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

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

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

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

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

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It is, therefore, in the best tradition of America and of free men everywhere that *Liberty Bell* strives to give free reign to ideas, for ultimately it is ideas which rule the world and determine both the content and structure of our Western culture.

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

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

POSTSCRIPTS

by Revilo P. Oliver

AIMING LOW

The British press in November and December was full of pontificating about the ruin of Count Nikolai Tolstoy, of the Russian noble family that produced an astonishing number of well-known novelists, including the author of *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*. One of two long articles in the *Sunday Times*, 3 December 1989, is perhaps the most reasonable—or rather the least unreasonable of the comments I have seen.

The present Count Tolstoy is an historian who has particularly concerned himself with the massacre of at least thirty thousand civilized Russians by collaboration between the British servants of the Jews and Stalin in 1945. (The comparable but greater crimes of the Americans are not at issue here.) You may remember his *Victims of Yalta* and *Stalin's Secret Army*, a book which distressed the British establishment by showing the close coöperation between ranking members of the British government and the Soviet enemies of civilization.

In his latest book, *The Minister and the Massacres* (London, Century-Hutchinson, 1986), Count Tolstoy alleged that the massacres were the result of a conspiracy headed by Harold Macmillan, whom Churchill had made "political adviser" to General (Field Marshall) Alexander, and who thus was able to use the General as an unwitting accomplice in the massacres by conspiring with his subordinates.

Tolstoy and his publishers were sued for libel by Lord Aldington.

Let not Baron Aldington's title make you think of Britain's hereditary nobility; he was a young man of twenty-five named Low in 1939, when Great Britain began to act on behalf of International Jewry, which had formally declared war on Germany almost seven years before, but naturally had to wait until its henchmen could mobilize

gullible Aryans to do its fighting. Low, through merit or the kind of political corruption that came to dominate the American Army under Roosevelt, soared up to the rank of General, and, as General Low, issued the commands to the British forces that carried out the bloody crime against international law and the ethics of our race. After the war, Low became Chairman of the Board of one of Britain's largest and wealthiest insurance companies, and naturally a wealthy man himself. He was catapulted into the peerage in 1962 and chose the title, Baron Aldington.

When the Baron filed his libel suit, Tolstoy's publishers hurriedly weaseled out by arranging to settle for a mere £30,000, leaving poor Tolstoy, who was the real object of the British Establishment's wrath, to fight alone. (He received no real help from a man named Watts, who was prosecuted with him.) The trial took place before a British judge, who, if the press reports are to be trusted, was overtly hostile to the defendant. It was relatively easy for Low-Aldington to prove that he had acted under orders, a plea which suffices in civilized tribunals, but was ignored by the Americans when they obscenely murdered German officers to please the world's parasites. Tolstoy was simply crushed by a judgement for damages far exceeding what he could ever pay, plus the costs with which the loser is taxed in England, making the total he must pay the staggering sum of £2,500,000!

If the accounts of the trial in the press are to be trusted, I must concede that the verdict that Tolstoy was guilty of libel was legally correct, although the damages awarded were fantastically excessive, but I regret anything that redounds to the profit of Low-Aldington, who, again if the reports are to be trusted, must have sworn that when he had the unarmed men (and some women and children) "repatriated," with elaborate precautions to prevent them from committing suicide, he had no idea they would not be treated with kindness by the Soviets. I am reminded of the Chicago gangster who wiped out some members of a rival gang, and then, when on trial, swore he hadn't known his machine gun was loaded.

Tolstoy's ruin came—legally, at least—from an odd twist in his book. He alleged that the British part of one of

the great instances of treachery and barbarity in modern history came from a conspiracy headed by Macmillan, who acted without the knowledge of Winston Churchill. That made officers who carried out orders that Macmillan had no authority to give participants in the conspiracy. I wish I knew whether this was Tolstoy's idea or was suggested to him by some adviser, possibly the weaseling publishers, who urged that the Establishment would not permit derogatory comments about Britain's greatest War Criminal.

Although one of the articles in the *Sunday Times* is devoted to laundering Macmillan, there can be no question but that he was morally quite capable of the crime of which he was accused. He was probably a traitor, and when Prime Minister certainly acted to shield traitors and enemy agents. He will be best remembered from the widely published photograph that showed him, attired for Ascot, doing his plebeian best to look like a haughty British nobleman, perhaps with foreknowledge that he would soon be jacked up into the peerage as Lord Stockton. What is wrong with Tolstoy's thesis is the notion that Macmillan, a born toady, would have dared to do anything more than sharpen a pencil without the approbation of his blood-thirsty boss.

The very fact that Churchill, in imitation of Soviet practice, appointed "political advisers" to keep commanding generals under surveillance and thwart, if possible, any tendency to observe the code of warfare on which civilized nations had agreed, was evidence in itself of where the real responsibility lay.

Had Tolstoy taken the reasonable and logical position that the crime was carried out on the orders of Churchill, whom British officers, by the rules and ethics of their profession, were obliged to obey, willingly or unwillingly, his position would have been legally as well as historically impregnable.

The historical facts may be definitely established in the awaited second volume of David Irving's *Churchill's War*. In the meantime, we must wonder what made poor Tolstoy aim so low the deadly projectile of his research and deliberately miss the logical target.

It would be a waste of your time to take notice of the bleating in the British press that the crime was justified by

the "requirements of postwar policy" and especially the need to rush American money into Russia to bolster the régime of Roosevelt's accomplice. It is too late for journalistic sleight-of-pen to save the British Establishment. It was unable to prevent the publication of David Irving's *Churchill's War*¹ or the book by Peter Wright.² The hurried murder of the aged Rudolph Hess was botched, and so, in current idiom, was sensationally "counter-productive." Almost every day brings to light more evidence of the Establishment's Judaic viciousness and corruption.

I have just noticed the disclosure, by Aaron Moshel, a retired agent of Mossad, the Jews' agency for espionage and terrorism, that it was he who, on orders from his superiors, warned the notorious British traitor, Kim Philby, that his treason had been discovered by MI5 (which, of course, had been penetrated by the Jews' Mossad) and that his arrest was imminent. Moshel thinks it likely that Philby himself was an agent of Mossad, which sent him to the Soviet KGB. Philby, he says, was inspired (doubtless at Cambridge, where he became a satellite of Lord Rothschild) with hatred of his rather distinguished father's "anti-Semitism."³ So Philby, who married a Jewess, naturally did his best to destroy his own race, nation, and civilization.

Intelligence and terrorist agencies are compartmentalized in an effort to prevent a given agent from learning more than he "needs to know" to carry out his mission.

1. Volume I is available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$30.00 + postage.

2. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, January 1988, pp. 18 ff.; June 1988, pp. 2 ff.

3. Here, of course, the absurdity of the Jews' nonsense word, which they have made popular to impose on the thoughtless and disguise their own activities, becomes apparent. Harry St. John Philby, like his friend, T. E. Lawrence ("of Arabia"), was a great friend of the Semites and deplored their betrayal by Britain to please their vicious enemies, Yahweh's Yids. Moshel thus dissipates the foolish but generally accepted conjectures that Kim Philby became a Bolshevik and traitor in emulation of his father's friendship for Ibn Saud and vehement denunciation of the Jew-serving British government's policy to expose the Semites of the Near East to Jewish depredations. The elder Philby, who opposed Britain's war for the Jews and was illegally arrested and imprisoned in 1939, is now perhaps best remembered as the explorer of the Rub'a el Khali, which he described in *The Empty Quarter* (1933).

Moshel, who was not even told whether or not Philby was in the employ of Mossad, would not have known precisely how Lord Rothschild was related to either Philby or Mossad. That remains to be elucidated, but the Judaeo-British Establishment will, if necessary, do anything to protect its Yiddish darling.

THE VIKINGS' FAILURE

The *New Scientist* for 20 January 1990 is especially interesting. It contains on one page the latest in a long series that describe the dire effects that the much-touted "greenhouse effect" will have on the world, unless the industrial production of carbon dioxide is halted, which, as no one states specifically, can be done only by the "One World" government for which Yahweh's Yids have been agitating frantically since their victory in the war against our race in Europe.¹

This article accompanies a map that shows what regions of the globe will be affected by the theoretical rise in the level of the ocean that is to be one of the theoretical consequences of the "greenhouse effect." According to the theoretical projection, there will be minor effects in civilized countries, but the most drastic effects will occur in such places as Bangladesh, where there will be a great contraction of the area in which the wogs can breed, as they now do, at a rate which, if one takes into consideration the longer periods of gestation and infancy in our species, puts the guinea pig to shame.

There is, of course, the usual hint that this consequence of the projected "greenhouse effect" will call for taxing the "richer nations," i.e., the Aryan boobs, and for importing into their countries more hordes of "refugees" to breed them out of their homes.

1. This is not to deny that there are grave ecological problems, ranging from preservation of whales, dolphins, and other friendly species that have as much natural right to this planet as we do and which we should value much more than the species of anthropoids that are our active or potential enemies, to the preservation of the tropical rain forests that are being destroyed to accelerate the breeding of biological trash and the profits of the usurers who finance that destruction with loans that will eventually be paid by the American boobs.

The same issue contains a really valuable and significant article, "Climate and History: the Westvikings' Saga," by John and Mary Gribbin. This reports the findings of the determination of climate in historical times by drilling deep into Arctic ice and extracting cores that show the prevailing climate's fluctuations since c. 500 A.D. There are some very interesting speculations about the effect of presumably world-wide climate on the end of the Roman Empire, but the most positive and significant results explain the fate of the Vikings' settlements in North America.

As late as the 1930s, the public schools in the United States provided some education for children instead of injecting the "One World" pus to blight their racial instincts and befuddle their minds. In those days every schoolchild knew that North America was discovered near the end of the Tenth Century by a Viking from Iceland, Eric the Red, who attracted Norse settlers to the land he called Greenland, and that Leif Ericson led colonists further south around the year 1000. Settlements were certainly established in Newfoundland, and almost certainly on the mainland in what is now New England.²

The new climatological data show that Eric the Red did reach a land that was then green and fertile and certainly a Greenland by contrast with the Iceland from which he had come. He arrived near the end of a warm period, called a "climatic optimum," and his settlements would have prospered exceedingly, had not a following period of very cold winters imposed unexpected hardships on the colonists. The climate became warmer again, so colonists were again encouraged.

The two settlements in Greenland became so relatively prosperous that in 1125 a Catholic Bishop was installed in a cathedral, a fairly large church built of stone, of which the foundations are still visible at Gardar. Christianity flourished in the usual way. The authors remark that "Two hundred years later, when the colony was already a

2. Archaeological evidence has proved there were Viking settlements in Newfoundland; it is highly probable that there were some on the coast of New England, but proof is lacking. For a non-technical account, see *Westward to Vinland*, by Helge Ingstad, translated by Erik J. Friis (London, Jonathan Cape, 1969).

hundred years older than the U.S. is now, the church owned about two-thirds of the best grazing land on the island." Although we may assume that the bishop hired servants to tend his herds, more or less inefficiently, the alienation of land that could have supported virile colonists and their families must have checked the expansion of the colony.

As the climate became increasingly colder after the end of the warmer phase around 1225, life in Greenland became ever more difficult. The last bishop died in 1378 and was never replaced, and intercourse between the colonists and the mother country gradually ceased; they had no surplus to export, and the Scandinavian countries were distracted by internal struggles for power and occasional wars.

The Norse settlers were essentially farmers, depending for their livelihood on cultivation of the soil and raising cattle. They could live through cold winters, but were doomed when, around 1500, the summers became too short to permit crops to mature and hence to provide fodder for livestock. The frozen body of the last Norseman in Greenland was found by a ship driven to the coast by a storm in 1540.

As the authors say, "In round terms, the Greenland colonies survived for 500 years, from 1000 to 1500, so they were far from being complete failures: the United States of America have been independent for less than half that time."

The authors do not speculate about the fate of Norse colonies farther south. It is likely that they, having no firearms and only metal weapons that could not be replaced locally, were exterminated by the relatively multitudinous savages and by miscegenation. (Traces of white genes were found in Indian populations for centuries, even individuals who seemed to be White men but had degenerated to Indian customs. Compare the Guayakis of Paraguay.)

