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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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The editor/publisher of *Liberty Bell* does not necessarily agree with each and every article in this magazine, nor does he subscribe to all conclusions arrived at by various writers; however, he does endeavor to permit the exposure of ideas suppressed by the controlled news media of this country.

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 an informed people.

To this we dedicate our lives and our work. No effort will be spared and no idea will be allowed to go unexpressed if we think it will benefit the *Thinking People*, not only of America, but the entire world.

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

POSTSCRIPTS

by Revilo P. Oliver

KOSHER CUTS

Two or three female journalists are in the lucrative business of producing syndicated columns that purport to quote letters written by silly women who seek advice about "personal problems" created by a signal deficiency in common sense. One of the wise women uses the pseudonym, "Ann Landers." (I have a record of her true name, but I won't waste time looking it up.) In a recent column, published in the *Muskegon Chronicle* and doubtless many other newspapers on 12 April 1993, she, naturally, endorses the sexual mutilation of males that is practiced by many tribes of savages and some barbarians, including her own race, which, according to its Holy Book, believes that the world was created by Yahweh so that males could be circumcised, and would come to an end, if males were not sexually mutilated to gratify his ferocious sadism.¹

The Kikess, who does admit in one sentence that "some say [sexual mutilation] is 'barbaric and unnecessary,'" contributes on her own the information that "uncircumcised males get recurrent urinary tract infections." That, no doubt, is true. So do a great many males who have been mutilated. And ulceration of the urinary tract is especially common in infants who have been mutilated.

The central letter comes from a stupid woman whose son complained that he had been dreadfully embarrassed in the gymnasium, where the other boys ridiculed him because he didn't resemble a Sheeny. The stupid youngster, anxious to appear just like the rest of the vulgar herd, demanded to be circumcised. The foolish parents, instead of teaching their son

1. On this disgusting form of persisting savagery, see Nicholas Carter, *Routine Circumcision, the Tragic Myth* (London, Londinium Press, 1979) and *Liberty Bell*, October 1989, pp. 1-5; November 1989, pp. 7-10. On the practice of contemporary Jewesses with regard to copulation with White men, see *Liberty Bell*, February 1992, p. 20.

to be an individual with self-respect, consented, although they might have made a weak protest had he wanted to wear a bone in his nose (a fashion not yet promulgated by the "schools")—or to become a pervert, in keeping with the gospel promulgated in the public boob-hatcheries. The circumcision was "a very painful operation," and the feeble-minded youngster blamed his parents, not himself, for the pain he had brought on himself. The moral is, make your son resemble an Australoid or other savage when he is an infant and can't complain about the pain and the probable subsequent deformation of his personality by the traumatic shock inflicted on him.²

The *pièce de résistance* is a letter from "Old Doc in Kentucky," who doubtless profited for many years from collecting fifty bucks for a single clip. He opines that "Studies over the past several years have shown that women whose sexual partners have been circumcised tend to have a lower incidence of cervical cancer." The "studies" are not specified. All such studies are worthless, if not correlated to race, ethnic group, and social status. Races differ physiologically as well as psychologically. Certain diseases, for example, occur only in Jews. And there is some evidence that Jewesses, who presumably copulate chiefly with males whose foreskins have been sacrificed to beastly old Yahweh, have a lower incidence of cervical cancer than women of other races. They may also have a higher incidence of uterine cancer. So what of it?³

According to "Ann Landers," several "young docs" also wrote to defend and justify a considerable part of their income. (The depreciation of the dollar may have increased the once standard fee of fifty bucks.)

2. On the psychological consequences of the mutilation, see Carter, *op. cit.*, especially pp. 85-93. It is, incidentally, interesting that the one hundred male perverts examined by a Naval physician were all circumcised, and while it is quite possible that sexual mutilation may predispose to homosexuality, as it is said to do among Semites, usually Moslems, among whom both circumcision and perversion are, so to speak, merely normal, prevalence of sexual mutilation in our time deprives the statistic of cogency.

