



Dedicated to:
Orvis and Helen Smith

At each step of the way I've had my own guardian angels that've been by my side to make the difference between a "learning experience" and a personal catastrophe. Orvis and Helen Smith are the stars of this show in so far as the Las Animas phase of the autobiographical material is concerned. They weren't the first nor were they the last but none shone brighter than they did in the time of greatest jeopardy.

INTRODUCTION

There's a fine line between coincidence and what's been called synchronicity or, perhaps better put, fate. Maybe it all has to do with how high the odds are. Choose a rugged, uphill path in life and the phenomenon becomes dramatically more pronounced. Pass an existence of doing just as you're told and only what is expected of you and it has little opportunity of manifesting itself.

I've discovered that even "mistakes" committed under the volition of one's own free will, while they still believe they are in charge of things, do nothing to nullify the effect. So long as one remains faithfully and fanatically dedicated to a set course, the proper course, one based in truth, he can assimilate anything and pass through all travail with a seeming hand of protection. All of the Enemy's vengeful power and evil intent will end up going for nothing.

When discussing personalities, improbable odds again determine when, where and how people and events are matched. Lead a "normal" existence, a passive existence, and one individual is about as good as any other. Step over the line and you'll come to know and appreciate the really remarkable types. Kipling said it best in his poem of "The Thousandth Man"

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worthwhile seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole world against you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the findings for'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks, or your acts, or your glory.
But if he finds you and you find him,
The rest of the world doesn't matter;

For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk
Than he uses yours for his spending
And laugh and meet in your daily walk
As though there had been no lendings.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
For silver and gold in their dealings;
But the Thousandth Man he's worth 'em all,
Because you can show him your feelings.

His wrong's your wrong, and his
right's your right.
In season or out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's sight
With that for your only reason!
Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter,
But the Thousandth Man will stand by
your side.
To the gallows foot - and after!

By that, one would have to laboriously sift through a thousand people in order to find just one man with the caliber of Orvis Smith. Of course, it doesn't work that way. They're there when they're needed, if the cause is righteous. They're there when, it seems, the rest of the world doesn't count. I increased my own chances of meeting this one extraordinary person by deliberately choosing the high road in life. That's where they dwell.

On the very day I arrived in Las Animas, Colorado, to take up residence in my new home in January, 1992, Orvis Smith was there to greet me as my next-door neighbor. I was there, in that spot, for what was to be but a short time. I was there in order to undergo something necessary to my own development, in order to push and prod me into achievements that, otherwise, would never be realized. There was danger waiting in store but Orvis, or Snuffy as he liked to be called, was

there from the beginning and throughout to see me safely through it, thus forestalling the disaster which the Enemy System had intended.

Snuffy had been born January 15th, 1932, in Bloom, Kansas, three months after his own father had died. He and his wife, Helen, had six children. He was of the same incredibly hard stuff as my own father who had been an Indiana plough boy. Both Snuffy and his wife were deeply religious people, being members of the Dunkard sect. Helen was never to be seen without the white lace apparatus on her head while Orvis had had to temporarily leave his church in order to go and fight in the Korean War.

Once, in a discussion of his own service time in the early Fifties as part of Navy flight crews in San Diego, he indicated that he did recall having worked with a Commander G. Lincoln Rockwell who had been in charge of training fighter pilots.

Although I never pushed politics and although he never probed, neither he nor anyone else could have failed to miss the huge Swastika banner on my study wall present there from the beginning. I had always kept it prominent wherever I made my abode to the extent that most people merely assumed I was some sort of "collector". But Orvis did on one occasion during our friendship drop mention of the "Illuminati".

First, in aiding me to collect my scattered belongings and affairs following the precipitous departure from Ohio, and then at the time of the System attack of March, 1994, when most could have been expected to head for the hills, his help was way past above and beyond. He was there like an angel, without question or hesitation. And he seemed to be enjoying it.

Over the months that were to come, the role he played in standing by me, keeping me afloat, in one piece and in the game, was nothing short of breathtakingly inspirational. The ever-increasing difficulty the System was encountering in driving its sword home, despite every overwhelming advantage, was due mainly to Snuffy's involvement. The System had counted on isolating me for the kill.

How often over the previous two years he had said of the encroaching System and its opportunistic bureaucrats that he had fought "those Communist bastards" in Korea.

During April of 1995 I was blessed with being able to spend one final month as the guest of Snuffy and his wife as I awaited the day of sentencing, the result of the arrangement that permitted me to escape a

crushing prison sentence but yet allowed the System to partially save face following its own horribly bungled assault.

It was during that time, almost as an afterthought, that we devised the plan that would definitively declare that no issue would ever be ended unless and until we decided it was over.

Seemingly robust and always game, Snuffy had nonetheless been living with a medical retirement and was not in good health. But on the day we initiated our plan we had returned home by way of a local tavern and he was in the highest good humor. Days later, with everything set, he and his wife were with me at the hearing. It was the last time I saw him.

Over the coming months of my incarceration, we remained in close touch via correspondence and over the phone. To the end, Snuffy handled my affairs for me faithfully and well. When he was gone, his wife took over and continued doing a splendid job. It is no overstatement to say that, between them, they made up my lifeline.

In the final tally, the System attack faded away having had not much effect, apart from having inspired this book. By having gone through the test, precisely as my attorney had told the pig court, I emerged a more formidable and effective opponent than before. The story, as told in these pages and dedicated to my friend, Orvis, rests in your hands.

And during the course of this tale, the general momentum of events began to increase dramatically as we head for the day of final confrontation.

June, 2003 Denver, Colorado

Part One

OUT OF THE DUST

Down the alley that I had covered so many times before I headed from the tiny "downtown" back to my home only a few blocks away. "Police business" it had been again as it had become the custom by that time in July of 1994.

There had been the three arrests, incarcerations and bail-bondings in rapid succession of the past ninety days, the sensational and slanderous publicity that had accompanied each and that had reached all over the State of Colorado, even having penetrated all the way back to my former home in Ohio that I had left two years prior.

Now it was the "investigation", if it could be called that, of the burglary of my home while I had been locked up the last time.

If that wasn't enough, I was fully immersed in headlong preparations to leave the town of Las Animas where I had lived for the past two years and undertake the move to Denver. This was calling for the hasty liquidation of a sizeable antique collection housed in eleven rooms which could no way be fitted into an apartment that I was about to move into. Besides that, much ready cash was going to be needed now anyway.

I'd been through enough such ordeals in recent years that I still was functioning on a sort of auto-pilot and mercifully numbed to the

heartbreak and grief that circumstances like these otherwise surely would bring. There simply was no room for any of that now or for the foreseeable future. There were only moves to be made.

Nagging and tormenting me at the same time was the image of the sick, living nightmare of the young girl who had been living with me there for the past four months around the time that the latest sudden storm broke out - who also had been ostensibly a member of the Movement - having turned a faithless race traitor and taken up with local Mexicans in the time I had been jailed awaiting bond. Now she was also a key witness against me for the State as well as one of the two instruments who robbed my house.

At the time I might have hoped, though I had no way of being certain, that the worst was over with. Were there to be any further nasty surprises? Barring any of that, all the criminal charges were still facing me as was the very real prospect of a long prison term. My property was entangled legally and therefore couldn't be sold so I was preparing to rent it as the only expedient to sever that particular knot. My attorney was strongly urging me to get out of that town while my bondsmen as well as the probation department were reticent about it. For myself, I hungered for a new life in Denver, away from a life of suspended animation there on the plains. Plans in Denver for accommodations once I arrived the first day of August were not yet complete and so I didn't even know where I'd be staying, much less where I'd be storing the furniture and belongings I'd be bringing with me.

Beside all that, was the even greater nightmare and feeling of déjà vu that all this had taken place before. Because, of course, it had. Only a scant three years earlier circumstance very similar had culminated in a hopeless financial jam in tandem with a police attack to make matters worse. The result was my leaving my home of the past thirty-nine years and travelling west a thousand miles to a place I'd never been or heard tell of in hopes of finding peace and security.

Via that same "auto-pilot" making only the most necessary of moves, minus any emotion or looking back, and with just enough critical help practically from out of nowhere, that odyssey had been miraculously carried out and, subsequently, the legal mess back in Ohio, too, had been successfully terminated. Twin "Mount Everest's" overcome back-to-back. But then a mere two years of grace? It seemed a bit too much. I often found myself thanking goodness for the background the experiences I'd

previously gained in life as I seriously doubted whether any "normal" person could have borne up under this.

The potentialities concerning the criminal charges I pushed out of my mind and almost mechanically went about tending to the matter at hand: Bring order to a mess and get myself to Denver where I might expect to get my second wind during the lull as my attorney set about preparing a legal defense over what most expected would be a year.

The overriding consideration to all of this which I found myself unable to escape dealing with had to do with when it might all end and whether it had any meaning or significance to it or whether, indeed, it was more or less a personal Waterloo.

Alongside the many extraordinary experiences of my previous life which now were preventing any panic or despair - leading to an unbecoming rout - on my part in the face of an all-out System assault was my National Socialist faith which stood between me and these horrendous blows, which were assuming the look of a continuing pattern, and had thus far made the difference between such travails becoming part and parcel of a ruined life and their being only ongoing stepping-stones to something greater out there in an unknown, unplanned future.

I couldn't have known it at the time but, at that point in the summer of 1994, the worst of that storm truly was past. And although I wouldn't know, wouldn't have wanted to know, exactly when the final end to it would arrive, I hadn't long to wait before understanding that, yes, greater significance was present here also.

Arrangements in Denver were completed by friends at that end practically at the last moment and I had the help necessary from friends in Las Animas to get my things up there and into a good apartment without any glitch. There, as I hoped, I would find relative peace and contentment - even joy - until the following year when it came time to deal with the next, inevitable phase.

Even the burglary of my home, carried out by the race traitor and her Mexican lover, as outrageous as it had been, had been muffed to a laughable degree owing to their strategy which was intended to postpone detection. In doing so, kids' stuff is what they got, overlooking collections of gold and silver coins, firearms, electronics and an extensive Third Reich collection, all of which they rightly assumed my neighbor, Orvis Smith, would be daily on the look-out for. Indeed, what tipped Orvis that something had taken place was a missing bottle of vodka which

normally was to be seen atop the refrigerator.

So that the closeness of that issue be known, on the day of my third and final bonding out, as I personally made an eyeball inventory of the contents of the house, my bondsman frankly told me that, had they gone for the real valuables - which would have been of no greater difficulty for them as it was - I'd have not had sufficient collateral for his bond (seeing as how I was prevented from using my house for this purpose) and would have remained in jail for the coming year.

And here was a telling consideration: No matter that police seemed disconcerted over this particular crime, they appeared to be notably disinclined to go tracking sneak thieves in the night as opposed to harassing homeowners in broad daylight. Most especially when the thieves are their own star witnesses against the homeowner whose notoriety might be good for one's career if he can be taken down.

My public defender ultimately would harness and tame the wild array of serious felonies - with the help of unforeseen new developments to come in the next few days and months - and thus reduce the monstrous threat that held the possibility of putting me away effectively for the rest of my life down to a plea agreement that would incarcerate me for three years... off and on.

But as I walked down that alley on that day in July the good news was yet to materialize and, indeed, there was plenty of room for the mess to become still messier.

There had been the threat overheard by Orvis - or "Snuffy" - on the opening day of the attack, after I had been arrested and my house was being raided, loudly voiced by the chief of police that the place was going to be seized and become city property. Theoretically, this was possible under some kind of "public nuisance" clause. There was the very distinct possibility that the newest charge of felony menacing might be aggravated as a State's witness was involved. Plus the whole thing could conceivably be brought under the then brand new heading of "Hate Crime" as it had been a Nazi confronting a racially mixed pair. Indeed, a federal "Hate Crimes" manual was spotted by me on a deputy's desk during June. Another sixth class felony charge against me was even then lying on the prosecutor's desk awaiting action. For reasons unknown, they didn't go forward. Perhaps the unexpected resilience of me and the loyal backing of Snuffy - not to mention the attention of the press - were giving them pause. That their attack fell short is all that mattered.

With all this on my mind as I proceeded to within about a block of my house, down that alley that - in a small town still showing traces of the frontier - had never been paved, my footfalls may well have been dragging a bit. As the dry dust rose, it was to my curious amazement that I noticed I had kicked something loose.

To my increased wonderment, I saw that it was a Swastika! Not more than two inches square, it was finely made of copper showing signs it had been in a fire at some point. The amount of green corrosion on it told that it had been buried in the ground there for a long time. The perfect proportioning and the flawless cut of the arms told positively that this was no piece of homemade, kids' junk. When it was new it surely must have been something exquisite. One had to conclude that the Third Reich was where it had originated.

How had it ended up there in the dirt? Over half a century and half a world away. More than that, what were the odds of my being the one to stumble upon it? I had walked that same alley a hundred times in the course of the past two years and, following that day, I'd likely never walk it again. In order to have done that, I had had to leave a place I never had any intention or desire to leave, come a thousand miles to a place I'd never been or heard of, now to be suddenly leaving it in its turn.

A calamity delivered that Swastika to that spot. No doubt some G.I. had looted it at the end of the War, only to bring it home and have it lost by his own child or something of the like. And it certainly was a calamity which had driven me to the same spot so that I could stoop to pick it out of the dust.

One more calamity now was driving me away from there... but with the tiny artifact now in my permanent possession, along with a stunning feeling that this was no accident.

This was the real turning point in the story even though the story had just begun. No coincidence.

Odds that were more than incredible. There was a purpose, I had a role to play and I was going to play it with a certain assurance.

April, 1995, Las Animas

MYTH, LIE, LEGEND and HOAX

As children in elementary school we were all innocently introduced to the story of the boy George Washington chopping down the cherry tree, then being confronted about it by his father and saying, "Father, I cannot tell a lie..." A fine and evocative illustration except that it never took place.

So do we then discount everything we may have read about Washington the man on the basis of this one story having been exposed as a myth? All we have to go on is a distant written record. No photographs, no sound recordings, certainly no living witnesses. Can we judge "The Father of His Country" even by the state that same country is in today? Believe me, that little myth at the start tells far more accurately about the man than having a look about you today ever would. We must simply understand how and why someone would take the liberty to invent a tale to both enhance the real person as well as to make a moral point.

What about all the many UFO hoaxes ranging from totally unsubstantiated anecdotes to "alien autopsies", to faked "crop circles", to photos of pie plates sailing through the air? How to weigh the actions taken by mere pranksters or by those deliberately seeking to sow confusion and the odds presented by scientists and astronomers which insist that other intelligent life forms must exist in the universe? If only one-tenth of one percent of the evidence at hand is genuine then the case is made and it topples religion and philosophy as they have been known.

The pictures brought back from the surface of Mars several years ago by the Viking probe of the mile-wide "Face on Mars" (now faces on Mars) were officially dismissed as being "natural formations" despite the perfectly symmetrical proportions of "five eyes wide and three noses high" for a human face and the computer enhancement which revealed teeth in the mouth and eyes in the sockets. Then, in 1996, science announced the discovery of ancient, fossilized cell life from Mars having been found in a meteorite approximately three billion years old. About the same time cell life had begun to develop on Earth and certainly there was plenty of time for at least one high civilization to have arose and fallen as the Martian planet desiccated and died - just as the Earth is in the process of doing now.

From a harmless invention to demonstrate an early strength of character in an individual no one questions the existence or role of to

hoaxes which intend to damage the idea of something greater than the limits of life and awareness on this planet is quite a jump. A myth is not necessarily a lie and a legend can be anything but a hoax.

Unfortunately, we swim in a world of lies.

A century ago there were elaborate hoaxes such as the "Cardiff Giant" and the "Piltdown Man". These artificial creations were intended for purposes of profit and prestige on the coattails of modern anthropology which since has come up with plenty of genuine fossil evidence of pre-human and semi-human beings on Earth hundreds of thousands of years ago. And I might inject here that they officially still scoff at the evidence of today's "Bigfoot" and "Abominable Snowman". Hoaxes we know to be hoaxes and fossil evidence that can't be doubted. It all just means caveat emptor, or buyer beware.

The ancient city of Troy was considered a myth until Heinrich Schliemann took the "myth" literally and found the place buried under a mound in western Turkey over a century ago. The "living fossil" fish, the coelacanth, was considered to be millions of years extinct. That was until a live specimen was caught off the coast of Africa in the 1930s. The mountain gorilla, likewise, was considered a native myth until they were discovered by White explorers very early in the Twentieth Century. Why so much misplaced belief and disbelief? People tend to follow the "best minds", the "experts", but these turn be wrong in a disturbingly high proportion of instances.

To borrow from Winston Churchill, someone who was wrong a lot of the time and who had no qualms about resorting to lying, "There's no such thing as public opinion, only published opinion." That reveals a lot.

The legend of Atlantis has its own army of debunkers, each with his own "scholarly" work out on the subject. They take turn about postulating one different location for a lost super-civilization after another. From Antarctica, to the Aegean Sea, to Yucatan and even to Troy. But to the astute their efforts all confirm the past existence of just such a super or parent civilization to all others that have come down to us. Why practically all of them turn their attention from mid-Atlantic is beyond me.

Here again, a severely strained attempt to deny something the establishment of which would require a world full of history books to be trash-canned. But at the same time we enter the area where a truly

discerning mind can begin to pick truth out of the very same plethora of contradictory lies. Much ado over nothing? Protesting way too much?

When I was a child it seemed to be the heyday of all the history from the Bible being regarded as fairy tales, even if, as in the case of the "cherry tree" they still were considered as good and helpful. So distant in time, so strange, so remote, so incomprehensible. Since then, however, archeology has proven much of it to have been real while our own strides in science have explained at least many of the previously supposed "miracles". In how many cases has parable stood in for historical account and vice versa? In how many other cases did the eyewitness reporters record what they saw and experienced in hopelessly inadequate, contemporary terms, doing just the best they could, leaving it to later generations to read things into that which were equally hopelessly wrong?

What if all the fantastic accounts given in the Bible are perfectly literal and the weird, philosophical mishmash having long since been attached to it are completely false? Entire lives of entire generations of "believers" suddenly rendered meaningless. This would be the perfect example of so-called religion coming to displace the truth of an original experience.

Easy to imagine how such distortion could take place in areas either intangible or practically lost in the mists of time. No way could it take place in modern, recent and, above all, "enlightened" times, with even an abundance of living witnesses. Or could it?

Also, when I was growing up, the myths about Adolf Hitler were at their most rife. None too pretty, either, were they. Maybe that then defines a nasty myth as a lie. There was the actual movie footage of an obviously "mad" Hitler "dancing" at headquarters at the news of the fall of France. The "true stories" of Him falling to the floor in an infantile rage and literally "chewing the carpet". There was Hitler the "paper hanger". One very long and "scholarly" volume explained his "mad" actions as being a result of his having contracted syphilis during the First World War. There were the insinuations that he had Jewish blood in his ancestry. Another suggested that he was a loathsome sexual degenerate - done by a psychologist who admittedly never met the man.

Truth eventually comes out, however. Over the years the "dancing film" was shown to have been no more than a cleverly "looped" piece of footage wherein Hitler actually was stamping his foot. The

"carpet chewing" just went down as a ridiculous and unsubstantiated fabrication. The syphilitic condition, likewise, went down as being totally without basis. The presence of Jewish blood or sexual perversion was equally unfounded. The truth was, that Hitler never painted a house or "hung paper". The plain and glaring fact would emerge that indicated Hitler's personal life and career were entirely without blemish of any kind. Yet the stigma and the aura persists.

Surely, if Hitler wasn't "insane" or "evil" then it would mean that it wasn't necessarily the "Good Guys" that won World War Two. And something like that would be equivalent to the discovery of a live space alien, or a "Bigfoot", or a "Loch Ness Monster"! Worse, the establishment would have a vested interest in never permitting a serious consideration like that to arise, even to the point of passing laws that would penalize all free discussion or investigation of the issue.

"When all its work is done the lie shall rot; the truth is great, and shall prevail, When none cares whether it prevails or not."

Magna Est Veritas, Coventry Patmore

Funny how innocuously conceived myths and legends can generate so much confusion and unbelief while deliberate lies and hoaxes can be accepted and held sacred as gospel truth. But one might gather by the lines reproduced above, the lie - at least - is more of a tool, to be designed for a specific task and then often discarded with only the damage remaining.

But one should be able to recognize that it's reached a special, critical point when the establishment will have you burned or imprisoned or ostracized for voicing the truth or for even questioning a lie. Such as in times past, to state that the world wasn't flat or that the sun didn't revolve around the Earth. Or, in present times, to deny that the so-called "Holocaust" took place or to question the theory of racial equality, it always works the same way: In the vested interests of those in control.

Most people at any given time or in any given place - and certainly any respective establishment - will be found to be laboring away in the service of a lie. A lie, to be sure, benefitting the establishment to the detriment of the masses.

The rule I've found to persist throughout is that truth is primary and always is present at bottom wherever myth and legend are concerned. The same usually holds true anytime hoaxes are found as the

unimaginative must have something of actual substance to build upon. Even in the case of a direct lie, the astute person can take it and use it as a pointer to the very truth that it was designed to conceal or distort.

Whether unique to modern times or not, one variation to all of this to watch for most closely is the omission, a vacuum, a "memory hole". A total omission, or suppression, leaves absolutely nothing to go on. There's the myth of the "Holocaust" which has as its core of truth the fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand concentration camp deaths. But what of the millions upon millions of Russian and German civilians deliberately killed as part of Soviet and Allied policy? As with the tree falling in the forest with no one there to hear it, does it make a sound?

It takes power and an agenda to affect something like that.

What about the patently and absurdly false proposal of "racial equality"? It's gone way beyond merely being "nice" and "polite" to those in our midst who are inherently lesser breeds to where at present the death of the culture and the civilization, the very society itself, can be perceived, coming up rapidly as a result of this folly. Here myth, lie, legend and hoax - and omission - all come into play. By all of this, who has what to gain? Who has what to lose?

One aspect of an omission so gross, so explosive is the reaction it is likely to engender should it ever be discovered. Even more so than in the cases of the rest, that will cause an observer to question and probe the motivations of the perpetrators because, unlike the rest, a strenuous omission can never, never be taken for an "accident". Here again, once onto the right track, a careful sifting of the known facts together with carefully applied powers of deduction, of being able to "read between the lines", will reveal the truth.

At bottom, it's a question of what condition one's instincts are in.

Not credulous, not gullible. To the contrary, discriminating, imaginative and original. Even daring. In any case, a questioning mind has to be better off than one believing only the dead, flat, one-dimensional image of the world as presented by the System media.

If there's not more to existence than a financial bottom line then it is all truly a waste of time.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P. (Colorado State Penitentiary)

ORIGINS

You're not supposed to talk about race, religion or politics in "polite" company. Not really, not so that it matters. Rather sports, health or the weather. Things that either you can't effect or which don't matter in the first place. I'm weird - odd man out - because I've got no time or interest for concern over trivialities or things no one can influence. I want to know who is God, what is Man and what is the purpose. It gets more uncomfortable when I say that these things are knowable by evidence all around us that is more than ample for anyone with the proverbial eyes to see, ears to hear and, mainly, understanding.

Seeking and advancing truth is both unprofitable and dangerous. It's all just a matter of parent, child and continuance. All of the remainder is there only to muddy those crystalline waters. If I have to write a book of many thousands of words, then it is only because that is what is necessary to undo all the rubbish that has accumulated over the millennia in the name of "learning".

It falls short of the mark to compose a political treatise picking up at the start of the Twentieth Century at a time when the Aryan Race represented one-third of the world population and was the undisputed master over the entire globe and continuing up to the present when its numbers dwindle below ten percent and it is not even in actual control of its own supposedly "White" lands. Without the broadest panorama - from start to finish the effort is a waste in so far as having any hope of

enlightenment, a guide or a help to its intended audience is concerned. Being a lazy person, I haven't the energy for anything less. I don't have the ambition to lie, deceive or to merely sell a product.

What is this business of the "human condition"?

How and why did human kind come about and how and why did distinct races of man develop?

Modern pseudo-science today conveniently has us all emerging from a single Black "Mother Eve" somewhere in east Africa, afterward migrating north, then west and east where the respective climates were responsible for our racial characteristics. And modern pseudo-politics, which has also enlisted "State Religion", would have us all return to a single, dark mass. However, there is nothing to support the former idea while there is plenty to warn us away from the latter proposition as not only not being any kind of "progress" but, rather, being in truth the ultimate kind of death.

It is entirely possible to attempt to determine the past or to predict the future - and to get close enough -by the use of a theoretical "straightedge". This calls for being free of contemporary superstitions and being unafraid of following the evidence wherever it may lead. All those interested in the truth ought to pursue eagerly and joyously the path as one piece of the puzzle locks into the next and an ever greater picture is revealed.

Finally, in order to do this, one must hold the key: That is to base everything, all considerations on the fundamental of race.

I myself arrived at this point following a lifelong course of atheism. However that may seem to you, to me it only means the rejection of all forms of superstition, especially in the area of state-sanctioned humbug. From ruling out such things as "deities", that was, going on the putrid basis of how such things were portrayed by their own supposed representative in these modern churches, I arrived at one firm conclusion: That nothing by way of social institution began as garbage but practically all of it ends up that way. Now to the real task and the real challenge: To find out what had given rise to the concept in the beginning.

Where the idea of "God" comes in, I reject the image of an old man in the sky with a long, white beard and a flowing, white robe with a big ledger book in his hands containing each of our names and concerning himself with keeping some kind of "score". It certainly means

that I reject the idea of my own having been born covered with all kinds of "sin" and in need of some hocus-pocus kind of "salvation".

Just as George Lincoln Rockwell, who professed agnosticism, I neither accept nor acknowledge anything outside of or above nature. I maintain that there is nothing "supernatural" while I hurriedly admit that there is a very great deal that we do not yet understand. But it is a dangerous mistake to lump what we do not understand into a category like the "supernatural" and thus give up on it. Better to insist, as did Commander Rockwell, that there is nothing that cannot be known. I will not accept anything minus evidence in support of that I am able to examine.

The fact that everybody else may already be buying into it or, to the contrary, that everybody else may ridicule or try to kill you if you don't buy into it equals neither evidence nor examination.

I used to think that when you were dead, you were dead. But, once more, that was on the basis of the prevailing, phony-baloney "easy-believe" religious philosophy. Later, in mid-life, it occurred to me that their concept of life everlasting was but a deteriorated remnant of something very real. Don't look for it in any religious text. Look for it in volumes of advanced physics.

Fear of personal death is perhaps the Big One among puny mortals. Separated from the actual origin and then from even the true community, it's only logical to give way to fear and panic and to formulate and adopt some false doctrine to soothe the pain and stroke the ego. But believe in it as hard as you might and it still remains invalid as a real belief system. This very phenomenon has led many entire civilizations right over the edge and into oblivion.

A belief system such as the one I briefly described has as its center the individual. As even they say themselves, if the message at one church doesn't quite suit you, try the one up the street. All the room in the world for more and more confusion. It changes with the times and the manners. It rots with the rest of the society. If there is a God and if he created anything, it was race. Race implies breeding and any farmer in his barnyard can explain to you the value of that.

I'll say something very quickly about "good" and "evil". Forgetting the crap about the "old man in the sky with the ledger book" kind of "morality" and sticking with race and breeding as the real basis of truth and purpose, we can easily see and know that "good" is but a

stand-in for clarity or purity, while "evil" represents in reality confusion and corruption. It's what's good for the race or what's bad for the race. And that is a most exact science. It can never slide off base or be misinterpreted.

Belief without basis is superstition and as such lays the foundation for confusion. It is in an atmosphere of confusion that all evil finds root and thrives.

In discussing religions it is of prime importance to ascertain whether their teachings and their effects are in line with the people themselves who are directly subject to them and whether they are in their overall best interests, "Old man in the sky" notwithstanding. From a racial viewpoint, any philosophy that makes no distinction regarding race, or any philosophy found functioning within a multi-racial environment can be safely written off as containing no helpful value. That's a broad sweep, I realize. But we're not here to waste time.

The Racial Separatist Movement, of which I've been a part from the age of fourteen, contains its own divisions where religious matters are involved and these run the gamut all the way from atheist to Christian Identity. Somewhere in the middle lies Odinism.

When regarding individual belief systems, Odinism would be a good example to take. It is an adherence to the teachings found in the ancient Norse sagas, if not an actual belief in the pantheon of Norse gods. Whether there is a one-eyed Odin galloping through the sky on an eight-legged steed, accompanied by wolves and ravens is not as important as what the image of Odin really means in practical terms. Representing science and technology, Odin sacrificed an eye in his quest for ever greater knowledge. Whether there is a Thor out there in the sky swinging his hammer as the God of Thunder is irrelevant against his actually representing War and the expression of the will of the folk to assert and to defend itself. And should there really be no sky-bound embodiment of Freya, it matters very little as opposed to her symbolism of Aryan beauty as supreme in the world.

So much of religion is allegory. But these allegories are easy and clear-cut, just as with those of Christianity. No matter. It doesn't even count that there were historic personages to give rise to each of these "deities", exactly as with Moses, Jesus, etc. What counts is that the belief system based around them served the people very well for a very long time.

What the Odinists don't want to hear is that a greater, more immediate, more specific truth came to supplant Odinism by one thousand years ago. Our ancestors were not fools. Survival in the moment depended upon it. Their descendants today are fools. Things are too soft and easy and there's all kind of room for all kind of foolishness. So what if death takes a little longer?

That newer and greater truth was Christianity... not today's so-called "Judeo-Christianity", either. The fact that it, too, has now gone rotten makes no case in favor of going back to that which has become quaint.

"Truth" dons and sheds physical cloaks as they wear out. Man's weak institutions fail one after the other but truth remains, whether we have a grasp of it or not. The truth most lately has taken earthly form under the name of National Socialism. And the stupid, foolish world went to war to stamp it out because it stood against their prized superstitions. All that means, however, is that the truth is not being wielded by human hands for human good. Evil is everywhere at the helm.

The effective existence of Odin lies within the genes and atoms of the blood of the Aryan race as they excel in science and technology, rolling back mystery after mystery, achieving miracle upon miracle, and finding their way back to the God that first created them. Thor is very real within the Aryan bloodstream as the entire world still knows the utter irresistibility of organized, Aryan military might. Freya is among us as long as the universal standard of Aryan beauty and grace is not swamped by an ocean of genetic mud.

How then are such epics then turned into "religion"? With the passage of immense periods of time and numberless retellings they become racial memories and actual people and events assume the feel of gods and fairy tales. A thousand years hence, Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich will unquestionably lead and be home to yet one more pantheon of Aryan gods and humans then will imagine he must have existed and fought an evil host in a "Twilight of the Gods" on some other-worldly plane.

In a case like that, it is the race that has written the religion. Indeed, it can never be the reverse as God didn't invent "belief". Even the teeming and swarming dark masses of the earth are not fooled by this modern-day travesty of a religion that takes in practically all Whites, everywhere. The coloreds don't want "peace, love and brotherhood"

except in so far as these concepts - these allegories - can deliver up to them the actual riches of Aryan technology, weaponry and, yes, women. They'll happily go along with it as long as it clearly continues to spell suicide for the hated White man.

The other god of the Vikings - Loki - the trouble-maker who was cast out of Valhalla for his misdeeds, who once shared so exalted a position near Odin and who now would see all noble creation spoiled and undone, has his parallel, a direct corollary, in Satan the "Adversary" or the "Accuser". Both allegorical representations of evil find their flesh-and-blood realization here on earth as well. We'll discuss them later.

Valhalla itself, home of the gods, has gone down in flames more than once to be reborn again and again. So it will continue until the struggle between the two poles of "good" and "evil", between the Superman and the untermensch is finalized. Whether Gotterdammerung, Ragnarok or Armageddon, it's all happened before and it's about to happen again.

But if humans create belief, who or what created humans? The question that needs to be first asked and then answered is: Why must there be already in place the assumption of a Creator at all? Why couldn't we have simply developed all on our own? The answer would be that there wouldn't have to be and that we might have, except for evidence to the contrary. Some will say there is no such "evidence". Others will say that it is everywhere and inescapable. One's own mindset determines all that.

For some, no proof is sufficient.

For others no proof is required. Let's instead try reason. Only within the span of the last century has it been possible for many of the fantastic tales and occurrences told within the pages of the Bible to be seen and understood as being, if not altogether in common acceptance today, then at least well within the realm of understanding and practicability. Mainly high tech; Misunderstood; Then lost; Then mythologized. And now, toward the end of this cycle, being rapidly rediscovered. What would have been "miracles" - or science fiction - fifty years ago are today commonplace and taken for granted. Science and technology are advancing to incredible thresholds at lightning speed. Everything is "impossible" - a "miracle" -until someone does it. Everything is "fable" or "magic" until its principles are understood. Our sudden accumulation of knowledge and its resultant breakthroughs has

led us straight back to the most ancient texts - but with a new perspective, hopefully. That of having come around full circle.

One more principle that came to me was this: Either a thing is real or it isn't. We need to determine that, if it is false, it needs to be right away trash-canned. If it is real then we must come to understand its form. It seems as though too many don't want their miracles tampered with. Personally, I find it most exhilarating to separate truth from fiction, thereby doing the greatest justice to the former as well as enabling one's self to literally "walk with the truth", seeing it in action, all about him in his daily life. At the same stroke, I should add, it renders one immune to falsehood and evil.

We had it all once, in the very beginning. Through various "falls" we lost it. Through blind luck it seems we managed to hold onto our pure genes and, through that and over much time we are finding it again, one piece at a time. But through prevalent superstition will we be enveloped by darkness and confusion again, just as in ages past, just as we are about to rediscover, or re-achieve, God? It's a race against time and numbers. It's a race against the very devil.

If you would seek to know the past or the future, study the present. To utilize that historical straightedge I mentioned before, to be able to accurately hypothesize our origins as well as our fate, you have only to start anywhere in the more or less certain, approximate present and fix your center where history leaves off. The extreme end of your theoretical plane will point to your answer. It works just as effectively in reverse as the past is also the future.

We may be losing our way morally and spiritually, losing our precious identity and purpose which, if left unchecked, will ultimately cause our doom. However, in the area of technology we have and are achieving wondrous things. With our own splitting of the atom and our own entry into space, the probability of other intelligent life in the universe and that earth possibly has been visited by those from other worlds has at least come into certain respectability.

It points to something very important. Though it's still being laughed at by the know-it-alls, the serious student cannot escape the link-up between this and our human condition.

The on-going argument over Creationism versus Evolutionism. The old shell game. Why must it be one way or the other? We in the Racial Separatist Movement have established what we call the Third

Position which stands outside of any lose-lose argument.

That life on earth evolved according to the effects of light and dark, heat and cold, out of water and out of electricity, from “the dust of the earth”, can hardly be challenged. Natural selection took over, producing ever higher, more complex and specialized forms of life. Some more ancient varieties were wiped out by cataclysms and others took their place. That would be evolution. And it would seem that a trend such as this would be going on wherever the natural and climatic conditions were favorable.

A quick look at the two eyes, two ears, one mouth, one nose, four legs, reproductive systems, etc., of all higher vertebrates would immediately suggest one certain trend if not one common ancestor. That we carry the salt of the ocean with us in our veins as well as our reproductive system tells that we came out of the sea. Even if one were to stick strictly with the evolutionary theory for the full development of humans and even if one were to assume that all human types, or races, evolved from a common ancestor, the message would still be that the White race has far outstripped and left the other, colored and more primitive races behind. And that it therefore would be a sin against evolutionary development to reverse this careful natural selection - which in terms of human breeding is known as eugenics by means of careless (or deliberate) race-mixing, or dysgenics. What expert in animal husbandry in their right mind would breed a thoroughbred to a cur?

In comes the crack-brained argument of “spirituality”. That somehow humans are above the laws of breeding which govern all other living beings. Here enters the egotistic desire for an on-going existence as well as the self-indulgent stroking of the same ego. It can't be measured or tested or weighed. The perfect ground for fakers to move in and dupe the credulous. Unless this talk of the spirit meant something entirely different when it was first brought up by the early saints, etc. Some quality only present in the psyche of the most highly evolved. I think that makes a lot more sense.

However, even a quick glance at the human condition will reveal the living proof that evolution alone can't account for all of this.

Even the closest relatives to humans - apes - are separated from us by a gulf so wide and so apparently inexplicable as to invite or even demand an entirely different theory. The human brain stands in total defiance of the laws of evolution which might be applied to every other

facet of the development of life on this planet.

Other life forms are perfectly refined but it is a refinement dictated by and geared to moment-to-moment survival in the harsh natural world.

Natural selection cannot account for the presence of an organ that we today do not understand or command the full use of: The cerebral cortex. It has been estimated that we utilize perhaps ten percent of our brain's potential, leaving the other ninety percent still holding powers that we are as yet still struggling to unlock. Human kind has long since lost its instinct for survival in the wild, its survival capacity being tied to its ability to create an artificial environment for itself. This has the evolutionary theory exactly backward.

The human brain didn't "evolve" and yet it is there. Tied to an animal brain, to be sure. Obviously there is a cause for it apart from survival through natural selection and a purpose for it other than merely perpetuating itself, much less the pursuit of base consumerism. It longs to create, to understand the world in which it exists, even to reach out into the universe. There was a "leap" that science has so far been unable or unwilling to explain. Even at that, humans are still subject to the life-or-death matter of passing on only the best and purest of genes just as with any other living species.

Letting the matter go the easy way, by leaving it in the lap of straightforward evolutionism, drops the ball just at the critical point. There is simply more to it than finding ourselves by some freak chance at the top of the food chain. That there was and is a purpose to all of this, that this is an opus unfinished, that we hold a grave responsibility and that something has a high stake in derailing it all make up pieces of the overall awareness that is meticulously and forcefully denied to the masses of Whites. It is awareness necessary for well-being and survival.

This points to two things: Sudden, artificial mutation from some outside source; and a catastrophic fall since that time.

Just as certain climatic conditions must exist on any world in order for life to arise, once it has arisen certain impetus drives the most advanced species toward a more or less "human" condition. We can only be certain about the hard evidence found on earth but, aside from the other signs of continued visits from elsewhere, we have ourselves to ponder. "God" would be God simply by virtue of his - or their - seemingly immortal longevity as well as the ability and concern to travel from galaxy

to galaxy, locating habitable worlds, finding and altering those most highly evolved species genetically and thus imbuing them with "godlike" qualities.

And, of course, it's done with DNA, not "spirit". Even the religious fools display the urge to "be God" and "elevate" lesser breeds by bringing them into their own culture, eventually to mix with them. As Hitler well pointed out in Mein Kampf, this act may elevate the lower of the two breeds but it certainly tears down the higher, leading to a leveling, a developmental "dead end", and a killing of the "spark" implanted from off the earth. The White race alone displays the concern together with the ability to do as our ancestors from space and reach back out into space. The rest would continue on as animals, without development, surviving only, without past or future.

Without the constant presence, protective guidance and tutelage of these Masters, the offspring creation is left to literally sink or swim. We, of course, have been sinking.

What we in our vanity regard as "human beauty" or "aesthetics" is an entirely relative, subjective thing which probably amounts to no more than some manner of, again, artificially induced infantilism within a certain species of chimpanzee which would account for things like the lack of body hair together with other, more gross facial and physical features. At that, the clear vestiges remain and ever more markedly so in the colored races. Genesis states that God made man in his own image. Not all human races look the same. And not all are acting or performing the same, either. In these pages you'll see me often employing the term "alien" but never in reference to these extraterrestrials. How could we in any sense look upon our own progenitors from space, our very ancestors, as "alien"?

Aside from that, and in all other ways, we are no different from any other species of animal on this planet. Religionists insist that humans are "different" because they have a "soul", whatever that may be. Having raised animals and lived around them all my life - especially the more social varieties like dogs - I know very well that they are possessed of their own individual personalities, emotions and urges, instincts both noble and base, and the desire to live just as much as any human being. Our intelligence is, after all, only grafted onto theirs, only an extension of theirs.

One of the major revelations that I came upon as a youth, as I

was just discovering Adolf Hitler and the Movement, was a short quote from Frederick the Great who said, "Now I know men. I prefer dogs." That at once catalyzed all of my impressions to date and I've had no occasion to alter it in the meantime.

Observe human behavior. Worse than any "animals". Humans are naturally dirty. A human bite is acknowledged to be far more septic than an animal bite. It should be obvious that humans are no more than a form of domesticated ape just as dogs are domesticated wolves. And domestication is one more artificial process that has its flaws. Aberrant, self-destructive behavior. Psychosis. Notorious promiscuity and the willingness to crossbreed, thus producing hybrids or mongrels.

What a monster today's human is in reality. Animal intelligence is perfect, geared to survival and procreation within the harmony of nature. Humans with their mutated self-awareness are "in love" with themselves and have concocted all manner of weird, anti-life notions in an attempt to rebuild the universe around themselves. Think of all that abstract and artificially induced intelligence harnessed to every animal instinct. The Seven Deadly Sins. It was Nietzsche who said that man is a rope stretched between God and the animal. A rope stretching over an abyss. Today they brazenly flirt with the abyss. Robert Louis Stevenson treated the matter well in his novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde".

They love to take and twist the quote from the Bible, "God created man in his own image." Just like they take from the Constitution, "All men are created equal.", and pervert that as well. Such "self-evident truths" are often the easiest to twist and pervert until their meaning and intent is lost. There is no "equality" in nature. And what is "image"? What sane and rational person can compare a Nordic racial type with a Congoid and escape the conclusion that, either there is more than one "God", or more than a single breed of ape was taken and mutated to greater or lesser degrees?

"The only difference is the color of the skin." We all of my generation grew up with that one. Ever see an albino Negro? We had one back home. White skin with Negro features. And, to be sure, a Negro nature underneath. "The dark skin of the Negro is only to protect him from the African sun." The African gorilla has a black skin while the African chimpanzee has a light skin under his hair. Would tigers and leopards be the "same" except for their different markings?

My own months spent in the Cincinnati Workhouse in the early

Seventies provided me with some invaluable observations on racial differences. As trustee working with the paramedics, I saw at close, prolonged range actual Blacks - not the casual, fleeting contact I'd had with the mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons we had back home.

And, as a breeder of dogs, the same holds true with humans in that the greatest racial differences - or differences between species or breeds - were to be seen in the head. Besides the broad, flat nose and the prehensile or "nigger" lips there are the teeth which, in purer specimens, angle out forward as in apes.

In many of these Blacks as well as in many Asians, there is to be noted what I call the vestigial muzzle or snout. Aside from the kinky or woolly hair in Blacks or the "polar bear hair" in Asians, there are the ears which, again, in purer examples, are markedly small as in gorillas. Brow ridges, not horizontally across the eyes but twins running back over the cranium from above the eyes, appeared now and then. We actually had one there who would regularly shave his brow in order to produce the effect of having a more human forehead.

The fingernails of the hands were at the same time more elongated and more domed in form. The toes on the feet would less recede back at an angle from the great toe than make an arch around the third toe, just as with the fingers of the hand. Apelike torsos, arms longer in proportion to the body and the notoriously asymmetrically formed lower limbs.

For me, however, it seemed to be the eyes that told the complete story. Again, in the purer examples, the very set of the eyes told like that of a gorilla. And, if the eyes are the window of the soul, then what was looking back is a very different kind of intelligence. More cunning than anything else. Being aware of all this and yet being able to actually converse with them was and remains a truly eerie experience. Modern science has trained chimpanzees to utilize vocabularies of approximately two hundred words while some parrots have that of a hundred. It is estimated that a horse has the same intelligence as a nine-year-old child. How might their conversation go if they but had the physical capacity for speech? When left strictly on their own - as in the African jungle - they remain to this day still in the Stone Age, precisely as with the American Indians at the time of their discovery by Columbus, the Australian Aborigines and the South Seas Islanders.

They claim the White race got its light skin, prominent nose,

hairy body and provident nature from having developed in frigid, northern climates. If this be so, then the same climate has been of no benefit whatever to the Eskimos. The evidence suggests that Whites also came about originally in a lush, subtropical climate where elephants roamed and bananas grew. The "north" at that time was hidden under miles of ice.

Here we truly have what is cryptically referred to in Genesis as the "beast of the field", or the Sixth Day Creation. Whites, or Aryans, or Adamics only appeared following the Seventh Day. And let us not nitpick what a Biblical "day" was. Perhaps an age or an eon. It hardly matters. Only the progression in the development of higher species is important.

Aside from image, when trying to fingerprint identity there is the test of performance. All agree that "God" dwells "out there", came from "out there". Call it "heaven" or call it space. God's children are not only going to look most like him, they are the ones that are going to act most like him. They will be the ones to reach back out to the stars where they came from.

Who but the Aryans have the capability or the desire to reach out for the stars? The space program lags woefully behind its potential. Before his death, Wernher von Braun lamented that had the Third Reich won the War, man would have already been walking on Mars. The resources for space exploration are being sapped by massive programs aimed at the support and increase of the most backward and useless human types.

Will we be swamped in darkness on a dying planet? Has it happened before, long ago, elsewhere? What is the mile-wide face on Mars trying to tell us?

I dislike being left myself with questions unanswered. It should be plain that earth was colonized from space at some point in the remote past. What the origin and motive of these colonizers was, we aren't certain. However, as their children, we do know what our own motivations were in colonizing the rest of the globe once we had broken out of Europe. To increase our power, to increase our wealth, to increase our kind. Also to exploit, to enslave and as part of a strategy in competition against rivals.

One Sumerian account has it that extraterrestrials mixed their DNA with the man-apes they found on earth five hundred thousand years ago in order to produce a more capable race of slaves to mine gold for

them in an attempt to salvage their diminishing atmosphere. The slave masters of the Old South would similarly "upbreed" some of their slaves so as to render them more suitable in supervisory roles. Then, too, there is always lust anytime there is close proximity. Genesis also said that the sons of gods took as wives the daughters of men. Today's reversal has dark races invading White society and, by miscegenation, down-breeding it back toward the primordial swamp.

The true story of the "Mutiny on the Bounty" wherein British seamen jumped ship in order to remain with the Polynesian women they had encountered and the H.G. Wells tale of the "Island of Dr. Moreau" that had a scientist speeding the evolution from animal toward semi-human are both hitting very close to home in what must have taken place in the real beginning.

The one question that had perplexed me most that there didn't appear to be a good answer for was why we have been so apparently forlorn. From the ancient texts and by remains of ancient civilizations, we know our ancestors on earth previously had been in close and regular contact with their progenitors from space.

It required my coming to prison to discover why that link was broken as well as to see that the time for its dramatic reestablishment is bearing down upon the events of humanity imminently.

April, 1995, Las Animas

PLANET OF THE APES

Never was I much of a modern science fiction fan. The problem was that I was and remain impatient with the space program as it stands. Even by the measurement of the vintage sci-fi films of the Fifties, the actual space effort has fallen way short.

For one thing, they're still using internal combustion to push their space vehicles out of the earth's gravity and that is a direct leftover from the Nineteenth Century, barely removed from the horse and buggy. Until they can master electromagnetism and antigravity, I'll remain disinterested.

More than that, however, would be whatever their motives might be in even dallying with space the way they are presently doing. Why bother? One hears gibberish about exploiting the moon for whatever minerals or resources it might possess. There's even talk about prisons on the moon. This well fits the prevailing mindset.

The only real reason to explore space or anywhere else is for the purpose of colonization, expanding and safeguarding the race. This would never occur to them. Or, if it did, it would mean transplanting the same genetic sewer system as we see it here today out to other worlds.

I assure one and all that it'll never happen.

On the subject of "fans", there are the "Trekees", the fanatical followers of the long-running, many lived "Star Trek" series. This piece of media crap never once impressed me even from the days of its inception over thirty years ago. Not even real science fiction, but merely costume drama serving as an entertainment vehicle for typically silly and stupid liberal ideas.

Here is the premise: The crew of the Enterprise is composed of a racial and cultural mix the same as could be found on any street in any major U.S. city in the present. The problem is that "Star Trek" is set many centuries into the future. If the social trends that are in action here today, the very ones glorified and postulated by "Star Trek", aren't halted and reversed, there will be no such distinct races left to compose such a crew. Worse, anything remotely resembling a true civilization will have long since vanished, taking any space program down along with it.

It further insults me to see the menagerie of freaks and oddities

presented on these idiotic television and motion picture shows as being other forms of higher intelligence, having the power to traverse the universe. They simply can't see the point. To even approach, much less achieve, the kind of technology required for this, a state of Godlike humanity or being would have to be attained.

That is precisely what we on earth are in direct danger of losing for all time. The cry can be heard to cut space spending and to increase welfare spending. Deal a death blow to an immortal future and literally help usher in "Planet of the Apes", all without an apocalyptic war.

Of course, it's all keyed to the survival of the present ruling System. Nothing can be expected to change as long as it exists and wields all power, affects all trends. What research as is conducted will remain backward and geared toward the eventual rape of other planets, just as the earth is now being raped. All the while, the population base will continue to grow and to darken to the point where, in the not too distant future, the "natives" will be squatting in the shadows of the great rocket launchers in Florida just the way they are doing now in the shadows of the Egyptian pyramids.

It will always come back around to will. Does higher humanity on earth have the capacity to muster the will necessary to overthrow the alien regime now in dominance and slowly destroying them, and to truly reach out to the stars?

Summer, 1995, Pueblo Co. Jail
First appeared in W.A.R., Oct., 1995.
(White Aryan Resistance)

WORLD WITHOUT END

Napoleon called history "a collection of lies agreed upon". Some students of history refer to it as a record of man trying to destroy himself. Both cast light on what history might be considered as but neither carries it far enough. I might choose to differ with both except in the narrowest sense.

Might does make right but only in the respect that those who control the present also control the past, or at least what version of it will be known and accepted. This does not bother me as no amount of self-serving lies and distortions can conceal the truth or obscure the march of history from anyone with a broad view and a discerning eye. The truth doesn't change.

The key to the understanding of everything that might otherwise

appear nonsensical or even boring is the application of the factor of race in the progression of human events. Race and mass destructions. Here is the great omission and the great failing of the conventional education techniques. It renders the whole exercise of so-called instruction in history meaningless, even harmful.

Recorded history as we have it today, far from tracing the beginnings of civilization, actually begins at the end. The end of a fall, a convulsion so cataclysmic that only within the last five thousand years or so has anything approaching a continuous record been attempted or preserved.

The priests of ancient Egypt had told the ancient Greeks that their civilization extended so far back that the sun had altered the positions where it rose and set. Water erosion on the Sphinx dates it to at least fourteen thousand years ago. As large as the limestone blocks in the pyramids are, the blocks used to construct the Sphinx temple complex are much larger. The rule seems to be that the farther back in time one goes, the bigger the building blocks become, not vice versa. These "Cyclopean" stones are bigger than what modern construction could quarry or transport. All the rest-entire worlds-having been swept away and erased by the millennia.

The high civilization of ancient Ecuador and Peru utilized these same Cyclopean stones and of a twelve-sided, interlocking fit so as to be able to withstand earthquakes. Evidence of the terrain reveals that when they were first put into place they stood at about sea level. Today they are high in the Andes Mountains.

Some legends state that Merlin the Magician caused the bluestones of England's Stonehenge to "dance" into place. From the other side of the globe similar legends have the towering moai of Easter Island "walking" into place. Not "magic". The remnant of a lost super-culture which had the technique of utilizing the earth's natural currents along with sound impulses to create anti-gravity using man-made capacitors.

The last of these devices is known to history as the Ark of the Covenant. This kind of technology - or "wisdom" - wireless, more natural, certainly non-pollutant, is on the line of that which Nikola Tesla a century ago was rediscovering. "Free Energy". That was until Thomas Edison managed to eclipse him in the name of profit, monopoly and control.

This and much more would indicate two things: One, the

existence of civilizations as least as advanced as our own and much more permanent at a distance in time farther back than we can imagine. And, two, a "fall" of civilization that, in some ways, remains on-going to the present. Even by such severely limited standards of measurement as recent history, that of the last five thousand years, each cycle of civilization can be seen to be weaker and of lesser duration.

History as we have it today picks up in Egypt. But it is of a civilization already at its height and well into the stages of decline which, over the coming centuries, would deposit it at the sad and sorry state where we presently see it. The game is given away by the apparent lack of any Egyptian rise and development. Civilizations do not appear on the scene complete and full blown. What we actually have here is the very tail end of prehistory having barely extended into modern history.

The death throes of Egypt are starkly preserved for us in the physiognomies of the earliest mummies found as opposed to some of the latest. The inlaid blue eyes of the earliest surviving pharaohic images as compared to the coal black, Negroid features of some of the last. Compare this with blond and red-haired mummies found in South America and Central Asia. Compare the gigantic pyramids found in both hemispheres. And compare the dark and backward populations now dominant in each of these areas today.

Are they really the descendants of the great builders? Hardly. In the same sense are the crack dealers on the streets of New York the descendants of the geniuses and engineers who built the skyscrapers.

What actually then is prehistory? The study of the living record in the absence of a written one, and the objective and scientific drawing of certain conclusions which are inescapable.

Prehistory then traces the fall of man from at least thirty thousand years ago up to within the last five to six thousand years when the momentum of calamitous disasters finally slowed and man once again was able to get his footing.

Recorded history is the comeback of civilization, or, put into racial terms, the reassertion of the Aryan in the mastery of the globe. That mastery was an accomplished reality by the dawn of and well into the Twentieth Century. Only since the middle of the last century has it begun to slip and become endangered once again. The very speed of this slippage does in itself

equal the worst of the earth-shattering disasters of the prehistoric world except that this one is itself man-made and deliberate, not a natural phenomenon.

Much more is understood about comets and meteors striking the earth than the social and political causes of this latest, and final, "fall".

The classic "fall" that is alluded to in the Bible coincides with the destruction and sinking of Atlantis. It was of course a tremendous flood which supposedly wiped out the world in Genesis and it was also a flood which swallowed up Atlantis. The geological record supports such an occurrence about ten to twelve thousand years ago. That was the last of the great natural disasters to afflict man... to date.

In that large island which had been located off the north-west coast of Africa, with a string of subsidiary islands stretching off toward the Caribbean Sea, was a veritable tropical "Garden of Eden" where "God", the Creator from Space (or Heaven) first genetically engineered "Adam and Eve", the start of the White or Aryan race. Anthropologists can't find the remains of any true missing link because there never was one. Archeologists can't find the true "garden" because it lies under miles of ocean, covered by limitless feet of mud and silt.

These cosmic ancestors of ours equipped their new offspring from the start with complete knowledge and the ability to erect and maintain a brilliant, dynamic civilization. Books of the Apocrypha mention the "sapphire stone", entrusted by God to Adam and passed by him down through all the patriarchs, containing every secret of the universe. Fifty years ago, this surely rang like a fairy tale. Today, however, it might suggest a computer chip.

As Genesis tells, God walked with man in those days and the sons of gods married with the daughters of men. All of this was done in perfect isolation from the earlier, more primitive experimentations in creating human types. But finally things began to go wrong. Contact was made with the darker races of the earth and Eve was seduced. The legend of Atlantis tells us that the island came to become the center of a world-wide empire, undoubtedly engaging in slavery and importing these slaves back to the homeland. Mixing with slaves in the far-flung outposts is sin enough but when it begins to occur within the society at home, the end is very near.

That it was Eve and not Adam who was seduced says it all. One

of the "lost books" of the Bible mentions that when God witnessed this abomination he "threw the serpent into India" The racially mixed offspring of that union - Cain - was himself later banished east, to the "Land of Nod", where he took a wife and began his own line.

And the trouble didn't end there. There's a little-known word that is to be found in most good dictionaries and it is "telegony". It relates to the continuing effects of one sire even upon subsequent mating with others and their offspring. This would have taken place in Abel, who was murdered by Cain, as well as any other offspring born until the effect was worn off by sufficient gestations.

Finally, Genesis tells us, it was Seth - the successor - who became the heir to the pure bloodline.

This is nothing but biology at work. We need to ask ourselves as we hearken back to my earlier words on myth and legend, what indeed of those other offspring who were tainted by Satan himself, as the Bible later spells out, and what if, indeed, this whole process took place on a mass scale and not merely involving one couple. Look about your world today and see the answer.

As with our own civilization within easy living memory, it took more than just mere proximity to allow for wholesale miscegenation to take hold. First, a sizeable segment of the people had to have gone rotten from the inside, out. Even from the legends that have reached us of Atlantis, the Atlanteans allowed their technology to far outrun their morality and spirituality. I say sizeable but not all. Otherwise, we wouldn't be here today.

Because there is one more key to the understanding of history and the rise, fall and rise again of civilizations: Migration. The still-smoking volcanic mountain tops of Atlantis today - in the form of the Azores and Canary Islands - contained a blond and blue-eyed people known to the Spanish who discovered them soon after Columbus' first voyage as Guanches. With their own language - related to both Mayan and Basque - they told of how they were descendants of ancient shepherds who'd been in the high mountains with their flocks when, seemingly, the world came suddenly to an end.

Although these Guanches had carved for themselves intricate chambers into the living rock, the picture of the "caveman", as far as our White ancestors was concerned, only came in when modern science uncovered the pitiful remains of some of those who were attempting to

hide from or survive the effects of one or more of the cataclysms from space mentioned earlier. Only caves could hope to offer shelter from that kind of devastation. At that, a great many were drowned or entombed.

The scope and suddenness of these cataclysms can be partially appreciated, again, through reading the living record. One of the earlier, partial destructions of Atlantis occurred when the earth passed through the tail of a comet and that half of the globe was smothered in a maelstrom of gravel, or "till". While digging at the bottom of a well on my property in Ohio in 1980, I encountered this till. A seam of gravel, each piece smooth and oval, and on average larger than a man's fist. What civilizations lay buried under this?

Most recently, at the time of Noah's Flood, or the final destruction of Atlantis, it was a large celestial body entering the solar system and coming close enough to earth so that the gravity of both caused tremendous disruptions to the atmosphere, land masses and subterranean aquifers. As Genesis recalls, not only did it "rain forty days and forty nights", the "great fountains of the earth" erupted to gush forth geysers of water miles into the upper atmosphere. Norse legends record this as the coming of the "Fenris Wolf" while, to the Chinese, it was the coming of the "Dragon".

Simultaneously, a slippage of the earth's crust and a separation of the continents would have effectively shifted the poles, literally causing the oceans to walk across the land in unimaginable tidal waves. At the same time also, formerly temperate areas would suddenly become frigid. The speed and ferocity of this was dramatically demonstrated early in the Twentieth Century when Russian scientists dined on the flesh of woolly mammoths from Siberia, extinct for ten thousand years, which had been quick frozen and yet with the fresh buttercups they had been grazing upon still undigested in their stomachs.

Through this literal tearing of the atmosphere itself and the resultant ozone poisoning, the onset of the process of disease and aging began and man no longer lived to be the astronomical ages that are recorded in Genesis. It is said in the Bible that the new sign of the rainbow then was God's promise not to visit such devastation on the earth again... at least not for a very long time and not by water. And although it is unlikely that anyone could have caused the flood of the Bible, it should be no less amazing that someone was able to know that it was coming and cared enough to give ample warning to certain people to

be ready.

