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

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

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

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

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

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

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

POSTSCRIPTS

by Revido P. Oliver

ERRATUM

Decades ago, when ordinary books and periodicals were printed from metal slugs cast by a Linotype machine, an author who had to make a correction on page-proofs always was uneasy until his work appeared in print. He knew that when a line had to be replaced to correct an error, some diabolic and cunningly satanic force would try to introduce a fresh error somewhere in the line. The demon was not defeated by modern electronic typesetting and still stalks authors and publishers. When the February issue of *Liberty Bell* was in the stage of page-proofs, a mechanical malfunction introduced an error into the fourth paragraph on page 31, and when that was mended, the demon squeezed one letter out of the word τέρατα, the post-classical, chiefly Hellenistic, plural of the neuter noun τέρας, which designates a thing that is praeternatural, unnatural, monstrous, miraculous, or portentous. (The last meaning includes unusual natural events, such as eclipses, meteorites, and some bolts of lightning, which were thought to be sent by a god as omens or warnings.) The late plural form is very common in the Septuagint, where it is used to translate four different Hebrew or Aramaic words, and hence is common in the "New Testament," especially in the combination that I quoted. Needless to say, the *goëtae* and other magicians and shamans used sleight of hand and various mechanical and chemical tricks to produce miracles and impress their credulous victims.

6,000,000

That is a magic number, charged with some inexplicable significance to the strange minds of our enemies.

As we all know, when God's Race began the world's greatest swindle, they claimed that the awful Germans had incinerated, gassed, or vaporized twenty-four (4×6) million sacred Sheenies, but fearing lest even the Aryan boobs might see how absurd was that figure, they first reduced it to twelve (2×6) million, and finally to just six million, a figure that many thoughtless people can believe.

The number, however, has some arcane significance for the vampires.

In October 1919 a Sheeny disguised under distinctively English and Welsh names, Martin H. Glynn, who had enjoyed a term as Governor of the State of New York, gave in Albany a spiel that was reported in the Albany *Times-Union* and reprinted in *The American Hebrew*, 31 October 1919, pp. 582, 601. I quote a few paragraphs of the diatribe, which was entitled "The Crucifixion of Jews Must Stop!"

Six million men and women are dying from lack of the necessities of life; eight hundred thousand children cry for bread. And this fate is upon them through no fault of their own, through no transgression of the laws of God or man; but through the awful tyranny of war and a bigoted lust for Jewish blood.

The number 'six million' seems automatically to mean 'holocaust' to the Yids, but Glynn, despite his mention of blood, spoke only of a "threatened holocaust" of the starving six million and their crying

babies that would occur somewhere in Europe if the Americans didn't respond to his bombastic rhetoric about their duty to "help the helpless" etc., etc. After a lot of talk about the Good Samaritan of Christian mythology, he went into the humanitarian routine appeal to sentimentality, assuring his audience that

Race is a matter of accident; creed, partly a matter of inheritance, partly a matter of environment, partly one's method of ratiocination, but our physical wants and corporeal needs are implanted in all of us by the hand of God, and the man or woman who can, and will not, hear the cry of the starving; who can, and will not, take head of the wail of the dying; who can, and will not, stretch forth a helping hand to those who sink beneath the waters of adversity is an assassin of nature's finest instincts, a traitor to the cause of the human family and an abjurer of the natural law written upon the tablets of the human heart by the finger of God himself....

The people of this country are called upon to sanctify [sic] their money by giving \$35,000,000 in the name of the humanity of Moses to six million famished men and women.

You must remember that \$35,000,000 is a very large sum in real money; it was an amount of gold which, if it could be purchased today, would cost almost \$900,000,000 in the phony currency of the Federal Reserve, even though the price of gold is now artificially depressed to distress South Africa. The \$35,000,000 of real money had a purchasing power of at least a billion dollars today. The parasitic race never makes small demands.

Sheeny Glynn went on to expatiate about the wonderful contribution his race made to the "war to

lay Autocracy in the dust." Auditors whose glands had not taken over their consciousness must have noticed that the political term was even theoretically applicable to only one participant in the war, Czarist Russia; must have reflected that the United States had been an ally of Russia and never at war with it; and must have remembered that the Sheenies, with the aid of their Bolshevik stooges, had captured Russia by a conspiratorial *coup d'état* in 1918. But Glynn, a typical member of his race, doubtless felt such contempt for *goyim* that he assumed that his impassioned rhetoric had completely paralysed any capacity for thought they might have.

Intelligent auditors, furthermore, must also have wondered where God's Darlings were starving. Certainly not in their Russian colony, where their race got its choice of all the food available. Certainly not in Germany, where indeed the great British and French humanitarians had mounted a blockade that would make many Germans die of starvation—but, of course, that didn't matter, because Germans do not belong to Yahweh's Holy Race. In Germany, the Sheenies were in control of the defeated and demoralized nation, were receiving regular remittances from their fellow tribesmen in the United States, and were preparing the great inflation of the currency, which soon reached the point at which a Kike with fifty American dollars from his congeners in the United States could buy an apartment building in Berlin. In addition, the Sheenies in Germany and their sponsoring tribesmen in Europe and the United States were counting on a Judaeo-Bolshevik take-over that would make Germany a Hell like Russia. So where, then, were the saintly barbarians starving?

Glynn's audience had to listen to much more rant, but they were never given the answer to that question. The orator went off on another tack, and yelled about another kind of 'holocaust,' not by starvation, but by violence. And that one happened in Ukrainia.

Since the armistice has been signed thousands of Jews in Ukrainia have been offered up as living sacrifices to diabolical greed and fanatical passion—their throats cut, their bodies rended [*sic*] limb from limb by assassin bands and rabid soldiery. In the city of Proskunoff [¹] one day a few weeks ago the dawn saw the door of every house wherein lived a Jew marked as a shambles for slaughter.^[2] For four days, from sunrise to sunset, fanatics plied the dagger like demons from hell, stopping only to eat with hands adrip with the blood of Jewish victims. From a purpose to a fury, from a fury to a habit ran this killing of Jews, until within four days the streets of Proskunoff ran red with blood like gutters

1. He means Proskurov, a city in the Ukraine on the Bug river, southeast of Lemberg (later, L'vov, now Lwiw or L'viv) and northwest of Odessa. Jews formed more than half of the population and had a monopoly of the trade in wheat and other grain, sugar, and oil, for which the town was a shipping point. It is quite likely that in 1919, when Ukrainia was trying to resist the Bolshevik armies and restrain domestic treason, the usually stolid patience of the natives was exhausted and they did finally express forcefully their opinion of their parasites; if so, a real incident furnished the occasion for Glynn's harangue.

2. This seems an inversion of an episode recorded in the Christians' Jew-Book, *Exodus*, 12, 22-26. Yahweh's Yids smeared lambs' blood on the doorposts and lintels of their homes, so that when the Creator of Heaven and Earth was prowling through the dark streets of an Egyptian city at night and sniffing around the doors, he recognized the abodes of his darlings and went on his rounds, sneaking at midnight into the homes and barns of the Egyptians and strangling their children and young livestock. After that exploit, Yahweh made the adult Egyptians feeble-minded, so that his Sheenies could swindle them of all their portable property that was valuable. That strangling of Egyptian offspring and, even more, the glorious swindle that followed it is still commemorated and celebrated annually by the descendants of the thieves and called the Passover.

of a slaughter house, until its homes became a morgue for thousands of slaughtered human beings whose gaping wounds cried out for vengeance and whose eyes turned to stone at the horrors they had seen.... As it has been at Proskunoff, so it has been in a hundred other places. The bloody tale hath repetition *ad nauseam*.

All very eloquent tear-jerking, *n'est-ce pas?* Thousands in a hundred places add up to several hundreds of thousands of God's First Born.³ Sheeny Glynn must have repressed an impulse to tell us that the streets of Proskurov were so flooded with godly blood that it drowned out the motors of automobiles, and that the horrid total was another 'holocaust' of six million super-humans. But he did not indulge his lurid imagination that far, and after quoting Burns as quoted by "the Hon. Simon W. Rosendale" (who, at least, wasn't hiding his racial superiority under a spurious name), and quoting some foolish verses by Lord Byron, Glynn pressed on to his peroration:

But Israel [⁴] is entitled to a place in the sun, and the Crucifixion of Jews must stop. ... For the peace of the world a League of Nations [⁵] let us have by all means, but for the Humanity of the World, to give Jus-

3. That's what Yahweh says, *Exodus*, 4.22. Christians seem not to notice that this makes the Yids senior to their Jesus.

4. Glynn knew, of course, that his race had extorted the Balfour Declaration from the British as the price for supplying hordes of American cannon-fodder to defeat Germany, but he is here doubtless thinking of Israel, the international nation that infiltrates and eventually destroys all nations that can be profitably exploited.

5. A trap that the Americans evaded in 1919-21, but in 1945 the imbeciles fell into its replacement, the talk-show called the United Nations, of which the performances are a screen for the power that has ordained Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace.

tice to the Jews and other oppressed peoples on earth, let us have a Truce of God.

What is interesting in Glynn's tirade is that although he does mention that the wicked Romanians and Poles also failed to love their parasites, he concentrates his hatred on the Ukrainians. To be sure, the White Russian armies in Ukrainia were resisting conquest by the Judaeo-Bolsheviks, for a time so effectively that they inspired hope in the captive Russians.⁶ But it seems that the World-Destroyers have a specially venomous hatred of Ukrainians, for reasons that are not apparent.⁷

6. For reference to the diary of a Russian professor of French ancestry, who escaped the Jewish massacre of well-born and well-educated Russians and secretly hoped for a White victory, see *Liberty Bell*, February 1989, pp. 14-30.

7. I know of no historical reason for this special hatred. Modern Ukrainia includes much of the Khazar Kingdom, which flourished from the Third Century to its conquest by the Varangians in 965. (Cf. *Liberty Bell*, October 1993, pp. 11-19.) It also includes much of the territory of the Varangian Kingdom of Kiev that created Russia early in the Ninth Century and flourished until overwhelmed by the Mongols in 1237-40. Some Khazar and Scandinavian blood doubtless survives in the Ukrainians today, together with vestiges of the many hordes of Alans, Tatars, Bulgars, Slavs, Huns, and others who passed through the territory, but the Ukrainians of today are predominantly Aryan. (A video-tape, showing street scenes in all of the principal cities, entitled "Ukraine, the Land and Its People," is available from Golden Door-Femme Productions, P.O. Box 49345, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, V7X.1L4).