3. On this topic, see Carter, *op. cit.*, pp. 41-46.

No one seems to notice the great intrinsic improbability that mutilation of the penis could biologically affect the vagina. Does it also cause wives to gain or lose weight? Or to suffer from ingrown toenails?

What is important here is to note the general worthlessness of all statistical "proofs" that are based on relatively small percentages and a small number of subjects. If two or three hundred specimens yield a perfect result (i.e., that 100% or at least 98% of group X show a characteristic that is absent in 100% of group Y) that is noteworthy and calls for duplication and verification, but if group X shows 5% more of the characteristic than group Y, that difference is likely to be aleatory and is certainly devoid of validity. When differences of only a few percent are observed in less than five thousand specimens, the observation is not worth mentioning. Statistical studies of the common type would undoubtedly show that the wives of uncircumcised men get more or fewer permanent waves than other women, eat more or less asparagus, see cinemas more or less often, or make more or fewer trips by aeroplanes. Undoubtedly more or fewer of such women will be found to have been born under the zodiacal sign of Cancer,⁴ and more or fewer of them will be left-handed or golden blonde or astigmatic.⁵

4. Some years many pages of the *Skeptical Inquirer* were blackened with a foolish controversy over the "discovery" by some Frenchman that a slightly larger percentage of noted athletes were born when some planet (Mars, of course, as I recall!) was in the ascendant. What would have been remarkable would have been a discovery that there was *no* difference between the astrological auspices under which they were all born. Take any relatively uniform group of a few hundred persons, and you will find small percentages of difference between them in anything for which you may test them. And do not be confused by the difference between a simple calculation of probability and a calculation of the probability that the probability will be realized in any one instance. The probability that a tossed coin will come up 'heads' is one out of two, but you have doubtless witnessed occasions when 'tails' came up four or five times in succession, although for each successive try the probability was still one out of two.

5. A perfect example of what you or anyone else can do with statistics is provided by William F. Buckley, Jr., in his syndicated column for the ninth of April (*National Review*, 24 May 1993, p. 69). He quotes a writer who says: "I published an

Obviously, not even a tentative hypothesis of a causal relation can be based on such evidence.

It is only prudent to suspect all statistics of social import. If they favor "Liberal" (i.e., Marxist) purposes, they are likely to be as fraudulent as the "study" by which the Rockefeller Foundation promoted male homosexuality. The finding that 10% of all males (race unstated) were perverts was accepted for almost half a century, until Kinsey's statistics were shown to have been rigged and flagrantly dishonest.⁶ Now, despite all the intensive efforts of the public schools in the meantime, recent surveys put the number of perverts at 1% or something between 1% and 2%. Why was the truth not ascertained by independent investigation forty-five years ago, when it would have done some good? Was there some clandestine power that forbade such investigation, or were all "social scientists" childishly and irredeemably gullible?

Remember that the Federal government has many squads of trained statisticians who will prove *anything* at the drop of a hat or a nod from their paymasters. You should not be surprised by the recent issues of *Criminal Politics* which show that economic and financial statistics are being systematically falsified. The same is doubtless true in the current hullabaloo about cigarettes, obviously designed to keep the dim wits of the general public so occupied with fictitious crusades that they will not perceive what is being done to them until it is too late.

If the statistics are not faked, remember that small percentages except in very large numbers (ten thousand is a minimum) have no probative value whatsoever. For example, no one should have even noticed Dr. Rhine's famous "proofs" of "extrasensory perception." As I pointed out in *Is there*

article showing that the correlation between eighth-grade math scores [i.e., scores made on examinations in mathematics] and the distance of state capitals from the Canadian border was .522, a respectable showing. By contrast, the correlation with per pupil expenditure was a derisive .203. I offered the policy proposal that states wishing to improve their schools should move closer to Canada." The satirist chose an example that was *prima facie* absurd. A less scrupulous writer could have found a similar correlation with, e.g., annual rainfall or the sale of cigarettes or circumcision, and sold his "discovery" to many suckers.

6. On the "Kinsey report," see *Liberty Bell*, February 1992, pp. 14-21.

Intelligent Life on Earth?, pp. 29-34, what Rhine's data really proved was that if there are persons endowed with "extrasensory perception," he had encountered none of them.

