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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 Congolds 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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BOOK REVIEW

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

The Fallacy of Inherited Racism

from the Prof

The other day I heard voiced for the thousandth time one of the great lies of the integrationist program. It is the claim that the white racist attitude is acquired *in the home*.

The lie was aired on some segment of a national talk show concerning the dread phenomenon of "young racism" now current on the national scene. It came amidst an *open forum* featuring a few such young racist specimens and alleged black humanists who sought to *understand* these misguided adolescents and the wellspring of their hatred. After a couple of opening skirmishes, one Afro-styled patriarch—an alleged civil rights "champion"—announced in his quasi-evangelical manner that the angry young Aryans seated near him had been *taught* racism by their parents. This, he said, pointed up the need for redoubled effort in schools and in children's media programming to counteract the force. Enough of the right love-training, he held, and God's Children would begin to embrace each other as nature intended. This analysis brought cheers from the audience and a grin of approval from the Jewess (one of those stone-eyed *prima facie* "blondes") with the microphone. There was a flurry of comment at scene's close as one young racist, a lovely and well-spoken brunette, offered a rebuttal, though the words faded in the noise. Conveniently there came a station break.

So is sent out another missive for the race-leveling program: All the races are alike, and all have the same basic cognitive and emotional tendencies. Were society cleansed of its random biases, these races would flourish together in a haven of mutual enjoyment. Racism, by contrast, is fear, neurosis, paranoia. It is a false line of thought transmitted like congenital disease from one generation to the next by those infected with it. But for this early twisting of fact, and did nature take its course, young white men

and women would fall naturally into love with their third-world siblings and all would be peace and light. Racism; the line goes, is thus essentially ignorance; experience provides its refutation.

It is, in effect, a lie on two levels. First, its absurd optimism as to what integration will bring to the United States and to Western civilization; second, its gross concealment of the moral and psychological makeup of young white activists. As to the first, I have said much elsewhere and will withhold further comment for another time. As to the second, it is another falsehood, though one concession must be made. It is true that some young racists fit the caricature. It is these, in fact, who have center stage most often, since they serve the purpose of the media rulers. There are, for one, the seemingly inbred hillbilly types who play foil to the Geraldos and the Donahues with twangy assertions about how all blacks are diseased and homeless, and how they wouldn't, even in an emergency, allow their daughters to receive a blood transfusion from one of them *nigrabs*. And there are the Klan offspring, born in most cases to cultural isolation and raised to honor church, flag and country, instinctively race-conscious yet bound by their roots to self-defeating modes of thought. It is a fair bet that some of these guest-racists have never conversed at length with a black person, nor have their parents.

The real tragedy of this media sideshow, of course, is its concealment of the vital truth that motivates the racist movement. Genuine racialism is not meanness, or illiteracy, or the ungenerous mind-set that cannot abide life's complexity. It is simply the belief, grounded both in literature and in life, that *race is real*, that it is meaningful, that race plays a part in the development of civilization. To be *racially conscious* is to be aware of the rôle that race plays in the world—to see, on the whole, the broad and characteristic patterns of human interaction that develop out of it. It is likewise to see one's own experience in the light of such reality. A young racially conscious white man is thus aware, for example, of the racial patterns present in the incidence of violent

crime, and the frequency, of late, with which his own race is targeted; he is aware of the concerted media effort, likewise racially based, to hide this fact from him; he knows that his own racial identity is a source of both envy and malice among other racial groups differently evolved and (in some cases, at least) less highly advanced. He knows that ruling forces at the highest level presently conspire to carry their attack upon his race to its deadly conclusion.

One hears these young and committed racials every so often in the controlled media, sincere and articulate, struggling against contrived resistance to get through a message to an audience long surfeited on alien lies. Owing to the tactics of professional obscurantists, these more perceptive types are stifled or lost amidst the rabble. Those young foil-types, by contrast, just mentioned, who absorb their attitudes at home are not seriously *racial* in their thinking, for they have no sense of what race means, or of the racial dynamics that presently shape the world in which they live. The truth is that racism is not and cannot be taught in the home as if it were a foreign language or a system of mathematics. The belief *in vacuo* that blacks are somehow categorically bad or inferior can be created, but it is a belief without force or durability. It evaporates upon the first real-life contact (say, for example, a passably well-behaved black teammate, classmate, or co-worker) that may contradict it.

The honest young racist, on the other hand, leans not upon what he has been taught by his parents, or by his peers, or by the dominant mores of his subculture. He operates instead by the cold light of reason, without need of false generalization or mythology, on the basis of what he has been taught directly by life itself. *What creates genuine racialism is experience*. The white youth with a serious racial ideology is not the one force-fed on the front porch the fears and insecurities of his parents. He is rather the one who has learned firsthand the fact of race, and hence with it the sham of the going federal race agenda. In truth, the attitude of the young white activist is anything but a passive

one. It is instead a reaction against powerful and entrenched forces with all the weight of opinion-shaping devices at their disposal. Honest racialism requires not trust in authority, but *the strength and imagination to defy it* out of regard for one's own life-borne conviction. It is the greatest irony, in fact, that such an attitude should ever have been called *prejudice*. For it is anything but pre-judgment. The truly prejudiced are those who allow themselves to be manipulated by the program of the deceivers. Should one want, by contrast, brightness, insight, bravery, imagination, and independence, he may look to this young vanguard.



And did one want an example instead of real prejudice, of blind allegiance, of psychic surrender to indoctrination, he could do no better than to look at the white mainstream. Not long ago, I mentioned in this column an encounter with a childhood friend who had succumbed to the program of the racial mind-murderers. It might be worthwhile to cast one more look at that encounter to see how truly addled is the white psyche where race is concerned.

The issue was Jews. He had read some great bestselling piece of Jewish self-congratulation and was proceeding to tell me about it. When I took exception, he was confounded. He could not understand why I advocated such extreme measures in counteracting this tribe and its propaganda (he did not understand, either, why I laughed at his notion that its members were "white"). My solution, he said, was *ruthless*. Where, after all, was *ethics*? I suggested that moral principle, of all things, would never tolerate the surely ruthless acquisition of finance and media that has been carried out by this very same group—one that now has (if we figure its number at the commonly alleged 2.7 or 2.9%) perhaps thirty times its share of influence in such areas.

But what, he asked, if they simply had a *talent* for such things? Wasn't that possible? And if so, was it not simply the

dictate of nature that they should rise to such heights in the related industries? And who are we to impede the use of such natural gifts however they might be used?

At this point one does not know whether to laugh or cry. This man favors an ethic of restraint if his people are apt to prevail by strength, an ethic of strength if they are not. He would have them respect *principle* if nature has them on top, to respect *nature*—to suppose, that is, that might makes right—if it will put them on the bottom! One's first reaction to such thought, I suppose, is to call it inconsistent. But it is consistent in this respect: that *it favors whatever policy will have whites as its victims*. As such it involves not merely prejudice or bad reasoning, but the deep and abiding self-punishment that lies at the heart of the white liberal consciousness. I find it unlikely that a man with such an outlook will ever be appreciably different in his thinking.

This is not to say that such a man will never become a racist—he may, in time, explore this option when he needs a new diversion or when he sees that some of his neighbors are into the swing of it. Until then his life will slide on, as if on a frictionless plane, taking as its direction whatever is the path of least resistance. Such a man will be disappointed by the reception he receives at that time by those who are privy to his real mind-set. Did he know the truth, his life on that day will be worth less than nothing, and he will be fit for little more than the purpose of cannon fodder. When the time comes let him instead do what he is fitted to do—to get under his bed, put his fingers in his ears, and try to assuage his own terror by reciting his favorite *mantra*. He will be doing both us and himself a favor by staying off our side.



A Tale of White Heroism

A recent issue of the Salt Lake City *Tribune* told a story that should be made mandatory reading for white youth throughout the country. It recounts the escape of Private Eugene Nielsen

from a Japanese prison camp in the Philippines at the height of the war in the Pacific.

In 1941, Nielsen was stationed at the U.S. base on Corregidor in the mouth of Manila Bay. The base was shattered in bomb raids that left almost nothing for the defenders in the way of food, water, or ammunition. The troops fought on for five months until the island fell in May of 1942. The roughly 10,000 men were placed by the Japanese on a 10-acre stretch of beach. Nielsen describes the situation by saying, "If we laid down, we would cover the land completely with our bodies. There was almost no food, no water—just dirt, rocks, flies, and heat. Everybody was sick and didn't get any help." Several days later they were taken to a camp in Manila, where Nielsen ate leaves to stay alive. With dysentery everywhere, and his fellows dying by the hundreds, Nielsen volunteered to leave for another camp when his captors made the offer. Days later, those making the trek found themselves on the island of Palawan and faced with the task of building an airfield. Conditions, Nielsen recalls, were nightmarish, and prisoners were executed for any minor violation of rules. The horror lasted four more years.

In December of 1944 things changed. By that time Allied bombing had become frequent, and the men had dug shelters in which to brace themselves during the raids. On December 14th, recalls Nielsen, "the captors began to behave funny. All of a sudden they forced us into the shelters but remained outside themselves. Then they poured aviation gasoline on us and started us on fire."

In a mad flight Nielsen and a few others managed to jump out of the trench, claw their way through barbed wire and find refuge in an enormous garbage pile. The captors poured fire into the dump, killing most and leaving Nielsen to think that he was the sole survivor. Shot in the back and in the leg, he later slipped away and swam five miles across the shark-infested bay near the island capital of Puerto Princesa. Reaching shore, he slogged through a swamp thick with crocodiles and (though some Filipinos were betraying American escapees) found shelter with an

anti-Japanese guerilla who managed in time to lead him to other escaped Americans.

In all, eleven of the 150 prisoners in Nielsen's camp escaped death. They were taken eventually to New Guinea and then home to the United States. It was more than a quarter of a century later when Nielsen's own daughter, then 14 and in junior high school (when returning home one day, she recalls, sporting a Vietnam POW bracelet), first learned from her father of his ordeal. She gradually began documenting the story, first with his own words ("when he was in the right mood") and later with research into military archives.

It is an amazing story, one that will never be told by Hollywood—not, at least, without some stylish tinting (and not the kind for which Turner is famous). Perhaps the story will be told, in some version, when media rulers will get hold of it and decide to cash in on its appeal. One can imagine what will happen to it in the hands, say, of a Steven Spielberg or a David Geffen. Eugene Nielsen will be transformed into Myron Feldman or Roosevelt Jackson, and his captors will be goose-stepping blue-eyed blonds. But to tell the story in its full-blooded truth—to allow even one such occasion for the igniting of white race consciousness—will be too great a risk. Thus will the atrocity be compounded.

I mention this story to readers, I might add, not for the purpose of demonizing the Japanese, who suffered their own losses, both here and in their homeland, during those same years. Nor do I mean to suggest that all of us who represent Niensens's kin have it in us to do what he did. Were we all made of his stuff, did we have his resolve, the war—our war—would be over, and America would be cleansed of the vermin that now plague it. I mention it simply as a depiction of what we can expect from our enemies as the ambush of our nation from within continues and the situation worsens. The Japanese brutalization of predominantly white POW's is a perfect omen, in this regard, of what awaits.

Think not for a moment, reader, that the sought ends of the

Schumers, Metzenbaums, and Feinsteins who currently push for gun "legislation" are any less virulent, in their racial design, than were those of the Japanese. You are hated, at this moment and within your own borders, as much as you have ever been hated in the history of the world. The same grinning Jew in the lecture hall who encourages your daughter to date a black man would literally *hand* her to that man, and would force you to watch, if conditions allowed it. Instead, and for now, he must ply a longer strategy to arrive at this end. But the strategy, for those who have eyes to see it, is hardly less obvious. Or do you suppose that anti-white sentiment is something that magically appears only in time of declared war? A strange state of affairs, if it is so!

