

The Kennedy Myth

by Prof. Revilo P. Oliver

I have occasionally cited in these pages a highly intelligent Jew, Eric Margolis, who is on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Sun*, to which he contributes a column that is always worth reading. A Jewish journalist is able to state boldly, when it pleases him, truths which would make an Aryan journalist unemployed overnight.

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

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

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

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

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

Nikita Khrushchev met the young Kennedy at Vienna. He left convinced that the president was a shallow, inexperienced weakling, a mere "pretty boy" in the Russian's words. Khrushchev's opinion was reinforced by Kennedy's scandalous failure to react when the Berlin Wall was put up. During the Bay of Pigs fiasco, Kennedy and his alter ego,

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

Robert MacNamara, father of the Edsel, made the fatal and shameful decision to deny invading Cuban exiles promised air cover and direct U.S. military support. Kennedy blamed this disaster on the CIA and purged its senior ranks of men who were professionals and patriots.^[2] . . .

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

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

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

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

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

I can only thank Mr. Margolis for having used

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

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

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

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

The majority of Americans, accustomed by Christianity to ignore reality, probably never noticed what was really happening to the country they had given away and were not willing to recover, or, if they did perchance notice some event that gave them pause, they quickly forgot. Years ago a professional liar named Drew Pearson, then at the height of his popularity, was said to have engaged experts in “public relations” to “study” his output of propaganda; they reported that within a space of thirteen weeks (magic number!) he could completely reverse his position on a given issue and his readers and auditors, except a minority so tiny as to be inconsiderable, would not perceive that he had done so. That, I fear, measures the mnemonic power of the average American.

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

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

assembled thieves who voted for it.⁴

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

Members of the Congress must feel only contempt for the stupid animals that pay taxes and vote for them, but some probably pity the dumb brutes and may feel some reluctance further to afflict them. On the quality of the Congress I again quote Mr. Margolis, who, on 12 September 1993,

⁴ When the drive to rush the iniquitous measure through the Congress began, a friend of mine, having seen only vague reports of its provisions in the press, resolved to find out what the text actually said. When he called the office of a Senator, he found that the great man's staff had only a hazy notion of what was in the bill, and did not know where a copy of it could be obtained. By persistent inquiry, my friend finally ascertained that a copy could be purchased from the Superintendent of Documents, from whom he learned that the bill before the Congress consisted of four volumes, of which the last two were merely lists of the American, Canadian, and Mexican tariffs that would be abolished: the operative part of the bill was in the first two volumes, totaling about two thousand pages, of which he could buy a copy for \$80.00. He found that if he made the purchase in the usual way, his copy of the two volumes would not arrive until after the date set for a vote on the bill, but, by use of persistence and a credit card, he finally succeeded in obtaining the two volumes by air express (at his cost, of course). Being one of the very few Americans willing to pay more than \$90.00 to find out what was going to be done to our doomed nation, he read through the two thousand pages, discovering that anyone who read only the first hundred pages or so would not discover the really drastic subversion of the country for which provision was made a few hundred pages later. He is probably one of the very few persons, aside from the plotters who drafted the act of treason, who have read the North American Free Trade Agreement. It is highly unlikely that any of the Senators and Representatives who voted for the measure had read it. Why should they take the time to read the two volumes? It was just another piece of legislation to hasten the liquidation of the self-doomed American people; all that mattered to each legislator was how much he could get as a bribe from the Rodham-Clinton pair—a bribe which would, of course, be paid by the boobs who had voted for him because they had the silly notion that he would represent them.

reported a visit to the fetid swamp called Washington, D.C., where he saw “Senators and congressmen strutt[ing] about, surrounded by clouds of fawning lobbyists and simpering sycophants.”

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

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

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

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

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

On the fourth of July [!] 1962, Kennedy publicly stated that the concept of national independence was obsolete and that “we must move on . . . to interdependence upon [*sic*] other nations.” In a viable nation with an alert citizenry, that avowal would have been immediately followed by impeachment and removal from the office of the young punk who was betraying it.

The significance of that slightly veiled statement and of the Trade Expansion Act that was almost simultaneously rammed through a venal Congress was not overlooked by competent observers. That dire menace was, for example, clearly expounded by Dan Smoot, the author of *The Invisible Government*, in his newsletter of 6 August 1962, and by quite a few other writers. It was known, of course, to the patriots who organized the famous

Indignation Meetings, although their principal emphasis was on Kennedy’s open collaboration with Communist nations in Europe and sabotage of our armed forces for their benefit.

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

The purpose of the economic sabotage has been openly proclaimed by the great Jewish satrap, Avraham ben Elazar, alias Dr. Henry Kissinger,⁵ who publicly stated that the North American Free Trade Agreement “is not a conventional trade agreement but the architect of a new international system . . . the most creative step toward a **new world order** taken by any group of countries since the [fake] end of the [fake] Cold War.” Like Philo Judaeus twenty centuries ago,⁶ he rejoices in anticipation of the now proximate time when nations will be abolished and the whole world will be subjected to “One World” under the supervision of old Yahweh, who is now often redefined in the well-known maxim, “God *is* the Jewish People.”

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

In the old days, when farmers were not too lazy to raise chickens, a housewife usually prepared for Sunday dinner by going into the chicken yard and

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

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

grasping a hen by the neck, holding it thus as she carried it to the block on which she cut off its head. For some minutes, the helpless hen was afraid of what was going to happen to it. It differed in that respect from Americans. They are not afraid—or if, perchance, they have some twinges of vague apprehension, they quickly drug themselves into a mindless stupor by lapping up the ordure that pours constantly from the sewers of the Jews' television.

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

[*Liberty Bell*; March 1994]