Now the fate of the members of our race who came so close to establishing civilization on this continent long before Columbus must be a subject of great interest and pathos to us, but the important point here is the climatic fluctuations from presumably global warming to global

chilling that first permitted Norse settlements in Greenland and then made life there impossible for civilized men.³

Now, as you have surely seen for yourself, if only there had been a World Government in the year 1000, King Solomon II, from his exalted throne in Jerusalem, would have stopped the industries that were then producing the "greenhouse effect," thus either making settlements in Greenland impossible or assuring their perpetuity. If the latter, he would also have rushed shiploads of niggers to Greenland to teach the Norse about Civil Rights and thus exterminate that colony of the race his race has always hated above all.

If you want to worry about the future, that is the aspect of the "greenhouse effect" you should take to heart.

NORTH BY GOD

We must sympathize with Colonel Oliver L. North, although, of course, we cannot possibly respect him. Indeed, if he had not been a victim of perfidy and injustice, his name would excite only a moment of contemptuous amusement.

Although he probably participated in boyish shenanigans earlier, we had our first view of him when he and his bumbling boss, Admiral Poindexter, having crudely disguised themselves, as boys do when they play detective, sneaked into the Near East as special envoys, sent by the old ham actor in the White House, to deliver to the head of a Moslem nation his gifts, to-wit, a delicious cake and a copy of the Christian Bible with a quotation and signature personally inscribed by old Ronnie. The gifts may also have included a baseball and bat, and a sack of peppermint-stick candy, but there is no record of them.

It would seem that the purpose of that diplomatic mission was to deliver a gratuitous but calculated insult to the

3. The authors, in tune with the times, suggest that the Norse could have survived in Greenland if they had gone native and imitated the Eskimos. That is supposed to read us a lesson about the need to "adapt" ourselves—adapt ourselves, I suppose, to Christian folly and the importation of hordes of barbarians and savages to take over our country. We can at least be proud that when the climate made life impossible in Greenland, the Norse died like men. The frozen corpse found in 1540 was dressed in European clothes.

Moslem President, but the level of mentality displayed by all concerned is so low that we may think the overgrown boys hoped to convert the Moslem to Christianity and so make him aware of his duty to surrender his country to Yahweh's Yids.

The episode reminded my older readers of a delightfully comic film, "The Diplomaniacs," in which similar diplomacy had been enacted by the team of Wheeler & Woolsey, who were able to produce exquisitely ludicrous episodes without the noisome Yiddish vulgarity of their rivals, four Sheenies called Marx, doubtless in pious memory of Karl.

The boy colonel and his callow superior bobbed up again as Ronnie's agents in a complicated scheme to use in the interests of the Jews the Communist vermin whom the C.I.A. had installed in Nicaragua as part of the long-term plan to encircle the United States before openly occupying it.¹ The unfortunate people in Nicaragua who were trying to resist the local Bolsheviks were to serve as a pretext for further enriching Kikes in the armament business by paying them to supply weapons and munitions to Khomenei's Iranians and thus encourage them to continue their war against Iraq, a Moslem state that is an obstacle to the Jews' plans to annex all of the Near East to their Holy Land.

The international intrigue was so ineptly managed that, as everyone knows, it became a scandal which gave to some ambitious politicians in the Jews' Congress in Washington an opportunity to make noises and get their names in the 1. It is now conceded that the C.I.A. engineered a couple of assassinations and subsidized a revolt to overthrow the Somozas, who had made Nicaragua as nearly stable and civilized as a mongrel country can be. I have some independent knowledge of the Somozas: a friend of mine was a classmate and friend of the Somoza who was educated at Northwestern University. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, October 1988, pp. 15-17, and the cited book by the younger Anastasio Somoza. Mr. Taylor, in the pages of *Liberty Bell*, accused the Somozas of tolerating Jewish predators in Nicaragua, but that was obviously the price they had to pay to avert American intervention for so many years. When the family was overthrown, there was the usual gabble about the "democracy" and filth that Americans love, but the C.I.A.'s purpose must have been to prepare Nicaragua for Communist occupation, so that it could serve as a base for a Communist take-over in Mexico, thus closing one jaw of the nutcracker on the American nut.

newspapers. To what extent North was responsible for the blunders is uncertain, but on his behalf it may be said that part of the responsibility must fall on the persons who selected him for a task for which he was intellectually incompetent. He, like Ronnie, was given to babbling about "Bible prophecy" and "Armageddon" and "God's plan for his Chosen," and similar nonsense, and no man whose mind is filled with childish fantasies could be competent to carry out a clandestine mission in the real world.

Old Ronnie did not have the manhood to avow his part in the transaction that had been made scandalous, and some of his subordinates, including the authors of two books I have noticed in these pages, hastened to pretend that the old actor was innocent and had been deceived by the wicked team of Poindexter & North. What was worse, Ronnie was such a craven coward that he did not even use his power to pardon his agents and thus save them from prosecution and persecution.

One sympathizes with an agent, however stupid, who has served a superior unworthy of him and suffered accordingly. One sympathizes with North even more because he was denied his right under the Constitution (to which lip-service is still given by the aliens and traitors in Washington) to a fair trial. Under the Constitution and under all Anglo-Saxon law since the Magna Carta, North was entitled to trial by a jury of his peers. Instead, according to all accounts, he was convicted by a pack of niggers, who used the opportunity to enjoy comfort and importance as long as they could.

Ever since that grotesque show trial I have felt sympathy for Colonel North, and I still do, although some member of his staff has picked me as sucker.

I have received a printed letter signed by Oliver L. North, in which he avers that he has done a lot of praying, by which, I suppose, he means that he talked to the clouds or the infinite void beyond them, and took some quirk of his glands for a reply. He avers that he believes "that, in the providence of God, nothing happens by accident to those who have committed their lives to Him." On this basis, he deduces that "His purpose" in afflicting him with all the tribulations he has undergone (and to do that, the omnis-

cient god must have contrived the whole mess, perhaps including—who knows?—the civil war in Nicaragua) was just to give North a hint that he should found another play-pen for simple-minded "conservatives," and beg them for \$25.00 or more a head.

I think that the boy colonel probably believes what he says, and I am still sorry for him, although I reflect that, given belief in so vicious a deity, who accomplishes his purposes by a kind of Rube Goldberg mechanism and wreaks havoc on thousands just to kick his votary hard enough to give him a hint—given belief in such a god, Aryan manhood would elect to perish as did the younger Ajax, defying the lightnings and the tempests of the gods who slay him.

I do not know how many hundreds of "conservative" and "anti-Communist" Alliances, Legions, Crusades, and the like have been launched during the past half-century and have wasted the money that hopefuls contributed to them. Two or three, perhaps even four or five, were founded by men (Major Pease, Colonel Hadley, et al.)² who had a conception of what was really at issue and hoped their organizations would grow to the point at which they could be used for a serious purpose. Quite a few were founded by men and women who, still intoxicated by the prevalent illusions, naively thought they could rally "Christian patriots" to fight what was, after all, a hobgoblin, and never perceived who were their real enemies. And many were founded by shrewd promoters who profited from Barnum's discovery that there is a sucker born every minute—a dictum which must be honored as sound sociological research, even though Barnum grossly underestimated the birth-rate.

After all these years and decades of continual futility and frustration, I can only marvel there can still be found Americans who will pay to chase will-o'-the-wisps around the Dismal Swamp called the United States. But there are such. "Conservatives" and "Christian patriots" seem never to learn from past experience, and, although it is impolite and unkind, one cannot help seeing an analogy in fish, who,

2. I exclude from consideration here Robert the Welcher's Birch promotion. I gave some account of its origins in *America's Decline*, mentioned its later stage in *Liberty Bell*, May 1985, and intend to write its obituary and have done with it in some future issue.

after centuries of collective experience, still bite hooks concealed in wriggling worms.

Thus there may still be a place for North's Freedom Alliance, which is going to promote national defense, support freedom throughout the world (!), maintain "traditional Judaeo-Christian values," and so on and on. I won't list the rest of the objectives; you must have memorized them, having read them in a hundred begging letters.

So, if you want to join the boys and girls for another jolly romp on the playground, just send \$25.00, or as much more as you want to throw away, to Oliver North's Freedom Alliance, P.O. Box 96700, Washington, District of Corruption, 20090. But if you are the kind of person who will do that, why are you now reading adult "literature"? *Liberty Bell* is for adults and only adults who have the courage to face the terrible and mind-withering reality of the present and, by understanding it, compute the relative chances of the possible ways in which some genetic nucleus of our race can survive the suicide of the Christianized majority.

THE VALUE OF THE UNIMPORTANT

There are thousands of books, many of them by diligent and judicious writers, that are utterly insignificant because they deal with merely local and ephemeral events which are mere notes in the long perspectives of history—even of the limited history of a given nation in a given part of a century. The best of such books, furthermore, are almost necessarily the dullest, because the conscientious author must devote paragraphs and pages to deciding, for example, whether a certain ship sailed on the first of November or on the eighth, and whether it carried 217 passengers or only 203—questions which, the impatient reader knows, really matter less than the proverbial tinker's 'damn!' in Hell, but which the scholarly author must answer in the interests of historical *akribia*.

Such books, however, if by trustworthy authors, have the value of instructing us concerning the character and conduct of mediocre and ordinary men, the "common man" of sociological mythology, in a given society at a given time.

Everyone should read two or three such books that deal with local events in the United States during the Nineteenth Century, when the dragon's teeth of the present were carelessly sown. One such book is Earle R. Forrest's *History of Washington County*, of which I have cited an excerpt (December 1989, p. 13). Another is a book that has just been lent to me for a few days, Professor Walter O. Forster's *Zion on the Mississippi—the Settlement of the Saxon Lutherans in Missouri, 1839-1841* (St. Louis, Concordia Publishing House, 1953). This volume of 620 pages gives a painstakingly accurate account of the migration of one group of c. 700 Germans, most of them from the Kingdom and Duchies of Saxony, to St. Louis in 1839.

The central figure in the story is, for our purposes, the least interesting, since he was an abnormality, and our concern is with the ordinary men and women whom he so strongly influenced, but we must therefore take some notice of him.

As Professor Forster refrains from telling us, Martin Stephan was not a German. He was almost certainly a Slav, born in Moravia and early left an orphan by parents of the very lowest social class. His native language was Czech, and although he later acquired an adequate command of German, he always spoke the language with a pronounced Czech accent.

The orphan was given little education, but was taught a trade, and it was as a journeyman weaver that he migrated from Bohemia to Breslau (in Prussian Silesia) in 1797, when he was twenty.

The young workman, spontaneously or shrewdly, found ways of commending himself to a group of Pietists, some of whom were persons of social position, whose emotional beliefs more or less coincided with those of the Moravian Brethren, the cult which, it will be remembered, greatly influenced John and Charles Wesley when they induced quite a few impressionable youngsters at Oxford to wear out the knees of their trousers while conversing with an imaginary super-ghost up in the clouds.

The Pietists charitably sent the pious young man to a German Gymnasium, where, however, he proved himself an inferior and incompetent student, who either could not or

would not learn Greek and Latin. Had he been a German youth without an influential patron, he would have been summarily ejected, but instead, despite his academic failure, Count von Hohenthal financed for him five years at the Universities of Halle and Leipzig, where he frittered away his time by reading pietistic trash instead of studying, to show his contempt for "carnal erudition"—a contempt which, at least in later years, did not extend to other forms of carnal knowledge.

In 1810 the government of Saxony, doubtless on the recommendation of influential persons, appointed Stephan to the pulpit of the "Bohemian church" in Dresden. This was a part of the state-supported Lutheran Church, but it had been established for Bohemian refugees during the Thirty Years War and had thus been granted many privileges that were not enjoyed by the German churches. One of these permitted the appointment as minister of a man who did not have even the minimum academic qualifications for the position. Its congregation was almost confined to the descendants of the refugees, and Stephan delivered his sermons both in Czech and, for those who had neglected their ancestral language, in German.

So far as I can tell, the small Bohemian congregation of no more than thirty families had no part in what followed. His sermons in German, however, soon attracted wide attention. At this stage in his career, he is said to have preached in a sober and quietly authoritative style, and to have only later developed the techniques of an "ordained spellbinder."

He soon acquired great psychological skill in obtaining an ascendancy over his auditors, and he attracted so many Germans that membership in the "Bohemian church" included more than a thousand persons from all parts of Saxony and even beyond its borders, most of whom, of course, could not travel to Dresden to hear him.

Stephan's astonishing success was the result of much more than concionatory expertise. He, by conviction or astute calculation, rode a contemporary wave of sentiment and opinion that was without a recognized champion, and he made himself a leader of it.