A memorable exhibition of special animosity against the Ukrainians occurred in 1932-1933, when Dzhugashvili, alias Stalin, (who may or may not have been partly Kike) and his coadjutor, Lazar Moiseevich Kaganovich, forced seven million Ukrainians to die of starvation by confiscating the crops they had raised; see the well-known books by Robert Conquest (*The Harvest of Sorrow*) and Miron Dolet (*Execution by Hunger*). This sadistic massacre, carried out with characteristic Jewish animus, delighted the Jews everywhere, including Franklin Roosevelt. If there were any sense of justice on a planet befouled by Jewry, the surviving Ukrainians could demand compensation from international Jewry and the Russians on a scale as great as the Sheenies' extortions from all nations so degenerate that they can be made to feel guilt for the fictitious Holofoax.

Glynn's fustian was not by any means the first appearance of the mystic six million and 'holocausts.' If I may trust my recollection after fifty years, I am sure that you will find the magic numerals in periodicals printed in 1908-1910, when our resident enemies were putting pressure on President Taft to denounce and revoke our very favorable commercial treaty with Russia.⁸ Our country was deluged with propaganda and Yiddish wailing about the horrid pogroms in Russia, where occasionally the normally stolid Russian peasants, exasperated beyond endurance, tried to free themselves from their predators—often with some success before the Czarist government could intervene to protect the Sheenies—a concession that did not in the least diminish the Jews' hatred of civilized Russians. And I remember that the gullible Americans were told that the awful Russians—presumably including the Czar himself—had slain *six million* saintly Sheenies. After so many years, I cannot be certain that the word 'holocaust' appeared with the numeral, but it may have.

The 'six million' may have appeared earlier, for the Jews, trying to envenom relations between the United

For a recent example, note that when the vampires wanted to exercise the facilities given them by Ronnie Reagan to kidnap a *goy* and take him to Jerusalem to torture, they selected for their amusement an Ukrainian, Demjanjuk.

8. President Taft, who was an American from a distinguished family in Ohio, naturally told the Jews that it was his duty to further American interests and not to please others, but the Sheenies exerted such pressure on corrupt politicians in his Republican Party that he finally yielded, but without the slavish obeisance that the Master Race requires of *goyim*. They accordingly trained a shyster professor of "political science," Woodrow Wilson, for the job and installed him in the White House, in preparation for the First World War, by the simple technique of flattering Theodore Roosevelt, who suffered when he did not see his name in the newspapers, and inducing him to split the Republican Party in the election of 1912.

States and Czarist Russia, began to yammer and wail about 'pogroms' around 1870. It is true that there actually were some riots against the predatory race when Russian peasants and townsmen were exploited and swindled beyond endurance, but for the facts as distinct from Yiddish swill see Mme. Ragosin's *Russian Jews and Gentiles* (reprinted from *The Century Magazine*, April 1882, and available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$1.50 + postage).

I do not know when the numeral 6,000,000 first acquired its mystic significance. God's Race has always been as deficient in arithmetic as in veracity. I remember, for example, having seen in some recent Yiddish yowl a statement that after the capture of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, Titus, *as stated in the history by Josephus*, had "hundreds of thousands" of God's Own slain in the arena at Caesarea. The Jew who concocted the slop doubtless assumed that the American boobs who read his article would not think of going to the text of Josephus and finding the passage in which he specifically says that the number of rebels that were disposed of in gladiatorial combats and similar exercises in the arena at Caesarea was something more than 2500.⁹

The number does not seem to have been popular in Antiquity.

The greatest of all Holohoaxes is described in the Talmud, which assures us that in A.D. 135 the remnants of the followers of the last christ of any importance took refuge in the small town of Bethar, where

9. Josephus, *Bell. Jud.*, VII, 37-38 There are no textual variants affecting the number. By any concept of international law, the insurrectionists merited death, but note that by permitting them to fight each other as gladiators, Titus gave half of them a chance to live, since the lives of victorious gladiators were always spared.

the vile Romans slew eight hundred million (800,000,000) sweet Sheenies, releasing a flood of sacred blood that rolled for forty miles to the Mediterranean and stained its waters red for miles from the shore.¹⁰

The Jews have always needed to be persecuted: their wails about persecution serve both to conceal the real extent of their power and to ensure the obedience of their own common people, who might otherwise relax their racial loyalty. The Jews were an international people, scattered in *enclaves* in the territories of other nations, at the date of our earliest secure historical evidence about them; in the sixth century B.C. the Jews were already what they were in the First Century, when Josephus boasted that "The Jewish race [is] densely interspersed among the native populations in every part of the world."¹¹

Their depredations naturally aroused the resentment of the exploited natives, and although the Jews were always careful to cultivate the favor of the rulers and obtain special rights from them, the natives sometimes did give expression to their resentment. The earliest historical 'pogrom' that comes to my mind took place on the island of Elephantine in the Nile, just below the First Cataract of the Nile, in 411 B.C., when the Jewish

10. There is a variant reading, which gives the figures as 80,000,000 and the distance as four miles, but the larger figure is obviously the original and correct one, because Bethar is roughly forty miles from the Mediterranean.

11. *Bell. Jud.*, VII, 43. I quote the translation by H. St. J. Thackeray that accompanies his edition of the text in the Loeb Classical Library. My own translation would be substantially the same, but I would write "of the civilized world," since the Greek word excludes lands inhabited by savages and uncontrolled barbarians. The Greek of "densely interspersed" could also be rendered as "deeply implanted" or something like that, in keeping with the usage of Philo Judaeus, but the metaphor would convey the same essential meaning.

colony there so exasperated the Egyptian natives that they destroyed the Jews' pentagonal temple, but evidently did not kill any of the Sheenies. The indulgent Persians ordered the temple rebuilt at public expense. That occasioned further resentment by the natives, but the Jewish colony on Elephantine flourished for years thereafter.

The international race has always excited the resentment of their victims not only by economic depredations and an arrogant claim to special rights, but by sometimes failing to conceal their abiding and unappeasable hatred of civilized peoples, commonly manifested in their expectation of a christ with supernatural powers, who would lead them to a general slaughter of civilized mankind.

I have frequently mentioned the only reasonable explanation of the great fire that destroyed half of the city of Rome in A.D. 64: it was the work of the criminals who, when arrested, confessed to the crime, Jewish Bolsheviks, followers of a Jew named Chrestus, who may well have claimed to be a christ. This was a manifestation of the insane hatred that inspired a similar event a few years later and of which we may easily elicit the facts from the narrative by one of the race's most influential apologists, Josephus, who wrote not long after the event and tried to explain it away.¹²

When Seleucus Nicator founded the city of Antioch (*Antiocheia*, named in honor of his father) in 300 B.C., he brought in 5,300 Athenian and Macedonian colonists, many probably with wives and perhaps children, as citizens, while a large number of natives, largely Semitic, formed the rest of the new city's fairly large population. Its prosperity immediately attracted

12. *Bell. Jud.*, VII, 43-62 and 100-111.

Jews, and Seleucus or his successor, with the impulsive generosity that is the curse of our race, gave the Jews special status and privileges, doubtless because they told him how they would otherwise be persecuted for their righteousness. They were given their own independent municipal organization, their own courts, and their own chief magistrate, who, as seems to have been usual, was both a ruler and a high priest. These special rights were recorded on tablets of bronze set up in the city's forum. Sheenies naturally flocked to the city, which by virtue of its geographical position and royal patronage, became a great city and also the largest Jewish city east of Alexandria. Of course, the Jews, as Josephus proudly tells us, became very rich and accumulated vast treasures and all the apparatus of luxury, but they seem to have exercised self-control and practised political dissimulation so cleverly that, while they were doubtless envied by the less wealthy and more honest people, they, so far as we know, excited no particular antagonism. That is what makes so significant what happened after the Jews throughout the world were excited in A.D. 66 by the insurrection in Judaea, which was finally suppressed when Jerusalem was stormed in 70 by the Roman army commanded by Titus, the son of Vespasian, who had become Emperor while the siege was in progress.

There was in Antioch a Hellenized Jew bearing the Greek name Antiochus who, although the son of the Jews' chief magistrate, obviously opted for civilization and, we may be sure, was in some respects comparable to the unfortunate Menelaus, who tried to civilize the Jews in Palestine in 171-163 B.C.¹³

13. See *Liberty Bell*, February 1994, pp. 17-22.

When the people of Antioch were assembled in the great amphitheatre for some civic or ceremonial occasion, the young Jew, Antiochus, disclosed to them that the chief magistrate (his father) and other leading Jews, incited by a passel of Jews recently come to Antioch (probably a delegation from one of the revolutionary factions in Jerusalem), were planning systematic arson to burn the entire city to the ground (as the followers of Chrestus had tried to do at Rome in 64 and as may well have been known in Antioch).¹⁴ The terrified Antiochenes, we are told, had the newcomers, whom Antiochus had somehow been able to bring with him, immediately executed by burning at the stake in the amphitheatre. The Antiochenes—alas!—were so incensed by the prospect of being roasted in their beds on the appointed night that they became deficient in veneration for the righteous race and demanded that the resident Jews show an aptitude for civilized life by performing the usual (and usually perfunctory) sacrifices to the Greek and local gods; the Jews who refused to do so were massacred, according to Josephus, who goes on to say that Antiochus, with the support of the Roman troops that had doubtless come to restore order, compelled the Jews

14. Such outbreaks of racial hatred always seem almost incredible to us, because, of course the conflagration would consume all of the wealth of the conspirators that they had not previously exported to a place of safety, but compare the behavior of the wealthy Jews in Cyrene at the time of the great Jewish conspiracy of 116-117, when the enraged Jews made a smoking desert of what had been one of the most prosperous provinces of the Roman Empire, even destroying the specialized agriculture that was a source of the region's prosperity and uprooting the plants. I have often wondered whether the wealthiest Jews were really willing to sacrifice much or all of their property to blind hatred of *goyim*, or were compelled by the mass of enthusiastic Jews to assent to and participate in the devastation and massacres.

in Antioch to discontinue observance of their Sabbath.¹⁵ Josephus admits, however, that this innovation was so popular that it was adopted in other cities.

Well-trained Americans know that God's People can do no wrong, so they need not be told that Josephus assures us that the Jews in Antioch were as innocent as new-born babes, and that Antiochus was a wicked man.