Those whites who imagine that the "browning" of America (played up cheerfully as a benign shift of *demographics* in the mainstream weeklies) carries no threat to them should read and ponder the splendidly on-target words of Major Clerkin (*Liberty Bell* 12 / 94, courtesy of *The Talon*) as he envisions the experience of the average white American around the year of 2020 when his country has by now been ravaged for another 25 years. The current administrative policy of the United States constitutes an assault upon the finances, territories, defense rights, and sensibilities of white Americans. As such it is an act of racial warfare. How many Nielsens, I must wonder, do we yet have among us? □

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BOOK REVIEW

Roger Pearson, *Race, Intelligence and Bias in Academia*, Washington: Scott-Townsend Publishers (P.O. Box 34070, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20043), 1991. Introduction by Hans J. Eysenck. 304 pages.

By

Charles E. Weber, Ph.D..

When Professor Arthur Jensen published his famous article, "How Much Can We Boost IQ and Scholastic Achievement?" in the *Harvard Educational Review* in 1969 (pages 1-123, Winter issue) he revived an acrimonious argument over the question of the extent to which human intelligence is genetically determined. Why has this argument become such an acrimonious one? The question has all sorts of economic and social ramifications, such as the allocation of funds to various types of education, immigration policies and what eugenic measures should be undertaken in conjunction with the huge and growing welfare costs throughout the United States. Eugenic measures, or lack of them, in turn, could have a great effect on the future development of the United States, including its economic, social and cultural development. These questions will become ever more acute if public funding of education and expenditures for welfare are reduced in order to cope with budget deficits which threaten to cause financial crises.

Even in medieval times genetic effects on personality traits were recognized, as we can note in the example of the version of the Parsifal legend by Wolfram von Eschenbach, who portrays his hero as having inherited a drive toward the knightly life even though he was born after his father's death and in spite of his mother's efforts to deter him from such a life.

Modern intelligence testing goes back only about a century. A mass of data was produced by intelligence testing in the American army during the First World War. These data were studied intensely during the 1920s and striking correlations were noted between scores on the Army Alpha tests and occupational status and race. It has long

been known that Afro-Americans, even with their strong admixtures of Caucasian genes, achieve scores on average far below those of Aryan Americans.

In England and the United States the need for eugenic measures was recognized even before the First World War but the dysgenic effects of the fratricidal First World War and the slaughter of the most successful classes during the Russian Revolution intensified the interest in eugenics, as Pearson points out in a chapter entitled "How It All Began" (pages 56-94). Modern eugenic thought was largely founded by Sir Francis Galton (1822-1911). In later decades Marxism had a tendency to counteract the interest in eugenics.

During the autumn of 1942 I took a course on educational psychology taught by a stimulating professor. He assigned the class the textbook by Gates, Jersild, McConnell and Challman (Macmillan, 1942). One of my most vivid memories of this excellent, lucid book is the bell-shaped curve on page 257 showing the distribution of numbers of persons with certain intelligence test scores. The close similarity of this distribution curve to the normal density function curve is an indication that these test scores are a natural, genetically determined phenomenon, like tallness or the length of feet. By the 1930s many sophisticated intelligence tests had been developed, even those for measuring potential performance in such diverse fields as law and music. (One of my father's colleagues at the University of Cincinnati College of Law was a co-author of the law test.)

Especially since the publication of Jensen's article mentioned above in 1969 there has been a fierce debate on the theses presented by Jensen on the basis of the huge accumulation of psychometric data. Jensen expressed the fear that such federal programs as Head Start could do little to improve human intelligence in the long run by means of enriched educational environment, even if such programs brought about some temporary gains in test scores.

The often acrimonious arguments over the genetic factors in human intelligence is mainly what Pearson's book describes in great detail, even the physical assaults and harassment at lectures against psychometric experts who contend that there are strong genetic fac-

tors (such as 80%) in the development of human intelligence.

In 1976 I myself became involved in these acrimonious arguments. At that time I was a professor in the Department of Modern Languages at the University of Tulsa. One day I was shocked, and indeed offended, by an exhibit I saw that had been put up by our psychology department. It featured a large picture of Adolf Hitler mounted on cardboard. The message of this exhibit was summarized thus: "It is now conceded that genetically, there is no difference between newborn children of any race." The apparent implication was that a belief to the contrary was a product of Hitler's mind. I felt that the exhibit was a disgrace to the university because it was contrary to what I had read on the subject of human intelligence and had observed over many years as a classroom teacher of a rather challenging subject.

I decided to write up my reaction to the exhibit. I pointed out the mass of contrary data presented in Prof. Jensen's long article and the close attention which raisers of domestic cattle and horses must pay to genetic factors in their animals if they are to be successful economically. I also mentioned the famous studies of twins by Sir Cyril Burt. My rather long article was published in the weekly student newspaper of the University of Tulsa, *The Collegian*. For some time I never received a direct reaction to my article from the members of the psychology department. Then one day I received an anonymously sent copy from a faculty member of an article that purported to show that some of Sir Cyril Burt's famous studies of genetically determined characteristics of twins reared in separate environments were based on fraudulent data. Pearson (page 297) points out that much of the data which Burt had accumulated was destroyed after his death on the recommendation of a colleague who had opposed his views. Apparently, my dean was not pleased by my article in *The Collegian*. My salary was later frozen at \$15,000 [*this, at a time when I was amazed to learn that totally uneducated, unskilled Negroes in San Francisco were paid \$17,000 or more dollars per year—to collect garbage! So much for "American" priorities!*—Ed.] for several years during a time of rapid decline of the purchasing power of the dollar.

If we wish to solve a problem efficiently we must first understand its causes, just as a physician must make a correct diagnosis if his subsequent therapy is to have a good effect. In this case we should consider the causes of the bias, hypocrisy and dishonesty in this matter. Having taught for 32 years in various universities and having observed my colleagues in action for over three decades, I shall now venture to explain the causes of the bias which is the basic concern of Pearson's book.

Opponents of recognition of genetic causation of variations in human intelligence and opponents of eugenic measures are often motivated by political doctrine, as Pearson makes clear throughout his book, but he gives no special, concise analysis of the causes of the opposition on the part of many academic people who are not doctrinaire Marxists but are simply trying to obtain their promotions up the academic hierarchy or even just trying to keep their positions. We must bear in mind that much of the "business" (and hence income) of departments of psychology, sociology and education consists of preparing students for employment by governments at one level or another. The professors in these fields can hardly afford to lose this business. The attitudes of government are forced (at least indirectly) on academe. Attitudes of students also play rôle in what timid professors teach, since promotions in academe are now often based largely on students' ratings of their professors as determined by questionnaires distributed by deans and heeded by deans in decisions regarding faculty employment. These formal evaluations by students of their professors are thus the tail that wags the dog. They also cause "grade inflation" and lower the prestige of an academic degree. In the case of sociology and education in particular, a large relative proportion of the students in these fields are Negroes. What professor in these fields would dare to discuss with any degree of candor the considerably lower intelligence test scores obtained by Negroes? We must thus look at simple economic factors if we wish to understand so much of the bias, taboo and hypocrisy which Pearson has described in great detail.

Beyond the economic motivations, of course, there are also somewhat more subtle social and psychological factors in many pro-

fessors' attitudes toward race and heredity. Poorly paid professors look at people with less education but far higher incomes and hence have a hard time in recognizing correlations between intelligence and incomes, which are nevertheless a reality. Still another factor is the competition for government research grants. Big, redistributive government is, by its very nature, hostile to anyone who objects to the egalitarian basis of its policies with regard to taxation, welfare, education and immigration. An even broader factor lies in the circumstance that the vast majority of American professors are on government payrolls. Even those teaching at private colleges have often received their graduate education in public institutions.

Pearson devotes one-third of his book (pages 141-242) to three chapters that describe the experiences of three individual scientists who have recognized in their publications and lectures the genetically caused aspects of intelligence.

The first of the three chapters (pages 141-183) is devoted to Prof. Arthur Jensen of the University of California, Berkeley. Jensen obtained his Ph.D. degree in clinical psychology at Columbia University in 1956. Pearson characterizes him as "the foremost researcher responsible for the revival of 'hereditarian' thought in recent decades." Jensen was especially influential on William Shockley, to whom the following chapter is devoted. Jensen observed diverse behavior and capacities in Caucasian and Negro pupils classified as "retarded." His famous article in the *Harvard Educational Review* mentioned above is discussed on pages 15 ff. Even though Jensen did not allege that all blacks were intellectually inferior to all whites, he was bitterly attacked as a "racist." Jensen's article was praised in private by some distinguished scholars but was attacked in print persistently and unfairly by men with such names as Lewontin, Deutsch and Hirsch, to whose attacks Pearson devotes subsections. Demonstrations by Marxists were organized against Jensen at places where Jensen was scheduled to lecture before scientific meetings. Efforts to silence Jensen and hide his research also took place in England and Australia (pages 163-171). Jensen was also compared to Hitler by his enemies (page 171). By the way, Pope Innocent X (1644-1653) is-

sued his bull *Cum occasione* against the Jansenists in 1653, not 1953, as is erroneously stated on page 150.

William Shockley, the co-inventor of the transistor and a Nobel Prize winner, is perhaps the most famous man who has turned his attentions in recent years to problems of dysgenic population trends and the factors causing them. Pearson also devotes a whole chapter to Shockley's efforts and experiences in that field (pages 184-215). Shockley, like Jensen, was the victim of a hostile, lying press, Marxist organizations that tried to keep him from speaking and cowardly university administrations which had been corrupted and intimidated by government. Shockley proposed a eugenic action which involved monetary incentives to persons of low intelligence who would submit to voluntary sterilization. The press frequently distorted Shockley's views. The *Atlanta Constitution* alleged that his views were directly traceable to those of Adolf Hitler. Such nonsense was the basis of a suit that Shockley brought against and won against *The Atlanta Constitution*. The hereditarians were frequently linked to National Socialism (see, for example, also page 156). The fact of the matter is that eugenic laws had been passed in the United States and other countries long before the National Socialists were in power in Germany. Shockley pointed out that the crime rate of Denmark (where the reproduction of feeble-minded persons had been discouraged) was only 2% of that of Washington, D.C. It seems to me that the very environmentalists who were accusing Shockley of racism in his plans for voluntary sterilization of persons of *any* race were, in fact, the people who were admitting that Negroes are mentally inferior and would hence be disproportionately sterilized.

The chapter on Prof. J. Philippe Rushton of the University of Western Ontario occupies pages 216-242. In spite of an impressive publishing record in the form of books and articles in distinguished journals, the Canadian press, particularly the *Toronto Star*, smeared him and distorted what he wrote. Rushton has noted different patterns of reproduction and nurture of the young in various animals and found parallel patterns in the races of man. Pearson points out (page 236): "In Canada, thought control has advanced far more dangerously

than in the United States, where free speech is still reasonably protected. This reflects the steady growth of immigrant power since the beginning of the present century." (What immigrants?) There is a pertinent booklet in the *C-Far Canadian Issues Series*, No. 27, *Race, Evolution & Aids: What Rushton Really Said*, Toronto, 1990, edited by Paul Fromm. The oppressive Canadian laws against free speech have also been made famous by the disgraceful trials in Toronto of Ernst Zündel, who published a booklet that disputed the "Holocaust" material. Rushton's writings were investigated by police forces for possible violations of the oppressive Canadian laws concerning race relations. The administration of the University of Western Ontario also made difficulties for Rushton, even though he was a Guggenheim Scholar.

Some of the nastiest attacks against the hereditarians have come from Jews, perhaps in keeping with their traditions of hostility toward their host populations, especially the elite of their host populations. (See *Isaiah XIX,2.*) When primarily Jewish governments gained control of Russia in 1917 and Hungary in 1919, the leading classes of these lands were the particular victims of their brutality. Some recent hereditarian scientists, however, are of Jewish descent, as Pearson points out on page 267, where he mentions Hans Eysenck, R. Herrnstein, Michael Levin and Seymour Itzkoff.