The Thirty Years War had ruined Christianity for thinking persons by demonstrating conclusively that there was nothing above the clouds except the void of interstellar space, and furthermore, the growth of scientific knowledge and critical acumen made belief in the myths patently irrational. Professor Forster quotes a clergyman who, around 1800, announced from his pulpit, "I declare every so-called revealed religion to be a lie." That man stated the obvious, but with a candor and honesty that is rare and almost unique in his profession. His colleagues were not quite so explicit, but, given the high educational standards of the State Church in Saxony, most of its clergymen were too learned to believe tales about incarnate gods, ghosts, and other violations of the known laws of nature, so their Lutheran religion became, in effect, virtually an ethical deism, dispensed by clergymen who thought of themselves as gentlemen, far above the mindless emotionalism of howling savages and of many still primitive and only superficially civilized members of the lower classes. Consequently, the parts of Luther's Augsburg Confession and Catechism that required belief in the impossible were openly abandoned or tacitly relaxed.

The orgy of conspiratorial crime and proletarian savagery called the French Revolution horrified educated men and, as Gibbon said, made them aware of "the danger of exposing an old superstition to the contempt of the blind and fanatical multitude." Many of them, not unreasonably, concluded that a revival of the absurd but venerable superstition was the best way of controlling the ignorant and thoughtless masses. They therefore lent their probably decisive support to a basically antithetical movement.

The French Revolution was as irrational as anything that preceded it and its apologists professed superstitions as preposterous as the religion they rejected because it then supported the civilization they wanted to abolish. Their vehement anti-clericalism was cleverly represented by adroit salvation-hucksters as the failure of human reason—a conclusion that naturally appealed to persons whose brains craved repose. Furthermore, the disasters that accompanied and followed the bloody frenzy in France stimulated in all the persons who had been born with what a

friend of mine calls "incorrigible religiosity," a yearning for a blind faith that would permit them to shut off their minds and let their glands take over.

To such persons Stephan's lamentations about the "apostasy" of the rest of the Lutheran clergy and his insistence on unquestioning acceptance of Luther's Confession and Catechism, had the irresistible appeal that catnip has for cats.

They recognized as their champion the outspoken advocate of irrational faith and the vulgar emotionalism that went with it, and Stephan's verbal attacks on his fellow clergymen in the Established Church were proof that he was well acquainted with their terrible god. Accordingly, men and even women from all that part of Germany began to come to him for counsel about moral and domestic problems, and he had, by instinct or calculation, the art to give to each individual authoritative advice that was adjusted to his or her character and therefore gratefully accepted. He thus acquired an extraordinary prestige.

Stephan, furthermore, had the psychological acumen to exploit the emotional naïveté of adolescents, especially theological students, and send them into fits of terror in which they could almost smell the singeing of their boots by the fires of Hell. He thus induced an insane remorse for their sins and an expiatory asceticism and self-torment that often drove them into nervous breakdowns. This, oddly, made them blindly devoted to him. Professor Forster remarks on the fact that when Stephan finally led his sheep to green pastures in the New World, almost all of his influential followers were still below the age of thirty, i.e., were still adolescents in terms of social theory.¹

By such methods the whilom day laborer acquired a large following and became, in effect, the heresiarch of a cult that is called Stephanism.

Professor Forster's well-documented account makes it obvious that the commonly accepted story that Stephan and

1. In social theory, as distinct from physiology, men's lives are divided into periods of approximately fifteen years, thus: 0-15, childhood; 15-30, adolescence; 30-45, youth; 45-60, maturity; 60-x, senility. The effective work of the world is always controlled by men of 45-60, subject only to the power and authority that a few men retain in senility.

his Stephanites came to the United States because they were "persecuted on account of their religious opinions" is only some of the hogwash to which Americans are fatally susceptible.

They were not persecuted in Saxony. On the contrary, if we take into account the social and governmental standards of the time, they were shown an extraordinary tolerance.

For one thing, Stephan's activities were illegal. The special privileges accorded to one church in Dresden and to him as its pastor had been designed in the Seventeenth Century for the accommodation of a congregation of foreigners, Bohemian refugees, and with the expectation that they would eventually return to their own country when peace finally broke out. Those privileges did not authorize expansion of the congregation of that one small church to include Germans from all parts of Saxony and even other German lands and thus to create what was actually a sect or separate church within the Established Church, but still subsidized by the Saxon government. The government of Frederick Augustus II, and no doubt the King himself, looked on these activities with disfavor, but took no action to stop them.

Stephan's fellow clergymen, whom he reviled for their apostasy, were naturally annoyed and sometimes retorted polemically in sermons and rarely in writing, but they seem to have made no attempt to organize an opposition to him.

Stephan was "persecuted" legally for personal eccentricities that would have got him into trouble anywhere and certainly in the United States at that time.

It was his custom to take long walks, usually into the forest, at midnight. He explained to the authorities that he was afflicted with insomnia in the hours when normal people slept, and that his health required the long walks. What he did not explain was why his health required the companionship of females, unmarried or separated from their husbands. He certainly did not explain successfully this requirement of his health to the wife whom he left at home with numerous children when he went on his nocturnal excursions.

When a man emerges from a dark forest at 5:30 A.M. with one or two women on his arm or arms, the sexual

morality of good society at that time automatically drew a censorious inference.² But still the authorities took no legal action.

On his excursions, Stephan sometimes went to nocturnal assemblies, usually in the vineyard lodge of one of his followers,³ and on 1 February 1836 one such assembly after midnight apparently became so boisterous that the police raided the establishment and arrested the holy man for disturbing the peace. Thus Stephan, who had already matured plans for leading his flock to Missouri, could indignantly claim that he was being persecuted.

We may charitably assume that Stephan was afflicted with the megalomania that often accompanies a sudden rise from the lowest social stratum to a position of great authority over others. To use the phrase made current by the sociologically perspicacious novels of Paul Bourget, one can never *brûler les étapes* without peril—not even in a relatively open society. The very willingness of so many individuals who were socially, culturally, and educationally far superior to him to accord him an uncritical veneration and virtually unlimited authority was enough to turn a head stronger than that of the erstwhile day laborer from Bohemia.

2. Now that women have been liberated to promiscuity, many of our contemporaries do not understand how uncompromising were the standards of sexual morality that prevailed in the *respectable* society of all civilized countries in the Nineteenth Century and until the First World War. In one of Mary Roberts Rinehart's early and very popular novels, the heroine, a girl of good family, accepts a ride in the automobile of a young man who simulates a breakdown on a lonely road and thus delays her return home until long after midnight. Since Society will not give her the benefit of the doubt, she can avoid ostracism only by agreeing to marry the cad. In the novel, of course, she is saved in the nick of time by a train wreck and its consequences.

3. What happened to his females during these visits is not clear, but it is likely they attended the party with him. On a later occasion, when the police raided one of the nocturnal meetings before Stephan arrived, he sent his woman to reconnoitre and it was only by chance that the police found him hiding in the bushes, for the devoted woman did not betray him. At this point, another woman devoted to his holiness appears in the story, and it is not clear whether she also came with him or was already present at the religious rout in the vineyard.

But even if we make this allowance, we cannot avoid the conclusion that Stephan by his subsequent conduct, his flouting of all authority and open defiance of it, was deliberately and cunningly provoking "persecution," perhaps even one case in which he could claim to have been proved innocent,⁴ in order to create a crisis in which he (and his followers) would have no alternative but to execute his long-standing and detailed plan for an *hejira* to a land in which his followers would be isolated strangers and thus even more totally subject to the absolute monarch they had piously put over themselves.

Stephan soon succeeded in so embroiling himself that he was under house arrest in the custody of policemen and awaiting trial on numerous charges, both financial and moral, when the gracious interposition of the King enabled him to join his followers on one of the five ships they had chartered for migration to "freedom from persecution" in the United States.

Now all the foregoing account would be otiose—for the recently notorious Bakker was by no means the inventor of satisfying ways to Praise the Lord—if this summary had not been necessary to point the significant lesson that all the scandals and acts of wanton defiance not only did not weaken the veneration accorded Stephan, but served only to confirm it and make it the more total. This was true of both the laymen and the clergymen whom Stephan had enlisted as his coadjutors or, rather, bailiffs.

After the *débâcle*, the educated Stephanites sought to exculpate themselves by claiming that Stephan had "deceived" them, but the very multiplicity and variety of the charges against him and his indubitable guilt of some of the

4. He was prosecuted as the father of a young girl's unborn bastard, but eventually absolved when the girl finally named another man as the father. That the case went so far before her announcement will suggest to evilly suspicious minds that she absolved Stephan because he was a Man of God and at least gave him the benefit of a doubt. I am reminded of an incident at a trial that an acquaintance of mine attended *ex officio*. The young wife of a soldier at an army camp was on trial for murder, and when the prosecuting attorney asked her whether the month-old baby she had thrown into a snowbank was her husband's child, she rolled her luminous eyes at him and asked innocently, "How could I tell?"

alleged offenses is proof that either those men had been made superstitious to the point of insanity and believed that whatever the godly Stephan did was sanctified by divine authority, or they were bound to him by self-interest as his confederates.

The migration and projected "Canaan in the Wilderness" was not an experiment in communism, as were almost all of the madcap colonies planted in the same era, of which I have suggested Mark Halloway's *Heavens on Earth* (2d ed., New York, Dover, 1966) as the most concise and inclusive survey.⁵ Stephan's plans for the migration—although the details were worked out by several committees, including experienced laymen, lawyers, physicians, and merchants with international connections, the committees instantly reversed their findings at a word from their godly master, so Stephan may properly be described as the author of the plans finally adopted—his plans, I say, were economically sound and practical.

Summarized, the plan called for each migrant to contribute all of his available resources to a treasury from which would be paid all the common expenses of transportation and residence in Missouri until the colony was established on a large tract of land to be purchased for that purpose. The contributors could expect to recover part of their investment when they purchased land from the colony, and the rest when the colony was prosperous and had a surplus. Persons who had to borrow from the common fund would repay the loans, perhaps with interest, as soon as they could.

Such a colonizing expedition of seven hundred men, women, and children⁶ could be successful only if led by a

5. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, January 1989, pp. 8-14.

6. The actual number who embarked was 665; one ship, carrying only 56 persons but heavily laden with goods and supplies was lost at sea, and there were births and deaths en route, so the number that reached the United States was 602. Many families were broken in the migration; Stephan set the example by abandoning his wife and all but one of his children, but he did ask the government of Saxony to support his discarded family. A number of persons under age, chiefly adolescent girls, were taken without the knowledge or consent of their parents and smuggled onto the ships in various ways, doubtless to ensure the salvation of their souls.

man with dictatorial powers, and it was only reasonable for Stephan to appoint himself to that position. But he obviously intended more. He appointed himself Bishop of the Lutheran Church—the whole Lutheran Church, which, by definition, consisted of Stephan and his adherents—and required each member of the expedition to sign a "Pledge of Subjection," an amazing document that pledged absolute and unquestioning obedience in word, *thought*, and deed to their godly Bishop, who was thus invested with a power that any Pope of the Roman Church would have envied.⁷ The pledge was signed by even the clergymen, who doubtless were satisfied that, in return for virtual enslavement to their holy master, they would in turn, as his agents, exercise an absolute power over the laymen under them.

There are clear indications of Stephan's plans for the future. He had roseate dreams that when thousands of Germans had followed him to a growing colony in an isolated region of the United States,⁸ he would have a little theocratic empire of his own. He would promote himself to Archbishop—'Autocrat' would have been a better title—and the six pastors would become bishops slavishly obedient to him, while the nine candidates for ordination would become pastors, augmented by new arrivals from Germany, and they, as agents of the Archbishop, would govern every detail of the waking life of the colonists. Thus God, alias Stephan, would have a holy domain almost as self-contained and autonomous as Brigham Young's in Utah.

It was Stephan's plan and it was he who ruined it. He began by insisting on the inclusion of a comparatively large

7. This pledge of perpetual obedience was in addition to signed acceptance of the detailed and generally sensible rules of procedure and conduct (pp. 566-583 in Forster's book) from embarkation to final settlement in the projected colony.