The Antiochenes had not even scotched the snake. Despite disclosure of the plot, the arson took place and a large part of the center of the city was burned to the ground.¹⁶

Antiochus naturally accused the Jews of having partly carried out their plot. The people of Antioch were naturally indignant, but, as so often happens, the Jews were saved by the *goyim* they hate. Cn. Pompeius Collega,¹⁷ who was the deputy of the absent

15. There is no suggestion that there was an interference with the barbarians' rite of sexually mutilating their male children or other disgusting practices, and I think it likely that Josephus would have told us, had there been. From his account, it would seem that Antiochus was made the Jews' chief magistrate, and that is quite possible. Josephus is our only source for these events, and I have tried to recover the facts from his narrative.

16. Josephus enumerates the principal buildings that were destroyed: the agora and market-place, the governmental buildings, the record-office and archives, and the several basilicae, which housed the law courts and principal financial agencies. He would have us believe that the arson was the work of some scoundrels who wanted to destroy the evidence of their debts in the record-office, and he even tells us that Collega so determined on investigation. That would mean that Collega was bribed, which is not impossible.

17. He was of praetorian rank at this time and a comparatively young man; he did not attain consular rank until 93. The *legatus* (governor) of Syria was necessarily a consular and normally had four legions at his disposal. The effective authority at this time was Titus, and it seems odd that Collega did not suggest submitting the matter to him, from whom a much prompter decision could have been expected. That would have involved a legal irregularity, but would not have made Titus's decision the less binding.

Roman governor of Syria, probably overawed the people with his troops before persuading them to submit their case to the Emperor in Rome.

When Titus, fresh from his victory at Jerusalem, was on his way to Antioch, the Antiochenes, almost en masse, went out to greet and honor him with acclamations—and to beseech him to expel the Sheenies from Antioch and free the city of its domestic enemies. Titus refused and did not stop in Antioch. When he returned later for a ceremony in the amphitheatre, the people, including the most prominent citizens, again earnestly presented their urgent petition, but he obdurately refused.¹⁸ The Antiochenes then begged him at least to remove the bronze tablets that bestowed such great special rights and privileges on the Kikes, but Titus again refused and reaffirmed the extraordinary status that the Seleucids had bestowed on Jews.

Why did Titus reject the pleas of the Antiochenes? We may regard as virtually certain the answer to that question, and it is worth stating, although we cannot hope that some of our fellow racists will profit by the object lesson.

Titus had a quite shop-worn and almost middle-aged mistress, a Jewess who had some mysterious power to fascinate him. She was the famous Berenice, daughter of Herod Agrippa I, whom Claudius had made King of the Jews (under informal Roman supervision). She had been married, first, to a Jew who was

18. Josephus tells us that Titus justified his decision by saying, "Their own country to which, as Jews, they ought in that case to be banished, has been destroyed, and no other place would now receive them." Judaea had not been destroyed and was still full of Jews who were not known to have been implicated in the insurrection, and it is likely that many of the insurgents had escaped capture. Furthermore, it is probable that some cities in Asia Minor were inhabited by people as stupid as Americans.

the nephew of Philo Judaeus and the younger brother of the notorious Jew, Tib. Julius Alexander¹⁹; second, to her uncle, Herod, Prince of Chalcis; third, she became the mistress of her brother, Agrippa II, but could not legally marry him; fourth, she fascinated a *goy*, Polemon II, King of the little state of Olba, and induced the fool to become a convert to Judaism before she left him; fifth, she, so to speak, remarried Agrippa II; and sixth, she latched onto Titus, whom she so fascinated that she besotted him. Titus took her with him as his mistress when he returned to Rome, where she enjoyed the honors and influence normally reserved for wives, and even thought of marrying her, but his father, Vespasian, was not an idiot and finally succeeded in extricating Titus from Berenice's hypnotic or erotic spell. So there you have in real life a Jewess comparable to Hadassah, alias Esther, the heroine of the well-known fairy tale that was devised to teach Jewesses their racial duty.

Now you have seen how narrowly an awful 'pogrom' was averted at Antioch. I will not bore you with other examples. Space in *Liberty Bell* is limited.

When there are no 'pogroms,' as in Germany during the Second World War, the Jews have to resort to such impostures as their now celebrated Holohoax about the 'six million' who were exterminated by the Germans and then slithered into the United States to join their congeners in preying upon the befuddled Americans. But why 'six'? I leave that problem to you.

THE KENNEDY MYTH

I have occasionally cited in these pages a highly intelligent Jew, Eric Margolis, who is on the editorial staff of

19. Who, by the way, is credited with having precipitated a holocaust of 50,000 sweet Jews in Alexandria.

the *Toronto Sun*, to which he contributes a column that is always worth reading. A Jewish journalist is able to state boldly, when it pleases him, truths which would make an Aryan journalist unemployed overnight.

I shall here transcribe excerpts from the column published in 5 December 1993, content to see the truth told without apology:

I don't want to let the latest eruption of Kennedymania pass without some comment on the massive campaign of historical disinformation about blessed 'St. Jack' being laid on us by Hollywood and the media. ...

The real Jack Kennedy hardly resembled the gaudy, rouged, gilded icon we are shown today. Those, like me, who lived through the Kennedy years, recall a far different president.

First, there was Kennedy the sleazy Boston ward politician. Kennedy only beat out [*sic*] Richard Nixon for the presidency through criminal fraud in two states. His ally in Chicago, Mayor Daley, performed the miracle of getting tens of thousands of dead Democrats to rise from the grave and vote for Kennedy. Lyndon Johnson's stuffing of ballot boxes gave Kennedy victory in Texas.[¹] Mafia money and muscle also played an important role in making Kennedy president.

Once in office, Kennedy took little interest in domestic affairs. He plunged into more glamorous foreign policy....

Nikita Khrushchev met the young Kennedy at Vienna. He left convinced that the president was a shallow, inexperienced weakling, a mere "pretty boy" in the Russian's

1. And also made Lyndon Vice-President, ready to take over when Kennedy was expunged in Dallas. When he secured the nomination for the vice-presidency, Lyndon was told that if he and Kennedy were elected, he would have a very good chance of becoming president in two or three years. A recent issue of the medical journal *MD* contained an article on Kennedy's disease, on which I will report separately.

words. Khrushchev's opinion was reinforced by Kennedy's scandalous failure to react when the Berlin Wall was put up. During the Bay of Pigs fiasco, Kennedy and his alter ego, Robert MacNamara, father of the Edsel, made the fatal and shameful decision to deny invading Cuban exiles promised air cover and direct U.S. military support. Kennedy blamed this disaster on the CIA and purged its senior ranks of men who were professionals and patriots.^[2] ...

The Cuban missile crisis was billed as a great victory for Kennedy. In reality, it was a victory for the Soviet Union. Kennedy secretly agreed to remove U.S. missiles from Turkey and Italy and undertook never to invade Cuba. Castro was thus saved and Cuba turned into a Soviet Gibraltar.

At home, Jack Kennedy rubbed shoulders with gangsters like Sam Giancana. He even had an affair with a girlfriend of Giancana's who was sent by the mob to compromise Kennedy. ... Other celebrities tainted by gangster associations, like [Kennedy's] brother-in-law Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra, clustered around the Kennedys. Mobsters boasted they had Kennedy 'in their pockets.'

Kennedy's blunders continued. He began the calamitous policy of government deficit spending. And, worst of all, Kennedy and MacNamara got the U.S. into the terrible, no-win war in Vietnam that cost 55,000 American lives.^[3] ...

2. It is quite possible that the entire betrayal of the Cubans was engineered by Jackanapes, who then used it to eliminate from the C.I.A. the remaining professionals who favored the American people and had not sold out to the "One World" gang of our implacable enemies.

3. So much for the myth which disfigures the book, *JFK, the CIA, Vietnam, and the Plot to Assassinate John F. Kennedy*, by Colonel L. Fletcher Prouty, who exposed much of the plot, but, as I pointed out in *Liberty Bell*, March 1993, pp. 22-34, also perpetrated a monstrous cover-up, concealing the real powers behind the assassination and their purposes. He was guilty of such preposterous nonsense as a claim that "the Kennedys ... were going to prepare Americans for peace"!

The media loved the Kennedys and made them into a family of gods and demigods.

Even so, Kennedy's blunders were so egregious that if he had lived to run again in 1964, he would probably have lost to the capable but untelegenic [*sic*] Richard Nixon. Assassination saved Kennedy both from defeat and from the severe censure of history.

I can only thank Mr. Margolis for having used his privileged status to state publicly in a newspaper of large circulation what will be remembered as the facts by every man who was an adult in 1960 and observed events while he was not intoxicated by the malodorous swill continuously squirted in the faces of Americans by our enemies' poison-pen press and boob tubes.

But is it not significant that the facts needed to be stated? Men (and women) who were professionally involved or who were objective and critical observers cannot have forgotten the events of 1960-1964. (That will enable you to estimate the magnitude of the pressures or inducements that made Colonel Prouty abort his book by sanctifying the Kennedys and by using a "military-industrial establishment" to hide the dire force that decreed the decease of Jackanapes.) They, to be sure, are comparatively few. But what about the many thousands of persons who attended the Indignation Meetings and applauded enthusiastically? Were their memories washed out by the assassination and the theatrical spectacles that were staged afterward? Can they have forgotten? I wish I knew.

The majority of Americans, accustomed by Christianity to ignore reality, probably never noticed what was really happening to the country they had given away and were not willing to recover, or, if they did perchance notice some event that gave them pause,

they quickly forgot. Years ago a professional liar named Drew Pearson, then at the height of his popularity, was said to have engaged experts in "public relations" to "study" his output of propaganda; they reported that within a space of thirteen weeks (magic number!) he could completely reverse his position on a given issue and his readers and auditors, except a minority so tiny as to be inconsiderable, would not perceive that he had done so. That, I fear, measures the mnemonic power of the average American.

That is why they do not perceive even the most manifest evidence of the great mundial conspiracy of which they are the destined victims. Their little minds, continually dimmed by Lethean oblivion, do not perceive even a current segment of that conspiracy.

Recently another major advance toward the final liquidation of the Aryan boobs was made by the act of treason called the North American Free Trade Agreement, which was rammed through the congress by open bribery at the expense of its victims. It probably had not been read by any of the assembled thieves who voted for it.⁴

4. When the drive to rush the iniquitous measure through the Congress began, a friend of mine, having seen only vague reports of its provisions in the press, resolved to find out what the text actually said. When he called the office of a Senator, he found that the great man's staff had only a hazy notion of what was in the bill, and did not know where a copy of it could be obtained. By persistent inquiry, my friend finally ascertained that a copy could be purchased from the Superintendent of Documents, from whom he learned that the bill before the Congress consisted of four volumes, of which the last two were merely lists of the American, Canadian, and Mexican tariffs that would be abolished: the operative part of the bill was in the first two volumes, totaling about two thousand pages, of which he could buy a copy for \$80.00. He found that if he made the purchase in the usual way, his copy of the two volumes would not arrive until after the date set for a vote on the bill, but, by use of persistence and a credit card, he finally

Many Americans who sensed the menace to their and their children's future indulged in the futile gesture of writing to the senators and congressmen they had stupidly elected. Of the mail received by congressmen on this subject, fully 85% vigorously protested the proposed abolition of our frontiers. The letters were, of course, dumped into the waste baskets by the hirelings whose duty was to note the contents and perhaps, if their bosses thought it worth while, mail ambiguous form letters at public expense. Congressmen are not in the least influenced by the wishes of the boobs whom they are supposed to represent.

