequently forced to endure "sensitivity training," the lesson taught—"Thou shalt not laugh at a Jewish tale of woe."

"Schindler's List" gets three stars for the scene wherein a little Polish girl cries out to the departing Jews of Warsaw: "Goodbye, Jews!"

From *Euro-American Quarterly*, Autumn, 1994.

Outrage

Racine, Wisconsin - When New Jersey Skinhead Joe Rowan was shot in the back by a black racist at 2:15 A.M., 1 October 1994, he became another casualty in the race war going on in America. We expect to take casualties as we expect to retaliate, but we do not expect to see the cowardly whites of Racine to act like Joe Rowan deserved to die at the hands of a nigger. Neither do we

expect the Racine County District Attorney Robert Flancher, The Courthouse, 730 Wisconsin Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin 53403, Phone -(414) 636-3172 / FAX - (414) 636-3346, to piss the matter away, claiming that witnesses can't identify anyone. The D.A. says that Joe Rowan's friends won't cooperate. Maybe. But there was an employee on duty at the gasstation-quick mart where Joe Rowan was murdered. There was a female customer in the store; and a video tape recorded what happened. When I called the D.A.'s office to ask about witnesses, I was told by an assistant D.A. that those witnesses can't identify anyone. 'Won't identify anyone?' I asked. 'We don't know,' was the response.

The murderer is a black who was in that gas station in the early morning carrying a gun. Possibly a gang member, though the media and local press called the suspect a 'solid citizen.' He was held four days and then released without being charged. When this particular murdering nigger was released, there was a mob of niggers awaiting him with pats on the back and cheers! **THIS IS THE REASON WHY NO LOCALS WILL IDENTIFY THE KILLER: RACIAL SOLIDARITY AMONG NIGGERS.** The whites in Racine are either too scared or too unconcerned about the death of a white man to come forward with evidence against a murderous nigger. There are methods of compelling testimony in criminal cases such as murder—grand juries, 'John Doe' investigations—which have the power of subpoena, placing witnesses under oath. But Racine County D.A. Robert Flancher sees no compelling reason to subpoena anyone; no compelling reason to charge the nigger who killed Joe Rowan with murder. And why not? There might be a nigger riot. And the white trash who don't care that Joe Rowan was murdered in Racine are putting no pressure on the District Attorney to do anything.

Joe Rowan was one of us, a white racist, a Skinhead. He was from New Jersey, but what matter. He was shot in the back by a nigger! Joe Rowan was not personally known to me; nevertheless, he was my Aryan comrade. He was shot in the back by the nigger—Joe Rowan was unarmed.

My call to the D.A.'s office was to put the only pressure I

knew would be applied by anyone—the media didn't care that a murder was done in Racine—a police spokesman could only utter infantile criticisms of the Skinheads for having chosen Racine for their rock concert—and the people, the white people seemed to condone the murder because Joe Rowan was a 'nasty white bigot.' The nigger supporters of the murderer were at least honest in saying that the shooter killed a 'dirty cracker.' They knew he did it, and they loved him for it.

What can I say to those Skinhead comrades of Joe Rowan? I can tell them to go armed when they must confront niggers. Niggers carry guns all the time—and you now know they will use them without blinking an eyelash. This race war we are in is no game—no mere stomping party: it is kill or be killed. The lesson to be learned from Joe Rowan's murder and its aftermath is that we Aryan racialists have no friends among the boob population of Blankos. They do not care that niggers murder us. Well, we don't care that they are the niggers' next likely victims. There will be no help for them when the blackhordes descend upon them. Blankos deserve the fate that awaits them. Joe Rowan was one of us. He was killed in what we consider race warfare. Blankos want to think that integration will appease the niggers. Joe Rowan had but to be white, proudly white, and the nigger shooter killed him. What can the Blankos expect but more of the same.

Something must be done to compel witnesses in Racine to give testimony. I call on all Skinhead witnesses to the killing of Joe Rowan to come forward and give their evidence. I also call on the District Attorney of Racine County Robert Flancher to convene a 'John Doe' investigation in this matter. If he will not do this, if he will not adequately obtain evidence against the murderer of Joe Rowan, then he must be ordered by Mandamus, by a court order, to convene an evidentiary hearing wherein the testimony of witnesses will be given under oath. There can be no question but that the murder of Joe Rowan will not go unanswered. You see the address and phone number of Robert Flancher on the first page. Don't allow him to pass this vile murder off. He has returned the case to the Racine Police Depart-

ment for 'further investigation.' That means nothing will be done: Joe Rowan's murder is in the DEAD FILE. But I can't permit it to stay there. If no one will file for Mandamus, I will have to.

Mandamus is an extraordinary equity writ applied only when a remedy at law does not apply. If granted by a court, it orders a public officer to do his duty. Now we cannot compel the District Attorney Robert Flancher to charge someone. Even a court cannot order that. But the writ of Mandamus can order him to do his utmost to bring a murderer to justice. This can only be accomplished when an evidentiary hearing compels testimony under oath. Someone saw that nigger shoot and kill Joe Rowan. Someone can identify the killer. That someone and corroborative testimony must be obtained. If not, then Joe Rowan's killer will get off.

If the County of Racine, Wisconsin is frightened of a nigger riot, or bad national publicity over the vigorous search for evidence against a black murderer, then consider the reputation Racine will justly earn by sweeping the murder of Joe Rowan under a carpet. This act of unconcern for Joe Rowan will set a dangerous precedent. For when the black trash who hate all whites realize that murder is free in Racine for them when they kill whites, there will be such a rage of killings that even Robert Flancher will be unable to suppress. Racine may think that because Joe Rowan was a Skinhead, he has no standing anywhere, no human right to life. But the spirit of a dead Joe Rowan will serve to haunt Racine until his killer is before the bar of "justice." I could say here that were it the other way round, and a Skinhead murdered a black in that store, why then Robert Flancher would have to act to bring someone to trial. He would lose his job for taking as much time as he has already taken in the Joe Rowan murder case. The Racine Police would not be allowed to rest until the white killer was apprehended and charged. But Joe Rowan was just a Skinhead, and Racine officialdom think that no one really cares. What a surprise Racine officialdom are about to get.