8. Hundreds actually did follow him in the emigration or were about to do so when the débâcle occurred; and it is quite likely that, had the colony proved successful, several thousand Germans would have migrated to it, seeking to join the only true Lutheran Church and thus escape the damnation and eternal torment that awaited all who remained in Sodom (i.e., Saxony) or hoping to become prosperous or more prosperous in the fabulous Land of Opportunity. Stephan's ambition was not so fantastic as it may seem at first sight.

number of indigent individuals who could contribute nothing (but flattered him adequately), thus forcing the others to pay their expenses. The inclusion of so many of the indigent could be defended as charity or even as a plan to provide bondservants in the New World, but it placed an inordinate burden on the treasury. The clergy were mostly, but not quite entirely, free-loaders, entitled to the best of everything that Stephan did not take for himself, and they were a sufficient drain on a treasury that was barely adequate, even though it seems to have received considerable sums from prosperous Germans, including at least one nobleman, who sympathized with an undertaking in which they took no part.

Stephan not only drew money at will from the treasury for his personal use, but made everything expensively subordinate to his convenience, comfort, and vanity. Here are a few examples. Although space on sailing ships was at a premium, the ship that carried him had also to carry his coach, evidently a large and elaborate vehicle, for it proved to be too heavy for American roads and had to be replaced in St. Louis. In New Orleans, a special couch had to be purchased and installed on a river boat to ensure his comfort by day on the voyage upstream. An abundance of choice wines and esculent delicacies had always to be supplied for his table. Although most of the emigrants had to dwell in cheap and crowded quarters, some with two or three families in one room, Stephan soon had in St. Louis a comfortable episcopal residence in which he could enjoy the company of five or six women at a time, some of whom, at least, were complaisant in personal service to God's chosen servant and later confessed to having been his concubines, and some of whom, including a married woman, were rewarded from the treasury for unstated services. Nevertheless, if you can believe unanimous testimony, no one, clergy or laymen (except the women themselves and, perhaps, a cuckolded husband who soon deserted the colony), had at this time the slightest suspicion that there was anything improper or unchaste in Stephan's personal life!

His philogyny, so long blandly ignored (or, if you can believe them, unsuspected) by his adherents, both clerical and lay, in both Saxony and America, became the ostensible

cause of Stephan's downfall. In St. Louis, he had four concubines on a more or less permanent basis, and quite possibly an additional four or more as opportunity offered. We can forgive any man for susceptibility to the charms of the lovable sex—any man, that is, except a dervish, who professionally drives his auditors into hysterics with vivid descriptions of the eternal torment that awaits persons guilty of sin, including the awful sin of fornication. That is what cancels any sympathy we might otherwise feel for a man who was either a religious fanatic or a shrewd purveyor of ghost stories.

The efficient cause of Stephan's downfall, however, was not his libidinous recreations. His management of the migration was generally sound until he was installed in St. Louis, where his prudence seems to have deserted him. He appears to have been principally interested in obtaining vestments, paraphernalia, and plate suited to his episcopal eminence, and in architectural plans for the episcopal palace from which he would rule the colony that had yet to be founded. He neglected active direction of the enterprise at its most crucial stage, except for a kind of paranoid fear lest any of his sheep escape from his control.

It was, I think, his failure to assume active and vigorous direction of the efforts to find land suitable for his colony that was the primary cause of the excessively long and financially ruinous stay of the emigrants in the comparatively expensive city of St. Louis. At the same time, he forbade them to accept employment for a period longer than one day. Thus they were compelled to seek jobs as transient and unskilled workmen, often at wages of only twenty-five cents a day, although the majority of his followers were craftsmen whose skills were in demand in the bustling and booming city, and whose wages would have partly replenished the sadly depleted treasury.

Professor Forster is almost certainly right in deciding that what insured the ruin of the undertaking was Stephan's peremptory refusal of a large tract of excellent land, advantageously near St. Louis, offered on very generous terms by an American sympathizer—a refusal for which the only conceivable motive was Stephan's determination to locate his "new Canaan" in a wilderness remote

from contact with un-Lutheran (i.e., un-Stephanite) Americans, who might exert a seductive influence on some of his flock.

The constantly diminishing treasury soon became inadequate for the purchase of good land anywhere, and the site eventually chosen, after long delay, in Perry County was of land of dubious fertility, much of it dank and unhealthy, and otherwise unattractive. The purchase, however, virtually exhausted the treasury, although a large part of it was obtained at the price of \$1.50 an acre. But even so, it is hard to believe that some more promising site could not have been found at the same cost.

(The scale of contemporary prices reported by Professor Forster is instructive in a more important connection. Oak timber cost \$1.50 a hundred feet. A two-storey house of logs was built for \$10.00. A frame house with conventional clap-board siding could be built for \$20.00. A comfortable house and lot in a new town cost \$30.00. An ordinary nigger cost from \$800.00 to \$900.00. If you will ponder the contrast of these prices, you will understand much of the righteousness of the Abolitionists, who precipitated the barbarous and fratricidal war that devastated the most cultured of the theretofore united states and destroyed the American Republic.)

Stephan, either because he did, or because he did not, perceive that matters were approaching a crisis, became most injudiciously despotic. He had become too exalted to admit most of his followers to his august presence. He would not tolerate even the slightest and most tentative disagreement.

Offended by a remark in a sermon that had not been submitted to his censorship, he even punished one of the clergymen, on whom his power really depended, by separating the man from his wife and placing her under the jurisdiction of another clergyman until the offender humbly begged leave to apologize and atone for his indiscretion. What is most significant, however, is that this despotic treatment of the erring pastor was not only countenanced, but was openly approved by his clerical colleagues, who, instead of resenting their despot, were, as Professor Forster

notes, engaged in "jockeying for power and control" under him.

Laymen, even if gentlemen, were dealt with more summarily. Merbach, the lawyer who was devoted to Stephan, had given him indispensable assistance in many legal matters, and had done the administrative work in arranging the emigration, displeased the master, was denounced for "slavery to his wife, love of this world, [and] ambition," was placed under a ban that made all the others shun him, and saw his wife confined in a kind of house arrest until the offending dog came to heel and abjectly begged pardon. But again, this outrageous and almost insane conduct was evidently approved by all the others, one of whom recorded as the "most remarkable day" of his life the day on which he first heard muttered criticism of the holy Bishop.

A detachment of the party was sent to occupy the land in Perry County, settle it, and prepare the way for their fellows, who were still precariously and penuriously existing in St. Louis. Since the treasury was exhausted, the settlers could not borrow money for plows, oxen, and other agricultural necessities or for provisions to take with them. They underwent great privation and hardship, suffered and sometimes died from fevers induced by the unwholesome location, and might have all perished, but for the charity of some Americans in the vicinity, from whose damnable impiety Stephan had designed to isolate them. This part of the narrative will excite pity in the hardest heart, but need not be summarized here.

It was then that Stephan made his last blunder. He went to Perry County to inspect the settlement.

His absence suddenly made his chief adherents aware of a smouldering resentment of his tyranny and especially of the bankruptcy of the enterprise. By a very odd coincidence, two of Stephan's concubines suddenly acquired conscientious scruples and confessed to their clergymen, who were amazed by the revelations and further astounded when other women complained of Stephan's sexual advances, which they, perhaps truthfully, claimed to have resisted. The holy men all asserted that never, never had they had the least suspicion that the Bishop could conceivably be guilty of such awful wickedness, and their righteous indig-

nation soon produced unanimity in a conspiracy to overthrow him.

The most adroit of their number was despatched to Perry County to engineer a *coup d'état* and drive the despot from the holy communion he had profaned by fornication.

The emissary was shrewd and prudently crafty. He enlisted the resident dervish in the conspiracy and secretly they prepared a revolution that took Stephan by surprise.

The first objective of such a revolution, of course, is to make certain that the deposed despot can never regain his power. It was not necessary to assassinate him. He was abused, humiliated, forced to sign a degrading abdication, stripped of almost everything except his clothes, put in a rowboat, and taken across the Mississippi to Illinois, where he was landed with an emphatic reminder of his promise never to return to Missouri. It had been intended to leave him almost penniless in Illinois, but the treatment he received makes us glad that the old scoundrel had somehow been able to conceal and take with him \$700 in currency, which was probably more than the combined worth of all the personal property owned by his whilom colonists in Perry County. We must add, however—alas! frailty, thy name is woman!—only one of his concubines was loyal enough to follow him into exile.

This is the end of the story that need concern us. The ranking clergymen assumed that they had inherited the hierarchical power of the tyrant they had deposed and could rule almost as despotically as he had, but the few educated laymen, profiting by their example, revolted and forced the installation of a new régime in which they had their share of power. Nothing, however, could save the bankrupt and demoralized enterprise, and it collapsed. Its one surviving accomplishment was to bring to Missouri a number of Germans that eventually served as the nucleus from which the youngest and most talented of Stephan's clergymen, Carl F. W. Walther, years later, formed the organization that eventually became the Lutheran Church: Missouri Synod.

After the fall of Stephan, his influential followers agreed that he was responsible for everything that had gone wrong, claiming that they had vigorously protested all of his blunders, although their signatures to many documents

give them the lie. They also claimed that they were astounded when they discovered his erotic predilections. Many of them wrote and published books to prove their child-like innocence of all wrongdoing or acquiescence in it.

Now the grave problem posed for us by Stephan's career is, how was it possible for him to retain for so long so complete an ascendancy over educated and presumably not unintelligent men?

There is nothing puzzling about the heresiarch's control over the majority of his followers, who were uneducated and could be scared into piety and obedience by the customary verbal terrorism and hypotyposic depiction of the red-hot grills on which sinful ghosts would sizzle and scream, not merely for five or ten thousand years, but for all eternity. But how can we explain the conduct of men who should—who must have known better?

For example, Vehse, who resigned as Curator of the Saxon State Archives to follow Stephan, must have been a man of wide and varied learning; and must furthermore have been familiar with life at the Royal Court and learned from it. Merbach, mentioned above, was a successful lawyer and must have learned something about human nature. Neither can have been naïf.

The clergymen, educated at reputable universities, must at least have been familiar with the sorry history of Christianity and the shabby tricks of the theologians who, century after century, fought for prestige and power by contriving alembicated doctrines about matters that were patently unknowable. Furthermore, they presumably were not without a general culture and some knowledge of history. There are only two bits of specific evidence in the book. Löber kept his diary in Latin; the quotations from it are too brief for me to pronounce about his stylistic attainments and, anyway, one does not expect literary quality in memoranda of quotidian events. When Bünger and Walther had to work out the details of their conspiracy in crowded quarters, they conversed in Latin; they may not have spoken with Terentian elegance, but they must have had an effective command of the language to discuss all the details of a complicated and delicate operation, and attain by argument a working accord.

When we consider the incredible naïveté of the clergy, the crucial question is one on which there is no evidence, unless Professor Forster has pudically suppressed it. Did any or all of the holy men emulate the Bishop's philogyny, perhaps on a more modest scale, in keeping with their lower rank?

Aphrodite is a gracious and lovely goddess, whose divinity will certainly outlast the repute of vulgar gods, but, as Hippolytus learned, she has a power that none can defy with impunity. And although pæderasty has always been in vogue among the holy men of a religion that began with strident misogyny, the better ecclesiastics have always appreciated the alternative, when it was available. A staunchly Roman Catholic author of the *fin du siècle*—Barbey d'Aureville, if recollection serves me—knew Parisian priests who boasted that they had had sexual intercourse with every desirable woman in their parish. Protestant divines may not have equaled such records, but many of them have tried, and some have successfully relied on married or unmarried Hester Prynnes to shield them, even at the cost of their own reputations.⁹

If some or all of Stephan's priests believed that their god would not deny recreation to his valiant soul-catchers, they protected each other and presented a solid front of credulous virtue to the world. We may speculate, but, as I have said, there is no available evidence.

Discarding then an undemonstrable conjecture, we are left with the only other plausible explanation of the conduct of the educated men who were so subservient to Stephan: they were bound to him by self-interest, seasoned, no doubt, by belief in the truth or the utility¹⁰ of the brand of religion he professed. In Saxony, the clergymen chose between the

9. According to a sociological study reported in *Christian News*, 12 February 1990, one in ten Protestant clergymen confessed (in confidence) to having carried on a liaison with one or more married or unmarried women in his congregation, and one in four confessed to having had "some kind of sexual contact" with women in his congregation, evidently without specifying whether the "contact" had included some form of sexual intercourse. Virtually all admitted they had been "sexually interested" in some of their female parishioners. It is most unlikely that holy men were less susceptible to the allicience of femininity in the Nineteenth Century.

secure but boring mediocrity of a commonplace life as pastors in the State Church, and an opportunity to become the authoritarian spiritual and social arbiters of congregations who could not escape them, in a new land that it would be interesting and perhaps exciting to visit, as they never could otherwise. There would certainly be novelty. There might even be safe adventures. All this was to be had for obedience to a *parvenu*, who, however, had the charismatic power to move multitudes. They took care to be discreetly blind to his indiscretions. They cannot have foreseen, of course, to what lengths of arrogance and folly their leader would go.