Members of the Congress must feel only contempt for the stupid animals that pay taxes and vote for them, but some probably pity the dumb brutes and may feel some reluctance further to afflict them. On the quality of the Congress I again quote Mr. Margolis, who, on 12 September 1993, reported a visit to the fetid swamp called Washington, D.C., where he saw "Senators and congressmen strutt[ing] about, sur-

succeeded in obtaining the two volumes by air express (at his cost, of course). Being one of the very few Americans willing to pay more than \$90.00 to find out what was going to be done to our doomed nation, he read through the two thousand pages, discovering that anyone who read only the first hundred pages or so would not discover the really drastic subversion of the country for which provision was made a few hundred pages later. He is probably one of the very few persons, aside from the plotters who drafted the act of treason, who have read the North American Free Trade Agreement. It is highly unlikely that any of the Senators and Representatives who voted for the measure had read it. Why should they take the time to read the two volumes? It was just another piece of legislation to hasten the liquidation of the self-doomed American people; all that mattered to each legislator was how much he could get as a bribe from the Rodham-Clinton pair—a bribe which would, of course, be paid by the boobs who had voted for him because they had the silly notion that he would represent them.

rounded by clouds of fawning lobbyists and simpering sycophants.”

Any legislator here worth his salt can smell money a mile away. A very senior senator whom I had never met in my life came up to me, shook my hand vigorously, squeezed my shoulder, and effused, “Great to see you again! Let’s do lunch.”

A second senator waved to me, financial lust glinting his eyes. A shoal of congressmen gave me a quick once over, checking for power symbols like big gold Rolex watches or Gucci loafers.

(He goes on to record the embarrassment of the legislators caused by the conflict between two powerful Jewish groups, because they cannot foresee which faction of their masters will triumph and reward obedience and punish negligence.)

The minority of Americans who are aware that the ratified Free Trade Agreement will complete the destruction of the national economy and flood the country with hereditary enemies will blame the bribed Congress and Mrs. & Mr. Rodham-Clinton for the disaster. They will be mistaken. That unsavory pair, and the gang of aliens, traitors, and degenerates with which they naturally surrounded themselves, did no more than carry out a plan of which the public has had knowledge for thirty-two years.

This small part of the plot to obtain unconstested ownership of the planet, which has engrossed the efforts of the international vampires for twenty-two centuries, was inaugurated in 1962 by Colonel Prouty’s hero, Jackanapes Kennedy.

On the fourth of July [!] 1962, Kennedy publicly stated that the concept of national independence was

obsolete and that “we must move on ... to interdependence upon [sic] other nations.” In a viable nation with an alert citizenry, that avowal would have been immediately followed by impeachment and removal from the office of the young punk was betraying it.

The significance of that slightly veiled statement and of the Trade Expansion Act that was almost simultaneously rammed through a venal Congress was not overlooked by competent observers. That dire menace was, for example, clearly expounded by Dan Smoot, the author of *The Invisible Government*, in his newsletter of 6 August 1962, and by quite a few other writers. It was known, of course, to the patriots who organized the famous Indignation Meetings, although their principal emphasis was on Kennedy’s open collaboration with Communist nations in Europe and sabotage of our armed forces for their benefit.

The original plan outlined in the Trade Expansion Act—note that its title is typical of the sneaking *calembours* used to delude the public—called for its implementation by a gang of plotters, the Jews’ stooges who were working for years to manufacture the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), which they have just concluded and are about to impose on their American victims. It was decided, however, to sabotage the American economy by a separate promotion, the North American Free Trade Agreement, and to delay the culmination of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade until the boobs had been subjected to that preliminary act of Congressional treason.

The purpose of the economic sabotage has been openly proclaimed by the great Jewish satrap, Avraham ben Elazar, alias Dr. Henry Kissinger,⁵ who

5. His real name was disclosed by the Supreme Rabbinic Court of America in its decree of 20 June 1971.

publicly stated that the North American Free Trade Agreement "is not a conventional trade agreement but the architect of a new international system ... the most creative step toward a **new world order** taken by any group of countries since the [fake] end of the [fake] Cold War." Like Philo Judaeus twenty centuries ago,⁶ he rejoices in anticipation of the now proximate time when nations will be abolished and the whole world will be subjected to "One World" under the supervision of old Yahweh, who is now often redefined in the well-known maxim, "God is the Jewish People."

Well, the dim-witted Americans, who have been joyfully reducing themselves to total slavery by easy stages since 1913, ignored the openly disclosed purposes of the Master Race and its lackeys in 1962 and for every one of thirty-two years thereafter, and it is now almost certainly too late for them to save themselves from the degradation and eventual graves that await them. But there is no indication that a majority of them even wish to save themselves and their children.

In the old days, when farmers were not too lazy to raise chickens, a housewife usually prepared for Sunday dinner by going into the chicken yard and grasping a hen by the neck, holding it thus as she carried it to the block on which she cut off its head. For some minutes, the helpless hen was afraid of what was going to happen to it. It differed in that respect from Americans. they are not afraid—or if, perchance, they have some twinges of vague apprehension, they quickly drug themselves into a mindless stupor by lapping

6. For the text and translation of one of the many passages that could be quoted from Philo's works, see *Liberty Bell*, February 1994, p. 15.

up the ordure that pours constantly from the sewers of the Jews' television.

It seems apparent that the *boobus Americanus* is no longer a viable species of mammalian life. The real question is whether the cause was biological degeneration of its genetic plasma or infection by a mental virus that gradually eroded and finally destroyed its racial immune system.

THE SANE MADMAN

In January 1977 Professor Valery Nikolayevich Yemelyanov, noted for his expert knowledge of Semitic Languages, was arrested by the Soviet Secret Police. He had circulated to a small list of select Russians a confidential memorandum (probably reproduced by mimeograph) in which he discussed the plight of the Russian people under Jewish rule, but he had not escaped the surveillance of B'nai B'rith or whatever name is given in Russia to the Yiddish cowboys who patrol their herds of *goyim*. A copy of the confidential document had been stolen by the sneaking spies; it was sufficient to convict the unfortunate scholar of failing to venerate God's Master Race.

In the *Jewish Chronicle* (London), 25 July 1980, an eminent Sheeny, Dr. Howard Spier, crowed with obscene joy as he reported that the "paranoid" Professor Yemelyanov, who had wickedly denied the sanctity of God's Children, had been fired from his academic position and incarcerated in a "psychiatric hospital." If the psychiatrists did more than obey orders, they must have reasoned that only a madman would expose himself to the savage punishment that the Holy Race inflicts on dogs, Aryans, and other animals that disobey their masters.

That was the extent of my information when I referred to the brave but unfortunate scholar in *The Enemy of Our Enemies*.¹ He was not mentioned in Walter Laqueur's elaborate hatchet-job on patriotic Russians.²

I now learn that Yemelyanov survived in the insane asylum until Gorbachev began his revision of the Soviet Empire, when he was released. He had endured his long captivity and was still sane. He approached the leading Russian organization of nationalists, Pamyat, but refused to join it, since it calls for the restoration of the Russian Empire as it existed before it was destroyed by the Jews in 1917, and that includes restoration of the primacy of the Russian Orthodox Church and the epidemic Christianity that will always turn up evangelical holy men like the notorious Rasputin.

1. Published, together with Francis Parker Yockey's *The Enemy of Europe*, by Liberty Bell Publications, 1981 (\$11.50, postpaid); see p. 106.

2. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, December 1993, pp. 16-17. Laqueur's book, evidently accurate in the factual details reported (and, for that matter, accurate as a depiction of the Yids' confidence in their immense superiority over their subject races) has a section (pp. 254-257) on Vladimir Volfovich Zhirinovskiy, whose popularity with the Russian people was manifested when he received six million votes as an opponent of the Kikes' candidate, Yeltsin, for the Presidency, but was ignored by the newspapers in the United States until his party was found to be the strongest single political party in the recent election of members of the Duma (Russian Parliament, now given the name it had before 1917). Laqueur, who says that Zhirinovskiy's father was "apparently a Jew," is presumably the source of the now current reports that the phenomenally popular Russian is really a renegade Kike. In any case, since Zhirinovskiy's mother was admittedly a White Russian, he cannot be a Jew by orthodox standards, but only a *Mischling*. One wonders whether Laqueur's "apparently a Jew" has any basis other than the father's name, Wolf; that, to be sure, is a name commonly assumed by Jews as a disguise, because it is (like Montague, etc.) a characteristic Aryan personal name (as in the many English names derived from it, Adolf, Botolph, Rudolph, Randolph, Ralph, Randal, Raoul, Rolf, Wolfgang, Wolfram, etc.), but it may well have been genuinely Aryan when borne by Zhirinovskiy's father.

What is more interesting, photocopies of Yemelyanov's confidential document or of a book that he actually published before his arrest,³ which has a title that may be rendered as 'Dezionization,' were smuggled out of Russia to some place in the Near East, and have now reached at least one Aryan who can appreciate its significance.

I am told that Yemelyanov begins with a statement that catastrophic breaks in Russian history occurred in 988 and 1917, when alien, anti-Aryan ideologies were imposed on the Russian people. Needless to say, 1917 saw the beginning of the Jewish take-over of the Russian Empire. Yemelyanov then says approximately this: "In 988 international Zion succeeded in destroying the principal and by that time the last remaining center of Aryan thought by changing it, through universalist Judaism, into the Eastern branch of Christianity. Thus the strongest remaining race of native Europeans was subjected to Judaeophile mass-conditioning and made to spit upon the whole of Aryan history, philosophy, and culture."

In 988,⁴ the Varangian (Viking) monarch Vladimir I (c. 956-1015), visited Constantinople, the capital of the Byzantine Empire that called itself Roman, then ruled by Basil II (c. 958-1025).