From *The Talon*, November 1994, published by Euro-American Alliance, Box 21776, Milwaukee WI 53221.

Bridging the Gap...?

The following is a letter from a long-time supporter of Dr. Oliver and of Liberty Bell Publications. Mrs. M.v.S was, together with the late and beloved Dr. Foelsche, the first two contributors of \$1,000 each when, in 1985, I started a fund appeal to supply Dr. Oliver with his first computer and thus ease his work tremendously.

October 26, 1994

Dear George;

I don't know if you are ready for this so soon after the loss of Dr. Oliver to *Liberty Bell*, but I have a few thoughts concerning the future direction of L.B. I would like to tell you about.

In your November issue, Joseph Pryce and R. Hoehler both have good points to make in their articles, but both of their works are so heavily obscured with unfamiliar terminology they are exhausting to read. Both authors, of course, lack the magnificent talent of Dr. Oliver to tell a story plainly while at the same time drawing the reader into higher levels of culture with consummate language skills.

[Ed. Note: Well, could you name just one person in the United States or elsewhere who could conceivably fill our late Professor's shoes? I know I couldn't! So give good ole José a chance, he'll get there. And, how about you doing a number for LB once in a while. You do have what it takes to get me hopping.

You are walking a tightrope right now, I know, trying to maintain the high standards set by Dr. Oliver and yet keep the *Liberty Bell* interesting and solvent. It's not going to be easy. [Ed. Note: Believe you me, it hasn't been easy for the past 21 years. Friends like you, the late Dr. Foelsche, a friend of 21 years

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from Chicago who has to remain unnamed, German friends across the border from Buffalo, NY, a friend in Nevada, and several other smaller contributors, including several elderly folks who contributed, and contribute to this day, to Liberty Bell from their small Social Security pensions, kept us in food and the wolves away from the door! — No, it wasn't easy, and it will not be easier in the future, if for no other reason than what a certain lady, when I suggested years ago to pass on copies of Liberty Bell to increase circulation and spread the word even farther, told me over the phone, in as many words, that she could not afford to pass on Liberty Bell because of its rabid anti-Christian flavor.]

The article by Vic Olvir [see *Liberty Bell*, November 1994, page 41] was almost an attempt to bridge the gap between paganism and Christianity, an unnatural compromise that Dr. Oliver would never have countenanced. You might coax a few lightweight Christians back into the fold with such vacillations, but nothing is to be gained from sleeping with the enemy but more confusion and loss of direction and I hope L.B. doesn't lapse into that position. You made your stand for paganism and I hope you stand firm.

[*Ed. Note: Dear M.v.S., I have seen your occasional literary contributions in Instauration, and I am wondering if you have already read the riot act to Vic Olvir for writing such "gap-bridging," "compromising" material which I (in your book, obviously) was foolish enough to copy and reprint in Liberty Bell. No, put your mind at rest, this reprint was not an attempt on my part to bridge any gap or make any unnatural compromise "Dr. Oliver would never have countenanced." What Dr. Oliver—my dearest friend, next to my former girlfriend of 46 years—would or would not have countenanced of the article in question is pure speculation without any basis in fact on your part. You may want to refresh your memory by re-reading Dr. Oliver's "Postscript" which appeared in the June 1993 issue of Liberty Bell entitled:*

CLARIFICATION

Communications that I have recently received by mail and telephone oblige me to state precisely the extent of my responsibility for what appears in this periodical.

What I write appears in *Liberty Bell* without editorial intervention. I am therefore entirely responsible for the content and style of everything that appears under my name, except, of course, for any mechanical slip that may occur between the proof-sheets and the final printing. The editor is responsible only for the publication of what I have written.

Since I have not been blessed with the infallibility of evangelists; I am likely to be guilty of inadvertent errors and oversights. I shall be grateful for corrections, as I am grateful to the valued correspondents who send me useful information, whose names I do not disclose without specific permission.

I write for the tiny number of individuals who wish, not to be shocked by horrors, but to understand their antecedent and sometimes remote causes, so far as that may be possible. My concern is with facts and their causality, not with scribbling egotistic rodomontade. I have neither time nor inclination to disregard our desperate plight by indulging in the now fashionable distraction of lambasting fellow "racists" in billingsgate. And if you wish broadsides in simplified language that (you imagine) will startle a million Americans from their narcotized slumbers, you must apply to some other writer.

I do not finance *Liberty Bell*. I would not do so, had I the means. That would contravene my principles. I have never subsidized or otherwise contributed financially to the publication of anything that I have written. I do not enjoy composing these little articles. I do so only on the chance that they may help my readers identify strands of the spider's web that has been woven about them and in which they are now held captive and helpless. I write with the hope of fostering in some small way the putative survival of our race and culture. To that end I employ whatever talent I may possess. It seems to me that when I have done that, I have done my part in a normal relationship between author and publisher. If our people do not see fit to arrange for the publication of what I earnestly offer them, then I am mistaken, either about a society that is no longer viable or about the value of what I have

written, and it would be an exercise of either futility or vanity to try to force it on the attention of the public. Such is my standard. Other writers feel otherwise. They may be right, but I cannot emulate their self-assurance.

I do not edit *Liberty Bell*. I do not see articles (other than my own) before they are published in it. I do not want to see them. Such energies as I have left are fully occupied by tasks that I hope I may live to complete. And if that were not so, I would not presume to admonish the editor about what he should include or exclude. If there are articles which offend or disgust you, communicate with him, not with me. I may agree with you, but do not expect me to endorse your opinion. Long ago, when I was young, there yet lingered in the Western world a tradition of courtesy toward one's hosts. An author is a guest at the publisher's table. According to the etiquette I was taught, it would be impolite to throw dishes or silverware at him.