The many Neolithic structures found throughout the Mediterranean, Western Europe and Central America, dating from just after the flood, bear witness to man's by then overweening concern with the heavens and his paramount desire to know when and how the next global disaster would come. Built to last the ages, these planetariums and calendars in stone tell of dates impossibly far back in time but of a future that ends abruptly in the Twenty-First Century.

The modern reenactment of the saga of Atlantis can be seen in the rise and fall of the British Empire. An island in the North Atlantic, peopled by the best of Aryan stock, full of vigor and enterprise, expanding over the whole earth and establishing colonies; Each of these colonies, insofar as they were mainly White themselves, reflecting the Mother Country's own culture and values.

The danger then was the same as it is now. For the most part these colonies included dark, native stock or a darker element was present nearby. In the case of the Atlantean Empire, natural disaster disrupted the heart and core of the civilization. In the case of the British Empire, alien infiltration and subversion paralyzed the instinct and sapped the will. The center - just as effectively removed in either case - now gone, led to the outposts, now cut off and isolated from one another, degenerating and falling under the tide of aboriginal color.

To some of the colonized subjects of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century, the effigy of Queen Victoria was worshipped as a deity. To the ancient Greeks, some of the former kings and queens of Atlantis became their gods and goddesses. Poseidon, or as he is otherwise known, Neptune, is a prime example. All of these are racial memories as seen through the mists of time.

Some things don't change, such as racial patterns. Disputed though they may be, the study of the origins and home of the White race serves these purposes at least in tracing the recurrence of certain fingerprint patterns back far beyond what today's history is willing to admit. Constant rise and fall, constant migration and colonization. Regardless of the set-back, always a renewal and the start of another high civilization. Each time, through man's own folly, once stagnation and rot have set in, the best White elements move on to continue the pursuit of their racial mission.

But note carefully, just as the current cataclysm is one of a man-

made nature unlike those of the past, so too today the difference is that there is no longer any place for us to retire from the colored, alien menace. This drama got its start from space and from space it will have its conclusion.

Other things, such as symbols, have their own origins and have been with the Whites over every step of their long journey. From Atlantis also came the sign of the Swastika. In the four arms we see not only the four elements of astrology and alchemy - earth, water, fire and air, not only the four rivers of Atlantis – or Eden, but the four main chemical elements - oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon. The arms of the Swastika (“Well-being” in Sanskrit and “Hooked Cross” or Hakenkreuz in German) whether revolving to the left or to the right, symbolize the cyclical, unending pattern of eternal life. Also, the great migrations from off of Atlantis to the four corners of the world. The natural rock of Atlantis, from which the construction blocks for all major buildings came, was in three main colors: Red, black and white. Add the disc representing the sun and you have something instantly recognizable the world over.

Looking at a map of the world, one can see that the new home and bastion of the Aryans at the time just before the great and renewed expansion in recent centuries is a tiny, cold and craggy peninsula off of western Asia known as Europe. Here was our refuge not only from nature gone wild but also from a colored world already in revolt even before the dawn of time. Even as previously-settled Africa, Asia, North and South America, etc., were being lost, Europe was secured owing to a variety of factors.

First, Whites came in overwhelming numbers. The close proximity of Europe to Atlantis made it a primary objective for those undertaking a massive escape from a doomed homeland which, by ten thousand years ago, had all but completely vanished. They came to the western shores of Spain and France in great waves. Modern science refers to this as the sudden, unexplained appearance of Cro-Magnon Man.

Second, tolerance was not a virtue. Precisely as with the conquest of the American frontier, the Aryan invaders encountered a dark, primitive and cannibalistic native population. And, for reasons that should be obvious, proceeded to kill them off in a great genocide. Thus any opportunity for mixing or any later reversal of fortune was precluded at the start. This is what science now refers to as the sudden and

unexplained disappearance of the Neanderthals.

At that, tales persist of Neanderthal types surviving into the present time as what are known as Almas of the Altai Mountains region of Mongolia. I actually had a conversation with a Mongolian woman who confirmed all of this to me. Recent computer-generated images show the Neanderthal countenance to have been less alien to that of Whites than even that of contemporary Negroids or Australoids, for example. This leads one to ponder to what extent some actual mixing may have gone on, just as with the Indians and some Whites here. Resulting in a lesser breed of "Whites".

The climate of Europe, especially the north-western portion, previously uninhabitable, was rendered far more hospitable directly through the breaking up of the land mass of Atlantis which freed the Gulf Stream to circulate warmth into the northern latitudes and ending the last Ice Age. As a result of this, sea levels rose by approximately six hundred feet, inundating all existing coastal settlements, flooding the Mediterranean basin and causing, for example, Greece to lose half of its territory. But Europe was effectively cut off from Africa in a naturally enforced racial separation.

The face of the earth had changed, civilization could begin a crawl upward again, and a new chapter was beginning for the White race.

May, 1995, Pueblo Co. Jail

WHY NOW?

Only within the span of the Twentieth Century have generations of Whites broken from the traditions of their parents and ancestors in a departure from thousands of years of struggle and development.

Decade to decade, it is visible, easily observable inside of families. One can see the slide of racial solidarity diminishing from grandparent to child to grandchild. I have witnessed it among siblings, from eldest to youngest. This is not the fulminations of an old crank because, do recall, I've been at this since the age of fourteen. I'm reminded of a tale they used to tell us in elementary school:

I think it was Socrates that lamented on the state of the youth in his ancient Greece and how they were devoid of the old values, how they disrespected their elders, etc. But I'm sure this story was being used to attempt to tell us not to worry about similar such symptoms in our own, postwar, American society as, look, Greece is still there after thousands of years. Wrong! It's not the same "Greece" as in the time of Socrates. That marvelous society did die, make no mistake, and is gone from the stage of Aryan development. Take a look at the person in the street over there today and then compare that with one of the statues from the classical period. That says it all.

Slippage. Attitudes and opinions diverge ever wider concerning everything from what Western Civilization is to what Big Brother may be and to what "P.C." – or that which is "politically correct" or acceptable to the moment may be deemed. Views toward race, sexuality, culture, personal relationships, drugs, firearms, etc., all are on the move. Working knowledge, general awareness and just plain sound instincts are generally receding. The younger the generation, the more scattered.

One generation to the next, the decline may be noted. But of course the very next generation can't see the same pattern in

themselves. They can't or won't see the trend. Or, if they do, they see it as "progress". As a child in elementary school, I saw it plainly. Even minus the benefit of development, I could see how my own generation could never hope to measure up to that of my parents'. Something critical was missing. Something deadly was present.

There was the pep-talk I once heard from one corporate manager to his new employees that ran something like: This year you each will do more than your grandparents did in their entire lives. But more of what? Crunch data? That's about it. No. That's no argument. Society is on the skids and, with it, the race itself.

The key to the understanding of world events, of how things arrived at where they are, and knowing why they never get better - only worse - is the knowledge and the awareness of conspiracy. Nothing just "happens" anymore (if it ever did). Stated purposes are only masks for ulterior motivations. Supposed "leaders" are no more than finger puppets. Nothing is what it seems to be.

An old Movement bromide has it that "just because you're paranoid doesn't mean that you're not being followed." I could translate this out to mean that just because the Movement has traditionally been chock full of cranks and outright nut cases, it does not mean that their facts or the essence of their message and warning is false. It only means that they are far removed from being the ones who can ever hope to do something about it.

My own impression of the workings and effects of the conspiracy, once I had sufficiently digested them, was that of a combination of all the most horrific science fiction films I had ever seen of the "Body Snatchers" variety. And if you recall the climactic scene of the man on the highway frantically trying to warn the passing motorists of the terrible menace he was aware of, that and their disdainful reaction, then you'll know something akin to the feeling that I and the rest of the Movement live with.

There is the concept of hiding something out in the open. As children we may have hidden something with the intention and expectation that it would never be uncovered. When it ultimately was found, we were at a complete loss, with guilt written all over us. Precisely as with the "Big Lie" technique, it would never occur to simple souls to maintain something dark and outrageous right out in the open in order to preclude someone stumbling upon it, thus raising troublesome questions.

“Oh, that!” It takes certain “chutzpah” to not only do that but to attach to it a tag of non-authenticity just in case anyone should ever wonder at its nature.

That, for example, is what they have done with the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. It's not readily available but they haven't attempted to “burn” it yet, either, because it is such a touchy matter for them. It is the text of the minutes of a gathering of powerful international Jews a century ago in Europe meticulously outlining their plan by which they would totally bring all of the peoples of the earth and the respective nations under their control. Somehow at least one copy of this monstrous document leaked out.

The dissertation contained within the Protocols has all the tenor of the now-familiar spiel or “seminar” as might be presented by a high-pressure Jewish scam artist to his gathering of aspiring hopefuls, all set to leave the nest and strike out on their own in some sort of “pyramid” scheme. Just as with these modern pep-talks given at these sales seminars, the emphasis is on how to play the intended victim's own weaknesses and greed against them in order to reel them in for the kill.

What else could they say other than that the whole thing is a lie, a forgery? But as Henry Ford commented of this disclaimer at the time on the part of World Jewry, if it is a forgery indeed, why then have the Jews been following its outlined precepts like a blueprint ever since the day of its writing? Today, practically a full century later, all that's left of it to be fulfilled is the naked declaration of a Jewish dictatorship over the world. That fact alone renders the question of a forgery - unprovable one way or another - as being completely moot.

For my own part, I will say that no one really has an excuse for not questioning things in the same way as I have done and asking themselves the one simple question: Why now?

As far as I am concerned, here is the acid test for the presence or not of conspiracy. And let us by all means define conspiracy before proceeding any further. “To plan and act together secretly, especially in order to commit a crime.” To take control of the wealth, the communications, the government of nations in order to not only fleece their gold is one thing but to manipulate the very lives and destinies of the people themselves, to pervert and degenerate them without their knowledge and consent has got to amount to a crime in anybody's judgment.

Why a crime plague now and not fifty or a hundred years ago? Why a drug plague now and not earlier? Why all these racially mixed couples now and not a few generations ago? Why all the onrush of homosexuality now and not before? Why all the cultural insanity now and not in times past? Why more and more legislation, government involvement, more police, more prisons now and why can't they prevent things from becoming worse? Why do people have to work longer and harder just to stay in place? Why are families falling apart now and not in centuries past?

Why don't all the good words, good works, good intentions, high ideals, all the buttons, banners and slogans, highly paid "experts", etc., amount to a damn against the year-by-year, decade-by-decade, generation-by-generation slide into hell?

Would a free people, in charge of their own fate and affairs, first of all allow a situation like this to arise and then, should it manage to have arisen anyway, allow it to continue and stand by, apparently utterly helpless to affect it one way or the other? Would a people who are "enlightened" and "informed" view much of the disease as being, instead, signs of "health" and "progress"? Would a truly representative, democratic government continually fly in the face of its constituents? Couldn't the mess be sorted out?

The answer is no. Not if the actual ruling body wants it to be another way which will suit their own hidden agenda. What was the glaring, inescapable new ingredient in home life that marked the difference between my generation, and that of my parents'? Television, of course. Means of artificial conditioning - unreality - in the hands of a racially, culturally and spiritually alien conspiracy. The mass media. They don't make a secret of the fight between Philo Farnsworth - the White who invented television in the Twenties - and David Sarnoff - the Jew who controlled RCA and later NBC - over who should control the new medium and, after Sarnoff won out, the fact that Farnsworth never permitted a television set in his own home.

At the end of time, the Bible predicted, there will be "lying wonders". The artificial means of creating images and realities in the minds of unsuspecting people. The power is awesome and unlimited... and unchecked. The means of artificial conditioning cannot be underestimated. Traditions and instincts are gradually, evermore submerged, natural reflexes are evermore desensitized, and true heroes

and values are evermore discredited by the alien-controlled media. Cultural and social life is ever more non-White. Standards are ever being lowered. A deliberate process exists that is moving fast, with cumulative effect, a crash course yielding its results even as we watch.

As fast as the Media Masters feel safe enough to push without arousing too much of a public backlash, then filth, lies and poison - packaged under the guise of "entertainment" and "enlightenment" - continue to eat away at what is left of the mind, heart and spirit of the nation. Toward what? Not merely to make the moguls fabulously rich but to destroy the very soul of Whites in the certain knowledge that their blood will soon follow.

And I may be accused of tossing around the word "degenerate" quite a bit. So let's get that one defined as well: "Fallen or deteriorated from a former, higher, or normal condition."

Conspiracy: Bringing the unnatural and the unwanted.

It couldn't have happened before as the people were healthy, happy, united and wouldn't have tolerated it. It couldn't have happened before as the hidden enemy still lacked the control and the means to bring it about. It couldn't have happened before as, despite the historically swift pace of all this, it still required a little time for the "softening up" process to have its effect.

"Tolerance". Compromise. No self-defense.

These dupes, these tools, these puppets that make up the government bureaucracy are inept, yes, they are corrupt, yes, but no one, no organized body with the kind of awesome political and social machinery at their disposal such as they wield could fail to make at least a dint against the tide of insanity and deterioration that is sweeping the Western world today. That is if it were their intent to do so. The real task of these paid stewards, these hirelings, these "politicians", is to guide and manage a deliberate, carefully planned descent into a mongrelized, Marxist police state - a Jewish plantation - with utmost care and finesse. To not permit any sudden, undue fluctuations to occur in the process which might alarm too many of the equally duped and decoyed Whites into anything resembling a genuine rebellion. To keep them lulled in a death sleep until the point is reached where there can be no waking up. The polite and gentle word for this is treason.

Conservatives as well as most of the people imagine all of this to be the result of "accident" or "mistake", and that it may be "corrected" in

the next election. Liberals betray their totally diseased worldview by their belief in dousing an already out-of-control fire with more gasoline. They see it as "not enough democracy" or "too much racism". In fact, there is no accident, no mistake to any of this. What passes for "democracy" has been what has led to this and any possible effect that so-called "racism" may exert upon any of it is immeasurable. Yet it is the trend itself that should be obvious.

In point of fact, "racism" or its vestiges is the only real "glue" holding this society together, such as it is. One must not think it is the efforts of the police state which only impresses by force an alien domination and poisonous creed, preventing the society from purging itself. No. Lies and disease can only exist so long as there still lives something of life, health and worth. As Stoker made plain in his own analogy of the Jews, once the victim succumbs, so too will the vampire himself die.

Expend a little effort and secure for yourself a copy of the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion and you will clearly, unmistakably see that it is a careful plan to, one, assume secret power, and, two, to use that power to twist and pervert the society so that, three, it may become safe to step forward and assume open power. The name for this final phase is New World Order. And the word for the process, the strategy to the accomplishment of this is gradualism.

People of the first part of the Twentieth Century would not have stood still for a single one of the social disgraces or maladies that are everywhere common today. The men who went to fight all the wars of the Twentieth Century believed they were fighting to preserve their way of life. How wrong is it possible to be? How badly duped can a people get? Their offspring as drug addicts, homosexuals or race-mixers? Better to be killed or conquered outright! What if their "enemy", Hitler, had won the war? How would "speaking German" today - as our teachers said would have happened - stack up against the real truth of the matter, these so-called "fruits of victory" that are eating us like a cancer? Nobody wanted any of it, that is, the people themselves didn't want it to happen. They resisted it as best they could. But they didn't fully appreciate what they were really fighting. They had already been morally disarmed, they didn't suspect that their "leaders" weren't theirs at all, and they scarcely understood that they had been separated from their own posterity - their own children - by the alien-controlled mass media.

Little by little the barriers were broken down. Things that had taken hundreds or thousands of years to develop for the preservation and defense of the society and the blood were dismantled and discredited within a very short period of time, all in the name of "freedom" and "progress". In conjunction with this, first a small dose of poison, then a bigger one, and still a bigger one was subtly injected until the nation's bloodstream became awash in it and the nation, just like a dope addict, began craving more and more.

People born approximately after my own generation, that is, anyone who cannot remember life as it was in the Fifties and early Sixties, at least life the way it was in the small towns, cannot relate to a time or a place where things weren't outwardly and significantly alien in nature. They cannot remember when life was White. To these younger generations, insanity and depravity are "normal". Gradualism at work.

My own father, during the late Fifties, to his credit, announced that no Elvis Presley records would ever be allowed to enter the house. My best friend's father similarly exclaimed that "Mad Magazine" was Communist propaganda. Sound far out? They both were right. They didn't know how right they were. But without such apparently harmless and innocuous "bridges" - which certainly are made to seem all the more so by today's brand of lunacy - we could never have arrived at where we are now. Gradualism, once again.

The man who was my barber from babyhood to adulthood, who had been a bombardier over Europe in World War Two, was outspoken and adamant about Martin Luther King being a Communist agitator and that, one day "blood will be splashed from one end of this country to the other." Like a scene from out of a Greek tragedy, that man, my own father, my friend's father, and every other American male I knew of then had been a veteran fighting Hitler. They didn't know - weren't allowed to know - who or what it was they were fighting and killing. They were just carrying out orders from on high. They were duped into committing the suicide of the West.

The softening-up process proceeded by starts and fits up until the decade of the Sixties. By that time, as Lenin might surely have commented, American society had become like an overripe fruit. I remember during my own closing days within the public school system when the long-hair look, the presence of dope, hard rock and race-mixing all arrived, hand-in-hand, just like someone had flipped a switch. The

floodgates had obviously been thrown wide open. The major cities had already been inundated. Resistance was gone. It had now come down to a mopping-up operation.

Racial awareness and pride had been the target. With that center of gravity removed, with the nucleus of the atom having been destroyed, society was now only coasting along on the inertia having been generated long before.

It was burning up the wealth long ago built up. What fun to go down the slippery slide! The candle was burning at both ends now.

But alongside the conspiratorial time-table which related to what the populace might hold still for next, there is another time-table. That of a moribund society and the symptoms of impending death that can be expected to appear next.

The bottom looms up.

April, 1995, Las Animas

NEMESIS

For how many eons the empire of Atlantis existed, no one can be sure. Egypt lasted in excess of ten thousand years that we may be certain of. The Roman Empire only lived a thousand years. Western Civilization itself is today a mere thousand years of age and finds itself in

the advanced stages of decay.

In 8,000 B.C., the population of the world is estimated to have been five million people. By the year 1 A.D., it was about one hundred and fifty million. By 1650, it had reached five hundred million. In two hundred years it doubled to one billion. It doubled again in the next eighty years. A mere forty-five years later it had again doubled. By the year 2025, world population is expected to reach eight billion.

The life-span of civilizations growing ever shorter while the population statistics are pointing straight up. More ominously, over ninety percent of that population is non-White. Worst of all, the entire globe is now for the first time ever locked into and dominated by what is touted as the "New World Order", a super-sophisticated and ultra high-polished version of Communism.

Certain things may be written off to accident while others may be counted as only being the natural course.

But what are the real chances of one small group of people - easily identifiable - being everywhere found to be not only in a position of profiting by all this but of actually instrumenting it? The accidental odds are zero. Neither is it a natural thing when one understands the planning and scheming that has gone into it from the start. Something is not only terribly wrong in the world; some conscious force is driving it harder and faster to some nightmarish conclusion.

What awesome, incredible event occurring in reality how many ages ago could have inspired the Biblical account of the revolt in heaven wherein God barely managed to get the upper hand against fully one-third of his angels, led by his own former archangel Lucifer, and cast them down to earth? From out of the dimmest, most distant past comes to us in the present the collective racial memory of Satan, the devil or adversary or accuser, as representing an evil every bit as real and physical as any concept of good.

In the Bible and in secular history, Jews as we have them today make their appearance very late, only inside the first millennium, B.C. From that point to the present, we may stop using the allegorical term, Satan, and start using the literal term, Jews. Through some unique genetic twist, a result of racial bastardization, and through the adoption of a particularly perverse religious doctrine, the spirit of evil itself was able to find a home within the heart, brain and bloodstream of a living people.

If one is not fully aware of the nature and the role of the Jews, then he is not aware of the nature of the on-going world struggle. Nor is he in any way armed against his worst enemy.

People who may have dallied and flirted, scratched the surface as to the hidden forces governing human affairs, will have heard such names dropped as Freemasonry, Illuminati, Rosicrucians, Tri-Laterals, Bilderberger's, Council on Foreign Relations, etc., and can get lost in bottomless labyrinths of conspiracy involving each one. Some professional Right Wingers make their vocation out of writing and selling horror stories dealing with the tentacles of these very real organizations and how they reach into every facet of government. But the beginner as well as any old-timer can rid themselves of all such needless heavy baggage and tie it up in one word: Jews. Jews and their accomplices.

The "Hidden Hand" is very real and although it has many different store fronts, I assure you, regardless of the name or the face, World Jewry has long since come to control or dominate all of them. The infernal combine directly confronting us here today is an Anglo-Jewish conspiracy. Duped or sold-out Whites filling out the ranks of a monstrous apparatus - inspired and controlled by Jews - to squeeze the last drop of wealth from society while gradually turning it into a brown, Third World mess.

At the end of it all, they'll die too as a result. But that's no compensation for the loss of what Madison Grant called "The Great Race" of culture-bearing and civilization-building Whites. But if brought to completion, a certain task will have been performed and perhaps that's all that matters in the scheme of things: Survival or death of a certain species of human kind. Since their appearance in most recent human times, Jews have taken the responsibility of making sure the cycle of destruction not only accelerates dramatically but assumes worldwide proportions. One can't doubt for long what spirit animates them or what force they serve.

Again hearkening back to Bram Stoker's allegorical novel, "Dracula", the vampire's best defense and his real power is that no one believes in him.

No race of people has been targeted by Jews as has been the Aryan race nor does any race have more to lose at the hands of these Jews than does the Aryan, or White race. Is it because Jews can much more readily pass for White than, say, Black, Brown or Yellow? Is it

because the Aryan environment generates far more riches for the Jewish parasite to drain, exactly as the vampire sucks the lifeblood of his victims? Or is it something even more?

Among the ancient texts of wisdom left by the now vanished Aryans of India were words to the effect that it is the devil's object to spread the lie and, by that, to corrupt women, and, by that, to confuse the races. Isn't that what is also set forth in the Genesis account of the seduction of Eve? That goal achieved, the devil has scored victory over God by physically destroying his highest creation on earth, the very image of himself. There can be no returning from racial bastardization. For a demonstration of that at work you need to look no further than modern-day India: Once a brilliant, White civilization but one that held masses of colored types in rigid segregation. Then came the breakdown of truth, the collapse of their "caste" system. And look at them today. The definition of misery, poverty, hopelessness and superstition.

Egypt, India, Greece, Rome, the civilizations of Central and South America - all decayed and fallen through pollution of the Aryan blood which founded them. Notice my use of the word pollution as that is all that is required, and to an amazingly slight degree, in order to extinguish the bright civilizing light. Once that takes place, only deepening darkness lies in the future, a future that really is no future because there can be nothing of an upward nature to be expected.

Even the most obtuse should be able to recognize that the world is approaching some sort of climax. Hitler in "Mein Kampf" said that the Jew is the mightiest counterpart to the Aryan. He also said that any world victory for the Jews would mean a dead planet spinning back into its ether.

However else we may have perceived Jews in our midst - avaricious bankers and speculators, bosses of organized crime, purveyors of drugs, pornography and prostitution, media moguls and entertainers who divert and brainwash the populace, "scientists" and "educators" who create lies to replace truth, liberal politicians who further pry open the lid to Pandora's Box, conservative politicians who further devise ways of bringing down the lid of police state, ad infinitum - regardless how they may choose to present themselves or have us imagine any division in their ranks, we must know them and deal with them as our Nemesis, our destroyer.

My use of religious and mythological allegory in these pages

continues because it does contain basic truth contained in the simplest, most powerful terms. I do this in order to reclaim all this racial memory and folk legend that served our ancestors so well for so long until in most recent times when it was co-opted by incompetents and sell-outs and rendered so perverted and meaningless that I became one of the millions who not only did not accept it but who turned violently against it, listening instead to the voice of my instincts and common sense.

Now I have seen the truth and it is that these fakers and liars do not represent God with their lies and deceits but God's opposite number.

To the average Jew who may not be involved in high finance, Communism, corruption, etc., the Jews who may never have heard of the Zionist Protocols, never attend synagogue, who may be your friendly neighbor and who might even - as I have encountered - maintain that the only thing Hitler did wrong was in not killing enough of them, blood yet remains elemental and runs true.

Whites, though they scarcely realize who and what they are, will continue to be the sustainers of whatever remains of the country until there is nothing left. Jews, whether conscious of or directly involved in the conspiracy, make up the alien nervous system which guides the collective efforts of one and all toward a goal which leads over a precipice. They have succeeded in inducing Whites to perceive themselves and others as "individuals" while they themselves consider each and all Jews as an organism. Hence their ability to dominate.

If I must draw this all the way out to include the painfully obvious, and then I would have to ask the skeptical reader just who sits in control of all the "developed" - or White - countries of the earth today? Who owns the wealth, who buys and sell the presidents and all other so-called "leaders", who owns the opinion-forming media, who else but Jews have the power to cause or prevent, to influence without exception every social, cultural and political move in the nation and the world today? And, if you cannot definitively answer that question, then I challenge you to find out the answer for yourself.

Stop and ponder that. Then move on to the next inescapable question: Where has it brought us and where is it leading us? Or are you one of those who lives only in the day and sees no trend covering past, present and future? That it is and has been leading up to and further into a damnable mess is certain. But the democratized fools cannot see in broad, historic terms and imagine the need only for some minor,

superficial shifts in adjustment, all within the parameters of the same, rotten shell game. They do not see the constant, ineffable trend, that toward confusion, chaos and the gradual encroaching darkness - both literal and figurative - from which there will be no return if allowed to proceed uninterrupted to completion.

It is real and it is immediate. What is and has been going on and which is directed against you and yours should more than satisfy anyone's hunger for soap opera melodrama or science fiction or any other form of diversionary tripe whipped up by Jewish Hollywood to keep your attention turned away from where it should be focused.

WHAT IS A JEW?

To this most important question there is no easy answer. It was brought up to me about a year ago by a very new but dear friend. Educated and intelligent, good hearted and with good instincts, plus being entirely fair-minded.

She knew who and what I was and posed her question to what she supposed to be an expert in the field. Expert, perhaps. Admittedly one who has seen and investigated certain facts and information which the Jews themselves - as the Masters of the Media - don't want disseminated or studied. Also, as a National Socialist who does not mince words about the Jews being the World Enemy and who bases all his decisions and judgments on the evidence, making all his pronouncements, taking all of his actions on the basis of correctness and necessity... never fear.

Adolf Hitler said of the Jews that they were the great counterpart to the Aryan. He also said that being a Jew is a psychological state. He emphasized that they were the masters of the lie.

George Lincoln Rockwell said that a Jew could be any one or a combination of three things: A race; a religion; or a nationality. He went on to add that they could pass themselves as anything ranging from political conservative to liberal, Zionist to Communist, devoutly Judaic to militantly atheist. But, at bottom, they were first and foremost Jews. He noted also that, unless one went happily along with at least one of their

many programs, they would drop their mask as "Apostles of Brotherhood" and become quite vicious.

Any child on the street knows the saying, the twin to "I was gypped", "I was Jewed." It's become an article of faith nowadays to be hyper-aware of the supposed persecution of Jews, especially in National Socialist Germany, but all throughout Western history. A "special", very different people for sure.

But none of this really answers the question of what a Jew actually is.

Hitler and Rockwell both pointed the way when they saw that, for the most part, a Jew can be spotted by his face. (The same might be said for the Jewish name unless, of course, he has had his name changed just as many of them have their faces surgically altered to look more "Aryan".) Secondly, it's well known that Jews gravitate to wherever money is to be found. Third, Jews in most instances are to be found heavily involved in pursuits and social movements that tend toward the leftist, liberal, equalitarian and cosmopolitan. It is a distinct type with its own agenda. These are things that anyone can see and observe. It still doesn't answer the question.

A major piece of the puzzle isn't too difficult to fish out of the history books if a person is particularly diligent. Most people imagine Jews to be some form of White people who happen to adhere to a slightly different religion from Christianity. But this does not line up with the truism, as we have touched upon above, that the Jew didn't get his looks by attending synagogue. And Rockwell loved pointing out the many atheist Jews which led the Bolshevik and Communist movement. So, while not being a true race in the strict sense, Jews are a distinct breed.

By far the majority of those who are and who have been identified over the last millennium as Jews are a people who were known to history as Khazars (and before that even, in the pages of the Bible, the same people were referred to as Gog-Magog.) This large nation which was located in southern Russia between the Black and the Caspian Seas and was approximately the size of Charlemagne's empire in the west and it converted en masse to Judaism at also about the same time as did Charlemagne's realm to Christianity. Among Jews today, these descendants are known as Ashkenazim.

The smaller group is known as Sephardim. It is their history that is well traced in the pages of the Old Testament and indeed it is their

peculiar own "genesis" which constitutes the "sudden turn" in the Bible that most people miss, thus rendering the message of the Bible effectively lost.

All the way from Genesis to Second Kings the Bible lists and condemns the various tribes of native Canaanites that the Hebrew Israelites would encounter after their exodus from Egypt and their setting up their own, new land. "Hittites, Hivites, Girgashites, Perrizites, Jebusites", etc. All of them Canaanite, all of them non-White, and all of them dealing in ways and customs most offensive to the Lord. God commanded Israel to either kill these people as they took over their land or to drive them out completely. Otherwise, he warned, they would be the destruction of Israel.

But as the Old Testament recounts, in many cases these Canaanites were too strong or too crafty to be militarily overcome and totally eradicated. And each of the tribes of Israel in turn made slaves of the respective Canaanites left alive in their territories. That listing of Canaanite tribes was recited eighteen times between Genesis and Second Kings 16:6 which marks the first time anywhere the appearance of the word "Jew". Eighteen, by the way, factors by three sixes. "666".

By the time of Second Kings in the Old Testament, ancient Israelite society had slackened its rules and its standards and had gradually come to accept these Canaanites into itself as "equals" provided that they were willing to assimilate themselves into Israelite ways. Bathsheba, Delilah, Jezebel, etc., are some examples. Between the growing laxities, of the original Israelite (White) stock and the increasing corruptive influence of the Canaanites upon the leaders and the society in general, by the time of the death of Solomon, ancient Israel split in two and fought a civil war even bloodier than the U.S. Civil War. That was in about 922 B.C.

The Books of Kings lists all of the subsequent rulers of divided Israel and condemns three fourths of them as being evil and corrupt, steeped in the ways of the Canaanites. But it is absolutely critical to note that by this time all of the inhabitants of the area are referred to as "Jews" in the same way that all "citizens" here today are "Americans". But the differences remain and are real.

Surrounded by powerful and hostile non-White nations, finally both Israel in the north and Judah in the south were conquered and deported enmasse from the area by Assyrians and Babylonians in 721 and

587 B.C., respectively. After seventy years of this captivity, both the Assyrians and the Babylonians were themselves eclipsed by the Persians who then permitted the deported Israelites, or Jews, to go and to do as they pleased. Of approximately ten million people taken into captivity, the Bible only accounts for about fifty thousand who chose to return to the Holy Land. The White element made its way into Europe, mainly via the Caucasus Mountains, thus becoming "Caucasians". The rest, the colored Canaanite element, remained behind in Persia, Babylon and, of course, the wrecked and ruined Holy Land itself.

During this period, these Jews formulated their own brand of religion known as "Judaism" which borrowed from not only the Old Testament but heavily from Babylonian and native Canaanite influences, plus the interpretations of the rabbis themselves in what became the Babylonian Talmud, only committed to paper as recently as 500 A.D.

At the time of the deportations and captivity of Israel, the Assyrians and the Babylonians repopulated the newly vacated territories with other people from their own empires, people themselves related by blood to the native Canaanites and practicing many of the same pagan customs. This is what the returning fifty thousand Israelite pilgrims found awaiting them upon their reentry into Jerusalem. These non-White types represented the Samaritans and the Edomites, etc.

The whole tragic picture is like unto the "changing" of a U.S. major city from White to colored and yet the inhabitants still bearing much the same culture, names, history, etc. People read of it in the Bible and miss the warning. Today they see it happening all about them in their own land and they fail to react appropriately to the identical menace.

This first Jewish enclave was broken up militarily by Romans and by Arabs, Turks, Persians, etc. That of the Khazars was likewise scattered by powerful invaders from the south and from the east. Both groups gradually made their way into Europe, picking up varying degrees of White blood and Whites ways, "assimilating", as it were, in order that the Whites of Europe would "tolerate" them once again and not to do them as the Lord commanded in the Old Testament.

Thus the same pattern of infiltration and contamination has repeated itself.

What then is a Jew?

In a few very succinct words the German documentary film, "Der Ewige Jude", states "the Jew is a bastard." But no ordinary bastard.

There are more bastard breeds in the world at present than there are true races of men. And the Jews are among the very smallest in number of these. Yet none of the rest have invaded and infiltrated White society, monopolizing it and taking it over from within as have the Jews. Unlike the rest, the majority of Whites are capable of being duped into believing these Jews to be "Whites", more or less like themselves. Ignorant of the rest, there is where the grave danger lies.

Something common to the blood of these types, or something given rise by this mixture, along with a peculiarly pernicious doctrine, not only binds them together as a unit but has driven them over the centuries toward an appointed destination. A destination written of by the Prophet Ezekiel as he describes the Battle of Armageddon.

They are found to be citizens of every nation and invariably choose to concentrate in the areas of greatest wealth. It is here they proceed to not only go after the riches but also after control. What few seem to realize is that they do not stop at control.

Without producing anything, they drain the life and wealth until there is nothing remaining but a husk. In this, then, the Jew is a parasite.

For modern Jews to associate themselves or allow themselves to be associated with the people of the Bible, to pose as "God's Chosen", makes them imposters as even Jesus of Nazareth called them the children of their father the devil who was a liar and a murderer.

Along with instrumenting and championing liberal and leftist movements, Jews, as Hitler said, may be found at the bottom of every racially and culturally poisonous drive. Whatever they come to control or influence, they also turn rotten and perverse. In this, then, the Jew is subversive.

To pass themselves as White, through conversions, name changes and plastic surgeries, in order to infiltrate White society and lead it over a cliff makes them a criminal conspiracy on the part of a counterfeit humanity.

Sometimes too late, sometimes not as in the case of National Socialist Germany, a host people may wake up to all of this and in an extremely angry state. Here is where the phenomenon of "persecution" comes into play, the Jews through their controlled media only telling you the second half of the story.

Dr. Robert Ley said of the Jews, "As the potato bug destroys crops and fields, as it is his nature to do so, so the Jew destroys people

and nations.”

Would what not define ultimate evil?

Winter, 1995-96. C.S.P.
First appeared in W.A.R.
March, 1996

PART TWO

THE OUTRAGE

The difference between this and some Right Wing or Conservative tract lies in that which moved me in the beginning to join so improbable a movement as the American Nazi Party - now expanded into the Racial Separatist Movement - and what motivates me to pen these words now never was what was "wrong" with the surrounding society. Rather, it was and remains what was missing from universal affairs.

Trouble, disappointment and betrayal have been constants for me in the thirty years I have been part of a movement that is far out of sync with a very average and commonplace world. It was a trade-off which I knowingly made for an unlimited source of purpose and awareness. That notwithstanding, I had sensed at the start of my life's pattern and I knew that by joining this movement at the early age of fourteen I would effectively be changing nothing. I would only be making it official.

Not adult issues or considerations, it was instinct alone that brought me to the Movement. At that time, I hadn't even found its name yet, that is, the name of this primal instinct which was driving me. But I knew the feeling and the feeling and the name are the same: Outrage. It felt it keenly. It was real.

These were the Fifties and early Sixties, marked by the presidencies of Eisenhower and Kennedy. It was the "Baby Boom". The country had it all, the best of everything. But for what purpose? To keep on having it? To get more of it? What did life consist of? If all those around me were any indication, then it amounted to doing what you were told and carrying on as you were expected. But, again, for what purpose? There didn't appear to be a purpose. That was of course for any person who could formulate the question in his mind in the first place. Occupy your space, collect your stuff and do your time.

I remember the family unit - my own and that of friends and it was good... but it was slipping. Divorce was nowhere in my circle, near or far, but it was everywhere throughout the media and that, naturally, put it right into the home. I remember the neighborhood -not having to lock your doors, etc. - and it too was good though I felt something basic was

not only lacking but was growing less and less with each passing year. Call it the "glue". I recall the community and it was a community but something was fading from it almost imperceptibly. I recall that day just before the decade of the Sixties was out that an announcement appeared in the town paper stating that, because participants were outnumbering spectators, the annual Veterans Day ceremonies held in the city park would no longer take place for the first time since the close of World War One.

Days in elementary school could be pleasant, even fun, but strange, uninspired things were being taught. In the "Weekly Readers" they handed us, "progress" seemed to be measured by the collapse of one then another British, French or Dutch colony somewhere in the world. "Goodwill Ambassadors" from the United States to the world were the likes of Louis Armstrong or Lionel Hampton. Guidance, education and role-modeling came over the television from such as Dr. Spock, Dr. Seuss and Capt. Kangaroo. Negroes, as they were politely referred to then, while being "just the same" as ourselves, were strictly held outside of White life although there seemed to be no given reason. Hypocrisy reigned.

The United States boasted the best military on earth - never having lost a war in the nearly two hundred years of its existence. Yet the task now of the great military was to carefully and tediously hold the line against an aggressive and ever-encroaching foreign ideology - Communism. The alternative to this frustration, as propounded by the media and politicians was nuclear war in which civilization itself would be eliminated. Was it "Better Red than dead." or "Better dead than Red.?" Televised images of the crushing of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, then the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962 were more than enough to scare the hell out of anyone. We had our own basement "bomb shelter" and were sleeping in our clothes at those times when things were appearing imminent.

But when all that could be pushed out of one's mind, there were the ranch homes in the suburbs, the patio cook-outs, the hi-fi's, the blue marlins on the rec room walls, the pink flamingoes in the yards, the drive-in movies, shopping centers, something new called "pizza", all those plastic toys, and, of course, television. There was plenty of fun, no doubt. It was materialism triumphant.

My parents tried me out on everything from Sunday school to

the Y.M.C.A. Yet even from the earliest age I plainly saw there was nothing in any of it. Today's term for all that that was is "lame". My mother urged me to join the Masonic lodge. I asked her what they were about and she had no good answer. So much for that then. The idea seemed to be, "because all the right people are doing it". Not only was that not good enough, all these so-called "right people" had themselves failed to impress me one bit.

That much and a deteriorating attitude in school may have painted me as a born anti-social type from the beginning. Maybe. Who knows?

I sensed that there was only what was left over from an outwardly magnificent edifice built upon past generations of sacrifice and toil, of things that must have been real and genuine, and now this, the "acme" erected at the expense of the rest of the White world after the Second World War. And, at that, what was left at that time was a considerable lot and I loved it. I loved it even though I could feel the hollowness underlying it. Disillusionment was on the way.

The kernel of the outrage was a society and a government totally unconcerned with greatness as a racial-national imperative but only with considerations of economics and consumerism. If there was any pretense at all toward nationalism, it had solely to do with the maintenance of a certain military balance in the world, a thing itself left over from a dying age of international chess playing, which itself only went to serve the aforementioned economic hegemony and exploitation. This sort of arrangement did nothing to feed to spirit.

People long for greatness. Those not busy being born are busy dying. There can be no such thing as successfully standing still. Deny greatness for very long and the onset of decay is inevitable.

The more noticeable and, thereby, the more irritating phase of the outrage came when the hidden agenda of the power that had crept over the decades to permeate the do-nothing government began to make itself manifest. By the mid-Sixties, even for a youth, it was easy to look back over one's shoulder in time just past, seeing and remembering things in general as having been better and more worthwhile to live in. And so a pattern had been established even by then of generally nothing going on except a gradual, overall deterioration from a height having formerly been achieved. That, of course, was my take on it. For many more, either no note was taken or, as in the case of liberal types, it was

deterioration itself which was embraced as “progress” or “ideal”.

In the midst of that it was perhaps inevitable for me to have found Adolf Hitler and his Movement. It was in that magic year of 1966 that my eyes were no longer seeing the childish things of my past but were now only focusing upon the Swastikas that were to be found everywhere from the newsstands to the television in my home. In the midst of the dead nothingness, the generalized decay, as far as I was concerned, not even the totally false image of Hitler as given by the media could dampen or conceal the pure electricity, the strength and life that he emanated... even from the grave.

What was any purpose then if not life? And if Adolf Hitler represented life, then life had been declared the enemy. That would have to mean that death was at the helm. In a nutshell then, there it was. Maybe only a raw adolescent could get in touch with such a sense. Real purpose - either in personal or national life - was in awfully bad taste, the domain of “fanatics”, etc. Bad taste for the moment. Later they would try to criminalize it. The proper and prescribed concerns for the individual and for the bodies of business and government were those of death. Putting in time. Making money. Gathering or transferring “stuff”. Processing data. Poisoning. Decomposing. Dying.

It was as a tender “virgin” that I came to the American Nazi Party of George Lincoln Rockwell in 1966, not having the customary “Hard Right” experience of such as the Birchers, Citizens Councils, etc. Most would have assumed right away - and did - that I was prime brainwash material at that age and under those circumstances. But the simple reality should clearly have shown otherwise.

The fact was that at that precise point, I was consciously and deliberately exiting the real brainwash apparatus of the System that had already enveloped everything. The tiny, struggling Party - if it could have even been called a “party” - strove its best to place its program and its facts before whomever it might reach and whoever had the openness of mind to see and receive them. It could hope to achieve no more. “Brainwash”, indeed. But here at least, for the first time, was real alternative.

The Party hasn't been in existence now for a long time and I've gone way beyond its original political and philosophical boundaries. I look back on it fondly. It was fraught with human error only in the aspect of its ultimate management. The Party never lied, never deceived. The Party

was the receptacle of the Truth and the springboard of action. Human frailty, however, following the death of Rockwell in 1967, destroyed its organized basis. The Idea itself could not so easily be destroyed.

In perfect keeping with my impatient nature, the Party permitted me to escape years, perhaps a lifetime, of useless frustration spent in typical Right Wing endeavors of perpetual political and ideological dusk and twilight. Its true weltanschauung provided the perfect foundation for a hungry and anxious young mind to commence its education in earnest.

Simultaneously came the dam burst of the very putrescence that had been building in the national structure throughout the years of aimlessness and emptiness. The foppishness, the drugs and the race-mixing now were making their appearance with a real vengeance, all in unison, in my town. Now the outrage was in the open and it had a face. I, or should I say we, saw only the most symptomatic of its faces. The face which, if you smashed it with your fist, would gain you nothing, except possibly a trip to jail, while having an infinite number of replacements all ready to go. Years and much experience would be needed to develop the wisdom and instinct necessary to penetrate all the "fun house" deception all the way to the core of who and what stood at the core of the outrage. But could one survive and endure for that long?

All of it was reflected - or was it being projected - across the media in the homes of everyone. Blacks were rioting and burning major cities. Even the once-vaunted military was being undermined and betrayed by university-bred scum in the streets as it bled and died in Vietnamese jungles. It was an avalanche that had been building and now had torn loose.

All of this came as a unilateral drive against the bedrock of the White nation that had been America. Here at last was the grandstand play on the part of those "on high" quite apart anymore from acting the role of mere steward, arbiter or care-taker over legal or business matters. Here was the mask coming off. This was a social and racial calamity and I was, at least, blessed by being within the Movement as it exploded, full force, over the nation. For the rest, to greater or lesser degrees, they were being caught up in the tide, unawares.

What up till then had been a carefully cultivated vacuum, a blank canvas awaiting manipulators to dabble upon, putty being loosened for purposes unknown, now was a full stage upon which the conspirators

were allowing all their cards to come out.

Now, for the astute and the aware, the previously do-nothing government was fulfilling the part of that which it had silently become over the preceding decades: The tool, the vehicle for the true power which never revealed itself. First, in the Forties, the military was ordered to integrate itself. Then, in the Fifties, the schools were ordered to integrate., at bayonet point if necessary. Churches were ordered to integrate or lose their tax-exempt status. With all eyes trained upon the menace of Red Russia, war was openly being waged right here. The government was being used as the bludgeon to attack this nation now exactly as it had used this nation to attack Europe before in World War Two.

This was a governmental, religious, educational, media, cultural and economic drive to change America, in rapid time, from what it was and had been founded as, into something it was not and, furthermore, something it did not want to become: A multi-racial bastard state.

The engineers of this, fully conscious of the artificially created vacuum, its results and the building alienation toward it, put their next phase into operation. They arranged their own opposition - or so it was intended to appear. The "generation gap", the "hippie movement". The Depression generation, my own parents, who had been induced to fighting the Second World War, were now handed the blame for the ocean of hypocrisy and the Post War generation, my own, having already been pried from the traditions of their ancestors via television, etc., now found new "purpose" in embracing the philosophy of racial and national suicide. The parent's having forfeited any moral leg to stand on by having gone and killed Europe, were powerless to intervene in any way and could only look on in horror and dismay. This was a master stroke on the part of those who had originally brought the world the concept of psychology.

My rock - the Party - kept me well buoyed safely above the waves of confusion and tumult. Those millions upon millions without any such rock of their own but who were just as subject to what I've described became the ideal prey for the traps prearranged to ensnare them. Today, a situation hugely exacerbated reveals itself in a people gone mad, with no answer and no course apart from a fuller embrace of the Grim Reaper himself.

They accuse Hitler's government of overextending its hand into the lives of the people. But it is the proper role of government to assume a leadership function in the life of the nation, the greater family or community, and not to be merely a business manager. Of course, the proviso here is that it must truly be a family, a community and a nation and not some multicultural, multi-racial anthill.

With regard to government incursions into people's lives, there is a fundamental difference between taking one's own people in fast forward toward more of what they already are and into the best they can possibly become, all with their full knowledge and approval, as in the case of the Third Reich, and in taking a happy, healthy, prosperous White nation, demoralizing it, and forcing it down the road toward a degenerated, mulatto, socialist welfare state... without their awareness and against their will, as in the *case* of the present alien dictatorship.

According to "P.C." thinking, Hitler's was a "dictatorship" while this is a "democracy". More outrage.

An outrageous insult has existed to everything that is great and noble, clean and decent. That there has been no wholesale rebellion to overthrow it to date reflects the degree to which these people have allowed themselves to be co-opted and compromised by the conspiracy, to have become part of it. "Worshipping the Beast", as it were.

In a context such as this, of what relevance are petty, individual issues?

An alien spirit imposing itself upon the collective White soul that created this and every other brilliant civilization. That is the outrage and that is how it'll have to be met.

April, 1995, Las Animas

COLUMBUS UNDER ATTACK

The decade of the Nineteen Nineties provided a unique opportunity to take some measurements and make some comparisons using a scale of time and history. How quickly and dramatically things can change in not much more than a single lifetime.

As a numismatist, I'm familiar with the Columbian Exhibition of 1892 which celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' "discovery" of America. For the occasion, they commissioned a commemorative half dollar bearing the likeness of Columbus as well as a commemorative quarter with that of Queen Isabella. All throughout my childhood years, Columbus was hailed as the greatest of heroes, navigators, explorers and discoverers. Indeed, he still has his national holiday. The capital city of my home state, Ohio, is named for him as are many U.S. cities.

But it is knowledge all too common that Columbus and other figures of Western civilization must tolerate the presence of a non-White in their ranks as having his own holiday. The embarrassing absence of any truly great Blacks had to be somehow "corrected" and so the System chose a high-visibility Black agitator whom the System itself had killed for not performing his task to their liking. History thus compromised is, in effect, history destroyed.

By the time 1992 rolled around the same trend that had elevated a Negro agitator to the status of "hero", someone for all to admire and emulate, had come to reveal its actual face. Now Columbus was no more than a criminal, an opportunist, who stole and plundered the lands of others. Worst of all, he instituted a "genocide" against so-called "Native Americans". Still one more guilt trip for Whites.

That's a long way from 1892 when the four-hundred-year struggle for mastery of this continent had only just been won. There was in most recent memory, the annihilation of an entire U.S. Army group at the Little Big Horn in Montana by these same "Native Americans" and the butchering of their corpses. In reaction, the words of General Phil Sheridan echoed the sentiments of the entire nation: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." And from about that time, the "Native American" population began to teeter upon extinction.

It hadn't always been that way. The story as revealed by anthropology and archeology would tend to show North America as having been crisscrossed and variously occupied by more peoples than any other continent.

The earliest hypothesis with any evidence to back it up has great stretches of both of the Americas incorporated into the Empire of Atlantis, a White civilization. This goes back at least to the time of the last Ice Age, more than ten thousand years ago.

Atlantis as a name we owe to the ancient Greeks just as we do the name of America to ancient Europe. This is not to say that that is what the Atlanteans may have called themselves or what the inhabitants referred to their homeland as. While again confined briefly to the Bent County, Colorado, Jail, I came upon a young Mexican who was studying the history of his ancestors. His ancestral homeland was Aztlan. Linguistics experts have traced that name plus Atlaua back through the tongues of Central and South America as being the traditional home of the "gods" with white skins and red beards who said that they'd one day return from the east.

Still in existence today as state and national monuments are the hill forts and great earthen enclosures built by the Atlanteans to secure their settlements and trade routes just as the wooden ones served 18th and 19th Century Americans. As a child, I would play atop and around many of these earthworks near my home of Chillicothe at a national monument called "Mound City". The story as revealed at the museum built there told that when the first White explorers arrived there - Squire and Davis - in the late 18th Century, they asked the local Indians who had built this impressive, enclosed complex, and why. The Indians at the time stated they had no idea, that all this was in existence and abandoned by the time they arrived. A starker testimony I cannot imagine.

When we speak of Indians it is a mistake to assume we are talking about the race of the "Red Man". A better term would be pre-Columbian Aborigines and they run the gamut all the way from nearly Black, to Brown, to Red, to Yellow, to practically White. In many cases their various nations, or tribes, had no written language. In some cases they had no spoken language. Often enough they practiced cannibalism as part of their culture. But in literally every instance, at the time of Columbus, they were found to be existing still in the Stone Age.

A well-educated Chinese woman I had the acquaintance of, when seeing some of the writing of the Indians of the south-west plains, exclaimed, "That's Chinese!" Word is that these plains Indians are descended from Chinese while those further southward are descended from Turkish types. Whites, obviously, were not the only ones to have

migrated.

Our teachers, at least in elementary school, I recall, to their credit, would stress that even as late as the time of the Founding Fathers the North American Continent was nothing but a roaring wilderness and in well under two hundred years it *was* transformed into the greatest nation on earth. Unfortunately, they stopped just short of stating the obvious: That it was solely the accomplishment of the White Race.

Today the shape of the continents and of those political entities which occupy them is not so glorious or inspiring. But that's another story. Columbus is under attack primarily by non-Whites but not an insignificant number of brain-raped White apologist guilt-trippers are adding their voices to the siren song of death.

What happened to Atlantis extensive and sophisticated holdings in North America? It appears certain that they were not destroyed militarily. After the final destruction of Atlantis through natural catastrophe, the central purpose and direction, not to mention reinforcement, would have been lost. How long the severed outposts might have held out is up for question. Did the Atlanteans here originate the mistake that would later spell doom for the Spanish colonists and fail to bring their women along with them?

Subsequent traces of Celtic and Viking incursions into the heart of North America repeat the story and the cycle. With their inherent navigational, military and mercantile prowess, they crossed the Atlantic Ocean and attempted to reestablish themselves here. From coins to rock inscriptions to native legends they have left their mark. But what became of them? The answer, or at least parts of it, might be seen in the blue eyes and fair skin of some of the Indian tribes scattered from Montana to the Carolinas.

In similar manner, traces of early Aryan migrations can be seen in the fair skin and blue eyes of the Ainu people of northern Japan. Whether by massacre or by assimilation, the end is the same.

The flat earth theory is false. Not that the earth is not flat but that everyone in Columbus' day believed it to be flat. A round earth is mentioned at least twice in the Bible. As much was known to Plato. Columbus himself was relying on maps made by ancient Phoenicians who had already charted the globe by the time of King Solomon, some of their maps revealed an ice-free Antarctic Continent. These maps as well as untold treasures were gotten out and away from the labyrinths under the

Temple Mount in Jerusalem by the Crusaders, not very many years before Columbus, before the area was irretrievably overtaken by colored types.

While much of the east, including the Byzantine Empire, was being lost to colored invaders, Spain itself had only in the year of Columbus' voyage managed to free itself from centuries of Moorish domination. The object was to find a new route to the Far East and to the Spice Islands now that the old way was blocked by militant and hostile Muslims.

The image of the two monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, each on horseback, one going east and one going west, to rouse the people to national liberation is a particularly stirring example of White heroism and greatness. At the same stroke, true Spaniards had awakened and turned upon the Sephardic Jews in their midst who had been aiding and abetting the alien, occupying Moors all along. Some were killed, others driven out, still others hastily converted to Catholicism. Many were imprisoned. The now-obscure tale of Columbus and his crew of "jailbirds" has its roots in the truth.

Without much realizing it, these coloreds today who clamor and curse the man Columbus do so for the rightist of reasons, that is, from their own standpoint.

It was Columbus who spearheaded the effective counterattack of Whites against a world that had fallen to colored races since the end of Atlantis. And this even as a colored assault was being met and mastered in the very heart of Europe. Had things gone differently then, who among the coloreds today would be sentimentalizing the pitiful fate of White Europeans?

What the Spaniards found, primarily in Central and South America, to their horror, was the degenerated and bastardized remnants of former Atlantean colonies. Retaining some of the amazing science and technology of the great founders and holding the distant memory of White "gods" in their mythology, they had nonetheless lapsed into superstition and cannibalism.

The very last of the Whites in South America had attempted to take refuge in comparatively recent times by leaving the continent for Easter Island in the Pacific Ocean where they raised the now-famous Moai statues which gaze silently skyward during the Thirteenth Century. They were ultimately pursued there and wiped out by those we call

"Indians" about the year 1680.

The Incas, Aztecs, etc., were easily defeated by a handful of Spanish cavalry and their altars and codices, as well as their bloody superstitious practices, were expunged as being of the devil. A pity, perhaps, that we don't have more than just a few of these codices remaining to us today in order to study and hopefully glean from them some traces of genuine Atlantean wisdom that was left behind.

But the Spanish were only interested in the gold. Gold and Catholicism. The Indians were forcibly converted and became Spanish-speaking subjects. But their blood was not Spanish and so the colonization of "Latin America", or the "Latinization" of America, came to naught. Prime territory today for the likes of "Save the Children", of military coups, of drug cartels, "Banana Republics", etc., unlike the history of North America whose colonizers watched their breeding.

It was left up to the Northern Europeans to take America in the Northern Hemisphere and to make it great, to fulfill prophesy and their own destiny. The key, as always, was masses and masses of pure, White folk carrying both the sword and the plow. They came to make a nation, not remove gold. Exactly as God had commanded their Israelite ancestors, they either killed or drove out the native inhabitants, they did not "convert" or interbreed with them. Because of this action then and only this, the United States even today in the depths of its misery and shame remains the envy of the rest of the world.

This cannot last much longer given current trends.

The alien, Jewish influence in the bloodstream of the White civilization brought it low, during the course of the Twentieth Century to the point at which its numbers are dwindling below that of replacement level. That while the numbers of coloreds are exploding so that it now is possible for defeated and conquered coloreds to openly stand forth and curse Christopher Columbus with all impunity. And to have a great many lost and deluded Whites join with them.

They're "citizens", they're "free" and they're on the march. And they are multiplying like the proverbial vermin. They could never resist or overthrow a great civilization militarily but only through slow rot and blood poisoning once the former masters had lost their awareness, their direction, their leadership and their will.

Actual genocide and total extinction at the beginning were the only possibilities of forestalling the present fate. Again, God told the

ancient Hebrews the very same thing. History most certainly does repeat. We are witnessing, on a grand scale, here and now what it must have been like after the demise of the core of Atlantis.

Whites may be lost and have no idea of what they want. The same cannot be said of the coloreds. A return to the "good old days". It's on the way. For now, crime and squalor are its name. Somewhere in my library is buried a genuine Aztec recipe for salsa and along with the tomatoes, peppers and onions, there are choice cuts of human arms and legs.

Bon appetite!

October, 1995, C.S.P.

DECLINE OF AMERICAN FREEDOMS

It would be well to include in any work of this sort - if not to open with it - some word of background and explanation not just as to why things are the way they are but why any dissenting voice is automatically classed as irresponsible, socially unacceptable, extremist and with overtones of outright criminality. This is exactly what waits for anyone who gives forth with anything other than praise or acquiescing silence for Jewish domination, or Jews in general, and integration with coloreds, or coloreds in general.

The United States was sufficiently infiltrated by alien enemies by 1861 so as to allow for the Civil War to have been fomented. But, as Adolf Hitler said in 1924 in *Mein Kampf*, people do not go to ruin through lost wars. Largely through the efforts of the original Ku Klux Klan, the South was able to maintain its integrity and recover itself by the mid-1870s with the withdrawal of federal troops. It would maintain itself uneasily for another century until a renewed federal assault came in the 1960s.

The country had its greatest days still ahead of it even after the Civil War, in fact it was rapidly on its way to becoming an empire with the conclusion of the Indian Wars and the Spanish-American War. However, such damage had been done to the fabric and infrastructure as a consequence of the Civil War that it was only a matter of time before fatal social deterioration would set in. After all, the freed slaves now were "citizens". This freeing but not removal, as Lincoln wanted them removed, of a large colored bloc was only the most outstanding symptom of this danger.

With the height of American strength and vigor, that is, at about

the turn of the last century, Jewish efforts at gaining direct control accelerated dramatically. Control of press, banking, education, etc., spread like a cancer. Politicians and presidents were little more than stewards, not real leaders. The institution in 1913 of the Federal Reserve System sealed the fate of American economics. The election of Woodrow Wilson as president at about the same time - with his alter ego, the Jewish Mandel House - sealed the fate of that high office. No longer would this country have control over its own wealth. No longer would it have a president acting in its own best interests. From now on it would be internationalist in flavor.

At the same time, Jewish "scholars", like Franz Boas, were injecting the false theory of racial equality into institutions of higher learning. Jewish "professors" were introducing the liberal lie of "sociology" to college students, future leaders. Jewish "justices", like Felix Frankfurter, were further eroding the spirit and the letter of the Constitution in favor of Marxist Socialism. The whole time, nominally "White" politicians were merely acting as caretakers and not really leading their people as they should have been. More and more of them were coming into the direct pay of the Jews.

The First World War was instigated in 1914 on a pretext, i.e., a hired assassin named Prinzip, and had certain objectives to achieve: Kill as many White Europeans as possible; Transfer as much wealth as possible into Jewish hands; Destroy the ancient White, Christian order of the Continent; And pave the way for naked Jewish dictatorship in the form of Bolshevism. All goals were supremely successful. The latter taking the misnamed form of the "Russian" Revolution followed in quick succession by similar such Jewish revolutions across eastern and central Europe. For the rest of the world, there was the covert dictatorship of the international bankers and the super-plutocrats like Franklin Roosevelt.

Germany was singled out at this time for an especially punishing fate. Hated and feared by the World Enemy, Germany was falsely saddled with the entire blame for the World War and stuck with crippling and impossible conditions of so-called "reparations". By the same token, the World Enemy recognized that, even as Lenin stated, Germany represented the path to the Red revolution of the world and such as these same "reparations", etc., were designed to further weaken the German society as to make it ripe and vulnerable for a Jewish, Communist takeover as in Russia.