"Ann Landers" propaganda gives you an opportunity to notice what is much more important, the fallacious nature of most "studies" about matters of social importance. Do not, however, blame her for her deceptive column. She is loyal to her race. Let us hope that you and I are as loyal to our own.

ADDENDUM ON CHILDREN

My article, "Suffer, Little Children," in the issue for January 1993 was based in part on an Australian periodical which reported scandalous crimes in Nebraska centered about a rich, tall, and piggish nigger named Larry King. A kind and thoughtful reader has sent me two books that are more authoritative and recount the appalling events in detail. They add much to my discussion, but do not alter the conclusions, so I shall only list the books here as sources of copious information.

A former Senator in Nebraska for sixteen years, John W. Decamp, has written *The Franklin Cover-Up: Child Abuse, Satanism, and Murder in Nebraska* (AWT Inc., Lincoln, Nebraska, 1992; paperback, \$9.95; I suppose postage is additional). I strongly recommend this book, if you are interested in determining the present status of the United States, which is that of an apple rotten to the core. Nebraska is merely a part of the whole, and what applies to it applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to Illinois or Louisiana or any other state. You will incidentally be able to form some estimate of one of our leading criminal organizations, not the Mafia, but the F.B.I. (The *I* in the abbreviated name of the Federal Bureau once represented 'Investigation'; it now represents 'Intimidation,' including, as was recently seen in Waco, Texas, terrorism and murder.)

The cover-up of nigger King's activities, which Mr. DeCamp compares to the infamous Warren Report to cover-up the assassination of Kennedy, was on a smaller scale: only fifteen witnesses and investigators died mysteriously, probably by murder, whereas the Warren cover-up cost the lives of at least thirty-five witnesses to unwanted facts.

The criminal gang in Nebraska includes the state's richest financiers, the leading "newspapers" (i.e., liepapers), the

executives of large corporations, mayors, chiefs of police, prosecuting attorneys, judges, and ranking state officials, and a Masonic or quasi-Masonic order known as Ak-Sar-Ben,¹ which consists of the social élite of the state and crowns an annual King and Queen in antics reminiscent of the old Krew of Komus in New Orleans.

Do not overlook Mr. DeCamp's Appendix B. It is a succinct description of an erstwhile friend and typical politician of the better type (i.e., only an opportunistic crook).²

A booklet entitled *The Mystery of the [?] Carefully Crafted Hoax [?]* (s.l.& a. [1992?]) is by an anonymous author who writes in the name of the publisher, the Nebraska Leadership Conference³; there is a foreword by Ted Gunderson, an investigator who must be responsible for much of the material. The quoted part of the title is a phrase invented by an obviously corrupt Grand Jury that had been convened on the behalf of the criminals to silence with indictments witnesses who could not otherwise be intimidated.

The booklet necessarily covers more summarily much of the same ground as Mr. DeCamp's longer book, but contains some new material (quoted testimony etc.) and concludes with a helpful chronological table.

1. One of the Burlington Railroad's "Zephyrs" was named in honor of this clique. See its timetables in the later part of the 1960s, before the summary destruction of American railroads and industry by our alien government had become spectacularly successful.

2. I admire Mr. Decamp's courage and shall not be astonished if I hear of his sudden death from a "heart attack" or the crash of an airplane or "suicide"; cf. his Appendix A, which notes the manner of death of the fifteen witness whose sudden decease facilitated the cover-up by the criminal network whose normal activities had been fortuitously exposed by nigger King's stupidity. He is a veteran of the action to kill young Americans and disgrace our once respected country in Vietnam, and he first became unpopular when he proposed a rational consideration of the so-called war. But I do not mean to make him a hero: he is also responsible for the importation of almost three thousand Vietnamese children into the United States. (Note that 'Vietnamese' merely means that they come from the geographical area now called Vietnam; they may belong to any of the numerous racial groups in that region. But that makes no difference. They do not belong in an Aryan nation, such as we once were.)