[Ed. Note: So here we have it straight from Dr. Oliver's pen. — No, it was not an attempt at coaxing "a few lightweight Christians into the fold with such vacillations." If I ever attempted that, I am sure, Dr. Oliver would rest very uneasily in Valhalla. For fifteen or so years I was honored to have the Professor's trust and confidence; we talked on the phone at least once a week; we worked together very closely; I never USE or ABUSE my friends; never ever would I entertain the thought of betraying Dr. O's trust and confidence. With Dr. O's passing I lost someone, something, that I find very difficult to express my feelings on in these pages. — As far as "sleeping with the enemy" is concerned, well, I don't make it a habit to lie down with dogs, for the simple reason that I could conceivably get up with fleas (and who would want that?), nor have I ever made, nor will I ever make, a pact with the devil to further my own goals and interests, as some of our "Movement" people have done, and are doing to this day. I would rather starve to death before I would forsake my principles. — On another subject, our Dr. O, in all of these years of close cooperation, very much relied upon the help of one person: his faithful and graceful wife, Grace. Mrs. O, (as I would address her when telephoning, and she

would reply, "Ah, Georgie Porgie,") is the one who, with her (as I would call them) eagle eyes, proof-read all of the professor's writings until about a year ago. — I'll always treasure the pleasant visits I had with Dr. and Mrs. O, by telephone or in person, over the years. Mrs. Oliver is now residing at The Carle Arbours Nursing Home (Room 122 B, 302 Burwash Avenue, Savoy, Illinois, 61874—Phone: 217-383-3090. Won't you, please, remember Mrs. O at this Yuletide season? And tell Mrs. O, "Georgie Porgie" sent you, and you will have made her day!

The passing of Dr. Oliver should be a unifying and forging force for the truly dedicated and worthwhile people of our beliefs to come together to lay the ground work for really intelligent directions for the future of the movement. There is no further need for philosophizing or preaching to the choir. Dr. Oliver has said it all. Mr. Pryce seems to have the better handle on things in that regard, if he can only bring it into clear focus and in terms that the ordinary reader will understand.

[Ed. Note: Speaking of "ordinary reader", anyone who could comprehend and understand what Dr. O was saying, even if he or she had to run to the bookshelf and dust off good old faithful, the Oxford Dictionary, should be able to comprehend what Joe Pryce is saying. Besides, Dr. O never wrote, and I never published, for every Tom, Dick and Harry on the street.]

My fondest determination is that my means will increase to the point that I can help you substantially in a project such as this [*Thank you, Mrs. M.v.S.; I shall keep my binoculars aimed in your direction. Have a Happy New Year!*].

As always,
Mrs. M.v.S., Washington

HAIL AND FAREWELL TO A SAGE

by
Dr. Charles E. Weber

On 19 November 1994 a memorial symposium was held in honor and celebration of the life of Dr. Revilo P. Oliver (1908-1994), who died last summer in failing health. The symposium was held at the Jumer Hotel east of the huge University of Illinois campus and near the home in which he had lived for many years and kept a great number of books which he treasured. Dr. Oliver had taught for many years at the University of Illinois in Urbana as a professor of Classical languages. He was present at the founding meeting of the John Birch Society but resigned from that organization in 1966. He wrote voluminously on a great variety of topics for *American Opinion* and later for the *Liberty Bell*. He was the author of a number of books, the most notable of which was *America's Decline*. He often reproached Aryan Americans for their insouciance about the growing power of their enemies.

The memorial symposium attracted speakers and publishers from such distant areas as Louisiana, Georgia, West Virginia, Oklahoma and Canada, for Dr. Oliver had not only enjoyed an international reputation in his immediate field, but was also one of the leading figures in a movement attempting an instauration of what has appropriately been called the dispossessed American majority.

Speakers read from his writings, analyzed his style, mentioned his lofty motivations for writing and pointed out some of the main characteristics of his thinking on the plight of the American racial majority. They expressed grateful praise of the power of his mind, his energy even in his last years and his courage.

A sense of painful loss prevailed at the symposium but there was also a spirit of comradeship which arose immediately, even though many of those present had never met in person. At the end of the formal part of the symposium Dr. Oliver's ashes were

taken to a nearby site which had played a large rôle in his academic life. Libations of wine were poured upon the ground in keeping with ancient traditions and his ashes were scattered while those present expressed farewell sentiments in Latin, English and German. Many lively discussions were then carried on until late in the night and at breakfast the following morning.



Some of them were dominated by a man from political life whose successes caused the established parties to resort to vile acts against him.

I, for one, hope that future meetings will be arranged for those who were present at the symposium and many others whose thought has been enriched by this great teacher. Perhaps a society could be formed to honor

him and to continue to derive stimulation from his life and writings.

[*Editor's Note:* Attorney Sam Dickson of Georgia and Charles Barenfanger of Illinois, who made the arrangements for this memorial symposium, deserve our gratitude for making this event indeed a memorable one.]

Nur eines gibt es, das ewig währt—
Der Toten Tatenruhm.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

For as long as there are white men, Dr. Oliver's name will be honored. He has done his part to ensure that this will be forever. He truly was the great champion of our race in our time. Our loss is inestimable.

You, Mr. Dietz, have earned our everlasting gratitude by publishing Professor Oliver's work to the very end.

Sieg Heill
W.U.S., Pennsylvania

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Sir,

I enclose payment for a sub renewal and a little extra for you. I regret very much Dr. Oliver's death, it's a great loss for all of us.

All the best to you and your family. Keep up the good work.

Very truly yours,
D.M., New York

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Mr. Dietz,

Enclosed is bank draft for my subscription renewal.

I have written to Mr. Dickson requesting that he acknowledges my respects for the passing of our great Aryan warrior, Prof. Oliver, and to convey my condolences to Grace Oliver.

Many thanks for your indefatigable efforts in defending the Aryan race over the past twenty years.

Yours fraternally,
Thomas D. Hume, Australia

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Mr. Dietz,

Many thanks indeed for recently sending me further issues of *Liberty Bell*. It is always a pleasure to see your very interesting publications.

I was of course particularly gratified to see that you had chosen to reproduce in your October issue the first part of "The Way Ahead", taken from No. 27 of my *Gothic Ripples*. I anticipate that there will be at least two and possibly more further parts to this writing, appearing in successive issues of my bulletin.

It was indeed most sad news to hear of the death of Prof. Revilo Oliver

whose learned articles, containing such a fund of information, appeared so long and so regularly in *Liberty Bell*. He was truly a giant of the pen.