The War itself had right away entered a stalemate, militarily in favor of Germany who was practically single-handedly holding off the weight of the rest of the world, and resulting in a continuous and senseless, and unprecedented bloodletting in the battlefield trenches. By 1916, Britain was approaching bankruptcy and had already lost a generation of fine young men to battle and was making it known through diplomatic sources that they were seeking an armistice in order to stop the slaughter. Word came that new credit would soon be forthcoming as well as fresh sources for more cannon-fodder for the trenches. And so the War was not going to be permitted to cease.

By 1917, German military prowess along with Jewish machinations removed Russia from the War and it now appeared certain that Germany could force the issue in the West to a successful closure.

But at the same time further Jewish manipulations - known to history as the Balfour Declaration - brought the heretofore neutral United States into the War on the side of Britain. The workings of the agreement were that England would turn over to World Zionism the Holy Land, then held by Germany's ally, Turkey, if the Jews would use their tremendous influence to involve America in the War on their side, permitting them to win it.

That done, Jews inside Germany, just as Jews inside Russia had done a year before, initiated strikes and riots resulting in revolution and collapse of the Kaiser's government. The Germans then asked for armistice on the basis of Wilson's fair-sounding "Fourteen Points". Only after the Germans had abandoned their fortified forward positions and had disarmed themselves - with the Allied starvation blockade in effect until 1919 - were they stuck with the ruinous "Versailles Treaty" instead. National enslavement. The stab in the back.

What did America get out of the War? Some thousands of War dead. A new ascendancy in the world due to the destruction of Europe. Deep social damage due to women having been first brought into industry and coloreds having been brought into the military. But mainly it became the official seat, the headquarters of what would in decades to come be called the "New World Order". As far as the American public was told at the time, their sons had been killed in a "war to end wars".

Many surely imagine the present time to be the absolute nadir with regard to White behavior and lack of morality. The "Roaring Twenties" saw it all and with far greater suddenness and ferocity than

even the Sixties. Negroid culture, recreational drug use, sexual confusion and promiscuity were the sign of the times. Marxism was respectable, even fashionable. And all of it swimming in apparent superabundance of material wealth and security. It was the same all across the White, Western world. The difference then was that it was as yet superficial. Today it is to the very bone.

The massive revival of the Ku Klux Klan, mainly in the North, as inspired by the appearance of this country's first feature film, "Birth of a Nation", in 1915, was a popular response to several internal threats to the country's wellbeing. Increased Negro restlessness, the flood of immigrants from non-Aryan parts of the world, markedly increased Communist agitation, and the already mentioned explosion of cultural distortion and immorality. Unlike in the defeated South, this new Klan marched openly and legally and was powerful enough to decide many important elections, even to include one or two U.S. Presidents.

Yet all this apparent success was soon to be swept away as the Klan itself never sought open political power. The Klan was largely defeated by government-inspired scandal, even by the government co-opting their own immigration policies and by the Great Depression which killed the hedonistic spirit of the Twenties. You see, the Jews DID go for outright political power as well as control over the media and so these things taken together assured their final triumph, sooner or later.

The next step toward outright control of the West as Soviet Communism had accomplished it in the East - was the artificially created Great Depression designed to wipe out more capital such as still remained in White hands and deliver it to Jews. Recall that the Federal Reserve had been touted as the very means by which to avoid such a "panic" but instead proved to be the means by which one could most easily be precipitated and put to the complete advantage of Jewish financiers who were fully prepared for it. The Depression has been called the greatest crisis in American history since the Civil War. And it too affected the entire Western world.

The year 1933 saw the people of the United States and the people of Germany react to the same severe national emergency by electing two very different leaders. All other considerations aside, Adolf Hitler was acting on behalf of the best interest of the German people. Franklin Roosevelt, however, was operating strictly for the benefit of the high-finance, one-world internationalists. As always, the American

people, manipulated and stampeded by the Jewish-controlled media, made the wrong choice... as if they ever had a real choice set before them to make. But with Franklin Roosevelt, the age of Big Brother was officially inaugurated.

Whereas Hitler in Germany had his country back on its feet in practically no time, mainly through the breaking and discarding of alien-forged chains and the expulsion of Jews from the national life, the Roosevelt regime in the United States effectively did nothing to alleviate the conditions of the Depression, instead using the panic to force through a long series of "enabling acts" which, in effect, brought to this country Marxist Socialism which remains to this day. In order to achieve power in Germany, Hitler had first to defeat the Jewish press. It was solely due to the Jewish press in the United States that Roosevelt first took and then retained political power.

In both nations the troubles began with an alien grip on the workings of the respective countries. The overall condition of the two populaces was good in general. This was a great crossroads. This situation couldn't be maintained. Either both people would throw off alien domination while they still had the health to do so, or they would succumb to it and gradually die. The German people managed to do the former thing with the election to power of Adolf Hitler and the National Socialist German Workers Party.

But this at once gave rise to a new and equally deadly, either-or situation. A great, modern White nation had freed itself from the stranglehold of the international conspiracy. This was practically a first, with Mussolini's Italy having set the example in 1922. Lenin had said of Mussolini at the time, when the Red revolution lost him, it lost Italy. But remember that the Red menace had always considered Germany as key to world revolution. Hitler's ascension was not supposed to have taken place according to the Jewish time-table. This upset their plan. This, for them, was "code red".

National Socialist Germany was rapidly regaining vitality and strength while all around it were still wallowing helplessly in a world-wide depression or caught in a Communist bloodbath. Mostly, Germany was showing the world what could be done minus Jewish involvement. Sooner or later, the other peoples of the world would demand to know why their leaders could not do for them what Hitler had done for Germany. Headlines in Jewish papers at the time were, "Judea Declares

War on Germany!"

Great masses of Americans together with their natural leaders such as Charles Lindbergh, Huey Long, etc., tried to use the American society and establishment in an organized effort to oust Roosevelt and his "New Dealers" and to heal their nation in the proper way. Only by the narrowest margins were they defeated from actually accomplishing this, largely through the diversionary manipulations of the Jewish media.

When the Governor of Louisiana, Huey Long, began to show too much promise in the 1930s, he was assassinated by a Jew named Weiss. The pro-White mass movements such as the Silver Shirts and the German-American Bund were attacked via assorted government agencies and their leaders discredited and imprisoned on quasi-legal pretexts. The System, having first gained political power, was determined never to relinquish it... despite the will of the people.

During the 1930s, despite all the best efforts and extraordinary measures of the "New Deal", the country lapsed in 1938 into a second depression even worse than the one of 1929. Meanwhile, Germany was achieving unheard of heights of national exuberance and pride with Hitler. In Russia, it was tacitly known outside that mass butchery went on unhindered against that hapless population at the hands of the Jewish-Bolshevik dictatorship even as the Soviet Red Army was building itself up against the rest of Europe.

In each of the rest of the nations of Europe, just as it was in the United States, very strong nationalist movements were active and it was only a matter of time before the awakening that had swept Germany would begin to happen elsewhere. And this the System couldn't allow.

Just as it was child's play to have some gun man ignite the First World War, it wasn't much more difficult to cause the Poles to so exacerbate conditions to the point where Germany was forced to act just in order to protect those German nationals cut off within the newly-created Poland after World War One. With the media of the world already firmly in their grip, the Jews now could paint it as "German Aggression", and kick off World War Two in order to finish what was left undone by the First World War.

Just as Hitler himself was not supposed to have happened, according to the Jewish plan, in 1933 to disrupt the enveloping world darkness, neither were the stupendous German military successes

supposed to take place when war was again ignited in 1939. Germany was still not fully recovered militarily from the crippling effects of the Versailles Treaty. Yet the nation was free, it knew what it was fighting for, it knew what it was fighting against and it very consciously was willing to sacrifice all for national sovereignty and against a return of Jewish domination.

Through brilliant military strategies, by 1940, Germany had forced France to sign an armistice which, by rights, should have ended the War. However, the traitor and sell-out, Winston Churchill had been installed as Prime Minister in Great Britain with specific orders to escalate the fight at all costs in order to destroy Germany. He proved willing to sacrifice even the British Empire in the accomplishment of this task. Perhaps the final "final secret" of World War Two was the blackmailing of Germany into attacking the Soviet Union in order to forestall a Soviet strike into Europe in the autumn of 1941. More troops, more tanks, more artillery, more planes than the rest of the world had combined were caught by the German Army in June of 1941, massed against Russia's western frontier, and destroyed in what has been properly called the final blitzkrieg. Germany's choice was to take the bait or allow this juggernaut to roll over Europe.

Despite all this, the limitless expanse of Russian territory and the Russian winter, Germany appeared to be on the verge of forcing what it had failed to force in 1918, a successful stalemate. And, with the removal of Jews from national life already an accomplishment, there no longer was the threat of another stab in the back as in 1918.

Again, knowing the System cannot tolerate any sort of real opposition, especially in the form of a free and independent people, the world crisis had just intensified. The Jewish regimes in England and Russia - despite every numerical and material advantage - were crying for the entry of the United States immediately into the War to tip the balance. The only dilemma was the same as it had been in 1917: How to dupe the American people into going to war for a second time, especially after it had seen the outcome of its involvement in World War One. But the World Enemy had a ready and easy answer.

The Roosevelt regime needed and wanted war just as badly as did its branch offices on London and Moscow. War would instantly end the Depression through arms production, it could be used to silence its strong and growing civil opposition at home, it would rescue the

Bolsheviks in Russia, and it, most of all, would remove all international opposition to the "New World Order".

Now the cry was, instead of the "war to end wars", the "arsenal of democracy" and a war to "make the world safe for democracy". But one voice of truth and sanity at the time was telling the American people that, in years past, we had to live with a Europe dominated by either England or France and now we could also exist with a Europe dominated by Germany. That and if this country were to again go and fight supposedly for the freedoms of others, we would end by losing it at home. That was Charles Lindbergh and he was absolutely right.

The Roosevelt regime flagrantly violated every Constitutional and international law in its frantic attempts to provoke Germany into "firing the first shot", thus providing the excuse needed to inflame the American people into going to war again. The Germans understood this perfectly and would not comply, even when their ships were being fired upon at open sea. Germany's Asian ally, Japan, who had co-signed the Anti-Comintern (Communist International) Pact, was somewhat less canny, however. A similar series of ultimatums, embargoes, blockades, provocations, etc., toward the Japanese Empire provided the desired result.

It can hardly be any longer considered as a "secret" that the Allies were reading both the German and the Japanese codes throughout the War. It simply means that the United States knew in advance of the Japanese plan to attack Pearl Harbor and simply allowed it to happen without so much as warning the military personnel on the spot at the time. That and Roosevelt's "day of infamy" speech immediately thereafter says all that can be said for hypocrisy.

That also, besides overwhelming superiority in men and material, explains why the Germans especially were plagued by incessant set-backs beginning with 1942 and outward to the end of the War. At that, due to cowardly and incompetent military commanders, the Allies required six months to retake what it took Hitler a mere six weeks in 1940 to take. Hitler did it with minimal destruction and loss of life. The Allies were required to churn up the earth itself in the process.

Knowing well in advance of the impending Japanese attack, orders from Washington was to gather all the outdated battleships of the U.S. fleet together there in Pearl Harbor as well as to line up in tight formation all U.S. war planes not only in Hawaii but in the Philippines as

well as a tempting target for the Japanese. My own father was aboard one of the cruisers, USS Boise, which, along with all aircraft carriers and destroyers was ordered out of Pearl Harbor just days prior to the attack. Their orders were to make for Manila and, halfway in the crossing, as they were proceeding west, they encountered one of the Japanese scout ships which preceded the huge attack fleet heading east. Reports of this sighting at the time and upon arrival in Manila went ignored. This knowledge I grew up with long before any of it came out in volumes of revisionist history.

But here was the infamous "back door to war". As U.S. servicemen were being overrun by the Japanese in the Pacific and were running out of ammunition, all weapons and supplies were being diverted to England and Russia in order to save Soviet Communism and destroy Germany. All with the enthusiastic support of the duped American people. It was in 1970, as I was involved in target shooting with vintage rifles, that I began to notice we were using ammunition stamped on the bottom "1942". That was the hardest year of the entire War for U.S. servicemen in the Pacific facing the Japanese. Where had this ammunition been at the time, when it was a matter of life and death?

Simultaneously, the entire U.S. movement opposing Roosevelt and the War was wiped out through so-called "sedition" trials, etc., adopted by the federal government. With war as a convenient excuse, they now were branded "traitors" by the Jewish media for the gullible American public. And along with them, their message of national sovereignty and racial integrity.

At the grisly end of World War Two in Europe, as the diseased and starved contents of the concentration camps were disclosed (diseased and starved as a direct consequence of Allied disruption of rail and road transport of food, etc.) the myth arose that to be "racist" or "anti-Semitic" was now and forever to be possessed of criminal and fiendish connotation, if not to be mentally unstable. How ridiculously easy, amidst the hysteria, was it to simply invent the lie of "gas chambers", etc? The basic means and argument with which to philosophically oppose the Big Brother System effectively had been crushed and discredited.

Worse than that, the nation had blood on its hands as the result of its key participation in what rightly has been called "the suicide of the West". It had hosted the nightmarish and supremely hypocritical

“Nuremberg Trials” which saw the murder of innocent men in what Julius Streicher, himself one of the victims, called “Purim 1946”! From that point onward they were morally unarmed to resist whatever evil and foul thing the Jewish enemy in control here chose to inflict upon them, their country and their children and grandchildren. They shared in the guilt. All they could do now was watch it happen. And it happened.

An added insurance policy for total compliance with Big Brother came in the form of a new-found wealth that was previously unheard of. The rest of the world had either been fleeced of its gold or had been destroyed. Now, for the first time, even the average citizen, the common masses themselves, could be “bought”. Rocking the boat now was simply unprofitable. The people sold out and fell in line. And never overlook the impact of the television - the “Electric Jew” -soon to be in every American home.

How close the issue was then and how insanelly determined was and is the World Enemy never to relinquish control, even if it should spell total death and destruction, can be seen and summed up in the crash course to build the atomic bomb, the “Manhattan Project”, as it was called. Instigated by the Jew, Einstein, preceding on the lie that Germany was building one of its own (which would have meant using what Hitler called “Jewish physics”) the Jewish physicists of the world came together on its construction. The fear expressed at the time that such a chain reaction might ignite the earth's atmosphere and destroy the world notwithstanding, tests went ahead.

The bomb wasn't ready for delivery until the summer of 1945, by which time Germany had already been completely overrun and Japan was at the point of military collapse. Those who still ponder how and what if Germany might have staved off defeat for a few months or a year would do well to realize the result of that would have been a nuclear holocaust in the heart of Europe. This was the Jewish goal. Denied that, the Jews, out of sheer frustration, chose to bomb instead helpless Japanese civilians. The world terror had begun.

Immediately following the end of the Second World War, Communist Jews who had been so actively involved in construction of the bomb by which they planned to destroy so-called “fascism”, now conspired to supply all its secrets to their other brainchild, the Soviet Union. Of the dozens of these treason investigations mainly involving Jews, the most famous one remains that of the Rosenbergs.

But this action in itself reveals one most important shift in the world balance. The sacrifice made on the part of Hitler and Germany did definitely bring about exactly what Hitler said that it would: The split between East and West, the unnatural and unholy alliance. Much to the Jews' discomfiture, the instincts and the wills of the nations of the West were not so sufficiently deadened as to fail to take note of and react to the impending Communist threat. Half the world falling to militant Communism as well as the Communist espionage at home was more than enough to galvanize what was left of Western awareness. Despite every covert effort on the part of crypto-Communists at home, like Eisenhower, Truman etc., to deliver the rest of the world to the Jewish dictatorship, not a single advance more was achieved by militant Communism against any Western nation. The Jewish Communist Beast was held at bay where it languished for forty years and finally fell dead of its own, rotten weight by 1990.

That lesson, so long in the making, goes to prove that the genuine threat was ever here at home. The Communist world revolution, now undone like a bad joke, was put to use by the conspirators here as a "bogey man" to keep people's attention off the real damage being done at home in exactly the same manner as a side show shell game. And, henceforth, there never was a serious whisper of well-organized and effective political and social opposition to Z.O.G. (Zionist Occupation Government) domination again. Never again could a Ku Klux Klan fill D.C.'s Pennsylvania Avenue and never again could an American Nazi Party pack Madison Square Garden. Had it become that people were "too smart" to "fall for" any of that anymore? Or was it that the dark night had fully descended?

The resistance that did eventually resurface after the War and its hysteria was literally confined to the margins of society. Brave and good men sacrificed careers, families and their very lives in order to step forth and openly accuse the Jews. It is obvious and well known that none of these efforts, regardless how right or fanatically devoted, caught on or exerted even the smallest effect over the course of affairs. The suicide had already been committed.

Francis Parker Yockey said that you either fight a true enemy or you fight yourself. The American nation, by fighting the German nation at the behest of the enemy of both, fought itself in essence. It served alien masters, gained some paltry, temporary advantage as reward, but now is

really paying the price: National death.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

DER GOLEM

Much of the world was shocked by the news in August of 1987 of the apparent suicide in Berlin's Spandau Prison of its sole inmate, Rudolf Hess. Imprisoned at Spandau since 1946 and having been its lone prisoner since 1966, Hess, having served as Hitler's deputy in the Third Reich, was convicted by the victorious Allied powers at Nuremberg of having been guilty of "war crimes" even though he had sat out most of the War as a prisoner of the British in the Tower of London.

Hess' solo flight from Germany to Britain in May of 1941 remains to this day legendary and shrouded in mystery. However, enough facts are available from which to draw a clear picture of this event which is unique in human history.

Rudolf Hess was, in 1941, the second or third highest man in Germany. As Hitler's closest associate - to whom Hitler had dictated Mein Kampf while in Landsburg Prison in 1924 - Hess' connection with the Movement reached back as far as Hitler's own, to the earliest days of the Thule Society and the German Workers Party. To put it conservatively, Hess was no ordinary individual nor was he a mere government minister. On May 10th, 1941, he embarked on a mission upon which hinged the fate of the world.

The War that had been forced upon Hitler in 1939 had successfully been brought to an effective stalemate in the West by Hitler and the Third Reich. With that threat which had been concocted by the Jews and their plutocratic tools in the various governments in the West now apparently neutralized, Hitler was free to enact his program in the East, as fully outlined in Mein Kampf, and destroy Communism in its citadel, the Soviet Union.

Just as clearly laid out in Mein Kampf was Hitler's urgent and sincere desire not only for peace with Britain but for a military alliance as he saw this as absolutely essential to the survival of Western Civilization. And he saw the military destruction of the Soviet Union as equally necessary to that same survival. For the world's two leading Germanic powers to war against one another meant suicide in favor of the untermenschen of the world, led by the Jews.

Indeed, Hitler regarded the British Empire as being one of the twin pillars upon which rested the entire edifice of Western Civilization, along with the Catholic Church as the other. Hard to believe now, with the former being totally dismantled and done away with and the latter having been thoroughly infiltrated and turned anti-White. Had Hitler succeeded, the story would have had a totally different outcome. At the same time, Hitler recognized that the Soviet Union was World Jewry's machine of naked, undisguised terror riding on the back of what had been the Russian Empire. All those at the time who were aware of anything knew the nature, object and purpose of the Soviet Union was to serve as headquarters and clearing house for the Communist International, to foment Communist revolution over the rest of the world and, failing that, as home base of the Red Army, to take the rest of the world by force and openly deliver it to the Jewish Millennium.

A cursory glance at any world map will reveal to anyone exactly who and what was in a position to dominate, if not conquer, the world at

that time. Tiny Germany, half the size of Texas, still not fully recovered from the crippling disarmament restriction of the Versailles Treaty, without even a long-range bomber, or the Soviet Union, encompassing one-sixth already of the earth's surface and with a larger military than the rest of the world combined?

Historians love to discuss Hitler's "mistakes" in the course of the Second World War. If there was any mistake, it was that Hitler underestimated the extent of Jewish control and the depth of national insanity that gripped the nations of the West or to what degree they were willing to escalate the destruction in order to not only safeguard World Communism but to bring Germany back into line under the "New World Order". But in reality there were no mistakes, only necessities. On the other hand, had not Hitler after all managed to awaken his own Germany and free it from the Jewish, internationalist grip? Was it therefore out of the question that the same might be done elsewhere? Especially at such a moment of world crisis?

Hess volunteered to fly alone in a Messerschmidt to Britain in order to personally bring Hitler's offer of peace to the British people and to directly confer with British leaders who were more than alarmed at the disastrous course which the opportunistic Winston Churchill was leading their nation and empire. It would appear now that an actual coup d'état was set to take place immediately following Hess' landing but was undone by Fate when timing and location were upset.

On May 10th, Hess managed to cross the English Channel and make it all the way over Scotland without being shot down by the R.A.F., crash-landing his plane and surviving with a broken ankle. But the plan had gone awry and Hess was taken immediately under arrest, held incommunicado, subjected to narco-hypnosis, and the truth of his flight was withheld from the British people and the world. Hess had told Hitler just prior to the flight that, should his mission fail, Hitler was free to state that he had simply gone mad. And this is exactly what both sides did claim.

On June 22nd, 1941, one month after Hess' flight, Germany invaded the Soviet Union in the largest military operation ever mounted to that time. Throughout the summer and autumn months of 1941, expert military observers around the world declared that no nation on earth could experience the blows and losses taken by the Soviet Union at the hands of Germany and survive. But it wasn't a "push-over". The

Germans encountered over thirty thousand T-34 tanks, which were impervious to their guns, which the world had not known of. Only by leveling a Flak 88 anti-aircraft gun directly at one could it be stopped.

And it was revealed by captured Red Army commanders who now were offering their services to the Germans that the Soviets were planning to attack Europe that same fall.

Overextended supply lines, the harshest winter in a century, Soviet industry safely behind the Ural Mountains plus fresh Siberian troops all contributed to preventing the fall of Moscow in December of 1941. At that precise point, Germany's front was in immediate danger of collapse. Only Hitler tactic of military "hedgehogs", of cut-off and surrounded army groups digging in and hanging on while being supplied from the air forestalled this. The simple fact is that it was only Hitler who had been responsible for the initial, stupendous military successes over ten-to-one odds and now it was only Hitler again who was responsible for miraculously withstanding the world onslaught and staving off final disaster for so long.

The Germans held and renewed their offensive in the spring of 1942 and again in 1943. Only the intensified Allied bombing in the West and their invasions of Italy and France, causing the diverting of German troops and material, resulted in the long retreat which began in the summer and fall of 1943. For the next two years, Germany fought a brave and ferocious rear-guard action against hopelessly mounting odds, taking out many times their own number in enemy casualties and making the Communists pay in rivers of blood for every kilometer of European soil they were forced to give up.

With 85% of Germany forces and resources committed to the Eastern Front, the Western Allies, with hundred-to-one odds in manpower and a-ton-to-an-ounce superiority in supplies, struck on "D-Day" in June of 1944. It took them over a month to break out of their landing beachheads and six months to cover the ground that Hitler had covered in six weeks in 1940 at a time when Germany still was out-gunned and out-manned. In order for the Allies to do even that, they were required to grind all of Europe under with their "carpet bombings". Some "victory".

For the final assault upon Berlin itself in April, 1945, the Communists employed three million troops - as many as Germany had used to open the entire front four years earlier. Of that number, nearly one million of them were killed in taking the city.

As Joseph Goebbels had told the German nation by radio, the full horror had already passed its climax by the time the Communist advance finally halted in the middle of Germany in May of 1945. Hitler and Germany had held out to the last man, the last round of ammunition and the last square mile of free, European soil in desperate defiance against the Satanic hordes of the East. And it was Goebbels - not Churchill - who at that time coined the ominous term, "Iron Curtain", as it was descending over Europe.

Despite repeated offers from the Soviets for a separate peace, Germany fought on to the last for two reasons: One, in any fight with Satanic forces you cannot disengage, win or lose; Two, Hitler was convinced that ultimately the West would wake up to the Soviet menace and join with Germany against the common enemy. One must be aware however that at the time, not only was the Soviet Union being portrayed by the Jewish media as "our gallant ally", and the fiendish butcher, Joseph Stalin, as "good, old Uncle Joe", Communism itself was entirely respectable and widely admired, even in the West. It was Communist guerrillas and infiltrators in the West who manned the various "undergrounds" which so harassed the occupying Germans and caused the reprisals against their own countrymen. Make no mistake: Communism as such was set to take the world.

To the very end, Germany held onto what could have been used as "beachheads" which, together with Western help, would have provided excellent jumping-off points for a concerted attack against Communism. The idea wasn't just confined to Hitler himself. U.S. General George Patton was voicing the same opinion that Western forces shouldn't stop and ought to go straight on into the Soviet Union now, while the advantage was held. Patton would be murdered for this and other reasons by the U.S. Army late in 1945.

The one-world arch-fiend, Roosevelt, was not to be permitted to see the military victory of his forces over those of Germany and died in April, 1945. With that it was hoped the split between East and West would come but it did not. For both East and West had a vested interest in erasing the National Socialist regime in Germany and of making a slave of the German state itself. More at the bottom, however, both East and West were controlled by Jewish concerns.

Hitler held out in Berlin until the Communists were mere blocks away from his headquarters and then joined the millions of his soldiers

already in death on April 30th, 1945. A vicious storm of unbridled persecution and murder held sway in Germany for the next several years until World Communism began to dramatically overplay its hand in aggression and in espionage. Hitler had been right. Only the timing was a few years off. A wave of fear and of revulsion toward Communism swept over the nations of the West and a military alliance of all the nations, including a rearmed Germany, came into being.

An impossible, "Catch 22" situation had arisen for World Jewry: Communism might sweep Asia and Africa, scooping up the teeming coloreds of the world to not much actual avail, but it was effectively contained in Europe. Here was a stalemate which any really knowledgeable person could have known the Soviet Union could not win. As for the Capitalist Jews in the West, try as they might to give every form of comfort and aid to their Communist "Golem", their control here had to stay hidden and unofficial. Were they to act too openly they could precipitate a reaction from the various peoples of the West which could unseat and destroy them forever.

The world conspiracy had to shift gears. The Soviet "Golem" was left standing as a most highly visible threat. Pro-Communist infiltrators, the likes of George Marshall, Dean Acheson, Alger Hiss, etc., began doing their best to destroy what was left of the empires of Europe and deliver those former colonies to the Communists. More Communists mole, like Eisenhower, began to attack the American infrastructure by ordering the forced integration of the American society, something infinitely more dangerous and insidious than an outright, armed enemy invasion.

And Jewish culture-distorters went to work "softening up" the American youth with more subconscious poisons of the "Rock 'n' Roll" variety.

This struggle between national wills and Jewish infiltration became tragically most apparent in the wars in Korea and Vietnam.

The will of the West saw the need to resist Communist expansion but the amount of pro-Communist, Jewish influence in their governments and media would not permit military victory over the Communists. Loyal Americans like James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy, either committed suicide or was murdered because he couldn't stand by and watch the on-going treason or because, he, like Patton, had made noises against it which troubled the hidden masters. Senator Joseph McCarthy was uncovering Communist agents throughout American

government and society and was doing a remarkable job of exposing them to the public. He, however, failed to acknowledge the fundamentally Jewish aspect of the whole thing and allowed himself to be undone by two Jewish aids - Cohn and Schine - as well as by the Jewish media.

Even the drunkard, Churchill, who had been promptly turned out of office by the British public in 1945, his task of fomenting the war to destroy Germany done, was now "war-mongering" against the Soviet Union, having stolen Goebbels' "Iron Curtain" phrase and making statements like, "We killed the wrong pig." The problem now for Britain was that it had bankrupted itself and was so weakened by prosecuting the War that it was merely a client state of America and no longer had the strength to act independently. It could only watch the break-up of its empire, exactly as predicted by Hitler. When Britain and France jointly launched a military strike to take back the Suez Canal from Egypt, Eisenhower commanded them to break off the operation or else he would not back the pound and the franc with U.S. dollars. When France pleaded for a U.S. nuclear strike to prevent Indo-China from falling to the Communists, Eisenhower refused.

In 1956, the Hungarians briefly overthrew the Jewish Communist dictatorship in their country. When Soviet tanks invaded Hungary, the Hungarian Freedom Fighters begged the Western world for help in the form of tanks and heavy artillery. General Franco of Spain offered to supply these if his transports could land in Germany for refueling. Eisenhower refused to permit Germany - still U.S. occupied - to be used for this purpose.

With the stalemate in Korea, the uprisings in central and eastern Europe, the strong and growing anti-Communist movement in the United States and the death of Stalin in 1953, the Conspiracy was obliged to abandon its hasty frontal assault and settle into a forty-two-year attrition hallmarked by espionage and counter-espionage, high tensions, raw nerves, skyrocketing military budgets and the shadow of the nuclear terror. The Enemy's master plan was nonetheless thrown off track for the second time in the Twentieth Century. And Rudolf Hess watched it all from his cell in Berlin.

The Twentieth Century was intended to be Satan's triumphant military sweep of the entire globe and it very nearly succeeded. The World Enemy was held just short of consummating victory and, as long as

it had to maintain itself concealed, it could never consider itself secure. All this we owe to Adolf Hitler and the sacrifice of Germany.

It was not, then, Satan's century.

It was the Hitler Century.

Exactly like Capitalism, Communism is a doctrine of lies, held in place over the heads and against the interests and wishes of the people through brainwash and through force. Again, in both cases, its continued existence depends ultimately upon the continued functioning of a phony economy used simultaneously to both milk and to pacify the populace. The agents of these conspiracies will not remain at their posts minus their pay and the people who are its subjects will not remain docile or pay lip service minus economic persuasion. In the end, the Soviet economy could not maintain the cost of a permanent war footing and still provide adequately for the Russian people. And the Soviet leadership, over time, grew to be far less the fanatic zealots as those in decades past had been. They hit high tide in their war in Afghanistan.

"Glasnost" was a strategy for an easy let-down in Russia so as to hopefully avoid the very thing that did later happen in Rumania when the ruling Communist body was slaughtered by the newly liberated people. As part of this program, it was announced that when it next came the turn of the Soviet Union to occupy Spandau Prison, Rudolf Hess would be released. Previously the issue of his release had been kicked back and forth like a hot potato, alternately being vetoed by first one then another of the former allies. Now no more.

Upon learning this, the British, then in charge of the prison, had Hess, now a man in his nineties, strangled by one of the guards. The reasons for this were so that Hess could not be used as a focal point for the National Socialists of the world and so that he could not reveal the full truth behind his 1941 flight.

Just as Hitler had supposed, a great proportion of the British leadership was ready to accept his offer of a generous and peaceful end to hostilities as they realized their country would be committing suicide by continuing the War with Churchill. The popular and pro-German King Edward VIII had only recently been maneuvered into abdicating while the leader of the powerful British Union of Fascists, Sir Oswald Mosley, might easily have become prime minister. Hess had been attempting to land his Messerschmidt on the estate of the Duke of Hamilton where a committee was waiting to greet him. But, again, it was Fate that

intervened to prevent this. After all, the end of things had already been set in writing in the Book of Revelation. A Satanic, one-world government would be in place to be destroyed by God himself at the end. Any success of Hess' mission would have invalidated that. But, at any rate, the British people and the rest of the world could not be allowed to know that World War Two and the loss of their empire could easily have been avoided.

Once more, just as in ages past, murder was their solution. Nevertheless, Communism fell like the proverbial dominoes two years after the murder of Hess. It began auspiciously in Berlin on November 9th, 1989, the 66th anniversary of the Munich Putsch. The world watched and rejoiced without much inkling as to what really was happening. Here were events which even I didn't expect to see happen in my lifetime. The world menace, the Jewish "Golem" had melted away and evaporated like frost in the springtime sun.

In that very real sense then, Hitler had won the War. The motto of the Munich Revolt of 1923, following the taking of political power in Germany in 1933, was "Und Ihr Habt Doch Gesiegt", or, "And Yet You Have Been Victorious". On Hess gravestone were inscribed the words, "It Was Worth The Risk".

Without question, that was a major turning point in world events and a significant clarification of the world situation. No more global shell-game of "East vs. West", "Communist vs. Capitalist". No more Jewish plantation. Now they'd have to continue entirely within the framework of their behind-the-scenes wire-pulling and media manipulations. Lenin's "great experiment" had gone down the tube. Exactly as the old German veterans had told us in the Sixties, the Soviet Union was a rubber bear, held up and kept inflated by its hidden supporters of high finance here in the West.

Just as Commander Rockwell had commented of the whole saga during the Sixties, "Adolf Hitler fought the Alamo of the White race."

Most encouraging of all is that the very same thing could happen here, just as suddenly and for the same reasons. These Capitalist overlords hold power here through the same smoke and mirrors as the Communists used to in Russia and the East. They presently have everyone on the take, everyone divided against themselves and everyone afraid of losing their job and going to jail. They are universally mistrusted and hated and most of those people today who might vote in meaninglessly,

sham "elections" are choosing not to do so.

The people are as yet unable to find themselves or their footing however due to the alien monopoly over the media and the direct alien ownership of all parties and politicians.

Only the collapse of the economy will bring the demise of the Capitalist System. (That or direct intervention of God, himself.)

It can be seen approaching now. This System can be expected to adopt its own "Stalinist" stance as it senses trouble in the air. Rather than a softening, as with the Russian "Glastnost", here it will be a hardening as the end gets closer. This can't be any other way because, also as Commander Rockwell said long ago, this time those responsible for so much world suffering will have no place left to run to. And they well know it.

April, 1995, Las Animas

FACE BEHIND THE MASK

Communism was one half of an evil partnership for world domination. Not only that but it was the poorer, junior half. Essentially, it was "bought out" by the older, senior partner: World Capitalism. Today what is touted by its own adherents as the "New World Order" holds total, unchallenged sway globally. We may cheer the fall of Communism for one reason only: By its demise we move one giant step closer to the

great climax. Evil has solidified as it feels its goal within its reach.

Goethe said, "No one is more a slave than he who thinks he is free without being so." It was Karl Marx himself -descended from a long rabbinical line - who coined both terms, Communism and Capitalism. Communism, or Marxism, was supposed to be a reaction, a revision or an alternative for the peoples of the world to the abuses of ravenous, insatiable Capitalism. Everyone has heard the familiar canards, "Workers of the World Unite!" and "From Each According to His Ability; To Each According 10 His Need". It was from the beginning designed to appear most idealistic and utopian. Indeed, it pulled in a lot of sincerely duped individuals.

What Communism always was in reality was a masterstroke on the part of the Super Capitalists who early on sensed the increasing resentment of the people of the various nations to their outrages and excesses. It was a matter of heading off trouble by arranging their own opposition. When you control both sides of an issue, you can't lose. More legitimate revisionist Leftist groups were first co-opted and then later liquidated by the Communists.

It was however always a mistake to fall for the shell-game of Communist vs. Capitalist, Left vs. Right, etc. The same people at the very top ran the entire show. Those whose names and faces nobody knew. The Super Capitalists of high finance, the One Worlders, in short and as a body, Big Brother. Without loyalty to anything except bigger business, greater monopoly, and higher profits and with all government in their hands, every legislative move going toward increasing their grip, the people of the respective nations became mere ciphers and, indeed, the nations themselves became only branch offices as actual sovereignty disappeared.

The hidden truth when discussing Communism and Capitalism in relationship to one another might be better understood if terms like Bolshevism and Democracy were substituted. Both mean rule by majority. This may not sound bad on the surface. But the concept in each case is rendered invalid through a number of factors: There is no real choice to anyone when there is only one ruling philosophy regardless whether it may divide itself as Communist/Socialist or Democrat/Republican; When there is a media monopoly resulting in controlled information or disinformation; When there is an economic monopoly and politicians can be bought; When there exists an "Alice In

Wonderland” atmosphere of what may be “politically correct”, ignoring realities; and most especially when the real power is unknown, unseen and unchanging. Each of these criteria applies to both the Communist and Capitalist systems as we have known them. Both systems are equally a fraud.

More specifically, both philosophies are materialistic, artificial and deny race. Both are blindly, impossibly and militantly egalitarian. Well before the Soviet Union imploded, the United States had begun to adopt the most foul and insane of its very own policies. Alongside the negation of race as the key factor in human society, there now came the Marxist denial of sex, i.e., women in uniform, etc. If this sort of thing is “freedom” and “progress” then the model and the ideal for it came under Joseph Stalin. As Commander Rockwell very simply put it, “Communism and Democracy are the same.”

Just in passing it might be worthwhile to make note of the attack upon the traditions of the White American and the White Russian folk by both of these systems. In the typically overt and heavy-handed manner of the Communists - not being themselves constrained at all to disguise it as anything but what it was - open war was declared upon the Church. Here, through typical side-of-the-mouth, quasi-legalistic, so-called “Constitutional” maneuverings of the hidden masters, the Bible was gotten out of the schools but, more importantly, the body of the Church itself was gutted with the message itself turned Communistic. Which method could be considered the more odious?

Not to be misunderstood, do not suppose that I am remotely in favor of the Church the way it has stood now for many decades. These “Billy Graham” types are entirely in the pocket of the Big Brother State, the Z.O.G. System and, in essence, preach uncut Marxism but with “God” attached. However, despite the hidden enemy having managed to so totally compromise the Church and turn it to their program, they nonetheless still find something within it threatening to them deep inside its most ancient traditions. This is something not to be overlooked by the rest of us.

The only critical difference between the two systems seems to be that the Capitalists are shrewd and discreet enough to allow the boobs to hang onto their old and familiar forms of government and society while they themselves are busy altering their functions to conform to their own ends. Again, slaves without realizing it.

The biggest joke of all is the present and on-going push here for so-called "gun control". How stupid can they get? The Communists did it all at one stroke. The Capitalists are content with doing it by stages. On the one hand, they'd love to have it just as the Communists had it in order to help soothe their own paranoid natures. But, on the other hand, they don't really need it what with the effect their brainwash apparatus has had on the populace. But why, the question needs to be asked, would any kind of regime have the interest to disarm its own people?

The deeper, darker meaning of this idea of supposed rule by the masses, in both cases, does amount to a calculated war upon human excellence.

Nothing worthwhile is ever conceived or brought forth by the masses. No great decisions are ever taken by committees (and "soviet" is the Russian word for committee.) Only by a handful of the most brilliant representatives of mankind has culture and civilization been established and advanced. When speaking in terms of the world's population, this handful of people is known as Aryan.

What use has high finance for beauty or magnificence? All it needs and wants is mindless slaves, faceless pawns without pride or identity to fill its factories and cubicles. Healthy and intelligent people not only do not fit into this One World picture, they are anathema to it. As long as those exist who are still whole people with awareness, or at least the capacity for it, then there remains a chance for salvation.

Not so the case of mongrels who have no past, no present and no future. They are the perfect and logical low-level compliment to the Big Brother System. Not men or women but interchangeable parts – "persons".

"Democracy" is the perfect scam, the ideal tool for an elitist conspiracy to induce the White majority (that is where it still remains as a majority) to relinquish all means of self-continuance and, as colored numbers increase, to literally surrender themselves in their own land to a de facto alien invasion. The conspirators have gotten millions of the best of the White race to go and kill and get killed for this "ideal". Just an illustration of how manipulation of the many by a few can proceed.

Those newcomers to works such as this one, who in the past may have only sensed a vague anti-White overtone to things in general, have been quite right all along and now they may know the reason why.

The One Worlders will explain that it's all done in the name of

"fairness" for the many "wrongs" done against coloreds by Whites over the centuries. The majority being White in the United States, at least as of the time of this writing, ought to indicate even to a moron that some group other than the majority is in control. After all, who would be doing this to themselves? Those in control, the driving force behind Big Brother, are also the masters of psychology as well as the owners of the media. It's been sheer child's play for them to instill a phony guilt trip in many Whites so as to facilitate enactment of the most blatantly anti-White programs.

The talk of the day - most any day - usually revolves around the trouble in the land. What they are referring to without being able to make the critical connection are the ugly and painful symptoms of an America that is going more and more Third World and non-White. The object of the Big Brother System is a homogenized populace as the perfect no-rock-the-boat slave base. And toward this goal they hail so-called "diversity". But the working reality is the submergence of civilization and the gradual ascendancy of the jungle. Of course, in order to maintain that, a police state is required. The code word for this ultimate and irreversible goal of Big Brother is integration. And it is physically brought about through miscegenation, the act of sexual race mixing.

When seen this way, there can be no doubt remaining that Capitalism is far worse than Communism because the Communists, after suddenly seizing a country by force, might round up a few potentially trouble-making leaders and execute them so as to avoid problems later on. Whereas the Capitalists work slowly, from within, like a poison going undetected, and act to compromise and destroy the entire population base.

The disturbing thing about the sudden collapse of the Communist half of the Big Brother monster astride the world was that a few of us who really know the mind and the workings of Big Brother were aware that he permitted it to happen. A simple order given to those thousands of Soviet tanks would have been all it required to crush the rebellions across Europe. Indeed, it had been sufficient many times in the past when these same people had tried to free themselves during the Forties, Fifties and Sixties.

Such a development at this time would seem to indicate two things: It was fairly clear that the Soviet leadership wasn't the same as

the breed of the old school of firebrands and fanatics who first brought it to power and kept it there despite everything for the sake of the idea, no matter how twisted and false it was. In short, the Soviet leadership lost its will. Always in the past it had been the burning, ideological zeal which had prevailed over any situation that, to an honest and reasonable person, would have seemed untenable. All that remained by 1989 was the untenable position itself. Second, with regard to the attitude of the ultimate bosses here in the West, only one conclusion was possible: They now decided that they no longer required the services of their late "Golem", their rubber bogeyman, and so they let it go down the tube.

There never at any time was the real danger of a "Third World War". This was known and clearly understood at the very top on both sides as well as, I might add, those of us among the Radical Right "lunatic fringe". But just the implied threat of "Armageddon" was necessary to them in order to keep the populations scared to death - especially over here - with the classic "Good Cop, Bad Cop" routine which diverted attention away from the real damage being done right here and by this government. After all, anything done by the "Good Guys" must be alright. It served to keep this phony economy pumped up through sky's-the-limit military spending. And it drained the people of any hope for a future.

If Big Brother felt secure enough to allow this to happen then it could only have meant one thing: The softening-up process that the nuclear terror had been a cover for was now near enough to completion. A high enough proportion of the population was non-White, enough of the remaining Whites were far enough gone to degeneracy and any chance at effective resistance had been done away with. Worse, the Capitalists were now ready to infect the East with the same poisons that had eaten away the fabric of the West. Many a sincere Communist committed suicide at that very prospect. That "wall" had been there as much to hold poison out as it had been to hold people in.

Big Brother obviously feels the time is approaching to close in for the kill. That this would mean forcing a climax is unquestionable. For those tired of the long decades of Enemy subterfuge and White acquiescence, this development is to be welcomed. Surprises are in store for one and all. But only once the mask has been dropped all the way.

April, 1995, Las Animas

THE THICKNESS OF BLOOD

No one who is reasonably all together should require it of me or anyone else to tell them what's wrong with the society. Some semblance of healthy instinct and basic intelligence is all that should ever be needed. (Indeed, minus a certain level of instinct and intelligence, you are, as they say, part of the problem itself.) And I've seen plenty of it out there. The tragedy of it is that because of the Enemy, alien control at the top of things, these good people imagine they are alone in their feelings, beliefs and, worse, that they are somehow by all of this "deviant" and "anti-social". So the Jew would have it.

As far as I ever was concerned, there are only a few cardinal points that anyone, literally anyone, ought to be able to stop right in the middle of any street, on any day, and see and realize for themselves what's what in order to figure the existing mess out. No "propaganda" or "brainwash" necessary.

First, we are all trapped in a rotten, dirty travesty of a "society" whose so-called "leaders" are either unwilling or unable to do anything about; Second, what is it that they seem to push hardest? Anything of a societal, cultural, judicial, political, or economical nature, etc., that is anti-White and pro-miscegenation; Third, what is most sacred to them? Jews and their attending "Holocaust" fantasy; Fourth, what is it all toward? Money; Fifth, who and what do they hate the most? Adolf Hitler and "racism".

So if we can agree that the Establishment is rotten and no good, why can't we also agree that everything it postulates and stands for is as rotten as it is? Why can't everyone just realize that truth has been turned into lies and lies into truth? That heroes are villains and villains, heroes. That ugliness is beauty and beauty, ugliness. This is basically what I did myself so long ago.

Those seemingly educated and otherwise intelligent people who imagine what we need is "more democracy", etc., are sad testimony to the vulnerability of the human mind and power of reason to the attacks of shrewd purveyors of ridiculous and insane claptrap which is supposed

to be a big improvement over the laws of nature and of evolution. A mutated and entirely artificial worldview? How else could modern-day liberalism be viewed? How could such a worldview have supported survival in the wilderness or on the frontier against hostile colored tribes? How could anything have been accomplished with such an attitude? No, it is a false theory of disease and death cultivated by our enemies and intended solely for White consumption.

One instinctively sound supporter once related to me how his own father viewed the proper order of society. He likened it to a vegetable garden. Anyone knows that one must regularly pull the weeds out of a vegetable garden or they will take over and choke out the valuable plants. No one is crazy enough to suppose that "all vegetables are equal". But if they ever did, can you imagine the state agriculture would fall into? Parenthetically, the Soviets actually did that very thing using the insane doctrines of Communist planner Lysenko and his theories of environment vs. heredity. The subsequent famines have long since entered the common legend.

That, in a nutshell, is the idea behind Racialism, or Eugenics. There is never any need to get into such unsavory and peripheral matters as stereotyping and hurling epithets. It is purely a matter of different breeds of human types performing differently and, of course, of self-preservation. These matters are seldom pleasant, to be sure. But what about the alternative? The comparison with the overloaded lifeboat is very instructional.

It comes down to survival. But there is something above and beyond mere survival also.

That which makes existence worthwhile. And that is racial identity and integrity and the community and the purpose which comes out of that. It could be said that those miserable wretches in the Third World who are barely clinging to life are "surviving". But for what purpose? What future? All quality is absent.

Mere survival has never been enough for the Aryan. He must always organize, expand, improve, and drive for greatness and beauty. Again, terms such as superiority and inferiority need not be brought into it. Different breeds, or races, of humans will display different qualities and characteristics just as will different breeds of dogs, horses, cattle, etc. Check the market trend for thoroughbreds as opposed to mongrels, mutts, curs, etc. Anyone who refuses to see this is badly deluded. Anyone

who would seek to suppress or obscure it is the most despicable liar imaginable.

This issue of survival and, beyond that, survival as what we are and were intended to be, as well as what we are to become, is the only issue. Anything and everything else is only ancillary to the question of "to be or not to be". I defy anyone to find or demonstrate there to be anything wrong or evil with that.

The "wrong" enters the picture with greed and takes on lethal proportions with conceit. It was greed that led to slavery which brought dark, foreign races into our midst. It was later conceit that led some of us to believe that, via our man-made institutions, these alien races could be made to become "like us". "Equal", in other words. The stage is thus set for miscegenation, race-mixing, the assimilation of that which is unassimilable without the destruction of the whole.

This is the danger and anything else that we may possibly discuss here has only to do with the details of what brought it about and how we may best come to grips and do away with it.

No place ever "goes White". The Whites, or Aryans, always seem to have come out of nowhere, suddenly, arriving as conquering invaders. In every case, in every land, what they encounter are dark, native populations. Three things have always occurred following the initial conquests: The Aryans will kill the aboriginal races; they will physically expel them; or they will gradually assimilate them. (As previously set forth, in the event of failure to conquer, the Aryans will themselves be killed or driven out by the coloreds.)

The Red Indians of North America were practically driven to extinction as were the Aborigines of Australia. (And let us not forget the Neanderthals of Europe.) The Black Africans encountered by the colonial powers of Europe, however, were not. Neither were the Indians of South America by the Spanish. And for these reasons have the colonizing efforts in North America and Australia been immeasurably more successful than those of Africa and South America.

While the latter instances flopped practically from the start, we see here today a greatness achieved and now in the process of being lost. We see here today the process of mixing and degeneration taking its toll at a lightning pace. People need to get it straight that it matters not a damn whether or how well some racial alien can assimilate into White ways or how "nice" they may be. That never at any time is the point. To

put it crudely and bluntly, "you can take the nigger out of the jungle but you can't take the jungle out of the nigger".

Places "go colored". Once the Whites become overly civilized, become soft and lose their instinct for survival and self-preservation, or if their natural leadership can be compromised or usurped by their racial enemies, White birthrates drop, colored birthrates soar, colored immigration gets out of control and, worst, miscegenation begins to occur, that is, the physical amalgamation of Whites with coloreds, crossing out Whites and producing only more coloreds. Anytime an abomination like that is permitted by a society, you may be certain that that society is finished. The only question then being a matter of time.

When speaking of immigration, what is the real difference between that, when on a massive scale, and an invasion? Though coloreds outnumber Whites on this planet by ten to one, they never the less could not mount a successful armed, military invasion of a White country. No, it is only through our own weakness, mainly because of there being no true White leadership, that we are in immediate danger of succumbing to an ocean of mud.

Low White birthrates as compared to colored birthrates reflect the absolute, bottom-line danger in this sense of so-called "idealism" and "responsibility" found only in Whites having been taken, twisted and perverted by alien masters to the point where they feel positively guilty at the thought of raising one child, much less a large family, minus a certain level of financial status. Coloreds have no such concern. Indeed, Whites are subsidizing them through government hand-outs. Birth control and abortion, at least where Whites are concerned, are part of this same problem. There can never be too many happy, healthy and productive Whites in the world.

Miscegenation sounds the death knell. In a healthy society, it wouldn't even be contemplated much less be allowed to show its revolting head in public. Mainly assuming the form of colored males with White females, it declares that the White man has abdicated his role as master and has thrown in the towel. You can depend on the fact that by the time any situation arrives at this point, nothing else whatever contained in the society is sound or worth a damn. This is the final straw.

Now it has become time to quit playing by Establishment rules and either kick the entire, filthy and rotten game board over and start with something fresh or, at the very least, get up from the table and

leave the room. For to continue with such a rigged shell-game not only ensures this place going colored and our going with it into nothing but squalor, chaos and death but it gives your own stamp of approval to the process itself!

April, 1995, Las Animas

THEIR SIN IS BEFORE THEIR EYES

For me it is very difficult to get inside the heads of those who apparently have no racial instinct, much less racial pride. A great many have some vestige of it but, for reasons of expediency, keep it suppressed. But there are those who are functioning completely without it and some, I strongly suspect, who are so twisted inside that they are

consciously and deliberately acting in rebellion against it, rushing headlong into the waiting arms of death. "Laying down before the Beast", I call it.

Amazing, sad, outrageous to witness this, the result of official System brainwash. Like animals in the wild deprived of certain critical senses for the sake of some weird experiment as though by radiation or the like, having no idea what's wrong with them, but having been rendered unequipped for survival and drifting outward toward certain extinction.

The hateful difference between animals and humans similarly afflicted is that, while the animals just suffer along, the humans imagine their injured, mutated condition to be some kind of "virtue", a mark of "enlightenment". The Media Masters who did this to them in the first place would naturally be expected to also tell them that this is so.

At the same time, we, who were somehow immune to System media conditioning and retain our senses and instincts intact are labeled as "monsters" and "criminals". It all quickly adds up and falls easily into place for anyone who has taken Brainwash 101.

In order for me to get any glimpse of what their world must be like, I have to take myself back to a time when I was able to count the years of my life on my fingers.

It was the Fifties and early Sixties and we lived in a small, Midwestern town where there was "no mixing". Coloreds were present in the poor, south end of town. They worked the menial jobs. They were the "slow" students in school who'd invariably been "held back" a year or two. My parents didn't preach "hate" but always maintained the need to "get along", that coloreds were most excellent singers, dancers and sports players, etc. But no way, at no time, was there ever any confusion in my circle about being anything more than "nice" and "civil" to them.

Race differences, of course, simply were not discussed either at home or in the classroom. At the very same time, what was being taught as history was nothing more or less than the history of the White race. However, even at that, such a realization never fully dawned on me or any of the rest at the time. We were all just too busy being kids. And, as such, we were the perfect prey for mind manipulation.

Not until I was in the sixth grade of elementary school did the concept of race and nationality come suddenly to confront me.

As part of one social studies class, the teacher was discussing the

Hawaiian Islands and made the comment that there were practically no true Hawaiians left. This puzzled me deeply. I asked whether those people born in Hawaii were true Hawaiians or not. The answer, which was hard to accept at first, was a definite no, that the other variations of Oriental types which had since immigrated there had mainly supplanted the natives and taken over.

The same teacher also posited the current and "progressive" opinion that the question of racial differences and their associated problems would one day be gone as it was expected -by whomever - that in the future, via intermarriage, there would be only a single race of brown people. That was lightly tossed off by a person in charge of molding children's minds. The sobering part is that it not only seemed perfectly logical to me at the time, there was felt no ingrained revulsion at the mere suggestion of it. I harbored no "hate". Most, of course, remained right there at that childish stage and, if anything, that kind of philosophy only became more deeply entrenched within their psyche over the years of "higher education".

So there was my introduction to what was perhaps the biggest single fact and reality in human affairs. What had come first: Hawaii or the Hawaiians? And does having been born on a certain piece of real estate determine what you are? How about the case of America itself? What constitutes an "American"? Obviously, by the lesson of the unhappy Hawaiians, these matters are entirely subject to change.

This brings us up to the late Sixties in my home town. It struck me then and it remains today my impression that my generation was the "swing" generation, where the breach was made between ancestor and posterity. The subtle, poisonous propaganda of the evil, still-hidden Enemy together with the officially noncommittal stance of home and parents was just at that moment about to begin bearing its "fruit".

The high, utopian theories and ideals that had been saturating the universities during the Thirties and Forties had taken root and hit home with that generation now having come to the helm of society. Then, in the Fifties and Sixties, it came time to live up to all of it. By the late Sixties, with so many standards struck down, lust reigning and economic considerations having become everything, the stage was set. Twenty years or more of media softening-up, all manner of financial, social and legalistic boosts to coloreds, hand-in-hand with the appearance of dope, faggy looks for men, hard-core trash music, etc., the

first racially mixed couples began to appear publicly.

Perhaps - probably - it was a "male thing". Not only the reaction to the phenomenon but the fact that it was, with only minor exceptions, colored males with White females. I recall Joseph Tommasi once musing aloud on one of his Los Angeles "White Power Messages" that, "You niggers may be stupid but you ain't blind. Black women are just plain ugly." An old Ohio comrade of mine liked to say that the joke was entirely on them because the moment any White female allowed a colored to touch her, she was no longer White. Another friend from the old days said of the social outbreak to come, "Don't be caught with a Toyota and don't be caught with a nigger."

Now there was hate for you.

It was understood that for the good and responsible citizen, the thing to do was just swallow it. These abominations were being given the "sanctity" of marriage in civil services by the judges as well as the "blessing" of the churches. Of course, the so-called "law" was on their side. Maybe it was there that the revolution was born also.

But miscegenation is miscegenation. A racial bastard is a racial bastard. One kid in our extended circle was dating a Black girl. I was well known as a Nazi by then. As it was a White male with a Black female, the same kind of fiery passion wasn't present there and once, during a debate on it, he asked what I would do if I met the most beautiful girl in the world and she was Black. To begin with, there surely would be the definitive instance of a temptation to be resisted. To say only that it couldn't happen would be to flee from the reality of the situation. Even Commander Rockwell wrote in his autobiography, "This Time the World", that, after many months of Navy duty in the South Seas in World War Two, the colored "gooks" with the bones in their noses and their pointed teeth began to look good.

What about the days when no less men than Washington and Jefferson were sneaking out to the slave shack for some "jungle fever"? Today, when you meet or hear of someone with the name Washington or Jefferson, what do you usually have? A total shame and disgrace.

One Muslim I made the acquaintance of during this incarceration, an obvious mulatto, could trace his lineage back to the very South Carolina plantation from where his family took its surname. Of the whole, lamentable affair he commented, "Their sin is before their eyes".

It isn't possible to maintain racial integrity where two or more

distinct races exist in close proximity. Slavery couldn't do it. "Jim Crow" segregation couldn't do it. As all these mulattoes here today clearly demonstrate, a little bastardization goes a very long way. The more the lines break down, the more they'll continue to break down. Confusion breeds confusion. To try to halt it in mid-progression through any sort of caste system - which, in any case, failed to preserve Aryan India is to beg for social revolt. To attempt to perpetuate it is no answer. Worse yet is to merely cave in, to go ahead and self-destruct in it through unbridled miscegenation.

The United States remained healthy, strong and on its way up from its inception until the latter part of the Twentieth Century despite this. Why? Because racial bastardy was universally considered as a mortal sin and a social disgrace and, in many places, an outright crime punishable by law. Heretofore it had been colored society that was being invaded, colored women being violated with the mulattoe offspring itself being confined to the colored community which, itself, was disenfranchised. White society was inviolate. The White male was in absolute control and the White female still occupied a position of the highest honor, one which she did not betray.

Thus the sin could be kept swept under the rug until Jews gained a telling degree of national influence and, with their media monopoly, with every sort of social legislation under the guises of "freedom" and "democracy", a barrage of their pseudo-science and "equality" theories, began eroding and tearing down the self-defenses of a people and a society. With all controls gone, proximity together with time is all that is required for national and racial death. The Jew knows this.

A cross between a White and a colored is a colored. Period. There is no such thing as "half-White". One is either White or they are not. For the accurate definition of adultery, as it is used in the Ten Commandments, try pouring a little coffee into some pure water and some pure water into coffee. Which has been adulterated?

As long as Whites exist, coloreds are reminded of what they are thus engendering powerful resentments, all sorts of envy and the kind of real hatred that the System media never delves into. Individual instances of "love" (or lust) between members of opposite races, far from "curing" the problem, only spawns more of the same evil. Assimilation, love and acceptance, mixture and death for Whites. Death is death. Extinction is extinction. What matters the means?

We see some of the results of this process all around us today in a society with a crime rate gone to hell. The national "pain" the United States is suffering is the same kind of pain Henry Jekyll underwent as he transformed into Edward Hyde. To see the end result we need only look to some Third World hell hole where racial bastardization has come full circle. Can't happen here? Ask the Hawaiians. Ask the older citizens of any major U.S. city who've had to abandon their homes and former neighborhoods in favor of new suburbs in order to escape from the "blight". Unfortunately, we can't ask any ancient Egyptian, Roman, Greek, Persian or Indian. Can't happen? Just have a look at the official statistics.

The lovely Peace-Love-Brotherhood Jews will tell you that a person must be "taught to hate", that "hate" is not a natural thing. Perhaps not. But it's an old trick of the Jews to do word flip-flops and to deliberately misrepresent things for their own ends. What if it isn't "hate" but only natural instinct, the inborn sense of self-preservation without which no species can long survive? The mongoose of India has to be "taught" to deal with cobras while still an infant. Is that also "hate"?