In the introduction to the book, Hans Eysenck, who was born in Germany, recounts how he was converted to the view that Negroes have a genetically determined low performance on intelligence tests. He mentions in particular (page 18) the book by Audrey Shuey, *The Testing of Negro Intelligence* (1966), which he praises.

Pearson notes (page 291) that Prime Minister Nakasone of Japan pointed out that America was at a disadvantage economically as a result of its burden of less intelligent minority groups. I recall that this observation caused a very hostile reaction in the United States. Apparently the truth hurt, truth from a successful land which has a relatively homogeneous racial makeup. By the way, members of the Mongolian race in the United States do very well on intelligence tests. If the United States has an unfavorable balance of trade with Japan, we should not jump to the conclusion that no biological factors are involved.

In many parts of Pearson's book it is pointed out that Marxists have attempted to associate recognition of genetic factors in human abilities with policies and eugenic practices of National Socialist Germany. The politically motivated environmentalists are fond of calling the hereditarians Nazis. Pearson quite appropriately quotes (page 157) a *Progressive Labor* article (of all sources!) which points out, quite correctly, that Hitlerian Germany "was way behind the U.S." in recognizing the genetic factors in human intelligence. As a matter of fact, Indiana had laws providing for eugenic sterilization as early as 1907, a practice not introduced in Germany until after 14 July 1933, when the eugenics law (*Gesetz zur Verhütung erbkranken Nachwuchses*) was passed. Many states had such laws.

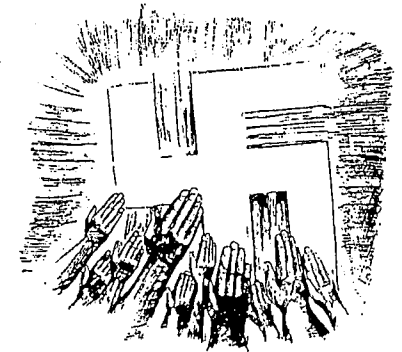
One of the many valuable services that Pearson's book performs is the presentation of evidence that American universities have become corrupted by government policies in the fields having a bearing on educational policy (such as "busing" pupils in order to make classes racially integrated) and welfare. Government funding of research, of course, has a tremendous potential to corrupt and pervert scientific investigations.

A great deal of attention has been paid to the new book by Charles Murray and Richard Herrnstein, *The Bell Curve* (1994). This commendable book, with its massive presentation of data on intelligence tests and their economic and social implications, has been extensively attacked in the popular media, including *Time*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News*. Even the television newsman, Peter Jennings, presented a rather extensive commentary on the book in one of his nightly news programs in November, 1994, naturally with the almost obligatory suggestion that eugenic thinking in Germany led to the so-called "Holocaust" (cf. Pearson, p. 250). Pearson's *Race, Intelligence and Bias in Academe* is a valuable supplement to *The Bell Curve* because it quite vividly takes us "behind the scenes" of the unscrupulous measures and questionable arguments used to repress objective, realistic investigation of individual and racial variations in mental capacities. In particular, Pearson's book deserves the attention of every serious, honest educator. □

DAS HAKENKREUZ

by Robert Frenz

It is necessary that I apologize for an error on my part. In the past, I have repeatedly argued against using the swastika in any shape or form due to the negative image its display always conjures up. One-half of a century of unrelenting propaganda has literally etched this symbol into men's minds as a symbol of evil. I said that using the swastika would nullify any argument or platform which it was coupled to. This is true, but only partially so and I believe the negative image can be absolutely erased within a very short period of time simply because Nature is going to alter events unpredictably and with increasing rapidity as the New World Order spreads its malignancy around the globe. THE SWASTIKA, NO MATTER WHO DISPLAYS IT, WILL ULTIMATELY COME TO MEAN OPPOSITION TO THE ZIONIST NEW WORLD ORDER.



AMERICANA



Swastikas symbolized good luck in 1908 presidential election between William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan.

The straight line, the circle, the cross and the triangle are simple and easily made forms which may have been invented and reinvented in every age of primitive man. The swastika, however, is a very ancient symbol

which appears to have been made with a definite intention and a continuous meaning, the knowledge of which passed from person to person, from tribe to tribe and from nation to nation until it finally circled the planet. The true swastika always has the arms bent to the right. The left bent swastika is called the suawastika and has no place in this discussion. The writings of Whitney, Burnouf and Waring indicate that the swastika was in use long before a name was given to it. Ethnologically, the name is derived from "svasti" which implies "well being", a sense of happiness and good fortune or simply "hail". It has always been an auspicious sign.

In the thirteenth century B.C., the swastika appears in Troad and spread into Caucasus, Greece and Villanova. From Villanova, in the seventh century B.C., it made its appearance in most of western Europe and into Iceland. Greece was the starting point for its migration into India, Persia, China, Tibet and Japan. Due to the Grecian influence, we find the swastika appearing in northern Africa, Sicily and Rome by the third century A.D. The Asian connection ultimately lead to the crooked cross appearing on the North American continent prior to the arrival of the European. It is interesting to note that the swastika has apparently never appeared in any negro or jewish culture. Negroes, of course, never used any writing and therefore would certainly not attach a meaning to any abstract sign or shape. No matter where it showed up, it always meant luck, good will and good tidings. It assumed secondary meanings in all cultures from being officially declared as the symbol of the sun in China to the footprint of Buddha. Swastikas have appeared on ancient coins from the Isle of Man to Sicily. From the Toco mounds in Tennessee to Nicaragua and Paraguay, the swastika has permeated most American Indian cultures. The swastika has, from place to place, meant the four winds, the symbol of the star, dragon fly, moon, birds, maidenhood, a shaman's spirit and even humans and their dwellings. Although the swastika was the tribal sign of the Cheyenne Indi-



Aus deinem Bild,
Aus deinem Gesicht
Ein Glaube quillt,
Ein Wille spricht,

Der unverletzt
Den Weg uns weist
Und Berge versetzt
Und Deutschland heißt.

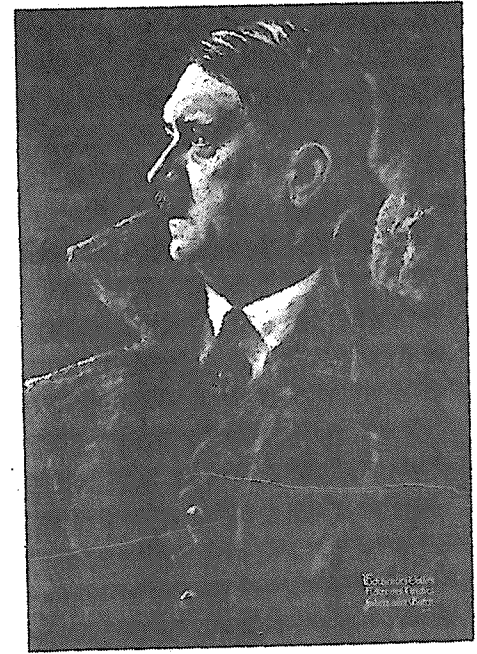
ans and a sign for Dakota lodges, you'll never find one in any Kevin Kostner wolf-dancing movie. The publisher Scribners, in the early 1900's, used the swastika as a trade mark and Collier's complete works of Kipling had gold swastikas embossed upon every volume, not once, but several times. Also, in the early part of this century, the symbol was popular with the jews in New York City. The swastika has historically never been used to represent evil or any other attribute of the forces of darkness. Since the swastika appears to have followed the Aryan people throughout Europe, it was no surprise that Adolf Hitler adopted it. It remained for the modern jew to redefine the swastika and while he was at it, to pervert the meaning of the word holocaust. This comes as no surprise either. Throughout the ages, the crooked cross has represented the light (white) and its inversion (black) has only been around for about 60 years. It behooves us, therefore, to see that the time-honored and true meaning is restored. This will be the duty of all Aryan youth from Kansas to the Ukraine.

A son of the swastika doesn't have a cross tattooed on his arm for everyone to see when he falls over drunk at some roadside dive. An Aryan, proud of himself and his relation to the swastika, is not lathered out on drugs nor does he attend any nigger rock concerts even if the performers are ostensibly white. Followers of the swastika aren't on the prowl for the

next available piece of pussy but view their women-folk as the future bearers of their sons and daughters. Aryan youth, honoring Hitler's beloved symbol, never parade about in Hollywood type Nazi outfits always eager to bash a faggot or race-mixer. If the swastika has any meaning for the young of today, then they should rise to its denotation. This means that their word must be a bond and truth always upon their lips. A beer-soaked, unsightly, bad-mannered, cheating and lying bum sporting a swastika only augments the false Hollywood depiction of a National Socialist. Over-sized clothing and untied sloppy shoes are nigger costumes and no National Socialist will try to imitate one. One of the most beautiful young women I have met in recent years always wore a swastika pendant about her neck. The red, black and white of the cross seemed enhanced by her deep blue eyes and golden hair. She knew when and how to say "please" and when to say "thank you". She never stole, swore or prostituted herself for a one-night stand. Always capturing the eyes within any room of which she entered, I secretly remarked that this young woman was a living ideal, more so because she was highly intelligent. Often, the curious would ask about the swastika about her neck, even hinting that she might be part Indian. However, the words which left her lips always gave positive reinforcement to the Natural Aryan Ideal. She was a polite and self-assured young lady who would honor any man fortunate enough to have her for a bride and any child fortunate to have her as a mother. This type of woman, and her male counterparts, are very rare and that is precisely the problem. The so-called young National Socialists I meet today, are more interested in beer and sex than in anything else. The sooner ZOG slaps them in the slammer, the better. They are a liability both to themselves and to us. National Socialists ACT like National Socialists. Wiggers wearing swastikas (with or without baseball caps) are still wiggers.

Young Aryan societies usually take care of their own as was evident in the earlier years of our American nation. As the soci-

ety grew more complex, the business of law and order was turned over to a specialized group and as long as this group was efficient, the citizens took it for granted and "obeying the law" became an axiom. Cattle and horse thieves were no longer hanged by small groups of farmers and ranchers who were exercising the Natural right of any group to eliminate their enemies. Later on, these thieves were hanged following a



more lengthy practice which involved the paper-shuffling business called the law. Once "the law" starts to work against the very people who initialized it, the responsibility falls back onto the shoulders of the individual and small groups. We saw this take the form of the Ku Klux Klan following our Civil War when negro and carpetbagger excesses were not curtailed within the legal framework. The summary justice which followed was "illegal" but it was justice none the less. Sooner or later, people trash laws which work against them and, in many cases, the government as well. To do otherwise is the mark of a slave and according to our Declaration of independence, it becomes a duty. We are approaching this stage here in America where the "law", in far too many instances, works counter to Aryan interests. It appears that our government is more interested in preventing otherwise law abiding people from defending themselves against the increasing hordes of criminal garbage. In the case of the city burning Neger, the "law" would

rather sacrifice a few dedicated L.A. police officers unjustly than in quelling the insurrection. Our "law" allowed treason to be offered as an alternative life-style during that meat-grinder called the Viet Nam (phoney) War. If the government fails in its duty to eliminate the criminal BY WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY, then the citizens will do it for themselves. Small bands of men, under the cover of dark, will "rehabilitate" any rapist who falls into their hands. Although these men will be operating "illegally" they will nonetheless earn the respect and approval of the apparent law abider. People, when their nuts are being crushed, want relief and they don't care where it comes from or whether it is legal or not. Here is where the true young National Socialist comes in.