With best wishes to you in your great work,

Yours sincerely,
Colin Jordan, England

✂ ✂ ✂

Editor "....." Magazine,
Sir:

There is something terribly wrong with the racial / rightist movement in this country. There is no cohesion; no direction. There is nothing but a continual whine about what the Negroids are getting away with and how we aren't allowed any of those Negroidal privileges. Also, many verbal blasts are directed at the Jews, as if such is effective against those thick-skins.

I think the "....." is a cop-out. It is just one long moan from people who, while claiming to be aware of our problems, plan no sticking of their necks out in trying to solve them.

Britain, at least, has a going party: the British National Party. It now has chapters all over the UK. It publishes a monthly journal, *The Spearhead*, and runs people for office. The BNP has the same bitter, Zionist enemy to confront that we have here. Even more so. They haven't a First Amendment. Many of the Party's hierarchy have had to spend time in jail because of the things they have said about blacks and Jews. So much for the vaunted freedoms of these "New Order" democracies.

Why can't we organize? Why must we continue to flail away on an individual basis or as members to tiny little clubs? The result of this flailing? Hardly a pinprick of pain in the skin of our well-heeled, ruthless and cunning enemy?

Frankly, I'm disgusted with the lot of you. All this talk about how we are going to prevail in the future is just so much hot air. We'll never prevail without hard work, good ideas, money, dedication and neck-risking courage. We've got to protect each other's flanks and backs. We can't go-it-alone.

We've got to gather all like-minded thinkers of the Aryan race into one mass. This separation / segregation of our race is a must! We have got to lay out a core of beliefs that all our people will have to accept and abide by. Around the periphery of the core is a lesser important zone were different where different ideas are free to vie for attention. However, the core must be fixed. Those who cannot accept the core beliefs will have to go elsewhere. The present-day Republican Party is a perfect example of what happens when a party allows its core to melt away. I defy anyone to tell me what the GOP stands for today.

Even if we only number 100,000, we can have the effect of 100 times that number if we act with kamikaze courage. If we stick by our brothers and sisters to

the death when they fall afoul of that great squid, JUG (Jewish Usurped Government), our impact will be shattering. Not only shattering, but exhilarating. After all, we are *lex naturalis*; we are right!

We must as 24-karat gold: pure. The virtues of honesty, honor, truth, bravery and devotion to our race must be the highly visible norm of our tribe. Equally visible will be our Aryan women. Our sisters are such an important and valuable asset. Without them, our race is doomed. We must give them the type of brave warrior mate they want and deserve. They shall share our councils as did our Teutonic women ancestors in that golden age before the Jewish religions enslaved our minds and bodies fourteen hundred years ago.

We, the 100,000, must be that core of decency, naturalness, and honor that, like a shining beacon, will attract the young to us as moths to the flame. Only through action can we achieve anything. The time for moaning and wringing hands is past. Let's begin moving toward each other into a critical mass of strength. A mass that will spark the social explosion so very much longed for. Before that drift to the center can take place, though, the arduous task of defining our core must be completed. Religion must not be a part of that core. Religion can be one of those ideas to be debated in the outer core periphery.

Who is the brilliant, selfless, honorable, fearless, charming, confident man of will around whom we shall swarm? He should, like Adolf Hitler, be trained as an architect and artist as well as a scientist. Like Hitler, he must be imbued with a great love for his race and with a driving obsession to rescue it from the decay that is and the ruin that waits. Around such a man others will be drawn as iron filings to a magnet. A lesser leader cannot inspire the devotion and spirit of sacrifice that will be required to overawe the almost unscalable obstacles set in our path by that brutal, sly and powerful enemy who leers so arrogantly in our faces.

Where are you, O' Roland, O' Arthur, O' Alfred, O' Friederich, O' George? Rise! The time is now! The sands of our glass slow to a trickle. Our peril is extreme.

Cole Steele

✂ ✂ ✂

90 Castleton Drive
Toms River, New Jersey 08757

1 October 1994

The Editor
Asbury Park Press
Neptune, New Jersey

Dear Sir:

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This refers to Mr. Sal J. Foderaro's "Revealing dark secrets of national nuclear experiments. (1 September 1994). Mr Foderaro reports well the bestial experimentation by Americans on Americans. An agency of the U.S. Government performs ghastly experiments covertly on unsuspecting Americans, and conceals them from the American people.

The gang that ran horrifying nuclear radiation experiments secretly on human beings added hypocrisy to sadism. Files of the responsible agency purport to show that the nature of its experiments "point to (whatever that means) similarities between these tests and those performed in Nazi concentration camps, and noted 'a little of the Buchenwald touch' in the U. S. experiments."

To deflect criticism of its criminal behavior, the agency resorts to a cynical lie, and calumniates people who can't defend themselves. The Germans first produced nuclear fission. Since they did not intend to build an atomic bomb, they had no need to test nuclear radiation on humans. Even the Nuremberg lynch tribunals didn't accuse them of that. Earlier, the Germans discovered "X-rays", properly known as Roentgen Rays, and created the equipment to use them. There was no question of radiation experiments on human beings in connection with these, either.

To becloud the issue of their horrifying testing and, perhaps, to erase the memory, if not the guilt, of their actions, the American experimenters employed an old ruse. They pointed a finger at others, declaiming: "They did it first!"—which, of course, had nothing to do with their own behavior. In any case, by the time it became evident that the others didn't do it first, or at all, it was hoped, and expected, that the all Anglo-American crimes would be well out of sight under the rug, and forgotten.

When, in connection with "They did it first!", the devil-words "Nazi" and "Buchenwald" are employed, the obfuscation and deception are overwhelming.

"Nazi" has sinister antecedents. Among them: "Fuzzywuzzy," "Gook," and "Hun." They are expressions of the, originally English, then Anglo-American practice of dehumanizing the enemy.

It started with the fuzzywuzzies, and Rudyard Kiplings "lesser breeds beyond the pale" (i.e., non-English). To the English master race the original inhabitants of Australia and Tasmania were not human beings, but fuzzywuzzies. On Sunday afternoons, after Divine Worship, and at other times, English ladies and gentlemen hunted fuzzywuzzies as they did foxes in the Motherland. They exterminated the native population of Tasmania, history's first absolute genocide. In Australia, some of the native peoples escaped the English hunting parties, and the race, horribly degraded, survives as "aborigines."