My generation was the swing generation for more than one reason. Not only the first to part company with its forefathers in outlook and practice, it was at the same time the last to know what living in a White society was all about. I remember it as a literal heaven in comparison with the nightmarish hell of the present. But, of course, all that cleanliness, decency, peace, order and happiness was grossly "unfair" to the colored community and so it had to go. Must spread it around, must relinquish some of the pie. Sounded fair on the surface, perhaps, but it just didn't work like that in reality. More like the simile of the "speck of shit in the gallon of ice cream". Do you try to "eat around it" or is the whole gallon ruined? And today and for a long time past, I assure you, we're not dealing with a mere speck.

True to White decency and sense of fairness and tolerance, this is how it usually went: This or that colored individual is "nice" or "cool" or perhaps doesn't even like other coloreds. Bearing White names, speaking White languages, with White educations, dressed in White clothing fashions, professing White religions, constrained to literally act White and being subject to the same White laws, the barriers are thus penetrated. Numbers shift along with the times and manners and all of sudden things aren't so "nice" anymore and, low and behold, Whites are acting like coloreds.

It cannot be rightly stated that perhaps these race-mixers are only acting out of their own pursuit of an "ideal", however repugnant. Blindness approaching the willful is what is demanded in order not to see the destructive effect of their conduct upon future generations. In exactly the same way as the Capitalist industrial polluters of the common environment go about their own, private business do these polluters of the common genetic environment go "walking after their own lusts" in acts of paramount selfishness.

I can't cite a single instance from out of history where such a trend as this, once having taken hold, has ever been reversed. This is national suicide. "America", as a concept, is out for any future. A bloodbath must surely ensue as the result of any Aryan element with the instinct and the determination to go onward, into the future, and is required to fight in order to break away from the dying mess.

Sure, there are some nice and personable coloreds and, sure, there are some miserable and low-life Whites, too many, in fact. But all of that is immaterial. This is not a personality contest. This is and has been from the beginning a biological experiment, a DNA colonization from deep space. Most of these decent colored types are so mainly through their more successful assimilation into White ways. Most of the wayward Whites are the way they are due to their own exposure to alien, colored ways. Not to mention the hellish, damnable way they are raised and "educated" by the alien, Jewish System. The "Catch 22" of any multi-racial, multi-cultural society is the impossibility of maintaining the key elements alive and in sufficient number to keep a viable civilization for very long in historical terms.

There are assuredly "good" and "bad" types within any nation or group you may care to study. However, in the context of dark, Third World miserability, minus the slightest prayer for improvement or redemption, of what good is any such debate? There, where accursed "racism" doesn't exist because the accursed White race itself doesn't exist, of what use is "sociology", etc.? Night has fallen eternally.

There is no going back. While the System lives it will permit no equitable solution. That solution could only be the peaceful, orderly and fair separation of the races into respective ethnic regions, ideally on separate continents. Only that could end oppression, resentment and violence. Only that could prevent mixed unions of attracted personalities and the resultant mongrels. For that to take place, the System would

have to agree to its own termination as each autonomous region would have to have its own, sovereign government, its own code of laws and values, its own culture. And the System exists only to serve itself.

No. All of this will come crashing down upon itself in due course. It cannot be otherwise. Only those with the will to total geographic racial separation can expect to be around to affect any real future. The dark and sullied miasma tentatively passing for the "United States" will implode in dictatorship, disease, crime, violence and starvation. Only the White element stands between that future and today's reality and that barrier is receding more all the time.

The final end will have come by the time North America arrives at where Latin America has been all along. When the various color castes blend imperceptibly and indistinguishably into one another. From multi-racial, where it stands at present, and into a truly bastard, mongrel state. High-tech Big Brother's grip will have loosened by then, despite the police state he is putting into place at the moment, for want of a sufficient population base willing and capable of playing along. The White remnant can then undertake major moves of its own toward the business of new nation-building.

If "nice" and "fair" brought us to this pass then let those concepts be damned for all time to come. For it most certainly was never a matter of any of that at any time.

July, 1995, Pueblo Co. Jail
First appeared in W.A.R., February, 1997

PART THREE

THE LAST TIME WAS THE LAST TIME

Childhood for me lasted from 1952 until 1966, with a most magical overlapping time which spanned 1966 to 1968. One can usually be sure of a thing like that as it is the point at which longing to recapture begins. That period from 1966 to 1968 the when, though still a kid, I was part of the Movement and my learning and awareness was expanding by leaps and bounds still seems to me to have been the most happy and magical of my life. St. John referred to just this sort of thing in Revelation when he spoke of the feeling of "first love".

It was for me a time when dreams and reality merged and anything was possible. When life itself was still new and exciting and thoughts of independence were catching fire. Within the space of those few years, I made many of the most important decisions of my life and laid plans which were to affect my own life and my future with the Movement and which would become reality in the years and decades ahead.

What would take place in the future then stood in stark contrast to the reality of the fourteen-year-old dreamer at the time. To the handful of other kids in that circle that were present just clubbing for the fun of it, I must really have sounded like a lunatic. This I knew at the time. It didn't matter. Seriousness and time would tell.

Storms and waves were coming over me and the first manifestation of that came in open conflict between the school and me, the first incarnation of the outrage to impose itself upon me and give rise to a reaction on my part. It was toward the end of the 1965-1966 school year that I saw that unless I suddenly and dramatically were able to bring my marks up, I'd surely have to repeat the grade. And such an eventuality was unthinkable: To have to again tolerate the intolerable. So I managed to do just that and barely passed into the ninth grade.

Well before the 1966-1967 season was close to being finished, it was clear to me that the pattern of the year before was again present. There was a difference this time however in that, just as though caught in a dream where one's feet are leaden, there was this time no way I could muster the interest or energy to do what I had done the year before. My priorities were becoming increasingly disenmeshed from those of the System.

The Party was now my entire focus. The new clarification and reinforcement of political and philosophical dynamite was with ease crowding out all the tripe of the past. The inspirational and magnetic image of Hitler, the mystique of the Third Reich, the epic saga of World War Two. Things so serious and yet so vibrant that they were intoxicating and irresistible. And how it all appeared to link directly with the current issues of that day. I couldn't be bothered or distracted by lesser concerns, or by anything that was less fun.

One among our small number there in that town, the one who had provided me the Party address or contact, had the use one half of a garage behind his parents house and that is where we headquartered. In that atmosphere of privacy and autonomy was the hub of our world of mock adulthood and our ever more sophisticated thoughts and pursuits. It was a bachelor pad. Only one of us was driving then, a 1949 Chevy, but you could plainly detect the approach of any of the others by the crunch of their bicycle tires in the gravel of the alley. Myself, I lived only two blocks away and remained on foot.

My friend had painted the interior concrete block walls beige, using money he made by working at the Mom and Pop grocery store up the street. He had taken a scrap of carpet and covered partially the concrete slab floor. Two army cots, one at the left and one at the right of the window at the rear, were for seating and sleeping over. One of them was reputed to be of Spanish-American War vintage. There was a shelf of

books mounted on the shellacked, tongue-and-groove pine center wall. Most of them dealing with World War Two topics but there were a few others like "Catcher in the Rye", etc. A tall, white wooden cabinet containing some tools and other supplies with a lower compartment which our fastidious host kept pad-locked and from out of which he would issue and reclaim on a one-for-one basis copies of Playboy magazine. An antique steamer trunk added a touch of class. A four-by-four pegboard also attached to the wall held an array of camping and fishing gear. Dominating the area were twin hemispherical maps on either side of the window and above either of the cots of the European and Pacific theaters of the Second World War, "Target Berlin" and "Target Tokyo".

The rest of us could fascinate and envy over his SS helmet and other bits and pieces of German war paraphernalia. Good weather could be enjoyed to the fullest by sliding the heavy, wooden door all the way open and, together with the window at the back, we'd be surrounded by green and well-tended back yards. His A.M. radio kept us in tune with the Top Forty as well as the latest news. For refreshments there was the Dairy Queen only a stone's throw away near the intersection. And many a toast was made to the girl from the neighborhood who worked there all those three seasons, slightly older, which I was enamored with but was never able to say anything to apart from the placing of my orders.

The drink of choice then was cherry Coke. That was, of course, when we failed to tap into our parents liquor supply. All the rest were smoking cigarettes. It was at that time that I picked up the habit of cigars. For an ashtray, my friend had the brass shell of a German 88 round. The best of it was the laughs and the conversation. This was heaven as I look back on it. What makes a special time special is when you realize it is heaven even as you are living it and such was the case then. How I loved all of it.

But even I found it to be peculiar and mildly irritating that I was the only one of the group getting and reading Party literature. Indeed, I was the only one with a Party card and paying regular dues. My friend went to the extent of sticking some letters on the outside of the garage door which read "ANP Headquarters" but that was about as far as he went. The periodic arrival in my mail of a Rockwell Report or a Stormtrooper Magazine would be cause for the universe to stand still, such was the excitement. No one was enjoying the moment more than

but yet I was essentially alone in laying groundwork that would survive that passing phase.

My primary companion, the kid with the garage, and I soon entered into headlong competition to determine which one of us would hold the title of school truancy champion. We elevated it into an art form. At length he was caught by the truant officer while I never was. The experience effectively "broke" him. It involved some actual time in a jail cell. Still proud am I of the moment when I was called into the school office to be handed the "crown" by both the assistant principal and the truant officer, not just as it involved the two of us kids, but insofar as the history of the building itself, dating from 1930, was concerned.

They asked of me then just what I planned to do with my life. Why, to go to Party headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, and work full-time, of course. The truant officer scoffed at that by expressing his understanding of it that "those people" running the operation "are brilliant", even as he was making a spiraling gesture around his temple with his index finger, and that the very last thing they needed or wanted was a high school drop-out. Nevertheless, before the year 1968 was out, all of it would be an accomplished fact.

That trauma of an evening in jail did its work on my friend. He indeed "straightened out", graduated high school, enlisted in the army, went to Vietnam, became a sergeant, came back and became a police officer in a nearby town, all of it according to his own plan. We fell out badly over politics in 1970 and never spoke again. He committed suicide in 1992.

Going it alone, I celebrated my first April 20th, the birth date of Adolf Hitler, as part of the Movement by conspiring to have myself expelled from school outright as I reasoned that if it were a certainty I was not going to pass that grade, then why bother about any further cat-and-mouse games? It was rewarded by a sweet taste of freedom of longer duration than the year before, followed by an oath to myself on Labor Day of 1967 that I would repeat the performance at an even earlier moment when 1968 dawned. That year I would reach sixteen years of age and could then formally leave all of that behind me.

As seven months of joy and indulgence approached their close in the late summer of 1968, confrontation was in the air. Plans for departing the area weren't nearly completed and the school officials, wise to me by now, were simply set to ignore my exploits begun this new season on the

very first day. So it was on September 5th, as I was informed I would not be expelled from school, that I lost control of my emotions for the very last time. Much worse than that, sudden news came that my friend's parents had rented another house across town. That meant that the garage was gone.

Ninety days of openly declared war with the school, with me absent half of that time, and of the days I did bother to show up, half of them, resulted finally in a threat of juvenile prison. In response, I planned to take my father's .44 magnum revolver, a five-shot, into the school, take out the principal, the assistant principal, two of the so-called "guidance counselors" and, lastly, myself. At this time I was prompted to make my first-ever telephone call to Party headquarters in Arlington. I spoke with Dr. William Pierce and clearly indicated that I was in need of some sanctuary if they were in need of one more good hand down there. A bus ticket to Arlington early that December of 1968 and it was done.

But for years thereafter I would continue to pine for those magical and carefree days in that garage down the alley. I would make many a sad pilgrimage alone, first on foot, later by car, down that alley, halfway expecting the door to be slid open and to be greeted by the pleasing aroma of a combination of cigar smoke, Right Guard, Old English polish for the wood, lanolin for the leather and camping gear, and cosmoline for the metal pieces and the blade collection. Of course, it never was to be again.

It was merciful that I had no way of knowing that the final summer was upon us already in 1968. There did come the moment when I left there for the last time, not knowing it was the last time.

Hand-in-hand with that fading season arrived the final demise of my childhood as a whole. All the many joyful, traditional holidays at home where the family would gather. All the many endless, simple pleasures and delights of childhood wrapped snugly in an unbroken sense of perfect security. Even the fun included in those years before attending school became such anathema. I scarcely noticed as the last of my childhood hobbies and the last round of holidays slipped past. Bigger, more pressing concerns were overshadowing them. Neither did I realize it then that the last time was also the last time.

Twenty years would pass and would contain many more sudden hellos and goodbyes. Only after all that time did the premonitions begin to come over me that the final times were indeed coming up. The family,

the home, people closest to me, places and events dearest to me. All were about to be gone abruptly and forever.

That vague dread was followed by the strange feeling of consolation that even should all of this that I loved be gone, or I from it, for any reason, my intimate familiarity with it and my devotion to it would render it to me as though it had never really ended at all. Some of me would remain there. Some of it would come with me. It was as though I would be able to revisit and re-experience any and all of it again and again, for the rest of my life, anytime I chose. And, as it turned out, I was right on both counts.

So marked was the feeling that I found myself compelled to carefully revisit old places, old acquaintances, bringing with me my camera to record everything indelibly. Photographing my home town street by street, my home room by room. My pets, my automobiles. The change of seasons. Native plants in blossom. Sunsets. Everything.

When it happened, it happened fast. Mercifully, again, with even a final period of false security belying the impending hurricane. A convergence of negative circumstances was all it required. Inside of five tumultuous months my previous life and world of nearly forty years was washed away and I was settled in totally new surroundings a thousand miles distant, further than I had ever travelled before. And, to be sure, for the next year or so, I longed for southern Ohio in just the same way as I had longed for that garage down the alley.

Strange the way my departure from Ohio played itself out. For financial reasons I transferred my living quarters from the house in the country where I had spent nearly the past twenty years and to the largest of my rental houses in the city. A fine old home that I had saved from demolition by barely two weeks when I purchased and restored it that year of 1991. Now, to say goodbye, I was back in the city I had grown up in. It was a replay in reverse of childhood. Instead of a big, old house in the West End, it was a big, old house in the East End. There was even the other Dairy Queen only a stone's throw away up the alley and at the intersection. We passed the 1991 holidays there in traditional manner, I together with a new family.

During these same months, that is, in the fall of the year, were most of the annual festivals in the outlying counties that I always had attended religiously. The very final one of these was the strangest of all.

It had grown late and it was time to go. We moved out of the

center of town, picking our way through the packed throng, some of whom were still enjoying the street carnival, some a live rock 'n' roll band. I knew this was goodbye and so, without a word to my companions, I turned to look over my shoulder at it all one last time. The street was deserted.

Never assume there will be another chance. In April of that same year my mother had died peacefully at home. During those weeks, for the first time since we had owned the property, there was a blazing field of mustard, as though out of a van Gogh painting, along the way into town. Preoccupied as I was at the time, I intended to photograph it the next year. For me there, there was to be no next year.

By financial statistics alone, I might have regrouped and remained there in Ohio. But for a long time I'd had a growing disgust with certain aspects of the area, all having to do with population trends as well as the type of individuals who were in control. And the only way to solve the financial impasse was to sell the house in the country, the family home which I had laid the groundwork for myself while still a teenager in the Sixties. Minus the income of the rentals in the city and out of the family home, I wasn't about to remain anywhere near there. A clean slate was what I now determined upon.

Encounters with police had been ongoing since 1966 as had been the resultant negative publicity. The "compound", as it had been referred to, had been known as a "Nazi headquarters" at least since 1974. All of this with no consideration of leaving. Regarding the new charges of 1991, my attorney begged me to stay and fight it in court as we were bound to win, the State having no case. All of that aside, my money had collapsed. To stay would have eaten me up with interest, leaving nothing. There was a future to construct. Charges be damned, I was leaving. We could settle it later or fight it out, as they pleased.

No sooner had I gotten perfectly settled in Colorado, with all Ohio entanglements resolved and ended, than the premonitions returned to become even more pronounced. One evening in November of 1993 as I was alone in my new Colorado home, enjoying a drink and music, with no crisis outstanding, apart from the customary financial crunch, a sudden feeling or emotion struck me unlike anything before or since. A psychic "thud" to the back of my head, a thing of impending disaster, came over me. I was left with a feeling of utter despair.

The following month, from out of nowhere, I was contacted by a

gorgeous young girl from San Francisco, and a Movement member at that, with her own income, who quickly let it be known that she wished to join me there in Las Animas. A turning point, another miracle in the fashion of the invincible 1980s, or so I surely imagined, as I drove her home from the train depot later that same December. By the following April, a Denver friend of mine was commenting of that situation that it hadn't been the "Big G" that had answered my prayer, it had been the "Big D". Effectively and accurately it had been sized up thus.

The pot was on the boil.

In February another jolt and another girl. The series of arrests followed, beginning early in April.

Sitting in the Bent County Jail, April 20th, 1994, yet one more of the feelings came over me. I was writing a letter to the San Francisco girl who was still living in my home. Mainly in that letter I was reflecting on all of the many April 20ths I'd had over the years, including that of 1992, when I'd been back in Ohio successfully writing finis to all of that miserable lot, and in 1993, when the first copy of my new book reached my hands from the publisher. How different it was now.

I went on to remind her now of why I was always so appreciative of a beautiful day, of how all this had struck so suddenly and how at that moment neither of us had any idea of whether or when we'd be rejoined. The sensation I received as I penned those words, so vivid as to be real, was like being on my deathbed and saying goodbye to her for the last time. There had been nothing like that ever before. But as it later was revealed, it wasn't me that was dying in that moment, it was her. The living death of a race traitor.

Soon I would be free. Free to ponder and assess the damage and to witness, first-hand, the abomination. By court order, she had to move out of my house. The tenant in my back house permitted her to move in with them, in with more renegades. I lasted almost three weeks, minus practically any sleep, before the music that was playing went silent and I was moved to confrontation. Press reports and perjured testimony notwithstanding, I knew trouble was in the offing as I slipped my .25 automatic into my pocket and stepped out my back door to within yards of where the two of them were seated in the cab of a truck. Following some typical taunts from their direction, my words, rhetorically directed at him, were, "Does she still make you use condoms? Because she never made me." The presence of the .25 stemmed their instantaneous onrush.

Back under arrest again and back out again after only a few days. The final of these distressing premonitions came late in May, within twenty-four hours of bonding out the second time.

I was seated at the desk in my study at home having just completed a few letters to friends around the country. As I sat there, I gazed directly ahead into the dining room, then to my right into the parlor. Something was telling me in that moment that I'd never see these sights again. I rose and, with letters in hand, walked out the front door on my way to the nearby post office on foot. Before I reached it, two police cruisers converged on me. My initial bond of personal recognizance had been revoked.

Snuffy's wife, Helen, happened along just then as I was being cuffed. I calmly gave her the news and handed her the mail.

Stability seemed to be the ingredient now missing from my life. A formerly worst nightmare now not only having come to pass but having in the interim become the new element I've not only adapted to but come to swim in quite well.

To be comfortable and secure in this madhouse, with what I know to be on the way, and as a part of this Movement? Truly, a friend of the world cannot hope to be a friend of God. Normalcy would rather seem to be out of the question if one wants to be real about it. Maybe I did choose it for myself all those many years ago. I wasn't kidding then and circumstances weren't kidding now. Then as now, I swore to myself that at every step taken, every corner turned, my intent is to follow in whatever direction all of this may be taking me and to do so in a most conscious, deliberate and aware fashion.

April, 1995, Las Animas

FROM NEST TO ANTHILL

Superficialities and symptoms are what people allow themselves to be absorbed by and not the principles and fundamentals by which things are actually determined. Sadly, it has to be that way because the majority of people simply does not have the time, the inclination or the capacity to handle such gravity, such seriousness, which has to be maintained constantly. In the main, they just work. It would be one hell of a world if everyone were some kind of deep philosopher or fanatic. It's no different with societies of animals: There must be leaders. There must be thinkers and there must be guidance.

In a so-called "democracy", people hire "experts", or politicians, to do their thinking and decision-making for them just so they can go on about working and, hopefully, reproducing. However, we can note a

tendency toward not only greater stress and less satisfaction in the workplace, increased division and alienation in the family, but, as a result, a positively desperate move toward intensified pleasure and diversion pushing up to and well beyond the threshold of perversion, addiction and degeneracy. Hitler was right when he said that people are born blank slates to be written upon, or molded by the elements or circumstances around them, affecting them from birth. What chance then does the average person today have, having been born into a cesspool, a rat race?

Things have gone crazy in the present society because of two things: There no longer is any identity; and there is no longer any purpose. There is merely the scramble for money and the object of that appears to be little more than the consumption and indulgence of more trivialities and escape. The competition is mad and unforgiving. Even within an anthill there is cooperation and unity of purpose.

If it is accurate to compare today's people with what their ancestors were, to what dogs are as compared with wolves, then today's people are "house pets" compared with their Viking ancestors, complete with all the neurosis, promiscuity, etc. How was it that such a change could be affected and so quickly?

Part of the answer lies in natural development but part of it does not. When immediately confronted by constant threat of starvation, freezing or hostile attack, there is no time for nonsense. Can you imagine a sit-down strike on the frontier? Or a Viking "civil rights" demonstration? Or "Gay pride" in George Washington's army? Or public race-mixing in the Old South at the height of the Civil War? Even such things as are commonly overlooked today like adultery (in the civil sense), child insubordination, casual cross-dressing (women in pants, etc.), working with or even under non-Whites, etc., in the days when the workings of the society were everybody's business were forbidden, some on pain of death. But more than that, no decent, right-thinking person would even consider things like this in the first place.

But finally, once all the dangers, the challenges, the battles were out of the way and with nothing particular left to do, it was play time. It was also safe for parasites to move in. A law of physics is that the downward trend can only begin from the very highest level to have been achieved. That was American society immediately post World War Two. Time on their hands, excess wealth, no direction to go in, and, worst of all, an alien overlordship all set to make its move.

This same alien body had just succeeded in getting one half of its intended victims to go and defeat the other half in war. Now it was the turn of the victorious dupes themselves. But how? Carefully, over time, utilizing all of the intended mark's own institutions already usurped over the preceding decades against them, allowing them to believe they were still "free". It could have been the same for the rest who died violently in war had they not woken up and chosen to defy the hidden masters while they still had the national will and sovereignty to do so. Now, for the rest, there is no outside power strong enough to subjugate them and so they must be led into doing it to themselves.

The old posture for survival had been, according to its very purpose, anything but conducive to parasites or their predations. Now, totally secure in "Fortress America", that very same farmer-warrior posture, with all of its austerity and sobriety, which in any case made the hidden invaders very nervous and anxious, could be scrapped. Exactly as with the fleets of bombers and tanks recently used to flatten Europe.

The adult generation which had been so deprived growing up in the Depression and which was 100% convinced they had settled the world's problems by fighting World War Two, now only wanted to make their livings, maintain their homes and raise their families in the relative prosperity. The oncoming generation, with no taste or knowledge of hardship or adversity, was literally estranged from them from the beginning and it was with no difficulty at all that the hidden masters could induce them to "turn loose" and "let go".

A people doesn't go from pioneers into dopers, from warriors into fags, and from having pride in themselves into sacking out with monkeys overnight. It took a lot of time and a lot of pain. Many took note of the trend and were alarmed. This was the old conservative-reactionary movement. They focused themselves upon the detestable symptoms and apparently couldn't come to grips with the deeper cause. No point worrying about outward signs of an inner, more serious problem. You must isolate and recognize its origin. Then you must move, to shut off the source of the poison at the very top. However (and, I suspect this was sensed at the time) to merely curse the symptoms would only get you called a crank or a square while to nail those actually responsible would get you HURT.

Few countries have ever been blessed with a consciously racial-national government or society. Certainly Hitler's Germany is the

outstanding example of this. But all of that kind of philosophy was what so many fathers, brothers, uncles and sons had just died to eliminate in the War. And we have already discussed what it is that the majority keep on their minds: That dead or dying buddy in the fox hole. Not the causes that led it to happen or their consequences. And doesn't the Jewish enemy, the masters of psychology, know it better than anyone? Without such a national and governmental imperative as a matter of course, and without any external factors to generate even a reflex semblance of that kind of unity and purpose, things were essentially left drifting and rudderless. It was child's play for them to eliminate any true identity and serious cause from national life.

That's not only the first step toward destroying a people; it's the only step necessary. Because once that is done they are utterly defenseless against the kind of rot that automatically and inevitably enters the picture to infect the weakened organism. (And never doubt for one moment that any truly national body IS and properly should be considered as an organism.) Minus identity and purpose everything will eventually fly to pieces just like a world deprived of its gravity or an atom without its nucleus. Convince them they are no better than former slaves, indeed that they "owe" the former slaves, and get them spoiled for more and greater escapism, make them believe in nothing and they are THROUGH as a people. (And, more powerful than money to buy leaders, believe me, if you already own and control the mass media, this is no task at all.)

With the former core and center removed in this way, anyone who might, for whatever motivation, be inclined to retain or cling to the old, more proud and stoic ways will be seen as a "square", "old fashioned", "uncool", "backward", eventually even "prejudiced", "bigoted", "racist" and finally as a "fascist" or a "Nazi". Because the new popular orientation, as dictated by the taste-making mass media apparatus, now has no call for any of these qualities but only for a willingness to dance to the tune of the Pied Piper. And the whole of society is effectively derailed.

Within an individual human organism, if the order of the functioning of the body is interrupted or if the will which emanates from the brain is somehow short-circuited, illness and death will be the result. It is no different for entire nations of people. Within yourself, if you poison or neglect yourself or fatally succumb to a depression, etc., or

tolerate a "little" cancer within your body, you well know what will happen. If a human organism is made up of billions of atoms, then nations and societies are built up in the same way of masses of human types. If what is real is gone and what is false is added, the exact same laws will apply.

"Healthy mind, healthy body." Everybody's heard that. If the mind goes, the body will follow. The enemies of these people generations ago hijacked the brain and nervous system of the nations of the West. The former wellspring of health and well being now became an overflowing sewer spewing filth and disease. It has taken one hundred years for this to permeate down from the tap and into the tiniest villages in America. No place, nothing and no one is spared any longer.

A people not in overall control of itself, not acting in its own vital interests, can hardly be expected to carry on in the manner of greatness from past examples such as ancient Greece or Rome before much the same maladies infected and destroyed them. A people will reflect just exactly what their real leaders are. If these people today appear to be and act as though they are depraved, then it should come as no wonder. Have a close look at whom and what is at the top!

To have been reduced to a swarming anthill but without the dignity and cohesion of ants, frantic effort but most of it to no useful end, not even permitted to retain the fruits of their toil. Just something confused, jumbled, un-human. Quite a job. And in record short time. They've pushed hard to get it here. Now there's an industry founded around the uphill curve that is to be seen when one looks backward over their shoulder in time: Nostalgia. Few want seriously to gaze into the future. Exactly as with the reactionaries of old, it's always about unpleasant symptoms and never about the root cause of the trend itself. Like brain-dead idiots, they still hail the philosophy behind it as being the very height of progressive idealism!

They love to swim but hate to get wet. The entire cry for the return of lost "values", "morals", "law and order", etc., is truly the cry of the lost. Churches and police forces burgeon while the people itself dies. Without the old racial-national dynamo generating life, all the tributary manifestations of a healthy society wither away uselessly, reduced to no more than superstitions without meaning or basis. And these people don't even know why. They don't know because they aren't allowed to know.

We who call ourselves the Movement are supposed to be different. Inside us rests whatever chance higher humanity has for surviving this and regenerating itself once this mess has run its full course and died.

To be fully aware, to be conscious of who we are, where we came from, where we are bound, and why, comes first. Second is the necessity to protect and promote that in a very physical sense. Finally comes the personal way of conduct in keeping with all of this. What is the purpose of the individual if not the furtherance of the race as part of the whole? What is the purpose of the family or of profession or occupation if not as components in support of this very same thing? They talk of values. Minus this, what "values" could there possibly be?

With these things, scattered tribes become great nations. Without them, formerly great nations go to ruin.

It's difficult, yes, to struggle upward, toward God. It's easy and even "fun" to slide downward into hell. It's the job of government to see to it that the people keep to the uphill path. Without legitimate national leadership at the helm, that's not very likely. With an enemy, alien regime in its place, the disgrace, the squalor and chaos which is in abundance presently is no more than what is to be expected.

Our challenge and responsibility is to keep the flame alive until the torrent of evil and folly has passed.

April, 1995, Las Animas

THE WILL OF A PEOPLE

If the living, breathing will of a people is capable of being captured on film to be viewed and witnessed, then the best example of that has to be the 1934 German documentary, "Triumph of the Will". As

impressive as that surely is in itself, its full meaning can only be really appreciated if one can know the conditions that reigned there in Germany a scant two years before. And then again just over a decade later.

The only time and place in the Twentieth Century when a White nation was guided and controlled by its own will was the Third Reich period in Germany. What miracles – social, economic, cultural and military - were accomplished there and then! It required the combined force of the rest of the world to, first, subdue the German nation and, then, to separate it from its only recently regained consciousness and will. Those who lived then and who fought like the proverbial tigers knew that death in battle - as free men - was far preferable to the kind of “life” that could be expected to return on the heels of the invading enemy armies.

The significance of a nation's will can best be illustrated by calling up images of an individual under hypnosis, or zombified, or on narcotics. Or, for that matter, functioning while under extortion or existing as an indentured servant. Or having been utterly beaten and cowed, brainwashed or otherwise conditioned. Since the only example of a White nation that has ever been in command of itself in modern times is depicted by the alien-dominated media as being the height of evil itself, correspondingly, people have nothing whatever to go on as to comparing what is natural and right and what is not.

People evidently can't make the corollary between that where individuals are concerned and how the same thing can happen where entire modern and sophisticated societies are concerned.

Those in sensitive positions, either not part of the White nation or else having sold their services to aliens, are all that is ever required. So-called “representatives of the people” instead carrying out the secret agenda of hidden masters translates to mean that the people in reality has no will of its own.

The role the United States played in the Second World War is the perfect example of this. An endeavor of apparently tremendous national will and purpose but which was ultimately aimed against its very own vital interests in the long run. Emerging from that war with all the wealth and the mightiest weapons on earth, yet none of this was of any avail against the inevitable effects of the absence of a genuine national will. The United States today faces a lingering death, mass confusion,

slow rot and decomposition.

Would you wish for a more practical demonstration of the presence and domination of an alien will? The agonizingly slow and painful defeat in Vietnam versus the lightning speed and ferocity of the Gulf War. The United States cannot prevail over any except the enemies of the alien, Jewish will.

The seeming inability of the government to reverse the national decline versus the greatest alacrity when moving to remove political trouble-makers, rake in taxes, etc. "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

Anyone who studies history can't help being amazed at the obvious will and determination as demonstrated by ancient societies. The continuous upward drive of the nations of the West over the preceding centuries, the movement and coordination, etc., all without the benefit of mass, rapid communication right up into the Twentieth Century. But it was done nonetheless. If this proves anything, it must be that the modern advent of electronic communication - mass media - has only served to facilitate the short-circuiting of the national will of the people and its supplanting by a tiny number of hostile and parasitic aliens. In short, the control of the many by the few. How else could a "Big Brother" or a "Beast" system be defined after all?

Such was precisely the case in Weimar Germany following the national collapse at the end of World War One and the capture of Germany by International Jewry. It required the most inspired and super-human effort and organization - WILL - on the part of Hitler and the N.S.D.A.P. to overcome and reverse it. Even following Hitler's becoming chancellor in 1933, the entrenched alien presence in the media and the rest of the national bloodstream had to be forcibly rooted out and done away with like a cancer. And today, even though deprived of its natural and rightful national will, there remains the German nation and, almost by blind instinct, it struggles to maintain itself biologically and expel racial aliens in its system.

Not so in the case of the United States. Here there is no homogeneity and it has been forgotten that a nation is not a parchment document or a piece of real estate. This is the ideal environment for a hidden, alien will to thrive in.

When Whites came to this continent in the wave which began five hundred years ago, they were hugely outnumbered by colored aborigines. That did not prevent the literal conquest of North America by

Whites coming from Europe. Today, while they still make up a clear majority, they have lost control of everything else and their numerical superiority will pass away within a hundred years. They are effectively helpless. What Whites of long ago had which was of infinitely greater value than mere numbers was their own unity and their own leadership, in essence, their will. Without that much, all the rest is lost, sooner or later.

The will of the White people is disorganized and confused, without its hands on any of the society's institutions, without a face, a name or a voice. The will of the alien Enemy sits in dominance over all. Can there be any wonder at why things are the way they are and why nothing at all can seem to be done about it?

A nation is one people of one blood. A family extended to such bounds that it has achieved true greatness. When the will starts to fail, first the outer edges and then finally the core gives way to genetic pollution. Out of the wreckage of this genetic cesspool will have to be born a new Racial State together with its own reconstituted laws, revitalized institutions and, above all, will. This is the essence of Racial Separatism. Those individuals within whom burns enough of the former collective will - something presently suppressed and fragmented - can make the determination to pull away from the rotting edifice of the "United States" at the proper moment and distance themselves from its own impending demise.

This most basic reality has to be applied directly to our outlook and strategy. The overlooking of this factor is the immediate reason no one can understand why "nothing works" while still inside the current rotten framework. Nothing so naively constituted to function as part of this whole, nothing conceived to be of a concrete or positive nature inside of this can have any possibility at all of longevity or success. Such is the context of any anti-White, non-White, multi-racial or multi-cultural mélange. This presently is not a nation in any sense and the will that directs it is every bit as alien as it is hostile to Whites and their interests. The nation is lost and scattered inside of this artificial framework.

Any effort at "building" or "reforming" while this structure remains capable of action under the present Jewish, anti-White direction is not only foredoomed to failure but the very attempt itself only serves to bolster and validate the Enemy System by actually working within it, besides making the most convenient targets of ourselves. It would

logically follow then that only a course of non-participation, a course of negativity toward our present surroundings, has any chance of affecting the kind of change we desire.

As the Beast stumbles toward death and disintegration due to its own inner poison and its basis in lies, those of us who are part of the White remnant shall be required to exert our wills to the utmost in order to survive and overcome. Attack it if you are moved to do so but be prepared for the possible consequences while the Beast remains capable of retaliation. Above all, be and have no part of it yourself.

Let the Beast die even as the new Nation is being born.

June, 1995, Pueblo Co. Jail

FIELDS AND HERDS

What's the real difference between plants, animals and human types? Self-awareness, ego and will. An imperfect intelligence that is the product of an incomplete creation and which presents the gravest danger not only to humans but to the rest of nature. As technology increases and man's nature sinks, he threatens to take everything down with him. Rather reminds one of what little is generally known and understood about the legend of Atlantis.

A human being is essentially no different than a flower when all is said and done as far as nature is concerned. The seed is planted, it sprouts and grows, it matures and blossoms, is pollinated and the cycle repeats. Then the plant withers, it dies and blows away in the wind. No ego, no extraneous ideals or designs, no tampering around with the plan or getting off track with it.

Animals represent a closer comparison to man. Besides the same process of fertilization, birth, growth, youth and beauty, mating and reproduction, then aging and death, there is the family relationship and, beyond that, the herd. With human beings this is called the tribe and then the nation. The rules and the structure binding this human herd together collectively are called society or civilization.

Fields of flowers, schools of fish, flocks of birds, herds of animals, nations of men. These groupings are the highest expressions of the species and they are the greatest guarantee of continued, upward survival.

Man's ego and his flawed intelligence have led him to set himself apart from the same laws govern as the rest of nature with disastrous results not only in global terms but in terms of individuals. Raping and poisoning the planet as well as inflicting untold damage upon the human psyche. Worst of all, he has created his own "religion" which has it that he can elevate other, lesser breeds of human kind by imposing his own language and customs, education and laws, culture and technology upon them, thereby magically rendering them to be "in his own image", and, therefore, "equal". What an ego trip! Literally playing at being "God".

To make the insanity appear to work, he can invent unnatural and unhealthy laws and social programs, all based mainly upon economics which is another of his inventions, to artificially elevate lower breeds and cause higher breeds to become debased. This is nowhere to be found within nature. It is survival of the fittest within nature. It may appear harsh superficially when focusing on individual instances but the greater expression, the herd, the species, goes on to improve itself and to evolve in an upward manner. What could be more important?

Such things as ego and notions of "fairness", "justice", much less things like pride, pleasure, or fun don't enter into the equation. It's the life or death of the herd that matters and the continuation of only the best genes.

Man likes to think of himself as being important. He is... but only

when observing and acting within the laws of the herd. When going in defiance of those laws, he not only is forfeiting his place at the head of creation, he becomes a blot and a liability to himself and to everything else. Evidence abounds that man has flown in the face of these laws before in the past and has paid the price more than once. Each time a new beginning has been provided and each time, in turn, that too has gone rotten.

Another thing that plants and animals don't have, apart from egos, is the equivalent to flora and fauna Jews. Of course in nature there are deadly and insidious parasites but they do not approach and infiltrate posing as members of the herd itself. In nature, sickness is just that: Sickness. Among human types and their societies, sickness is too often seen as "health", or "progress", or "alternate lifestyle" in the jargon of the "politically correct". Actual health and strength becomes then "intolerance" or "bigotry". Good breeding becomes "racism". The formerly dominant male or, among animals, the alpha male, now is no more than the slickest money manipulator. The most desirable females, rather than being the mothers of the next generation, are reduced to prize pigs. Physical offspring become liabilities to be avoided or dispensed with.

Just inside the span of the Twentieth Century we've witnessed the destruction of the White herd instinct. With the end of the instinct, the end of the remainder follows close. It's been brought about through gimmickry in the hands of aliens at the head of but not part of the herd. (Gimmickry: What the Bible refers to as "lying wonders".) Television and the mass media.) That and the resultant love of these things ahead of one's own kind and the well-being of same. The scramble and chase for these artificial things that feed the ego increases to a positive frenzy and yet they are never enough, misery spreads and the life of the species itself is endangered.

The most glaring rebuke to man's so-called "intelligence" is this: In the face of all this upset, he will pursue his egomaniacal quest all the way out, right to his own doom. When the deadly results of this have already begun to make themselves painfully and embarrassingly apparent, he'll already have become too sick to recognize it for what it is and will instead devise newer, slicker and sicker programs, etc., to cover it up. "If only hate and racism could be eliminated." "If only we could all just get along." "We need more democracy". Pass more and more laws to

these effects and all will be well.

Try passing laws against such as gravity or against death itself.

The goal now is for the isolated individual amidst an artificial, materialistic society to try to consume as much as he possibly can before he dies. To have had as much "fun" as possible, however that may be defined. If some racial alien can provide one with a greater proportion of that, then that's the direction to take. If the bloodline is irrevocably polluted or if the planet itself dies as result, so what? This is now and that would be then. They'll have it all now and to hell with the rest, to hell with the future. To hell even with the past. Try to imagine such as that among plants and animals and then try to imagine how long they'd last. Anything uglier would be hard to conjure.

Crime, anti-social behavior, self-destructive or otherwise unnatural or aberrant behavior within animal societies? Where it may be found, death is always the swift response lest it get a foothold and spread. At the hands of the dominant male, through exclusion by the rest of the herd or through the elements of nature, such is not allowed to prosper. Congenital deformity does not perpetuate itself. Species know better than to crossbreed. Outsiders are not tolerated. Harsh? The alternative can all too plainly be seen today everywhere around us.

Some tribute to man's intelligence: Our White ancestors could form the most brilliant jewel of all civilization from out of a naked wilderness and imbue it with the best form of government ever known but their descendants could not prevent it from being invaded and taken over from within, all without a fight. The riches in the hands of alien parasites and the government their tool. Plus something no one could have foreseen: A media which would poison their spirit and rob them of their spirit, their soul, their will.

Just like junkies in love with their poison. Each will serve his own god. They must have it at all costs, in ever greater quantities in order to keep up the "thrill", in order to maintain the "escape". They'll defend their indefensible position to the very death and continue to do anything for their next "fix". Others, not caught up in this sickness, are out of the loop. They, like me, are the "marginal's". Finally an O.D. This is the very spot the present society is in to a greater or lesser degree.

All the media and bureaucratic hype has it constantly that "we must do this" and "we must do that". However, in working truth, the television has rendered it to where people don't need one another any

longer and the prevailing attitude is that relationships will endure so long as those parties involved feel their self-interest is there. In other words, it's all now for "shits and giggles". When the fun runs out, when the novelty wears off or when the grass looks greener elsewhere, it's "to hell with you". We've been robbed of our herd and we live in an artificial, materialistic, throw-away environment controlled by those least fit to control anything. As their insane, unworkable doctrines take ever deeper root, it is hailed by their media as "progress". Meanwhile suicide, in all of its many different manifestations, fast and slow, direct and indirect, individual and mass, skyrockets.

Unhappy? Not satisfied? Take an even bigger dose of the poison. Do anything, in fact, except come to your senses and admit that it's all been wrong all along.

A monument to man's intelligence: All ego and self-image. The demand to be "somebody". "Self-actualization". So we have triumphantly arrived at a mass of "somebodies", each flaunting their individuality yet somehow practically indistinguishable one from another. They've got their "rights", their "choices", and their endless diversions. What they can't see is that all they've succeeded in doing is to have been cleverly maneuvered each one into his own corner, cut out of the herd by a sly predator. Hardly the ideal utopia but rather a hell on earth.

Even as the mess begins to pull apart, some have begun to realize that less is more. Some have chosen to take it upon themselves to depart from urban hellholes. Some have abandoned high-stress, rat-race employment for less pay but increased peace of mind. To what extent any latent racial drive may enter into any of this is uncertain but it is all a move in the right direction. Everything from tax rebellion to teaching your own children at home.

If man has any true intelligence he'll recognize the dire necessity to subordinate all this egocentrism to the instinct for survival as a race. He'll have the ability and the honesty to see that what was once created to serve his interests is now in the service of something diametrically opposed to those interests and he'll have the courage to either destroy or pull away from it, using his intelligence to form something new.

What better, more important or satisfying thing could there possibly be than succeeding as a member of the racial nation, the tribe, the family or the herd? To see yourself in all the rest. To see in yourself your ancestors. To see your own immortality in your own offspring. It's

the herd, the nation that matters most. If it is the exceptional individuals, the geniuses, that are crucial to the advancement of civilizations, then only through the broadest possible base of quality human stock can natural selection be able to perform its function and bring forth these exceptional, extraordinary individuals.

That is the very thing which is under direct attack: The White population base. In times past it was referred to as the yeomanry or the peasantry. But it amounts to the broad masses of White working people, the very essence of the nation itself. It is the gene pool, the foundation. Hitler said that life itself was represented by the nation.

Jews, in order to destroy the nation, in order to destroy life, first fracture the unity and cohesion, rendering multitudes as more or less vulnerable individuals. Then they can pick them off one by one, starting of course with the weakest, the most susceptible, and ending the process through race-mixing, the end of the bloodline. Personal individualism is their game just as is the promised garbage of personal salvation in some "hereafter". Eternal life can only be achieved via the continuity of the living whole.

Lose the herd and you lose everything. A handful of more or less "White" Egyptian priests kept the spark and the secrets of that civilization flickering until finally, as late as the Fifth Century, A.D., the last of them were killed by Christian zealots. Upon that, even the language itself died and was lost, not to be rediscovered for another twelve centuries when Napoleon's invasion of Egypt - bringing a return of White blood and understanding - uncovered and deciphered the Rosetta Stone. The population base had gone long before with the best, leaving and the dregs remaining, and now there were only huge monuments, indecipherable hieroglyphics and mummies left to testify that once this was a place of wonder, brilliance and beauty.

At the current rate, a few "White" computer experts might conceivably manage to keep this rotting facade here propped up right to the last possible moment, when the power finally goes off and some colored rabble bursts in and kills them for their Rolexes (or designer tennis shoes.) But how much misery and degradation would have been witnessed before the arrival of that final coup de grace?

The best and ultimately the only guarantee for security and prosperity is a large and united White population base.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

THE PATRIOT

From my father, although he taught me to positively hate such things as capital and "millionaires", came a deep and abiding love for and devotion to the nation. No person having been born past the early Fifties

can hope to have any appreciation of what that means. For there no longer is a nation.

The original concept of the United States of America was nothing if not a racial thing. Now that that is no longer the case, the nation is no more. Certainly the country had its pockets of coloreds all throughout its history but they were either conquered or otherwise subjected peoples. America was White. Ninty per cent as of 1950.

We were patriotic. At the same time, we were staunchly anti-Communist. So was everyone that we knew. We naturally assumed all those in authority were, too. There was much trouble in the world, "overseas", but at bottom everyone was expecting a Third World War which, although devastating, would be won by our military, the nation's greatest pride, and that would take care of everything. How really naive we were. Sincere but naive. I have to struggle to remember all of this just in order to be able to keep somewhat in touch with where the rest of the population still generally remains.

Beginning thus very early in life, I ran the gamut of conservatism in response to national and world crisis and events, imagining I was somehow actually participating in and effecting an answer to developing trends that were disagreeable but only vaguely understood.

As naive as we were, we nonetheless saw things in broad and complex terms. When, in fact, the bigger the issue, the more elemental the principle behind it. For one, it's impossible to consider the nation minus race. The nation is the race and vice versa. During the Sixties the move was on for racial integration and for so-called "civil rights", the enfranchising of coloreds. For another, as an inevitable result of this drive, the coloreds began to make gains. A statistician might measure this sort of thing in terms of percentages. "Coloreds have gained by X percent in the past decade." Percentage of what? Percentage from what? It could only be formerly White America.

The nation was being diminished and eroded.

With that sort of view, it's easy to pass over from conservative to extremist. So be it. My passion has always been for greatest accuracy and for the very bottom line of things.

Luckily, happily, I got to know the nation, to become somewhat acquainted with it before it died. I'm most grateful for that lest I might question the actual existence of such a concept later portrayed only in books and old films. But it was real. My misfortune is that I had to watch

it die. Certainly something of me died in the same process.

Joining the Party, the Movement, in 1966, just at the moment of crisis for the nation, I quickly was introduced to much of the background of what was going on and why. I was angered. But all of us then were convinced we were involved in a political effort which would one day right the situation in some conventional way (going on the example of Adolf Hitler and the N.S.D.A.P. in Germany.) Again, how very naive of us.

Hearts in the right place but next to no concept of reality.

The reality was and is that what remains of the former nation is a scattered element within a new Babylon. Only the most extreme of the extremists were thinking in those terms then. And no one was listening. This led to much sacrifice and frustration.

That is how a patriot becomes a revolutionary.

Up to the time of the Fifties and Sixties the idea of coloreds as equal citizens in a common society was just that. An idea in some sick minds. But the sick minds also had a singleness of purpose which took them in less than a hundred years from an alien clique on the fringes and to the pinnacle of power in not only this country but over the whole White world.

They moved in with their "old money" from Europe once things had been settled and it was felt safe to do so. They bought up businesses, newspapers, politicians and influence.

In increasing numbers they even came to occupy positions of authority directly. They "invented" Hollywood. They also invented such things as the Federal Reserve System, etc. Their power multiplied even as they were driving their native, White American competitors out of operation. And I do use the term "native" quite literally because only the Whites had founded what had come to look so inviting to the parasites. They previously, for untold centuries, had been disinterested in whatever manner of civilization, or lack of it, as had existed here.

Only after they had gained a sufficient foothold, only after control of the economy went, after the integrity of the government went, after the control of education went, after the churches went, and after the media went did the outright effects of all this begin to tell upon the face of the nation, as it affected the lot and the circumstances of the people themselves.

By the time it could be physically noticed or felt by the average citizen, it was already way beyond his power to do anything about it.

Marked anti-White bias could be detected in many, if not most, so-called "public servants" easily by the 1960s and still people imagined that all that looked White was and acted White. Naivety. The realization of actual dupes and sell-outs in seats of power has got to be one of the worst sensations that could come over a person. Certainly no one wants to believe such a thing. And this very tendency does much to aid the very same progress of any such conspiracy. To see it in practice, to be directly affected by it is something one never gets over. And neither should one. Faith in humanity?

The nation, even by then, effectively had no real leadership of its own. Worse, what they saw as "their" leaders were sold-out tools in the hands of their racial enemies. What they believed to be "their" media was killing their spirit and their will at a pace that was causing alarm but, without leadership, what could they do? At the same time, the coloreds were becoming bold. Never before anywhere in history has such a red carpet been thrown down for a colored, savage revolt against a White society, such an engraved invitation for a colored invasion of a White society and that society having been found to be so powerless to resist it.

Sell-out from the top.

It is only important to remember now that whenever symptoms such as these appear, by then the whole fabric of everything that once supported and guided the society has already long since gone rotten. There is no such thing as an isolated symptom. In line with that, it is a useless and often fatal mistake to believe that there are and, more to the point, that they can be attacked as such. The Big Brother pigs are waiting for all who may try.

Today the Movement is expounding Racial Separatism, the idea of break-away White regions. This is at least a much more healthy appreciation of circumstances as they are. There is no reclaiming what has been lost and turned rotten. It is neither possible nor is it desirable. Even at this, nothing solid or substantial can be affected as long as the Beast System survives along with its media, economy, army and police with which to attack and crush its opponents. Moves will have to be made in the Separatist direction that will not call down this terrible force. The System is the Enemy. Only after the System is dead or seriously weakened can a new, White nation arise.

The coloreds are a baleful influence and a menace to the purity of the blood. However, minus the System, they could never have become

the threat that they are and, without the System, they would quickly revert to what they were a century ago. And without the poisoning, hindering effect of the System and its media, etc., Whites could once again begin to think and act as Whites. What miracles could then be achieved!

Through all the damage that's been done and that will be done as the remnant of the former White nation suffers under, first, the domination of a hostile, alien regime, and then, as it struggles to free itself, one more point must not be overlooked.

Just as we see that the Number One target to be hit is the central authority of the Z.O.G. (Zionist Occupation Government) System, the federal government, we can't lose sight of the absolute necessity later of a strong central government of our own so that the nation, once it has regained its freedom and unity, can again become truly great. The nation is the race but only the highest level of organization can make the difference between incipient greatness, greatness unrealized, greatness lost or of greatness realized in a people. If our enemies have understood this principle and been able to utilize it against us with such success, can we afford not to understand or utilize it ourselves for our own good?

"Our Race Is Our Fatherland". So went the old Movement slogan from back in the Seventies. Patriot=Patria=Fatherland. White awareness, White unity, White determination, exclusion of alien blood and alien influence. At some time in the future, only after each of these things just written of has come to pass, we will again claim our boundaries on earth and exercise and enjoy the benefits of our own government and life in a truly White society. One must however crawl before they can walk, much less run. That is exactly how far things have fallen.

Once done, let there be no mistake, we will establish our own central government in precisely the same spirit and manner as expressed by Adolf Hitler. It will tolerate no rival and no opposition. It will be a "marriage" but not in any sense an "open marriage" as under so-called "democracy". It will not be for sale or manipulation. It will not be made up of lawyers and businessmen. It will be the instrument of the nation, the authority by which the nation will express itself, will act and by which it will be known.

It will mean at last that the nation is back on its feet.

And it will be something of which all patriots can be proud and can place their complete faith and trust in, never to be betrayed again.

April, 1995, Las Animas

A HARD TASKMASTER

On the day it was announced that John F. Kennedy had been elected president I felt bitterly disappointed. On the day he was assassinated I felt positively unmoved. And to this very day I'll be damned if I can understand why most people still regard him as somehow having been a "great" man. Of course, media hype is the only answer.

An astonishing amount of the truth has come out now. How Kennedy's insanely ambitious father used his fortune, made in part through bootlegged liquor, to literally "buy" the office of president for his son. Joseph Junior had been originally slated for that but was killed in a botched bombing raid in the Second World War, thus leaving it to the second son, John. There was Kennedy's PT-109 incident in the War which, according to objective military observers today, would have gotten anyone else a court martial but for, again, his father's wealth and pull. There was Kennedy's Addison's disease which could have killed him at any time and yet was kept from public awareness.

There was his first marriage and divorce, unknown from the public, again, due to Joseph Senior's power. There was all of the womanizing throughout his career including the affairs both he and his brother, Robert, had with Marilyn Monroe which ended with her murder to ensure her silence.

The last-minute deal swung with the Mafia which gained for Kennedy enough labor union votes to barely offset Nixon and win the 1960 presidential election. The betrayal of the Cuban freedom fighters at

the Bay of Pigs when he withheld air support until it was too late. Then the charade on a world-wide scale of the so-called "Cuban Missile Crisis" which allowed Kennedy to save face, kept Cuba in the Communist camp and ended by having the United States pull its missiles out of Turkey.

Kennedy began making noises to the effect that he was going to begin phasing out all U.S. involvement in Vietnam. This kind of word would not have been welcomed by the military and industrial complex here as huge fortunes were waiting to be made through an escalated and protracted war.

Even earlier he had been expressing his intention to do away with the C.I.A., thus treading on some really dangerous toes.

Kennedy named his younger brother, Robert, to be U.S. Attorney General and his, in turn, going after organized crime which amounted to one more betrayal of an erstwhile ally. (And targeted above most of the rest of these was James Hoffa, leader of the Teamsters Union. In a meeting with George Lincoln Rockwell, Hoffa made it clear that it had been his determination to keep the Teamsters independent and free of Communist influence that had made him such a marked man as he was.)

Worst of all, without question, was Kennedy's guidance behind the new federal assault upon the South's system of segregation, not to mention that of the North as well. The renewed invasion of the South by hordes of trained Jews, Liberals, Communists and Black agitators from the North and backed by federal troops to destroy White Southern society as they had been unable to do a hundred years before. The federally inspired infiltration and effective destruction of the Ku Klux Klan by F.B.I. agents, again, as part of the offensive to finish off the integrity of the South after it had successfully managed to maintain itself for the century following the Civil War.

In short, his role had been to be the leader of the political spearhead to put the United States on a fast-track social and racial road to hell.

The fact that Kennedy had made a lot of dangerous enemies in the short time he was president is now generally known. That it was a conspiracy that killed him is likewise now generally acknowledged. But it is the reason why he was killed that is unknown and never discussed.

The damage Kennedy did to the United States was inestimable and the ball he set rolling then hasn't stopped yet. Those who remember the Sixties well will remember the degree of popular resentment and

disillusion as well as rising resistance to these suicidal programs along with the personalities behind them. Millions of people and not just a few elected officials were becoming alarmed and outraged. Indeed, the reaction spawned a huge resurgence in the U.S. radical Right Wing of which Commander Rockwell was a key part.

A decision had been made for the American people from somewhere "on high". But the American people weren't ready to lie down and die, did not want to lie down and die. Too many appeared ready to resist this drive and, if necessary, to fight it.

Kennedy himself fully knew what he had been chosen to do. He was of a race, a background and a generation who knew the policies of the Jewish manipulators and what they would mean for the nation. His father had been noted as an "anti-Semite" and for having been "pro-Axis" in the Second World War. But, with war having broken out and with the defeat of the Axis, he along with his sons showed themselves to be total opportunists and now decided to toss in 100% with the victors: International Jewry. All of this for the sake of their own, personal power and prestige. To hell with the good of the people.

He had sold himself to them and now was their tool. Despite all the media adulation which they could and did give him, he knew he was becoming the focus of the hatred of the entire White nation which he was busy betraying. He began to drag his feet.

Who knows why? Shame, remorse, fear, some belated glimmer of conscience over what he had embarked upon, what he was doing and what the results of it would mean for the very people he was sworn to protect? Most likely, it was the sense of reality that he and his masters were pushing too hard and too fast and that the people were not going to stand for much more of it without a revolt.

Indeed, it was this very sentiment that animated Commander Rockwell and, although none ever came out to the degree he did, he was by no means the only military officer from the Second World War who felt this same way. Remember that Kennedy's background wasn't all that much different from Rockwell's. Can you imagine the kind of feelings that had to have been going through him as he sold his country out to its worst enemies?

These were also the years of Jewish Hollywood's issuing of such propaganda films as "Seven Days In May" and "Doctor Strangelove" as prompted by their very real fear and hatred of the U.S. military which, at

that time, was considered most undependable by them. Too many officers, just like Commander Rockwell, had decided that to deliver the world to Communism and to deliver the White race up to racial bastardization was not what they had fought the Second World War and Korea for.

But Big Brother, who had yet to be christened Z.O.G., is indeed a very hard taskmaster and he had a program to be carried out along with a time-table to be kept to. With the money completely in his control, plenty of willing sell-outs, all opposition in the rest of the world killed off, the media his plaything, he became more arrogant and bold than ever before.

Kennedy was their boy but he wasn't doing his appointed job to the full satisfaction of his bosses. His nerve was failing him. He wasn't daring enough, he wasn't pushing hard enough, he didn't any longer appear to be committed enough and that was cause enough for their disaffection and, more significantly, for their alarm. Kennedy wasn't working out and, worse, he might even be dangerous. While the Liberals, the media, the Blacks, etc., were busy proclaiming Kennedy to be already reelected, the actual power was passing his death sentence. Trigger men were and still are a nickel a dozen.

Of the many theories offered about the Kennedy assassination, they all may be faulted for the same reason: They were not all-inclusive. Everybody was in on the killing of Kennedy in 1963. The Mafia, the Cubans, the Communists, the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the Dallas Police, his own vice president, indeed his own government, everyone. They all hated Kennedy and had reason to want him dead. In fact, the only group not in on the killing of Kennedy was also the only one not in some way part of the System: Organized White resistance, the ones most grievously damaged and betrayed by Kennedy.

Killing someone, even a U.S. President, is really no big deal, in and of itself. What was unique about the Kennedy assassination was the many disparate elements all coordinated and brought to focus on this one act, yet each performing out of reasons of their own. Forget Kennedy and forget any conspiracy theories you may have heard thus far. Think instead of who or what had and still has the POWER to orchestrate something so massive, made up of elements each one a formidable entity to itself, just as though they were mere office boys or marionettes, and to do it in a manner of absolute impunity.

Most of all, consider the motivation for such an act. Kennedy may have been seen as unreliable, or just a little sluggish, but had the desperate act of taking him out fouled up anywhere, leading to a large enough degree of exposure to the public, it in itself could have precipitated the popular revolt or military coup the real powers were so afraid of at the time. One certainty, then, is that their reason for murdering Kennedy was, to them, of absolutely paramount, all-or-nothing importance.

The venue was set for Dallas, Texas, generally regarded then to be a Right Wing stronghold and so-called "racist, reactionary" hotbed. The idea was to assume no one, at least not the real perpetrators, would be caught and that the very strong and active U.S. Right Wing would get the blame - "Hate Killed Kennedy" - thus affecting a popular storm of emotion, fired by the Jewish media, similar to that of Pearl Harbor upon the irrational crest of which the triumphant Jews could ride rough-shod over their opponents. Two birds with one stone, so to speak.

By the merest chance, going on the sketchiest of descriptions, one Dallas cop, not in on the plan, challenged one of the bottom-most pawns in the conspiracy and was shot and killed as a consequence thus threatening the very breach I previously have mentioned to occur. Oswald (or Oswalds, as eyewitnesses have indicated the possibility of more than one look-alike) was enroute to meet with his direct superior in the conspiracy when challenged. That was "Jack Ruby", or Jacob Rubenstein.