Vladimir had inherited one of the Varangian (Viking) principalities in what is now Ukraine and

3. I am not certain which. It is entirely possible that Yemelyanov had published a book, relying for protection on the official Soviet policy, which made hostility toward Jews a capital crime, but denounced Zionism as a Jewish heresy that was detrimental to the Soviet state because it promoted the emigration of Jews from Russia.

4. The date is not quite certain—it is also given as 987 and 989—but we need not quibble about such details.

had the good sense to go personally to his homeland, Scandinavia, to recruit warriors for his army. He thus became "Prince of All the Russias" and, from his capital at Kiev ruled a realm that extended from the Ukraine to the Baltic, included the site of modern St. Petersburg on the north and what had been the kingdom of the Khazars⁵ on the southeast, while his fleets patrolled all the navigable rivers of what is now central Russia. Vladimir, his aristocracy of fellow Nordics, and his subjects, many of them Slavs, were healthy "pagans." He is said to have maintained a harem of eight hundred concubines, but the number was doubtless exaggerated by Christian scribblers who wanted to show how sinful he had been.⁶

Vladimir was impressed by the vast size and splendor of Constantinople and the magnificence of its great buildings,⁷ by the ostentatious luxury, pomp and ceremony surrounding the Emperor "of the Romans" (to give him his official title), and even more, no doubt, by the overwhelming military power of an Empire that was close to his own realm, and perhaps also by its elaborate, refined, and highly literate culture, which at that time still preserved a major part of Greek

5. On the Khazars, cf. *Liberty Bell*, October 1993, pp. 11-19.

6. He did have a number of pagan wives, who were the mothers of sons who revolted against him in his last years, doubtless rejecting his new religion.

7. Like the Germanic invaders of the Roman Empire in the West, he probably confused architectural and engineering skill with the prevalent superstition. It is true that even a modern sceptic feels a moment of awe when he stands beneath the great dome of Hagia Sophia. Envoys whom Vladimir sent to reconnoitre are said to have been so impressed by the magnificence of the city that they reported they wondered whether they were in heaven or on earth. That story, however, comes to us, like most of our information about Vladimir, from a Christian source.

literature.⁸ The advantages of an alliance with the Christian state that was then the major world power were obvious to him.

Basil II, in turn, saw the advantages of an alliance with the Kingdom of Kiev. The nucleus of his own army was formed by Varangian mercenaries, and both realms were menaced by the incursions of Turanian barbarians from central Asia, while Basil's conquest of Armenia was effected primarily to erect an impassable barrier against the rising power of the Arabs and their Moslem subjects in Persia, since Byzantine armies had temporarily contained Islamic expansion in southern Asia Minor. Basil accordingly offered his sister, Anna, to Vladimir as a wife who would consolidate the mutually advantageous alliance, on the sole condition that Vladimir become a Christian.

Vladimir, no doubt, was rationally exempt from fanaticism, but saw the utility of a religion that seemed to be a part of Byzantine power, and, unaware of its potentially poisonous nature, saw also the political utility of that religion in his own country, where he and a tiny minority of Scandinavians ruled a polyglot and polyphyletic population that included many Slavic tribes, Khazars, and other potentially dissident or mutinous elements. He accepted Princess Anna's hand in marriage and a brilliant alliance. He was duly baptized, and seems to have let his personal prestige disseminate the new religion throughout his realm,

8. We naturally wish that we knew more about Vladimir's reactions. His own subjects were so polyphyletic that he probably thought normal the population of Constantinople, a White but multi-racial conglomerate, such as can be ruled only by an absolute despotism, but did he notice that the city was lousy with Jews? Did he not perceive the warning that was implicit in the icons of Byzantine art, which depict saints and emperors as emaciated, sickly, and unkempt ascetics? Did he have no sense of the Christian denial of nature and all that makes life worth living?

although he also seems to have used coercion in his later years, perhaps influenced by the 'Caesaropapism' of the Byzantine Emperors, i.e., the assumption that the despot was, *ex officio*, the supreme head of the Church, so that dissent from his theological notions was a kind of treason.

The alliance, by the way, was a proof of Basil's statesmanship. Contingents of Varangian warriors sent by his brother-in-law helped him suppress a revolt in Asia Minor and later contributed to his conquest of Bulgaria (1000-1015), whence he derived the title *Bulgaroctonus*⁹ in commemoration of the ruthless victory that extended his realm to the Adriatic.

To foster a religion that served to content his subjects and ensure their loyalty, Vladimir founded many churches and other Christian institutions, and was rewarded at his death by becoming Saint Vladimir.

Such were historical antecedents of the event in 988 that Yemelyanov regards as a catastrophe to our race.

His indictment of Christianity as a Jewish weapon comparable to Bolshevism is probably a cogent work, noteworthy because it is written from a standpoint outside the lands that were subdued and undermined by Western Christianity. I am glad that, according to my informant, a German translation of Yemelyanov's Russian text is now in preparation. I hope to see it published soon.

ANNIVERSARY

In November 1993 *Candour*¹ published a special issue to mark its fortieth anniversary—an issue that

9. "Slaughterer of Bulgarians."

1. *Candour* Publishing Co., Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire (GU33-7DD); \$25.00 per annum by airmail to the United States.

was only slightly delayed by the two surgical operations undergone by its editor, the indomitable Rosine de Bouneville, who has ably edited the monthly journal for twenty years since the death of its founder.

Candour was founded in October 1953 by A. K. Chesterton, who must not be confused with his cousin, G. K. Chesterton—a confusion that is made more likely by the occasional reprinting of articles by the latter in *Candour*, as in the December issue.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, to give the full name that the author, in keeping with British usage, never put upon his published works, is now generally better known, especially for *The Man Who was Thursday*, which may be taken as either the vivid narrative of a bad dream that was realistically presentational or a rather awkward satire on British Counter-Intelligence and Scotland Yard, and for a series of detective stories in which his hero, a Roman Catholic priest named Father Brown, solves mysteries that are commonly rather strained *tours de force*,² while exhibiting an engaging humility and pointing a moral with no great subtlety. G. K. Chesterton was also a master of paradox, which he used adroitly in political articles written from a Roman Catholic standpoint.

Arthur Keith Chesterton, to give again a full name that did not appear in print, is likely to be remembered much longer than his cousin, if our civilization survives the present to have a renaissance in some now unpredictable future. He was an English *gentleman* who had the combination of sagacity and courage that makes

2. If you object to my evaluation of the stories, stand, for example, on the roof of a five-storey building and hurl a hammer with such accuracy that it splits the skull of man standing in the street below. If you succeed, you will have proved that "The Hammer of Thor" is not a flimsy *tour de force*, and we can go on to consider other tales.

men great. One of my most precious possessions is the letter of farewell that he wrote me when he knew that death was imminent. It was worthy of a Roman of the great age. He faced annihilation with the courage with which brave men accept the inevitable. His brilliantly perceptive books, *The New Unhappy Lords* [available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$6.00 + \$1.50 postage, Order #14007] and *Facing the Abyss*, are kept in print by Miss de Bounevialle's Candour Publishing Co.

He founded *Candour* in the hope of preserving the British Empire from dismemberment and dissolution by the traitors and aliens who had taken control of the British government. He founded the League of Empire Loyalists to rally the British at home and overseas to the defence of their already shaken and imperiled empire, hoping that the British dominions, Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, would have the wisdom to remain steadfastly loyal to their wide-spread nation and resist efforts to sunder them from the mother country,³ and that the British in India and other colonies would understand the need to enforce loyalty to the crown. He deprecated the declarations of independence by South Africa and later by Rhodesia, wisely foreseeing that their best chance for survival depended on resisting the efforts of traitors to detach them from the Empire, in which they could, by remaining, fight for the survival of their race and civilization.

The fate of the League of Empire Loyalists is what we may regard as normal in all national, racial, and historical organizations that are flawed by "democratic" constitutions. While Mr. Chesterton was in South Africa, a

3. On Winston Churchill's treasonable willingness to sacrifice the British in Australia to further his (and his masters') insane war against Germany, see *Liberty Bell*, December 1993, pp. 7-8.

squad of young men, eager to rise and shine at any cost to the cause to which they had professed loyalty, carried out a "palace revolution" and, no doubt unintentionally, became the League's undertakers.

The anniversary issue of *Candour* opens with an editorial by Rosine de Bounevialle, who had been a loyal Loyalist and preserved the magazine as a monument to its founder. She urges her readers to "stand to our arms," and encourages them with hopes that are partly based on Christian considerations.⁴ An article by Derek Holland describes the influence of the periodical on him in his youth, recounts his observations when he called at Forest House, the devoted editor's home, and concludes with the promise that "from Sacrifice comes Victory." Four pages reproduce Phyllis Schlafly's summary of the anti-American animus of Ruth Ginsberg, whom Mrs. & Mr. Rodham-Clinton appointed to the Revolutionary Tribunal that is still called a Supreme Court. And among other articles, there is an excellent report on the tragedy of Rhodesia by a former officer in the Rhodesian Police, who witnessed the reversion to savagery. But most interesting are the pages of photographic reproductions from newspapers of the 1950s that described and illustrated with photographs the efforts of members of the League to arouse some perception of reality in the sluggish minds of the majority of Englishmen.

Candour is proof of what can be accomplished by one woman's courage and devotion. □

4. Miss de Bounevialle is a Roman Catholic, but her Candour Publishing Co. is the British distributor of the book by Mary Ball Martínez, *The Undermining of the Catholic Church* (Mexico City, Hilmac, 1991), who, as a foreign correspondent stationed at the Vatican, witnessed the capture of the Church by its present Masonic masters.

AVIATION:

A Product of the White Man's Genius Col. Charles Lindbergh considers its benefits and dangers

*Editorial introduction and Terminal Note
by Professor R.P. Oliver*

It is the habit of our domestic enemies to deny that they are engaged in a conspiracy against us, and to pretend that the consequences of their actions just happened somehow and could not have been foreseen. Unthinking Americans believe that, although our great War Criminal once indiscreetly boasted that nothing of political importance happens by chance, since every such event is carefully planned in advance.

The following article by the celebrated aviator, Charles A. Lindbergh, will suffice to prove that the consequences of the Jews' war against Germany were obvious before it began—so obvious that the calamities which now afflict us must have been planned and willed by the plotters who contrived the disaster that is called Second World War, and by all intelligent members of the race for which they acted.

When Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his partner, Dzhugashvili, alias Stalin, with the help of their stooge, Winston Churchill, finally got the war started on 3 September 1939, Charles A. Lindbergh understood at once the malign purpose of the war and foresaw its consequences. Eight days later, on 11 September, he wrote the following article, which he sent to the Reader's Digest a few days later. It was published in the November issue of that magazine, which was then the most widely circulated periodical in the

United States. For a few details about the author, see the terminal note that follows the article.