After they reached the United States, they were more or less at Stephan's mercy. Even if they had the funds needed for a return to Saxony, they would have to make an humiliating confession of error and defeat, and sue, perhaps in vain, for restoration to the appointments from which they had so confidently resigned. In Missouri, they enjoyed comfort and security under Stephan, and, given the cult's hierarchical structure, they enjoyed virtually unlimited power over their congregations, so long as they retained the Bishop's favor. If they defied him, they would be ejected from the cult, disgraced in the eyes of the other German and the American inhabitants of St. Louis, have shamefacedly to repudiate their unequivocal testimonies in his favor, and perhaps be left stranded and penniless in a strange land, thousands of miles from home. Consequently, they studiously maintained ignorance of his eccentricities and vices, and "jockeyed for power and control" under him, so long as virtual bankruptcy did not make certain the proximate collapse of the enterprise.

When they all saw that Stephan had come to the end of the road and had no future, they united to depose him in

10. This very important factor should never be overlooked, as does Professor Forster, who, for some reason, pretends that only religious faith is involved in religious transactions. Many of the most sincere and generous supporters of religious cults have been atheists. I remember the manufacturer who, to the horror of his eavesdropping wife, told me, over excellent Scotch, that he naturally did not believe silly stories about the supernatural, but contributed generously to his church because he believed faith in the impossible to be both psychologically salubrious for many simple-minded believers and an indispensable force for the maintenance of social stability.

their own interest and in order to save what they could from disaster. And since they could not avow their true motives, they had to concoct apologies for their conduct which neither Professor Forster, for all his good will toward them and their religion, nor we, who are less kind, can believe.

I have tried to illustrate the profit to be derived from a critical reading of even dull and tedious books of this kind about intrinsically unimportant events, and to assure you that such a reading will enhance your understanding, not perhaps of the crude human nature that is common to all races, but certainly of the nature and innate character of most of your fellow Aryans. The book I have considered here is especially valuable, since that normal nature and character is exhibited, not by vulgarians, but by cultivated and educated men in a century that preceded our own and was far less corrupt.

The nature and character that is normal in our species is something you must understand before you try to influence such men today on behalf of our imperiled nation and race. □

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LÜGE UND WAHRHEIT

("Falsehood and Truth")

Translation by Charles E. Weber

April 1940 witnessed the first large-scale military action of the Second World War other than that in Poland and naval engagements. In conjunction with the fiftieth anniversary of the struggle between England and Germany for the control of Norway, it is appropriate that we reexamine the background of this struggle.

The following is the fourth translation from the *Kritik* series, nos. 60 and 61, letter no. 17. Previous translations were published in *Bulletins* nos. 28 (on the German declaration of war against the United States), 34 (on the reprisal action against the town of Lidice) and 40 (on the responsibility for the outbreak of the Second World War). These three previous translations were republished in the *Liberty Bell*, issues of October 1988, June 1989 and October 1989.

For information about the *Kritik* series, nos. 61 and 62, see the introduction of *Bulletin* 28.

It is a lie that Adolf Hitler ordered the occupation of Denmark and Norway 40 years ago because this was a further preliminary step in his "program of world conquest."

It is the truth that after the victorious conclusion of the campaign in Poland there were no intentions on the part of Germany whatsoever to impair the neutrality of the Scandinavian countries. In a secret memorandum from Adolf Hitler for the General Staff dated 9 October 1939 there is the following in this connection: "The Nordic countries: Their neutrality, even in the future, must be assumed to be probable unless entirely unforeseen factors arise. The continuation of German trade with these countries seems possible even if the war lasts a rather long time." (Brennecke, *Die Nürnberger Geschichtsentstellung*, page 234 [=The Nuremberg Distortion of History]).

On the following day Grand Admiral Raeder called Hitler's attention to the fact that intelligence information in this regard existed to the effect that England was planning to occupy strongpoints in Norway. As early as 12 September 1939 Churchill [at that time First Lord of the

Admiralty] had requested in a memorandum that Germany be cut off from the importation of iron ore from Scandinavia. On 19 September 1939 he presented a further memorandum to the Cabinet, about which he writes in his own memoirs: "This morning I pointed out to the Cabinet how important it is to prevent the transportation of Swedish iron ore from Narvik along the Norwegian coast." (*Der Zweite Weltkrieg*, volume II, page 50). On 29 September 1939 Churchill urged the mining of Norwegian waters.

At first, Hitler reacted to these questions simply by saying that he would investigate them. In the winter of 1939-1940 reports were accumulating that English spies were gathering information about landing possibilities and harbor capacities in Norway and investigating the capacity of Norwegian railways and the location of land and sea airfields. On 16 December 1939 the Allied chiefs of staff were ordered to prepare plans for a possible invasion of Scandinavia. It was even publicly known that the British were not about to respect Scandinavian neutrality. On 6 February 1940 they demanded of Norway and Sweden, almost as an ultimatum, that they were to be given permission to land several divisions in Narvik and, using the Norwegian-Swedish ore railway, to proceed as far as the ore region of Gällivare and to occupy the Swedish harbor of Lulea. Aid to Finland in opposition to the U.S.S.R. was given as a reason, but this was only a pretext, since the western powers had also not declared war against the U.S.S.R. after the invasion of Allied Poland by the Russians.

On 16 February 1940 British sailors of the destroyer *Cossack* boarded the unarmed German supply ship *Altmark* in Norwegian waters and shot seven men of the merchant marine crew. Following that, on 1 March 1940, Hitler approved the "Weser Exercise" Plan, that is, the occupation of Norway and (as a country of passage) Denmark, "if the situation demands it." Three days prior to that Churchill had declared that he was tired of considering the rights of neutral countries.

By this time, on both sides preparations were underway for an occupation, in the case of which the western powers were contemplating the occupation of Norway and Sweden, while Germany contemplated the occupation of Denmark and Norway. For the British home fleet the order was is-

sued to commence the occupation of Norway by British, French and Polish troops on 5 April 1940. Accordingly, on 5 April 1940, at the same hour in London and Paris, the British Foreign Minister, Lord Halifax, and the French Prime Minister Reynaud received the ambassadors of Sweden and Norway and handed them a note in which it was stated: "England and France have the right to block off the supplying of Germany with raw materials necessary for its conduct of the war...."

For reasons which have never been fully explained, even today, the start of the British-French action was postponed to 8 April 1940, so that German troops, which landed on 9 April, were ahead of the Allies by a few hours. Thereupon the Allied landing troops turned back.

On 9 April 1940 the German ambassadors explained in notes the reason for the German occupation, which was undertaken for the protection of the neutrality of the countries because these countries could not take on the protection themselves. The Danish Council of Ministers decided to accept the German protection and to order that no military actions be undertaken against the German troops. The Norwegian government, however, had already mobilized its troops during the night, which then offered resistance. As early as December 1939 Vidkun Quisling had already expressed his fear to Raeder that an agreement between England and Norway concerning the occupation of Norway was already extant. French and British general staff officers had investigated the terrain. They had been oriented by Norwegian military authorities about the logistic conditions of the country. The boarding of the *Altmark* had not been protested before German pressure was exerted, and only with a limp protest at that.

When, on 6 April 1940, British and French ships laid mines at three locations in Norwegian territorial waters, the Norwegian government responded simply with a note of protest without making an attempt to attack with Norwegian naval vessels the British ships which were guarding the mine barriers.

Previously 1,000,000 tons of Norwegian shipping space had already been chartered to England on a long-term basis with the approval of the Norwegian government, space

which England needed urgently for supply. The order had been given to the Norwegian coastal batteries and ships not to fire on English naval vessels, but certainly to fire on German naval vessels in case they penetrated Norwegian territorial waters. Likewise, English and French landing troops were not to be resisted.

Norway had thus distanced itself from a strict neutrality. Since it was neither willing nor able to maintain its neutrality, Germany had to intervene. On account of the icing over of the Baltic Sea during the winter, it was absolutely necessary that the possibility of transporting Swedish iron ore by way of the harbor of Narvik be maintained throughout the year. The English government knew why it refused during the Nuremberg Trials to put its cards on the table; its lie that it had never intended to occupy Norway unless it had been called upon to do so would have been refuted by such an action.

Only if the young people of Germany and Norway learn the truth will it be possible to put an end to the work of those who poison the nations.

* * * * *



Postage stamp issued in 1942 by the Norwegian government formed under Vidkun Quisling after the former royal government had fled. The inscription, OFFENTLIG SAK (=public matter) means that the stamp was for use on official mail. The emblem is that of the party

which Quisling founded in 1933, the Nasjonal Samling.

* * * * *

Opinions of Two Famous Scandinavians on The Meaning of Hitler's Life

In *Bulletin 36* we discussed the meaning of Hitler's life in conjunction with the 100th anniversary of Hitler's birth. We now supplement *Bulletin 36* with comments on the meaning of Hitler's life by two very famous Scandinavians, who concurred with many of their compatriots, a considerable number of whom volunteered to serve in German

military units engaged in the titanic struggle to block the Communist drive into western Europe. (See *Europäische Freiwillige im Bild*, Osnabrück: Munin-Verlag, 1986, especially pages 24-98.)

Knut Hamsun (1859-1952) was a Norwegian novelist whose works praised rural life. Hamsun was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920. After Hitler's death Hamsun expressed the following opinion of Hitler:

I am not worthy of speaking about Adolf Hitler in a loud voice. Moreover, his life and his work do not call for any emotional speeches. He was a fighter for humanity and a proclaimer of the message of justice for all nations. He was a reforming figure of the highest rank and it was his historical fate to have had to function in a time of unparalleled villainy, which finally brought him down.

Hamsun was arrested in 1945 and severely punished by the Norwegian government which had fled during the war.

The second famous Scandinavian who praised Hitler even after his death was Sven Hedin (1865-1952), a distinguished geographer and explorer, notably of Tibet and the western parts of China. In the *Dagens Nyheter* of 2 May 1945 Hedin wrote:

I retain a deep and inextinguishable memory of Adolf Hitler and consider him to be one of the greatest men to whom the history of the world can point. Now he is dead. But his work should live on. He made Germany a world power. Now Germany is on the edge of a precipice because his adversaries could not tolerate his growing strength and power.

Note: These two translations are derived from German translations, the first of which was taken from the March 1989 issue of *Die Bauernschaft* (published by NORDWIND, Postfach 2238, D-2390 Flensburg, West Germany; present address: NORDWIND-Verlag, Molevej 12, DK-6340 Kollund, Denmark), and the second of which was taken from *Worte über und von Adolf Hitler*, compiled by Ursula Beyrich and dated 1983.

No matter whether we agree or disagree with these statements by Hamsun and Hedin, we must acknowledge their courage and integrity for having made them just after Hitler's death, thus at a time when these distinguished men had much to lose and nothing of a material nature to gain by expressing such evaluations. □

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A REAL CASE AGAINST THE JEWS

COMMISSARY TO THE GENTILES

Marcus Eli Ravage

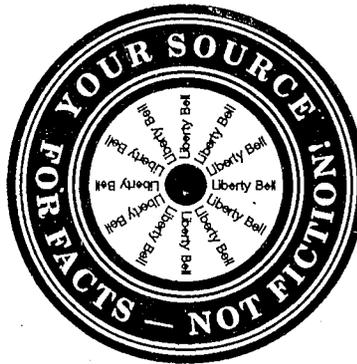
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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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January 1928

No 3

A REAL CASE AGAINST THE JEWS

One of Them Points Out the Full Depth of Their Guilt

MARCUS ELI RAVAGE

Of course, you don't resent us. It is no good telling me you don't. So let us not waste any time on denials and alibis. You know you do, and I know it, and we understand each other. To be sure, some of your best friends are Jews, and all that. I have heard that before, once or twice, I think. And I know, too, that you do not include me personally—"me" being any particular individual Jew—when you fling out at us in your wholesale fashion, because I am, well, so different, don't you know, almost as good as one of yourselves. That little exemption does not, somehow, move me to gratitude; but never mind that now. It is the aggressive, climbing, pushing, materialistic sort you dislike—those, in a word, who remind you so much of your own up-and-coming brethren. We understand each other perfectly. I don't hold it against you.