A perfect example of the kind of discipline to be expected from conspiracy operatives was displayed by Ruby when, at the sacrifice of his own life and liberty, he first stalked and then killed Oswald, his underling, to ensure his silence. Most experts on the Kennedy assassination now paint the whole thing in two parts: The conspiracy and then the cover-up. An equally startling testimony to the strict, almost inhuman, discipline of the conspiracy was the way the entire government and press painted Oswald's killing at the hands of Ruby as a case of a grief-stricken Kennedy admirer acting out his concern for "poor Mrs. Kennedy". Ruby had links to both organized crime and the Communist Party.

So Oswald was handed the whole blame and the so-called "Warren Commission" did a professional job of officially white-washing the whole affair and underscoring the "lone gunman" theory to placate the U.S. public.

What Kennedy had done once having gotten himself into a position of great prominence within the Jewish, Big Brother apparatus, was put himself into the deadly spot of having become more valuable to them dead than alive.

Lyndon Johnson, a more-than-eager tool of the Jews, now stood before Congress and proclaimed that the best way they, as representatives of the nation, could pay fitting homage the beloved, slain president was to immediately and without reservation now pass all the so-called "civil rights" legislation that had only been accumulating up till now into law. And he right away did something that Kennedy could not bring himself to do: Embrace the foul Negro scoundrel and Communist agitator, Martin Luther King. (King himself would soon share Kennedy's own fate at the hands of his erstwhile masters when he, too, would come to be seen by them as having more use dead than alive.)

As part of the plan, the System and its media went all-out to make a demi-god out of their throw-away boy, Kennedy. Kennedy replaced Benjamin Franklin on the U.S. half dollar. Cape Canaveral in Florida was renamed "Cape Kennedy". Idyllwild airport in New York was renamed Kennedy International Airport. Streets all over the country were renamed for Kennedy. He still appears at fairs, carnivals and souvenir shops on day-glo tapestries, etc., alongside the likes of Elvis Presley, etc. Kings for the unthinking.

Johnson moved rapidly forward on all the fronts Kennedy was balking at: Besides forced race-mixing, the other one was Vietnam.

April, 1995, Las Animas

DOLCHSTOSS

Make no mistake, the Vietnam War was a very major turning point in the history of the United States. Once again, no one under forty at the time of this writing can have any hope of knowing what it was like as it was transpiring and the effect it had, not over there, but over here. Regarding the psyche of the nation, as the saying went to that time, it had never lost a war.

If the cumulative effects of the integrationist drive here really spelled the death of the nation, it was rather the trauma of the Vietnam War that dealt the death-blow to the common awareness or consciousness way ahead of the flat-line as it affected the heartbeat, etc. Remember that everything else already must be gone before the last thing -the blood- goes. And Vietnam capped off, underscored, put the official seal to that. The year was 1975 when it ended at last and, as with the assault upon racial solidarity at home, the damage had already been

done well before the curtain came down.

Korea and to a far greater extent, Vietnam, were this country's inheritances from its participation in the Second World War wherein the United States saved Communism from destruction at the hands of National Socialist Germany. With that task safely accomplished, International Communism could drop the mask and go on to the next phase of its stated drive for total world domination. China rapidly fell to Communist insurgents by 1949. That in itself was largely due to Communist machinations carried out here by Roosevelt, Truman and their Red helpers.

But the sudden, almost inexplicable loss of China alarmed and awakened some Americans who were not necessarily crypto-Communists and it was here, on the fringes of Asia still left, where some of them imagined that the line could be held.

Under Roosevelt's "New Deal" policies, the official stance was to abolish and dismantle all forms of "colonial", or White, rule in what has since become known as the Third World. It was not "nice", not "democratic", not "fair" to the dark, native inhabitants of these far-flung European empires, whether Asian or African. Besides, White hegemony flew in the face of one of Communism's main tenets: Rule by the underclass. And, indeed, most if not all of these colored nationalist movements identified and aligned themselves with World Communism.

On the other hand, there now was Cold War politics which took on the aspect of old, Nineteenth Century global chess. "Containment" of Communism, now that it was on the very brink of overrunning the rest of the world, was the new strategy. It was just as Hitler had predicted after all. Underneath, it was all a game with the International Jews at the top on both sides pulling all the strings. Superficially, it was quite tense. Military leaders like Patton and MacArthur who saw and knew what should be done were either murdered or sacked. The excuse was that no one wanted to spark a general nuclear war. And so the United States got two no-win wars in Asia: Korea and Vietnam, both of which had been cynically cut in half at the close of the Second World War between the then Capitalist and Communist "Allies". A fool could have known a situation like that couldn't last.

The French, in defiance of the precepts of the "New World Order", had attempted militarily to hold onto their colony in south-east Asia, Indo-China, which included Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam. But their

efforts were scuttled on the one hand by the home-grown Communist movement and, on the other, by none other than the United States when they pleaded for military support to quell the uprising in 1954.

I must keep reminding the reader that all throughout this we are regarding two wills and two consciousnesses: That of the former nation and that of the parasites buried inside of it. It was a struggle and the nation lost. Again, there are two American histories: That of pre-Vietnam and of post-Vietnam. Prior to the collapse in Vietnam there was yet some degree of independence and willpower left to the government. Needless to say, this angered and frightened the Jews. But among these more or less "American" influences were the sort who looked upon the situation approximately the way the Panama Canal was looked at: When the French proved unable to complete that job, the United States took it over and finished the job. Now the United States would go and reestablish the status quo in Vietnam just as it had done in Korea a decade before. These same types failed to appreciate that conditions had not stood still here within the United States during that same decade. But they were soon to find out.

War and mass sacrifice are the highest manifestation of national unity and will, of the nation itself. Misuse it or betray it and the inevitable breach caused will result in irreparable damage to the nation itself. This was what was about to happen.

The first problem was that the United States wasn't fighting "for" anything, let alone anything it should have been involving itself with or shedding its blood over. The second problem was that it had been predetermined that it would not go all-out to secure definitive military victory and the enemy knew this. The third problem was that this country had already fatally crippled its position by having saved Communism in the first instance. And, finally, the ascendant power in the land, the Jews and their helpers, positively could not countenance any war against Communism, their "baby". The stage was thus set for a national tragedy.

They say that more bomb tonnage was dropped on Vietnam than everywhere during all of World War Two. But it is also now generally agreed that the saturation bombing of Germany had little effect on the outcome of that war. Rather it was the storming, taking and holding of territory that won. And it was precisely this very thing that those controlling military strategy in Vietnam did not want to do. Instead, a strategy was born called "search and destroy". The great military genius

and hero, MacArthur, who had been relieved of command in Korea after having routed the Communists and then advocating going after them with nuclear weapons to finish them off, had warned against ever playing military "footsie" on the ground in Asia.

The now almost forgotten reality of Vietnam was the issue of whether American families had raised their sons lovingly, caringly, with the best education and standard of living in the world, only to send them off to be killed by Yellow ragamuffins in some God-forsaken jungle hellhole for nothing. But off they went nonetheless, proudly to fight "for their country", or so it was imagined. Thus was opened a huge drain through which to pour the national will, and the national pride. A drain leading directly into the sewer.

One thing that must never be done in war is to drag it out. This very nearly cost the North the Civil War and it was only rectified by the drastic and inhumane "Anaconda System" which employed total war against the enemy's civilian population, as well as not giving a damn for casualties, the enemy's or one's own. Every war since that time, with the exceptions of Korea and Vietnam, has employed that same system. The military was led to fumble about while casualties mounted over there without result, leading to mounting resentment here at home.

Behind all modern wars there has been the hidden factor of money. War is probably the single most profitable endeavor of the Hidden Hand. The crest that this country's economy had been riding from the end of World War Two was starting to slacken. Then just as now, should an economic collapse occur it would be open season for the extremists such as me to form serious movements with which to overthrow these anti-national regimes in the world. They know this and they also knew that the economy must receive a sudden shot-in-the-arm in order to maintain its comparatively prosperous pace. This not to mention the enormous personal business fortunes to be made from the war. It was therefore crucial to them to keep the Vietnam War going for as long as possible. Capitalism at work.

The most salient and sanguinary thing about the entire Vietnam War experience didn't even occur over there but right here in the streets of America. Capitalism's poor relation, Communism, went into action here in the streets and the universities of America to come to the aid of their comrades-in-arms in Vietnam, the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese. The nation now was going to be torn apart.

Prior to Vietnam, the hippie movement, not to mention my formal education within the Movement, I had a strong liking and even admiration for the Jews. Of course it all was on the basis of my ignorance together with their own careful presentation of themselves through their mass media. Now, overnight, all of this turned into a seething hatred as I was able to see and to confront literally, in person, their hairy, disgusting, alien countenances as they carried out their vile demonstrations of treason against the United States, their betrayal of the military then bleeding in the jungles of Vietnam, and their affront to everything that was decent. As far as I was concerned, this was it. The gauntlet had been thrown down.

Now the chickens were coming home. The Wehrmacht soldiers of National Socialist Germany had been branded "criminals" when compelled to deal effectively with Communist partisans in eastern Europe. Now it was the turn of American soldiers who were seeing the necessity of doing the same thing in south-east Asia. And the same Jews were doing the branding in both cases. But at least the Germans never had to suffer the epithets coming at them from their home front under Hitler. Hitler had already swept the place clean. The "shame" had to wait until the Jews had returned. Not so here.

And they, furthermore, would be condemned to experience the insufferable betrayal by that same home front as had been felt soldiers at the end of World War One, the *dolchstoß*, by the German, the stab-in-the-back, pulled off then as well by more Jews. This, again, Hitler had forestalled in the Second World War by taking the Jews out of any position of doing it again.

I was with the Party by then and it, in its publications, would painstakingly point out for one and all exactly who and what was behind the treason movement, masquerading as "Peace". There could be no lying, no deception. It was too obvious and too ugly to have been seen as anything other than what it was.

After four years with the Youth Movement and physical confrontations with the Marxist, Jewish enemy from Ohio to Washington, D.C., it was required of me at the age of eighteen in July of 1970 to present myself for military induction at the local draft board. It was over with in a flash when the woman at the desk point-blank told me that I was overweight and to now report to the physician to get it confirmed. The same weight that had proven such an advantage in street fights now

had proven to be an even greater blessing here. I'd stay a fat man for the next four years.

Some said the nation lost its will in Vietnam. I say that an alien will succeed in supplanting the true, national will mainly through the manipulations of its mass media. The Second World War was fought with unrestrained, super-heated fury, with every existing weapon and with many new weapons created at the time so that White Christians could kill more White Christians at the behest of alien Jews. And zero protests! Dissenters were scooped up and imprisoned before they could show themselves. Enemy collaborators were hunted down and imprisoned after the War. The tales of resistance and of prisoner-of-war escapes are still the basis of books and films. Korea and Vietnam were apparently "muffed" to an incredible degree. Treason marchers paraded unmolested. Those personalities then giving aid and comfort to the enemy are today enjoying wealth and success within the System. And during all of Korea and Vietnam there were no escapes.

Then, as all will recall, came "Desert Storm", the war against Iraq. Suddenly the "pride" was back, or so the saying went. How much more obvious does a thing have to become? This country will only be allowed to really fight and win against acknowledged enemies of the Jews. Never against an actual, national enemy of its own.

Night after night on the network news, year after year, the casualty losses were flashed across the television screen. No headway was ever made. The demonstrations, on the other hand, grew bigger and bigger. Politicians who had created the war were bowing out of office. More and more media personalities were throwing in behind the treason marchers in cheap-shot bids to make a "statement". Entire families and whole generations were divided. Finally an armistice of sorts permitted the United States to back out. But in only a couple of years it all fell rapidly, like a house of cards, to the Communist North.

With its heart torn out, the United States was left in a heap of exhaustion and disgrace.

The very real trauma left the country profoundly changed, dead in a very real sense. The previously unthinkable had happened and at about the same time a report slipped out that the son of the then U.S. President was smoking marijuana inside the White House.

Whose triumph? Whose loss?

April, 1995, Las Animas

GOAT MAN

It was during the fall of 1960 and I was in my third grade elementary classroom. My father suddenly appeared at the classroom door about midday in order to take me to the city park to see Richard Nixon as he whistle stopped in our town as part of his first presidential campaign.

To the familiar carnival grounds we drove, parking well away from the large crowd that had already gathered. We approached on foot to the spot near the railroad tracks which were elevated by a high earthen levy where a long wooden stairway had just been specially erected for Nixon's visit. Bunting covered the large platform also specially built for that day's occasion. We were early and the train hadn't yet arrived. As we waited and stood in the milling crowd, I recognized my baby-sitter, Edna, all decked out in Republican campaign attire.

Finally Nixon's train arrived from the south-east and I was somewhat amazed at how that long passenger train could manage to position the exact door of the exact car at the precise point where the long steps had been placed. A large retinue disgorged from the train, with Nixon and his wife last. The cheering was thunderous.

I well remember, even at a distance, the famous blue jowls of Nixon and the blond prettiness of his wife as I strained to catch better glimpses of them through the heavy crowd, all of whom were much taller than I was. Not a single one of the words he spoke that day do I remember.

At length, he bade the crowd farewell and re-ascended the tall steps of raw lumber to his waiting train which very soon thereafter pulled away slowly. The crowd began to gradually disperse. My father and I headed back to the car parked near the lake. On the way I asked him whether he felt Nixon would indeed win the upcoming election. His response was that it looked to be a sure thing. I took that and was satisfied.

Those same days and weeks preceding the first presidential campaign which I can recall also carry memories of us kids down our alley carefully and spiritedly ascertaining who amongst our little crowd was Republican and who was Democrat. There were no Democrats.

Of course we had no idea what we were discussing at all. We were merely reflecting the actions and opinions of our parents. How much of it they actually understood themselves is a question not really germane here. Suffice it to say it was a Republican stronghold that I grew up in.

So one might imagine how, on the morning after the election, I awoke and came downstairs to be told that Nixon had lost and the extreme disappointment and bewilderment that came over me then.

Nine years passed by and I crossed paths with Nixon once more.

It was January of 1969 and I had just arrived at Washington National Airport, returning to take up my post on the N.S.W.P.P. headquarters staff in Arlington, Virginia. It so happened also to be the night of Nixon's first inaugural parade as the new president.

Chris Vidnjevič had come to the airport to pick me up in his convertible VW bug and accompanied by his police dog, Trooper, who occupied the entire back seat. (Christopher Vidnjevič had been an American Nazi Party captain under George Lincoln Rockwell and an early, key Party activist with the Chicago unit. After Rockwell's assassination in 1967, Vidnjevič was called to Arlington to help bolster the new central organization. He was affectionately known by those whose tongues could not negotiate their way around his Croatian surname as "Captain V.D." His father had been killed by Tito partisans in Yugoslavia.)

At the best of times, D.C. traffic was some of the worst in the country but this night was also the night of an inaugural parade and motorcade and, through several wrong turns as well as several aggressive maneuvers, Vidnjevič managed to get us involved in the tail-end of the parade itself.

This surely was a laugh. But even more than that, during the ensuing years, I had accumulated somewhat more knowledge and understanding and my opinions, especially where politics was concerned, had altered somewhat. As we carefully began to ease ourselves out of that potentially troublesome spot we wound up behind an open-ended horse trailer which bore two passengers. I commented to Chris, "Look! There's Nixon and Agnew." To my amazement, Vidnjevič expressed his feeling that Nixon was not all that bad.

But, for myself at least, by that time I was completely done with mainstream, party politics.

During my off hours in Arlington that year of 1969, as Nixon was in his first term as president, I spent some time about the streets of D.C.'s Georgetown. Watergate was roaming known only as a hotel in the District then. Georgetown was the hippie and Leftist citadel and contained endless wonders and diversions for a young man, both those which attracted and those which repelled.

The other-worldly "head shops", or boutiques, which spilled the aroma of incense and marijuana out onto the street, were full of lurid and violently anti-Nixon posters, etc. One of these pictured a very Black and very pregnant girl over the former Nixon campaign slogan, "Nixon's

the One". One of the hippie "underground" newspapers, half pornography and half Marxist claptrap, featured a full-page cartoon strip which gave the reader the impression of an extremely tight facial of Nixon attempting to explain how he got his appellation of "Tricky Dick". Frame by frame it went on, even as the perspective drew back, until by the end it was revealed that the "face" was actually a set of male genitals.

Here was the sentiment and the tone already fully in place by 1969 that would culminate in 1974 with Nixon's being the first U.S. president forced to resign the White House. Watergate itself was only an excuse, a tool, a venue or, to quote Nixon himself, a "sword" which he had been careless enough to have handed "them". He had been marked for this from the very outset. He had been all along the focus of an intense and insane hatred.

Hatred against what and by whom?

That Nixon was a System lackey was a complete certainty in our minds within the Movement. Not only was it taken for granted, it could be minutely documented and, indeed, Nixon did his utmost to implement nothing but Big Brother and anti-White policies all throughout his presidency. The banner headline on our Party newspaper that January read, "Burns-Kissinger-Nixon Regime" in reference to two of the top Jews he had appointed to his administration.

We didn't hate the man. We simply saw that he was no more than another dreary sell-out to the forces of high finance and those that are behind it. No better, no worse than any of the others in recent times.

So why the very special hatred for him from the Left, the far Left, the sick, perverted Jewish Left? Didn't they appreciate it that he was effectively one more of their "boys"? Surely they had to have. So why all the bloodthirsty, Talmudic hate?

The answer was there in the city park that day my father and I went to see Nixon along with a large percentage of the rest of the town's population. Simple and good folks coming to greet the man they seemed to feel was their champion, the man who represented them, White America, together with their hopes and aspirations, and what they still felt to be their system and their political leaders. A simple, innocent unity of White folk. A simple belief.

That is what drew the fierce hatred of the Jews.

Those common people that day couldn't even begin to think in terms of smiling confidence men, of rotten sell-outs. It, as Hitler

observed, was nowhere in their hearts. They liked and trusted the man. The Jews, on the other hand, well knew that Nixon was in bed with them and had gone there just in order to become president.

So what was one more goyish hireling to the Jews as opposed to what was a symbol of everything that the great "Silent Majority", as Nixon himself dubbed them, believed in?

Assassination they reserved for Kennedy when they saw he wasn't willing or eager enough to sell his own people out in the so-called "civil rights" battle then being waged. He was of more use to them dead. Unreliable in life, they murdered him and made a "hero" out of him for their own purposes.

To assassinate Nixon in such a manner would not suit their aims. He was, after all, their willing tool, and his person was not the real target. The target was the heart and mind of White America.

Nixon was to be crucified over a period of two agonizing years. But Nixon the sell-out wasn't really what was being crucified by the Jews and their media. It was all of White America. Nixon was their symbol, the symbol of them. He would be disgraced, torn apart bit by bit and finally destroyed.

What was "Watergate" after all? During the 1972 presidential campaign, the Democrats had their headquarters in the Watergate Hotel. Even for that time and place, the Democratic candidate and his whole entourage couldn't be mistaken for anything other than pro-Communist radicals. And the war in Vietnam still raged. At Nixon's direction, a group of operatives broke into Democratic headquarters, bugging the place and burglarizing files from it. The job was bungled up, the men were caught and an attempt at a cover-up began. It was the unraveling of this cover-up that did Nixon in ultimately.

Precisely as with the undoing twenty years before of Senator Joseph McCarthy, it wasn't the advisability or even the rightness of what he was doing that the Enemy seized upon. It was the way it was done. As McCarthy told George Lincoln Rockwell in confidence at the time, as wild as his charges of Communist infiltration within the U.S. government, etc., may have seemed, he was having to actually hold back much of its extent lest even his own supporters begin to suspect he was lying or crazy. Two of McCarthy's assistants, Cohn and Schine, two Jews, precipitated the scandal which led to the so-called "Army-McCarthy Hearings", an early media circus, which culminated in McCarthy's being censured by

Congress. None of his facts or allegations were ever discounted. (and it finally came out that another Jew within the FBI who had been the cryptic "deep throat" leaking critical information on Watergate.)

Of course, it was two more Jews that "broke" Watergate.

Nixon's move against the Democrats in 1972 was clearly only the smart thing to do in the spirit of national security, albeit weak-willed, too little, too late and rankly amateurish. His own people blundered to such a degree that might even suggest deliberation. Once again, the media took it from there.

In tandem with the agony of Vietnam was the Watergate ordeal and trauma. Both for the same purpose, both in the same fashion. Night after night, day after day, in the most painful detail, year after year. Exhausting, demoralizing, and draining. Until the final collapse. And every bit of it right in the peoples' living rooms, inescapable. A mass crucifixion.

The fall of Nixon in 1974 and the fall of Vietnam in 1975 signaled the end of America as it had been up till then. Helicopters leaving Saigon and a single helicopter leaving the White House lawn. A lost war and a lost president. It didn't matter that both had been unworthy and wrong. Only the images and the symbolism in the people's minds counted.

For the announcement of the resignation of Nixon, we found ourselves at the office of the American Civil Liberties Union in Columbus, Ohio, surrounded by and having ginger ale with Jew lawyers fighting to secure for us our spot at that year's Ross County Fair. They reacted to the news with grim satisfaction even as they were preparing to rip through the intractability of some of those same common people in Ross County who now were refusing to give us Nazis our right to a booth at the fair. A strange setting. An insane world of contradictions.

For the fall of Vietnam, I was just about to embark on my freedom from the Cincinnati Workhouse, now as a fully conscious and committed revolutionary. I'd been sentenced to six months there for a racial assault by yet one more of those common folk in Ross County.

And directly due to that recently achieved level of insight, I knew at the time that I was witnessing the end of America.

Shades and degrees may be argued forever but as far as I am concerned, the beaten and battered, betrayed, subverted and sold-out, shell-shocked and traumatized, heartbroken and disillusioned soul of America at that point gave up the ghost and died.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

PART FOUR



MY CRIME AND MY TIME

Essentially my crime was two-fold: Saying yes to life and saying no to degeneracy in a world where System law held sway.

The beauty and fun of being a revolutionary is that no matter what the System may throw at you, due to the fact that your thoughts, actions and values are diametrically opposed to it, it will not have the intended or desired effect. The bag of dirty tricks so well-formulated to utterly wipe out the average mark in terms of reputation or career will not only roll off you like water off a duck, it will enhance you as what you are. It is something that these pig types just cannot grasp. You are not in their game.

To be attacked multi-laterally, that is, economically, in the press and by police, three times in comparatively rapid succession speaks volumes in itself. To keep surviving, bouncing back, getting in your own licks, always keeping to a plan and, most of all, going forward with the business of the Movement speaks volumes more.

Credentials? No good for running for town counsel, I suppose. But to have been literally combed out by a hostile police three times and having them discover the worst thing about me is a strong liking for young women ought to come as a tremendous relief and reassurance to a Movement traditionally beset and infiltrated by various and sundry closet deviants.

If there had been anything to hide before, there wouldn't be now. Some vindication. The System and its press have done for me what no individual can ever do for himself. I wonder how many in reality could come through this kind of intense scrutiny. How about you?

Should at any time in the future anyone approach me with, "Aren't you the one with the naked pictures?," I'll answer in the affirmative saying, "Yeah, man!" No mark for blackmail am I.

Early on in the contest in Colorado I had begun stating that the whole town should queue up to kiss my posterior for having provided them something to vibrate about. That they ought to erect a statue to me for giving them the only real news they'd ever had. The offended were

only that way because, in the case of the men, they weren't doing what I had been doing, and, in the case of the women, no one was doing it with them.

Victims? Each of the girls involved would have done far better for themselves in life if they had stayed with me instead of the more typical "boyfriend" material with which they continued to recycle. None of the girls in any of the photos ever made a complaint against me regarding any kind of "exploitation". In every case, it was the doing of rats and State intrusion.

Everything purely consensual, with never any intent to harm and, indeed, never any harm done. No intent to deprive and no one deprived of anything. Note always how the System will seize upon any kind of opening, with its slandering press always yapping like dogs, to attack a quiet-living individual. Strange? Not when politics come in along with the fear, hate, ignorance and opportunism of the midgets in the pay of the System.

Not therefore odd in any way that the same gang of pigs weren't interested in vandalism or burglary. The same individual involved in the "menacing" complaint against me had already admitted to having been part of the vandalism at my home the year before. And I supplied ample evidence to link both "menacing" complainants to the recent burglary. No. There was seen to be no advantage to career or professional reputation in arresting common low-life. Nor was there any drawback to leaving them alone. Justice by the numbers. Justice by the media. Politics. Hypocrisy.

On the other hand, had I indeed shot and killed those two vicious teenage punks on my property, I'd have been doing a huge service to actual law and order as well as striking a blow for Western Civilization. Forgetting for the moment the primary factor of self-defense, a thieving Indian type with the scent of White vagina in his nostrils and a White renegade turned onto sex with animals - death is the only right and proper answer, sooner or later.

There is your "law enforcement". Any wonder then why actual, violent crime is rampant. Selective, and easy, prosecution for political advantage or expediency, not to "fight crime". Remember always that the violent criminal, the common criminal is their reason and their cover for being. In essence, they, the criminals and the police, are partners and best friends.

"Good guys" vs. "bad guys". Something for the stupid. Sometimes they do encounter criminals but always it is they who are the primary criminal gang, the always pervading menace. Crime being a constant and a given, common low-lives are thrown into the mix whenever the extraordinary arises, creating a new situation and allowing them to act to remove rivals and opposition. Police and scum: Twin foes of anyone perceived as anti-System. Leave it to the press to paint it otherwise.

"Just doing his job", as he was when he was observed surveying my house after my arrest for possible visitors from out of town. Or going to work on the girl still living at my house for the dual purposes of making time for himself and of prying away any loyalty she may have managed to retain under the firestorm of media slander toward myself or the Movement. Or appearing at the gun shop in the next town where Snuffy had sold some of my weapons to raise bond money, checking their list previously compiled during their raid on my home against the dealer's list of those sold to know how many remained. Or threatening an old man, Snuffy, for sticking by me and lousing up their game. The pig and his side-kick really were having a high time, imagining themselves to be big shots. "To serve and protect", indeed.

The thing to bear always in mind is never to view or accept anything the way the System sees it or in the way the press manipulates the stupid masses into seeing it. And certainly never in the way they might expect or want you to see it. In this way only will you remain in ultimate control of the situation, making of it what you wish, to your advantage, not theirs. Don't ever be caught up in playing their own "law - and-order" game.

Even with a dearth of money and a wildly, outrageously lying press, my defense was sturdy and energetic. My public defender had the reputation of being possibly the best in the valley. His handicap was in the fact that I was, by statute, guilty as sin. Seizing upon the twin factors of "special handling" and tainted evidence, the fight put up was more than admirable. I have no regrets in that area as I don't believe that a single stone was left unturned, any opportunity overlooked. It always hurts them to take about as long to put you away as you are likely to be away.

As the pig responsible for this calmly noted on Day One, they had already everything they needed for an open and shut case on the

pornography charge. As the poker game continued, I had to concede the apparent reality at least silently in my own mind. Then he said that for me to turn over any negatives to them now would "look better before the court" later. But if they had everything they needed, they had everything they needed. I said that the expression of concern was appreciated but, after all, I hadn't yet spoken to an attorney. One year later they were forced to drop those precious charges and allow me to plead to something that would make me and everyone else involved look exactly like what they were and are. And that is something which they positively can't stand.

Rather than champions of police work and justice, they were only able to cover their asses as being in no way in sympathy with a pro-White individual by handing a maximum prison sentence on a charge that normally brought probation. The local populace couldn't have been anything other than confused, dismayed and disgusted regardless of their opinion of myself.

Then there was the pre-arranged counter-sentencing of my own aimed both at the corrupt pig, the white-washing System, and the lying, manipulating press, not to mention the race-traitor girl, which coincided with my own hearing date. More than one citizen and even cop in that town had urged me privately, "Retaliate in any way you can."

People are stupid and they are cowardly but several things could not have helped but occur to them: Whatever I may have been, "their" government was undeniably inept as well as corrupt. And "their" press not only misrepresented untruth for truth, it withheld information critical to them as citizens of that community. Information, by the way, that was reported in nearby counties as well as the State capital. More than one person, from bar-flies to preachers, told me that they had really had their eyes opened by the whole thing.

Getting more down to cases, the System had wanted to "get" me for a very long time. They well knew my dealings and my photography were in no way to be considered "child pornography". Yet they determinedly pursued this across six states and a thousand miles. Stubborn as I am, I "handed them a sword", to borrow from Richard Nixon.

We don't know exactly how high this went but it hardly matters. I distinctly remember the day the first slip-shod telephone tap went onto my new line in Las Animas in early May of 1992. The resultant

disturbance was quite audible and I would assure all my callers that I was confident they'd soon get all the "bugs" out of it. It wasn't long before they did. And one friendly press contact in Ohio informed me there had "been inquiries" on the part of inter-state law enforcement concerning my move to Colorado. Indeed, we certainly had it confirmed later that telephone contact between Bent County, Colorado, and Ross County, Ohio, police was maintained on a week-by-week basis for the two years prior to the arrest.

The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion plainly state that vociferous enemies of the Jews will be branded with the most loathsome of charges of common criminality. Low-level and low-life Pigs which abound will always be eager and willing to take a cheap-shot against anyone if the taking out of that individual will enhance their law-and-order reputation and make them look like more of a "man". Charles Manson experiences this all the time with his lowest-of-the-low jailers, thanks to media hype, over a quarter of a century later. He says that anytime one of them can steal his mail or give him a write-up, it allows him to go home that night and "fuck his old lady instead of his old lady fucking him."

The lying press never misses a chance for a sensational scoop and the pigs in the court and the D.A.'s office similarly enjoy a juicy, tailor-made cheap-shot to give themselves a big boost in their rotten, worthless pig careers. It's doubtful that any of these pig types was acting out of any sort of "idealism". Just see an opportunity and take it. If it turns sour, then cover your ass.

At the end of my Ohio entanglement, they set it up for me to plead to a misdemeanor instead of the original felony. I received a suspended six-month sentence and a six hundred dollar fine which I, as my attorney indicated I could do, thumbed my nose at. And all my seized property, much of it having sat with the police for three years and over, was summarily returned. The date of that settlement, by the way, was April 20th, 1992. I recall there were storm systems all around Chillicothe that day but the sky overhead was crystal clear and blue. A radio reporter in the courtroom that day asked me what I thought about this also being Hitler's birthday. I told him it was double cause for celebrating. The Columbus Dispatch reported it in such a manner so as to give the appearance, as my attorney said, of "the State having surrendered."

The chronology of those closing events is worthy of careful note.

My long-standing financial fears had come to materialize and I had sold my holdings and left Ohio in January of 1992. The State only offered its deal in March of 1992 and it wasn't concluded until April. Essentially they acceded to the very terms I had instructed my attorney to present to them the previous November. A difference being that I was at the time willing to accept a felony and, though they didn't realize it, was already determined to leave Ohio. I had salvaged my situation and the pigs, for their part, were glad to see me gone.

The sheriff responsible for that long cat-and-mouse game who had at the end called upon every law man and reservist in that county to invade my home in a S.W.A.T. raid, accompanied by more sensational publicity, was turned out of office afterward by a disgusted populace who, again, did not condone me but were outraged by such professional shenanigans, especially when their result was so negligible. He later would sue his own Fraternal Order of Police for having turned against him.

Nonetheless, his direct underling - Detective William Hatfield - who remained on the force took it upon himself to drop the dime to Colorado in order to keep the game going. Again, this individual knew better than most that I didn't deal in child pornography. What could the motive have been for his action apart from the hope of assuaging a wounded pig pride and ego? Or was there even more to it than that?

Well, we see how that turned out. The immediate question is what a short-term prison sentence to me is and what are all these pitiful debacles to them? Who desires what and how are they to go about getting it? Who's damaged over the long haul, where it counts, and who's enhanced? Am I the weaker? Is the System stronger? As pigs they must look professional and effective, or else. Or else look like what they are. They simply cannot stand to be made fools of. That takes them most of the way toward their destruction as it robs them of their illusion in the eyes of the people, that of legitimacy and of omnipotence. They are just common cruds hiding behind badges and guns.

The secret which frightens them to their core and which gives rise to all their arrogance and viciousness is their own, down-deep awareness of their basic vulnerability. Despite huge numbers of them as opposed to the Movement, taken individually, they are mere fractions of what we are as men. Manage to penetrate the badge, get past the "Cover Your Ass" apparatus and a test that would roll off one of us would

literally flatten one of them. They are moral, ethical and constitutional jellyfish. In 1989, at the height of that phase of the challenge, I commented to one close comrade, "Give me just ten percent of the resources they have and I'll not leave one of them alive."

As a revolutionary, I have to be seen to bring down System heat, to be able to absorb it, master it, turn it around on them and dish it back out. And come through smiling and set for more.

Prison is not only unavoidable to a revolutionary, it is a requisite. What is it for the giant pig apparatus, along with their press, to pick out a private citizen to attack at their perfect leisure and complete advantage, a lone citizen perhaps backed by a few friends? And what is it for that person to not only not drop over dead, not only not be swept away, but to withstand, strike back and emerge even more "together" than before? The effect is something straight out of the pages of Nietzsche.

If one were to multiply this all across the country and the world they would soon have the very revolution I speak of. No pain, no gain. No contest, no outcome. It was my option all along to break and run, to go out in a sudden blaze of glory or to throw the whole thing over into extra innings. I chose the latter, to make of this something useful to myself and the Cause. They know now what to expect from me. And, more importantly, I know what to expect from myself. I've known all along what to expect from them and what they can expect from me.

At bottom, it's a matter of how serious a person is about this. Anyone can dabble at anything and anyone can be arrested and go to jail. To the System it means very little, unless it's part of something greater. Something they can't and won't admit: A challenge to their power, authority and legitimacy. During these run-ins they'll strictly keep to the rules prescribed by the Protocols, holding it to a single, flat dimension. And they'll keep it right up until their rotten edifice crashes, or until someone plants a bomb under them. But it is a test, it is a match.

Can I - can we - take these hits, these stings, and come back stronger than before? My own answer is clear. Through these encounters, along with all the other factors, our strength will gain and theirs will decrease. And I can and will answer for them the question they cannot even entertain: None of them, collectively or individually, with pay or without, could or would endure the kind of personal blows I've just assimilated. We must maneuver the chess pieces to precisely the point where that very prospect is imminent.

Much detail do I have to devote to the place and purpose of idealism and perfectionism. Couldn't I have done this in another way? After all, "naked girls"? Why not through a political demonstration or a try at the polls, etc.? For one, I never planned any of this. Confrontation was not my desire. My only aim was to do what I wanted to do, seeking to harm no one nor to deprive anyone of anything. Mercenaries lying in wait, looking for a kill, seeking personal glory at my expense initiated all of it.

The Movement has surely seen the worth of these continued political stunts and publicity handstands. No real results because the issue itself hasn't been real. My encounters have been real. This was no Saturday afternoon in the park. This was the real thing. As real as the Pig System could possibly make it within the constraints of what's left of the law. I have never drawn a distinction allowing for a "private life" of a revolutionary. I assure you, neither do the pigs.

Those who insist that something must take place "by the book," in a text book prescribed manner in order for it to be "real" are those who are furthest from reality, are those least likely to actually DO even that much. What is real is when the System attacks someone minding their own business and when that person manages to escalate it into war. It's not a matter of anyone's political or ideological pets. It's a matter of defying and destroying the Pig System.

A sheriff in Ohio and a "detective" - or the closest thing that town in Colorado had to one - both seeking some personal glory over my prostrate body. Both attacks came just at the moment when circumstances themselves were pushing me on and away. Both pigs out of office as a direct result of their own actions. Cheap-shots don't pay, not really.

The old saying has it that "you can't go to an ass-kicking contest and leave your own ass at home." But to them it wasn't supposed to be a contest. They expect people to drop over dead at their mere approach (or, whenever there may exist some doubt, to close in with overwhelming force), to accept as final their pronouncements and decisions, to see people's friends, neighbors and relatives head for the hills at the first sign of their attack, leaving the intended victim alone to his fate. And to be able to conduct their operation in all manner of high-handedness, playing it fast and loose, with all impunity, having the press in their hip pocket. I have always said, "Fuck them!", and always will. If more people would do

just this much, they would have no power.

But it comes to this: What's it worth to you? Is anything worth anything to you? Even after I had gone to maximum security, solitary confinement, for my political beliefs and the Black case manager said I'd never get out of there so long as my writings and associations continued, I responded that I rather liked the privacy. He came back with, "Most men like their freedom." Freedom to reenter mainline prison population in this case. At what cost? Cave in to them? Did Hess cave? Has Manson caved?

Fuck 'em!

It's damned nice I was counting months and not years. That's way beside the point though as had this been of a more serious nature, I'd have played it from the start a lot more seriously.

Every man on the inside has to handle it in his own way. And by far the majority I saw on the inside were doing an admirable job. But I have to believe that I was the only one for whom his time was an investment. What kind of revolutionary is it that's never been tested through prison time? Not a serious one.

Nobody freely makes the decision to check into prison. Everyone can be expected to do their best to evade the intentions of the enemy System. It won't always work out ideally, however. Such are the odds. It is then when the greatest of sorting out takes place. When it gets real it matters not so much how you can take it but what you determine you'll turn it into.

Spring, 1996. C.S.P.

JUST-US

This topic practically sticks in my throat because what passes today as "justice" is only a mockery of what justice is and should be in reality. At present there is no justice apart from that you are able to make for yourself.

International Jews can foment awful wars in order to gather more of the world's wealth and to eliminate their opposition in the world. All done at the expense of the lives of millions of innocent people who do the fighting, suffering and dying. In the end it always comes down to those who control the present also controlling the past which is commonly referred to as "history". As in the case of the Second World War, Hitler and Germany, unable to answer, have the blame.

They set up an "International Military Tribunal" after the War inside enemy-occupied Germany to "try war criminals". Funny thing, however, the only "war criminals" being tried were all from the losing side only. None from among the victors. The prosecution and judges were all from the winning side, none from the losing side or even from among neutral nations. The laws these "criminals" were charged with violating existed nowhere at the time they were supposed to have been violated. They were expressly whipped up for the occasion. When convenient or when embarrassing, atrocities committed by the Allies

might even be dumped on the Germans, like the Katyn massacre committed by the Soviets, or atrocities like the wholesale aerial bombing of cities of civilians simply overlooked as to have prosecuted them would have invited scrutiny of Allied terror bombings a thousand times worse.

It didn't end with the first round of these "trials" in 1946 when the top-most government and military officials of Germany were murdered by the Allies. Some of these men, like Julius Streicher, had held no office during the war and only was publisher of a small (but virulently anti-Semitic) newspaper, and others, like Rudolf Hess, who sat out the War as a prisoner of the British. Streicher received death and Hess received life imprisonment. These such "trials" continued, unabated, up through the Fifties and Sixties, reaching down into the lowest levels of that former society that had dared to successfully free itself from Jewish domination and then had the nerve to hold off the rest of the world during six years of furious war.

Once in awhile even during the Eighties and Nineties one could still hear about the "discovery" of another so-called "war criminal" here or there in the world. Men in their eighties, aged and infirm, but yet still the target of hatred and a vengeance unhampered by over half a century.

Meet the nature of "justice" as it is in the hands of the Jews.

All of the above was in the best tradition of the Communist show-trials of the Thirties in the Soviet Union, except that they were carried out in the West, primarily under the auspices of the United States. That set the standard and the pace for all future justice coming anywhere from System sources. Not justice but "just-us". So let's not be naive at all, let's be sober and grown-up about this and try not to kid ourselves. Next time you witness the guilty going unpunished or some innocent person suffer or, for that matter, the next time you yourself receive a raw deal, just remember that it is all strictly in accord with the nature of the Beast that rules.

Justice, being a very integral part of government among the civilized, the Aryans for the most part, was a most prized and precious thing. Laws were formulated by the legitimate representatives of the people to ensure against heavy-handedness on the part of any would-be tyrants right there among them. Government without this kind of justice is tyranny and it is that which we see here today.

The whole slant of the existing justice system has been put off base. The existing laws already having been perverted with all newer

ones aimed deliberately against the people themselves, together with their diminishing liberties. All done the same way, gradually, using the same means, money and the traitors it can buy, orchestrated by the same source, Jews, for the same purpose, control over White society and the eventual destruction of the White race.

When knowing the judicial system is completely under Jewish domination, it becomes easy to understand how it works. There are simply two sets of laws: One for the masters and one for the slaves. (Or, at the very least, two ways of applying one set of laws.) And that further boils down to this: For the slave there is no provision for self-defense, either as an individual or as a people. To go further, for anyone awake and aware of this, willing to act upon it, there is no protection at all thus rendering that person an outlaw in the strictest sense of the term.

A woman at the time of this writing was reported to have stood up at a political rally and shouted at the despicable sell-out then occupying the White House, "You suck!", and was sent to jail for it. Somewhere in the mid-west, a daughter stands up and shouts at her father, "Fuck you!", is slapped by the father for it, then calls "711", and he is arrested. Two sets of laws. Or two applications. Take your pick. In point of fact, here we can see one of the Ten Commandments having been officially moved against by the government. This plus a lot more shall spell ultimate doom for this or any society that buys into it.

It is well that we, using the same analytical eye, even if perhaps a bit cynical, should really examine what's going on anytime talk about "justice" is brought up.

The country is racked by crime and getting worse. The controlled media paints this as a social problem when, in reality, it is a racial problem. Playing it from an entirely incorrect and inappropriate stance, there can be no hope whatever of affecting anything to alleviate the problem. More coloreds, more crime. More police, more prisons. "Crime" and "gang activity" the way it is today is in reality the re-assertion of formerly subject peoples who find themselves within the midst of a formerly White society that now has lost its will and even its instinct for self-preservation. The so-called "law" remains as yet loosely based on an old Anglo-Saxon framework which, in any case, these peoples had absolutely no hand in framing and which doesn't serve or reflect their morals or values. When Whites were more in control over affairs in this country, these coloreds received the clear and unmistakable message to

abide by White laws or do not exist.

Big doses of "freedom", "equality", "tolerance", etc., hand-in-hand with a stringent measure of anti-White browbeating took care of all that nasty old "repression" of the past. We now have the blessings of rape, robbery and murder everywhere but with no more lynchings in answer to it. You may be certain that the coloreds are receiving a message from that, as well. This is the Liberal idea of "progress". But it is the Jewish plan for the destruction of White society. You might express the opinion that the Liberal view of such a trend is somewhat kinky or quirky and you'll only be viewed as a dullard or a potential trouble-maker. If you suggest the reality, however, you have marked yourself for extinction.

Clinging to power out of an insane determination to alter the face of this society from a bright and prosperous extension of Europe, which it began as and has been up to now, and into the reflection of some one-world, universalist's sick dream, into an extension of the Third World, they cannot address the source of the problems but only the symptoms. For to ever begin to delve into their root causes, it soon enough would be discovered that the governing body and its entire philosophy IS the problem itself.

To "fix" the situation would require the System itself to abdicate as a pre-condition. Since nothing matters more to the System than its own power and the furtherance of its ungodly programs, that isn't about to happen. As it maintains itself in power and continues to ram its policies down the people's throats, the logical, natural and fully predictable results of those same policies begin to more and more yield their negative consequences. Crime and social decay. And, again, since the good of the people doesn't matter, but only continued power, so-called "justice" becomes no more than a means toward an ever-tightening police state.

It's a difficult thing for most who may be naturally inclined toward a Racialist-oriented movement to understand and identify with my own extreme stance against a police state and the whole concept of "law-and-order". Discipline and order are, after all, the hallmarks of White disposition. I understand the feeling of these newcomers as I was once there myself. But beyond the all-too-frequent "bad apples" in government and law enforcement, the whole issue hinges upon the appreciation of the spot in which Whites now find themselves.

Whose "law" and whose "order"?

You must see and realize what the "Thin Blue Line" represents in fact, not in hope, or theory or supposition.

Have you ever been arrested? I'll never forget the first time I was arrested and was handed my copy of the warrant. The resentment and the outrage were overflowing within me as I read the pre-printed opening of the thing, "The People of the State of Ohio versus..." The people?! What total garbage! The people have nothing whatever to do with it. It's the filthy political clique in control, not "the people". I simply cannot stand such hypocrisy and misrepresentation. Yet, from there it proceeds.

Those who have wormed their way into power don't care about "the people". They've left the people behind and care only about their own power and wealth. Police, prosecutors, judges, press, etc., only care about the kill by which they make themselves appear to be maintaining society and, thus, performing their appointed task. The people are too naive to even want to see the truth of it. They, if anything, are the ticket-buying audience that these imposters perform before.

Right down to these prison staffs, the issue of it is perfectly straight-forward: Any who follow or enforce stupid "rules" are themselves stupid. Any who enforce evil or unjust "rules" are themselves agents of the unjust. Those who may attempt to justify or excuse any of this on the basis of doing it for money or livelihood are only prostitutes. And those who control the money are the lords and masters over it all: Jews.

When you are arrested, you right away become a kidnap victim. You are held for ransom, or, as they prefer to call it, bail. You are fighting for your very liberty, trying at the same time not to be destroyed or bled dry by mounting your own defense. You have to be on guard against being sold down the river by a do-nothing attorney. You quickly learn that it all mainly is done from behind closed doors, that the "open courtroom" is but a stage. That "everything within the law" actually is being done while simultaneously hiding behind the law. Waiting in the dock, observing those in worse shape than yourself, you can easily perceive the whole thing as being no more than a rendering plant. "Processed through the system." And mostly against the poor. What justice?

You hear the prosecutor condemn you into the ground because "it is his job". You hear the judge sentence you to conditions of extreme

inconvenience and often danger because that "is his job". If you have a family, you know that they'll be doing any time right along with you. If your life falls apart as a result, that's of no account to them. They've done their "job". Slander in the press I won't even bother going into here. That falls under the heading of "freedom of the press". Or hadn't you thought of it in that way?

It's the merry-go-round from hell. Big bucks for those whose profession it is. It might even be seen differently if only it worked, if it accomplished what it is supposed to. But it doesn't.

What it does in fact is to maintain a certain line, keep the same power in control while the society slowly sinks, getting ever more colored and violent. The "Thin Blue Line" is in fact a dam against a rising tide. Under the circumstances, there is nothing glorious or honorable in that. Because, at the same time, it stands also as the prevention of an actual cure. And as this nonsense goes on, the tide of color and disorder continues to rise inexorably toward the point at which the dam will eventually burst. Any possible recriminations then will be largely rendered moot.

Ezra Pound observed that any organized body which has as its reason for being the interference in other people's affairs ought rightly to be disbanded.

Enough to make you mad? Maybe superficially. Masses of people suffer so that a few pigs can grow rich. A sweet ride for some in the present but ultimately a big part of what's going to bring this entire rotten mess down one day relatively soon. Just like welfare entitlements for congenital parasites, it produces nothing. It amounts to a great gas balloon. What of crime and the police state? Will it get to where one half of the population is guarding the other? We both know it can't and won't. It'll break first. But by resorting to such tactics they do basically admit that the jig is up and that they are now and as long as it may last merely resolved to milk it of its final drop.

Conservatives still ask: Is it ineptitude or is it corruption? We, as revolutionaries know that it is a plan. If they can't eliminate crime then they should quit and go home. They should declare a "law man's holiday" and leave it to the citizens' militias to clean up the criminal element itself in summary fashion, no prisons required. But that's not their aim or desire. There's no profit in that. And the very last thing they desire is a revitalization of White society.

Masters at hedging their bets, of having all the bases covered, the Jews won't settle for a lobotomized general population that's incapable of thinking independently, much less of offering resistance. They also want them out-gunned by an army of hired pigs against any eventuality. Crime is also utterly indispensable to so-called "gun control". After all, they must offer a plausible excuse to disarm the citizenry.

Police can't and don't defend you from criminals. The criminal strikes and then they "investigate". They can and do defend criminals from you. As an orderly, responsible person, they can easily keep their eye on you, ready to pounce. The criminals, lost in their ghettos and barrios, are literally faceless and nameless. A colored mass. If you happen to be victimized, that's just tough.

The climate of terror and its reaction generates the perfect atmosphere for Big Brother to enact some repression of his own. To all these dark masses, despite the cruelty of it, prison hasn't much impact. In many cases they're better off on the inside than the outside. But all the special laws, the "hang-em-high" sentencing practices, not to mention the incarceration itself, to a Movement of Racial Separatists or other political dissidents, can be and is intended to be devastating. It accomplishes nothing against crime but to political activists it is a consideration to be taken into account second only to the prospect of imminent death itself.

The Protocols made it clear they would label their political opponents as common criminals. The word being applied today is "terrorists". And, indeed, America "has no political prisoners". It has "special handling". It has a voting public all set to go with anything which promises to protect their property and their life-style. We have, in essence, a Big Brother already long in place. And by consent.

But we also have a situation approaching climax, a candle burning at both ends, with a great sorting out and purification coming just over the horizon.

The System is consuming itself through all this evil and insanity. By resorting to common despotism, minus the guts of the despotisms of old, it surrenders to the eventual fate of all despotisms. By facing and overcoming, and enduring where necessary, all of the worst of this, we, as a Movement, ensure absolutely that we are not only going to survive but vanquish. As Commander Rockwell entitled his political manifesto, "In Hoc Signo Vinces", By This Sign You Shall Conquer.

Justice will only return when the streets are covered and the gutters are choked with System blood.

July, 1995, D.R.D.C.

MIND WARP

As a high school drop-out and a former classroom anarchist, I feel eminently qualified to write on the subject of education.

With regard to the various branches of the System, it was while I was within its schools that my eyes first opened to what was going on and so it was the school, then, that automatically was my first enemy and my first confrontation.

That kids don't like school had already by then become only trite. It bore no resemblance to the relationship I had with the school by the time the mid-Sixties came around. A kid at odds with the school. To adults that might seem like colonies of ants at war under foot. Seemingly insignificant but no less life-or-death for the ants involved. The emotions ran hot and cold, all the way from anger to dread and back again. I was an insomniac all throughout the years of school; such was the anxiety of facing the next day. Hate barely scratches the surface of the enmity I felt toward the school.

Willful, delinquent, incorrigible, out-of-control, etc., were all terms that could have been applied to me and often were in those days. Not a "bad" kid, never a "punk", but by the fall of 1966 I was so turned off and away from the public school system experience that I couldn't even pretend to go along with it any longer. This was nothing contrived on my part, I wasn't exercising a "choice". I was reacting and doing the only thing I was able to do under the circumstances: Rebel.

Education? They had taught me to read but had never shown me anything worth reading. They had taught me to write but in the main I couldn't put two meaningful words together on paper. One exception was made in that fall of 1966 when I submitted an original piece of fiction as an English assignment. Inspired by what I had recently read of one more of the on-going "Nazi hunts". I composed a real horror story in that vein. After having submitted it, I never saw it again nor did I ever learn what grade I may have received on it.

Alongside the growing resentment there was the increasing inner demand for personal liberty. Even at the time I remember thinking

and saying that I'd prefer being in jail to being in a classroom. The statement may have sounded drastic and off-the-wall then and might still sound that same way now to some. My reasoning at the time was that in jail at least you wouldn't be so bothered by matters that held no interest for you and you wouldn't have to face the hated ritual every morning of showing up. Now that I've been well-acquainted with both jail and prison, I still stand by my pronouncement of thirty years ago.

But that on its face was no good; there had to be education, of course. Education was key to any onward and upward maintenance of society. However, I was also coming around to the feeling that the reality was that society itself, as it stood, was a farce. Right alongside the "jail" bit of wisdom in those days was the wide-open prediction of mine that within the near future a high school diploma wouldn't be worth a damn. I would be proven to be right.

Coincidentally (or not) it was just at that same time that a national media campaign consisting of "Stay In School" blurbs began. This was new. The head-on message of these commercials was that in order to get a good job you must stay in school. Some Hollywood heavy guns were recruited for this. The chill of the prospect wasn't lost on me but the instincts within and the commands were stronger. But it seemed to hint that something in the nation was obviously going on and not merely turbulence in one kid's life. Looking back now, it must have even then been all across the bottom to the extent that it was being sensed at the top. Their answer: A lame campaign of propaganda in the media. About like "Let's Whip Inflation Now" and "Just Say No To Drugs" later on.

Surely I wasn't the only one keenly feeling the disenchantment with the whole thing. For the first time ever, a number of other boys of my age-group and approximate level, not necessarily "troubled", were falling out of the system. That 1966-1967 season, I wasn't the only one failing the grade. There was a flurry. My own boyhood friend was one of those. His parents placed him in a Catholic school the following year. I recall the sight of that disturbing me as it seemed to be establishing some sort of a trend. I always assumed I was on my own. What their problem might have been, I didn't know. But I knew I had the Party now and they didn't. And so, at the very least, I knew I wasn't lost.

So I became a chronic truant as well as a classroom anarchist out-of the same instinct that led me to become a revolutionary and a Separatist later in life. Caught in a mess that would have been laughable

if not for the “mandatory” nature of it, my own nature moved me to withdraw from it wherever possible and to attack it wherever necessary and unavoidable.

After two years of this kind of running battle, the ending of it was tumultuous and violence and tragedy were only narrowly averted. A quick call to Party headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, with the news that the heat was really on thankfully elicited an invitation to come there and work on staff. What might otherwise have been the end of a young life instead was a beginning. At the same time, my real education was about to begin. That was December of 1968.

Since that time, from long ago, in fact, what I saw as developing within the school system nationally has become a full-blown reality and with a vengeance. I don't need to go into details and no one can attempt to make denials regarding what the education system here has devolved into. But such was the experience and such is the memory that I smile inwardly very deeply now whenever I think of it and what has become of it. As far as I'm concerned, it effectively tried to kill me and it couldn't have turned out more poetically if I had been able to put a direct curse upon it as I left.

By contrast, my days at the Cincinnati Workhouse and at the Colorado State Penitentiary are remembered fondly. And the “value” of education?

Had it now become that the education young people were getting was of no quality? Or was it that what was being pushed at them wasn't truly education? Or was it that what was now being required by society wasn't really education in the previously accepted sense? Or was the makeup of the national student body profoundly altering and not responding to traditional education any longer? If things were becoming bad by the late Sixties, the advent of school bussing to actually increase racial integration within the schools in the early Seventies didn't help matters.

The System, unable to hide that there was something hugely and horribly wrong here, was equally unable and unwilling to properly address the problem. Rather than taking steps to correct the situation, they proceeded instead to douse the fire with more of the same gasoline. But neither do they want to “fix” the problem because, to them, it isn't a problem at all. It's part of a plan. And the rest, as stupid as ever, are without a clue, aware only of a deplorable situation and perhaps

“idealistically” supposing that the all-too-real pain together with the apparent failure of the stated purpose is a cost worth paying for social “equanimity” and “progress”.

Quite simply, but assuredly no oversimplification, integration is what destroyed not only the educational system of this country but the society as well. Period.

Must I belabor it that functional illiterates have now long since been getting awarded diplomas?

And still the drive is on for more and more “education” of the individual. Everyone recognizes now that a high school diploma is worthless and so the scramble is on for college degrees. Neither is it a secret any longer that a college education isn't going to help you much in the cut-throat competition of too many people and too few jobs within this rat race. But it is a rat race nonetheless and you either run it with everything you've got or be trampled under by the other rats.

Just as with police, courts, prisons, etc., being unable to effectively cope with crime, if they can't do the job then quit and go home. Save a lot of tax dollars. Close the doors. Sell the buildings and land off. Let those parents who can and who want to teach their own children at home and let those children with the desire and the aptitude to learn, learn. But a scenario like that could only be if things were honest.

So if it is required absolutely that the young must submit to all this regimentation, from “head start”, preschool, etc., and as far as it may stretch all the way into adulthood, and if they are seen to be getting stupider and stupider, with decent employment becoming more and more elusive in the increasingly mad dash, what motivation could the System have in making it, first, legally mandatory and, later, economically imperative for these poor slobs to dance to this kind of a tune? Because you must know that it is only the System itself which is in the position to affect and manipulate such an issue.

The word is conditioning. Pavlov knew all about it and its more common, household name is brainwashing.

Those silly enough to believe that “education” is any longer the issue here are deluded and will continue to be endlessly frustrated as the “student body” grows and becomes ever darker. No amount of so-called “education” poured out on coloreds is going to be of any avail to those who lack the spark within. A waste. “More money”, they say, “is the

answer”.

Young, White minds, however, can and are being damaged and stunted by all this insanity. From a tender, impressionable age they are being exposed to racial aliens, alien concepts, immorality, violence, narcotics, etc. They are being shattered, shell-shocked and numbed in preparation for entry into the slave market. Wage slaves and voting cattle. Not to mention the bearers of new generations, each one more racially bastardized than the last.

All along they've delighted in pointing the finger at Hitler and National Socialist Germany, repeating some line about how the German youth never, in their entire lives, would be free from the intrusion of the State. Rubbish! Regardless and at the very least, the German youth were taught by Hitler to be strong, healthy, upright and, above all, German. One division of Hitler Youth held the Allied armies caught within their Normandy beachheads for thirty days until the employment of “carpet bombing”, churning and destroying everything in sight, was able to finally dislodge them.

Take a look at these poor, miserable wretches here today, all strung out on dope, doing whatever it is they do to what passes for “music”, fagging out, acting like and sacking out with mud types. The perfect slaves. Then tell me who is the “Duped Generation”, as the title of one book on the Hitler Youth implies. Why, these poor bastards don't even know who their master is or what he has in store for them. Crap!

Education's proper role is to prepare the next generation to go on to further build upon the foundation already laid by the past and present generations. It is not so that they can “compete” in a dog-eat-dog manner against their own fellows. Less still is it supposed to turn them away from the very foundations laid by their own forefathers.

To deliberately wreck what had been the world's best system of education, in the name of “fairness” and “equality”, at the point even of federal bayonets in some cases, to where American youth is coming out as goons and zombies might not make any sense unless you look at the complete picture.

Remember that control is not the end object for the Jewish masters of this nightmare.

They want least of all truly educated and enlightened young people. This is the very last thing they need and want because a truly intelligent person has no place in a Big Brother Slave State. Echoes of

Communism? You bet. Same theory. Different methodology. The former Communists would first, after seizing control of a country, identify, round up and murder all of the so-called "intelligentsia", that is, all those who by breeding and education might figure them out and possibly become leaders in a popular uprising against them.

The youth they would re-educate according to their own standards. Here they enjoy the ease and luxury of catching them right straight from birth. Each generation can be seen to sink a little deeper into true ignorance.

It appears as though the only hope against this lies in the very thing that came over me long ago. Some instinctive sense of rebellion. Horribly, tragically, the individual child and youth are entirely on their own. Due to this, the losses are and will continue to be staggering.

A nation's educational system turned against it.

Next time you catch a media broadcast condemning and deploring gangs of "White hooligans" or Skinheads, etc., for acts of violence against "minorities", I hope you will have sufficient awareness to take real heart from it. Education and even ideology be damned, these are the ones that got away!

These are the ones in whom the instinct burns especially bright. And they will be the ones who will go on to pass these same genes down to future generations who will inhabit whatever world there is to come.

February, 1997, C.S.P.

FILTHY LUCRE

When I left Ohio the financial situation that I had been nursing along on life-support for almost a decade and that I now was abandoning was way beyond anything any bankruptcy could have begun to resolve. So, in a sense, I feel well qualified to discuss economics.