If one engages in illegal behavior, for whatever reason, on behalf of his race, any such action must be in an area where the general public does not disapprove. Crime, that is, minorities doing their own thing, is becoming a number one concern for a majority of Americans. It is far better to live in a crime-free poor society than it is in a crime-ridden affluent one. I know of no one who disapproves of a shop keeper blowing the brains out of a would-be robber. If the shop keeper becomes screwed by the law, then public sympathy is on his side. This is always the basis for revolution, whether peaceful or violent. Our society will change due to public pressure. It only remains to discover what that pressure will be. If (and I am not advocating any type of illegal behavior here) a couple of swastika wearing National Socialists were apprehended for the summary executions of neighborhood rapists and child-molesters, they would be treated as criminals by the system but I am sure that the neighborhoods involved would secretly view the matter differently. If every time a pack of filth-loving faggots urinated in a church they were found hanging by their gonads on the next day, the public wouldn't become outraged at such "criminal" behavior on the part of the perpetrators. If the swastika, and National Socialism, were coupled to positive acts in the public

eye, then we would see a massive change in general attitude. It is imperative that the negative image of National Socialism be erased and that can only come about by unselfish positive acts. Remember that the old WW II veterans are on their way out and no matter how righteous they think their cause was, they will one day be in history's dust-bin and Nature's way will again come to the fore. If National Socialists starting stomping on people which the PUBLIC disapproved of, instead of people they PERSONALLY disapproved of, much would be gained. If you wish to risk jail time for face-smashing then it is better to bash someone the public hates rather than an object of your pet peeve. People dedicated to a cause are not self-serving but unfortunately, this is exactly where we are.

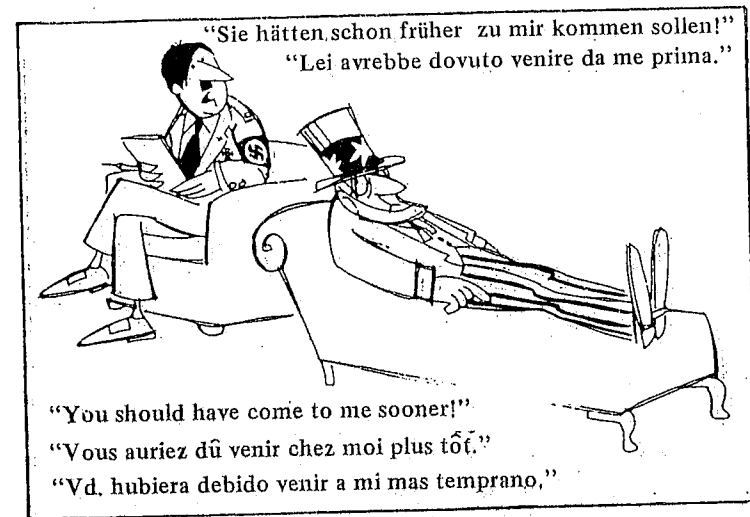
Every type of social misfit and pervert is to be found in the blight-wing from liars, whore-mongers, drunks, cheats, drug-gies, spies and kooks. None of them cooperate simply because they are only running a business where others are viewed as competitors instead of comrades. Mailing lists are their meal tickets and that is why stealing them is a common activity. One fellow, upon receipt of a \$75,000 donation bought himself a piece of property and promptly took up weed smoking. This fellow wouldn't donate a postage stamp to an orphan but feels that he should "lead" something. Another blight-winger, a fellow who could pass as a brother of the IHR's jew attorney Farr, wants to assume N.S. leadership under an assumed name, that is, if he can stay out of bar-rooms long enough to do it. All chiefs and few Indians. Contrast this to the dedication to a cause which permeated all of Hitler's and Streicher's activities. In 1930, they both had separate and formidable organizations and both used the swastika. Streicher, upon deep reflection, decided that the future of their cause would be better served by passing all of his support to a man he considered far more competent to lead the German people - Adolf Hitler. Can you name one blight-winger who would admit that another is far better than he at guiding the cause? If so, I'd like to hear about

him. The "cause" is merely a lunch ticket for most and no one is about to toss that ticket away. If they aren't in their counting houses opening the mail, they are seen smiling in front of the people they are fleecing - in that same way as Graham, Falwell and Robertson do on television.

If we decide to take our swastikas out of the closet, what then of others who are not of us but nonetheless carry a swastika banner? It is of no concern to us. Mejicans usually approve of Adolf Hitler and it is not uncommon for them to have his picture in their homes. Hitler, to the Mejicans, simply means a strong man, which they always adore and more so if he is corrupt (which Hitler wasn't), and someone who doesn't like jews. I have never met any Mejican who likes jews and this is true throughout most of South and Central America.

During the flower-sixties, I for a time, was busily silk-screening T-shirts with a swastika and "White Power". It was always a humorous comment that, while in Chicago for one of Rockwell's marches, we always sold more of these T-shirts to black-faces than to any other group. So what of it? Traitors to this country have worn American military uniforms and waved their flags as energetically as anyone else. Should we shoot the first kid who is found wearing a Buffalo Bison sweat-shirt and is not a member of the team? I'd love to see a new breed of Dalmatian where all of the spots were swastikas. I would hold no malice towards any non-National Socialist dog because he was sporting swastikas. Let the swastikas roll. The more the merrier since it will be an effective battering-ram against the anti-swastika laws which are in effect in many states. Does anyone think that a handsome clean-cut white youth will be mistaken for a border-jumping beaner if they both wear swastikas?

Earlier in this article I mentioned the wide adoption of the swastika and its varied uses amongst people who are not our comrades. Only a blight-winger would waste his time worrying about, and acting upon, the fact that Asians, American Indians and others have used this symbol in the past, and will continue



to do so in the future. We should know WHO WE ARE without getting side-tracked over relative inconsequential. It's the book that counts and not the cover. That's coffee you should be smelling.

The best is yet to come. Out there, in that vast crowd, will come a handful of dedicated young men who will honor Nature and the political system which embodied it. Their activity will strike a sympathetic chord amongst the general public who is weary of their dispossession and the sadness which the blight-wing has left them with. The great men have always been supernumeraries and events always allow them to reach for the stars. The coming convulsions will relegate the present blight-wing "leaders" to the garbage heap. For the present, the swastika will be a universal symbol raised in opposition to that evil Big Brother asylum which, with its accompanying racemixing excrement, is being forced upon an increasingly reluctant world. Be true to yourself, speak out and don't let the bastards wear you down. Tomorrow belongs to those who prepare for it. □

AT THE EDGE OF THE VOID

Part II

by Joseph D. Pryce

Woman.....is the repository of all culture,
of all benevolence, of all devotion, of all
concern for the living and grief for the dead.

Johann Jakob Bachofen

Eva. Ah, Stefan, I see you appear from out of the night and the mist like a lover in an impressionist verse of Arthur Symons. The moon has gently gathered unto herself a veil of cloud, as if to hide her secrets from prying eyes, and I'm reminded once again that things may not be what they seem, my friend.

Stefan. Is this where we get the discussion about 'appearance and reality,' and the many arcane elements of a philosophical problematics?

Eva. Not at all. I just wanted to draw your attention to a little matter noted by the great Hegel many years ago—sometimes we think we know something, but we prove in the end to be mistaken; we have placed our trust in that idiotic public opinion which rules academics as much as it rules floor polishers, and we sometimes stumble. Hegel's formulation of this idea is not very elegant in its expression (prose style was not the Master's strong suit!), but it will bear citation here: *Das Bekannte ueberhaupt ist darum, weil es bekannt ist, nicht erkannt* (What is familiar is not known merely because it's familiar). We see evidence of this fact all around us. It can happen in the most mundane and quotidian matters as well as in the loftier realms of the Spirit. Let me give you an example: we've all heard, for instance, of the Hegelian dialectic, the triple-step down the garden path of thesis, antithesis, resolving into synthesis, right?

Stefan. Lady, everyone is familiar with this classic statement of the nature of phenomenological change.

Eva. Yes, but it's quite wrong, a comic misattribution. In fact,

the explicit mention of this triplex formula occurs only once in the complete works of Hegel; it is mentioned, disparagingly, in the lectures on the history of philosophy (in the critique of Kant). However—and I think that you might find this paradox amusing—the three-step *does* receive favorable treatment in the works of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling.

Stefan. I wish I had known that when I took philosophy in school.

Eva. It would have done you no good—only a great teacher can bear correction amicably, and, needless to say, no great teacher would have made such an egregious error. But let us climb up a few more rungs of the ladder of Spirit, and cast our eyes upon Adolf Hitler's mind. Here, where interest and *parti pris* cast their nets around our thick-skulled 'intellectuals,' you'll find howler upon howler in their ruminations. One example: you'll recall the notorious footnote on page 21 of Manheim's translation of *Mein Kampf*; wherein the worthy scribe sneeringly opines that just because Hitler mentions the "happy isle of the Phaeacians," this is no indication that he has read Homer's *Odyssey*! That's fairly transparent, I think, and we need not linger on it here. But an even more asinine footnote sullies the base of page 7, at which point Manheim, flummoxed by Hitler's use of the word *Willensmeinung*, scornfully hints that the word is Hitler's own coinage (recall that in the translator's preface to the volume, Hitler's language is treated with a pedantic fussiness). Well, as I am of a different opinion as to Hitler's intellectual and philological attainments, I am going to insist on a alternative interpretation.

Stefan. Did the Leader invent the word?

Eva. No, of course not. Any thorough German dictionary from the period has an entry for it.

Stefan. What does it mean?

Eva. One moment. A story first. One morning as I rode the train into Manhattan, I decided that I'd indulge myself in a bit of light reading. You know, to make the time pass more quickly. When I turned to page 257 of the English translation of Husserl's *Ideen aus einer reinen Phaenomenologie und phaenomenologischen Philosophie*,

Lo! and behold! what do I find? Take a gander at this:

.....the "will's meaning" (*Willensmeinung*), and in the precise way in which it subsists as "meaning" in this will (on its full essentiality), and with whatever is willed "in all of its ramifications."

Stefan. You have a most peculiar idea of light reading, my lady, if I may say so. When was this work published?

Eva. In 1913.

Stefan. I see. Wasn't Edmund Husserl a Jew?

Eva. Yes. He was also Heidegger's teacher and the dedicatee of *Sein und Zeit*.

Stefan. Enough said. Full stop. End of story. And it is a good one.

Eva. I thought you'd appreciate it. I'm sure, of course, that Hitler may only have come across Husserl's teaching in the course of his voluminous reading at the time of the book's publication, and I don't want my argument to bear more freight than it is able to bear; but you get my point. When Marxists find a stray mention of Hegel (without misspellings) in the pre-WW I writings of V.I. Lenin, they always expect us to fall on our knees in adoration of the good little revolutionist's vast reading. I'm only saying that it should work both ways, or neither.

Stefan. Good point. The great American literary critic Edmund Wilson was always risible when he would take the most exiguous reference to music or literature in the writings of Trotsky, and then wax lyrical on the depths of the twisted little Jew's 'culture.'

But surely, lady, didn't you invite me here to discuss the place of woman in the movement for the rebirth of the Aryan dream?

Eva. Yes, and all of this was by way of trying to make you clear your mind of misconceptions. My lucubrations were intended to clear away some of the cobwebs that still linger in your mind. Many of you people in the 'movement,' for all of your talk about 'taking nothing on faith' and 'examining every position on its own merits'

have swallowed certain received ideas with the relish of a Bible Belter swallowing the phantasms and lunacies of the Book of Revelations. So on to our subject: you will admit, I am sure, that many of the men in our movement have little more than a verbal respect for the 'female of the species,' for all of the talk about 'nurturing children' and the like. Certain loveless sorts, who are in dire need of a little TLC, affect to scorn the very idea that a woman might possess an independent soul and an independent outlook. We have both heard would-be wise-guys in the movement talk about women as if they were some sort of movable property, with a status somewhat below domestic pets and the family car.

Stefan. See, there you go—an immediate and gratuitously insulting reference to woman's appointed task in this world.

Eva. Appointed by whom?

Stefan. By Nature.

Eva. If Nature comprises the totality of the processes at work in the Cosmos, as you once said, then the onus of proof is on you to tell me just how a woman who seeks a career other than motherhood is sinning against this all-encompassing Nature.

Stefan. Eristics, logic-chopping, nonsense.

Eva. Let me put it this way: if you think that all women should be reserved for use as brood-mares or playthings for the leisure of menfolk, then that must apply, as well, to such characters as Leni Riefenstahl and Hanna Reitsch, no? Would you have felt comfortable telling those two redoubtable figures to go back to the kids, the church, and the kitchen?