"Gook" is the more picturesque American term for an enemy we deem sub-human, or non-human. It was used in the Spanish-American War, when we "liberated" Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and some smaller islands. In the

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Philippines there were warlike tribes that resisted the U.S. conquest and occupation. They rose up in what were called "insurrections." The "resistance" and the "freedom fighters" of that day were "gooks" to the U.S. Army, who slaughtered them by the tens of thousands.

"Hun" is more sophisticated than "fuzzywuzzy" or "gook." It serves the same purpose, and then some. "Hun" doesn't merely dehumanize the enemy, it demonizes him. It was used by the British in their anti-German atrocity-lie propaganda of World War I. The British drew on thousand-year-old tales of ravage by Attila buried in the European psyche, to conjure up fear and hatred of the Germans.

It is ironic that the British, whose Empire subjugated, enslaved, and starved half the peoples of the planet, should apply the epithet "Hun" to the Germans, who never subjected, nor exploited, any people.

In a mindless frenzy of anti-Germanism directed not only against Germany, but against Americans of German parentage, against the German language, against German literature, against German music, in a manic campaign that went on for years after the end of World War I, "Hun" was quickly and avidly embraced in the United States. "Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, Johnny kill the Hun, kill the Hun, kill the Hun!" became American foreign policy under Woodrow Wilson, and continues, substantially, to be so.

Calling them "Huns" eased the murdering of surrendered German soldiers, and the machine-gunning of sailors floundering helplessly in the sea. The British used "Hun" to their moral justification (which they proffer for each of their crimes) for the worst single atrocity against humanity up to that time in this century: The British hunger blockade. It was kept in force long after the war ended. It starved to death a million German children, their mothers, and their grandparents.

"Nazi" appeared in March 1933 at the time of World Jewry's declaration of war on Germany, which brought on World War II. "Nazi" was employed in the same manner as "Hun" (which is still in use).

However, due, principally, to a now dictatorially dominant, all-obliterating media, "Nazi" is an imprecation of vastly greater extent and effect.

A stupefied populace, morally dulled by the incessant hammering of pernicious alien doctrines, purposely kept ignorant of American and western history, has been brainwashed into accepting "Nazi" and "Nazism"—about which it knows less than nothing—as a uniquely fiendish embodiment of evil.

After the total destruction of Germany half a century ago, after Korea, Vietnam, Lebanon, the Persian Gulf, and an assortment of minor slaughters in between and since, including Libya, Panama, and Somalia, "Nazi" is still with us.

Nurtured and exploited by the media, by Hollywood, and by the majority of politicians on every level, who have found it to be the most effective attention-grabber, and attention-diverter, ever, "Nazi" is more alive than ever.

Moreover, it has come home to roost, as it were. Criminals of all stripes cry "Nazi", or interject "a Nazi angle" to distract awareness of their guilt, as in the case of the nuclear radiation experiments recounted by Mr Foderaro.

Those who noted "a little of the Buchenwald touch" in the all-American nuclear radiation tests on human beings, failed to note a larger and more prominent touch. This was the cage in the center of the camp compound. It figured extensively in the "Holocaust" literature. The cage held a bear and an eagle. Every day a live Jew would be tossed into the cage. The bear would tear him apart and the eagle would pick his bones. As sworn to by "survivors." Their testimony, which should still be in the files, also "points to" "Nazi crimes in Buchenwald."

Sal J. Foderaro's report is excellent. It is gentlemanly of him to stress the very great credit due Hazel O'Leary. It would be salutary to have more, many more, like her in the Administration. *The Asbury Park Press* does the public a service in publishing Mr Foderaro's report.

Sadly, Mr Foderaro's revelation, restricted to nuclear radiation experiments, is only partial. This sort of thing has been going on in other fields for many years. Beginning well before World War II, sponsored by their manufacturers, clandestine testing of drugs and pharmaceuticals, of biologicals and chemicals, was carried out on prison inmates and on government hospital patients in the United States, sometimes with gruesome outcome. This experimentation goes on to the present day.

Perhaps Mr Foderaro could investigate these practises as well. His reports are sure to be edifying, and socially valuable.

Yours very truly,
Carl Hotelet

☆☆☆

C.R. Hotelet
90 Castleton Drive
Toms River, New Jersey 08757

Mr Bruce Thiesen
National Commander
American Legion
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Sir:

The Legion declares it is for god and country. "Witnesses to the Holocaust" in the August 1994 Magazine moves me to ask, Whose God? What country?

The reasons for my questions are set forth in my letter of 19 October 1994 to

Mr Wheeler and Mr Greenwald.

I would be grateful for your comment on the propriety of the American Legion's promoting the "Holocaust".

C.R. Hottel

19 October 1994

Enclosure

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19 October 1994

90 Castleton Drive
Toms River New Jersey 08757

Mr Daniel S. Wheeler, Publisher, Editor in Chief
John Greenwald, Editor
The American Legion Magazine,
Post Office Box 1055
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Dear Sirs:

The rehash of warmed over concentration camp horror stories in "Witnesses to the Holocaust" (August 1994) is so crude, so one-dimensional that it insults the intelligence of your readers.

It can be seen only as an attempt to re-inflate the hatred against Germany and Germans kindled by World Jewry's declaration of war on Germany in March 1933. That declaration of war brought on World War II, which, together with its sequels, caused a million American dead and maimed. A noteworthy holocaust, and a real one.

The Jewish declaration of war automatically made every Jew on German territory an enemy alien. As did every other country on earth, Germany put enemy aliens into concentration camps.

Germany was the last European country to establish such camps. The first country to set up a concentration camp was Great Britain, in its war against the Boers, at the beginning of this century. It was a real, purposeful death camp. In it the British deliberately starved to death—in an effort to make their fighting men surrender—twelve thousand children and women. That was a large proportion of the small Boer population.

Your writers start with Dachau. They recount once more what we have already heard 1,001 times. And they continue to suppress other parts of the story. For instance, when the Crusaders, now become Avenging Angels, entered the

camp a certain Lieutenant Bushyhead ordered his men to round up all non-internees in the camp. These included soldier convalescents and amputees from the eastern front, who were guards, doctors, and medics, sanitary and administrative personnel. In the meanwhile, Lt Bushyhead and some accomplices had mounted a machine gun on the roof of a barracks building. The people he had ordered rounded up were then bunched together against the wall of a building across the way. Bushyhead opened fire, six hundred people were slaughtered. A mini-holocaust. Bushyhead and his fellow-murderers were not even charged, much less tried, for this War crime.