Apparently, I inherited my antipathy toward capital from my father who hated "millionaires" and who maintained that no one could actually perform useful work and be able to amass such fabulous amounts of money. My dad hated landlords, bankers, bosses and fat-cats of all descriptions. But he was honest and hard-working to a fault, held the same good job all his life, lived frugally and would never have embraced my own stance of actually disappropriating the disappropriators.

Money and everything involved with it is a filthy business and I have an instinctive hatred for it. It bores me, it confuses me, it angers me and it disgusts me. It used to threaten me before I got all the way out of that thought. I never understood it and I never want to. It is, after all, the lifeblood of the Satanic, Beast System.

It was in Medieval Europe that, by the look of it, many rulers felt the same way as I do about money and money handling: Not fit for clean hands. They were forbidden by the Bible itself to engage in usury, that is the charging of high interest, and so they willingly turned it over to a group of strangers in their midst who had no such qualms or restrictions, for the Bible states that one shall not charge usury of a brother and these strangers were not our brothers.

There is where our current troubles began. For these strangers were Jews just recently having filtered their way into Europe after having been dispersed from out of their Mid-Eastern homes. In fact, many of them were as recently Jews as their European hosts were Christians, having converted en masse to Judaism at about the same time as did Charlemagne's realm in the West to Christianity. What they were racially and nationally was Khazars. And the Bible knew the Khazars as Gog-Magog. The remainder of these Jews were primarily of Canaanite origin and represent the "666" factor of the Book of Revelation. They were all, however, convinced that just by some change of mind they were somehow in line for the terms of the Biblical covenant that gave mastery of the world and its riches to God's Chosen People. They would as a unit, as an organism, conspire and scheme their way toward that very objective.

Thus the trouble for Whites began and it has only worsened since that time. For one very brief period in western Europe a majority of White states had managed to awaken to this evil, this peril, had retaken control of their own countries and economies and had either killed or driven out the Jews. This period is known as the Renaissance. Money power in the hands of aliens and its resultant Dark Ages was broken by such national heroes as Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, Edward I of England, etc. Then freedom, art, science, exploration and greatness blossomed.

The Jews, for their part, were driven eastward and confined to what history calls the Pale of Settlement within Russia and parts of eastern Europe. Here they remained for centuries. The Bible, in Revelation, refers to this as Satan's confinement to the Bottomless Pit for the period it also refers to as the Thousand Years of Christ, when White, Christian civilization came to flourish and dominate the planet.

Again, one other all-too-brief period during the Twentieth Century, in central Europe, when an entire modern nation awoke and managed to retake control of the workings of its own state and to expel the occupying Jews, took place during the Third Reich period in Germany. It was another renaissance following the dark days of the Jewish "Weimar Republic". Unfortunately, the rest of the nations of the world were still firmly locked within the same Jewish control and the Second World War was arranged to eliminate that one ray of light in the modern world. They laugh to this day about Hitler's "Thousand Year Reich" lasting only twelve

years before being incinerated at the behest of International Jewry. However, ignorant as they are, the laugh is on them: Hitler's Reich marked only the glorious end of Christ's Thousand Years and the beginning of Satan's "Little Season" of total power on earth.

As far as I can determine, one meaning of civilization is that matters of finance, the issuance of currency, such things as property rights, etc., have transposed the old law of the jungle as well as the existence of the hunter and gatherer. It once was that everything you were, the fact that you were at all, was inextricably tied up with your prowess not only as a hunter but also as a warrior. Survival of the fittest. If you were lazy, unskilled or weak, you did not survive.

This was harsh but it insured that only the strongest, the bravest and the best would go on to reproduce, to populate the land and to govern and rule. It was the ruggedly uphill path toward greatness as a people.

In the beginning, perhaps, this evolution from a barter to a monetary system might have been a just exchange from the bloody and brutal world behind left behind. It was the destiny of Whites to develop and move ahead in just such a manner. One thing has carried through all the way to the present and that is the "work ethic" among Whites. Earn your share, carry your own weight and provide for your family and future.

But little do they realize this, as much as anything else, now plays directly into the hands of their worst enemy, the Jews, who have usurped their governments, their economies and have turned them against Whites, placing them at the mercy of Jews and coloreds whom they now are effectively subsidizing at their own expense.

For one thing, in barbarian societies, there were no such things as parasites, either at the high or low ends of the spectrum. For another, there was no such thing as speculation or unearned income. There was no interest and no usury.

Besides being able to enrich themselves now without honest and productive labor, these Jews could buy and sell kings and emperors. They could literally enslave a population through debt and taxation. Should anyone not pay up, there would be foreclosure and eviction. The people now could be thrown off their own land. If business got a little slow, it was easy to start a war, extend credit and reap huge profits. The poor peasants who did the fighting, bleeding and dying were entirely expendable.

Does any of this ring at all familiar? It should for it continues right up into the present day.

To paraphrase one of their own pronouncements on the matter, give them control of the money and they care not who writes the laws. It's the "Golden Rule": Those with the gold make the rule. This is after all what Jews are known for despite any efforts of theirs to the contrary.

It's bad enough having a nation's wealth monopolized by aliens, while the broad masses struggle and toil for an existence, but it becomes far worse when one learns how they put that vast wealth to work against the very people who perform the actual labor to produce it in the first place.

What apparently has been forgotten is that the society created the money, not vice versa. Money should not be an end or a goal but only a means and a tool. Presently it is "the measure of the man", the whole value. Not survival of the fittest any longer but of the most avaricious. This might even be understood among the filthy rich but it reaches right down amongst the very lowest levels that have next to nothing. They have become so infected by this themselves that they worship the ultra-Capitalists, the so-called "Beautiful People". It has long since become so pervasive that it literally amounts to the worshipping of the Beast itself, exactly as prophesized in Revelation.

As my own father pointed out, these speculators and usurers do not produce, contribute or give back anything to the society that they lord it over and bleed like vampires. They merely use their wealth to accumulate more wealth. So the next time you can't buy food or make the rent, just remember the 3% who control 70% of the wealth. And this is "your" country?

Without question it should not be allowed. This was becoming painfully obvious by the turn of the Nineteenth Century. The conditions were giving rise to feelings and sentiments among subject peoples, principally among the industrialized nations, that were inevitably going to lead either to reform or to revolt. Something was going to have to be done to alleviate this intolerable injustice. Leave it to the Jews to come up with an idea of their own.

Jews of the Illuminati, the "Jacobins", first put together the French Revolution and its subsequent Reign of Terror in 1789. They simply gave all the blame to the sold-out White aristocracy who'd been so stupid as to do business with them in the first place. These they sent

to the guillotine as part of an anti-White genocide. Then they simply stepped out from behind the curtain and took over directly.

By the mid-1800s they were hiring the Jew, Karl Marx, to author a tract designed to repeat the same performance on a grander scale, once again enlisting the masses against their natural but fatally duped rulers. That became the Communist Manifesto and Leftist revolts swept Europe during 1948. It wasn't until 1918 that they were able to seize Russia, establish a Red Terror, murder the White aristocracy and usher in one more Jewish dictatorship outright. It is now estimated that they killed an average of a million Russians for each of the seventy years they were in power before collapsing.

Marxism, or Communism, was created and intended to head-off a growing movement of resentment and reform against bloodthirsty and runaway Capitalism, hijack it and put it to deadly use for hidden world capital, that very self-same Capitalism. Both are international, both negate race, both are parasitic in nature and both are run by the few at the expense of the many. And both are owned and operated by Jews. They represent two sides of the same coin. Heads, they win. Tails, you lose.

Even beyond considerations of alien infiltration, domination or conspiracy, the plain fact has been that the driving force behind White migration and empire-building has been trade and commerce. Unfortunately, it has been the pursuit of wealth rather than any conscious racial imperative that has been the primary motivator behind former White racial expansion and still every political philosophy in power anywhere today is but one more variant off of that age-old expression. How easy it was made for the Jews to move right in.

Today these White nations have lost all sight of the fundamental of race, that is if they ever really had it in the first place. Those at the top of this heap are Jews and it all goes to benefit them. In the name of profit, the god Mammon, the U.S. economy is changing from production to service, or non-production.

Coloreds are rapidly growing in numbers yet, due to the telling immutability of blood, Whites remain the upper stratum and always will, as they always have, until there are no longer any strata and, at the same time, no longer any civilization.

What was always required was a brand of socialism based upon

the reality of race. The economy along with everything else to the service of the race that created it all. In function as well as in form this is called National Socialism and it was the form of government under Adolf Hitler during the Third Reich period in Germany. And this is the real reason why they so hate and defame Hitler to this day: He threatened to ruin their oldest and most lucrative scam.

For our purposes here however, the economy does not represent one more phony "issue" to gripe and complain about.

For us it is the key. As a focus for agitation it is an incomparable propaganda weapon. With or without any effective political organization, it is the Achilles Heel of the Beast System. If properly exploited, it is our best hope for bringing this monster down. Even if left alone, it will account for what ultimately undoes Big Brother.

The parasitic element rules. The nonproductive element grows while the productive element shrinks and becomes increasingly hard-pressed. This is like a great gas balloon. They babble about a "national debt". They dream about "cutting welfare".

Impossible debt is the only means when spending outruns production. To cut welfare would trigger a colored revolt in the cities, a thing which was only narrowly averted in the Sixties through the institution of this very same massive welfare payoff.

"When the money won't spend," as Manson said, will be the end of the System. "When the television goes off," also as Manson said, the zombified masses will go insane in some cases, suicidal in others and still others will sit before a blank screen until it comes back on or until they die. Mercenary pigs, pimps and stooges now making it possible for a handful of Jews to hold all this together will not remain at their posts without pay, much less with a price now on their heads.

For the present and in the absence of a strongly organized political movement, the individual can join the struggle on their own. By kissing goodbye the rat race of the System now, voluntarily and on your own, you'll really be giving it the kiss of death. Get out of the mode and the mindset, take yourself out of harness. Less materialism will bring greater freedom. Stop giving your more for their less. Take back your life and deny them sustenance. The very least you can do is make any death sentence mutual.

April, 1995, Las Animas

A.T.W.A.

To me now and for a long time as a Movement person, anytime the mention of environment is brought up, I think automatically of Charles Manson. For no one has ever placed higher importance upon the safeguarding of the environment than Manson. The uninformed will think only of what they've been conditioned to think of: The killings. Those who are aware will instead think of Manson's cause and the name he gave to it: A.T.W.A., or Air, Trees, Water and Animals.

When those Family members destroyed that heavy equipment in California in the late Sixties, one could be sure that it was a movement to fight for the environment and not, as Manson would say, to drive their cars from one demonstration to another, get their faces in the camera, and then go home and turn on the electricity. No, Manson's movement

was all a matter of living it. But, quite naturally, living it will run you into direct confrontation with the same System that is the enemy of anything and everything which is remotely pro-life.

Distinctly I recall one of my early discussions with one member of the Manson Family as we were laying out our respective first priorities. Ours was race. Theirs was environment. I had up till that point in 1981 regarded the subject of the environment as the estate solely of the so-called "New Left" and had dismissed it as such. But they brought forth a good point when they added that, in a poisonous environment, there will be no races! To this I had to concede. One could even view racial hygiene as part of the broader spectrum of environmentalism. However, I will still insist that it matters not what your cause or your emphasis may be unless you are in a position to do something about it. And, while the System lives, no one can affect any positive change whatever.

So causes and priorities aside, nobody is going to be able to do a damned thing about anything so long as the System, the source of all poison, is still functioning, intact, in power and calling all the shots. So, minor differences in viewpoint notwithstanding, we were in 100% agreement on the fact that the System is the Enemy and would have to be taken out before we were all reduced to not only drooling mulattoes but drooling mulattoes strangling in a noxious atmosphere.

As a kid I remember the absolute wonder and amazement I would be in whenever I would find myself on the banks of Honey Creek on the edge of my hometown in Ohio. The huge paper mill situated on the opposite bank would spew its waste into the water at some point upstream. One could watch the large flow turn solidly red, then blue, then green, or yellow by turns. At the time, I merely thought that it was novel.

And in those days the town was notorious for the awful stench that would pervade regularly due to the smoke emissions from the same plant. At the time, it was taken as something to poke humor at. The cure? They built a much taller stack and blew the foul, sulfurous clouds another fifty miles north to the state capital.

Nevertheless, in years to follow, the public swimming pool that lay nearby the paper mill had to be closed and was finally torn out of the ground entirely because the swimmers were beginning to complain of skin ailments. That plus the residents of the East End, where the mill was located, having a standing agreement with the mill which provided for

them to have their cars repainted at fairly regular intervals at company expense due to the corrosive effects of the smoke.

It was generally understood that fish from not only the Scioto River, which ran through the town, but also from out of Lake Erie itself on the northern end of the state, could not be eaten.

No use in belaboring the point with endless similar anecdotes that could be supplied by each of us and in quantity. It is that the Capitalists, for the sake of profit, were and still are willing to defile the environment and, at the same time, poison the rest of us. An excellent example of their control coming to equal destruction. Word from out of a newly opened up Russia has it that it was the same over there, if not worse, under the profit-minded Communists as well.

What was that about setting up your own opposition so as to make sure it was kept ineffectual and manageable? Admittedly it was the wholesale glomming on to the environmental issue by Jews and Liberals that turned me off and away from it in the beginning (and certainly still does from that phony aspect of it) but it is testimony to the effectiveness of that particular strategy.

The task of these phony "environmentalists" in relationship to the Capitalist super-polluters is identical to that which had been of the Communist "friends of the workers" to the Capitalist super-exploiters: They'd draw 'em in with their slogans and demonstrations then make sure they never bothered or interfered with the big money makers in any way, shape or form. Either that or just disillusion them so badly that they simply quit. Either way, it was mission accomplished.

And it worked. Planet earth is in real danger of becoming another desiccated and dead Mars. Then earth's pyramids, Great Wall and skyscrapers can stare blankly across millions of miles of space toward the "face" that someone a very long time ago left there on the surface of Mars.

While on this subject it would be well to toss in literally every potentially good "cause" and "crusade" that you might care to mention. It may or may not have been infiltrated and taken over by Jews or sell-outs but as long as the monolithic and don't-give-a-damn System is in control, all of these smaller issues and efforts amount to no more than diversionary sidetracks, mere "safety valves", which the System gladly allows in order for people to safely blow off steam at no real risk to the System. And, of course, to no effect.

Choosing issues is no good. One must have a worldview that encompasses all. And that worldview must be backed by the determination to knock the existing order out of the way and to replace it as a prerequisite to any positive kind of action.

What, indeed, of all the various "agencies" set up by the government to "deal with" the problem? Manson had the answer to that paper-thin deception as well. A bunch of bureaucrats establish one or more "bureaus" in order to exploit an issue, in order to create more phony-baloney jobs for those like themselves. They suck down more tax money and accomplish little more than building up the self-importance of these professional morons with college degrees.

Nothing gets done about the problem. The problem, to them, is in reality the Goose That Laid the Golden Egg. They don't want it eliminated; they only want to "manage" and to cash in on it.

There are certain things that simply cannot be done from the bottom, up. People should stop kidding themselves about that for it is a tragic waste. As George Lincoln Rockwell said of the situation, it's like finding yourself in a septic tank and trying to go about diligently cleaning up your own little corner of it. Finally the rest of the filth that has been building up around you in the mean time will come crashing in on you and you will drown. It is the source that must be gotten to and shut off!

And that source is the System.

They're not going to do anything about the environment or anything else. They are going to continue to do only two things: Make ungodly, obscene profits for themselves; and continue to entrench their own power. Consequences for us all be damned!

Destroy the System before it destroys the earth itself!

April, 1995, Las Animas

THE SEDUCTION OF ADAM AND EVE

If the Jewish enemy wouldn't stop at the control of the money, the government, the education, the culture, the media and every other facet of formerly Aryan society, if he won't stop at turning all of these things rotten and noxious, aimed against the very people who created them, all toward the goal of the gradual but ultimate erasure of the Aryan people, do you suppose he'd stop short of anything, including intruding upon the sexes?

If they can manage to get right at your very reproductive processes then they, quite literally, have you by the balls.

The two sexes, men and women, were created and exist for one reason: To reproduce. They are no different from micro-organisms, plants, fish or any of the higher mammals. Self-gratification may play some role in human existence but it must be sublimated to reproduction itself. Otherwise, what's been the purpose? Have billions of years of evolution only gone to serve as the pedestal for the individual's supreme flight into fantasy and illusion, "self-actualization" as the be-all and end-all of, existence itself?

Notwithstanding that very thing being the modern day's precise message, it nonetheless is a deadly falsehood.

It would be hard, indeed pointless, for anyone to interfere with the processes by which flowers reproduce, so simple is it. Humans are far more complex and within that lies the possibility of every sort of devilry, especially through games played with the conscious and subconscious human mind, anytime one "breed" decides to do away with another.

I grew up in an environment which lent itself to the regard of women approximating that of old, romantic and stylized Hollywood. I still do not view this as necessarily bad. My parents married later in life and, minus brothers and sisters, I had nothing whatsoever to weigh against that stereotype. What a shock I was in for as I grew older. Where was the "ideal"?

To the day I die I shall always regard and treat women as a gentleman even though more and more of them seem to resent it. I like women. I like being around them and I like having them around me. The two biggest curses of my life have been the almost constantly broke state I've lived in and the isolation I've had to endure. Of the two, the lack of the companionship of a good woman has been the toughest to exist with. But I've since come to view everything as being necessary. Certainly it's provided me with a unique perspective.

Only with a greater elevation of years and the continuing occasional opportunity at further experience have I come to see plainly that men and women are not really very different at all. The term "woman" means literally "man with a womb". Aside from variations in the levels of certain hormones, producing more marked physical and psychological manifestations of sexual difference, we share much the same inward and outward makeup. And don't the Destroyers know this better than anyone else and go all-out to make mischief with it by confusing the roles of the sexes and of sexual identity itself?

The ancient Roman chroniclers would marvel at how the women of the Germanic tribes would often fight in battle alongside the men, displaying the same bravery. In other instances, they would be nearby a battlefield and, should the men give way to an enemy, they would kill themselves, in full view.

Compare that with the lot of the woman by the time of the Victorian Era in the West. But was it so bad? The men of the West had

literally placed their women high upon pedestals, covered with all honor, cherished and protected. This process had developed, proceeding right in perfect step with the advancement of the rest of the civilization. The women weren't "oppressed", they had it made.

By contrast, look at the way the colored races treat their women and their children at any time during recorded history, including the present.

If anything, the ever-widening variance in hairstyle, mode of dress, expected behavior, social and cultural roles, legal status, etc., was geared and intended to heighten and thus enhance and protect the respective male/female relationship within the modern framework of civilized society. The march of history would tend to illustrate and bear out that our ancestors knew what they were doing when it came to sex.

They didn't talk about it. It wasn't "looked at" for entertainment. It wasn't intellectualized much less legislated. They DID IT! And they had a strong birthrate with which they conquered the world, The more sensual, animalistic side was played down in favor of the refined and romantic, the subdued. Sex was for procreation, not social statement. The aspect of intense pleasure and excitement was indivisibly hitched to the large, healthy family. This was only the upward path of evolution. Be assured, they had all the rest. It is we today who are sadly and critically lacking.

The bottom line? A hundred years ago, Whites were approximately one-third of the world's population. Today they are hovering at about eight percent. And that remnant is a sorry and pitiful lot.

Aryan society a hundred years ago was a magnificent thing.

At about that time, in concert with the rest of his subversion, the alien in our midst, the Jew, began his whisperings. "The males, due solely to their greater physical strength, had conspired to make veritable slaves of the females." So-called "freedom" and "equality", the wrecking bar and battering ram utilized by those who would topple a society's order, were put into action. Women into factories, women into short hair, women into trousers, women into offices, women as heads of households, women alone, and, yes, women with other women. Recall "Women's Liberation" of the Sixties and all the hideous, old Jewesses in charge of it? "Liberated" from what? Husband, home and family?

What a glorious, marvelous utopia they've been led to by their

good friends, the Jews. It once was that rape was practically an unheard of thing. When it did occur, there was a community lynching. Wife or child beating could get a man pulled out of his home at midnight and flogged by the Ku Klux Klan. Husbands and wives honored one another. Divorce was a genuine anomaly, not at all socially acceptable. At present it consumes at least fifty percent of all marriages. The woman used to be able to stay in the home raising the children. Now it is assumed she must work outside the home so that a certain financial status can be maintained, barely. Some progress!

The men were led to abdicate, the women led to become men. What of the children? The answer is all around you. The family and the community have been pried apart. Men are the mind and the seed; women are the heart and the earth of the folk. The chain has been broken. Men and women are two halves of the same whole. Leave it to the Jews to set the two halves against one another.

Now, rather than pairing with a good, suitable mate for the purpose of raising the next generation of Whites, carefully cultivated mind-games are played for the sake of "browsing", shopping around, recycling, for purposes of thrill-seeking, momentary gratification or some sort of image fulfillment but most often of financial advantage. Even miscegenated unions terminate the moment the novelty wears off or the grass begins to look greener elsewhere. Now the debate over "same-sex marriages", so-called. Absolute desolation, calculated and complete.

Even present-day "experts" concede that one should look for a mate "like themselves". The rock-bottom basis for this is, of course, race. Beyond that there are the other considerations of compatibility, etc. Initial physical attraction is a primary force and there's nothing wrong with it. Like a flower in blossom, a bird's ornate plumage or an animal in heat going through the mating ritual. Love comes as it goes. A certain seriousness and commitment is necessary for the endurance of human coupling, "for better or for worse." And that would be the family, the next generation, and the very pillar of the society itself.

The Jews and only the Jews are the masters when it comes to sexual perversion. They trace this within themselves all the way back to their Babylonian roots where sex with infants and with animals was not only commonplace but worshipped and revered. As the foremost purveyors of pornography, they not only exploit women but degrade the entire sex act. Contrary to popular myth, pornography doesn't heighten

sexual sensation, it desensitizes and numbs it. "Burn-out" is the surest way to lead on to greater, more far-out perversion in the mindless quest for more and greater "thrills".

It is also one excellent way of cutting down on the rate of fertility. More hollow pleasure and kicks but fewer children. And it does make for them a tidy profit while at the same time making monkeys out of their intended Aryan victims. The Jewish term for a White female is "shiksa" and it means a piece of dirty meat. Yet these big Hollywood producers and these big businessmen really enjoy their White harlots, bought by them just like any prized pig.

Charles Manson is perhaps most reviled, after the "killings", that is, for his sexual mores and practices, especially as they affected those others who made up the Family. Watch out anytime the media attacks in such a way. Maybe he was onto something. It could well be that sexuality will have to be rediscovered and reinvented after having been so twisted and sullied by the Enemy thought-masters. Maybe his peeling away of all the layers of sexual frustration and hang-ups clear back to Day One is what truly qualifies him as the world's foremost revolutionary, so basic is it.

In reality, at the moment of copulation there is marriage. Saint Paul said that at that point the two are of one body. Any medical person will tell you that, at that point, if you have any sexually transmittable disease, she now has it and vice versa. This may or may not mean anything long-range to one or both participants, but all the ceremony and accompanying statutes were assigned to marriage to underscore and put force behind the two main aspects of a proper marriage: Selective breeding and solid family-building. It was a very major step toward the improvement of society and the general, upward move toward godhood or super-humanity. An official departure from mere animalism.

Look at it today, however. Absolutely anything goes as a mate and the whole proposition of marriage itself is but a throw-away, the only real significance of it is in the legally taking in of the State as a third partner. Better by far to live in common-law marriage just so long as your mate is racially sound.

The only valid criterion for a sex partner, i.e., a marriage mate, is racial suitability as a future father or mother of a large family of healthy, White children. Considerations of money, "fun", or self-image all be damned. The seriousness of a life partner in the struggle to carry on the

species, the race, should be sufficient to overcome, to override all selfish, narrow and divisive concerns. How important are differences in personality, etc., if that one highest concern is always maintained in the forefront? The idea is to unite as one against a hostile world full of pre-set pitfalls in order to survive and to be around after the mess is gone, not to see those same pitfalls as "reasons" for abandoning one another.

All the wall-building and separation, leading often to viciousness serving only the lawyers, courts and, of course, racial enemies be damned. This kind of tragedy could be offset and calmed, defused by the consideration, "You're the same as me." But such a thing requires a certain awareness and discipline which today is not only lacking, it has had war declared upon it.

No greater tragedy is there than this degree of alienation implanted between the sexes and individuals. More than misery and heartbreak to countless millions, it represents a very real dagger to our collective throat.

How "in charge" are these contemporary "persons" really?

April, 1995, Las Animas

DEATH DREAM MACHINE

Even while the Hidden Hand controlled the economy, owned the politicians, big business, etc., the population itself remained fairly intact. As long as this was the case, even the scum-bags at the top were obliged

to act and perform decently, as though they were "Americans", as though they shared and represented the people's own values, and to keep their dirty work and even dirtier natures carefully hidden.

By the same token, the colored elements of the population were compelled to act as "White" as it was possible for them to do. I remember as a child my mother introducing me to some of the various Black nurses' aides who worked under her at the Veterans Hospital. Just like right out of a Shirley Temple film they were.

Hollywood was from the beginning the invention of the Jews, patterned after the stage, or theater, they had already come to dominate and, in direct succession, came the radio and television networks. During the time Hollywood and television were still young, the Jews were constrained to keep turning out a reasonably good product despite being solidly in the hands of the Racial Enemy. It was either that or else, at least until such time as they could soften up the audiences sufficiently to begin letting their true colors show through.

So the media reflected the people at least superficially up until about the Sixties. It had to mirror White society even as it strove to subtly inject its poisons in very measured doses here and there.

Why was this and why did it change?

All the innuendo and hype, whether veiled or brazen, all the sophisticated "alternatives", the promotion of miscegenation, etc., isn't a new development peculiar to this place and time. The real secret isn't only that these Jewish purveyors of anti-white propaganda via "entertainment", having literally owned the media for over a hundred years, have had as their program all along to push as much sickness and filth at White audiences as they felt confident enough of getting away with given the relative condition of the Whites at any given time. Don't push too hard, in other words, for fear of generating too much of a backlash from a people still too healthy to put of with it.

Not just that it has always been gauged to how much they thought you'd hold still for, the big realization that one has to make concerning all this is that it's not even a recent idea on the part of our enemies, either. It is as old as Babylon itself. It is only part and parcel of "Judaica". In the beginning, the Jews had to cloak themselves and their product as nominally "White" in order to establish their foothold.

All of this has been in your midst, waiting, for generations just for its opportunity to surface. All this supposedly "modern",

"contemporary", "freedom" and "fun" is most ancient indeed. Their intent by all of this is to infect you and as many others as possible so that you should become like them. Hardly new, it's as old as Death itself. But, like death, unless it has achieved the political and military upper-hand, as in the case of a direct Communist take-over, it must creep up slowly.

What happens at those times when too many people appear to be balking at this very symptom? A perfect example is the recent show and blow made over a television "rating" system. Forget the impossibility of the proposition of a pornographer self-restricting himself on the way he violates your sensibilities. What a perfect ruse! As a round-the-clock television viewer in maximum security prison, I noticed that as soon as the little rating codes made their appearance at the top left of the screen, the gags and suggestions, the language itself became markedly more blatant. Now, with your own connivance, they are free to smear that much more of it in your face. So-called "ratings" and "v-chips" are but Trojan Horses. If they will help serve to get the poison into your home, that's all that's necessary. You think you have control, you think you can handle it but you actually cannot. It's a shell game and you lose.

The Enemy holds the media as its plaything and has no intention of backing off. Whenever sensing possible friction, he may be expected to execute a side-step or he may adopt the old Communist tactic of "one step backward and two steps forward" but he will never relent. You are targeted. Those shows I mentioned had to have already been in the can even as the "debate" on the rating system was yet in progress. They knew in advance exactly what they were going to do and how they were going to do it. The schedule was all worked out. You are helpless in this.

At that, it has worked extremely well for them. It enabled them to take hold of, alter and shape public sentiment which facilitated the United States involvement in two World Wars in the Twentieth Century. Wars the United States had no business in and which, as a direct result of U.S. involvement, the outcomes of were detrimental to the best interests of the American people and all of Western Civilization. For the purpose of this, the media masked itself as "American", defined what was "American" as well as "un-American" and thereby reduced the people to mere putty in their hands.

After the foreign danger to the Conspiracy had been eliminated, it was time for them to concentrate on the domestic threat. It was time for them to turn the power of their media against the American people

themselves.

At bottom, the means of accomplishing this was to literally change the people from what they were and into something they were not. The dictionary defines this process as becoming degenerate. A degenerate population is the end product. To achieve this effect is a gradual process which starts off slowly and increases by stages from there. To build and to improve must proceed by increments, naturally, but a secret agenda which is harmful and destructive to the people it is aimed at must move by stages for the primary purpose of arousing no great alarm to itself. Slow poisoning.

How can I or anyone else be relatively sure they are not the victims of clinical paranoia or a brain tumor, etc., when perceiving all these diabolical conspiracies? Step back away from apparent details and possible indications of the moment and look instead at the greater pattern and the overall, long-term trend.

I've said it elsewhere before that I consider it extremely difficult if not impossible for anyone born since the early Fifties to even be able to recall far enough back to a time before degeneracy became the norm. This by itself is an extreme danger signal. But maybe through books or films, etc., they might try. Today I see the Fifties and early Sixties as wonderful times but the truth is they were bad times for our people and the sickness that is fully upon us today was at that time making dramatic inroads. However, by comparison with today, they certainly were better times. And if one could remember all the way back to the turn of the century, they could know how things were when this society was almost completely itself.

Another test for this would be the phenomenon of the Post War generation of Americans, my own generation, having largely turned against and abandoned the unbroken and upward course of every preceding generation of forefathers throughout history. Getting down and wallowing in the filth, accepting unheard of abuse as though it were a matter of course or duty. There is contained a most sharp defining point in this that should not be overlooked. The media succeeded in breaking an entire generation away from its own heritage, its own elders. This is power that is incredible to comprehend. That damage only continues and increases.

It was the media which "lost" the Vietnam War. By 1968, the Viet Cong had been militarily beaten but the Jewish media in concert with

their clown performers, the Jewish, Marxist "Peace" agitators in the streets and the universities were able to divide and demoralize the American people and finally sap their will to where, by 1975, the U.S. ran from Vietnam with its tail between its legs.

It was the media that turned those "Shirley Temple" Negroes I mentioned before into vicious, violent and arrogant thugs by broadcasting to them that the coast was now clear for them to begin to rise up. Such a thing would have been slapped right back down again, as it had been repeatedly in the past, had not similar such broadcasts, absorbed by Whites, convinced them to give up and submit to the outrage.

Monkey see, monkey do. These modern-day individuals who like to see themselves as super-smart and sophisticated, the most "hip" generation of all time, would never view themselves as being in reality no more than white mice running in a giant wheel or making their way through a great maze with their Jewish masters overhead, looking on in amusement. The television screen, referred to in the Bible as a "lying wonder", now primarily has become "God".

Produce and release a few movies which depict sold-out "starlets" in the embrace of colored bucks and, right away, it's not only "okay", it's suddenly "glamorous" and "attractive". The stupid public follows suit. Later on, another, second wave of propaganda-as-entertainment is unleashed spotlighting homosexuality and, voila, it repeats all over again. Personal choice, hell. Just as racial purity can't last long in the midst of a biological cesspool, personal integrity is ultimately doomed in a cultural and moral cesspool. The Enemy knows this and knows that under these circumstances time is on his side one hundred percent.

It's my personal conviction that the media is higher up on the scale of functioning authority than even is the government. If one proceeds on the ground that politicians are spineless and go whichever way the breeze is blowing, then it must be realized that it is the media which whips up that breeze and, if need be, that hurricane of "popular opinion". The media demolishes any weak-kneed attempt at White self-defense just as it distorts or ignores any truly fanatical White effort. But always it can be seen to be the media which leads the way.

Perhaps the biggest crime of all, the most critical function the media performs, is to send the message into every home and every

person's mind that the official status quo of Z.O.G., sinking steadily as it is toward hell, is the only reasonable, honorable and legitimate way to go. That anything truly counter to this is irresponsible at best and criminal most of the time. People, unable to make the connection between much of that which they instinctively hate and the System itself, helplessly fall prey to this and remain lost.

Now, at this late date, instead of the media reflecting the White populace, it's the populace looking more and more like the Jewish media. If I am dreaming any of this, please wake me up.

They took hold of the media at the same time that they took hold of everything else. But without control of the media, the rest of it wouldn't have lasted long because a non-brainwashed, non-conditioned population would soon enough have seen through it, formulated an effective opposition to it and thrown it out.

Carefully note that all "opposing" factions within the System spout only the same sanctioned, sanctified media line, especially where subservience to Jews and espousal of racial equality are concerned. They are the same. There is no opposition within the System. The System is monolithic. And the media is what has forged it and what maintains it.

What is it that is condemned above all else by the media, that has been placed beyond the pale of all decency, of all consideration? Anti-Semitism and so-called "racism". Who is reviled above all others? Adolf Hitler. Aren't there two sides to any story? Apparently not. Our great-great grandparents would have seen it all differently, however, and would not have passed along to us such a damnable mess as we see today. But it was removed from their power to influence it.

What this means is that, by definition, any real opposition to the System has to come from totally outside of the System. Knowing this perfectly well, the media stands ready to paint any such rebellion as being "self-styled", "dangerous", "reckless", "without constituency", "ignorant", "hateful", "un-American", "terrorist", and so forth. This is the task of the media and it carries it out with professionalistic aplomb.

Until the power of government is restored to the service of the White race there can be no hope of any betterment in the conditions in which the people live. Until the media is restored to the service of the White race there can be no hope of a people in charge of even their own thoughts.

We know what it means to us. We are tragically cut off from the

majority of our own people. But does the Enemy System know what it means to him?

We have nothing to equal or to counter the Enemy media. This means positively that neither we nor anyone else will be able to organize an effective opposition, a party, and a government-in-waiting, with which to step in and seize the reins of authority at the time of the collapse of the System. And this, in turn, directly implies that a bloodthirsty anarchy has been rendered totally unavoidable because of the media.

We accept this. Fair is fair.

January, 1997, C.S.P.

PART FIVE

JACOB'S TROUBLE

Leaving Ohio I was leaving my source of income for the previous thirteen years. I was also leaving a five-year do-nothing period as far as the Movement was concerned. A simultaneous influx in 1986 of income and depression worked together to take me out of action more effectively than anything the System could do in the past or would do in the future. I withdrew deep into materialism.

So attached was I to this that I neither foresaw nor desired a future beyond those parameters. Always and throughout, I knew from the fattest of the fat days that should anything upset the delicate and precarious time-money balance, an end to all that could come up rather fast. I could only indulge further and attempt to ride it all the way out.

My money had begun to fluctuate dramatically in 1983 with severe ups and downs, requiring the adoption of practically "guerrilla" operating procedures. The final eight years in Ohio were literally torn, stolen away from an apparent death sentence, much in the same way these final times of the System itself are.

"The best laid plans of mice and men..." Only by the time I began work on recording these happenings had it dawned over me that events themselves would dictate everything, not just for me but for all. Looking back, it's just as well that I should have limped it along and clung to the old way of life as long as I was able. The national and world pot was only barely beginning to boil and there was no real reason why I shouldn't have enjoyed it while I had it. It did have its sweet side.

Ever-tightening finances had brought me by 1991 to where I knew if I was unable to get refinanced by Labor Day of that year, the game would be up. To add to the sinking feeling of impending disaster, I had been attempting that very thing intermittently for the previous five years without success, so very tight was the money. Credit cards had been maxed out, as many creditors as possible had been stiffed, some extraneous things had been sold off and I had even taken a retail sales job. Tastes were still running high however and, to further exacerbate matters, the generally worsening conditions in that locale found me taking action against deadbeat tenants, as my livelihood derived mainly from housing rentals, far more often than ever in the past.

Other acquaintances of mine in the same business would be showing up there at the Small Claims window at the courthouse more frequently than before also, and so I knew it was a general trend, not just my bad fortune. Yet, the squeeze was threatening my existence as I had no safety margin whereas the others did.

An income tax audit at the same time would have been by itself a death blow. Fortunately, I had things arranged so that the bulk of the income was credited to my mother, as were all of the practically open-ended write-offs connected with the rental business so as to keep her out of having to pay taxes. I kept myself appearing to be at the poverty level. Before I found the right accountant, one with "a very sharp pencil", the I.R.S. had practically driven both my parents into bankruptcy with their merciless taxing of their retirements. But for the final six years, to the time both of them were deceased, I managed to reverse that into a plus.

Though the audit went against us, resulting in an assessment of thousands of dollars and wrecking that strategy as ever being again of any benefit, because everything was in my name even while my mother was credited the money, she died during the process and they simply were left holding the bag. The last communication I had with the I.R.S. on the matter, I offered them the address of the funeral home handling her cremation.

The ongoing and worsening financial crisis then precluded any real grieving on my part just as it had years before at the time of my father's death. The wolves were at the door. There was no time even for blinking.

Extreme and even felonious measures had been being employed for years to shave large percentages off utility bills. House and

automobile insurances had first been reduced and then dropped altogether. The rural trash pick-up had been cancelled and I was hauling trash bags with me into town and throwing them into store dumpsters. Household paper products were being lifted from public restrooms. The two common-law wives I had during the period both had been recipients of A.F.D.C. and the State itself had been press-ganged into use in major ways.

Those arrangements rested precariously also upon my business of being a housing provider. Ostensibly these women rented the upper floor of my home while I occupied the lower. Numbers attached to the outside doors and mailboxes were, as I liked to say, my "jujus" protecting against State intrusion. There were times, owing to the size and the design of the place, I even had it designated into three separate units.

However, as is the way of most welfare types, the sister of one of these women got an axe to grind and dropped a dime to Human Services. We were suddenly visited early one morning and I was required to hide under the bed the two of us were sharing while my "ex" performed prodigies in snowing the case worker under.

Other, even better anecdotes could be recounted here but it all would be at the sacrifice of discretion. One should begin to get the impression of exactly how tightly stretched things were. But the swimming pool never missed a season. I was still driving four classic antique cars, still cultivating expensive hobbies, eating at restaurants and cutting the occasional young blond a break on her rent. (I had begun to violate the landlord's cardinal rule: Don't fuck up your eating and don't eat up your fucking.) And the liquor bills were mounting while my cigars cost \$40 box. So, I think I've succeeded in eliminating the tragic or sympathetic aspect but I hope I've succeeded in bringing forth the aspect of addiction. Warm, reassuring and deceptive addiction.

The calendar, however, was not to be denied and the first of September loomed up even as the bank account approached bottom. Still, no refinance. At the exact same moment came another police raid on my home and, for the first time a felony charge. Though a sledgehammer it was, a sledgehammer was not required to indicate to me that the time had come to radically change directions in strategy. Rather than continue to pull out all stops to stay, it was now time to bail out with all dispatch and go. As my realtor at the time said, "A little bit of something is better than a whole lot of nothing."

The police could have saved the trouble as I was outbound regardless just on account of the monetary collapse. Though they had me bugged and carefully watched, apparently this information eluded them. Essentially, they made a grandstand play for nothing.

Matter-of-factly, I told my common-law that I was going to sell out completely and leave the territory, that she was welcome to come with me and did she have any preferences on where to go? She indicated that she'd like to return home to southern Colorado. Fine with me. As the houses in Ohio were being sold, a contract was being made on two houses in Colorado, sight unseen, as an aunt of hers was acting as our eyes and ears on the spot. I was flabbergasted at how low the real estate prices there were.

Rather than the previously hoped-for thirty-year mortgage that would have held me in bondage for the rest of my life, and always with the impending menace of foreclosure, I consoled myself by paying cash for a grand old home with a tenant house in the back in a town which fit exactly the whimsical description I'd given my "ex" of the ideal I had formulated of what I now wanted. It only went to underscore the saying: Be careful of what you wish for as you may just get it.

Already by 1989, when I was between live-ins, I had driven a girlfriend some miles north to a town called Lithopolis so she could look at an apartment. While there I felt practically overcome with a desire to escape from the pressure I was then living under and to retreat to that kind of peace, simplicity and anonymity. I'd later find just that in Las Animas, Colorado, but would also find its drawbacks.

The place I'd known as home for nearly forty years, all my life, I was gone from within a hundred and twenty days of breakneck selling, dealing and packing. Once more, there was no room for grieving or looking back. Legal entanglements would have to be sorted out afterward.

Then only to have the process repeat itself two years later. Though there were no debts, there were living expenses. My income was limited to rent from the small house in back plus what few jobs that were available in that badly depressed area. I worked everything from historic restoration to motel manager to church sexton to funeral director's assistant. My common-law had her A.F.D.C. still and her under-the-table work as a bar maid. In mid 1992, the newly opened prison on the edge of town telephoned me, as they were doing with all the residents who had

open-ended work applications filed at the courthouse, for a job interview. Without hesitation, I turned them down flat. No regrets.

In 1993, my ex finally departed and the gas company hiked their rates by a full thirty percent. That did it. I knew I would be out of there a full six months before the arrests began.

Once more though tapped and under close surveillance, the local pigs missed the cue and grossly overacted. Once more for nothing.

I say "for nothing" literally. In the Ohio incident, I had deliberately leaked to the press the presence of a second set of photos knowing it would force some action and break the deadlock of the pigs holding property of mine as they had been doing for the past three years. An initial set plus other items they had taken in 1988 they were refusing to return and one attempt at so-called "legal redress" had turned into the predictable mockery. All they ever had to do was the right thing. But that is always the very thing they seem to be incapable of. So it came to direct confrontation and a messy brouhaha. But I got back my property.

For nothing again in Las Animas. That pig was carrying on with the same girl I had photographed in a manner he knew could wreck his career. He could have squelched the whole thing with no one ever knowing simply by not acting. Instead, he decided to go for the gold thinking that the publicity, assuming a watertight management, would clinch his shot at the office of sheriff. All or nothing, for him, ended with nothing.

So runs the mind of System hacks. Invincible? Hardly!

On the move from Ohio I was able to give the eldest daughter of my "ex" and her fiancé enough free furniture to outfit their new home as part of getting ready to go from fourteen rooms and into eleven rooms. One piece of property that couldn't be marketed, I simply walked away from. Two years later came one greater culling as I went from eleven rooms and into five. Both withdrawals were controlled, however. On the first, all that was not nailed down came with me and into a waiting new home which I owned outright. On the second, every essential came with me to a waiting apartment in Denver while the property behind was being rented to yield me income.

Admirable maneuvering but it was nonetheless leaving me with a bad taste in my mouth and no small degree of chagrin. At the time I first arrived in Las Animas the thought uppermost in my mind as I approached

forty years of age was whether I was at risk of becoming a cruddy, old low-life, somehow through osmosis, by the long contact I'd had with all those types I'd dealt with in my now-defunct business over the years and during which time I'd heard every lie ever told and witnessed about every filthy thing. Upon arriving in Denver, it was whether the apparently ongoing trend would see me ultimately living out of a dumpster. Indeed, the predawn dumpster divers could be heard rummaging around down in the alley just below my bedroom window. And there were the neighborhood evictions with personal belongings piled out onto the city streets to be picked over by scavengers.

At least I felt I had enough of a back-up locally and across the country in the case of that eventuality to preclude such a fate.

At that, we agreed upon this bromide: "Better a dumpster in Denver than a mansion in Las Animas."

Then came incarceration. Controlled again with my belongings put safely in storage and with my properties still rented, with loyal friends, Snuffy and Helen Smith, having my power-of-attorney to handle my affairs in my absence.

Friends who may have had concerns for me during that time of imprisonment would no doubt be surprised to know that the worst thing by far that I had to endure the whole time was the withdrawal symptoms of runaway materialism. Anger, rage, depression, anxiety, paranoia. All in alternating waves of burning hot and freezing cold. And all while the world around me was perfectly secure and fine.

Only as I approached the twelve-month mark of my incarceration did these symptoms begin to abate and I saw at the same time the situation for what it actually was and had been all along. It was an addiction and I had just been cured, cold turkey.

"Compensation and consolation", as I had told myself so often even right in the midst of it. Bad enough for anyone but inexcusable for a member of the Movement. The others, having no inkling of the nature of life's struggle, much less a proper faith to bolster and sustain them, might be expected to give way to everything from crass materialism to drug use to anything else. Indulging this sort of thing one's self, it would be difficult indeed to draw a clear distinction between them and himself.

What was the nature, after all, of the illogical attraction to these objects? If one could only understand that, he might free himself from the spell. In my own case, it was that I had literally built for myself an

atmosphere and an environment replicating that of my childhood when households which had first been established during the Twenties and Thirties were yet commonly to be found. As much as I loved it, it only really existed in my memory. To attempt to go beyond that was to attempt to escape reality and such a pursuit is unbecoming and unworthy of anyone in possession of so large a chunk of the truth.

My theory of the System and its hacks proceeding more on dumb reaction than upon any design would tend to be borne out by the results of this latest bout of harassment. That plus my belief that they base all their moves as though they were being directed against those more or less like themselves. After a taste of some of this, they'd be crushed and already at suicide's threshold, if not past it. Instead, I was roused and purged, reactivated to a degree that I had been unwilling or unable to do for myself. To his credit, my attorney had warned the sentencing judge against making another martyr out of an acknowledged political fanatic.

But the system judge was effectively helpless and was capable only of "unloading". He might have imagined he was exercising some kind of discretion but he had to have known in the back of his mind that had he done anything less than the very maximum allowed by law, it would have been his own sorry ass. But that's merely an observation, not an excuse.

You're either in the System or you're not. Halfway, up till now, may have been tenable but it never was productive or respectable. Lately, it's been becoming increasingly plain that, with the approaching death of the System, those still caught up in it will share its demise. That will be a very great number, certainly the majority, but such is how today's disparity in numbers may become reconciled.

That Swastika in the dust told me all this and more.

It only made sense. It is after all the "golden chains" that hold even the best of people in line within the System. It is the basis of fear that governs. Where brainwash may fail there is the threat of loss of status. Where that may fail, there is the threat of prison. One of the loyal friends I had made in Las Animas not only expressed his disillusionment with the press and the police but commented that he knew he'd be destroyed himself by the very things I had undergone. So it is intended to be.

A lovely, free society. And you may take it from one who's been there and managed to successfully come back that the deeper one sinks

into and is absorbed by materialism, the narrower his sense of reality becomes. Focused on the tangible that can be snatched away at any time by circumstances or by the System. Could control or slavery ever be more complete than that?

Aside from digging myself the grave of refinance, the only other way of having hung on there in Ohio would have been to become a wage slave. For good or for bad, knowing I may have needed a "job" was completely outweighed and overwhelmed by my deep-down not wanting that fate for myself. I'd been down that route briefly a few times in my life and I knew that even a "part-time" job literally sucked the heart and core out of your existence. Struggling thus for week-to-week or month-to-month sustenance is no kind of life. One can't even think, much less feel free to act. That's the reason I'd chosen in the first place to enter the business of housing rental. As distasteful as the concept and the practice of it were, I only had to deal with it now and then as opposed to forty hours a week. That plus the factor that I wasn't subject to being fired. Better by far, my instinct told me, to follow the destiny that awaited me, whatever that may be. To live true. Or to die true. And that solid sentiment precluded any such eventuality despite, at times, any apparently critical necessity.

It's only practical. What's on the way is massive disorder and upheaval. How does that reconcile with the maintenance of a middle-class lifestyle? At the best of times in a Capitalistic such institutions as tax and mortgage foreclosures society, effectively mean that there is no such thing as private property. The reasons then for casting off wealth or the appearances of it? Make yourself as mobile as possible and as small a target as possible now, while the getting is still good.

Even more significantly, when Pastor Robert Miles first postulated the Northwest as the place for all Racial Separatists to repair to, I immediately saw the merit of the idea. It seemed to me then to be a scenario for some date far off into the future and indeed it was, showing exactly the way time catches up. Miles himself never lived to make the journey. For myself, I felt certain I'd remain fixed right there in southern Ohio, chained, literally, by what I saw then to be the cycle of income and debt. That was remedied in a hurry.

I next had every intention and expectation of remaining permanently in Las Animas. But during the period of incarceration I clearly saw that events in the country and the world were moving much

faster now and, assuredly, the only permanent thing is change. That in itself went a long way toward placing the entire tumultuous episode into easy perspective. Out of debt, on solid ground, back active again with the Movement, and a thousand miles further west. Not a bit of it had been in my plan.

When finally I would undertake the next phase of the trip. I would do so a lot lighter than when the trip first began. Three of the largest U-Hauls made, each with an automobile in tow, had left Ohio. It even required a sneak reentry later that summer to collect more things we couldn't carry initially that a friend had been storing for me. Next time, one medium-size truck should suffice.

At least a breathing space of several years had been afforded me. The initial homesickness for the lush, rolling green of Ohio persisted throughout 1992 but the magnificent home took away much of the sting. As already discussed, the withdrawal from a certain lifestyle was its own kind of hell afterward. Things I couldn't have suspected were already being formed up right alongside all that apparent loss, however. Certainly all of this was a great kindness. The way was being prepared one step at a time. How would I have taken it all at once? Could I have taken it?

Now I can afford to worry about the rest.

Society could now be seen to be visibly slipping year-by-year. Non-Whites seemed to be multiplying exponentially now. Now there was an unmistakable and undeniable exodus of Movement people, leading operatives, toward the Northwest, with many more declaring their intentions of imminently following suit. The future was rapidly coming upon us.

"The thief in the night?" It would be no good to be caught unawares when he makes his appearance. Everything would already have to be well in place, or else. I'd long been saying that things could only be expected to continue to slide gradually this way for a certain amount of time further and then they'd tip drastically for a sharp and sudden descent. No time then for corrective action. Try to sell out in a hot zone or try to buy into a safe zone then. Imagine even attempting to travel across the country with all your belongings at such a moment. Government travel restrictions on the one hand and scavengers, predators and refugees then on the other hand.

Finally, I saw that the effective difference between my own previous lifestyle and my lifestyle henceforth is measureable in the

context of all-out System materialism. Precisely as with the abandonment of the former, fossilized high-maintenance approach of keeping a Party headquarters and the entire trappings attendant with that. That had its "nice" and "fun" aspects but what actually was the end product as opposed to the proper goal?

In the case of my own way of living, was it to appear as a poor man's System pig? Or to build a world for one's own escape? Or false security? In the case of the old-style Movement, was it an attempt to "impress" System-minded types or to pretend to be some Mickey Mouse version of the System itself? In the working scheme of things, all they both amounted to were white elephants. In reality, they were both only terrific sources of worry, responsibility and, I, should add, vulnerability. The perfect targets for thieves, vandals and their natural kin, the System pigs. Each of them enjoys nothing better than a fat and easy kill.

To borrow from the weaselly, little Jew—boy, "Bob Dylan", the times they are a changin'. From now on I'd be all the way out of the sand castle business.

Not by initiating such action do we suppose to precipitate the crisis to come. Not as instigators do we act. But as a remnant determined to survive do we quite humbly accept and follow the dictates of irresistible forces not to mention very large handwriting on the wall. Those Movement comrades who are invariably in a hurry for things to boil over need to exercise a little patience and be most grateful for any preparatory interval.

Regarding the keeping of one's own lifestyle and circumstances fully commensurate with the nature of the struggle itself and in line with the state of the people themselves at present, only one individual is to be found fully in that accord. That, of course, is Charles Manson. His situation not only reflects the plight of the whole people but, through it, he fully is sharing in it. Anything more than that at this point amounts to sheer ostentation.

The good life? Only when it's a good time for the race. Otherwise, it renders you are a part of the problem. If the Movement can be divested of all its former string of headquarters, etc., and still remain more substantial and relevant now than before, then I may look to the future for myself with total confidence.

To my own credit, at the time of my departure from Ohio in January of 1992, my one thought and my one parting statement was that

I only now wanted to witness the death of the System, even if it meant my own death at the same time.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

AS QUEER AS A HOOT OWL

The quintessential man's man, John Barrymore, when asked by a chum, "What makes a fairy?", responded matter-of-factly, "Weakness."

Not in reference to the obvious form of being necessarily physically weak or effeminate as most are quite familiar with the "body builder" type of homosexual. In my former neighborhood in the center of Denver there was Cheesman Park where Skinheads had much to fear from the homosexuals.

One friend was visiting during Halloween, 1994, and needed directions to a restaurant across town. He was on foot. One associate sent him on a certain course which was rather out of his way. I provided him with a zigzag course as being the more direct yet skirting the park. "U.S. warships adopted a zigzag pattern to avoid Jap submarines. This is a zigzag pattern to avoid fags," I explained. My associate cut in with, "Don't worry. The worst that can happen is you'll get butt-raped."

When I was a youth, our back alley conversations usually revolved around a limited number of topics and involved a narrow amount of references. Humor was always the key and the object was to, whenever possible, target "niggers", the female anatomy, the other guy's mother and, best of all, to impugn the other guy's manhood. If you weren't much adept in each of these areas, you were out of the loop. Political correctitude was unheard of and, indeed, undreamt of.

I remember during the Seventies, as a devotee of Johnny Carson's late night television show, one of his favorite gags was to affect a faggy accent when making reference to some particular, dicey situation, always involving a character named "Bruce", whose name Carson would lisp. Finally there came one night a serious note when Carson announced he had received numerous letters of complaint and that the "Bruce" gag would henceforth be deleted from the show.

Then came the television specials "dramatizing the plight" of homosexuals, starring media hacks who had previously been imbued with all kinds of "instant stature" and "ersatz integrity" to put this tricky, new blockbusting gambit across with the public. Precisely as before, if such acts as divorce and delinquency were "glamorous" for having been represented on television and in movies, why not now "coming out" as being "gay"? Monkey see, monkey do.

About 1980, during a period when I was regularly visiting Movement comrades who were serving a sentence at the Lexington, Kentucky, federal penitentiary, we noted that the honor dorm just outside the main institution had been vacated of inmates in order to make room for Haitian refugees then flooding into the country. Coincidentally, that marked approximately the beginning of the AIDS epidemic. One of my travelling companions who had been in the navy in the Second World War and who had been in most of these far-flung, hell-hole ports commented that whatever it was that had just been christened with this new name had been present then, in those places all along among the natives. "Walking death", or something of that sort, he called it.

So we have an incurable disease spreading as a result of homosexuality, of miscegenation and, of course, drug use. Inevitably, innocent people were becoming infected as well.

Well, of course, the answer to all of this was to produce more television dramas to generate sympathy for the victims and carriers of this plague. To become an instant hero and martyr within this society, all one had to do was contract the disease and then go public with it and piously tell others how not to get it. I remember one loose personal acquaintance whom, in my sometimes naive benefitting-of-the-doubt, I figured to be a confirmed bachelor or perhaps a sissy at worst, coming off one day around this same time, voicing fears of symptoms of the disease. A conditioned attempt to gain instant sympathy or perhaps even some weird form of "admiration"? Not here.

George Lincoln Rockwell referred to Liberals as being "intellectual queers". Here he was coming in line with what John Barrymore had said earlier.

There is no way that announcing to the world you have fully given over to deviant impulses can be considered an achievement. Unless, of course, it is seen from the "Through the Looking Glass"

perspective of this P.C., sick society where darkness passes for light, etc. Anyone who knows anything of history knows it is an advanced sign of the falling away of the culture and the approach of the death of the civilization when homosexuality is openly tolerated and condoned. When queer ceases to be queer, what have you got? God most plainly passed sentence of death upon it.

“Oh, no!” “Not MY God.” “My God is a God of love.” Check the book. Perhaps that part will be left out with the next “modern” translation as being too unhandy to have around.

The average person who maintains most of his instincts and ability to think objectively will be able to see that there are two lines from which homosexuality can proceed.

The first obviously has to do with some genetic deficiency from birth. We all know or have known boys who were a little girlish or girls who were a little boyish. We are each but one more biological experiment and things can and do go wrong. Birth defects can be more or less severe and be correspondingly more or less pronounced or noticeable, resulting in those who can and do maintain double lives and those who are “fairies” or “butches” quite inescapably.

The second is the reality that deviation can exist within us all. If that is true then it is only true in the same sense that murder can also exist within each of us. Should now all latent murderers come out of the closet? Or do the individual and the society have the responsibility to keep this sort of thing strictly under control, suppressed, condemned and held to an absolute minimum for the good of all?

These are things that have always been with us. And we've always dealt with them, survived and prospered. That is, until lately. One thing any serious student of history will find and that is all great civilizations die exactly the same way. And one of the major, shared symptoms of a dying civilization is open and rampant homosexuality. Saint Paul described it within the dying Roman Empire of his day, the First Beast. Welcome now, one and all, to the Second Beast.

Deliberate mass alienation and the contrived destruction and removal of every fixed pole have led up to a situation tailor-made for manipulators to exploit in any way they choose. Charles Manson likened it to a group of kindergarteners and a pile of rocks. Inculcate into these children that the worst, most reprehensible thing they could ever do would be to throw those rocks. Then proceed to piss them off. The

predictable result then is made to appear as having been "their idea" all along.

Queerism only stepped forward according to cue, in line with a sequence predetermined. The exact same pattern was employed in springing wide-open niggerism and dopism on an unsuspecting and silly-ass populace already softened up by an overdose of crass materialism and burnt-out Liberalism.

As the thrills get harder to come by, or as the satiation demands stronger kicks, one way of going about it would seem to be in flaunting every form of shame and disgrace. Race-mixing, recreational drug use and homosexuality are the Big Three.

There is a Number Four and that is child sex. Common as dirt in ancient Babylon where our Jewish taste-makers hail from, it had practically popped right out into the open here by the late Seventies. Then, for some strange reason, the feds went all-out to drive it back underground. I well recall that the instant replacement for the "kiddie porn" ads in the dirty magazines were the "phone sex" ads that are still with us. I suspect that this precipitous move was done for two reasons: To keep the "thrill" at an all-time high and to keep profits equally astronomical.

Dante, in his "Inferno", had it that the denizens of hell didn't even appreciate their misery. Hence, perhaps, the appellation of the complete misnomer, "gay". Or, rather than being appreciated as the anguished scream of the lost and the damned, it is seen instead as some sort of statement of "choice", "pride", "freedom" or so-called "empowerment".

This is the reflection of the society as a whole. If Liberalism is truly intellectual queerism, then this society is stricken with a spiritual form of AIDS. "Tolerance", of course, is the by-word. AIDS attacks the immune system. Certainly the immune system of this society has been destroyed. Early on, some claimed that AIDS was a form of cancer. Try "tolerating" a little cancer in your system. And never doubt that there are very definite social cancers.

Queerism, just as miscegenation, used to be outlawed by written statute in most states. There was a reason and it had nothing to do with "ignorance" or "hate".

The good of the Race is all that matters. This used to translate to the good of the society until it became multi-cultural, and multi-racial.

Enter the age of the individual, a mad frenzy where anything goes and Big Brother holds the strings, laughing.

A healthy organism, just as a healthy society, instinctively struggles upward toward an ideal. Only in that way can any sort of standards be maintained. "Conform or else", for the good of the whole. All that has been turned upside-down now. Now it is "P.C. or else", for your own good. Instead of an ideal, it is all geared toward letting go and falling.

The kind of weakness implied here is the giving up, the turning loose of the ideal. Beyond even that, the embracing of the aberration itself as an "alternative". How many borderline cases in generations past were compelled by convention to fall into line and become husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, to maintain stable homes and to raise families? In other words, to build the society rather than destroy it or let it simply rot.