Colonel Lindbergh's article was reprinted by John Tyndall in the February issue of his Spearhead,¹ but the Jewish dominion over Britain prevented him from emphasizing editorially the accuracy of the article and its implications.

AVIATION has struck a delicately balanced world, a world where stability was already giving way to the pressure of new dynamic forces, a world dominated by a mechanical, materialistic, Western European civilization. Aviation is a product of that civilization, borne on the crest of its conquest, developed by its spirit of adventure, typical of its science, its industry, its outlook. Typical also of its strength and its weakness, its vanity and its self-destruction—man flung upward in the face of God, another Icarus to dominate the sky, and, in turn, to be dominated by it; for eventually the laws of nature determine the success of human effort and measure the value of human inventions in that divinely complicated, mathematically unpredictable, development of life at which Science has shied the name of Evolution.

Aviation seems almost a gift from heaven to those Western nations who were already the leaders of their era, strengthening their leadership, their confidence, their dominance over other peoples. It is a tool specially shaped for Western hands, a scientific art which others only copy in a mediocre fashion, another barrier between the teeming millions of Asia and the Grecian inheritance of Europe—one of those priceless posses-

1. P.O. Box 117, Welling, Kent (DA16-3DW); £12.65 by surface mail; £15.70 by airmail.

sions which permit the White race to live at all in a pressing sea of Yellow, Black and Brown.

DANGERS

But aviation, using it symbolically as well as in its own right, brings two great dangers, one peculiar to our modern civilization, the other older than history. Since aviation is dependent on the intricate organization of life and industry, it carries with it the environmental danger of a people too far separated from the soil and from the sea—the danger of the physical decline which so often goes with a high intellectual development, of that spiritual decline which seems invariably to accompany an industrial life, of that racial decline which follows physical and spiritual mediocrity.

A great industrial nation may conquer the world in a span of a single life, but its Achilles' heel is time. Its children, what of them? The second and third generations, of what numbers and stuff will they be? How long can men thrive between walls of brick, walking on asphalt pavements, breathing the fumes of coal and of oil, growing, working, dying with hardly a thought of wind, and sky, and fields of grain, seeing only machine-made beauty, the mineral-like quality of life? This is our modern danger—one of the waxen wings of flight. It may cause our civilization to fall unless we act quickly to counteract it, unless we realize that human character is more important than efficiency, that education consists of more than the mere accumulation of knowledge.

But the other great danger is more easily recognized, because it has occurred again and again through history. It is the ember of war, fanned by every new military weapon, flaming today as it has

never flamed before. It is the old internal struggle among a dominant people for power—blind, insatiable, suicidal. Western nations are again at war, a war likely to be more prostrating than any in the past, a war in which the White Race is bound to lose and the others bound to gain, a war which may easily lead our civilization through more Dark Ages if it survives at all.

In this war, aviation is as important a factor as it has been a cause—a cause due to its effect on the balance of strength between nations, a factor because of the destruction and death it hurls on earth and sea.

Air power is new to all our countries. It brings advantages to some and weakness to others; it calls for readjustment everywhere. If only there were some way to measure the changing character of men, some yardstick to reapportion influence among the nations, some way to demonstrate in peace the strength of arms in war. But with all of its dimensions, its clocks, and weights, and figures, Science fails us when we ask a measure for the rights of men. They cannot be judged by numbers, by distance, weight, or time; or by counting heads without a thought of what may lie within. Those intangible qualities of character, such as courage, faith, and skill, evade all systems, slip through the bars of every cage. They can be recognized, but not measured. They lie more in a glance between two men than in any formula of mathematics. They form the unseen strength of an army, the genius of a people.

Likewise, in judging aviation, in its effect on modern nations, no satisfactory measurement of strength exists. It is bound to geography, environment, and racial character so closely that an attempt

to judge by numbers would be like counting Greeks at Marathon. Some men and some nations have grown wings. What advantage will they gain? What new influence can they exert? To judge this one must look not only at their aviation but at them, at the geography of their country, at their problems of existence, at their habits of life,

Mountains, coastlines, great distances, ground fortifications, all those safeguards of past generations, lose their old significance as man takes to his wings. The English Channel, the snow-capped Alps, the expanses of Russia, are now looked on from a different height. The forces of Hannibal, Drake and Napoleon moved at best with the horses' gallop or the speed of wind on sail. Now aviation brings a new concept of time and distance to the affairs of men. It demands adaptability to change, places a premium on quickness of thought and speed of action.

Military strength has become more dynamic and less tangible. A new alignment of power has taken place, and there is no adequate peacetime measure for its effect on the influence of nations. There seems no way to agree on the rights it brings to some and takes from others. The rights of men within a nation are readjusted in each generation by laws of inheritance—land changes hands as decades pass, fortunes are taxed from one generation to the next, ownership is no more permanent than life. But among nations themselves there is no similar provision to reward virility and penalize decay, no way to reapportion the world's wealth as tides of human character ebb and flow—except by the strength of armies, in the last analysis, military strength is measurable only by its own expenditure, by the prostration of one contender while the

other can still stagger on the field—and all about the wolves of lesser stature abide their time to spring on both the warriors.

DISASTROUS WAR

We, the heirs of European culture, are on the verge of a disastrous war, a war within our own family of nations, which will reduce the strength and destroy the treasures of the White Race, a war which may even lead to the end of our civilization. While we stand poised for battle, Oriental guns are turning westward, Asia presses towards us on the Russian border, foreign races stir relentlessly. It is time to turn from our quarrels and build our white ramparts again. This alliance with foreign races means nothing but death to us. It is our turn to guard our heritage from Mongol, Persian and Moor, before we become engulfed in a limitless foreign sea. Our civilization depends on a united strength among ourselves; on a strength too great for foreign armies to challenge; on a Western Wall of race and arms which can hold back a Genghis Khan or the infiltration of inferior blood; on an English fleet, a German air force, a French army, an American nation, standing together as guardians of our common heritage, sharing strength, dividing influence.

Our civilization depends on peace among Western nations, and therefore on united strength, for Peace is a virgin who dare not show her face without strength, her father, for protection. We can have peace and security only so long as we band together to preserve that most priceless possession, our inheritance of European blood, only as long as we guard ourselves against attack by foreign armies and dilution by foreign races.

We need peace to let our best men live to work out those more subtle, but equally dangerous, problems brought by this new environment in which we dwell, to give us time to turn this materialistic trend, to stop prostrating ourselves before this modern idol of mechanical efficiency, to find means of combining freedom, spirit, and beauty with industrial life—a peace which will bring character, strength and security back to Western peoples.

With all the world around our borders, let us not commit racial suicide by internal conflict. We must learn from Athens and Sparta before all of Greece is lost.

Terminal Note

The author of the foregoing article was the son and namesake of Charles Augustus Lindbergh (1859-1924), a man of Swedish ancestry, who was elected Congressman from Minnesota in 1906 and constantly reelected thereafter. He perceived the disastrous consequences of the Federal Reserve Act of 1912, by which the Americans began the gradual surrender of their country, and he inserted in the *Congressional Record*, where they may still be read, documents that proved that the “financial panics” in the early part of this century had been created by a conspiracy of bankers, doubtless for the purpose of inducing the boobs to alienate control of their own currency.

When the disastrous war in Europe “suddenly” began in September 1914, according to a schedule that was known to Winston Churchill two years earlier, Congressman Lindbergh strenuously opposed the efforts of the shyster in the White House to induce the Americans to commit the supreme folly of emulating

the European insanity. And he had the signal courage to continue to proclaim the truth even after the boobs had been stampeded into an attack on Germany.

The Federal government accordingly began outrageously illegal efforts to prevent his reelection, at first through their hirelings and stooges in Minnesota, but finally, after the publication of his able book, *Why is Your Country at War?*, by suppressing the book by flagrantly unconstitutional means and a terrorist raid on his home, conducted by agents of the “Justice” Department under the command of an ambitious and unscrupulous young man named John Edgar Hoover.¹

The Congressman’s son, Charles Augustus Lindbergh (1902-1974), was almost fifteen when the Federal goons raided his father’s home, and one source says that it was J. Edgar Hoover in person who mauled the young boy.

Young Lindbergh probably owed to his father his clear understanding of our civilization and its dependence on the spiritual as well as physical peculiarities of our race—on racial instincts that are sapped in urban societies that lose revivifying contact with nature and the real world.

It is to the point, however, that he passed through the schools before the “educational” gangsters began their systematic sabotage of pupils’ minds by injecting ‘One-World’ pus to induce infantile paralysis of the cerebrum.

1. An alert citizenry, worthy of freedom, would have risen in anger at the outrageous acts of its lawless government, but the Americans were then in a delirious fit of righteousness, such as often afflicts addicts of Christian fiction, and were glad to surrender their liberty in return for the pleasure of pleasing Jesus and their enemies by embarking on a bloody and insane “war to end wars” and to infect the whole world with the dire political disease from which they were then suffering and which they called “democracy.”

He spent some time at the University of Wisconsin, which was then largely an American institution, but left, without taking a degree, to become an aviator. That was in the great age of aviation, when the individual pilot and his machine had to conform to and contend with nature, and could feel the joy of success in the way to which Lindbergh's friend, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, whom he resembled in many ways, gave literary expression in his *Night Flight* and *Wind, Sand, and Stars*.

His skill and courage won for him universal celebrity in 1927, when he flew alone from the United States to Paris. He married Anne Spencer Morrow, the daughter of a wealthy banker, diplomat, and senator; she was his devoted wife until his death.²

In 1932, their infant son was kidnapped and immediately killed, accidentally or maliciously, by persons who were never identified, although a German carpenter, Bruno Hauptmann, who had been so stupid as to trust a Sheeny and had thus become marginally involved in an aftermath of the crime, was executed in 1936 to create the impression that the mystery had been solved.

The excruciating ordeal inflicted on them by the kidnapping and murder, exacerbated by the unscrupulous minions of the American press, together with justified fears for the safety of the son that Mrs. Lindbergh subsequently bore, forced them to live abroad, in England and on one of the Channel Islands, and they returned to the United States only after the Jews' War began in Europe.

2. She was herself an author of distinction and one of her books, *The Wave of the Future* (1940), was ably written to support her husband's efforts to keep the United States from participating in the Suicide of the West. One hopes that the liepapers are responsible for the scandalous statement attributed to her in her old age, that she condemned her dead husband for not sufficiently loving God's Chosen Predators.