Stefan. A palpable hit, my lady. But I never said that women should be the instruments of their menfolk.

Eva. Then why are all of you so intoxicated with the misogyny of Nietzsche, whose Zarathustra urged that he who would go to woman should bring his whip? I would not be very impressed with any woman who could listen to this drivel without releasing the safety catch on her revolver (Bertrand Russell remarked that almost any woman on the planet would have been able to get the whip out of Nietzsche's hand). Or take the great Italian Fascist thinker Julius

Evola, who asserts that no woman can tell the difference between the truth and a lie, and that all women are liars as a matter of course. I'm sure that Evola made an exception for, say, his *mother*, but you get my point. There is a very definite failure of vision and imagination here, or else I am very much mistaken. We think that we have solved a problem of whose very nature we are ignorant, and yet we are unaware of this fact. Oughtn't we to be a little bit pragmatic, my friend?—how many women have you managed to attract to your movement thus far? Confess.

Stefan. Not very many. And most of those whom I have met think that they impress us by using outlandish terms like 'incrementalization' and such-like—men in women's clothing, if you will. Structuralists without much structure.

Eva. So my point stands unchallenged. I'd like to make an excursus, if I might, into the life of an undoubtedly great thinker who perished very young, but who in his short life pointed to many of the wounds which afflict us still: but he was wrong on this one point, on the *nature of woman*, and I'd like to use his case as a sort of paradigm. Let's face the fact that if we're wrong here, we're wrong in the most important area of Life, namely, the nature of the affections between the sexes.

Stefan. Be my guest.

Eva. The man of whom I speak was Otto Weininger, a Viennese thinker of the turn of the present century. He was the son of a brilliant Jewish father, a goldsmith named Leopold, and a mother who seems to have been untalented, and on whom young Otto always looked with disapprobation. It is more than usually difficult to get a handle on the biographical materials in this case, perhaps because Otto Weininger is what one might call a 'hot potato'—politically speaking, that is—for all parties. Many of the thinkers who have interested themselves in the *Weltanschauungen* of the proto-NS thinkers have shied away from Weininger because of his Jewish origins. Most Jewish commentators, it is hardly necessary to say, are appalled by everything the man stood for, and he is often regarded as the archetypal 'self-hating Jew' by his fellow-tribesmen. It should be

enough for our purposes to note that he was held in high regard by Dietrich Eckart, Alfred Rosenberg, and Adolf Hitler—more authoritative vouchers should not be needed.

At any rate, Otto grew up under the shadow of his gifted father, whose artistic skill, aptitude for languages, Wagnerolatry, and anti-Semitism the young man adopted as his own. During Otto's attendance at the Schotten-gymnasium, he mastered the classical languages, as well as English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Norwegian. From 1898 to 1902, he studied at Vienna University under Professor Friedrich Jodl (1849-1914), who directed his dissertation which was originally entitled *Eros und Psyche*. Jodl, who found Weininger personally as well as ideologically repugnant, was startled when an expanded version of Weininger's dissertation, now retitled *Geschlecht und Charakter: Eine prinzipielle Untersuchung* (Vienna, 1903) suddenly became the rage among the young.

In 1902 Weininger converted to Protestantism, and then spent the rest of the year touring Germany and Norway. He made a tour of Italy in the summer of 1903, during which he penned aphorisms that appeared posthumously as *Ueber die letzten Dinge* (Vienna, 1904). When he returned to Vienna in the fall of 1903, his recurring depression finally motivated him to rent a room in the very house where Beethoven had died. He sent two letters off to his family, and then, at the very height of his powers, shot himself in the chest. He was only twenty three years old. Several Viennese scribblers from the clerical and gutter press denounced the suicide, but heavyweights such as Karl Krauss and August Strindberg came to his defense.

Now *Sex and Character*, his masterwork, is an exemplary text when it discusses the Jewish question. Indeed, several of the most illuminating discussions of just what Judaism is appear here, and mark an advance upon even the canny analyses of Weininger's hero Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose *Foundations of the 19th Century* was Weininger's *vade mecum*. Let me advance, as an instance of Weininger's penetrating philosophical power, a short quotation from the chapter entitled *Judaism*.

I must make clear what I mean by Judaism; I mean neither a race nor a people nor a recognized creed. I think of it as a tendency of the mind; as a psychological constitution which is a possibility for all mankind, but which has become actual in the most conspicuous fashion only among the Jews.

Luminous stuff, indeed, and the influence of such astute analysis on Eckart and Rosenberg surely needn't be demonstrated at this date. What is troublesome, however, is the embittered diatribe on women which takes up a considerable portion of the book, and for which I can find no parallel in the writings of even such confirmed misogynists as Arthur Schopenhauer or the early fathers of the Catholic Church. According to Weininger, "Woman is neither high-minded nor low-minded, strong-minded or weak-minded. She is the opposite of all these. Mind cannot be predicated of her at all; she is mindless." He goes on to claim that woman's only interest in life is matchmaking, sexual union of all types and varieties, and he claims that this "idea of union is always eagerly grasped and never repelled whatever form it may take (even where animals are concerned)"! It is clear by now, I should hope, that something's very wrong with this analysis. For Weininger, woman is an obscene ovipositor, an hysterical rutting machine, or else an observer of other rutting machines, and one feels, as one peruses Weininger's pages, that one can't be sure if we are reading a sober exposition of anthropological facts or some gaga Zolaesque fantasia on the fecund earth in springtime. Woman is hysterical and untruthful, we are told; they are bent upon devouring, psychically or physically, the entire world. But we do find a hint as to just what is wrong here when Weininger states: "Woman, the normal receptive woman of whom I am speaking, is impregnated by the man not only physically.....but at every stage of her life, by man's consciousness and by man's social arrangements. Thus it comes about that although woman lacks all of the characters of the male sex, she can assume them so cleverly and so slavishly that it is possible to make mistakes such as the idea of the higher morality of women."

Pathetic, really—here we have circular arguments giving birth to willful refusals to experience the manifold, prismatic luxuriance of the lives of the sexes; here we see maleness, horrified by mysteries, taking revenge on the World of Woman by means of abusive epithets and psychologizing billingsgate. And Stefan, my friend, your 'movement' harbors more than one enthusiast who, although he might not be so bold as to state these feelings in public, is certainly feeling them in private; that's where our first revolution must take place, Stefan, in our private dwellings, in the secret places of the heart.

Stefan. But surely this is such a small point—I think that you are exaggerating the importance of this matter.

Eva. The mote of dust or grit that finds its way into your eye is small, but it can prevent you from seeing the things that are right in front of you.

Stefan. Nice! But I believe that I understand you, lady. Women who choose to live outside the bounds of family life, but who wish to aid the resurgence of the Aryan World in their own, idiosyncratic way, must receive the encouragement of all Aryans. From Pindar we have received the word—*become what you are*. That should go for all of us, I think. There are many paths to heroism, both for men and for women. I would say that you are the prophetess of a new and vitally-charged *gallantry*.

Eva. Good, Stefan! We will talk again; but for now, let us drink in the music of the moon.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE BUTTON IS OFF THE FOIL (or, A NAUGHTY WEEKEND)

Overture

Our story takes place in a not-so-distant (and not-so rosy) future, when the governmental juntas plying the whip over the broken remains of America have seen much of their totalitarian *machismo* vanish down the wind. Not to worry, though, rah-rah patriots and

aerial-bombardment enthusiasts: although the bloodsuckers and their mercenaries occasionally come a cropper when attacking the stateside dwellings of their victims, the enemies of 'freedom' and 'democracy' overseas still enjoy the tender embrace of our angelic overlords. In fact, after the famous, and now permanent football strike which ended the suzerainty of *that* national religion (at long last!), young American yo-yos with a superabundance of testosterone adrift in their bloodstreams now joined the bold squadrons of the Air Force with an alacrity which would have surprised some of their forebears, I can tell you.

But, as I say, things were a mite different back in the lower 48s. So many of the government's thugs had been killed in raids on white nationalists, black nationalists, Arab bystanders, and the other exotic radicalizing enclaves which dot the landscape, that pay schedules for the hired marauders had gone through the roof; and, of course, these goons were not to be fobbed off with sacks of IOUs! Not to mention, of course, the insane pay-scale extorted by the bodyguards of System big-wigs. Some expenditures are, let's face it, absolutely essential.....

The ordinary business of government was becoming more and more difficult to transact, as the enemies of the System, grown increasingly brazen with each successful assault, ignored their overlords with impunity; and the imminent collapse of the hated System had made very odd bedfellows of people who, hitherto, had had no use for each other. The ZOG had finally lost all control over young black intellectuals and street-fighters, and to ZOG's deep dismay, they had formed a coalition with White Power racists which was making the cities of the land all but ungovernable.

And it is in one of these cities that our little tale begins.....

I

Once upon a time, on a Friday evening in a strange nightmarish land called Manhattan, four young gentlemen stood on the north-west corner of 8th Avenue and 42nd Street, waiting. On all sides the rush of subhumanity swirled like excrement spiraling down a flushing toilet. Pickpockets dipped into Harris tweed; knots of working-

girls sashayed back and forth in front of Show World, flesh peeping from a thousand slits and vacancies; nigglets played with their zippers for the benefit of out-of-town businessmen; and four young men in black stood, waiting. Patiently....

Pairs of terrified young policemen sauntered up and down beneath the gaudy neon streaming through the 'Deuce', as fans affectionately called the Times Square area. Underneath the marquee of the *All Male* cinema, an exceptionally filthy Congoid scare-crow chanted his rapid-fire incantation at the wide-eyed suburban visitors to *Anus Mundi*: "Hash, acid, grass, speed, dope, dilaudids, crack, ice, ecstasy, guns, girls, ID, anything what you want, my man!" His offer evidently exerted some appeal on one white couple, for, with nervous smiles and a titter or two, they shortly disappeared into one of the grimy tenements with their grinning host. Within minutes, you may be sure, they would be higher than they had ever thought possible; within hours, junior, his posterior aching quite atrociously, would watch helplessly as his girl-friend performed unspeakable, albeit quite acrobatic and racially tolerant, deeds before the cameras. In a matter of days, they would both be stars—of a sort. And on the corner, men waited, with clenched teeth and eyes alive with purpose.

An emaciated Levantine child collapsed in convulsions in front of a ribs-and-chicken joint. His jaws locked like a vise, and a cold sweat beaded up on his forehead. As the convulsions increased in duration and severity, all sorts of oxygen-consumers ambled over for a gander at the show. The child's heels and the back of his head were all that touched the ground at this point as the crowd began to spit contemptuously on his writhing form, arching quite weirdly in the hellish light. Two female cops tried in vain to break up the crowd, as the Inferno flamed on in the night. And on the corner, the waiting four. The patience.....

True to his schedule (he could be true to nothing else), Mr. Mayor emerged from his limousine in front of the *XXXXXX-Shoppe*, as he habitually did on Friday evenings at precisely nine o'clock. He was so comically huge that two of his henchmen had rather a lot of difficulty hoisting him from the—taxpayer-supported—leather sofa

on which he had been lolling obscenely, like some corpse-worm after a feast. As he stood in front of the 'appliance' store, he pushed the bodyguards away, muttering, "Go hang out on the corner with the poofers; that's what you want, you buggers. That's where you belong!" He was eagerly obeyed. Four young men ended their vigil, and walked, one by one, into what was proudly described by its proprietor as the "filthiest store in town."