3. P.O. Box 30165, Lincoln, Nebraska (68503); \$6.00 postpaid.

Both books consider the prevalent charges of Satanism and include descriptions of typical rites, including the sacrifice of children to Satan, that are often used to traumatize the children who are compelled to witness them and will be enslaved by terror. The children who are sacrificial victims are usually sold by their parents and their disappearance is not reported or otherwise noticed. (It is estimated that 100,000 children (races unspecified) disappear in the United States every year.) The adults who attend or participate in such ceremonies obviously enjoy them.⁴

There has been a campaign in the press (including the *Skeptical Inquirer*) to discredit reports of such ceremonies. The principal facts (as distinct from embroidery by excited witnesses or unscrupulous journalists) seem to me entirely credible. Indeed, they are no more than what was to be expected in our great ochlocracy, and it is noteworthy that they excite only a morbid interest without real moral (as distinct from religious) indignation. I have forgotten which historian of the Roman Empire remarked that a society that loses its capacity for moral indignation is doomed to extinction.

'Moral indignation' is not precisely the right term; it conveys a suggestion of righteousness, which is often deadly. More fundamental is a rational awareness of the need to preserve the consensus on which a society is founded, the norms of conduct that are taken for granted and only partially defined in enacted laws, which are always less binding than the unwritten ones. Since 'law' is a word that has now become ambiguous and is often limited to legislation, the best term for the whole of a society's moral foundation is *nomos* (Greek νόμος). When that consensus has been destroyed by parasites and folly, the result is *anomia*, for which it is unnecessary to import the French form, *anomie*, now in current use. When the foundation has been subverted, the society collapses, as does a building of which the foundation has been destroyed. It collapses into a chaotic heap, a horde of

4. I have received an anonymous memorandum from a man who says that he "began with 'wife-swapping'" (an amusement that violates an Aryan man's instinctive sense of self-respect) and proceeded along those lines until he was "terribly shocked" by a realization that he "relished" the sexual abuse of children of both sexes below the age of puberty. The ambiguous word leaves one uncertain whether his enjoyment was that of a spectator or of an activist.

bewildered individuals who have not even an instinct of self-preservation. It becomes a jungle in which it is possible for a female named Rodham, her despicable male assistant, and their scabrous and reeking gang of degenerates to be invested with what is legally the supreme executive power—a jungle in which the ruling Sheenies can force their victims to spend fifty million dollars on a monument to the greatest and most outrageous swindle in the world's history—a jungle in which the same victims must maintain a horde of several hundred professional murderers to begin a rule by sheer terror. Throughout such a jungle, the total demoralization and rot accidentally disclosed in Nebraska has become merely normal and commonplace, and Satanic rites, including the killing and dismemberment of infants and young children, becomes no more than a titillating entertainment.

As I noted in my article in *Liberty Bell*, Satanism need not involve a religion and a superstitious belief in the supernatural.

LOST HOPE

The current epidemic of the African Plague, usually and mistakenly called "AIDS," encouraged rational observers to entertain hopes about three critical matters. One deplored, of course, the atrocious fact that many innocent and valuable citizens were infected in hospitals, chiefly by being given transfusions of infected blood, partly from cynical negligence and partly because the means of detecting such blood are inadequate and fallible. As a recent scandal has shown, in France many persons were deliberately infected by the French government, which ordered the distribution of blood known to be diseased. The official reason was budgetary, but it is quite likely that Mitterand & Co. also reasoned that the majority of victims would be White men, women, and children. No such planned pollution of blood supplies is reported in the United States, in which efforts to disseminate the disease among the American people chiefly take the form of Congressional legislation to force the employment of diseased carriers of the plague in situations (e.g., in restaurants) in which they will necessarily infect some unwary White men and women.

One also felt some compassion for White women who were infected by men they never should have married. But these losses were offset by the expected benefits, viz.:

1. The science and practice of medicine would be put on a more rational basis by being forced to study and understand what had thus far been taken for granted as a mysterious *vis medicatrix naturae*. This hope has been realized, and the immune system of the human body is now being intensively studied, with promising results, despite some obfuscation, ordered by our Jewish rulers, to conceal the fact that the immune system of any individual is hereditary and therefore also varies from race to race. This may be the greatest advance in therapeutic science since Harvey.