A contingent of US troops was left in the camp. The 7th Army had been told by our rear echelon Psycho-Warfare crowd that hundreds of thousands of Jews were being killed in the Dachau gas chambers. When, upon having entered and inspected the camp, the 7th Army reported that there were no gas chambers, it was ordered to build one. Hence the troops that stayed in the camp. They forced Germans from near-by towns to construct a "Dachau gas chamber." Since neither the Americans nor the Germans knew what a "gas chamber" looked like, the product was not convincing. Inasmuch as visitors, especially Germans, for whose indoctrination the "gas chamber" was intended, didn't either, it served its purpose. It is still there.

The gas having been let out of its "gas chambers", so to speak, your authors skip Auschwitz to go from Dachau to Buchenwald. For Dachau they suppress fact, for Buchenwald they suppress fiction that was asserted for so long to be fact.

There was Buchenwald's most spectacular feature: A cage which stood in the open in the center of the compound. It held a bear and an eagle. Each day a live Jew would be tossed into the cage. The bear would tear him apart, the eagle would pick his bones. "Eye witness survivors" swore to that. It figured for years in the "Holocaust" literature.

There were, of course, "gas chambers" and "crematory ovens", into which thousands of Jews marched docilely every day. "Eye Witness" survivors swore to that, too.

But Buchenwald was more resourceful in that Jews were killed, in batches of tens of thousands daily, by many highly original techniques: Jammed into huge sealed and roofed-over enclosures, they were *steamed* to death; or, in the same structure, the air would be withdrawn, and they were *vacuumed* to death; or, still in the same facility, it would be heated to such a degree that they would be *baked* to death. There was another imaginative structure. It contained a vast metal platform. Once the thousands of Jews were assembled on it, the platform would be lowered into a gigantic water tank, and the Jews would be *drowned*. Like the aforementioned structure, this one was multi-purpose. Instead of being lowered into the water, the platform would receive a high-amperage charge, and the Jews

would be *electrocuted*.

Nor were the more mundane methods of murdering Jews en masse neglected. They were *burned* in huge open pits. They were *shot*, a bullet in the back of the neck, Katyn-style, or *machine-gunned*, Dachau style. By *intravenous injection*, *clubbing*, *stabbing* (babies were tossed into the air to be speared on SS bayonets), by fiendish *medical experimentation*. And so on, and on. All "eye-witnessed" by "survivors."

There is a true Buchenwald happening that belongs most certainly in every honest report of the liberation of the camp. It is suppressed by the "Holocaust" promoters and beneficiaries. I have a friend of more than thirty-five years who, as a young infantryman, was in the first unit to enter the camp. He told me that on the first weekend after the liberation, the GIs invited women who had been internees, all either Jewish or Polish, to a beer party. When the party was well under way, they were gang-raped. The day after the "beer party" several of the victims approached my friend. "You know," they said, "the Wehrmacht never did that."

There were manifold reasons for death in the camps: Allied air bombardments, murder by kapos, and by the Communist gangs that terrorized the camps, which the SS seldom entered; accidents, at work and at sports; common illnesses. The occasional execution for sabotage, or for killing another detainee. And there were deaths from natural causes.

The mass killers were typhus and, to a subordinate degree, hunger. It is these two that accounted for the piles of corpses and the walking skeletons, two horrors Made in U.S.A.

When the US Army entered Naples in March 1945 it walked into an incipient typhus epidemic. Some inhabitants already had died of it. The slums of Naples, and of the adjacent Pozzuoli, were not less crowded than were Dachau and Buchenwald.

To judge by the records of earlier plagues in Europe and in Italy, the dead from a typhus epidemic among the crowded millions of Naples-Pozzuoli, could have been 23,000, or 230,000, or, who knows? But this time there was a new element: DDT. The Americans had a monopoly of it. The Army had it in vast abundance, more than enough to kill every louse from the Abruzzi to the Urals many times over. The US Army applied DDT profusely. The epidemic was contained. Deaths were held to 23—lamentable, but in context, minuscule.

In Dachau, Buchenwald, and in the other camps, the situation was different. There was typhus, but there was no DDT. The U.S. Command was informed precisely about conditions in the camps, through its own intelligence, and by the International Red Cross, whose observers had been allowed to enter the camps, and to move freely about in them, since they were opened.

The Red Cross had been apprehensive about the incidence of typhus in the

camps. With the eastern front moving westward toward Germany, through areas where typhus was endemic, it became alarmed at the threat of a plague that would ravage Europe. It saw the camps as foci of an epidemic that would spread to the German civil population, now especially susceptible, then extend into neighboring countries. US Army medical officers saw it the same way. The Red Cross pleaded with the Army for DDT for the internees, promising that not an ounce would get to the Germans.

The Army knew it could rely on that promise. The Red Cross never evinced even ordinary sympathy for Germany or for the German people. During World War I it had acted practically as fundraising and recruiting agent for England in the United States. Its attitude hadn't changed. Moreover, it was known that the Germans scrupulously passed into the camps humanitarian packages consigned to the internees. Nevertheless, the United States rejected all appeals for DDT for the camp inmates. The consequences were inexorable, and foreseeable. The number of dead rose far above the capacity of the crematories to dispose of the bodies. The piles of corpses mounted.

Cynics might remark that the United States wanted the piles of corpses. For one thing, they could be brandished as "justification" for the criminally insane crimes, hideously unique in history, that the United States, and its Allies—singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"—committed against the German people during—and after—the war.

The circumstances around the second mass killer, hunger, that produced the walking skeletons, and contributing to the piles of corpses, were essentially the same as those relating to typhus. As Germany was bombed into chaos, the Red Cross observed the constant deterioration of rations for the civil population and for the camps, and detected the first signs of starvation. The US Army had more food than it could consume. The Red Cross pleaded for food for the internees. It assured the U.S. command that none would go to the Germans. Still, despite the predictable ghastly result, requests for food, as for DDT, were denied.