At first, our heroes thought that Mr. Mayor had given them the slip; but, after all, why would he do that? He didn't even suspect that a rendezvous had been planned. Oh, there he was, squatting down by the inter-species rack at the back of the store, adjacent to the peep-show annex. Yes, the Mayor was an animal lover of sorts. He slavered over the enticing images on the page, so peculiarly conjoined were the participants that one might have supposed them to be representations of theriomorphic deities in some outlandish and exotic cult. But we, dear reader, are well-aware, I trust, that his honor is examining this literature with very mundane purposes in mind. Sadly, however, he would never be permitted to take this periodical home to his mansion and his misses for experimental purposes, for just as he was raising himself up from his undignified squatting position, he realized that four young men in ominous-looking black outfits were blocking his egress from the corner. He was startled to see that they were smiling at him, and even more startled to note that they were pulling 9mm guns from the ample pockets of their jackets. He became quite speechless with shock as they began firing the guns into his quivering form. One knee cap, then the other, then an elbow, then the wayward bits. He begged and simpered and pleaded, slumped in his puddle of gore, but they kept plugging away at his monstrous girth, in an eerie parody of the Chinese 'torture of the thousand cuts': for, no matter how many times he was hit, he still lived and breathed, and—how shall I put this?—experienced to the full every morsel of agony, every quaint and sickening surge of pain which stole along his nerves and made his world 'a world of moan.' Finally, one of the men leaned over and whispered into the remains of his right ear, "You were a white man once; you should have stayed

a white man, my friend." Then all four of the executioners leaned over and fired point-blank into his eyes. The men dropped their clips to the floor, inserted fresh ones, and began to walk towards the front of the store. The clients had stood shock-still from the moment the first shots had been fired, most of them with one hand in a pocket, afraid to move or to offer the slightest evidence of their existence to the interlopers. But, as Bobby Burns used to say, "The best laid plans of mice and men," and one by one our heroes picked them off where they stood, rags in hand. The proprietor stood frozen at his counter, in front of the racks of hardware and sculpture, numbly waiting for the inevitable. He had sorely compromised his undergarments in all the excitement, and a puddle was spreading around his shoes. The leader of the gang, to the merchant's great surprise and relief, said, "Not to worry, my good man. We won't harm you. That is, if you promise to relay a message to the newscasters who are probably on their way here as we chat." The man nodded. He also quivered just a bit. "Don't be nervous. Have I ever done anything to make you nervous? This is the message: *We are going to waste all white traitors who are maintaining the political and communications superstructures for the Z.O.G.* That's it—simple, really. You want to write that down? Be my guest." As the merchant nervously scribbled the message which he had memorized with surprising ease, the leader of the crew gazed around at the carnage he had wrought, and he was well-pleased. In a matter of a few seconds, the message had been scrawled and was passed back across the counter. "Yes, that's very good. And you've even got the acronym right! Actually, now that this has been written down for me by such an accomodating amanuensis—no, I'm afraid you won't have time to look that one up—I believe that I can dispense with your services." And he shot the man right in his gaping mouth, causing him to stagger against the racks of sexual appliances which dropped their peculiar cargo, in all shapes, sizes, colors, and textures, all over his twitching body. "Quite comical—he who lives by the sword shall die by the sword, what?" In a bit of waggish fun, he set several of the more gruesome-looking devices to buzzing, and laughter pealed as the young men walked calmly out into the balmy

night breeze—a trifle tainted by the swarming hordes of the great unwashed on the pavement, it is true. They disappeared into the subway as sirens wailed and thrill-seekers swarmed.

The fun had just begun, for.....

II

.....All the Bees Are Busy

A tall figure dressed in clerical garb strolled around the ambulatory of the tiny Gothic Revival *Church of the Innocents*, his slender, well-manicured fingers clasped behind his back. He was obviously meditating, and a casual observer might have been forgiven for thinking that his meditations concerned the salvation of some miscreant's soul. That was not, however, the case. He was merely taking time from his arduous duties to come to a final decision: who would receive the commission for a translation of one particularly significant sacred document? The man walked slowly to the front of the magnificent altar, behind which stood, in a solid-gold frame, a magnificent portrait of Adolf Hitler. He stared up at the commanding image and his eyes misted over as he communed with his Leader. And then it came to him: one of his slaves had been a musicologist before going into comparative literature. How delightful! With a slight chuckle, Dr. Schuler—for that was our esteemed theologian's name—descended the spiral staircase which led into the brilliantly-illuminated crypt, from which issued the muted tapping of many fingers on the keyboards of many word-processors. Dr. Schuler walked slowly down the room which he had designed himself for the very purpose it was now serving—that of a modernized scriptorium. For Dr. Schuler had been entrusted by the Chief of the Revolution with two tasks: first, the inauguration of a terroristic campaign against race-traitors in the Big Apple; and, second, the editing and promulgation of the sacred texts of the religion which was being brought to birth in the fires of strife.

“And how is our little Septuagint coming, my flock?” Dr. Schuler asked no one in particular as he strolled between the cots and computers. It still astonished him to think of the ease with which he had recruited these slaves for the monumental task upon which he

had set them. In January, the government had invited a score of experts in Germanistics to a forum at N.Y.U. on the dangers of resurgent nationalism in the Federal Republic of Germany. One professor gave an obscure and minatory sermon on the dangers of the revival of Romanticism which was fueling the ‘neo-Nazis’; another discussed the need for a revamped Social Services system in Germany, whose officers must be willing to learn the languages spoken by the migrants from Central Africa, so as better to understand their ‘needs’; another asserted, in tones of outraged righteousness, that the German authorities had better begin incarcerating all suspected nationalists in detention centers wherein they would be put to work training the mongrels who would be taking their jobs. To all of this rhodomontade, Dr. Schuler lent his hearty applause, and after the three-day seminar ended, the participants went ‘missing,’ as the saying goes. As no one really takes intellectuals with any degree of seriousness, the authorities had allowed these clowns to go out on the town, unescorted. Outside the Broadway bistro whither the fine scholars had repaired, waited a black van full of miscreants with billy-clubs; a few barked orders, and, presto, a barrel full of monks for the monastery. But, rest assured, Dr. Schuler had taken very good care of them. Well—of most of them: for, when he had assembled these shining lights of the intellect together in the crypt of the Church of the Innocents, many would not credit their hearing as their captor explained just what their new job-description entailed. One old fellow, who had made a name for himself with the publication of a learned tome entitled *Goethe: the Tolerant Democrat*, said that he wanted to know just what they were supposed to be doing there. Dr. Schuler very kindly informed the scholars that they were privileged to begin the compilation of the variorum edition of the *Works of Adolf Hitler*, with accompanying translations into all of the European languages. And that was just for starters. “And, gentlemen, even after that task has been accomplished, there are many more interesting books for you to edit and translate; as I am fully familiar with your academic credentials, I feel confident that you are the men for the job. I can also inform you that I hereby grant each and every one of you”—

here he had paused, for effect—“*tenure*. If I might be the prophet for a moment,” he added, wistfully, “I can assure you that none of you will ever see the daylight again.” The ensemble gazed on Dr. Schuler as he he were a refugee from some mad scientist film of the thirties, and began to laugh uproariously. One of the scholars, however, seemed to have no sense of humor—the Goethe ‘scholar’ blankly refused to follow orders, not believing his ears. After beseeching him, in soft and beguiling accents, not to be so hasty, Dr. Schuler gave him one minute in which to change his mind. At the expiration of the term allotted, Dr. Schuler regretfully ordered one of his guards to strangle the professor immediately. As the death rattle sounded in the room, the many-talented guard began to prepare him for the mummification which would enable the defunct scholar to act as an example to the learned crew long after his demise. In very fact, our professor was eventually installed on a throne at the head of the class, as it were, in his winding-sheets, resin, aromatic essences, and KKK cone-hat.

There had been no more protests, and this evening it was Dr. Schuler’s task to inform Professor Asner that he would be working on the recently-retrieved *Lectures on the German Lied*, which the Leader had delivered at Bayreuth back in the thirties. Fat, foul-breathed, cheesy-smelling Asner tried to look as pleased as punch with the assignment, and Dr. Schuler was so touched by the evident effort that he almost patted the fool on the back. Almost.

But hark! Dr. Schuler’s acute hearing had sensed a distant sound. “They’re back!” he exclaimed, and bidding a fond, albeit temporary, adieu to his busy little slaves, he hurried up the spiral staircase, tiptoed through the choir, down the steps, and across the transept. His footfall sounded gently on the marble of the nave as he greeted his returning acolytes, whose smiles told him of good deeds well done. “Let us repair to the TV room, my sons!” They followed him as he recrossed the choir and led them to a small recreation room which had formerly served as a Lady Chapel. He flicked on the telly, and there it was.....

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY TOOK PLACE IN TIMES SQUARE THIS EVENING, AS UNKNOWN GUNMEN SHOT TO DEATH ONE OF NEW YORK’S MOST BELOVED SONS, HIS HONOR, MAYOR GLIB. THE MAYOR WAS GUNNED DOWN IN FRONT OF THE STATIONERY STORE WHERE HE HAD GONE TO PURCHASE AN ANNIVERSARY CARD FOR HIS DEAR WIFE. DETAILS AT 11:30. AND NOW BACK TO OUR GERALDO SPECIAL:

*EXTENDED FAMILY SEX ORGIES—
DON’T BE JEALOUS: JOIN IN!*

Dr. Schuler rose from his seat and beckoned to his soldiers. “Come outside and let us chat beneath the waning crescent moon. I’m in a poetic mood tonight, and I think that moonlight would suit us well. Let us sit in the garden and tell happy stories of the death of mayors. But first, let me rev up the old stereo system. I need a little inspiration.” In a moment, he returned, with a broad smile lighting up his fine Nordic face. “So how did it go, George?” The leader of the little group smiled and told the story of Mayor Glib’s sad ending, adding that, as was to be expected, the system was lying through its teeth regarding the circumstances of the late Mayor’s hurried departure from this vale of tears.

Dr. Schuler interrupted: “We all knew that they would try to put a brave face on this disaster by means of the usual disinformation. But rest assured—we’ve hurt them where they live tonight, and they know it. The subhuman scum who witnessed the attack will start a far more effective whispering campaign than I would ever be able to mount, largely because they will not know what they’re doing. I will, however, clarify the position by Sunday Night. Let me just say that the Secretary of State is attending a gab-fest at the U.N. on Monday morning, and I think that we should pay our respects to the old bulldyke in person. What say you all?”

In chorus, the blackshirted men shouted, “we are here to meet out thrashings!” Dr. Schuler laughed and, leaning back in his *chaise*

longue, pointed up at the stained glass window of the clerestory opposite him. "Do you know what we're fighting for, really fighting for, my soldiers, my workers, my totally mobilized? Do you see that figure there upending the tables of the money-changers? You know, of course, that the god has taken many shapes over the millenia, and that was one of them. But the stones which border the glass, the wondrously carved gargoyles, the splendor of the Palestrina Mass which you hear in the distance—all of these things represent the god who lives in our blood, the blood of the Great Race. For now we must live in what I like to call the Empire of the Gothic Night, but soon we will see the day and will rule in its light! We have been more fortunate than most, however, to have lived in the century during which the most authentic image of that god who lurks, who storms, who rages in our very essence, has walked our earth, and breathed our air, and suffered our death. That is much, is it not?"

The young men nodded, much moved by these deeply-felt words. Dr. Schuler leaned over and asked Gino, the youngest of the comrades, if those two homeless geeks were trying to camp out on the steps of the church again.

"I think so, Dr. Schuler. Shall I...?"

"Yes, please do—use your silencer, and call for a special trash pickup in the A.M."

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Now what were we talking about. Oh yes, church architecture; I believe that will maintain the current ecclesiological orientation of our sacred buildings after the revolution." Two dull reports pierced the silence of the night, and Gino, with a wide grin on his innocent face, sat down to discuss matters of deep philosophical and theological import with the Master. Eventually, the talk turned to the opera, an enthusiasm for which Dr. Schuler had easily communicated to his young disciples. They had become quite fond, of course, of the works of Richard Wagner, and he knew that their love for the wizard of Bayreuth would pique their interest in his latest scheme.

"Have you heard, my friends, of the new production of *Tristan und Isolde* which is being prepared for the Meyerson Opera House?"