2. One also hoped that the dire disease would abate the plague of homosexual degenerates who are forever yelling for their spurious and imaginary "rights," and seeking, with the help of Congress, opportunities to infect valuable human beings. The quantity of animated garbage that recently stank up the already reeking streets of Tel Aviv-on-the-Potomac (commonly called Washington, D.C.) raises serious doubts about the effectiveness of "AIDS" as a social antiseptic and purgative. Optimists will continue to hope, counting on the incubation period of the virus, which is often as long as ten years.

3. The known death-rate in Africa and observations by satellite of deserted and presumably lifeless villages and areas encouraged hopes that the African disease would clean up that continent, perhaps in time to avert the massacre of the civilized inhabitants of South Africa, for which American "do-gooders" and the traitors who rule South Africa have been working for decades. Alas, it is now clear that "AIDS" will not save the South Africans from their folly.

What is even worse, according to a report reprinted in the April 1992 issue of the little newsletter issued by Canadians for Foreign Aid Reform,¹ the Congoids are breeding faster than the disease can dispose of them and faster than they are killing each other with weapons supplied by American and other taxpayers. The population of Africa south of the Sahara

1. P.O. Box 332, Station B, / Etobicoke, Ontario / M9W-5L3; subscription, \$16.00 per annum.

was 190,000,000 in 1955, when the Communists ("anti-colonialists") were just getting down to creating disaster. Despite "AIDS," "civil" wars among the sub-humans, and starvation, the population increased to 515,000,000 in 1991, and is still increasing at a rate that will produce at least one billion talking apes by 2015.

If that statistic is correct, it cancels one of the brightest hopes excited by the epidemic. It now appears that nature will not work for us in the Dark Continent, and intelligent Aryans, if there are enough of them left, will have to confront the imminent crisis and deal with it. American nitwits, excited to sentimental fatuity by scenes cunningly exhibited on the Kikes' boob-tubes, have generally approved the wanton waste of their resources and of some American lives in an attempt to mitigate the effects in Somalia of a famine the inhabitants brought on themselves. (The mongrel inhabitants are of largely Semitic and Hamitic, rather than Congoid, ancestry, but they are 'wogs,' biological trash.)² If Americans are so eager to benefit the world, they should adopt a rational policy: use the Navy and Air Force to prevent the delivery of the one billion dollars' worth of food that is now given each year by foolish Aryans to the Congoids and similar sub-humans. This would surely accelerate the beneficial effects of starvation. It would probably also be well to prevent the delivery of arms and ammunition. It is true that such an embargo would decrease the rate at which the niggers kill each other, but it would help preserve the elephants, rhinoceros, and other valuable species of mammals that the savages are now slaughtering.

Africa contains many valuable and some indispensable minerals which the "New World Order" is designed to prevent Americans from procuring for such industry as they have left. A drastic diminution of the number of talking anthropoids in Africa would make it possible to disinfect the regions from which we could obtain the minerals we need, and would also ensure the survival of mammals that we like and with whom we have formed some traditional bonds. But muzzy headed females will complain, as usual, that common sense is hard-hearted and "unfeeling."

2. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, March 1993, pp. 15-21.