Bless my soul, I do not blame anybody for disliking anybody. The thing that intrigues me about this anti-Jewish business, as you play at it, is your total lack of grit. You are so indirect and roundabout with it, you make such fantastic and transparent excuses, you seem to be suffering from self-consciousness so horribly, that if the performance were not grotesque it would be irritating.

It is not as if you were amateurs: you have been at it for over fifteen centuries. Yet watching you and hearing your childish pretexts, one might get the impression that you did not know yourselves what it is all about. You resent us, but you cannot clearly say why. You think up a new excuse—a "reason" is what you call it—every other day. You have been piling up justifications for yourselves these many hundreds of years and each new invention is more laughable than the last and each new excuse contradicts and annihilates the last.

Not so many years ago I used to hear that we were materialists; now the complaint is being whispered around that no art and no profession is safe against Jewish invasion.

We are, if you are to be believed, at once clannish and exclusive and unassimilable because we won't intermarry with you, and we are also climbers and pushers and a menace to your racial integrity.

Our standard of living is so low that we create your slums and sweated industries, and so high that we crowd you out of your best residential sections.

We shirk our patriotic duty in wartime because we are pacifists by nature and tradition, and we are the arch-plotters of universal wars and the chief beneficiaries of those wars (see the late *Dearborn Independent*, *passim*, and *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*).

We are at once the founders and leading adherents of capitalism and the chief perpetrators of the rebellion against capitalism.

Surely, history has nothing like us for versatility!

And, oh! I almost forgot the reason of reasons. We are the stiff-necked people who never accepted Christianity, and we are the criminal people who crucified its founder.

But I tell you, you are self-deceivers. You lack either the self-knowledge or the mettle to face the facts squarely and own up to the truth. You resent the Jew not because, as some of you seem to think, he crucified Jesus but because he gave him birth. Your real quarrel with us is not that we have rejected Christianity but that we have imposed it upon you!

Your loose, contradictory charges against us are not a patch on the blackness of our proved historic offense. You accuse us of stirring up revolution in Moscow. Suppose we admit the charge. What of it? Compared with what Paul the Jew of Tarsus accomplished in Rome, the Russian upheaval is a mere street brawl.

You make much noise and fury about the undue Jewish influence in your theaters and movie palaces. Very good; granted your complaint is well-founded. But what is that compared to our staggering influence in your churches,

your schools, your laws and your governments, and the very thoughts you think every day?

A clumsy Russian forges a set of papers and publishes them in a book called *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, which shows that we plotted to bring on the late World War. You believe that book. All right. For the sake of argument we will underwrite every word of it. It is genuine and authentic. But what is that beside the unquestionable historical conspiracy which we have carried out, which we have never denied because you never had the courage to charge us with it, and of which the full record is extant for anybody to read?

If you really are serious when you talk of Jewish plots, may I not direct your attention to one worth talking about? What use is it wasting words on the alleged control of your public opinion by Jewish financiers, newspaper owners and movie magnates, when you might as well justly accuse us of the proved control of your whole civilization by the Jewish Gospels?

You have not begun to appreciate the real depth of our guilt. We *are* intruders. We *are* disturbers. We *are* subverters. We have taken your natural world, your ideals, your destiny, and played havoc with them. We have been at the bottom not merely of the latest great war but of nearly all your wars, not only of the Russian but of every other major revolution in history. We have brought discord and confusion and frustration into your personal and public life. We are still doing it. No one can tell how long we shall go on doing it.

Look back a little and see what has happened. Nineteen hundred years ago you were an innocent, care-free, pagan race. You worshiped countless gods and goddesses, the spirits of the air, of the running streams and of the woodland. You took unblushing pride in the glory of your naked bodies. You carved images of your gods and of the tantalizing human figure. You delighted in the combats of the field, the arena and the battle-ground. War and slavery were fixed institutions in your systems. Disporting yourselves on the hillsides and in the valleys of the great outdoors, you took to speculating on the wonder and mystery of life and

laid the foundations of natural science and philosophy. Yours was a noble, sensual culture, unirked by the prickings of a social conscience or by any sentimental questionings about human quality. Who knows what great and glorious destiny might have been yours if we had left you alone.

But we did not leave you alone. We took you in hand and pulled down the beautiful and generous structure you had reared, and changed the whole course of your history. We conquered you as no empire of yours ever subjugated Africa or Asia. And we did it all without armies, without bullets, without blood or turmoil, without force of any kind. We did it solely by the irresistible might of our spirit, with ideas, with propaganda.

We made you the willing and unconscious bearers of our mission to the whole world, to the barbarous races of the earth, to the countless unborn generations. Without fully understanding what we were doing to you, you became the agents at large of our racial tradition, carrying our gospel to the unexplored ends of the earth.

Our tribal customs have become the core of your moral code. Our tribal laws have furnished the basic groundwork of all your august constitutions and legal systems. Our legends and our folk-tales are the sacred lore which you croon to your infants. Our poets have filled your hymnals and your prayer-books. Our national history has become an indispensable part of the learning of your pastors and priests and scholars. Our kings, our statesmen, our prophets, our warriors are your heroes. Our ancient little country is your Holy Land. Our national literature is your Holy Bible. What our people thought and taught has become inextricably woven into your very speech and tradition, until no one among you can be called educated who is not familiar with our racial heritage.

Jewish artisans and Jewish fishermen are your teachers and your saints, with countless statues carved in their image and innumerable cathedrals raised to their memories. A Jewish maiden is your ideal of motherhood and womanhood. A Jewish rebel-prophet is the central figure in your religious worship. We have pulled down your idols, cast aside your racial inheritance, and substituted for them our

God and our traditions. No conquest in history can even remotely compare with this clean sweep of our conquest over you.

How did we do it? Almost by accident. Two thousand years ago nearly, in far-off Palestine, our religion had fallen into decay and materialism. Money-changers were in possession of the temple. Degenerate, selfish priests mulcted our people and grew fat. Then a young patriot-idealist arose and went about the land calling for a revival of faith. He had no thought of setting up a new church. Like all the prophets before him, his only aim was to purify and revitalize the old creed. He attacked the priests and drove the money-changers from the temple. This brought him into conflict with the established order and its supporting pillars. The Roman authorities, who were in occupation of the country, fearing his revolutionary agitation as a political effort to oust them, arrested him, tried him and condemned him to death by crucifixion, a common form of execution at that time.

The followers of Jesus of Nazareth, mainly slaves and poor workmen, in their bereavement and disappointment, turned away from the world and formed themselves into a brotherhood of pacifist non-resisters, sharing the memory of their crucified leader and living together communistically. They were merely a new sect in Judea, without power or consequence, neither the first nor the last.

Only after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans did the new creed come into prominence. Then a patriotic Jew named Paul or Saul conceived the idea of humbling the Roman power by destroying the morale of its soldiery with the doctrines of love and non-resistance preached by the little sect of Jewish Christians. He became the Apostle to the Gentiles, he who hitherto had been one of the most active persecutors of the band. And so well did Paul do his work that within four centuries the great empire which had subjugated Palestine along with half of the world, was a heap of ruins. And the law which went forth from Zion became the official religion of Rome.

This was the beginning of our dominance in your world. But it was only a beginning. From this time forth your history is little more than a struggle for mastery between

your own old pagan spirit and our Jewish spirit. Half your wars, great and little, are religious wars, fought over the interpretation of one thing or another in our teachings. You no sooner broke free from your primitive religious simplicity and attempted the practice of the pagan Roman learning than Luther, armed with our gospels, arose to down you and reenthroned our heritage. Take the principal revolutions in modern times—the French, the American and the Russian. What are they but the triumph of the Jewish idea of social, political and economic justice?

And the end is still a long way off. We still dominate you. At this very moment your churches are torn asunder by a civil war between Fundamentalists and Modernists, that is to say, between those who cling to our teachings and traditions literally and those who are striving by slow steps to dispossess us. In Dayton, Tennessee, a Bible-bred community forbids the teaching of your science because it conflicts with our ancient Jewish account of the origin of life; and Mr. Bryan, the leader of the anti-Jewish Ku Klux Klan in the Democratic National Convention, makes the supreme fight of his life in our behalf, without noticing the contradiction. Again and again the Puritan heritage of Judea breaks out in waves of stage censorship, Sunday blue laws and national prohibition acts. And while these things are happening you twaddle about Jewish influence in the movies!

Is it any wonder you resent us? We have put a clog upon your progress. We have imposed upon you an alien book and alien faith which you cannot swallow or digest, which is at cross-purposes with your native spirit, which keeps you everlastingly ill-at-ease, and which you lack the spirit either to reject or to accept in full.

In full, of course, you never have accepted our Christian teachings. In your hearts you are still pagans. You still love war and graven images and strife. You still take pride in the glory of the nude human figure. Your social conscience, in spite of all democracy and all your social revolutions, is still a pitifully imperfect thing. We have merely divided your soul, confused your impulses, paralyzed your desires. In the midst of battle you are obliged to kneel down to him who

commanded you to turn the other cheek, who said "Resist not evil" and "Blessed are the peacemakers." In your lust for gain you are suddenly disturbed by a memory from your Sunday-school days about taking no thought for the morrow. In your industrial struggles, when you would smash a strike without compunction, you are suddenly reminded that the poor are blessed and that men are brothers in the Fatherhood of the Lord. And as you are about to yield to temptation, your Jewish training puts a deterrent hand in your shoulder and dashes the brimming cup from your lips. You Christians have never become Christianized. To that extent we have failed with you. But we have forever spoiled the fun of paganism for you.

So why should you not resent us? If we were in your place we should probably dislike you more cordially than you do us. But we should make no bones about telling you why. We should not resort to subterfuges and transparent pretexts. With millions of painfully respectable Jewish shopkeepers all about us we should not insult your intelligence and our own honesty by talking about communism as a Jewish philosophy. And with millions of hard-working impecunious Jewish peddlers and laborers we should not make ourselves ridiculous by talking about international capitalism as a Jewish monopoly. No, we should go straight to the point. We should contemplate this confused, ineffectual muddle which we call civilization, this half-Christian half-pagan medley, and—were our places reversed—we should say to you point-blank: "For this mess thanks to you, to your prophets and to your Bible."

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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February 1928

No 4

COMMISSARY TO THE GENTILES

The First to See the Possibilities of War by Propaganda

MARCUS ELI RAVAGE

You Christians worry and complain about the Jew's influence in your civilization. We are, you say, an international people, a compact minority in your midst, with traditions, interests, aspirations and objectives distinct from your own. And you declare that this state of affairs is a menace to your orderly development; it confuses your impulses; it defeats your purposes; it muddles up your destiny. I do not altogether see the danger. Your world has always been ruled by minorities; and it seems to me a matter of indifference what the remote origin and professed creed of the governing clique is. The influence, on the other hand, is certainly there, and it is vastly greater and more insidious than you appear to realize.

That is what puzzles and amuses and sometimes exasperates us about your game of Jew-baiting. It sounds so portentous. You go about whispering terrifyingly of the hand of the Jew in this and that and the other thing. It makes us quake. We are conscious of the injury we did you when we imposed upon you our alien faith and traditions. Suppose, we say tremblingly, you should wake up to the fact that your religion, your education, your morals, your social, governmental and legal systems are fundamentally of our making! And then you specify, and talk vaguely of Jewish financiers and Jewish motion-picture promoters, and our terror dissolves in laughter. The *goi*, we see with relief, will never know the real blackness of our crimes.

We cannot make it out. Either you do not know or you have not the courage to charge us with those deeds for which there is at least a shadow of evidence and which an intelligent judge and jury could examine without impatience. Why bandy about unconvincing trifles when you might so easily indict us for serious and provable offenses? Why throw up to us a patent and clumsy forgery such as the

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Protocols of the Elders of Zion when you might as well confront us with the Revelation of St. John? Why talk about Marx and Trotski when you have Jesus of Nazareth and Paul of Tarsus to confound us with?