I can look back and think of quite a few. Those same types today would more likely be existing as vile and arrogant, and cursed, literally, deviants. What "blessings" all this new-found "freedom" brings with it!

At the Cincinnati Workhouse, where I wintered over during 1974 and 1975, they had what they called "A" Block which was for disciplinary problems and for homosexuals. In my naivety, I began by assuming this kind of segregation was intended to keep the homosexuals from being beaten and killed by the rest of the population. One guard set me straight by pointing out that the homosexuals were kept apart this way because, otherwise, their presence would infect the rest.

I had the dubious opportunity of observing this very thing in action. One such individual had somehow managed to evade proper classification and ended up in the main hospital ward of the institution. One morning a member of my own little circle entered my trustee office with information he thought I should hear. Evidently he and others had witnessed my rival for inmate control of the hospital building having an orgy in the shower room with this person the night before, together with other members of his gang. I stepped across into the guard's office with the word and it was with relish that he then depressed a hidden button bringing forth the "flying squad" from the main block. From a second floor window I was able to watch this dangerous and sick punk being dragged off to "A" Block in chains.

Materialism and equality destroyed the core and the meaning of

the society. Shattering, mortal sins like race-mixing and homosexuality are destroying High Creation just as effectively. The one, through blood pollution, that is, the crossing of two distinct breeds intended to remain separate. The other, through the pairing of two of the same half, the attempted joining of two like poles like those of magnets. Call it terminal societal illness or call it a revolt against God or Nature.

Either way, the price to be paid for it will be high.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

FAMILY VALUES

A few years ago, here in Colorado, a wealthy businessman and some friends of his began a group they called "Citizens For Family Values." Its founding coincided with a controversial legislation in Colorado to deny to homosexuals special protection against discrimination as enjoyed by Blacks and other so-called "minorities".

Typically, as Conservatives, their justification for this action was that homosexuals should not receive this protected status as do racial groups because their sexual orientation was a matter of choice, while a person's color was not. Secondary to this was the "Christian", moral issue against homosexuality itself and the contention that homosexuals, since they cannot procreate, must "recruit" in a predatory manner, thus threatening young people.

These Conservatives went to painful lengths to attempt to disclaim that they were "out to get" any segment of the population, that they did not seek to deprive anyone of their "civil rights", but that they did not approve of granting to those who chose a deviant lifestyle special rights. However, it was easily and generally understood that they sought to reserve their own rights not to have to employ deviant, undesirable types, or to have their children exposed to them.

It was, in truth, an attempt at self-defense on the part of the White, "Christian" majority. And their proposal was voted into effect.

Here the Conservatives may have received a dismaying surprise. For the Liberal establishment, the System media and judiciary, and, most notably of all, Hollywood, declared war on the State of Colorado, much as they had done on Arizona for not accepting "Martin Luther King Day",

and as they had on South Africa over Apartheid, etc.

Fittingly enough, the chief “spokesperson” for this very high-profile reaction against the will of the electorate of Colorado was the Hollywood Jewess, Barbra Streisand. All of the filthy rich were out to boycott their own favorite watering holes and playgrounds like Vail and Aspen. Instantly following suit was the U.S. Supreme Court, which declared the new legislation to be “unconstitutional” and blocked its implementation, probably much to the mystification and outrage of the Conservatives and the general voting public.

To my mind at the time came the experience of the newly re-awakened and liberated National Socialist Germany in 1933, which instantly was faced with an openly declared economic war by International Jewry. White people, White states, and White nations were not supposed to assert their collective wills. Most definitely they were not supposed to take any measures to protect themselves against compromise and degeneracy. Most of all, they were not supposed to resist, much less throw off, alien influences.

For to do so was to enrage the Beast. For Colorado's mild effort, it was economic boycott and the State itself being pilloried in the System media with the will of the people being completely negated by those few who “knew better”. In the case of Germany's breaking free from the grip of the “New World Order”, it was the immolation and crucifixion of the entire nation to bring it back in line with the plan of the Learned Elders.

Since then I’ve seen the founder of the Family Values movement on local television panels grouped, to his own chagrin no doubt, with other so-called “hate groups”, such as the Klan and various militias. One might think, and surely expect, an aggressive and intelligent businessman to at least get the message, wake up and start calling it like it is: Hidden tyranny and camouflaged dictatorship. Worse than that, one in league with, or at the very least perfectly willing to utilize the vilest, most loathsome degeneracy to fulfill some equally dark, unknown agenda.

But no. Only mild protestations and lukewarm explanations. Note what actually took place. Persons integrally part of the mainstream of society, successful business people with influence and resources, attempted to make an effort to protect their society, as they perceived it, against what they saw as the final straw of the abominable threat to its integrity. And they affected concrete results on a mass scale, legally, by working within the System. The critical part is that these results were not

in line with Big Brother's agenda. They forgot that the workings of the establishment have long since become the exclusive plaything, the singular domain of Z.O.G. and, as with any enemy occupation, Z.O.G. struck back to squelch this popular and independent drive to buck the tide.

From the mainstream and into the margins with the rest of us of the "lunatic fringe" went the Family Values effort. Neutralization is the term. Homosexuality and AIDS marches on triumphantly. To borrow from J.B. Stoner, they march triumphantly but they march to the grave.

So, what does it mean when you attempt to defend yourself from some evil influence which is spreading like a cancer, manage to establish some local success, only to be slapped down by "your own" government and thwarted? It means you've started with too little, too late. You've waited too long to draw the line. You've allowed too much to go unchallenged. You've accepted a fatal dose of the poison already and you are no longer in control of your own destiny. It means you are dominated by something which you do not know, but something which knows you very well and that has your demise in mind.

Family Values has since been co-opted by the media and the System for their own purposes and made into a rubber bear, a paper tiger, and another hollow, meaningless blurb. Rather like the "War On Drugs", or "Balance the Budget". Empty. You hear it all the time now that it is "safe", without teeth.

What is then meant by "family values"? An inter-racial or homosexual union all tied up neatly within the orderly, taxpaying framework of the establishment to the exclusion of violence and drugs and with a good education? "Up With People"? I rather think so. A don't-rock-the-boat kind of "diversity". A nice, even keel kind of diversity that will inevitably lead directly to, not a "melting pot", but a sludge pot of irretrievable decadence and misery. This is what your secret masters have your future all locked onto. Try to change it from within, legalistically, as a "good citizen", and you'll only piss them off and let yourself in for a lot of grief.

They don't miss the point and neither should you.

We should not be willing to participate in a charade. Some long for a return to "family values". In order to affect that it would be necessary to undo every piece of social legislation made since the Civil

War. I wonder, do they realize that? I don't think so. The populace is groaning, lost and in misery. They cannot find their way. They are conquered. They are damned. They are powerless.

The family was the next-to-last target of the Beast System. The family being a component of the tribe or the nation. Confuse the meaning and definition of what the nation is and the ball is set rolling. Geopolitical, artificial, man-made criteria came to replace the only real basis for a nation, or a family, which is that of one blood. Religion was perverted to accomplish this same confusion. Suicidal notions of "tolerance" and "brotherhood" were subtly injected to pave the way for aliens to enter the workings of the society. Insane notions, such as "equality", were used to eliminate the barriers our forefathers had painstakingly put in place to safeguard their bloodlines from adulteration. Pollution of the culture was intended to facilitate this same "equality". The Liberal assault upon authority, discipline and White tradition was aimed directly at the family unit. Women were set against men and children against parents all in the name of "freedom".

Now the individual is largely defenseless, on his own against such things abroad in the land as homosexuality and miscegenation, besides drug use and violent death as a victim of crime. Those who have anything to lose? Whites only. Dark hell-holes are in no jeopardy of disappearing anywhere in the world. They are what are entailed in the ongoing population explosion. Only decent White civilization is in danger of extinction so the babble about "family values" needs to cease. It's too late for that and it is misleading. It plays directly into Enemy hands as it tends to support a status quo he has created to suit himself, his purposes and his time-table.

We need to focus instead on the words of Adolf Hitler as he wrote in Mein Kampf. "If by the instrument of governmental authority, a people is being led to its destruction, rebellion is not only the right but the duty of every member of that people."

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

First appeared in W.A.R., September, 1996

NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC

Perhaps there can be no better study of how the Enemy works than an examination of just what is being discussed whenever the overworked and misunderstood term "pornography" is mentioned. Right away people divide themselves into two opposing camps: Those of moralists and those of libertarians, and, right away, they both miss the boat and fall directly into the Enemy's game.

Gross Stimulus. That's what the dictionary defines pornography as. Whether to "entertain" by arousing sexually or by frightening or to desensitize through hyper-exposure to these or other things, either unreal or normally abhorrent, it's no good and is a tool in the hands of the Enemy. Even with things as bad as they are, the foul Media Masters still remain a bit edgy about presenting blatant race-mixing over the television. No matter how they try, it always comes across as exactly what it is: Gross. An affront to decency. Pornography.

But they never tire of trying. If allowed to continue, however long it takes or however painful, they will succeed in their goal of promoting ever more wholesale miscegenation by thus numbing people's natural aversion to this very real perversion. So, by that definition, pornography equals death.

Any society that condones racial integration has forfeited all morals. Any person that permits racial aliens to hold positions of power over them has lost their liberty. This is why neither of the usual "opposing" arguments can hold any relevance when attempting to treat the matter of pornography. Neither one of those sides has any real leg to stand on.

Here in this maximum security prison they'll permit more run-of-the-mill, "Quickie Mart" soft porn to come in. But none of the harder variety. This place is full of rapists, murderers and every sort of sexual deviant. Yet they must somehow be protected from hard core pornography. However, you on the street can go buy it for yourself. At the same time they will not permit overtly racial material past the mail room. I'm in this place because of my racial orientation and I continue to issue my racialist writings from out of here. There, in a nutshell, is the mentality and the validity of the typically moralistic standpoint.

In 1977, we in the former Cincinnati unit of the old Party

accepted an invitation to attend a "free speech" get together given at the Netherlands Hilton Hotel by Larry Flynt at the time his legal headaches were at their worst. We had a chance to shake hands with him and he delivered on his promise of a live band, free beer and free pretzels. The event made the paper the next day and pictured Flynt holding up a poster of a tight facial of Hitler together with a quote from Hitler attacking the rampant Communism and immorality of Weimar Germany. Further into the same article, I received a paragraph as the editor of a Nazi paper and I was also quoted as expressing my condemnation of any form of censorship. Once again, politics makes strange bedfellows.

Not long thereafter, following Flynt's portrayal in his magazine of a racially mixed couple, he was shot and permanently crippled by one more former member of the Party, Joseph Paul Franklin.

In this day there is simply no way we as racialists and revolutionaries can support any talk of censorship. It will come on its own soon enough. Just as we often sought and received support in the courts from the American Civil Liberties Union in times past, knowing completely well we were dealing with Marxists and Jews whose goal it was to make this a Soviet state, we saw that we needed to keep things as wide open as possible for as long as possible. The greater immediate enemy was in the form of the repressive Capitalist Jews and their ass-licking reactionary Conservatives in command of the government.

If the situation is going to be a deplorable one either way, then far better one in which we can more freely function than one in which civil liberties are gone altogether. Merely tactical. The Enemy is the same.

Some will argue that pornography is "dirty". Strange that these same people will be the ones to argue against the idea that "guns kill people". Cold steel versus ink on paper. It's whose behind it and what their motives may be. We've got to get past petty dictatorial types who'll presume to tell us what's good for us and, at the same time, past professional slime-balls who'll pervert the spirit of the First Amendment in order to peddle their filth.

In NS Germany there was the concept of "gesunde erotika", or healthy sexuality. Nude statues and paintings were everywhere and minus the ridiculous fig leaves, too. There was Lebensborn, or the "Fountain of Life", for the care and well-being of young unwed mothers and their offspring. There were cash incentives for greater numbers of children and awards for mothers with the largest families. But all of this

focus on the coming together of men and women in sexual union had nothing in common with pornography. In all fact, Hitler had succeeded in stamping pornography out with just about the same ado as one would have in stamping out an infestation of roaches. After all, what do you think was going up in flames in those "book burnings" the Jews love so much to rail about even to this day?

A person begins to wake up when he realizes that the dictionary definition of that which is pornographic does fully encompass today's gore and splatter horror films. It only so happens that as I write these words, on the television is playing the "Poltergeist" trilogy. As a more mature adult with knowledge of the background to all this, I frankly couldn't be much more offended if it were a film depicting full intercourse between a White and some colored type. At least, in that, I'm aware of what I'm witnessing and it's having no effect on my subconscious, my tastes or my decision-making capabilities. I'm a professional soldier in that sense. But what of these horrific and surreal effects upon the "civilians", the children, etc.?

Not parenthetically, Hitler drove the horror film industry out of Germany entirely. To be truthful, I've always been a devotee of the early "girlie" pin-up form of light pornography as well as the old "Gothic" horror films of Hollywood. The latter got the title, for the most part, because they were produced by the same crowd of Jews, or "Germans", who'd sensed the profit about to depart their enterprises with the imminence of Hitler's appointment as chancellor in 1933 and who had already made their way into this country, "die Judenland", as Hitler called it.

So, if by all of this we can remove the "dirty" or strictly sexual aspect of what pornography is, what are we then left with? What has all this got in common?

For one, both the sexual variety as well as the horror variety had formerly been tightly regulated, even banned, for a very long time. England in the latter half of the 1930s had forbidden the circulation of all such "Certificate H" films which had major repercussions in Hollywood at the time, losing a major market as it just had. In this country during the 1950s a major brouhaha ensued over such "cutie pie" pin-ups as that of Betty Page, etc. Anyone to have seen a 1930s horror film or a Betty Page 8" X 10" glossy would be hard put to understand what the problem was. That, of course, would be by today's standards.

As innocent as those things may appear to contemporary eyes, they were highly sensational at the time. Like your first taste of alcohol or your first lung full of cigarette smoke. Next to nobody knew they weren't really dealing with such as the "Wolfman" or with "Betty", but with the producers, directors and distributors behind them. The public was being "entertained" so far as they were aware or concerned. That audience then would have rioted and burned the theater down had they been suddenly confronted by today's examples of sex and horror. The unflinching, gratuitous blood and gore or, for example, Betty with some Negro. But all of that was implied even then. After all, where does pornography properly stop? Only where it no longer feels safe to go. All of that, at any given time and place, represents but the bridge to someplace else further down the road. A place the people in their hearts didn't want to go. Or, in their minds, they couldn't even conceive of.

Today it all enters right into their homes via cable or satellite television, at the dinner hour, and they take it passively, if not enthusiastically. Now you tell me what has happened.

Gotcha!

One thing that can't be denied to Hollywood is their well-nigh perfection at making illusion seem real. For all practical purposes, certainly insofar as a person's psyche is concerned, you are in effect witnessing, if not participating in, actual rapes, murders, perversions and visions straight out of hell. Seated at home or in a theater, you are being passively entertained by all of this but it is what is taking place in your subconscious that is where the real concern should be.

Desensitized is the word.

Consumed in an ocean of sex and yet the White fertility rate is dropping. Overwhelmed in a storm of violence and still Whites are behaving like lambs as their country and freedom is being robbed from them. They are behaving and reacting inappropriately. Why? Because they have been conditioned to do so. Remember Pavlov's dogs wouldn't go near their food without the flashing light or the ringing bell. And with the light and the bell, they would slaver at the mouth even in the absence of any food at all. Imagine supposedly "intelligent" humans becoming aroused or frightened by ink on paper or lights on a screen.

Passivity and desensitization go hand-in-hand. In the first instance, you have become content to just sit by and watch. In the second, you fail to react properly when confronted by the real thing. In

any case, you've become calloused, so shell-shocked or numbed by these super-heightened images that nothing in real life can hope to compete.

For those who by nature aren't cut out to remain as mere bystanders but who are just as alienated by this vacuum and this insanity, there is the old "monkey see, monkey do" adage. Can there be any wonder at all that the vile perversion and heartless savagery is on the increase? One renegade, White female permitting herself to be thus used and degraded on film or in print is permitting all White females to be thus violated at the same time. Indeed, she is "setting the example".

Once the senses have been aroused in such a manner, there's no turning back. Are you able to recognize Death in all of this? Some were saying this then, decades, even generations ago but were made to look "silly" by the media which even then was a Satanic tool.

At bottom it is that in a healthy society such a thing as pornography couldn't get a foothold, couldn't find a market. This has not been a healthy society within the memory of anyone now living. Life is badly out of adjustment and people are being stampeded down countless blind alleys. This is why we, as Racial Separatists, can with good conscience staunchly oppose censorship in all its forms. Attempts to impose a false, superficial "morality" from a regime itself grossly and intrinsically immoral is a far worse danger. This is a question that can only be addressed in the language of totality.

We can only expect that what we see transpiring today will bring down the society but, hopefully, not erase the people themselves and that we can then build anew after the disease and its carriers have run their course.

And perhaps somewhat wiser next time.

January, 1997, C.S.P.

CULTURE DISTORTION

Without any question in my mind now and most unlikely to change in the future, the two most joyful and rewarding things in my life have been the awareness provided by my political orientation and the pure pleasure of my appreciation of music. Nothing could ever sully or take away either of these.

Politics aside, I have more and more in recent years begun to wonder whether anyone alive has indulged themselves or been satiated by the most wonderful and glorious sounds ever conceived or recorded more than I. That much by itself just about makes this journey worthwhile.

Music is unique among the higher arts because it is alive and cannot be enjoyed or appreciated like the others which are committed to paper, stone or canvas. Even in its recorded form, motion and amplification as provided by electricity are required for its retrieval and enjoyment, its "life", in other words. Wagner chose to aptly call one of his own musical innovations the "pulse of life". Finally, music is unique because it is pure emotion and, as such, it affects the subconscious, or "soul", more deeply than the rest.

I have always been convinced that a people's art and culture is

no more, no less than an expression of its spirit. Just as "God" is carried in the blood of a people, the expression of art and culture emanates from the blood. This would directly imply that the overall state of a people's health is clearly reflected by the state of their culture. Make no mistake: the culture is a fragile thing. When sickness and death start to loom, it'll go first. Only afterward does the rest, the blood itself, go.

Conversely, to attack and destroy a people from within, by careful, measured stages, without their knowledge, the culture is one of the prime targets as a starting place. Turn a people's culture alien and poisonous, and allow them to absorb that, and soon enough the people themselves will come to psychologically and physically reflect it.

When speaking of outrage, few things could outrage me more than the perversion of music. My focus here is upon music but this could just as well include any other form of art and expression you'd care to name. But it would only follow naturally that the enemies of the Aryan race realized all of this long ago and would have by now already accomplished a hideously thorough going job of bastardizing and ruining the culture.

Some younger adherents of the Movement might wonder what I'm talking about, to what specifically I am referring. If you can't see it, it's generally doing its work well. There are those outside the Movement who identify with and see nothing wrong with consorting with members of alien races. Still others find no fault whatsoever in practicing homosexuality. Peel back the years and the decades and first one then another of these now generally accepted "tastes" will recede as former healthy instinct resumes the void.

All sickness goes hand-in-hand. It is just that the first to be introduced into the national bloodstream has got to be the most subtle. The alien assault must be linear, not a broadside. A softening-up, not a perceptible and possibly stiffening attack. Bit by bit, until sufficient poison has been ingested to render effective resistance to the remainder impossible.

We don't know what the sounds were like in the ancient civilizations, much less those of prehistory. They all went, right along with the people who originally created them. We do however know that the music of Western Civilization had been on an unbroken and dramatic upward climb to where it attained its height during the latter part of the Nineteenth Century. We can't be positive but I don't think we'd be

incorrect to imagine that to have been the apex of musical achievement in the existence of all earth.

Classical and Romantic music are still being performed and recorded but they haven't been written or composed now in at least a century. And that same span of time has also witnessed the veritable collapse of Western Civilization itself as regards its self-awareness and its vitality. All goes hand-in-hand.

How does it happen? The technique is the same in every case and the old fable of "The Emperor's New Clothes" comes close enough to illustrating it in simplistic form.

Briefly, a band of peddlers, presumably Jews, in one European kingdom were illicitly hawking their merchandise without the necessary permits. They eventually were apprehended by the king's men and brought before him. Instead of suffering the customary penalties, they manage to appeal to the king's vanity by promising to create for him the most glorious of raiment in his or any other realm. With that, they produced an empty bolt that had once held cloth.

Their consummate skill as confidence men enabled them to convince the king that he was looking at the absolute finest, most stunning fabric to be found anywhere. The king, at a loss before such unheard of chutzpah, fell into perfect line with the charade. Work proceeded in pantomime fashion with the king himself standing and patiently suffering through many a bogus "fitting".

At length, work was "completed" and the now totally taken-in king was more than anxious to show himself before his assembled subjects. The official announcement was made and the common people were carefully primed as to what they were to expect and exactly how they were to respond. The throng gathered under the king's balcony and, amid much fanfare, the king ceremoniously emerged clad only in his underwear.

Initially, the crows were aghast. However, they remembered what they had been told and they knew what was good for them and so up went a mighty applause, supreme praise for the emperor's new clothes. The king was gratified, the people felt secure and the Jews had successfully carried off their fraud.

But one small child in the crowd who knew nothing of mass taste and "go with the flow", much less political correctitude, shouted out, "The king is naked!" At that the rest of the people dissolved into riotous

laughter and ridicule, the king then made a hasty and embarrassed retreat back into his palace and the Jews were seized and thrown into the dungeon or killed.

They have perfected their methodology since then. By the introduction of terms like "square", not to mention "bigot" and "hatemonger", they've provided themselves with an apparently foolproof safety. Now, if you recognize that the king is up there naked and dare to say so, it is you who are merely ignorant or up to no good. Today, the Movement represents that child in the crowd.

Trash literature, trash sculpture, trash architecture, trash painting, trash cinema, trash television, all the way to trash music, Jews moved in, established their own monopoly, and when they felt the time right, they deliberately took the art form downward into a steep nosedive and straight into the ground. And just observe the way all these "high sophisticates" among the masses eat it up!

I grew up approximately alongside so-called "Rock 'n' Roll". Those of my age group include the "Elvis" fans, the "Beatles" fans as well as the "acid rock" of the hippies, etc. The music is the sound equivalent of race-mixing, drug use, Liberalism and other degeneracy. Yet, upon hearing much of it today, I can and do receive a strong and pleasurable sensation. I'm transported by the sound of it back to my youth. And, to that extent, I'm a victim of the same conditioning as any of the rest.

Once again, peel back the layers of the symptoms of sickness with time and you'll find that the contamination of music and culture will be among the last to go. Each generation will stand by the sounds it associated with its own youth, so powerful is that stimulus. Yet, the music of each succeeding generation seems distasteful to the ears of its own parents. There you can see the degeneration.

To me, what passes for music today seems to have bottomed out at sheer loud noise, with no place left to go. Being intimately familiar with all music insofar as music has been being recorded, that is, over the past hundred years, my own favorite sounds date from the period spanning the late Twenties to the mid-Sixties. Like a piece of meat hanging in a butcher's window, it has aged, cured, or rotted, to the optimal point of flavor and tenderness. Since that period, however, it has become stinking and crawling with maggots.

If cancer could have a sound attached to it as it devours a body, today's music would be it. If music resounds in hell, then today's music

would be it. Do you remember the controversy over the violent and suggestive lyrics of much of modern "kids" music of about a decade ago? I laughed inwardly as some were praising and recommending so-called "Christian Rock" instead.

So very typical. Certainly lyrics can and do impart a specific message over the lubricant of sound. But far more powerful is sound itself, the beat. It doesn't matter if the words being sung are straight out of Scripture if their vehicle takes the form of an alien, unnatural rhythm. A good example of this is the so-called "Negro spiritual". What can be truly "spiritual" when one is being whipped into paroxysms of animal frenzy?

The grand music of a century ago conveyed the same high emotion absolutely regardless of which European language the lyrics may have been in, indeed, even those lyrics may have been totally unintelligible to the listener. Or, by the same token, if indeed there were no lyrics at all. The degenerate sounds of today work according to the same principle except that they work to the opposite effect.

Much of my own listening tastes are what I've come to refer to as "counterfeit". All the very smooth and sophisticated lyrical and dance music from the first part of the Twentieth Century is a solidly Jewish product with heavy Negro influences as well. Yet it is still over a solidly "White" framework and according to the rules of what makes music truly music. The word for it is seductive.

At the conclusion of World War Two, when the Jewish counterfeiters felt really secure, the mere presence of a colored element in popular music gave way to naked race-mixing propaganda. Witness such theater and cinematic productions as Rodgers and Hammerstein's "South Pacific" and "The King and I" which used Orientals instead of Blacks in order to not be rejected outright by the public at large. But the message was inserted within the context of wildly popular show music. Things proceeded apace. By the end of the Sixties, quality control was handed its pink slip and told to go home. The gates were wide open.

It was during my eight-month sojourn in Denver that I noticed a couple of very important things regarding modern music. First, there are varieties listened to by Blacks primarily and there are varieties mainly listened to by Whites. Second, of the latter variety, a growing percentage of it is militantly racial and anti-System. (The same might even be said of the former brand.) Unable to get published or distributed by the Jewish

recording houses, etc., these new artists are establishing their own labels with the help of home computerization. Perhaps truly, then, out of chaos comes order.

If the music was the first to be subverted, it now appears that it is the first to be resurrected after having hit rock bottom. And, assuredly, one must crawl before he can walk or run again. Can it be overestimated what it means to have White music back and completely in White hands? I don't have to appreciate the sound in order to recognize and applaud the significance of this.

I'm real enough to know and to admit that the very antithesis of all that I denounced and lamented in my first book is to be found in large groups of young White people coming together to enjoy fellowship within a White musical framework. White young men and women coming together to celebrate life, not middle-aged men collecting in secret to rehash weird and outmoded flights of fancy. A more positive and hopeful thing would be difficult to imagine.

Hard it is sometimes to see things that are happening while they are happening. More difficult still is it to see them for exactly what they are. Now it couldn't be missed that White culture is struggling to renew itself in an infant but purified form.

But how many, or how few, could spot where today's trend, which is all around us now, found its beginning?

Where else but with Charles Manson, the artist, the musician, out there in Death Valley in the late Sixties?

April, 1995, Las Animas

THE MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM

As a very young child at the time I was just being introduced to public school, a building that had been constructed in the Post War years, I first ran into what was called the multipurpose room.

During the same period, that is, the late Fifties, a great deal of the previous era was still dominant and very much in evidence. This included grand architecture. In buildings such as those each area, each room had its own designation, its own special purpose.

There were meeting rooms, ballrooms, boardrooms, theaters, offices, classrooms, billiard rooms, dining rooms, etc. But there were no "multipurpose" rooms.

How much can a child of that age really be aware of? Not much. But he can know when he is inspired and impressed, uplifted and when he is not. Any occasion conducted in an appropriate, specialized setting is something memorable and valuable.

Even as a kid, I had the instinctive feeling that the same gathering or event, held in a multipurpose room, had a cheap, slipshod air about it. Rather like it was a rush job, hardly worth even doing. About like the new plastic "Made In Japan" toys that were then beginning to flood the market and replace those made of metal. The term "rip-off" had yet to be coined then and so these pieces of junk were known as "gyps".

If you've seen one multipurpose room, you've seen them all. (About like with any fast food joint as I might have used for this illustration but they were still a few years off.) Low, square or rectangular, boxlike. Drop ceiling, recessed lighting, artificial wood-grain paneling, tile floor, stacking chairs and folding tables.

A quickie, throw-away atmosphere. Hardly conducive to any auspicious occasion. What went first: The care, the investiture for the occasion or the meaning and solemnity of the occasion itself?

The epitome of what not to conduct in such a setting is a wedding. But I've seen plenty of weddings held under just such circumstances and I've seen plenty of them last about two weeks with others lingering on as mere mockeries. (The same thing has now been happening with more grand and expensive weddings in churches but that only helps demonstrate the point.)

The building-blocks of society and civilization are delicate. Where Western Civilization was by approximately mid-Twentieth Century had taken over a thousand years to achieve. Wars, invasions, conquests, persecutions, colonization's, emigrations, dictatorships, revolutions, all giving way to periods of settlement and construction, over which time a state of supreme refinement was evolved at great cost.

Society at the time of Washington. Music at the time of Wagner. Literature at the time of Shakespeare. By the turn of the Twentieth Century it was a complete Aryan world imperium. Technology was coming into its own which promised to carry us to the stars.

Unfortunately, the Hollywood image of the space station orbiting majestically to the strains of Strauss's "Blue Danube" was as close as it ever came in the film, "2001".

Now we have the society of the crack dealer, the music and culture of "hip-hop", and the literature of the pulp novel. We have a United Nations where tracts of jungle or sand are taken seriously as "nations" and a science that is occupied with trying to contain fatal, infectious epidemics spawned among a burgeoning pervert population.

What's all that got to do with the multipurpose room? It's all symptoms and results of a common malady: Democracy. Cheap 'n' easy. Mass-produced, mass-market, mass-taste, mass-mind, mass man.

To affect a democracy you have to shut your eyes to the realities of nature and human kind and shoot strictly for the lowest common denominator. In a word: Equality. Everybody is of the same worth and is entitled to the same size piece of the pie. To do that you must cheapen the ingredients and drastically reduce the size of the slices.

Then in comes the question of "fairness". In comes the concept of Liberalism. In the midst of a shipwreck, only a Liberal mentality would consider it "fair" to overload a lifeboat until it sinks and everyone drowns. This didn't start out as a shipwreck type of situation, however. The Liberal influence has turned it into one. All of it in the beginning was quite unnecessary and entirely avoidable; it now has become quite irreversible.

Fairness and ideas of Democracy never won a war; never conquered and cleared a continent; never achieved greatness; or beauty; or majesty; or invention; or real justice and liberty. The idea of something for everything or everyone, as a matter of "right", defines meaninglessness and worthlessness. Diamonds and gold crunched under foot acre upon acre would be absolutely worth nothing.

Worse than that, the attempt to provide pearls (fake pearls at that) for swine is the damaging and lowering of any real standards, any real achievements, and any products of excellence having been painfully established over centuries. Slowly up the ladder to the pinnacle, then quickly down the slippery-slide in a matter of only a few generations.

The danger is in any mistaken notion that the ladder can be successfully remounted. The demise of Classical Civilization and that of most ancient antiquity demonstrates that it cannot, at least not by those who have dropped the ball. Egypt and Persia are both solidly part of the

Third World. Greece and Rome are marginally part of the West only because of subsequent, White conquests and migrations on the part of those capable of bearing civilization.

The United States is fast going Third World.

So then, did the Third World with all its darkness, misery and poverty emanate from out of some multipurpose room in the beginning? Hardly. Even the most primitive of colored societies treat their own hallowed occasions with the respect they deserve.

Dead, rock bottom was the starting point. A concept such as a multipurpose room was unknown to even the most primitive tribes. Each people, left to its own, in its own region, naturally rose to different levels, specializing in certain ways. The darker races of the earth long ago reached a level beyond which they could not exceed and had stagnated. For the Aryan race, however, there seemed to be no such limitation, not even the stars themselves.

But the highest manifestations of evolution and achievement are the most delicate and difficult to maintain. They are easily blunted, twisted, perverted and ultimately lost. The key to it all is the spark of creative excellence kept safe and secure in the broadest possible base of a genetic pool of the same consistently high quality. Aryans, while not stagnating, have fouled their own bloodlines with darker genes and have gone down, along with the civilizations they had built. And then it was left to another branch of Aryans who had remained untainted to pick up the threads and go forward.

Civilizations rose in isolation. One people to its own. Things were hard. It was a struggle. But at the very least, everything meant something. The issue was usually life or death. Death for the outsider, the foe, and with every activity and endeavor geared toward the life of the community. And no outsider, no racial alien, could ever be part of the community. The sick notion of Democracy is what killed Greece and Rome. It is now killing the United States.

About as uninspiring as a multipurpose room for a special occasion is a multi-cultural society for a people of greatness. Both are anathema. The idea of anything "multi" denies on its face specialized evolution, denies excellence. It implies directly a crossing, a mixing, a loss of identity and true purpose.

Removed from the above qualities, a people finding itself lost and confused, leaderless, and with an ever-expanding mass of dark, alien

blood in its midst, will inevitably bow to the ultimate democratic, "cheap 'n' easy", lowest-common-denominator and assimilate the aliens. And thereby it will destroy itself beyond any redemption.

What's the answer? Maintain the standards for ourselves that the mongrelized government and society have abandoned. Work in every way we can, large and small, to hasten the fall of the bastardized System. Without this, there will be no future but only an empty present and a forlorn past.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

PLAGUE OF DOPE

Funny that what I've already termed the "Big Three" among the symptoms of racial-national death, that is, miscegenation, homosexuality and dope, include two that were formerly illegal in most places and one that had been previously legal but now is illegal. Proof of a couple of things: How laws and their interpretation can change and how useless laws are in reality once the core of individuals and masses has been touched by alien influences.

Pure psychology. The principles of conditioning and brainwash. I saw it at first hand in my hometown during the late 1960s and early 1970s. The earlier chapter entitled The Outrage saw all the groundwork having been laid by removing everything of worth from the society and leaving only materialism behind. Dope infestation wouldn't have stood a chance minus that action. When all was seen to be in readiness, suddenly the supply was there.

Fortunately for me, I already had Adolf Hitler and the Party and had been rendered 100% immune to this.

But it didn't enter the picture alone. First remove the strong and worthy, and then carefully inject the poison. Materialism followed by integration, especially in the schools and soon thereafter in the media in order to foul up the minds of the young. Self-images shot to hell and destroyed. The Bible clearly admonishes not to mingle with coloreds lest you pick up their ways but of course that's too "touchy" for these clowns and fakers to teach in church. The music kids were listening to on their own first went Black, and then it went dope. Behavior and appearance deteriorated apace. Swimming in a social and cultural sea like this, how could it have been expected they would not "get wet"?

The answer, of course, was that there literally was no such reason. Might as well have the whole package. If you're going to be thrown in with Blacks and have their sounds broadcast at you over the radio, etc., left with no real culture or values of your own, then it is a picture incomplete without the icing on the cake. And that, of course, would include drugs.

From there the issue gets completely lost, deliberately obscured by the master manipulators.

The previous generation was partially culpable. I plainly recall that our parents were saying that Blacks were "just like us" except for skin color. They were the best singers and dancers, also excelling at sports, etc. They deserved all our sympathy and support.

Kids being kids, the urge is to cut loose and really feel life. The wild beat of their music had no difficulty catching on in that environment. I remember marveling as I watched a pair of Blacks doing the "Mashed Potatoes" on the school playground. I really remember the time one of their females, (ironically named India Mason) seated at the local soda fountain at lunch break, hiked her skirt way up above her thigh as a subtle hint to one of the bigger males.

Black propensity for violence, crime and drug use? The Fifties phenomenon of "juvenile delinquency" among Whites? A result of cultural and racial integration? "No!" "Couldn't be!" Must be some other answer, right?

The older generation apparently favored this state of affairs for their children to be exposed to or else they were powerless to prevent it. Or else they didn't care.

Hitler said in Mein Kampf that the masses are impenetrably stupid. He knew it and so do the enemies of the White race. The problem is that today it is all in the hands of those very same enemies. And they're playing it like a violin.

Heroes and role-models. Who were they then and who are they now? Sports stars, of course. But besides that, Hollywood stars and, above all, so-called "Rock stars". Everything, literally everything to lead that horse to water was entirely legal. So what if they then happen to make that same water illegal? In working reality, it probably attracted more as such than it would have had it been legally condoned. This is psychology on a mass and diabolical scale.

As Manson would say, should some "old asshole with old rhetoric" come at you and tells you to stay clear of drugs, what are you going to do? "Just say maybe."

As with the numbing and deadening effects of the music as it soon enough evolved, so too did the "duped generation" and all subsequent ones seek out the escape and the thrill of dope. Before 1989, we used to say that those in the East would try to escape by jumping over the wall. Here, however, they were forced to resort to drugs. No friend of the Communists, I at least can see more clearly why that wall was there. Now that it's gone, dope is infecting the East as well.

It is a plague, just as with AIDS, that the people have invited down on themselves by allowing strangers to rule over them and by allowing strangers to mingle with them. You can be sure that it will only get worse.

"Don't take that last, logical step", seems to be the idea. Remain in mid-motion. Postulate and flirt with degeneracy, see it, eat it and breathe it but don't become it? Or don't be consumed by it? Stop right at dope's threshold? It is now "okay" to marry a Black or a homosexual. Why in the name of all reason draw any line anywhere? The Conservatives are too crooked to see that the horse is long out of the barn as they pretend to try to shut the door.

After all, you can't mess with people's "rights".

Of course, as a conspiratorialist and as a hard Right Wing fringe, marginal nut case in good standing, I maintain that it is a System, government plot. There are huge fortunes to be made and a population to be rendered helpless to even begin to think straight. There is a major shadow industry of police, courts, prisons, "programs", etc., to be built

around the "problem". The ideal cover for imposing the Police State upon the cowering and bewildered masses of voting and taxpaying cattle.

It's perfect!

No one anywhere loathes and despises dope more than I but it would seem to be a reasonable idea, if one were serious about the idea of attacking the problem, to remove the profit and violence element from it by legalizing it. The Chinese in the 1930s declared war on all dopers and were executing all they could find. This country, as I said, turns it into a cash industry instead.

Manson himself has said, "Those who want to live, let them live. Those who want to die, let them die." He cites also the tale of the two convict cell-mates. One says to the other, "I'm going to kill myself." The other one says, "I won't let you." So the first one kills the other one and then himself.

The Capitalists don't see things in these terms. Rather only in terms of profit and control. As an alumnus of the Colorado State Penitentiary, I can assure you all this "crime" jabberwocky is just a code word for increasing industry and job security. These typical dopers are the natural prey of the pigs and in their numberless, anonymous, faceless masses they represent only a cash crop to be periodically harvested and processed.

"War on Drugs", "Just Say No", "Drug Czar", "D.A.R.E.", etc., are all nothing more than the most hollow, hypocritical and limp-prick of cynicisms.

The sheer power of these modern police forces and the largest percentage of its own population behind bars of any country in the world can't make a dint in the flood of dope. But it can and does "regulate" it so as to keep the profits high. One more of the endless examples of the opening of Pandora's Box. They couldn't stop it now even if they were to try in earnest. They themselves must evidently imagine they can poison the population base just up to a point but not beyond the zombie state and thus perpetrate this scam of their indefinitely. It won't work. Death waits to claim both the poisoners and the poisoned.

Talk about shutting the barn door after the horse is out; look at some of the Middle Eastern societies. Plain, old-fashioned DEATH is the penalty for trafficking in dope. But I can't understand all their emphasis on this. They, in essence, have nothing left to lose. They are already

completely and irreversibly bastardized. They are wallowing in backwardness and superstition. They rely on despotism as the only viable means of government. They are totally dependent upon the export of oil for their gross national income. With no future whatsoever. And still they somehow manage to muster the heart to resist dope.

I guess it calls for a certain kind of respect.

These are the people who invented algebra. Look at them now after several centuries of hashish and miscegenation! Slam the barn door shut! Four hundred million of them being played one off another and made fools of by a handful of Jews holding Palestine.

Can't wag the finger too strenuously, however. Look at Europe and North America. Look at these so-called "Whites". Not even worthy of the name! White in color only and even in that they can claim no credit. Without even an ounce of self-respect. Just waiting their turn to become the new Third World outpost which they are becoming with all dispatch.

So it will be.

Only after it all comes crashing down in disarray and some healthy, surviving remnant is able to establish a new White Racial State will the answer be provided. Only after the times change from the time for dying and only after the winds no longer blow evil will the dope plague and all the rest of it be gone from our midst.

For now they must each run their course, concurrently and converging upon their destination which can only be Apocalypse.

Fall 1996 C.S.P

PART SIX

JESSE JAMES

The girl from Denver who had visited me in Las Animas during December, 1993, and once more in February, 1994, was there to greet me at the time I visited Denver briefly early in May. Her entirely supportive, sympathetic reaction to recent goings on with my situation seemed to turn on what a "long time" the thirty-day period I'd just ended in jail was to have had "out of" my life.

The basis for a lecture which hit me at that time I've saved until now. Under no circumstances, for one, could thirty days be considered a long time. Certainly not even the sixty days plus that I'd be spending all-told during that particular spring episode.

More importantly, it is a mistake to think of any such time as having been "out of" anything. My realtor, just prior to my leaving Ohio, had said that I needed to get that hurdle behind me so that I could "get on with my life". Later, in Colorado, one probation officer commented the same.

A big misconception and at the same time a big revelation has to do with the way most people think. We all know, or can remember, just what jail is supposed to mean and the purpose it is supposed to serve: To frighten one into line. But this assumes a number of things. The first of these is legitimacy. What if no real crime has been committed? What if

the so-called "authorities" are wholly unfit to hold power, much less to represent "justice"? Second is a matter of perception. What if the individual truly places no significance upon System morals or opinion? What if, as a revolutionary, the individual sees a System attack as a major plus to his life, as an integral part of his life, and in no way as a debit. This is, after all, a true question of values. What if the person sees "life" as the pursuit of his beliefs and not as existing as a nonentity in order to perhaps be mercifully left alone by the System to merely exist? And, finally, what if he just doesn't scare easily?

A whole different ball game.

Instead of a devastating personal disgrace, it is an exhilarating contest and a badge of honor. The critical part is whether anyone finding themselves under such attack can live and literally "walk the talk". A moment for great personal tragedy and an inglorious ending to some sort of charade? Or a God-given opportunity for a step upward toward higher levels of struggle and awareness? I soon began feeling the strength and the pride while those common pigs, looking for a common kill, began to feel the queasiness.

"Out of my life"? Only the very sheltered and naive could assume such a thing. My memories of the Cincinnati Workhouse experience of twenty years earlier remain fresh and a never-ending source of mirth and sense of accomplishment and new beginning. If anything at all was meant by that episode, it was that that challenge represented my own big beginning. How could this one now be expected to produce otherwise, unless I personally made the decision?

Back in custody for the third time in sixty days, I was in the city jail. A typical backward, small-town city jail. No more crude surroundings could be imagined outside of the Third World. And it was Memorial Day weekend which meant that I'd be there for awhile.

Using a small, jagged piece of concrete, I scratched at the paint and dubbed the place, "Mason's Casa Bonita". Then, under that, in smaller script, I added the vow to be at the real one (a fancy Mexican restaurant) in Denver soon. Despite the way things looked then, it was a date I would be keeping before the year was out.

Next, I spread an army blanket out across the concrete floor and, lying flat on my belly, with what writing material as I could find, I mentally made a room-by-room inventory of the contents of my house, the antique furniture, etc., and created a list of things to sell and things to

keep as a guide for Snuffy to use in order to raise the money necessary for a new bond plus what would be needed to at last relocate to a Denver apartment.

Snuffy collected the list together with my house keys and proceeded to raise the money in short order. Due to various delays with bondsmen, etc., I'd still be confined another thirty days, though thankfully not at the dank and dingy city jail but back at the county jail where I had been during April. By comparison, it was like coming home.

The Bent County Courthouse and Jail were the oldest still in operation in Colorado. The remnants of the last hanging scaffold used there were still standing within view. My thoughts flashed back to encounters with the Ross County Courthouse and Jail, the oldest in the State of Ohio. It had already long ago occurred to me that both towns lay right astride U.S. Route 50. And the iron inner-structure of the Bent County Jail was clearly marked as having been manufactured in Cincinnati, Ohio.

This was what is commonly referred to as a "Jesse James Jail". Their number is rapidly dwindling. Student historian and antiquarian that I am, I was as pleased and honored to be there as I had been in the Civil War era Cincinnati Workhouse.

The old Mexican sheriff then in charge knew that he would not be serving another term in office and therefore things were lax to an almost laughable degree. I favored the room off of the main block, if a four-cell, double-bunk area could be called a "block". It would be pressed into use for isolation purposes or for female prisoners when required. It contained a private shower, commode and television. While the few who might be confined with me were absorbed with their sports, etc., I'd be watching the Discovery Channel. At that time, the air was full of documentaries on the Fiftieth Anniversary of "D-Day".

Overcrowding, that is, anything over six men, or the presence of any females, would deny my exclusive use of this room. The jail accommodated the town's one madam for a period of several weeks and we few went well out of our way to be gentlemen and hosts, supplying her with coffee, snacks and friendly conversation. She was there for having allegedly kicked an arresting officer in the groin.

During April, my notoriety had been for having teenage girlfriends. During June, it was for gun-slinging. Mostly, my companions

there both times were Mexican. Those who automatically envision danger and violence in jail under those or any circumstances, again, are the over-protected and insulated. They are the very ones that exude fear and tension and thereby invite trouble. So scared are they in fact that they'd never dream of bucking the System's rules. Or else they are so well-connected inside the System itself that they are basically immune from ever having to face prosecution on any grounds.

You don't see the comfortable middle-class in jail. Yet that was essentially me and there I was. But there was something else. That final vestige of Middle America was sloughing off and only the revolutionary was showing through. This never failed to impress any coloreds: A White man who was militantly White, yet respectful of all, and violently anti-government. Somehow they sensed the reality and things were unfailingly cordial. I could say that age was of benefit but any with the same kind of awareness level might have done just as well.

Make no mistake: it is war upon the poor and on the colored by the Anglo-Jewish Capitalist System. Shameful. Persecuted for being what they are. As out of place as I may have seemed, I was there for a real reason: For standing up and opposing the System on racial, political and philosophical grounds. The System had now to frantically defend itself ideologically by answering real dissidence with repression. Some argument.

Another whole different ball game.

Meals were driven in three times a day from the newly-opened private prison just on the edge of town and the quality of the food was consistently good. No commissary provisions existed but family and friends could bring in practically any form of snacks and refreshments. I had brought in an ice chest from home and we took turns supplying bags of ice to keep our sodas cold.

Two Mexican brothers confined there were working as trustees in conjunction with the Mexican grounds keeper, a cousin of theirs. With him in a county vehicle they would leave the grounds every day. They were able to maintain their supply of marijuana very well and weekly solicited for cash from any of the rest of us who might desire to join in that evening's "party" for which they'd supply commercial liquor. Snuffy would slip me petty cash during his regular visits.

The small jail house consisted of offices downstairs with the prisoners upstairs. Originally, all prisoners were confined to the even

smaller iron building within a building in the center of the upstairs but now we had the run of the entire upper level. The narrow ways around that block were patrolled by four fixed cameras. The card games, attended by all the smoking and the drinking, were held within the confines of the very center, well out of view. That or off in my "private chambers".

Mail was practically unrestricted, visits were full contact, frequent "smoke breaks" on the enclosed front porch of the old place and afternoons out on the lawn, etc., made it to where I can't look back on it now without smiling fondly. A telephone had been installed for prisoners' use only days before I had first arrived and access was unlimited (provided you had someone on the other end willing to accept charges.) The large windows, although barred, could be raised and lowered at will to get the full spring breeze. During the initial days of my visitation we'd each wear the usual prisoners' orange jump suits and the old sheriff would refer to us as his "Broncos fans". (In reference to the orange color in the uniforms of the Denver Broncos football team.) At the end, we were going about in the "civvies" we'd come in with. The perfect opportunity for a successful walk-away.

The following year there had come a new sheriff who was imposing big city rules upon this small town jail and I knew that it could never have been the same again. In a talk with one friend who was more or less a community leader, he indicated that "this new sheriff isn't going to let you guys smoke and drink in there." Actually, we kidded ourselves that the old sheriff hadn't known was going on but, of course, he had.

In any event, it wasn't jail later on that I'd be off to but prison.

I was glad that I hadn't missed out on that passing phase of Americana in an Old West jail.

"Out of my life"? Hardly.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

THE PROPHET

With apologies to Kalil Gibran, this is intended to convince the

reader that he or she will remain stuck at precisely that point at which they cease fathoming System media lies. For the population in general, this would mean that the average person hasn't got a single clue. For those within the Movement, it still bothers me that, while most have done a creditable job of seeing through the lies aimed against Adolf Hitler, they have struck a brick wall where the same lies from the same source for the same reason against Charles Manson are concerned.

I'm satisfied that it comes down to the simplicity of Hitler looking all nice and neatly packaged, all cut-and-dried, whereas Manson looks and seems "wild" and is as yet contemporary. It's only a fact that being in one's own time, in the moment, is about like being out in an open field. No reference points, no perspective as compared against times which are safely past. They say that hindsight is always 20-20. That's false. For one, memory always tends to paint the picture much more clear-cut and rosier than it ever was in reality. For another, in the case of historical personalities, one is at the complete mercy of those "historians" whose slant is the one which receives "official" sanction, whether it is accurate or not.

All the people then are stuck at a point where one is supposed to look, act, think and judge in a manner pre-approved and neatly categorized. Manson has no category. At least none that the majority can understand or be comfortable with. Media name-calling and slandering aside, if Manson is anything at all, he is a holy man. A prophet. Those are scarce to unknown in such dark times as these. The only one's claiming to bear a "message" that you are permitted to know about are those false prophets who only echo the same essential message as the System itself.

Just as with the prophets of the latter Biblical times, Manson's grasp of the truth is not something that most want to hear. And not just a few of those then received prison sentences, or worse, for their trouble. Here again, the System has deliberately taken this holy man, Charles Manson, and misrepresented him to the public in strict compliance with the Protocols, this is, as a common criminal, a "mass murderer". Liars grow wealthy. There is no glory, just shame. No greatness, only despair. No sweet promise, only a mirror held up to reflect the countenance of the onlooker. When they react violently or with revulsion, they betray their own bankrupt game. It suits their vanity to curse Manson rather than face the truth. On they shall go in their delusion straight to their doom.

Acting or pretending now to be anything which fits into any of the established, prescribed moulds serves only the Enemy which assumed control over all forms with its global victory at the close of World War Two. This means forming opinions, patterning ideals or basing values on what was left of former White life. It is a deception.

The last White nation that had been in command of itself, Germany, had just entered the same captivity already shared by the so-called "Allies" who had just fought and bled at the behest of their alien masters to go and destroy the freedom and sovereignty of those who had managed to awaken and rouse themselves to the danger. Henceforth, all aspects of White institutions, White industry, and White idealism would be firmly in the service of anti-White causes. The West not only had lost its own direction but its very soul. The nations of the West stood not a chance from that point onward. The Enemy, now everywhere in control, had no real obstacles to the implementation of a plan as old as human existence: Domination, enslavement, degradation and bastardization.

Some over here suspected the truth. Those few bravely sought to undo the fatal damage, to take back what had been theirs. With all their heart and courage, their will to fight, it was too much for any of them to see or accept that by these nations having allowed themselves to be deceived into going to war against their own modern savior, Adolf Hitler, they had forfeited their souls and had embraced Death. That curse is upon their children and their grandchildren and it will not be denied until it has run its full course.

Survival. Not the survival of some cherished, abstract holdover from out of a failed past but survival as a species in order to be able to go on into a future after the collapse of this present monstrosity. This is Manson's vision and he was its pioneer during the Sixties. He was the original Racial Separatist. The message and example of Manson is that this society and culture, this government and System, are in no way White. No seemingly distant "good old days" were White, either. Because not within the lifespan of anyone alive today has there been a White nation, truly, within these boundaries. It's been badly tainted for a very long time. Fatally so. Only inside of living memory now have we witnessed and felt the alarming outward effects of all this. We must have no part of it, be no part of it, and desire no part of it. That's hard. That's reality.

This whole thing is dead for all human purposes even though the

alien powers-that-be may continue to persist for the time being. It will be a short moment. The Bible, in Revelation, refers to this historic moment as "Satan's little season."

The very nature of the Manson Family itself, far from being "hippie", was more stringent even than what the average suburbanite could hope to measure up to. There were no coloreds allowed. No one who had ever been with a colored was allowed. No obesity. Strict vegetarianism. No alcohol. No drugs (although this statement usually causes about the same flap as the statement that there was no "Holocaust".) Those coming in with eye-glasses were required to cast them off. The living arrangements and child-rearing were communal. The leadership was primary. Females were required to be submissive. It was at least as much of a White revolution as had been the Third Reich. Except, of course, it could not boast or enjoy state power.

The difference was that they were out in the desert by themselves and not in opulence within the chancellery. The lush and heady days of Whites commanding state power died with Hitler. Things are a lot less pretty and a lot more basic now. And here also is what they cannot grasp regarding Christianity itself: Only after the great days of David and Solomon had come to an end, through built-in weaknesses that eventually destroyed the national greatness, could a Jesus Christ come along to provide a rebirth of truth. "Salvation"? Trying to "salvage" that which still might be worth something to building a new future.

Through the media, everyone is familiar with the sobriquette, "The Family", a name which The Family largely eschews. They are not familiar with Manson's "Order of the Rainbow" in which each of the best of the Manson women was assigned a color of the spectrum for their new identity. The message and symbolism here is at least as large as the use of the Swastika itself by Manson. But, sadly, unless something springs from Madison Avenue, these people today have no use for it. (Look who have in fact co-opted the rainbow: Queers and racial mongrels!)

To adhere to forms and ideas all long since having come under direct influence of and service to a mortal enemy is to not only bolster that same enemy but to draw yourself closer to the very destruction that he has intended for you. How can it be adequately expressed that it is Western society itself that is irretrievably lost? Arguments and examples do not satisfactorily convey the fullness of this reality. It can however be summed up in a single word: Manson.

To partially understand Hitler today may go a long way toward personal enlightenment and provide endless visions of happy escape but it doesn't threaten the Enemy nor does it unravel the mystery. I began this book with a quote from F.J.P. Veale's book, "Crimes Discreetly Veiled," which, with but few well-picked words, told of how lies, once told, will die but the very real damage they have caused will remain and that will be all that matters to reality. What's done is done. It'll do no good to endlessly refight the Second World War. That die has been cast already.

The only chapter yet without an end previously etched in stone is the one we are presently living in. It is here where understanding and appropriate action may just be able to affect something. To mimic great heroes and movements of the past now, in the present, is to do them no real justice but, rather, to merely be crying out in utter loss and confusion. It is just as it appears to be: Pathetic and unworthy. Hitler himself admonished us never to turn away from immortal hands that will reach out to us in times of greatest distress. There were those who were unable, even in Germany, to see Hitler for what he really was then, largely due to the lies of that media. He was able to throw all that off with much help from very considerable elements of the nation and demonstrate the truth to all the people and, from that point on, they were inseparable. Things are so much worse now that no repeat of that can ever be expected to take place. Now, the individual must see it for himself or not at all.

"No sense makes sense." So spoke Manson when referring to the nature of today's struggle. No labels or concepts anywhere extant are worth anything in this. Every game that's ever been played or replayed for the last thousand years is firmly inside of their computers. They've already got it figured out, under control, and are on top of it. To fail to comprehend that much is to be caught up in their game and be defeated.

To try to "do" anything by way of opposing the System within the System, in a manner they've already anticipated, is to not only waste your own time, it is to help validate them through batting their own ball back and forth with them, adding more pieces to their board. Theirs is the only game in town. That may be okay if you are a game-player. It's not alright if you're serious.

The song being played by the System is no more real than one being played by a vinyl disc. That groove, that long spiral already has its

end waiting, completely pre-determined. It is in the process of playing out even the moment the stylus first touches it. As wonderful and glorious as it may seem now, it is nonetheless false and dead, only an illusion. As rough and distressful as Manson may seem, he is at least real and does represent life.

You're in a warm, cozy bed being slowly overcome by carbon monoxide. Do you still have it in you to get up out of bed and rush out into the bracing cold, fresh, life-saving air?

Good and sincere Movement people have compared Manson's way to that of anarchy. It isn't. It doesn't have a label. The same people may refer to Manson as being "self-serving". Sure, that's why the self-serving System felt the need to kill him but who had to be contented instead with imprisoning him for life. It is only the self-serving who succeed in this society, becoming the "leaders" and the "heroes". They each parrot what the System has concocted and written about him. Don't they know where all of this comes from and why? They understand it where Hitler is concerned. That they are so utterly thrown by a scene shift, a passage of time, spells that they have no idea of what even they are all about. Chances then for success?

They're in the past, living an illusion. Manson represents in a single individual the exact spot the White race is in collectively, as a people. They refuse to see or accept that. It is decidedly unpalatable but it is the truth. Without a firm grip on the truth, without a basis in the truth, who or what has any hope of amounting to anything?

They want it to be some other way. The way they want it to be. Something that's familiar to them. Attractive, glamorous, fun, easy, safe. Something that fits what they know. Something that "makes sense". Something that is "respectable", at least among a certain, standing crowd, however insignificant it may be. To accomplish nothing and to remain irrelevant is an inconvenient by-product of this but one that at least can be rationalized off. More important is it to play one's own, little game off of the System's bigger game. Playschool.

They moralize against Manson. He didn't do it according to the way they would have done it. And there's the mindset. No matter that Manson is today the Number One racial icon of anti-System passion, especially among youth, he didn't follow some pattern that the born do-nothings might have sanctioned. Worst of all, he paid the price and for all to see. Everybody would prefer something for nothing. They desire to

retain the option of picking their marbles up and going home. They're not serious. And the circumstances all about us reflect that perfectly. A grimly determined foe and a vacillating, evasive White race.

It takes more earth-shattering seriousness to arrive in your own mind at the conclusion that all today is but an illusion than it does to end your own life by going out in a blaze of glory. But if you can manage to place the two together, then you might stand a chance at making some changes.

Happily, when things are set in motion, what they are intended to be, they will be. In the end, there is no movement, no contest or decision without numbers. Manson was able to inspire numbers. With no effort on his part, he leads the Movement. Without even the desire on his part, his absolute devotion to the truth and the resounding results of that propel the Movement today. It was as though he had split the atom.

He defeated the System's game by not playing it. He is not in the margins where the System holds the rest through their own cooperation. In effect, he has them working for him.

In reality, he is the fulfillment of what George Lincoln Rockwell predicted: Give a strong enough example, and it often includes having to pay the price, and regardless how the lying Enemy portrays you, when the people get tired or desperate enough, they'll respond. Rockwell didn't fully comprehend the hugeness of his own conclusion. He was dead just at the time Manson was making his appearance.

Rockwell missed only in the sense that his prediction did not arrive on his own time schedule and did not follow the exact, orthodox pattern he had envisioned. But these are inconsequential considerations. All that matters is that it is happening. And it even includes the Swastika as Rockwell did predict.

Rockwell entertained a vision of salvaging the United States as a racial-political entity in one piece through the existing, institutions and the electorate. He felt that when the pressure and the alarm grew great enough and, seeing traditional methodology impotent to effect anything, then responsible, tax-paying Whites would mandate the authority necessary to a National Socialist form of government in order to clean up the mess. He targeted 1972 for this, with himself and his organization in the cockpit position.

Events would have it otherwise.

Manson, too, represented sane and orderly solutions to the

most outrageous and impossible of problems. Having been raised in “the hallways of the always”, that is, prison, by the System itself having been told to obey all the rules and that all would be well that way. Then to have adhered to that only to be faced with the gas chamber. When he said that he found it to be more than dismaying, he meant it.

Just and humane solutions answered with world wars, assassinations and death sentences. A definite picture is being drawn here.