Colonel Lindbergh had ample opportunities to observe the course of events in Europe, and although he did not suspect the identity and terrible power of the conspiracy that was then at work, he was, of course, aware that some forces were surreptitiously working to precipitate a catastrophe that would almost certainly be fatal to our race and civilization. In March 1938 he began to keep a diary or journal to record his observations. His summary of his first entries is a bitter and tragic record today: "*Hope England and Germany can find some way to working together. If they could do so, there would be no major war in Europe for many years to come. If they fight again, it will be chaos.*"³

When his hope that the British would perceive that their future was bound up with that of their natural and necessary ally, Germany, proved illusory, Colonel Lindbergh stated clearly the situation in the article printed above and in many speeches to American audiences.

If we may venture an astronomical metaphor, he tried to prevent the United States from being sucked into the black hole of Jewish hatred that was consuming the nations of Europe. He became the unofficial leader of the America First movement, which he directed capably, but with the embarrassment of having to make a political compromise and accept the

3. This diary was finally published in 1970: *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* (New York, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), a volume of some 1058 pages plus numerous plates. Everyone who wishes to understand the world in which we are condemned to live should have a copy of this book. You must not suppose, however, that Colonel Lindbergh had access to secret information or was a man of praeternatural sagacity. He was, for example, taken in by the Jews' clever trick in November 1938, the so-called *Kristallnacht*, and when part of the American fleet was destroyed at Pearl Harbor, he did not guess that Roosevelt had planned and contrived the disaster, although he did perceive that the success of the attack proved that something was fatally wrong.

support of persons who were pacifists, not patriots, and whose vapid fantasies were potentially pernicious to a nation. He was a true Aryan and often wished, "If only the United States could be on the *right* side of an intelligent war! There *are* wars worth fighting."

It was largely his influence that maintained some sanity in a large part of the American people, so that, as must be said to their honor, the loathsome creature in the White House had to contrive the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor before he could content his Yiddish congeners by driving his cattle into Europe to consummate the Suicide of the West.

Seeing in Colonel Lindbergh a principal obstacle to full gratification of their eternal hatred of Aryans, the Jews began a campaign of slander and vilification, using the prostitutes of press and covert agents to spread foul rumors,⁴ and finally telling the diseased War Criminal in the White House to denounce the Colonel as a traitor! Colonel Lindbergh felt that the only honorable reply he could make to the monster's insult was to resign his commission in the Air Corps in April 1941.

At the end of that year, however, believing that Japan had voluntarily attacked the United States at Pearl Harbor and begun a war that was worth fighting, Colonel Lindbergh returned to the Air Corps and, in addition to serving as expert consultant, he was on active duty throughout the war and often under fire. The rest of his career need not concern us here, where our purpose has been only to supply information relative to the article published above. ┘

4. One rather subtle device was to spread among officers of the regular ("old line") services, more or less inclined to jealousy of the Air Corps, canards about his arrogant violation of military protocol, which did deceive some who had never met the Colonel.

FILM REVIEW

Schindler's List

By
Dr. Charles E. Weber

At a time where there are rising doubts amongst Americans about the "Holocaust" tales we are now confronted with still another lavishly produced film that has as an obvious objective reviving belief in such tales. Steven Spielberg's film, *Schindler's List*, is the latest of the numerous films and plays about the real or putative sufferings of Jews during the Second World War, in contrast to the virtual absence of films portraying the immense sufferings of Aryans as a result of the war.

Briefly, *Schindler's List* portrays a German who opens a cookware factory in newly occupied Poland and engages Jews to work in his highly profitable factory. During the course of the war Schindler protects his workers from being deported to the alleged gas chambers of Auschwitz for his own good as well as theirs. Toward the end of the war Schindler becomes involved in the production of munitions for the German armed forces, which he hopes will prove defective. A final scene shows Jews in a Christian cemetery in Palestine placing small rocks on Schindler's grave to honor the man who befriended them. The film was made primarily in Poland. Production costs are reputed to be \$23,000,000.

Heroic or otherwise, Schindler was not the only man who viewed the Jews of occupied Europe as a source of desperately needed labor in the German war economy. Heinrich Himmler, Reichsführer of the SS, issued an order on 28 December 1942 to reduce "at all cost" the number of deaths in the concentration camps

under his command. The numerous arbitrary or even "recreational" shootings of Jews gruesomely portrayed in the film would thus have been severely punishable acts of insubordination.

The attempt is made by two means to convey the impression that this film is some sort of documentary film that portrays actual history. Exact dates are flashed on the screen at various points and (with the exception of some scenes at the end of the film supposed to represent the later veneration of Schindler's grave) it is produced with black and white film. Many viewers might be fooled by such means. Even President Clinton seems to have accepted the film as a portrayal of actual history, or at least pretends to have.

As is characteristic of films produced by Jews about their tribulations during the Second World War, Germans are generally portrayed in *Schindler's List* as corrupt, immoral, cruel and stupid, while Jews are portrayed as noble and heroically suffering. However, in this case the central, and indeed idealized, figure is a German.

Much in the film is obvious invention for dramatic effects, dramatic structure built around a nucleus of aspects of the life of Schindler, who did indeed live. Toward the end of the film, for example, Schindler is now producing artillery shells for the German armed forces in a factory in Bohemia. He confides to his workers that he would be happy if the ammunition were to turn out to be defective. Obviously, if this had been the case, Schindler would soon have been identified as a traitor and sentenced to death.

Not all Jews are happy about Spielberg's film. A prominent Jew, Rabbi Eli Hecht, past president of the Rabbinical Council of California, complained about the film in the *Los Angeles Times*. Rabbi Hecht fears that

young Jewish Americans will be influenced by such films and by "Holocaust" museums to associate their Jewish identity with suffering and persecution. He further objects to making an heroic figure of Schindler, who made a fortune as a supplier of the German army while exploiting the labor of Jews.

In a long, laudatory publicity piece for the film in *Newsweek* of 20 December 1993 (cover portrait of Schindler, pages 112-118 and page 120) Spielberg's previous films are listed along with their huge gross incomes, which total over four billion dollars. The *Newsweek* article includes the old disproved claims of six-million Jewish deaths (also flashed on the screen toward the end of the film) and gas chambers disguised as shower rooms. *Newsweek* also delivers the usual nonsense about revisionist historians, whom it insults as "pseudo-scholars", and mentions Deborah Lipstadt's recent book, *Denying the Holocaust*, which we reviewed in *Bulletin 67*. The *Newsweek* article reproduces (pages 116-117) a scene from the film which shows a German officer aiming his pistol at a kneeling Jewish man and captions the picture in connection with genocide. Actually, in the film three officers click their pistols at the Jew with empty guns as an admonishment to the Jew for supposedly working too slowly in Schindler's factory.

Like other "Holocaust" films, *Schindler's List* hardly conveys the reality that whatever happened to Jews during the last years of the war took place during a threatened genocide of the German nation in a war made especially desperate and uncompromising by such threats. The thousands of ethnic Germans slaughtered by Poles on the Bromberg Bloody Sunday (September 1939) already created a desperate fear in Germans. In 1941 T. Kaufman's book, *Germany Must*

Perish [available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$4.50 + \$1.50 postage], proposed a complete genocide of the German nation by sterilization. Further genocidal threats were the demand for unconditional surrender by Roosevelt and Churchill at Casa Blanca in January 1943, the massive bombing of German civilians in poorly defended German cities near the end of the war (e.g., Dresden in February 1943), resulting in massive killings that would properly be designated as a holocaust in the literal, original sense of the word, and the behavior of Communist troops in such actions as the Nemmersdorf massacre (fall, 1944). Such genocidal threats intensified desperate German resistance which prolonged the destructive war. As a crowning threat of genocide came the Morgenthau Plan, which Roosevelt initialed in September 1944. Genocidal anthrax bombs that would have made much of Europe uninhabitable were prepared but never dropped.

Although the American government interned persons of Japanese descent swiftly, within a few weeks after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the relatively forbearing German government waited some 2 1/2 years after the outbreak of the war to carry out a massive internment of Jews in spite of Jews' sabotage of the German defense effort in the form of partisan warfare against German troops in Russia and other Jewish actions.

In considering the internment of Jews, we must also bear in mind the Jewish rôle in bringing about the war in the first place, for example, by the formation of the "Focus" in 1936 for the purpose of influencing British politicians to declare war on Germany, which was then hardly any military threat to the heavily armed England. (See *Bulletin 12.*)

Of course, Jews suffered from internment, confiscation of their property, the hostility of the Baltic nations as a result of the Soviet occupation during 1940-1941 and other factors, but the total suffering of Jews during the war pales into not much more than a minor aspect in comparison to the total suffering of the Aryan nations, such as the deliberate mass starvation of Ukrainians during the early 1930s, the huge military and civilian losses, the *postwar* genocidal expulsions of Germans from eastern European areas, etc. When have such sufferings ever been portrayed in lavishly produced films?

A story by Joanne Jacobs published in the San Jose, California *Mercury News* and republished in the *Tulsa World* of 29 January 1994 tells of school children who were expelled from a theater in Oakland for laughing while viewing the shooting of Jews in *Schindler's List*. Apparently the film is already being used for the indoctrination of school children. Could these children have been expressing their doubts about the improbabilities of the film?

In films such as *Schindler's List* Germans are generally portrayed as evil, cruel and stupid. Hitler, in particular, has been portrayed as an infinitely evil man. However, two quite distinguished Scandinavians who could observe the war at close range, the novelist Knut Hamsun (1859-1952) and the famous explorer Sven Hedin (1865-1952) expressed lavish praise for Hitler *at the very end of the war*. (See *Bulletin 47.*) When will school children ever be informed of facts which conflict with the officially sanctioned versions of recent history? When will memorial museums ever be built and dedicated to the memory of Aryans who suffered at the hands of Communists? □

FACING THE SUN

Spain's Much Overdue Second Revolution is Getting Closer

by
Douglas Harrison

EIGHTEEN YEARS have now passed by since General Franco died, and it seemed to be in a very different Spain to the one he left behind that those who cherish his memory gathered on the Plaza de Oriente in front of the Royal Palace in Madrid to commemorate the anniversary of the departure of this great warrior and leader. Conjointly, Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera was remembered on the same occasion as well.

It was a bright and sunny but cool morning on Sunday, the 21st November, as groups of Spaniards and a few foreigners began to assemble on the Plaza, most of them well wrapped up against the fresh winter air of high Madrid. Many were carrying their national flags, and anyone who had not brought one along could obtain one from the numerous stalls set up for the purpose. The stalls, to be found along the pavements, were also selling souvenirs of the Civil War and the Franco era.