You call us subverters, agitators, revolution-mongers. It is the truth, and I cower at your discovery. It could be shown with only the slightest straining and juggling of the facts that we have been at the bottom of all the major revolutions in your history. We undoubtedly had a sizable finger in the Lutheran Rebellion, and it is simply a fact that we were the prime movers in the bourgeois democratic revolutions of the century before the last, both in France and America. If we were not, we did not know our own interests. But do you point your accusing finger at us and charge us with these heinous and recorded crimes? Not at all? You fantastically lay at our door the recent great War and the upheaval in Russia, which have done not only the most injury to the Jews themselves but which a school-boy could have foreseen would have that result.

But even these plots and revolutions are as nothing compared with the great conspiracy which we engineered at the beginning of this era and which was destined to make the creed of a Jewish sect the religion of the Western world. The Reformation was not designed in malice purely. It squared us with an ancient enemy and restored our Bible to its place of honor in Christendom. The Republican revolutions of the eighteenth century freed us of our age-long political and social disabilities. They benefited us, but they did you no harm. On the contrary, they prospered and expanded you. You owe your preëminence in the world to them. But the upheaval which brought Christianity into Europe was—or at least may easily be shown to have been—planned and executed by Jews as an act of revenge against a great Gentile state. And when you talk about Jewish conspiracies I cannot for the world understand why you do not mention the destruction of Rome and the whole civilization of antiquity concentrated under her banners, at the hands of Jewish Christianity.

It is unbelievable, but you Christians do not seem to know where your religion came from, nor how, nor why.

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Your historians, with one great exception, do not tell you. The documents in the case, which are part of your Bible, you chant over but do not read. We have done our work too thoroughly; you believe our propaganda too implicitly. The coming of Christianity is to you not an ordinary historical event growing out of other events of the time, it is the fulfillment of a divine Jewish prophecy—with suitable amendments of your own. It did not, as you see it, destroy a great Gentile civilization and a great Gentile empire with which Jewry was at war; it did not plunge mankind into barbarism and darkness for a thousand years; it came to bring salvation to the Gentile world!

Yet here, if ever, was a great subversive movement, hatched in Palestine, spread by Jewish agitators, financed by Jewish money, taught in Jewish pamphlets and broadsides, at a time when Jewry and Rome were in a death-struggle, and ending in the collapse of the great Gentile empire. You do not even see it, though an intelligent child, unbefuddled by theological magic, could tell you what it is all about after a hasty reading of the simple record. And then you go on prattling of Jewish conspiracies and cite as instances the Great War and the Russian Revolution! Can you wonder that we Jews have always taken your anti-Semites rather lightly, as long as they did not resort to violence?

And, mind you, no less an authority than Gibbon long ago tried to enlighten you. It is now a century and a half since *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* let the cat out of the bag. Gibbon, not being a parson dabbling in history, did not try to account for the end of a great era by inventing fatuous nonsense about the vice and degradation of Rome, about the decay of morals and faith in an empire which was at that very time in the midst of its most glorious creative period. How could he? He was living in the Augustan Age in London which—in spite of nearly two thousand years since the coming of Christian salvation—was a good replica of Augustan Rome in the matter of refined lewdness as the foggy islanders could make it. No, Gibbons was a race-conscious Gentile and an admirer of the culture of the pagan West, as well as an historian with brains and eyes. Therefore he had no difficulty laying his finger on the

malady that had rotted and wasted away the noble edifice of antique civilization. He put Christianity down—the law which went forth from Zion and the word of God from Jerusalem—as the central cause of the decline and fall of Rome and all she represented.

So far so good. But Gibbon did not go far enough. He was born and died, you see, a century before the invention of scientific anti-Semitism. He left wholly out of account the element of deliberation. He saw an alien creed sweeping out of the East and overwhelming the fair lands of the West. It never occurred to him that the whole scheme of salvation was dedicated. Yet the facts are as plain as you please.

Let me in very brief recount the tale, unembroidered by miracle, prophecy or magic.

For a good perspective, I shall have to go back a space. The action conveniently falls into four parts, rising to a climax in the third. The time, when the first curtain rises, is roughly 65. B.C. Dramatis personæ are, minor parts aside, Judea and Rome. Judea is a tiny kingdom off the Eastern Mediterranean. For five centuries it has been hardly more than a geographical expression. Again and again it has been overrun and destroyed and its population carried into exile or slavery by its powerful neighbors. Nominally independent, it is now as unstable as ever and on the edge of civil war. The empire of the West, with her nucleus in the City Republic of Rome, while not yet mistress of the world, is speedily heading that way. She is acknowledged the one great military power of the time as well as the heir of Greece and the center of civilization.

up to the present the two states have had little or no contact with one another. Then without solicitation on her part Rome was suddenly asked to take a hand in Judean affairs. A dispute had arisen between two brothers over the succession to the petty throne, and the Roman general Pompey, who happened to be in Damascus winding up bigger matters, was called upon to arbitrate between the claimants. With the simple directness of a republican soldier, Pompey exiled one of the brothers, tossed the chief priesthood to his rival, and abolished the kingly dignity altogether. Not to put too fine a point on it, Pompey's mediation amounted in effect to making Judea a Roman

dependency. The Jews, not unnaturally perhaps, objected; and Rome, to conciliate them and to conform to local prejudice, restored the royal office. She appointed, that is, a king of her own choosing. He was the son of an excise-man, an Idumean by race, named Herod. But the Jews were not placated, and continued making trouble. Rome thought it very ungrateful of them.

All this is merely a prelude, and is introduced into the action to make clear what follows. Jewish discontent grew to disaffection and open revolt when their Gentile masters began importing into Jerusalem the blessings of Western culture. Graven images, athletic games, Greek drama, and gladiatorial shows were not to the Jewish taste. The pious resented them as an offense in the nostrils of Jehova, even though the resident officials patiently explained they were meant for the entertainment and edification of the non-Jewish garrison. The Judeans resisted with especial strenuousness the advent of the efficient Roman tax-gatherer. Above all, they wanted back a king of their own race and their own royal line.

Among the masses the rebellion took the form of a revival of the old belief in a Messiah, a divinely appointed savior who was to redeem his people from the foreign yoke and make Judea supreme among the nations. Claimants to the mission were not wanting. In Galilee, one Judas led a rather formidable insurrection, which enlisted much popular support. John, called the Baptist, operated in the Jordan country. He was followed by another north-country man, Jesus of Nazareth. All three were masters of the technique of couching incendiary political sedition in harmless theological phrases. All three used the same signal of revolt—"The time is at hand." And three were speedily apprehended and executed, both Galileans by crucifixion.

Personal qualities aside, Jesus of Nazareth was, like his predecessors, a political agitator engaged in liberating his country from the foreign oppressor. There is even considerable evidence that he entertained an ambition to become king of an independent Judea. He claimed, or his biographers later claimed for him, descent from the ancient royal line of David. But his paternity is somewhat confused. The same writers who traced the origin of his mother's hus-

band back to the psalmist-king also pictured Jesus as the son of Jehovah, and admitted that Joseph was not his father.

It seems, however, that Jesus before long realized the hopelessness of his political mission and turned his oratorical gifts and his great popularity with the masses in quite another direction. He began preaching a primitive form of populism, socialism and pacifism. The effect of this change in his program was to gain him the hostility of the substantial, propertied classes, the priests and patriots generally, and to reduce his following to the poor, the laboring mass and the slaves.

After his death these lowly disciples formed themselves into a communistic brotherhood. A sermon their late leader had once delivered upon a hillside summed up for them the essence of his teachings, and they made it their rule of life. It was a philosophy calculated to appeal profoundly to humble people. It comforted those who suffered here on earth with promised rewards beyond the grave. It made virtues of the necessities of the weak. Men without hope in the future were admonished to take no thought for the morrow. Men too helpless to resent insult or injury were taught to resist not evil. Men condemned to lifelong drudgery and indigence were assured of the dignity of labor and of poverty. The meek, the despised, the disinherited, the downtrodden, were—in the hereafter—to be the elect and favored of God. The worldly, the ambitious, the rich and powerful, were to be denied admission to heaven.

The upshot, then, of Jesus' mission was a new sect in Judea. It was neither the first nor the last. Judea, like modern America, was a fertile soil for strange creeds. The Ebionim—the paupers, as they called themselves—did not regard their beliefs as a new religion. Jews they had been born, and Jews they remained. The teachings of their master were rather in the nature of a social philosophy, an ethic of conduct, a way of life. To modern Christians, who never tire of asking why the Jews did not accept Jesus and his teachings, I can only answer that for a long time none but Jews did. To be surprised that the whole Jewish people did not turn Ebionim is about as intelligent as to expect all

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Americans to join the Unitarians or the Baptists or the Christian Scientists.

In ordinary times little attention would have been paid to the ragged brotherhood. Slaves and laborers for the most part, their meekness might even have been encouraged by the soldier class. But with the country in the midst of a struggle with a foreign foe, the unworldly philosophy took on a dangerous aspect. It was a creed of disillusion, resignation and defeat. It threatened to undermine the morale of the nation's fighting men in time of war. This blessing of the peacemakers, this turning of the other cheek, this non-resistance, this love your enemy, looked like a deliberate attempt to paralyze the national will in a crisis and assure victory to the foe.

So it is not surprising that the Jewish authorities began persecuting the Ebionim. Their meetings were invaded and dispersed, their leaders were clapped into jail, their doctrines were proscribed. It looked for awhile as if the sect would be speedily wiped out. Then, unexpectedly, the curtain rose on act three, and events took a sudden new turn.

Perhaps the bitterest foe of the sectaries was one Saul, a maker of tents. A native of Tarsus and thus a man of some education in Greek culture, he despised the new teachings for their unworldliness and their remoteness from life. A patriotic Jew, he dreaded their effect on the national cause. A traveled man, versed in several languages, he was ideally suited for the task of going about among the scattered Jewish communities to counteract the spread of their socialistic pacifistic doctrines. The leaders in Jerusalem appointed him chief persecutor to the Ebionim.

He was on his way to Damascus one day to arrest a group of the sectaries when a novel idea came to him. In the quaint phrase of the Book of Acts he saw a vision. He saw as a matter of fact, two. He perceived, to begin with, how utterly hopeless were the chances of little Judea winning out in an armed conflict against the greatest military power in the world. Second, and more important, it came to him that the vagabond creed which he had been repressing might be forged into an irresistible weapon against the formidable foe. Pacifism, non-resistance, resignation, love,

were dangerous teachings at home. Spread among the enemy's legions, they might break down their discipline and thus yet bring victory to Jerusalem. Saul, in a word, was probably the first man to see the possibilities of conducting war by propaganda.

He journeyed on to Damascus, and there, to the amazement alike of his friends and of those he had gone to suppress, he announced his conversion to the faith and applied for admission to the brotherhood. On his return to Jerusalem he laid his new strategy before the startled Elders of Zion. After much debate and searching of souls, it was adopted. More resistance was offered by the leaders of the Ebionim of the capital. They were mistrustful of his motives, and they feared that his proposal to strip the faith of its ancient Jewish observances and practices so as to make it acceptable to Gentiles would fill the fraternity with alien half-converts, and dilute its strength. But in the end he won them over, too. And so Saul, the fiercest persecutor of Jesus' followers, became Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles. And so, incidentally, began the spread into the pagan lands of the West, an entirely new Oriental religion.

Unfortunately for Paul's plan, the new strategy worked much too well. His revamped and rather alluring theology made converts faster than he had dared hope, or than he even wished. His idea, it should be kept in mind, was at this stage purely defensive. He had as yet no thought of evangelizing the world; he only hoped to discourage the enemy. With that accomplished, and the Roman garrisons out of Palestine, he was prepared to call a truce. But the slaves and oppressed of the Empire, the wretched conscripts, and the starving proletariat of the capital itself, found as much solace in the adapted Pauline version of the creed as the poor Jews before them had found in the original teachings of their crucified master. The result of this unforeseen success was to open the enemy's eyes to what was going on. Disturbing reports of insubordination among the troops began pouring into Rome from the army chiefs in Palestine and elsewhere. Instead of giving the imperial authorities pause, the new tactics only stiffened their determination. Rome swooped down upon Jerusalem with fire and sword, and after a fierce siege which lasted four years, she

destroyed the nest of the agitation (70 A.D.). At least she thought she had destroyed it.