Fine and dandy.

Anytime that any idealist or reformer sets out to build something of a positive, constructive nature to affect change or even just to be able to withdraw from System influence, the System will move to first demonize them in the media and then proceed to either imprison or kill them. But only if they have proven to be relevant and effective. If the person or the effort smacks of Separatism, then it is marked for death. On the other hand, any weird cult seen to promote one-worldism or race-mixing receives a green light.

One might point to Jonestown as a glaring contradiction to the above. Not at all. That mass-suicide wasn't necessary one bit. But it does demonstrate the fundamental polarity in mindsets. Jones had always been on the receiving end of all the ease and support that the pro-colored, pro-Communist System could afford to give him. His essentially go-with-the-flow philosophy of race-mixing and death had permitted his numbers to swell and his very System-like greed for capital had led to such excesses that it had prompted some of his own people to ask for System involvement. Could you in a thousand years conceive of such a scenario within the Family?

At the first hint that his honeymoon might be going sour, Jones ordered mass suicide. Manson and the Family were always struggling, always alienated from the System and persecuted by it. In the end, when the System swooped for the attack, there was only the determination to go on, to survive.

Embrace life, not death.

The predictions of Manson are especially clear about what to expect barring the intervention of some kind of organized honesty and sanity: Madness and despair, violence and death. A poisoned, unlivable environment. Apocalypse. “Helter Skelter”.

People are led to believe by the lying media that Manson's

prophecies equal his intentions. Nothing could be further from the truth. He but presented a simple either, or. And the System, which does all the thinking for these people today, made the choice. Their convenient bogey-man, Manson, sits in prison while they precede, full-throttle, toward the yawning abyss and taking with them the fate of millions.

By portraying Manson as the very ultimate in anti-System rebellion, the System media unwittingly played its part in the fulfillment of what is to come. The System has the power to keep him prisoner as well as to broadcast lies about him. But the System is powerless to prevent any of his prophecies from becoming reality, as they are doing. Who then is in actual control? Who then, really, is holding whose fate?

The test of what is real and valid lies in whether or not the person or the message functions on a plane above or below that of the System itself which holds all temporal power. Can the message anticipate the course of events way ahead of the fact or can it only bitch about the dismal results after the fact? This kind of vision determines who really is in tune with the truth and who, despite any adverse circumstances, holds the key to the future. This is the only way to disconnect you from following the fatal lead of the System.

Events, or fate, aren't constrained by considerations of deadlines or official forms. No sense makes sense. What is to come will involve huge masses and very little, if any, orthodox politicking. Not idealism but anger. Not thought but imagery will be the only guide. That riveting gaze, those burning eyes, the wild mane of hair, and the Swastika in the center of all, is the single most powerful image in today's world. It is anti-System, it is pro-White, and it is Manson. Even from a System dungeon, Manson, through the mad hate of the System, has reached into the subconscious of everyone in a way that no one else alive today has been able to.

Certainly not everyone's grip of reality will snap right away to this. Nonetheless a certain seed has been widely sown that will only spring to life when conditions themselves enter alignment. When the phony "order" of the System breaks wide open into madness and chaos, "sensible" notions will be swept away in the irresistible tide of violence and destruction. A revolution like this in fact, not in theory, will take this image of Manson from the bottom, where he presently is at, and straight to the top.

He didn't want "Helter Skelter" but it was attached to him by the

System media. When, due to System mania and obsession, "Helter Skelter" does burst into the open in all of its bloodiness, it will be Manson's image that will dominate it. An ironic reversal.

Not the middle-class White workers who are content to go on working, voting and paying taxes, locked solidly into the System, but a class as yet not fully defined. Certainly a class not even born in 1967 when Rockwell died and when Manson began the Family. No sense makes sense. Not idealism but alienation and hate. Not a reformation but reactions like a force of nature. The force is building, the beacon is there. It only remains for the sick System to crack for the tide to overtake all, sweeping everything away and opening the way for a new age to be led by the Swastika and those who bear it.

When contemplating Charles Manson you must know that it is ground zero and all of tomorrow that is being regarded. The past, as comfortable and familiar as it may be, is gone and plays no part. The most brave and significant thing you'll ever do is to lay down your love for the Enemy-inspired illusion that reaches from here, backward. That's when you'll start to live for today and for tomorrow. That's when you'll stop being a slave that is marked only for death.

Winter, 1995-96, C.S.P.

REALITY CHECK

In a previous decade I lamented the absence of anything approaching a Movement program suitable to be placed before the public. The means of course were lacking to place any such thing before the public but, assuming they had been on hand, there was nothing to present. Quite an arrangement for those claiming to hold the key to the future.

The program, I at least felt, must come first just as it always had in the case of every great movement of the past. Neither did I make an attempt on my own to offer up an approximate example of what was needed. Not qualified, I felt. Moreover, we had plenty of good ones to choose from out of the past and press into service if need be.

Specifically, I wished to see a real nuts-and-bolts program on the exact steps to be taken to rectify the prevailing mess. Hopefully, that was to be the very last of any of my sweet dreams as we knew basically by then that for this situation there was no political solution. What eventually did overtake me was that not only did we have no need for a program after all, these "big ideas" and "master plans" had been the problem all along.

Somewhere along the line, if a person is honest and sincere, he will pass from one who is cherishing an image and is trying hard to fit that image, to one who can see reality and is able to hold it in his hand.

Any person inside or outside the Movement would be able to tell you the kind of society or government they might ideally prefer. At the same time, anyone could be expected to be able to put forth personalities and historical epochs from times past that they hold in heroic esteem. Some may disdain present times so badly and long so strongly for their own, personal ideals that they'll go so far as to attempt to resurrect them in the present. Is there a case of this having been anywhere successful in terms of affecting human affairs?

In fairness, everybody has to start someplace. Commander Rockwell is the perfect example. Seeing the danger, knowing the conspiracy, having exhausted the route of Conservatism, he took the bull by the horns and announced his creation of the American Nazi Party. He was moving on the awareness of the situation being all-or-nothing as well as his own having nothing really to lose from that point onward. No use kidding around any further. He made his splash as the nation moved

nearer to crisis though the way was bitter due largely to the enforced news blackout. Only when he had begun to undertake a fundamental change in tactics, that is, by losing the "Hollywood" image, was he taken seriously enough to be assassinated by the System.

His successors, by the way, not only reverted right back to "Hollywoodism" but further devolved into a cult of personality. The System must have been pleased however and so there were no further difficulties. So irrelevant did that organization finally become that it dematerialized into nothingness. But its programs and ideals were high-flown all throughout. Where's the victory?

When Joseph Tommasi organized a revolutionary group of National Socialists in 1974, stating that the White Man had lost and that the only thing now to do was hurt the System through terrorism, he was attacked by much of the Movement as being a "Communist". Then as now, Charles Manson is so far removed from the Kiddie Club that they are only able to repeat what the Jewish System media has told them about him. Tommasi took things down a different road from anything of the past and it didn't fit anyone's preconceptions. Manson was so new and radically different that all the masterminds were and still are caught by him just like deer in headlights.

Evidently it is most important to declare one's self to "be" something from out of the familiar past and then to devote all of one's effort toward "proving" it to be so.

According to that, then, anyone who tells you there is no political solution, that the existing System deserves to be hit and that it is not in the power of anyone to affect what's coming, is an anarchist. And an anarchist, as such, can in no way associate themselves with the memory of Adolf Hitler, much less call themselves a National Socialist.

With such thought processes can it be of much wonder why things are in the shape they're in?

Even the thought of consciously and deliberately fomenting a revolution here today lies in the realm of the most Pollyanna of ivory tower idealists. I've come to say that what we see here at present is a situation in free fall. Slow motion to be sure for now but free fall just the same. If there is good news in this, then it is in the fact that this holds true even despite any extremes taken on the part of Big Brother to perpetuate himself.

You must either come to welcome this for what it is, as it is, or

face the fact that you are only one more part of the System and, at that, the part of the System where any enema would be applied. Personally, I won't settle for this.

It would be impossible for anyone to idolize or revere the name of Hitler or Rockwell more than I. I've declared myself to be a National Socialist all of my life and I can't imagine a time or circumstance where I wouldn't continue. But do we honor these men or ourselves by pretending that this is Germany in the Twenties or even the United States in the Sixties? If I had a button to push, I'd surely have Swastikas flying from every mast in the land and the Nuremberg racial laws on all books everywhere. I'd have all coloreds and aliens gone instantly from the midst of Whites all over the world.

But I don't and I can't.

I do what I'm able.

There are but two courses to take. Play pretend as with all these miniscule clubs and exist within the margins of the System or fathom the truth of what's happening and at the same time deny to the System even the tiny amount of sustenance it might hope to draw from you by your continued participation in it. Either way, the course that events are on will continue unchanged. The only difference will be in whether or not you yourself are to be taken as serious and relevant.

Call you then an anarchist or a revolutionary? Into most minds pop images of wild-eyed, bearded Russians, etc. A revolution would call for intense organization and direction, neither of which the capacity for presently exists. Anarchy would call for at least the capability to significantly cripple the System's power to maintain its control. If any efforts being made recently are moving in any direction at all, however tentative they may be, it is toward just that very thing. But they have an enormously long way to go.

Clearly, the deterioration of the society on its own is progressing at a pace far in excess of any concerted effort to render it any damage or to even hasten the trend. To call one's self then an anarchist, simply because to an intelligent mind anarchy looms inescapably on the horizon, is to give the impression, and a cheap-shot impression at that, that one is in favor of anarchy as a permanent social condition. This certainly is not my position.

It used to be current to say that nothing can be erected to benefit the people until the System has been destroyed. Since it is clear

that the System will collapse before it can be destroyed, that truth would obviously be the one to go with, not only in one's own mind but to promulgate among others as well.

Would this then be pacifism? Hardly.

Elsewhere in this book it has been emphasized that all the might of the World Enemy, the Beast System which sits in total power everywhere, is being brought to focus against that which it considers to be its own worst enemy: So-called "racism"? Racism and Separatism. Whatever else those in control of this monster may be, they are not stupid. Those really in control must know that collapse and death are on the way inexorably. Is it that they intend for there to be no survivors? Is that the actual goal which separates all this from no more than supreme folly?

Pretending will gain you nothing. Knowing the truth at least will enable you to read events like a book, even to anticipate them. You might just survive.

Alexander Solzenitsyn said that a single word of truth was the most powerful of weapons. And, at the same time, he admonished to not be part of the lie. Evidently, as events have shown, he must have known what he was talking about. All those thousands of Soviet tanks were of absolutely no use in the end.

I've been the full route of the cults and the clubs, laying it all repeatedly on the line. I was proud to do it and I have no regrets. I, along with the rest, was only doing what I knew to do.

But I can promise you that being in possession of an even larger and ever-expanding measure of the truth and the reality and being able to see and know what's behind forces and events, as well as where they're leading, is a lot more satisfying and exciting than all the self-delusion in the world. It seems the one will inevitably crowd out the other.

I would just invite you to join in this with me.

Names and labels. Titles and uniforms. Don't forget function before form. Unless these things are in direct service of an effort that is rolling up rapid and concrete results, then they are no more than crutches and they look pitifully ridiculous. Likewise with concepts of ideology. Any name is as good as another. Unless it describes a functioning and vital movement, it is all irrelevant.

When I first established contact with Manson himself, he was

signing off all his letters this way: Servant of the Truth.

Fairly clear now that that is about as high as anyone presently can hope to aspire and really mean it.

February, 1997, C.S.P.

CERTITUDE

Two unmistakable patterns have sufficiently emerged over the past decade that I feel confident enough to base all of my prognostications on them and them alone. Forget "issues", forget "personalities", forget "politics" and forget "history": All of these old favorites of the dabblers are subjective and are wide open to interpretation. I, for one, have no tolerance for "blowing sunshine" and no patience for worn out theories and hopes.

Begin with Z.O.G., the Zionist Occupation Government. There is no debate. An enemy is in control over the affairs of all "developed", i.e., White, nations. Dumb moves, stupid moves, inept moves, manifestations of corruption, societal ills, everything that the populace babbles about, with the media egging it on as its "cheerleader", are not "mistakes" at all.

They are, each one, another deliberate step in an iron-clad program carried out by ruthless and efficient professionals to enslave the respective peoples. That every phase of this is and has been made to appear as an "error" (if it is to be noticed or suspected at all) is proof positive of an alien conspiracy at work, consciously going counter to the interests of the very ones they rule over.

Controlled media and controlled party politicians represent the "checks and balances", that is, for the Conspiracy and against the people ever sorting out and being able to correct the situation. The old shell-game. A "Democracy" made up of an "enlightened" electorate would never have permitted a situation like this to have come about. A society of free people would never permit it to continue. The politicians and the media maintain the diversions, a dwindling number of the people even bother to go to the polls to participate in the charade and the now unmistakable curve, or trend, proceeds on course without interruption toward its objective.

Lincoln couldn't have foreseen the manipulations of Big Brother when he said, "You can fool some of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time. But you can't fool all of the people all of the time." You don't have to. All you have to do is remove actual control of affairs up and out of their hands and then permit them to believe as they will. Impressions don't matter. Only results.

That takes us directly up to "No Political Solution". Not only can't anything be done about the situation, nothing can be done counter to it. Thanks to the absolute monopoly over the media, economy, government, etc., the "marginal" effect or that of being left "high and dry", of "dying on the vine" effectively prevents the establishment of any real opposition or government-in-the-wings against such time as the current facade ruptures. An open invitation to national and world disaster although the Conspiracy surely looks at it smugly as a nice and tidy "lock-out" consummately carried off by them to ensure their continued, unbroken control.

This sounds bad only if you maintain some attachment to the status quo. Only if you harbor some allegiance to the System. If your heart and mind are where they ought to be, this relieves you of an infinite and impossible burden of peripheral and irrelevant quandaries.

One of the two patterns beyond dispute now is that the monstrous edifice built up over so much time, with so much care and

stealth by the backers of the System stands essentially upon quicksand. To convert a modern, industrialized nation into a Third World beehive entails more than mere theory. Irreparable damage was done to the inner fabric of American society in order to smooth the way for the implementation of a Marxist Utopia of "equality". As in the Soviet Union, the exact same theories not only did not work, they proved to be disastrous. No matter. Pass more insane laws and send in more repressive police to "enforce" the madness. Instruct the controlled media to paint it all in only the most glowing terms. The only thing to matter is the continued increase of control. But control over what?

In terms of countries and societies, the System, by riding roughshod over the laws of nature and the will of the people, has in effect destroyed the center of gravity, the nucleus of the atom. The result is universal alienation, the creation of a situation that is unworkable. For the present, the System will take full advantage of this as the perfect cover to put a police state into effect and thus cement its control. But this is a cancer and already the effort at "control" is assuming every characteristic of a vain and frantic attempt to shore something up. Rather like the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" but on a very ugly scale.

The damage done here is far graver than that done to Russian society. There is hardly any comparison. This System still "shores up" the Russian state just as it has done since the time of the Bolsheviks. Who will shore up the United States once the cancer has devoured all living tissue?

Just as we have no control over the System, the System has no ultimate control over the mess it has created. They've affected their dream, alright. Now the consequences are here and have small concern for the "Wisdom of the Learned Elders".

Consolation? Any reasonably healthy "Baby Boomer", such as myself, ought to be able to expect to be on hand for the climax. The curve in recent years has commenced a precipitous descent downhill, and the effects of the disease are manifesting and spreading exponentially. For those with weak constitutions this will hardly be seen as anything cheerful. For me, ensconced as I am in a System prison as I write these words, it is a distinctly bright and heart-warming prospect. The death of the System. To be alive for such an epoch-making event is the rarest of distinctions.

The second pattern to make itself apparent? For the past decade, approximately, racial and religious groups and individuals have

been constantly at open warfare with the System. Despite the beyond-Orwell job the media has done upon the human spirit and will, acts of resistance have been on the increase. Due to the realization of the existence of a Z.O.G. but even more due to the increasing inescapability of the consequences of Z.O.G. policies, a million or more years of evolution, in the form of the instinct for self-preservation, is again coming to the surface.

It has required a lot of pressure for this pot to begin to boil and we are witnessing only the barest of beginnings. If it has taken this long and this much to produce the reactions we've seen in the past ten years or so, then we may be encouraged by the now almost vertical climb in the very same trends. For every action, a reaction. It has been frustrating that it has called for so much damage and outrage from which to distill so little action. But, again, the balance is tipping.

Massive colored crime and disorder. Acts of resistance on the part of White Separatists. The anvil and the hammer. The System has only to snap once and it is finished.

Attempts at repression? You may depend upon it. A wide-open secret is that the more blatant and energetic the System attempts at repression, the hotter the fire shall become. In an effort to save themselves, they will cause their own incineration.

For a long time our people have been jittery about System internment, or concentration camps for dissidents like ourselves. And for a long time our people have been postulating the Northwest as a haven of retreat for Whites in the face of an imploding multi-racial federal "Roman Empire". The key to either will be in who has the will to move on it. To wait until it jumps off on its own, as it's going to, either to be rounded up or repair to the Northwest, means to have missed that bus.

Both scenarios are figments of Movement imagination. Some Separatists are even now in the Northwest. Many are already in prison, as am I. But these aren't broad programs and things haven't broken loose yet. The two events I've outlined will dictate everything. The bigger, more grandiose the "plan", the bigger the flop. Isn't that pretty much the way it's always been?

The news is good. Order benefits only the System and it is anarchy that is on the way, like it or not. As the climate heats up, guaranteed is it that more and more Separatists will go off with increasing degrees of effectivity. Without this Movement response, the

struggle that is now set in this historic time would be equivalent to a rudderless boat.

And, be assured, it all possesses a mind of its own.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

FULL FORWARD, FULL CIRCLE

If I can make any contribution at all to what is loosely called "the Movement" it would be to do my utmost to cut to the very bottom line in order to spare everyone else involved from going on and on in dead, useless circles.

I'm fortunate enough to receive a heavy correspondence while imprisoned here and it goes far to make the days speed past. Over the past couple of decades a lot of significant headway has been made in the thinking of the average White activist. Yet, I can't help but notice a degree of static remaining and it hits me just like static coming over a radio or a television. It annoys me.

Assuming two primary forms, or perhaps two variations of one basic form, it seems to run about like this: Concern over some affiliation or some image or another within the framework of the Movement as it stands today. Whether any one is better or worse than the other. Also, internecine strife, personality cults, clashes, etc. Who is an "agent", who is some sort of "fool", and who may be doing it more or less "my way"?

If there is another aspect to this, it is to the extent to which

avowedly dedicated individuals are still clinging to outmoded and badly compromised forms and notions, all of which can have but one result: Holding one firmly, within the margins of the System itself and, at the same time, wholly ineffectual. Too many, even within the Movement, go on continuing to miss the point.

One great leap of light year proportions for the Movement was the coining of the term Zionist Occupation Government, or Z.O.G. That brilliantly and succinctly cut to the very bone of the issue. The White Man has lost the struggle, if there ever was a struggle, for control of America. This land, truly, just as every White land, is Enemy Occupied.

How could any informed and realistic person imagine that the shenanigans which did nothing to prevent this from coming to pass then, when it might still have been a contest, could hope to have any effect toward the undoing of it now, in the present, after it has become a reality?

The old, Right Wing thought of one day being vindicated and of being able to say, "I told you so.", is of no value whatsoever. In the Sixties, it was surely imagined that once all of our most dire predictions came true and it was seen that we weren't "nuts" after all, the common people would wake up and join us. That was thirty years ago and all of what we warned of then and far more has come true, like waking up into a living nightmare, and yet no one is coming around, not really. We're not "nuts", we're marginal. Then and now. Besides, to say, "I told you so.", directly implies that the damage is done, is accomplished fact and that events have moved on.

That proverbial line in the sand keeps receding more and more before each fresh, new outrage and incursion. Leaderless, directionless, looking always for the course of least resistance, people will lie down and take more than anyone would have thought possible. Some retreat, others cover and roll with the blows, still others will succumb to the seeming hopelessness and join with the other side. However, they will not accept counsel, much less solutions, from the margins. Never.

You may be assured that you are in the margins if you diverge radically from any of the System's cardinal points, yet still imagine that you can affect something positive via conventional means. "Truth" and "right" have no meaning in this. How can the inertia of the government or the hoopla of the media be competed against? It's been tried.

The advance and the assault of the Enemy government and

media against White America has been impeded by only one thing all throughout its history and that is the trepidation of the System itself in not wanting to push too hard or too fast, thus risking a genuine backlash. Digest that for a moment if you will. Nothing has stood in their way except their own timidity.

After all, throughout this they have realized what it is they're trying to do. Who would really expect any targeted people to put up with being turned into drug addicts, homosexuals and race-mixers? You know what happens when you let a bully get away with something or let an animal smell fear? Remember what a handful of Jews did to Russia when the Russian people failed to get it together? Lenin himself remarked of his 1918 revolution that, as he sat there in Moscow, he wondered what was keeping them from just coming and tossing him out. How about these formerly docile Black slaves over here, now boastful and arrogant as hell?

You've really let yourself in for something this time!

So, you're going to go on fretting over what name to give to your group, what symbol you're going to use, the wording of your membership application form, the cut of your uniform, who else in the Movement you're going to either attack or pal up with. If "I told you so" won't even work on you, how can you expect it to have any effect on anyone else?

Your mortal enemies no longer have the least bit of respect for you. It's in the air. It's going to set the entire tone for the Twenty-First Century. And it won't be pretty.

Would you like to know what's going to happen?

The White bio-mass is going to absorb blow after blow, take loss after loss, take lying down sell-out after sell-out, and they're going to continue to pick up the bill for all of it. The floodgates are practically wide open now. You'll really start to see more instances of small-scale violence couple with more instances of individuals going over to the other side. So watch out and don't let yourself be surprised.

The eventual outcome will depend entirely upon how well and how much punishment the White bio-mass can take, for again, there will be nothing with which to ward off any blows. Nothing.

Shall we be able to keep up a game of give-away until the Enemy System itself becomes no longer viable? This is the question.

You, with the grand designs, the intricate angles, and the very highest of ideals will find this summation of mine to be most

unacceptable. However, it will nonetheless come down to the Enemy wearing himself out hitting and kicking, subverting and degrading the limp body of the White bio-mass until he has exhausted himself and collapses in a heap.

Not a lot of glory there for anyone involved.

Survival? The better word for it is happenstance. In isolated places, the blood may be continued unpolluted, while in metro areas it will practically disappear altogether. Some will end their bloodlines willingly as dupes of the System and as victims of the waiting, colored bio-mass. Others, for one reason or another, won't get around to it. For again, in certain areas there simply won't be enough coloreds to go around. No pride, no awareness. Just the numbers and the odds.

It's all right there for the taking. Shall the Enemy be able to take it?

The bright spot? It's a "Catch 22" situation. This Enemy assault upon White America has been and still remains shouldered by the Whites themselves. You can't suppose that the colored races could have done this on their own. The System, controlled by alien Jews, and which the Whites as yet suppose to be "their own", is the central generator of all evil, not only here but in the entire world. It is complex and sophisticated in the extreme. It relies upon White dupes and sell-outs to make it function. Just as the alien media needs White sell-out actors and announcers, etc., to create the pervading death-wish. And it requires a certain level of orderly and productive White society to feed and fuel its operations.

Drop beneath that certain minimum of inherent responsibility and decency and not even the most bloodthirsty of despotisms can make it work any longer. Witness places like Haiti, etc.

The very program of the System decrees its own demise.

Are there any bets as to whether the System will crack before the final White remnant evaporates or whether any of us today will be around to witness it?

Don't forget that coloreds consider Jews to be White.

Only when the System dies will things change.

What can you do that matters? You can't wake anyone else up. You can only do it for yourself. Pretending, posing before mirrors and running on a hamster wheel don't count.

I might have given this piece another title. "Helter Skelter"

would have been perfect. However, that conjures up an image of truth so harsh and real that none of the "Great Pretenders" can face it.

They'd prefer instead to continue on as "Captain of Mam-scam", to quote from him, the real Servant of the Truth.

Spring, 1996, C.S.F.

First appeared in W.A.R., May, 1996

DUAL SCENARIOS

"Yes, I'm a Satanic Jew and I hate the White Race. When I was in power I did everything I could do to enslave it and to destroy it by interbreeding it with Blacks. If I ever get the chance, I'll do it again. All power to Zion!"

"I accepted money and support from Jews to further my political career. After my election I returned my part of the deal and did just as they told me. I didn't consider the effects on the White Race because they seemed to be going right along with it anyway."

"There was a demand for the magazines and films that I produced. People couldn't get enough of it. It was all perfectly legal and it was good business. It was their right to buy it and my right to produce it. I saw it as harmless fun, not as being damaging to any particular race."

"It was the White Man who brought me here in the first place and I feel that he owes me. If he's lost his nerve, it's not my fault. For me it's all there for the taking. Anytime I take one of his women, I feel I'm really taking him. Anytime one of his women produces one of my children, that's one more for me and one more against him."

"Anyone stupid enough to want what I was selling deserved to have it, was the way I looked at it. I made a lot of money but I had to pay off a lot of higher-ups. Nothing mattered to anyone anyway but money and fun. How else could you hope to make that kind of money just by giving people what they want?"

"My liberal-democratic message was designed to remove all forms of racism, cultural and economic oppression as fast as possible and that was to be through breeding out all distinct races, especially Whites. Only in that way could true equality be realized. This is what I taught to all of my students."

"I dated Blacks and other colored guys because they were cool. We were always taught not to be prejudiced, weren't we? No one said

anything and the law and the talk shows were all on our side. There were always lots of them ready to go and the drugs and the sex were wild! Besides, I didn't think it was anyone else's business."

"For years I had to hide what I was. Then, all of a sudden, the media and the lawmakers began saying that it was perfectly alright and safe to bring it out into the open. We had marches and did have some trouble with Skinheads and the like but it was, after all, the Nineties. It was our choice and if anyone didn't like it, they could just look the other way."

The outbursts, excuses, rationales, rebukes and even the pleadings could go on and on, ad nauseum, until the trap or the hammer falls to cut them off, short. You get the idea.

Whether seduced, misled, sold-out, didn't know any better, was acting out of resentment, some inner deficiency, greed, or upon actual convictions, it matters not. Within the framework of the present society which we are all held to by the forces of the government, and being that not all of us cave in this way, actions hostile to the well-being of the White Race as well as disgraces on the part of White renegades constitute treason and acts of irregular warfare.

It is war, life or death, and you know how such things are routinely dealt with on battlefields whenever the party under attack finally assumes the upper hand. That this is a sneaking, conniving sort of assault doesn't lessen the gravity. It makes it worse.

But it is a sad thing that we must realize now that such classic confrontations will likely not materialize in the present reality. There are several reasons for this that we need to appreciate in order to have a better grasp on the kind of struggle we're in.

During the opening stages of Barbarossa, as the Germans were sweeping through the Baltic states that had been Soviet occupied for over a year, the local populations, whose actions were now freed by the Germans, searched out and killed all those who had turned anti-national under the auspices of the Communists, a great many of whom turned out to be Jews, it just so happened.

During the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, when outside-enforced dictatorship was thrown off temporarily by the people, all former oppressors, traitors and Communists were once again hunted down and killed in the streets. And, once again, not just a few Jews wound up in this tally.

In Germany after January 30th, 1933, race traitors among the Germans, along with their alien partners, were paraded in the streets wearing placards which bore testimony to their crimes.

In the U.S. South following the withdrawal of federal forces and the triumph of the Klan, lynching's were the answer to crimes against the White folk even to include erstwhile members of that folk.

One or two things are found in common here. The crimes were universally seen as crimes by each respective local populace. And the resolution was swift and decisive. Also, the crimes were encouraged and made possible by the one-time dominant influence of aliens and were only stamped out upon the forcible removal of that alien influence. I think that the proper word here is liberation.

Beyond that, we're talking about extremely short time frames, extraordinarily violent and heinous outrages, and practically instantaneous turnings of the tables. Here we're not so lucky.

The only thing that the present situation shares with those of the past is that it is an alien occupation which is responsible.

But the occupier is as yet largely hidden and unrecognized. It still passes for the legitimately constituted government.

What's going on has been going on for a very long time and this has had the effect of lessening the shock to the solid, normal people and, at the same time, of having moved off center the very definition of what is "right" and "normal". In this deadly process, the alien-controlled taste-making apparatus, the mass media, has played a decisive role.

Due to various reasons, the native resistance movement, or national liberation movement, is weak and disorganized at present, with no appreciable popular support. And there can be no hope of relief from any outside forces.

The only thing that will take place in an orderly fashion will be the continued decline. That is, up to a certain point. Any departure from the set path of decay can only come about through some violent and catastrophic upheaval. Under such conditions it will largely be a case of "every man for himself" and matters of administering justice that is long overdue will for the most part simply go by the boards.

The same history lessons I cited earlier were not lost upon the World Conspiracy, at times briefly overthrown, but now fully in force here and globally. Great care and patience, tremendous subtlety carried

out over excruciatingly protracted periods of time are what has done it for him this time. This time it's for keeps and the Enemy knows it better than anyone else, whether anyone cares to see it or not.

The strategy is basically this: There comes a point eventually from which there can be no return. The ultimate target? The broad masses of Whites. Step One: Take control of their affairs; Step Two: Throw their society and their institutions off base; Step Three: Create a mass of individual degenerates (and do take time to look that term up in the dictionary); Finally, Step Four: create a mass of racial bastards.

If this strategy cannot be overturned or halted, then what sort of realistic counter-strategy can there be?

The fatal flaw in the design of the Enemy plan is that when the United States slips over the invisible brink of having become a Third World country, the goose that's been laying the golden eggs will be dead. Not only will it no longer be able to support the already existing Third World, it will no longer even be able to maintain itself. It will at that point die.

If the world as we know it is destined to become one, big "India", then the most and yet the least we can do is see it go to hell on its own, without us. We have to separate from it and prepare to undertake a very long haul on our own, a sort of death watch. With regard to today's turncoats and renegades, the miserable and the weak, they will have already long since been absorbed into the brown mass. A most fitting end.

All we will have to do is manage to hold on in our isolation and after centuries of time our nation-building prowess and their unending decay will provide for the actual showdown.

Similar scenes have been repeated on earth before. The difference this time will be that the lessons now unfolding will not have been lost upon us then.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

WHOLLY UNREMARKABLE

Once money has taken over and become God, the cheapest, most common commodity on earth is those who'll sell out and do anything for a buck. "Money talks and bullshit walks."

The lords of the earth are but prostitutes. Every motivation, every measure is by the dollar amount. Qualification for leadership: How well and how much one can accumulate wealth. Idealism for the masses: To emulate their overlords and their celebrities in wallowing in the trough of materialism.

A twenty-million-dollar Negro ball player can have all the prize pigs he can handle. Jewish financiers help themselves to the best politicians that money can buy. The money, the glamour, the speed and the thrill. To the highest bidder.

All as common as dirt. Clean-looking dirt.

They rush and they clamor to get close to the bright light, the dancing flame. Forgetting or forsaking anything which does not bear a price tag. They don't see for the most part that they themselves have now become practically worthless, throw-away merchandise.

What an atmosphere for the worst that there is to occur in. A hot house, a breeding ground for every form of corruption, perversion and degradation to flourish in. Everyone's inalienable right to go and get theirs. And, determinedly, they won't be denied.

What's left? This is all addiction and there can be no going back. Harder and faster. More and more. Say anything, do anything just to keep it coming. Say nothing, do nothing that might jeopardize remaining in the loop.

The unwillingness or inability to go back or to depart. The total dependency on the kicks or just the pursuit of kicks. The ice cold fear and dread of even the possibility of losing them or, for the more conventional, of losing the status quo of power and security.

Does anyone ever stop and ask the purpose? Apparently not. Does anyone pause to consider where it's leading and where it'll end up? Obviously not. For the most part, they've lost the instinct and the ability.

But they are the ones in power, in control. They set the standards and lay down the playing rules. Everything is geared toward the edification of their self-importance and to protect their property

rights.

Whatever may be remarkable and found to be outside of the loop is an affront to them and their god, Mammon, and they'll take equally extraordinary steps to ignore, banish or expunge any rebels. Anyone not caught up in the game as they themselves is more than a threat; they are bringers of an embarrassed, uncomfortable, insecure feeling. They spoil the fun and ruin the illusion.

They are fearful and afraid. Yet, they've got all the power. They wield it precisely as a terrified coward would, the morally and spiritually bankrupt. The guilty and those covered with shame. Those sensing that they are on borrowed time. Seeking to strike out, to flatten, to smother, drown or destroy any who may be seen as genuinely non-conformist to their cult of the golden calf.

Seemingly smug in the trappings and poses of office and prestige, commanding armies of hired hoods, they are growing frantic. Ever more frantic year by year as their base loosens and becomes sand. No action or reaction of theirs, with all their unlimited material resources, is of any avail to prevent this crumbling. And the process only accelerates as we watch.

Miserable, hateful bastards and swine. Impotent tyrants and despots capable only of leeching and destroying. Fit only for and deserving only of death. Bombings are now what they must look out for. Bombings and break-away on the part of those who do possess the strength and self-assurance to leave all this mess behind with a fitting kiss of farewell.

No one proclaims it more loudly than their own media mouthpieces that here is what is truly remarkable: The few who are willing and determined to live, even at the cost of their lives and liberties, so that their children and grandchildren might live and be free. Where's the dollar amount on that? Where's the chain that can be jerked? Here is real purpose, real awareness, and real power.

We can't confirm or know the sense of rottenness that must fill these wretched, sold-out fakers and which surely animates each vindictive move that they make. But we can be assured that it's something terrible and that it will be the only thing left to them once the last traces of their phony, artificial power has fallen through their fingers.

Then the meek, that is the silent, the few, the scattered, shall

have truly inherited the earth.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

PART SEVEN

EARLY MORNING IN COPENHAGEN

The first phone call I made after bonding out for the third time within the space of sixty days was to my public defender around the end of June, 1994. "Glad you're out. Now get out of town," were his words. Obviously he was thinking of my interests and didn't wish to see the situation get any worse. He surely thought I was targeted for being set up. I knew I wasn't.

Buzzards and jackals may have their eye on you well enough as they did on me but they can only wait patiently for you to provide them the opening they need. Once they pounce, all the high-handed and extraordinary measures that follow are only to be expected as par for the course. But that is only typically opportunistic behavior. It does not amount to a set-up.

Already in the twenty-four hours of my second period of bond during May, I had actually begun the process of breaking up housekeeping in preparation for moving to Denver. Things were simply at the point I had seen coming since the previous autumn. Economics were driving me out, the arrests notwithstanding. Previously I had thought to stay at least until the next autumn but not now.

It was a timely move. The Las Animas experience was dead for

sure now, that is if it had ever really been alive. Beautiful house, magnificently appointed but it may as well have been situated on the moon. "Hell on earth", commented one friend who visited a number of times. "Self-imposed exile", was the remark of another visiting from Europe. "A prison sentence", was another. In fact, many times were the hours harder to pass in Las Animas than they ever were in minimum or even maximum security prison. One young woman who had visited me from Denver said that she could never consider living in such an area but if it were situated in Denver, the house, that is, things would be different.

Thus a hard decision was made for me. Now, just as with the end in Ohio, there was nothing to do but do it. Basically, I had to let go of an antique collection at fire sale prices in exchange for a dress rehearsal on one-to-one scale of what life was going to be like, not just now but far after the current mess was just history. It was a good trade. My bondsman assured me, after having lived in large, private homes all my life, I would not like apartment living. But I felt otherwise. From jail following the first arrest, I wrote the previously mentioned girl that I could see myself ensconced in an apartment overlooking a busy street in Denver, surrounded by the best of the best from Las Animas, and being perfectly happy.

At that time in April, however, I frankly told her that I didn't see how it could happen much before the end of the year.

My full attention hadn't yet been trained to focus on that priority. With the unfolding of events soon to come, things would change. In fact, I'd move into my Denver apartment on the first day of that same August. The subsequent arrests provided that boost. They provided more than that but it wouldn't become apparent for some months more.

The final days of June and the opening ones of July were involved in worrying whether any new charges would be executed against me to result in another arrest, one which I could not have afforded a new bond to, and dismantling the home that the Deputy Chief of Police had said struck him with awe at the time of the raid in March. Not a particularly happy undertaking.

Police had a criminal complaint against me then lying with the District Attorney awaiting his decision as to whether or not to prosecute. A sixth class felony for illegal wire tapping. The two sell-outs from my tenant house, the occupant herself plus my former live-in who'd entered

the ranks of race-traitors, gave it to police that the telephone extension which the former had given her permission for me to install from her line to mine (to make up for the loss of my own service which was due to the latter one's irresponsibility) was now an "illegal wire tap". But unlike the menacing charge, I had my own material witness this time. Plus Snuffy had gotten rid of every trace of the extension following a jailhouse tip that this was the direction they might next be moving in.

In any event, they chose not to move on it. Had they known I couldn't have bonded out a fourth time, I believe they'd have gone for it if for no other reason that the harassment value. And I heard later that it would have been a federal charge. Certainly, luck was never absent.

While waiting for the other shoe to drop, there was furniture to be sold, money raised and an apartment to be secured in Denver. All of it within thirty days. Not only that, a good tenant would have to be found for the main house, one already having been found for the back house once the rats had at last vacated.

It went right down to the very wire with me packing more boxes and stacking them in the hallway for quick removal each day. With the help of friends at both ends, it was all accomplished on time. Even a major birthday party for me at the end of July at Snuffy's. So close was it though that I had already arranged with Snuffy to allow me to store my belongings in his basement while I stayed with a friend in Denver and continued the search for my own place.

Right on time for August, good tenants were found and, with indispensable help from friends, the big move was made in two trips with the aid of a U-Haul. Exhausting but successfully accomplished.

The target date had been August first for two reasons: To get to Denver at the earliest reasonable date so as to start enjoying life again but not before the last of my court hearings until that December so as to avoid any unnecessary trips and potentially disastrous surprises.

And on August first we gathered at the courthouse for another preliminary hearing on one of the charges. "To make them jump though the hoops", my attorney had issued subpoenas but was preparing to stipulate on certain things in order to deprive the prosecution the use of some damaging evidence in the form of recorded conversations between myself and the girl on the merits and demerits of race-mixing. Here was the actual wire-tap, as placed by the Sheriff. Good thing I knew better than to threaten her or attempt to discuss the case. All they got was a

racial dissertation rendering her lower than an ant's heel. Still, as my attorney realized, that tape, played before some mush-brained jury, would not have been a good thing.

It was mapped out for me as being perfectly routine but I still rather half expected new charges to be sprung at that time. And, as the hearing was drawing to its conclusion, the Under Sheriff entered the courtroom with some paperwork and handed it to the D.A. I was sure I wasn't leaving town that day.

A set of these papers was then handed by the D.A. to my attorney and, in glancing about the courtroom, I noted the pig responsible for the whole thing just sitting there with a sick grin and a punky nod, off to himself and not happy. But the hearing was ending and nobody was moving on me.

Outside the courtroom, I asked my attorney what had been in those papers and he said that it was a complaint against the pig by the girl at the center of my first case. She was now accusing him of using sexual enticement to gain evidence against me. My God, I thought, this could transform the whole thing. That explained why the pig's partner, who'd arrested me on the menacing charge and who had been subpoenaed but not shown that day, was absent. He had suddenly left town, leaving his wife behind, as soon as he had caught wind of the girl's complaint as it also implicated him. Oh, so big, bad and ballsy.

But I was out of there and, after some quick goodbyes at Snuffy's, off to Denver and a new life. Luck again.

The Denver experience went technically perfect from start to finish. All the things that might have happened to mar it did not materialize, such as a break or a delay in the rents from Las Animas. Still, the tolerances remained close. Denver afforded me much distraction. The shops, the restaurants, the night spots, the Movement crowd, etc. But mainly my hopes from April had been realized, hope every bit as heartfelt and as vivid in my imagination as when I first thought to leave Ohio, and I was happily content with big city apartment life.

There I was, just as I had imagined, overlooking that busy street in the very heart of Denver. Life was carefree. There was anonymity when one wanted it and there was notoriety if one wanted that. From the cozy comfort of the apartment to the round-the-clock bustle of the city. Here, I thought, was the ideal setting for my tastes, perhaps what I had been

born for. A lover of old buildings, this one was vintage 1924, the perfect venue for savoring the strains of the Rhapsody in Blue composed in the same year. As I stood there, cigar in one hand, drink in the other, overlooking the silhouetted skyline with its thousand lights and the darkened streets below with their rivers of automobile headlights reflecting off the wet pavement, I knew this was worth the struggle to get here.

Even the surrounding neighborhood itself was a delight. Rolling hills heavily shaded unlike the bleak, desolate southern portion of the state. Block after block, street after street of stately, old mansions that now had been mainly converted into apartments. One was struck with the thought of where such vast wealth could ever have come from to have once inspired all this. I was reminded of my native Chillicothe, Ohio, except on a far grander scale.

Though I had had it inculcated into me all my life to be a property owner, I had learned that within present day context, all a supposed "owner" was doing was taking upon himself a lot of extra responsibility. What with mortgage and tax foreclosure there's no real ownership. Here was the carefree life I'd been wanting. One problem only: Establish how to make that rent each month and then leave it to the landlord to sweat the rest. Turnabout is fair play.

The period was to be granted eight months but those eight months saw a great deal accomplished and a clear vision to a happy future. There have been in my life times of pure magic. This was one of those.

Connections with Las Animas remained close and constant. Every Monday and Friday I was required to telephone in two bond reports: One to my bondsman and one to the local probation officer. Those plus frequent calls to Snuffy and my attorney, etc. These all were long distance, of course. One good friend in Denver stepped forward and loaned me the use of an ingenious device which used sound impulses to "fool" pay telephones into thinking they were receiving actual quarters. This was a major life-saver as it usually saved me more money than I had on me in total at the moment. More luck.

In October, two things happened. First, my trusty, beloved 1967 Oldsmobile gave up the ghost after untold hundreds of thousands of miles and I was on foot for a couple of weeks. I still remained determined, however, to maintain an automobile. Soon enough, another

friend on the West Coast made it possible for me to purchase the car of the same girl who had visited me in Las Animas. Second, at my prompting, another associate made an "interested party" call to San Francisco to learn what there might be to learn as regarded the current attitude of the girl who'd filed the menacing charges.

My friend was returned called first from San Francisco and then from southern Colorado and assured she would not appear at any further hearings nor deliver any further testimony. Another breakthrough. Incredible, I felt.

November saw two developments also. Between the two girls having left the prosecution in the lurch, my attorney felt the time was right to go to the D.A. and propose a deal. On a Friday he telephoned me to say that the District Attorney was ready to agree to a plea bargain in exchange for probation. That weekend was a good one. Better than that was the surprise word from Snuffy that he had taken it upon himself to attend the back property taxes auction in Las Animas at the courthouse, buy up my delinquencies and put the whole thing back over in my name again. This was stunning. "The man is an angel", I told one friend at the time.

There was more to both of these things, however.

To the down side, the following Monday I learned the unpleasant truth from my attorney that the real enemy was not the D.A. but the judge in the case. "I got the D.A. to cave but the judge said he would not consider probation in this case." That was the bad news. The good news was that Snuffy, by his generous gesture, had stumbled onto a sure and easy way of gaining clear title to my houses: Simply continue allowing the taxes to remain delinquent in the name of myself and my former live-in from Ohio and keep buying them up each year and placing them in my name alone. After four years of this, the property would revert to me exclusively.

This had been the main stumbling block against my leaving Las Animas earlier even though I had seen that life was nowhere there. I was bought in and I was stuck. A life estate deliberately intended to place a legal jungle before any who had their sights on my property also had prevented me from selling minus her cooperation. And a bitter falling out precluded that. She was obviously hoping now that I might be killed in prison and she'd have the whole thing. She'd refused all along to co-sign

a bond with me, allowing me to use my own house as collateral. Well, I made the bonds anyway, the property was secure and yielding me steady income, Snuffy and Helen were taking care of things there and a path to a clear future could be seen. I was satisfied.

Now new dealings were wrought between my attorney and the prosecutor, those the judge might accept. What eventually was arrived at did not sit well with me at all. Six years in "ComCor", so-called Community Corrections, a "halfway house". Completely insane. Obviously we had here a real Systematarian judge who was on a campaign to show the world he was in no way, shape or form any kind of White man. (Also, to no one's surprise, he was reportedly expecting some sort of higher appointment to happen in the near future.) "The man has no soul", commented my attorney.

Very quickly, why didn't we take any of this to trial, especially with these two most recent turns of events? Simply too dangerous. A hanging judge out to prove something, sensational publicity that had prejudiced the whole area and a populace unaccustomed to abstract thought. Change of venue? The judge was prepared to call the entire community of two thousand, five hundred as potential jurors if necessary until twelve were found who'd claim that they could be impartial. My attorney's investigators determined definitely that a fair trial was out of the question. Suppression of tainted evidence? The judge would not have done this as we surely found out. Newly hostile or recently vanished prosecution witnesses? There still was the physical evidence and other witnesses who'd already shown their willingness to lie on paper. Appeals? Again, I couldn't have afforded the necessary bonds or the lengthy processes themselves.

The entire Colorado judicial system, as it turned out, was of the same "nail 'em and jail 'em" mindset as that one judge and no slack was to be expected from any other quarter.

Finally, to go to trial and lose would have put me directly in jeopardy of an effective life sentence. Ten years on each of the photography charges, eight years on each of the contributing charges and three years on each of the menacing charges. As one female investigator told me at the time, "When I was told how much time you could get, I was frightened."

The object was to cut losses before they could ever happen. It

would have to be a deal. And for the next two months it looked like it would be the halfway house. The questions were, one, to get me accepted into one and, two, the judge would finally have to approve any such deal. I was not happy at all with the prospect but my attorney's aim was to avoid a prison sentence.

Later, through street contacts in Las Animas, I learned that this "deal" was even less "sweet" than I at first had felt. Sure enough, the girl couldn't be found to testify in the menacing case for the State. The Sheriff was conducting a search for her in order to serve a subpoena. But the fact was that she and her Mexican lover were seen and overheard in conversation with the pig in a public coffee shop regarding the greater implications of this "deal".

First, by bowing out in this way, she would not be further exposed as a State's witness against a member of the Movement, and also as a race-traitor in the press, thus permitting her to go on posing as a member of the Movement herself. And, second, since I'd be pleading to two felony counts under the new "Three Strikes And You're Out" law, or "The Bitch" as convicts refers to the habitual offender clause, only one more arrest and I could still be facing a life sentence. And the State would be spared the embarrassment of the exposure of the first girl's criminal complaint against the pig for sexual assault which, so far, they had managed to keep hushed up.

My informant told me that there were laughs all around the table. The D.A. called my attorney a liar when he told him that his own police were deceiving him. That was until he ran into his former star witness and her spic lover at a local department store. But Fate wasn't through yet.

Trips back and forth to Las Animas increased in December. There were no takers within ComCor until the very final moment.

At that hearing, my attorney was shown a letter that had been sent to the judge from someone calling herself "Mandy" and claiming she had been "raped" by me and to please throw the book at me. As it wound up, the judge rejected the entire ComCor deal and we were set for trial that spring. The man was intent upon prison.

The only other change that occurred in the months ahead was a new counsel for the State. Within days of the trial date, my attorney approached the new D.A. for a new deal. It came to this: Plead to one count of felony menacing with its three-year sentencing cap. I wasn't

happy about that, either, but it was undeniably a fifty percent improvement time-wise over the previous deal. I would no longer be liable for "The Bitch" later on. On such a standard, low-level non-sexual and non-violent charge, I stood to be in and out in less than the three years. As it was before, there'd have been no chance of this. They would be robbed of their precious "kiddie" charge which could have made life on the inside sketchy at best. And that traitor bitch would go on record as exactly what she was.

Besides, the plain fact was, as I had been getting it confirmed to me from those who knew first hand, D.O.C., or the Department of Corrections, or straight prison time, was to be entirely preferred over ComCor or probation time. Far fewer hassles and the ability to get it over with much quicker. Prison might contain risks but I had come through it well enough twenty years before at the Cincinnati Workhouse. This would be incomprehensible to the average individual with their carefully implanted nightmares and superstitions concerning prison life, including, obviously, that sick, cowardly, anti-White judge.

The on-going perfidy of the race-traitor girl, who had penned the anonymous "Mandy" letter, together with the "maximum" mindset of that sold-out judge who had to bend way over backward to kiss the asses of his hidden masters for the sake of his own worthless career, provided inadvertently for me a very major break as it was clear enough even at the time.

Still another advantage this new deal provided was that it definitely kept me well under a four-year or above sentence which would have made me a direct candidate for shipment to Texas where Colorado was now routinely sending its overflow of prisoners. Conditions between incarceration in Texas and Colorado were as different as between night and day. In Texas, things were so inhumane that lawsuits and riots were to arise out of it. This, however, I would remain unaware of until later.

That final week in Denver during March and April of 1995, I was desperately ill with flu-like symptoms. Nonetheless, the task of putting all my belongings into safe storage had to be done. During those days I was functioning on auto-pilot. As far as I knew, I could be in prison within twenty-four hours of arriving back in Las Animas. It was a gloomy time.

At least now the significance of that second arrest came into a focus of total clarity. During those moments in May, I had also been on

auto-pilot when I interrupted what I was doing to step outside and into that confrontation. It certainly seemed like a mistake at the time as I was re-entering the back seat of a police cruiser. Damned though if I didn't feel a distinct sense of honor and satisfaction despite all. Too many have stood still, silent and idly by in the face of just such outrage and disgrace.

Had I not taken that step then, I'd not have been off to Denver as soon as I was and would have missed a very great deal of living. More importantly though, I'd have not had that honorable and comparatively easy "back door" out of the imbroglia which the System had intended should not only irreparably damage myself and the Movement but put me away more or less permanently.

This much I was perfectly well aware of at the time and it helped tremendously in getting me through a most difficult challenge. For myself, I was more than ready for an end to the phase now winding down and the start of a new one.

The months in confinement would provide the clean break.

Winter, 1995-96, C.S.P.

HITLER ON GERALDO

What Commander Rockwell called "Phase One" activity involved getting ourselves known by the general public, that is, the fact that we, the White Racialist Resistance, did actually exist, and in getting as much of our program as possible out across the enemy-dominated media. Since there already existed an openly declared quarantine, a news blackout, against him by the owners of the media, the Jews, the battle lines were clearly drawn.

The Commander's solution? Be so brazen, carry out demonstrations so bold that for the media not to report it would by itself expose them for the black-handed practitioners of tyrannical censorship that they are. This was a rough row to hoe. Simultaneously with the steep, uphill battle to break the steel wall of censorship with his demonstrations, all of which were perfectly legal, was the equally daunting battle in the enemy-dominated courts when those same demonstrations were attacked by Jewish gangs or broken up by police.

It worked. I dare say that if we as a Movement were putting as

much heart into it today as Commander Rockwell was doing then, we would indeed be seeing those "White riots" in the streets of major cities all across the country that we must see if anything is to ever change. As I said, it was much rougher than most have the power to comprehend. The blurb "cost effective" had yet to be coined but, had it been, then that unquestionably would have been running through the minds of most of those directly involved. Commander Rockwell died while still under threat of a conviction and a jail sentence in Chicago for having gone to the sheriff's office to inquire what the sheriff had meant when he had stated to the press that he would arrest the Commander on sight and think of some charge later on.

Of course there still are the local Klan rallies around the country which are superficially very much like the old rallies of the Sixties. I'm sure the idea behind them is the same. And I do know that in some cases a few good people are brought into the Movement by them. However, there is a critical factor here that never seems to be addressed.

Back in the Sixties there were next to no talk shows the likes of which we see today on television. "The Joe Pyne Show" was the one big exception and, fittingly enough, Commander Rockwell made it onto that show and made a monkey out of Joe Pyne, whose job it was, exactly like today's talk show hosts, to make anyone remotely anti-System look like a fool or worse.

However, as I said, that incident was the exception. The Jews of the media knew Commander Rockwell was too powerful and effective to be allowed on television and so he simply was not. Today it is not at all uncommon to turn the dial and catch one or another so-called "racist" or panels of "racists" on these talk shows. Has the media let down its guard? Hardly. They've just smartened up.

There's a term known as "clay pigeon". That makes up over ninety percent of those claiming to represent the Movement who are allowed by the media masters to appear on these shows. They may be quite sincere and dedicated about what they're doing, they may see and know what's going on and be fighting it with everything they've got. However, they are not qualified to be Movement representatives. They are nowhere near to being able to match wits with the hosts of these programs who are, as often as not, sly-fox Jews.

Most of the time I cringe whenever I happen to catch one of

these spectacles on television because I certainly do not go out of my way to find them. The effect is not a good one. The Jews know this ahead of time which is why they put these people on. They know that they had better not give a fair chance to someone like Commander Rockwell. In my candid and friendly talks with people around here, the very people who rightly should be and probably will be with us when the time comes, these poor souls are contemptuously referred to as "inbreeds". A hell of a thing when a professional racist is scorned by people whose own racial instincts are remarkably healthy in a down-to-earth, matter-of-fact sort of way.

There is the same deficiency in the area of public demonstration and other kinds of media appearances. Plenty of balls but next to no smarts. A tragic waste, to say the least.

Let me not just leave this point on a negative note and

say that what they each need to be doing in every case is to attack the System as the root cause of the problem and don't bother about attacking races as being merely an annoying symptom. Do not cry for so-called "law and order" as the Conservatives do. Call instead for revolution to sweep this entire System into the ash can. And all of this is not even to mention the impossible proposition of pretending to ever be able to play it "straight" with any System minion, especially these well-trained talk show hosts.

At the opposite end of the same spectrum as Commander Rockwell's personae as a scholarly officer and gentleman, with all the facts at his fingertips and a ready wit and humor with which to dismantle any smart-ass Jew, is the radically new and different tack deliberately assumed by Charles Manson whereby he acts even more of the maniac than they are trying to make him out to be. The same key on both? No defense, no retreat, no apology, no explanation, no equivocation. "Yes, I'm a Nazi and it's too bad Hitler didn't gas more of them!" And, "Yes, and if I ever get out of here I'm going to do a whole lot more killing!"

Then there are those occasions when someone who is capable and articulate gets onto one of these shows. Against the host, who's paid a fortune to bait them and make them look ridiculous, abuse them, etc., and a studio audience that is little more than a zoo, one wonders what really gets accomplished after all. Instead of the old news clip souvenirs we used to collect after similar such encounters, we now have video tape

souvenirs.

It finally hit me about a year ago when I happened to be in Chicago as part of one of these very shows. The topic was Charles Manson and the guest list was quite remarkable indeed.

On the one side was Vincent Bugliosi and the sister of Sharon Tate. On the other side was Sandra Good, one close associate of hers, a pair of brothers who produced Manson t-shirts, four very young people from San Francisco that I had spent the previous days briefing intensely for the occasion and, presumably, myself. As the hour-long encounter bogged down into the killings and no one seemed to be able to break the knot, I saw the time ticking out and the increasingly evident tactic of the producers wanting to thus avoid even putting me on camera. It was obvious I would have been a counterweight to Bugliosi, complete with a little maturity, a three-piece suit and a published book to my credit. However, once it was all over, they paid me as if I'd been on. At that, the show wasn't bad.

It was then that I asked myself whether I could even imagine Hitler on one of these things. Indeed, whether he'd even deign to accept such an invitation. Credentials? I guess so. Camera and microphone presence? Unflappable? On and on I could go. Not a question of how he'd come across or whether he could handle himself. No.

Would he want to lend credence to them by his presence? Would he ever, in a million years, condescend to directly addressing or being addressed by a Jew? Or a Negro? Or being jeered by an audience of brain-raped zombies? Or to explaining himself for the entertainment of bored housewives at home? Or to help sell products for Jewish advertisers?

It has to be directly compared to participating in these so called "democratic elections". By participating, you merely validate them. Can there be any advantage for us in that? Debate is one thing and we must be up to it always. But I do not class debate along with propaganda and it is only through propaganda that we will undermine and demolish the System. Effective propaganda must be unfettered and not interfered with by any member of the "contradicting and blaspheming" enemy, Jewish or otherwise. You may ridicule or you may indict but it has got to be your show and no one else's. A carnival atmosphere is hardly conducive to moving anyone. Now that there is home video, we have a huge weapon at our disposal with which to accomplish this very thing.

I do not propose to withdraw from the field. However, if you are determined and willing to engage in this style of confrontation with the Enemy, then please, for the sake of us all, be fully prepared for it and know what to expect.

February, 1995, Denver
First appeared in W.A.R., May, 1995

PIT AND THE PENDULUM

With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe, I seem to remember from somewhere a long time ago the assurance that the pendulum's swing always returns. The cause for the reference was the "pit" of bleeding-heart Liberal Democracy that the nation found itself in during the Sixties, along with the permissive insanity that was tearing at the vitals of White society.

In the Movement, we knew that the then prevailing attitude of "hand it all over as fast as you can" on the part of the government, media and education was alien-inspired and counter to the instincts of the people. However, neither we nor they were able to do anything about it. The degree of amazement at just what people would stand still for was never greater.

The first hints of the "blessings" of racial integration, the loosening of the grip over primitive, subject people, were becoming apparent with the race riots and the appearance of racially-mixed couples. The "do your own thing" philosophy was giving birth to "recreational" drug use and what were later to be called "alternative lifestyles". Already, the ground purpose of "law enforcement" had been changed from "serve and protect" to "protecting you from yourself".

Crime began to jump. The first of the anti-gun laws came into being.

No amount of outrage, no attempts at awakening others were of any avail. Some of the more mature patiently insisted that the swing from Liberal to Conservative would eventually come as a matter of course, naturally. After all, you can only ruin and poison and throw away just so long before there is no more left. It sort of made sense in a too-good-to-be-true kind of way. One still clung to the semi-certainty that sometime enough would have to be enough.

Well, sure enough it happened. Only when the comfortable middle-class were no longer safe in their suburban homes and only when it was clear to a blind man that the foundation of their way of life was about to implode did the mood shift. Their own offspring could be drug-crazed, homosexual or nigger-loving whores, but let no one seriously threaten property rights or income levels.

Remember the old "revolving door" comparison with the so-called "justice" and prison system of not too long ago? Gone, I assure you! Things are truly reactionary and Conservative today. One obese radio and television commentator speaks for this new wave, the Republican revolution, and does it well. An outstanding degree of similarity to some of the moral and social things which Commander Rockwell was saying in the Sixties is heard coming from this man who has a huge following.

Yet, there is no cause for cheering to be found there. Unless money concerns are your god, the Conservative swing of the pendulum, so long anticipated, is just as heavily rigged and full of traps as was the Liberal era just passed. The reason is a simple one: The same people with the same agenda are in control. Note that the fat one in the media is a willing, eager worshipper of Jews and heartily welcomes any non-Whites into the fold who can succeed in acting like money-grubbing assimilationists.

The same gang of alien criminals remains in complete control at the top while, thanks to social damage done three and four generations ago that is still unchecked, the population base becomes darker and darker every year. Precisely there is the only real concern and precisely there is the reason it isn't getting any better.

The Liberal phase of the past generation was used to knock everything off track to a fatal degree. The Conservative phase of the