Military music began to resound across the park just as soon as the platform and loudspeakers had been erected. Towards noon, the numbers assembling had grown larger, and the ceremony began dead on 12:00. All the best places were quickly filled up; dozens of young people crowded around the fountain and equestrian statue of Carlos I. Densely packed around the raised platform for the speakers, a few lucky ones, including me, managed to clamber onto the stacks of spare street barriers to point cameras and recorders over the head of the throng. By now the flags of Spain were waving

across the assembly, a forest of red and yellow. There were probably three thousand gathered there.

GOVERNMENT BAN

At one time, in the early 1980s, the numbers coming to the reunion reached levels not much different from the days when Franco was there to address the people. Apparently, this had so worried the Socialist Government that the ceremony was banned for a few years on the specious grounds that the crowds damaged the park, causing litter, putting up police costs, inviting violence from left-wing mobs and other lame excuses of the kind that are familiar to nationalists everywhere. When the ceremony was resumed—probably as a calculated sop to the old civil war veterans—the numbers were less than previously. The older ones had either died off or were too infirm to be able to get to the event; and the younger people had 'better' things to do than wave flags and sing hymns. Or so it was hoped. But to judge by the large numbers of young folks at the reunion this year the Government has badly miscalculated the mood of the Spanish people. As one young Falangist told me, the people are losing faith in their so-called 'democracy' while the young are sick to death of watching their country collapse in economic ruin, with 25 percent of the employable population idle; crime escalating; drug abuse rampant; taxes rising; people suffocated by debt; coloureds from Africa and South America pouring in in droves; assassinations and bombings unabated; the Gonzalez Government giving away the people's money like confetti to Cuba and Nicaragua and filling the begging bowl of any Third World country with its arm outstretched. Jews from Bosnia now get free new homes on the Costa del Sol while Spanish veterans beg on the streets.

Dark-skinned Moroccans are appearing everywhere—a Spanish bishop said it was wrong not to let them in because they too were human beings—and Madrid is becoming a multi-racial slum every bit as bad as London, with prostitutes and drug-pushers polluting the centre of the city. If the older ones despair that the easy days of Franquist paternalism are gone forever, the young, who hardly remember Franco, are definitely not appreciative of what came after him: the flaccid monarchy and bogus democracy that threw up the grinning

impostor Filipe Gonzalez and his pink liberal opponent Jose Maria Aznar of the Popular Party—which curiously sports a seagull as its emblem (or is it a dead eagle?), similar to our own Liberal Democrats with whom it shares kindred ideas, including abortion on demand.

MONARCHY UNPOPULAR

Some of those assembled on the Plaza de Oriente grew impatient of the tiresome oratory as an old veteran recalled the great days of Franco's victory and called for prayers and blessings for the current King and Queen. He was quickly interrupted by hecklers as the young demanded: "Speak to the future; we know all about the past!" He bumbled on unconvincingly, mildly put out by the mood of the crowd. They were prepared to respect the memory of Franco and Primo de Rivera but it had been a bad blunder to mention the monarchy. Reinforcing this was an article critical of King Juan Carlos in the magazine *Fuerza Nueva*, the organ of Blas Pinar's *Frente Nacional*, which was on sale that day. The article was headed 'Shadow of the Guillotine', and readers were reminded that Juan Carlos had expressed approval of the French Revolution which had bloodily disposed of his Bourbon antecedents; yet was he not now risking his own head along with the rest of the royal family by approving the egalitarian drift to another revolution? And was it not another Philippe-Egalité who had voted for the King's execution and who himself met with the same fate just 200 years ago? The mood of the young people at this reunion confirmed the words of its author, Rafael Gambra. It was also curious and somewhat unfortunate that the King and Queen of Spain chose this week to visit Israel for the first time—which can only cancel out a few more points of their threadbare popularity. Another year of such murmurings could well lead to the November ceremony being banned again!

As the fanfare for the hymn of the Falange blared out, thousands of right arms went up in the Roman salute, and three thousand defiant voices sung the well-known words of *Cara al Sol* (Face the Sun)—Jose Antonio's composition, which became the nationalists' victory song of the Civil War and will always be associated with the Falange and the struggle of the people of Spain for justice under God in their father-

land. I predict that the ancient Roman salute will one day become a greeting for nationalists the world over as our ideology spreads to all nations in a truly international spirit of comradeship.

DIVISIONS

My photographer companion, perched, like me, precariously on the stack of metal barriers, began to explain to me about the divisions and rivalries within the infant or remnant nationalist movements, such as the Falange, CEDADE, the *Frente Nacional* and others, some of which have virtually collapsed through incompetence, corrupt officialdom or simply apathy—a familiar story the world over. But now there has been formed a new political party called *Movimiento Social Espanol (MSE)*, modeled on the highly successful Italian MSI. The inaugural meeting of this new party was to be held in a public cinema in Madrid on the 28th November last, the opening speaker being Ricardo S. Ynestrilas, a well-known political figure implicated four years ago in the execution of some Basque terrorists in Madrid, though later acquitted.

As the gathering broke up and we drifted into groups, I was pleasantly surprised to meet a party of young Portuguese nationalists who spoke excellent English. They straightaway began to speak of the BNP's victory in Millwall and insisted on shaking my hand one after the other as if I had been the successful candidate! That victory has clearly been a ray of light and hope all over the white world. Soon I was meeting more nationalists: Spanish, German and French, exchanging information, hopes and aspirations as well as names and addresses. They all had one thing in common regarding Britain: they looked to the BNP for inspiration and leadership for all the European nations who are struggling to free themselves from the all-engulfing decadence, falsehood and fraud that grips us. No nation is free of it. There was a time when we could say that there were exceptions in the form of Spain and South Africa, but not any more.

However, the young Spaniards are catching on very quickly to what is happening to the white peoples worldwide. Their constitution, granted in 1976 under the Crown, promised them greater

political freedom after 36 years of their being over-protected in terms of the hard lessons taught to the rest of Europe by the Second World War and its aftermath. If Franco was hard on them by suppressing open political dialogue it was only because Spain's siege conditions allowed for no possible alternative to his dictatorship. The country was like a fortified hospital where an epidemic disease had been conquered but which was still surrounded by virulent species of bacteria, ready and eager to penetrate and infect the recovering patients. But if democracy opened up the field to alternative political views (at least in theory) it has proved to be a washout and a fraud which puts people in the same handcuffs. The emerging political parties—inevitably left-wing or liberal—are subject to the patronage of the international financial establishment for their existence, just as in every other so-called 'democratic' country.

WEAKNESSES OF THE FRANCO RÉGIME

None of this is to say that things in Spain were perfect under Franco. The country was boycotted by the international community and had an anachronistic economy based on the gold standard. Only the Catholic Church and the landed families grown rich on banking did really well from the nationalist victory.

Even after Franco, when there has supposedly been a democratic revolution, it is the same rich families and Middle Eastern investors who possess the liquid wealth of the country. The Church, though with much less authority than it ought to have on moral issues, has relinquished nothing of its invested wealth, especially land. Meanwhile, the people, who are ostensibly better off in material terms, have not been truly emancipated but have only been made debtors and mortgagees to the banks and the Government's burgeoning taxation system—something virtually unknown under Franco, who imposed no taxes on the incomes of the less well-off. Even tax on rents was not introduced by the Socialists until 1984.

Now every new-born baby inherits a state-enforceable burden of debt of around £6,000—thanks to the Socialist-controlled economy of a debt-procured national development programme. But of course the Socialists were not permitted any system other

than the one operating throughout the finance-capitalist-controlled world.

Had Franco tried to implement fully the Falangist Party's ideas on money and real wealth creation, Spain would almost certainly have met with the same fate as Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy. Franco knew this, and was shrewd enough to be content with what had been rescued from bolshevism by his nationalist rebellion, recognising that a full-blooded Falangist-type revolution was impossible of achievement under current circumstances. For this reason, he turned his back on Hitler having accepted a bribe of £4 million in gold from Britain in 1940 on condition that Spain remained neutral and did not collaborate with the Axis. Again, he had very little choice in the matter, having read the signs that Germany was unlikely to win the war.

Ironically, had the Republicans won the Civil War, Germany, Russia and a communist Spain might well have found themselves allies as a result of the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact of August 1939. The alternative view, probably more realistic however, is that the unexpected Civil War which broke out in July 1936 introduced an unknown variable into the equation of European politics, which delayed the onset of the intended war against Germany; and that both Germany and Italy backed Franco of necessity to prevent the formation of a western pro-bolshevik bloc of Spain and France, uniting together to attack Germany from the west while Russia attacked from the east.

The Civil War and the new situation it created in Europe bought time for Germany, enabling her rearmament programme to progress, while it also served as a diversion and a theatre for weapons-testing until such time as the future protagonists were ready to ignite the fuse for the main conflict. It has always been highly significant that this was delayed until Franco's victory was assured, and then it was begun in earnest.

BOUGHT OFF

Franco was very neatly bought off by Britain in the manner of a compliant 'insider'. The Vatican too played a very important part in the planning regarding what was

desired for Spain, both bolshevism and national socialism being equally detested by the priesthood, though in the Spanish context bolshevism was seen as the greater evil. This was because the Church was there in danger of losing its control altogether, to judge by the ferocity of the republicans' attacks on its bishops, priests and property.

The Falange, which would have provided the best government for Spain, was thoroughly emasculated by the murder of its leader Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera in Alicante Prison by communists in November 1936. Even today there are Spaniards who still suspect that Franco connived the Jose Antonio's elimination in order to assume the leadership of the Falange himself. Hedilla, the deputy leader of the Falange, was disgraced by Franco and banished to South America. The Vatican had frowned on the national socialist ideas of the Falange, and it would appear that the Church threw its total support behind Franco on condition that the party would be suppressed, as indeed it was because the ideals of Jose Antonio never came to fruition during Franco's rule and never will under his successors. By a strange coincidence, both Jose Antonio and Franco share the same date of death: the 20th November.

Those who have a world view of Spanish politics will always look back on the Franco era with gratitude and nostalgia, for the General was totally and absolutely true to Spain and her people, as possibly only an incorruptible soldier could have been. The compromises he made were necessitated by the realities of both the national and international positions in which he was placed in his times.

The cries in unison of *Viva Espana!* and *Arriba Espana* from the crowd assembled in front of the Royal Palace on this anniversary have echoed down the years since the Civil War began, and will forever be on the lips and in the hearts of Spain's young leaders of today, who are engaged on a new crusade of rescue that will carry their country from these corrupting and dangerous times into a new century.

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