The historians of the time leave us in no doubt as to the aims of Rome. They tell us that Nero sent Vespasian and his son Titus with definite and explicit orders to annihilate Palestine and Christianity together. To the Romans, Christianity meant nothing more than Judaism militant, anyhow, an interpretation which does not seem far from the facts. As to Nero's wish, he had at least half of it realized for him. Palestine was so thoroughly annihilated that it has remained a political ruin to this day. But Christianity was not so easily destroyed.

Indeed, it was only after the fall of Jerusalem that Paul's program developed to the full. Hitherto, as I have said, his tactic had been merely to frighten the conqueror, in the manner of Moses plaguing the Pharaohs. He had gone along cautiously and hesitantly, taking care not to arouse the powerful foe. He was willing to dangle his novel weapon before the foe's nose, and let him feel its edge, but he shrank from thrusting it in full force. Now that the worst had happened and Judea had nothing further to lose, he flung scruples to the wind and carried the war into the enemy's country. The goal now was nothing less than to humble Rome as she had humbled Jerusalem, to wipe her off the map as she had wiped out Judea.

If Paul's own writings fail to convince you of this interpretation of his activities, I invite your attention to his more candid associate John. Where Paul, operating within the shadow of the imperial palace and half the time a prisoner in Roman jails, is obliged to deal in parable and veiled hints, John, addressing himself to disaffected Asiatics, can afford the luxury of plain speaking. At any rate, his pamphlet entitled "Revelation" is, in truth, a revelation of what the whole astonishing business is about.

Rome, fancifully called Babylon, is minutely described in the language of sputtering hate, as the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, as the woman drunken with the blood of saints (Christians and Jews), as the oppressor of "peoples and multitudes and nations and tongues" and—to remove all doubt of her identity—as "that great city

which reigneth over the kings of the earth." An angel triumphantly cries, "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen." Then follows an orgiastic picture of ruin. Commerce and industry and maritime trade are at an end. Art and music and "the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride" are silenced. Darkness and desolation lie like a pall upon the scene. The gentle Christian conquerors wallow in blood up to the bridles of their horses. "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her."

And what is the end and purpose of all this chaos and devastation? John is not too reticent to tell us. For he closes his pious prophecy with a vision of the glories of the new—that is, the restored—Jerusalem: not any allegorical fantasy, I pray you, but literally Jerusalem, the capital of a great reunited kingdom of "the twelve tribes of the children of Israel."

Could any one ask for anything plainer?

Of course, no civilization could forever hold out against this kind of assault. By the year 200 the efforts of Paul and John and their successors had made such headway among all classes of Roman society that Christianity had become the dominant cult throughout the empire. Meantime, as Paul had shrewdly foreseen, Roman morale and discipline had quite broken down, so that more and more the imperial legions, once the terror of the world and the backbone of Western culture, went down to defeat before barbarian invaders. In the year 326 the emperor Constantine, hoping to check the insidious malady, submitted to conversion and proclaimed Christianity the official religion. It was too late. After him the emperor Julian tried to resort once more to suppression. But neither resistance nor concession were of any use. The Roman body politic has become thoroughly worm-eaten with Palestinian propaganda. Paul had triumphed.

This at least is how, were I an anti-Semite in search of a credible sample of subversive Jewish conspiracy, I would interpret the advent of a modified Jewish creed into the Western world.

The Moses-God Fight

by
Allan Callahan

There is a passage in the Bible that used to puzzle me. It says that God once attempted to Kill Moses. It reads: "And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the Lord met him, and sought to kill him." (*Exodus 4:24*; King James Version). This, of course, means that God *tried* to kill him, and *failed!* Imagine the Ruler of the Universe trying to kill someone, and not being able to do the job. Of course, Moses may have been a super-kike, but he was still only mortal, nonetheless. We think of God as being immensely powerful, but maybe he isn't as strong as we think. Elsewhere in the Bible it says that: "And the Lord was with Judah; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron" (*Judges 1:19*).

Still, he is no doubt plenty strong. He must be if he is able to lug around a planet under each arm, and indeed hurl whole galaxies into space with the flick of his wrist. So why couldn't he kill Moses? Was he getting too old, or was he sick and run down at the time, or what? The Bible doesn't say. But I had always been intrigued by the battle itself. A "Dock A Brawl" must have taken place, it appeared. And if God attacked Moses, the latter must have fought back with a vengeance, and apparently did a good job of defending himself, causing the attack to fail.

But how to find out? The only way, I assumed, was to get a vision, or a revelation, from heaven. So for three days and nights, pausing only for prayer and sleep, I concentrated on getting this revelation, and heaven finally rewarded me.

Here is what happened: Moses had been whooping it up with some of his pals at Hymie's Bar & Grill (referred to as the "inn" in the Bible). God arrived and crawled up on the edge of the roof, by the front door. When Moses made his exit an hour or so later, God made a surprise attack by jumping off on to his back. Moses was knocked heavily to the ground, but was up on his feet again instantly.

They squared off. Moses was taller, but God was better muscled. He was a little bit bowlegged, probably due to many years of horseback riding. (Yes, God does ride horses. See *Hab. 3:8*). Moses knew he had to avoid God's fearful grip to have any chance of winning, so he could not let it turn into a wrestling match. He would have to box him. And this is exactly what he did. God bored in, trying to grab Moses, but the latter would jab, step away, and throw an occasional right. All the Jewish bar-flies poured out of the inn and gathered around, cheering them on. Round and round the opponents went, God vainly stumbling forward, while Moses kept him off balance, rocking him with punches.

In the end, it was a case of "youth will prevail." God began to tire. (Yes, God also gets tired. See *Is. 1:14*.) A right cross from his younger opponent knocked him to his knees. He wearily struggled to his feet. Moses quickly knocked him down again, and this time he stayed, until they poured water on him to bring him around.

In the end, when Moses's hand was raised in victory, God's face was unrecognizable. It was the worst beating a deity had ever taken.

On another occasion, Moses defeated God in a verbal argument, causing him to repent. (*Ex. 32:9-14*.) But who would have thought he could beat him in a physical test?

It was after the fight had taken place that the famous incident occurred where the Most High showed Moses his "back parts." (*Ex. 33:23*.) Although a lot of time had elapsed since the fight, God's face had still not healed. (Wounds heal very slowly in the intense cold of outer space, where the Big Jew hangs out most of the time.) God was ashamed of all his cuts and bruises, and did not want Moses to see them.

Of course, it can be argued that Moses was lucky to have whipped old Yahweh, and I agree with this. And if God had kept on trying to kill him by hook or crook, no doubt he would have succeeded, sooner or later. But God never tried it again. Perhaps he repented, who knows? He had repented of things before. (According to *Jer. 15:6* he once got tired of repenting.)

At any rate, dear reader, if you, too, have wondered why the Lord Of All Creation tried and failed to kill Moses, I am happy to share my heavenly revelation with you. □

Breed - Or Perish

By Major Donald Vincent Clerkin

Are we certain that we know why the White race is losing ground in the world? Can our steady decline as a people be laid at the door of the Jews, the non-whites, the liberals, or even the Aryan race traitors? Could it be that the reason is more organic in nature, more ingrained in the White race itself; that is, have we become so decadent that we no longer have the desire to survive, much less prevail over those who would rather that we were dead?

The fact that the White race falls in total number and percentage of the world's population at the rate of 20% per generation should tell you something is very wrong fundamentally with the life-force of this race. Though the Aryan race has the mark of brilliance stamped on its exemplars, still, the average White today is uncertain of why he is part of something so special. History is not taught to Aryan youth these days. Or when a version of history is presented, it indicts the White race for alleged past crimes against 'humanity.' This itself would not tend to lower the White birth rate.

To understand this problem, it is likely that we have failed to understand our West European / American culture and its stretch of more than a thousand years of development. Oswald Spengler claimed that cultures and races age, as do individuals. The Aryan race is as old as Cro-Magnon man, and the successive cultures it has expressed have each had its stages of birth, growth, stagnation and death.

It may be, therefore, that the Aryan race has run its course—at least within the confines of the West European / American culture. Spengler's *The Decline of the West* taught us that the last stage of a culture is identified by conflicting ideologies, a lack of faith, the sham of democracy, and the desire to live only for the moment. Each culture that Spengler studied displayed the identical symptoms of pathology in its later stage. Did you know that Caesar Augustus scolded his nobles over the fact that they were not having enough children to insure the survival of the Roman noble class? The rise of the Roman Imperium was an historical indication that Rome was entering the final stage of its cultural life. And there the leading class was having a "birth dearth." Those of us who labor in the Aryan movement know that we cannot continue to compete as a race with a falling birth rate. We argue for racial separation because we know that a low birth rate means some other people will eventually come to inherit North America, and Europe as well. The Jews have a different attitude about birth rates, though in Israel the high Palestinian birth rate scares them. Jews are a distinct minority in the world. The average Jewish birth rate is about

1.2. The Jews in North America compensate by lobbying to bring all 3.5 millions of Soviet Jews into the United States. Whether these Jews will raise the Jewish birth rate is questionable. Most are secular Jews, and secular Jews are not prolific breeders. This is why the American Jewish birth rate is so low: they are materialists, and children get in the way of acquiring things. But the Jews do not worry about a low birth rate as much as we Aryans do. They feel that they have a special racial dispensation to rule the world. A race so conditioned sees no need to create large numbers of offspring. Jews believe that they *ought* to inherit the leadership of the world and its property because their Talmudic rabbis long ago told them that the God they don't believe in had decreed it. This mythology has driven the Jews since the time of Christ.

The Jews are so decrepit a people that the only act of faith they are now capable of is belief in the Holohoax. They think that the stupid *goyim* are obligated to them as superior specimens of humanity, in fact the only specimens of humanity, everyone else being just beasts with two legs. This is a belief system that will mislead the believer into making gross mistakes, such as thinking that because the Aryans are so easily buffaloed with the Holohoax and Judeo-Christianity, the non-whites will be just as easily maneuvered into servant status to the Jews. The Jews will gnash their teeth over the situation they are creating in North America by opening the immigration doors to all comers.

It would be a mistake, however, to blame everything that besets the Aryans on the Jews. The Aryans have no idea of world domination. Most young Whites live only for the immediate pleasures to be derived from a corrupt society. They are Hellenistic in scope, which means that they can see neither forward nor backward. The bit of ground stood upon is all that the decadent Whites can see; or shall we say that it is all they take notice of. They have no sense of their history, or anyone else's. Most do not realize that they are White today only because their forebears were segregationists. Not being able to comprehend the past, and the future of little interest to them, today's Aryans in the main opt to satisfy their desires and lusts for material gain, objects and sensual pleasures—without incurring any obligation, without the production and nurturing of children.

Aryan movement activists have a different idea of the meaning of life than have the decadent *yuppie* types. We realize that the production of healthy children is the most important thing we can do to insure the continuation of the White race. Our view of the future is one of the necessity to expand our racial numbers, especially when the Aryan Republic is established. There must be a place for Aryans to raise their children. But there must be enough Aryan children to raise up the Aryan Republic

to front-rank position in the world. This, then, is a battle of numbers, as well as quality of those numbers.

We prepare to erect the Aryan Republic because the present society has corrupted many Aryans. The Aryan Republic will be a separate political entity on the North American continent. There will be no racial integration or miscegenation permitted. But the idea of a superior race pales before the fact that a race which refuses to breed in sufficient numbers to insure even break-even survival is, in the end, actually superior to no one. The winner in the racial superiority contest is he who is alive at the end, and in control of his destiny. Everything else is just big talk.

* * * * *

South Africa—It is not racial separation or Apartheid to employ blacks as servants, pay them low wages, and then think that they will not make demands upon you for “rights.” Better had the wealthy White South Africans employed only White labor, paid them decent wages, and strictly kept the millions of blacks out of South Africa. It was the wealthy White greed for cheap labor that permitted the millions of blacks to come into the Union of South Africa and then the Republic of South Africa. Whites from other parts of the world were not permitted immigration status in South Africa, because the fat-cats feared that they would drive wages up. The black labor force was increased because of the lower wage paid to them. It may now be too late to save White South Africa because of this hypocrisy, a fate it probably deserves as much as America for its own immigration policies that favor the Third World. When the Aryan Republic is created, such mistakes will not be made. We will not import hordes of non-white labor to do our work for us. There will be plenty of work to do, and we trust plenty of Aryan hands to do it. If we need it done, then we must be willing to do it. That cheap, non-white labor snare is what made slavery the pitfall it became for the American South. White South Africa should have learned this lesson.

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

Professor R.P. Oliver in *America's Decline*

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