No? Well, it promises to be a very interesting enterprise as it is rumored to be under the direction of Mel Chechetz. You will admit that he is certainly a most innovative force in the modernist theatre." Dr. Schuler paused for a moment, and his twinkling, bright-blue eyes surveyed the group of young men with an amused expression.

George exploded: "I can imagine what that old chicken-hawk is going to do with *Tristan*! He'll probably tart it up as some kind of homo-propaganda, you know, Tristan making eyes at Marke, or Isolde cast as a bit of rough trade."

"Both," replied Dr. Schuler, contentedly, as he gazed through the branches of a huge oak tree, which had allegedly been planted by Edgar Allan Poe himself a century and a half ago; the sky was gray with mist and the moon was a ghost of herself.

"I think, Gino, that you had better go down to Mulberry Street tomorrow morning; I want you to pay my respects to Don Giuseppe, and ask him if he'd be willing to do a little more kidnapping for the good of the cause. The details are in this note. I have a brilliant idea for a talk-show interview on the *Dave Blade Live* show—honest Dave has decided to split from the program and come over to our ranks, but I told him that I want him to perform one last service for the movement before he hangs up his microphone for good. The 'system' seems to be coming apart at the seams, I imagine, and the rats are looking for alternative accommodations."

"What do you have in mind, sir?" asked Charles, a brilliant young authority on electronic torture devices and Impressionist art—when he wasn't dismantling some enemy or other, he could be found lecturing on Claude Monet at N.Y.U.

"Well, let's get a hold of the good Mr. Chechetz first, and then I will unveil my latest bit of fun. It's getting a bit chilly out here, and I need some sleep, so let us call it a night. Tomorrow's Saturday—let us meet here at noon. We've got a busy weekend ahead of us, and I want to be fresh!"

"Good night, sir!" the men cried in unison, and they rushed off into the night. Dr. Schuler waited for the last bars of the Palestrina Mass to fade to silence, then he arose, and crept off to bed. It had

been a good day, indeed.....

III

The Guys Can't Help It

On the fourth floor of a gentrified warehouse building up on 47th St., a stage had been set up at the far side of the entrance door. At a little end-table set up by the side of the stage, Mel Chechetz prepared a light repast. On top of a two-burner hot-plate sat two medium-sized, and very ancient-looking frying pans in which sizzled two pounds of fatty bacon. Mel always ate by himself, for he realized that the spectacle of his chow-time had lost him several friends over the years. Evidently, something in the operation disturbed them, he thought, as he hoisted the partially-cooked bacon onto a platter heaped deeply with paper towels. Then, after licking his stubby fingers, he eagerly began toasting a huge loaf of bread in the still hissing bacon fat, two pieces at a time, ten seconds on each side—done in a jiff. Then he settled down to break his fast. He had just finished washing down the fatty mess with a half-gallon of Hawaiian Punch, when through the door of the rehearsal hall seeped as eerie a gaggle of poofers as had been seen since the last Halloween Parade on the West side. There were Phyllis Diller look-alikes, Elizabeth Taylor look-alikes (or could one of them have been the real thing?), tough hombres from the *Ramrod* school of metaphysics, and assorted geraniums and pansies in all shades and attitudes. Moving to the center of the room, Mel, a bizarre-looking toad with frizzy black hair and (you guessed it!) bulging embonpoint was vainly lisping orders past the sides of his immense proboscis to one and all: "Come ladies and gentlemen; we've got work to do, all of you darling love-machines!" Cackles stormed the rafters, and varnished fingernails drifted from buttock to buttock as the crew began to sort themselves out.

"Let me begin by explaining just what it is that I'm trying to do," he began.

"You're trying to get into the drawers of the dead mayor!" some queen in a Lana Turner outfit shouted from the center of the parquet floor.

"Very funny, I'm sure—but I do draw the line at necrophilia,

my sweet," insisted Mr. Mel Chechetz, whose idea of fun was, simply, a boy; his idea of more fun was, simply, more boys.

"But seriously—we're doing *Tristan* at the Meyerson, and I want this to be the frilliest performance of Wagner ever, ever!" The cackling laughter of the throng sounded like tortured geese, and before silence had resumed its sway, three rough-looking Italians in biker jackets had entered the rehearsal room and were seating themselves in the rear.

Appreciative glances were shot their way, but I'm afraid that Chechetz and his fruitcakes were under some major misapprehensions as to the purposes of the visitors. No one knew who they were, and that made the flirtatious crew even more curious about the new kids in town.

"Pipe down, ladies; we have work to do," shouted Chechetz. "My *Tristan* production is going to elicit all sorts of meanings from this libretto that poor Wagner's subconscious, hetero-mind was unaware of—I'm going to evoke a whole new dimension of sexuality and liberation from this tragic drama. You'll remember the phallic symbolism employed by Wieland Wagner in his most-divine production? Of course you do! Well I'm going to go him one better, by covering the stage in priapic properties—I intend to dress the entire theatre as a veritable cornucopia of male members. And the three leads are going to be played by three very hunky guys in such voluminous codpieces as would have astonished the Elizabethans themselves!"

Laughter, posturing, applause, and kisses; champagne flowed and affection blossomed in the air. Chechetz's grotesquely made-up eyes beamed down upon the crew, and very delicate gestures fluttered like doves in the midst of the weirdos. Mel belched, and then began his speech proper, but, I'm afraid, the fun was not to continue, for before Chechetz could continue his spiel, the toughs at the back of the room rose up as one, and made for the stage. Two of them grasped the obese poof by the shoulders and began escorting him to the door, while the third removed three plastic bags from a leather case. The queers giggled nervously as Chechetz and the three men reached the door, and then the man with the plastic bags tore open their tops and

proceeded to hurl a few grisly pounds of kitty-litter saturated with cat-urine at the dainty crowd. The shrieking and the terror were not to be believed as they attempted to get away from the disgraceful porridge. But before they could make a move for the door, it had been shut, barred, and bolted, leaving plenty of pooves with cat-whizz all over them and, well, a most untoward situation to contend with.

When the doorman saw Chechetz being escorted by such rough-looking young men, he ignored the fat queer's expostulations in the belief that he was just faking his distress. On most occasions, that would have been a sound inference, but—alas!—today was not just any day, and Melvin's cries of pain were genuine and poignant as he was hustled into the waiting black van by the curb. The doorman shook his head and smirked, as he returned to the sports page. "What a character!" he mused, tongue in cheek.

By four P.M., the inimitable chanteuse, 'Babs' Solarz, had called a press-conference at her apartment on Fifth Avenue across from Central Park, to draw attention to the abduction of one of her "deawest fwends, a piwa of da community," et cetera and so forth.

Her monstrous nostrils, more closely resembling pieces of earth-moving equipment than any product of wholesome evolutionary biology, kept banging awkwardly against the poor microphone helplessly perched, amid a typhoon of unsavory saliva, on the rickety bridge table she had borrowed from her loud-mouthed Mom, who could be heard bedeviling the staff in the kitchen. Her helmet-stiff, frosted blonde mane kept swishing back and forth in front of the famous face, as she ranted and crooned, bellowed and boomed at the assembled reporters and hangers-on.

"We know," she continued, in her usual, plangent tones, "just who is to bwame for this howendous occuwnce, and they must be made to pay for their cwimes! Amewica has no place for homophobes!" She shrieked on for endless minutes, while her associates attempted to stay downwind of her renowned armpits. Miss Babs was famous even among her scabrous cronies for the insalubrious atmosphere she toted around with her, something compounded of old

makeup, unwashed feet, unmentionable aromas from unmentionable sources, and the tons of fermenting month-old detritus which she carted around in her storied schnozz. From far away, she looked almost clean, but one was quickly apprised of the ruse on closer proximity. A famous theater critic, one of the few in New York who possessed the courage to pan the performances of Miss Babs, remarked, ironically, after an interview which he had conducted with her in her dressing room at the Gershwin Theater, that Babs reminded him of St. Hilarion, who boasted loudly of his physical filthiness; of St. Anthony, who was said by St. Athanasius never to have washed his feet; of St. Abraham, who, in fifty years, had washed neither feet nor hands; and of St. Silvia, who washed nothing but her fingers! Yummy! Babs continued shrieking her tale of woe, her dire caterwauling of boycott and blackout, her cacophonous threats of a move to Tel Aviv, and so on and so forth, until the end of the conference, when she stormed out in a rage at her mother, who had not yet finished preparing the canapes and finger-food. Babs raced down the hallway and jumped into the waiting elevator in a tempest; she found herself confronted by a handsome elderly gentlemen with four very young, and very handsome young men, who smiled knowingly at the famous diva. She smiled back, her factitious and cyclopean chompers shining suggestively at her companions. They continued to smile as they ushered the giggling nymph onto the service stairs on the second floor, where she must have thought she was going to receive her just desserts. Well, my friends, she was, but not in precisely the fashion that she had expected. She was laid out on the icy concrete floor, with her pasty arms pinned tightly to her side, before she realized the nature of her escorts' intent. She screamed like a welfare mammy threatened with a job, until her gaping mouth was taped shut. As the strident echoes died, Dr. Schuler removed the surgical tools from their plush case, and proceeded as well to remove the palpably excessive tip of that hideous nasal appendage which had for so long offended the doctor's fastidious aesthetic sense. Miss Babs fainted quite dead away, and, after placing the tip of the good lady's nose in her tacky alligator-skinned handbag, he bowed politely to the

unconscious 'lady,' and whispered to his cronies that they should get out of there before they caught something "for which science has been thus far unable to find a cure. I believe that we have an appointment with a famous—and soon-to-be infamous—show-biz personality, lads. We must be punctual. *Avanti!*"

STAY TUNED! WHEN WE RETURN, MEL CHECHETZ
WILL BE IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA WITH SOME
INTERESTING REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURE OF
"THE JEWISH EXPERIENCE!"

☆ ☆ ☆

PLATO'S DEATH
(ARISTOCLES, SON OF ARISTON,
GOES TO THE GODS)

Outside, past the lamps, it is damp;
And the cold, ebon-tressed darkness
Is bleeding through the quivering foliage.
Here, within a warm, scented chamber,
A slender, pale forefinger,
Soft-silhouetted by dancing orange flames beyond,
Is beating time, beating time,
Now imparting to the pale Thracian maiden
(Still unknowing of the Lord
Who slips, barely conscious, Lethewards, down)
The rhythm of the *nomos*
She's too weary to coax from her flute,
Which drops to the floor
In a sad consummation.

Now: to annotate
The golden scroll which bares
The wide Cosmos to wondering eyes....

□

Dear George:
Merry Christmas !!!! Vergnügte
Weihnachten!!!!

LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR

I hope my articles haven't placed you in a position to receive blighting hate mail. If any of your readers has a lemon up his/her tail, I suggest that they spit their venom my way and not yours. I reserve my American right to have controversial opinions and I support this right relative to my critics. I might suggest, however, that all of those who get their dander up, as a result of reading what I have to say, just refuse to continue reading anything which has my name on it.

I don't get pissed off at Holocaust movies, or MTV, simply because I don't watch this crap. I never get irritated at the white trash who show up at "rock concerts" merely because I never attend any.

Some blight-wingers remind me of the idiot who cats goat manure and then complains about his bad breath.

I am afraid that many of my critics are not interested about "truth" per se. They use what they believe to be the truth as a rationalization for finding someone to hate (usually the jews). This is why many of the bone-head revisionists receive so much support. They peddle their "truth" about WWII which fertilizes the wishful-thinking of those who need a reason to hate jews. This is easily demonstrated by telling a favorable truth about the jews. Once anyone does so, he is sure to be on the receiving end of non-jew hate.

Any revisionist blast concerning the latest jew-lie is received as another propaganda victory in a war the jews won long ago. Revisionists, and their supporters, are very similar to the red-necks who love arguing about the American Civil War. Arguing, and sending money to keep alive dead issues, is little other than wheel-spinning, frustration building, and extremely wasteful of our resources. Those who believe that "fighting" the Holocaust is issue number one, have continued to believe this for nearly one-half of a century. It is sad to know that these people will go to their graves carrying the same anger and sense of futility they have been harboring for decades. They are no different than the goofs who make the "end-timers" rich by sending them millions of dollars and bawling about "Jesus". They too, will go to their graves without ever experiencing any rapture.