The International Red Cross, and others, were dumbfounded by the refusals. Weren't these people, whom the United States was condemning to death by plague and by hunger, the ones for whom the United States, since 1933, shed crocodile tears, and wrung its hands in sanctimonious anguish, over the fate it said would befall them at the hands of the brutal "Nazis!" They were.

But, you gotta be flexible. Think of the terrific propaganda value of piles of corpses and hordes of walking skeletons! It'll be good for centuries! And there is the "Holocaust" angle!

That the piles of corpses would have been smaller, and the walking skeletons fewer, is attested by the fact that even though deprived of the minimal help requested, by no means were all internees in all camps living skeletons when they were liberated. But those who weren't were seldom photographed, and then inci-

dentally, or coincidentally, and their pictures rarely appeared. Leslie and Jeremy Milk conceal that information, too.

The Milks say nothing about Buchenwald II, either. This is the original Buchenwald that "Ike", after its "liberation" handed over to his "gallant Soviet ally". The kapos and other Communist goons of Buchenwald I became administrators, wardens, and guards of Buchenwald II. The Buchenwald I internees were replaced by anti-Communist German civilians, but in Greater numbers. The camp hardly missed the beat in the transfer. It was now run as a Soviet Gulag. A quarter of its detainees were dead within the first five years of its operation. Buchenwald II—and the other Soviet Zone concentration camps—functioned for more than forty years after the war. The total number of those who perished in Buchenwald II—and in the other Soviet camps in Germany—can only be estimated. Mass graves are still being found.

Authoritative Jewish scholars, from Professor Yehuda Bauer of Hebrew University in Israel to Professor Arno Maier of Princeton University in New Jersey, long ago jettisoned the "6,000,000" lie (if they believed it in the first place) and other fables that made up the Tales of the "Holocaust." Professor Raoul Hilberg, University of New Hampshire, America's "Mr Holocaust", as an "expert witness" for the prosecution in the first great show trial of the heroic Ernst Zündel in Toronto, was forced by defence counsel to admit he had no evidence to support the "6,000,000" fetish, and that data on which he based a monumental book are, at best, vague. "Mr Holocaust", after undertaking to appear for the prosecution in the second episode of the great "Holocaust" show trial in Toronto, was a no-show. All scholars who can be taken seriously have acknowledged, for a long time, that "survivor" testimony is "suspect" and "unreliable." As is known, the Israeli Supreme Court stated that as its judicial opinion. In other words, the delusions, fantasies, and hallucinations of demented unfortunates, and of career "survivors", that are the essence of "docu-dramas", "Schwindler's List", and print-media fiction, are just that: lies and fantasies. What, then, is left of the "Holocaust?" Pictures of living skeletons and piles of corpses.

In 1989 the Soviet Union returned the "Auschwitz Death Books" to Germany. These were the records, kept meticulously by the camp administration, of fatalities—German and non-German administrative, civil, and military personnel, and internees—from *all causes* for the entire period over which the camp existed. Total deaths were 74,000. The records of the International Red Cross, kept at its affiliated Arolsen Institute in Munich, lists 367,000 deaths from 1933 until 8 May 1945, of German and non-German administrative, civil, and military personnel, and internees, from *all causes*.

In the face of the foregoing, for Leslie and Jeremy Milk to include a special section, ELEVEN MILLION DEAD, with their Germanophobic "Holocaust"

tract, is further evidence that they are a pair of lying "Holocaust" hacks, or of diseased mind which is about the same). Whoever publishes their venomous trash is in the same category.

Your magazine's masthead proclaims FOR GOD AND COUNTRY. When it prints something like "Witnesses to the Holocaust" it provokes questions. Whose God? Our Christian God? Or the hate-and-vengeance-crazed Yahweh? What country? America? Or the country that attacked wantonly an American surveillance ship, in an attempt to sink it, and thus blame the crime on the Egyptians, murdering thirty-four American sailors and wounding a hundred and seventy-one more, most of them seriously? The country that treacherously withheld from the American commander intelligence of an impending attack thereby delivering hundreds of U.S. Marines to their deaths when their Beirut barracks were blasted? The country that spies on us, constantly, on all levels? The country of which it is said "Murder, Inc.?" moved to Palestine and set up a state: The State of Israel?

Yours very truly,
Carl Hottel

Copy: Bruce Thiesen, National Commander

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Dear Mr. Dietz:

Just a thought on the events of 8 November: Amidst all of the contorted, improbable explanations for the resounding defeat of Clinton on 8 November written by leftist columnists, one looks in vain for any mention of the racial factor in the defeat, which might have been the decisive factor in quite a few Congressional contests, especially in the south. Thanks to the efforts of what might be called the "underground press," many voters were aware of Clinton's quite disproportionate appointments of Jews and Negroes, his disgusting escapades with Negresses and the apparently well-founded rumor that Clinton is the father of a Mulatto son.

Sincerely, Charles E. Weber

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Euro-American Alliance
P.O. Box 2-1776
Milwaukee, WI 53221

17 November 1994

G. Gordon Liddy Show
P.O. Box 3649
Washington, D.C. 20007

Dear Mr. Liddy:

The Germans considered the Jews to be enemy aliens. Jews, like Gypsies, were considered an infestation. There is no question that the Jews are part of an international front. They are today as they were in the Thirties. The attempt of the Germans to make Europe *Judenfrei* was justified on this basis. Jews made up the bulk of the leadership of all Marxist parties in Europe and North America—as they do today.

Are not Howard Metzenbaum, Diane Feinstein, Charles Schumer, and Arlen Specter 'enemy aliens'? Do they not work against the Constitutional rights of the American citizenry? Is not the ADL an enemy agency of a foreign power, namely, Israel? Everywhere you look there is a Jew agitating for race mongrelization (not their own!), increases in welfare, gun control, smut, and of course aid to Israel.

We Aryans today preach a separation of the races based on the inability of the races to create a national polity here. Rightaway the Jews step in and demand that we be silenced. We do not want to see our race destroyed by miscegenation. The Jews continue to force integration on the white race. Why should we consider them anything else but enemy aliens?