If you want to look at the stars, you must first get your head out of the mud and admit that your head was in the mud and it needs a good washing. That's the first truth we must deal with. There are others.

Fact 1: The jews control TV, movies, and most of the periodicals. Period. They have the resources, desire, and opportunity, to manufacture kosher baloney by the tons, day after day. This is the truth you should be focusing on and not the content of their aired fantasies. Bull-crap about short-wave, public access TV, courtroom dancing, and other nonsense, will NEVER put a dent in the propaganda power of the jews. In fact, if blight-wing windmills ever started to get effective, then some "accident" would be arranged.

The problem with revisionism is that it is reactionary and out of tune with what America was supposed to be about. The burden of proof lies totally with the accuser and, in spite of the recent Perry Mason shows, one does not have to "prove his innocence." This inversion of "who's on top" is part of the revisionist folderol. A pack of jews manufacture another "whopper" and the revisionists immediately go into the "proving it false" business. It takes only a few moments to fabricate a tale but disproving it could take years.

Revisionists also have spaghetti for brains. They believe that jews are history's foremost liars and then they dive into a foray as if they were battling a truth. If you held as axiomatic a notion that the jews always told the truth, then stabbing at their latest tale would, at least, have some component of logic. Walt Disney never produced a true movie and neither did the rest of Hollywood, then, now, or ever. If you want to fight blather, you'll always be employed, that is, if you can convince someone to pay for your imprudence. After nine years, Don Clark finally learned that his wife was a slut but that didn't change her one bit.

Fact 2: All television is anti-Aryan. Period. If you are getting myopia gawking at the tube and waiting for some "break", then you had better fill your larder with a large supply of popcorn.

Fact 3: A massive number of white people are worthless and it is a waste of time trying to let "the truth set them free". Yes friends, thousands of pale-faces are degenerates and renegades. Our frontier Redskins never had the brains to manufacture guns and bullets, but some white apostate (prototype capitalist) managed to sell them some. The

"white race" needs a lot of pruning." *

Fact 4: The jews never seized the American reins of power. It was handed to them by Whites many of whom share in that power. It is the Zionism they hold in common. Six, or ten, million jews simply could not control 200 million white people unless most of them gave their tacit consent to playing "drop the soap" [*This is exactly what I must have told a hundred or so thousand people over the years, including our late Professor Oliver: A few million jews, scattered all over the world, could not have achieved the positions of control and power they now have had it not been for the ACTIVE HELP, AID AND ASSISTANCE OF OUR OWN WHITE, CHRISTIAN brethren!!!* — Editor].

Fact 5: You cannot save idiots from their stupidity. Millions of Whites are little other than high-grade morons. Why cast rubys before hogs? Anyone stupid enough to snort cocaine rightly deserves the problems which follow. Drugs follow the stupid as do the flies who migrate towards the sewer. If you believe that all white people are equal, and valuable, then how are you different from those who believe that all hominids are equal, and valuable? This smacks of warped christianity and marxism.

Do the people who get upset over movies about a phoney Holocaust also get torqued out watching "The Wizard of Oz"? It's time to grab the sleeping Princess by one of her knockers and get her to open her eyes. Hasn't the failure of forty years of Holocaust jousting dayned upon anyone yet?

If we suppose that the revisionist wishful-thinking finally bears fruit and the Holocaust is relegated to some Fairy Tale book, then what? Will the rapes and muggings stop? Will the give-away of our sovereignty cease? Will all of the Mestizos return to Capistrano? Will the perverts stop playing with rectums and the drug-soaked suddenly find Christ? Will all of the race-traitors promptly become racists? Will the lions lie down with the goyim? And swords turned into sky-hooks? Will a wishful thought-come-true only give birth to another wishful thought?

While the passengers are debating over whether the band played a waltz or a fox-trot, they should firstly remember that the ship is called Titanic.

Sincerely, Robert Frano

✠ ✠ ✠

Mr. J. E. Dunlap
Editor Emeritus
Harrison Daily Times
P.O. Box 40, Harrison AR 72602

Dear Mr. Dunlap:

October 16, 1994

I was surprised with the contents of your "On the Inside" column of Sunday, 16 October. You gave credit to a late Logan Jarnigan for the authorship of this 'mythical' *Last Will of Adolf Hitler* that constituted your column. It was a scathing propaganda piece right out of the waning days of World War II. A time, by the way, when most of us had had our emotions for *hate* and *brutality* raised to white-hot heat by the clever and talented merchants of propaganda so ably employed by our government and that of Great Britain.

Many of us, Mr. Dunlap, especially young soldiers such as I, hardly out of our teens when the war ended, began to have feelings of unease about the origins of the War and its conduct by our side by mid-1946. As Sergeant/Major of the Office of the Surgeon for all of the United Kingdom in early 1946, I had as my chief clerk a young German soldier: a POW. Not only was he the most efficient aide I ever had, he was the most intelligent. We were the same age: 22 years. We had many arguments in the privacy of my office and when I allowed him to speak freely. Unlike the element that controls most of the press in this country today, I truly believed in free speech. I learned much from Frank W——. He made me aware that two sides exist, at least, to every proposition.

When one cools from the heat of anger, Mr. Dunlap, often one finds that he is ashamed of the excesses he committed during his fit of pique. When I went to Japan during the Korean War, I was amazed at their industriousness; their friendliness; their intelligence. I returned home in late 1951 with an entirely altered opinion of the Japanese. While I thought of them as "*scum*" in 1944, not knowing then that Roosevelt et al had deliberately driven them into an attack upon Pearl Harbor so that Roosevelt could loose US forces against the Germans (who had done nothing to us, by the way), I think of the Japanese to-

day as an extraordinary people of great ability. How odd that you would print an article today that refers to them as "*scum*."

The war in Europe ended 50 years ago next Spring, Mr. Dunlap. Within three years after WW I ended, historians and writers were already engaged in taking to task those government and media figures who had lied to the people so egregiously in order to fan to high heat a hatred for their German foe. Lies that painted the Germans as "Huns" who caught babies on their bayonets. By 1930 the British government had already admitted its guilt in this shameful charade to arouse killing instincts within its citizenry. The film "All Quiet on the Western Front" showed with great skill and emotion that the German soldier was every bit as brave and honorable as the allied soldier. Unhappily, as Oxford historian A.J.P. Taylor reminds us, no such effort to tell the truth about allied propaganda of WW II was made after that cruel and unnecessary war. All soldiers are to be pitied. They are but the pawns used by governments to further ignoble ends.

While in England in September of this year, I returned to a spot where I was once stationed in the summer of 1944. The facility is now a hospital of sorts. I learned this trip that a Victory Oak had been set out on the grounds there by my old commanding officer in the summer of 1945. I asked to visit that oak. One of the staff, a woman of my generation, volunteered to show me the oak. As we walked down the corridor toward its location, I told her that I had been stationed there in 1944. She was interested to learn this. She was in the forces herself at that time she said. She turned to me and rather sadly said, "We were so full of hope for the future in 1945, weren't we?" I nodded. "What went wrong?" she asked. "Why has such evil overtaken us? We thought we were the victors! Now there is so much degeneracy in your country and mine."

"I know the source of the evil," I said. "But, unfortunately, I have not the time to explain it just now."

I find it rather grotesque, Mr. Dunlap, for you to print such an outdated propaganda piece as you did this morning. One wonders why. There is an element in our society, of course, that has gained much from refusing to allow WW II to end. Tragically, that element, alien in its allegiance and destructive in its assault upon our traditions, now owns the press. But, there are faint signs the people are becoming

aware of this peril. I take some heart in that.

Yours truly
E. Hume, Arkansas

Reprinted from *Harrison Daily Times*, J.E. Dunlap, Jr., Publisher Emeritus; Sunday, October 16, 1994. P.O. Box 40, Harrison AR, 72602-0040.

on the
inside
by J.E.D.

Another piece of memorabilia left by the late Logan Jamagin was a "Last Will and Testament of Adolf Hiter, alias Adolf Schickelgruber."

It was dated "very soon" and the printing was compliments of Hammerschmidt Lumber Co., who at the time had served this community for 33 years. The lumber company's phone number - 333.

Here's the copy:

I, Adolf Hitler, being of unsound mind and misery, and considering the possibility of a fatal accident known as assassination, declare this to be my last (you hope) will and testament.

To France, I leave all the beautiful Mademoiselles in occupied Paris. I was never the one for girls. Whoops!

To England, I leave the original manuscript of *Mein Kampf*, which their R.A.F. spoiled. I had written a different finish, but their fliers got me in the end.

To America, I leave Walter Winchell who always said, "To heil with Hitler." I know he'll be very busy on my funeral day so he'd better not come—business before pleasure.

To Mussolini, I leave my Chaplin mustache, which he is to make into a toupe for his ivory dome. He will need a disguise to hide from the Italians who know what a mess he got them into.

To Franklin D. Roosevelt, I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing, but he got even. His "Unconditional Surrender" agreement at Casablanca certainly cooked my goose.

To Goebbels and Ribbentrop, I leave 30 million marks (two dollars) to buy a gift for my mother and father who are getting married the day I die.

To Count Ciano, son-in-law of Mussolini, I leave the Victoria Cross for bringing down in one day, 41 bombers and 72 fighters—all Italian.

To Norway's Quisling, I leave my double cross. He was a piker compared to me, when it came to double crossing.

To Poland, I leave a 16x10 gold-framed photograph of myself to hang in their public schools to scare the hell out of any kid who might think along Nazi lines.

To the Jews, I leave a new holiday, which they will celebrate annually. The whole world knows I was kind to them but they somehow did not seem to appreciate it.

To Japan's (Land of the rising scum) Hirohito, I leave all my medals, which will help him sink quicker when he goes down in the Pacific.

To the German people, I leave all pictures of myself, especially those printed on soft paper, as I know what they will do with them.

To Himmler and Goering, I leave the final execution of my will as they are experienced at executions.

To the entire world, I just leave, and will they thank God!

My final wish is that I be buried in an asbestos suit, as I will need

it where I am going.

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear Mr. Dietz,

November 1, 1994

Enclosed please find check in the amount of \$75.00 for a renewal of my subscription to *Liberty Bell* for the year 1995 by airmail..

Regarding Joseph D. Pryce's "Colloquy At The Edge Of The Void" in the November issue, the author makes some good points especially when he speaks of the predisposition of right wingers to participate in radio and TV talk shows while unprepared. However, I would warn your readers of Alain de Benoist who the author says "has...a better shot at recruiting the significant minority, the Spenglers, the Chamberlains, and the Rosenbergs who will act as the masters of thought in our revolutionary age. Evidently M. de Benoist looks down his nose with disdain at National Socialism and those who champion it. In a letter to the editor of the *Scorpion* he writes: "The question of knowing to what extent a platform should be offered to extreme individuals or groups is *not* a matter of respectability, but rather, as I see it, a question of knowing what positions one wishes to affirm. If you decide to publish Mr. (Colin) Jordan's elucubrations that is up to you but it should only be done on condition that you clearly distance yourself from him, otherwise you run the risk of not being taken seriously as a platform of debate...". No doubt M. de Benoist considers himself a respectable rightist and Mr. Colin Jordan and National Socialism as being beyond the pale. Mr. Colin Jordan's latest contribution to *Liberty Bell* was, I believe, in the June 1994 issue, "National Socialism: A Philosophical Appraisal".

The Scorpion,
Lützowstrasse 39,
D-50674 Köln am Rhein, Germany

Sincerely, W.S., Turkey

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Pass along your copy of *Liberty Bell*, and copies of reprints you obtained from us, to friends and acquaintances who may be on our "wave length," and urge them to contact us for more of the same.

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

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

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

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RACE FROM ALIEN DOMINATION!**