I don't promote the idea of exterminating Jews. I do stand by the concept of separating from them and all others who are not Aryans. White supremacy over white affairs is what we stand for. But say that, and some yapping bastard of a Jew starts screaming about a pogrom.

Sincerely,

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

Note: This was faxed to G. Gordon Liddy (1-800-937-4329) while he interviewed Jew Yehuda Bauer. They both moaned and groaned about it after Liddy read it over the air. Liddy said he now knows why there must be a Holocaust Museum in Washington. Yehuda Bauer said that the Nazis are still around and must be stopped.

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Update

On November 3, 1994, I filed a Mandamus petition in Racine County Court in the matter of the murder of Joe Rowan. The District Attorney has done nothing to bring the killer to justice. It will be remembered that in 1990 Brian Kozel, a Milwaukee Skinhead, was shot to death by a Mexican. Nothing was done about that either. Two dead Skinheads in Wisconsin in four years is quite a record. Two county D.A.s have refused to do their duty. Blacks and Mexicans are obviously encouraged to kill more whites. There is no telling what sort of welcome I will get when the petition hearing comes up. The Racine Police are already mumbling about "outsiders" meddling in Racine affairs. The Racine D.A., Robert Flancher,

can't be too happy that an Aryan Movement man comes into his court to make him do his duty. I don't know what to expect from Judge Dennis Flynn. He is as Irish as I am, and he is just as likely to hate me as love me. At any rate, I am in court on this one.

THE ELECTION—Well, the white man has ostensibly thrown the Demicans out of office all over the country. He has elected the Republicrats. Will anything change? Old Bob Dole immediately fawned on Billary and vowed to compromise. Newt Gingrich spoke up and said his first move as Speaker of the House would be to rush the GATT through as fast as possible. GATT is a super NAFTA, with a World Trade Organization agreement that will hamstring whatever U.S. industry still exists. Expect the diminishing manufacturing jobs to be quickly exported to the Third World with WTO and GATT. But Newt Gingrich is going to help Billary get GATT passed in the Congress. Then good old Newt is going to argue for prayer in public schools. He isn't going to repeal Brady and Feinstein, the recent gun grabs. Old Dole isn't either. No, those Marxist impositions will be allowed to stand while the Republicrats work on really important things such as helping Billary recoup his presidency. And you may have thought that the Republicrat leadership is on your side. A few freshman congressmen may be willing to stand up for white civilization in North America, but the guys at the top of the Republicrat Party are all for open borders, more freebees for the 'minorities,' increased aid to Israel (watch and see if Jesse Helms will touch foreign aid to Israel!) and other things that the Demicans have been pushing. The Republicrats are Tweedle-Dee to the Demicans Tweedle-Dum. You can probably expect the Republicrats to lower the Capital Gains tax, which may help old white folks who have a second home to sell and a little stock to dump. But the Republicrats won't do a thing to close the porous border with Mexico. It won't demand a change in the Constitution that permits an illegal alien to drop a kid in the U.S., thus making the alien kid an automatic citizen. It won't back the Californians who courageously voted up Prop 187. No, the Republicrat Party will give the boobs feel-good legislation like prayer in public school, legislation that will be tied up in the courts forever and will be meaningless. But maybe it is all planned that way: when the Republicrats fail miserably, the boobs will return the Hillary-Billary crowd to office. If I am wrong about any of this, I will say so.

THE ARYAN REPUBLIC—Even if the patchwork cures of the Republicrat Party are somewhat successful, nothing can save the United States from its fate. The interest on the National Debt rises each year. When the Debt interest rises to the point whereat taxes cannot satisfy it, then cuts in the entitlements will perforce be made. The old timers on Social Security will be hit first, they are the easiest to swindle. Then veterans' pensions will be attached to pay the interest on the Debt. That won't be enough. The welfare class will then be asked to contribute. The Republicrats claim that they are going to end welfare cold turkey. If they try it the

cities will burn. If they reduce welfare payments to pay the interest on the Debt, the cities will burn. The blacks will consider any reduction of welfare expenditures to be a sign of an intention to commit genocide against them as a race. They will riot and burn, loot and kill. That has been their function in this Jewish-dominated U.S. society: to act as the Golem. To keep the Aryan busy while the Jews clean up the profits and the power. But now the Golem has got out of hand and he is about to bring the bloody house down about the ears of the Jews and all. The white voters saw this coming and tried to right things with a Republicrat Congress. It may have gone too far, even considering that the Republicrats have promised a balanced budget amendment to the Constitution and an end to welfare, plus a line-item veto for the presidency.

We Aryans have to look at this worsening situation as an end to what is and has been, and a beginning of a new era. As the System implodes the Aryans must begin the process of rebuilding a society, this time for Aryans only. The Aryan Republic is the only solution to the problem of the future. Even if the System of the present could be salvaged, it would be curtains for the white man. The white race will be a minority by the middle of the next century, but long before that the white man will become the absolute underdog in a Jewish-dominated mud society of loud-mouthed Marxists, queers with a grudge, and every person 'of color' living off the labor of the white drones. This is inevitable under the present system because the bosses refuse to stand up for the white man. They are deliberately turning America into a Third World swine pen for the profits accruing from coolie labor. Look how real wages have been falling in the United States since 1975. The System does not need manufacturing jobs that pay large hourly wages when they can export the jobs for pennies on the dollar. Lush Limpnutz won't tell you this. That fat bastard is making his Thirty Pieces of Silver while white America shrivels up. Everybody in the System gets rich while the country fills up with muds, useless eaters that are ready to pick the bones of the white man and suck up what is left of a once great nation. The muds are vultures, but they are vultures who have no future either. The collapse of the System will mean their deaths as well.

Something better must come out of this wretched mess. That something is the Aryan Republic, a PLACE FOR WHITES WHO WANT TO REMAIN WHITE IN THEIR SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS. Can you imagine governing yourselves again, with only the counsel of men and women of your own kind to guide you? The land will be laid out and fortified, defended by an Aryan militia. Our courts will dispense real Aryan justice, not Jewish psychoanalysis. Our schools will teach the history of the world as it happened, the science and technology of the future, and the philosophy of the great thinkers of our Aryan race. The present governance is about to implode. Look to the future for a solution that will SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN.

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