**AT THE
JEWISH CEMETERY
IN PRAGUE**

**A Chapter
from the Novel *BIARRITZ***

**By
*Hermann Goedsche***

**Originally Published in 1868
and Republished Numerous Times**

**Translated from the German
and annotated**

**By
*Charles E. Weber, Ph.D.***

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

Biarritz is the title of a very long novel by the German diplomat, Hermann Goedsche (1815-1878). It was originally published in 1868 by Liebrecht in Berlin. Goedsche published *Biarritz* under the pseudonym of Sir John Retcliffe. Various editions of it appeared later, one in Berlin around 1876 and another in Munich around 1924. The chapter of *Biarritz* entitled, "Auf dem Judenkirchhof in Prag" (At the Jewish Cemetery in Prague), occupies pages 141 to 193 of the edition from which I obtained copies of the chapter. This chapter was reprinted in Berlin in 1919 under the title, *Das Geheimnis der jüdischen Weltherrschaft, aus einem Werke des vorigen Jahrhunderts, das von den Juden aufgekauft wurde und aus dem Buchhandel verschwand* (The Secret of Jewish Domination of the World, from a work of the previous century that was bought up by the Jews and disappeared from the book trade). This reprint is listed as having 47 pages in the catalogue of the Library of Congress in Washington. In 1933 the chapter was again reprinted, this time in Berlin with an introduction by a prominent National Socialist legal scholar, Johann von Leers. This edition bore the original title, "Auf dem Judenkirchhof in Prag." Further editions of the chapter were published by the Orbis Verlag in Prague, 1942 ff.

"Auf dem Judenkirchhof in Prag" is reputed to be one of the chief sources of the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, which was first reprinted in Russia in 1903 in the newspaper *Znamia* and subsequently in book form in 1905. This famous work purports to be a report of the meetings held in Basel in 1897 at the time of the first Zionist congress. It was translated into a number of languages. Its authenticity has been disputed, but Henry Ford, who supported the publication in 1920-1922 of research on the Jewish question, seems to have given the wisest evaluation

of the *Protocols* when he remarked of them, "I don't know who wrote the *Protocols*, but everything is going according to their plan."

An important difference between the *Protocols* and "Auf dem Judenkirchhof in Prag" lies in the fact that the latter is in a form which reveals itself at the end to have been a dream with aspects of a nightmare. In this dream, however, criticism of actual Jewish power and behavior is presented. Several decades earlier the famous Jewish poet, Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), had bitterly criticized contemporary German conditions within the framework of his *Reisebilder* (travel images).

When we read "Auf dem Judenkirchhof in Prag" we must bear in mind that it was written at a time when the emancipation of the Jews in western Europe had taken place less than a century earlier, largely as a result of the French Revolution and the spirit of the Enlightenment. In Germany, a notable manifestation of this spirit was the famous drama by G.E. Lessing, *Nathan der Weise* (1779). During the course of the nineteenth century, Jews in Europe acquired a further tremendous financial power, as Goedsche brings out in quite detailed, specific terms. This financial power, however, had not been something entirely new in the nineteenth century, post-emancipation time, as demonstrated by the rôle of the Jews at various courts, such as those in Württemberg in the eighteenth century and in Brandenburg in the sixteenth century. No less a figure than Frederick the Great, king of Prussia from 1740-1786, entrusted great monetary responsibilities to a Jew by the name of Ephraim. It seems ironic that Hitler had a great admiration for Frederick the Great, whose portrait he kept during his last days in his bunker in Berlin.

Perhaps the most remarkable, if not downright eerie, aspect of "Auf dem Judenkirchhof in Prague" is its prophetic quality. Allowing for external changes and developments, such as the introduction of television, perceptive, well-informed Americans will have no trouble in

noting many parallels between the objectives and behavior of Jews in the present-day United States, on the one hand, and those of the Jews as portrayed by Goedsche. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that Goedsche's work was written some 125 years ago, when some 90% of the Jews in the world were still living in Europe.

There are a number of technical difficulties which I have encountered in translating the chapter. Goedsche not only uses a number of Hebrew words (which I have retained) but even imitates the word order frequently used by Yiddish-speaking Jews, the juxtaposition of dependent infinitives with modal auxiliaries and future tense auxiliaries, while in standard, modern German such infinitives are usually at the end of a clause in a word order that would be analogous to "I shall this afternoon into town go." Since this Yiddishism has its parallel in English, I was not able to convey this particular Yiddish quality in my translation. It is all too often true that translations can be only approximations of the original text as to meaning.



Portrait of Nathan Hirschel, Primate of the Prague Jewish community in academic robes. Augsburg copper engraving of the eighteenth century.

AT THE JEWISH CEMETERY IN PRAGUE

The so-called Jewish City of Prague is formed by a remarkable jumble of crooked, cornered, and narrow alleys in the proximity of the old Prague Ring, which has witnessed so many bloody and important episodes of Bohemian and German history.

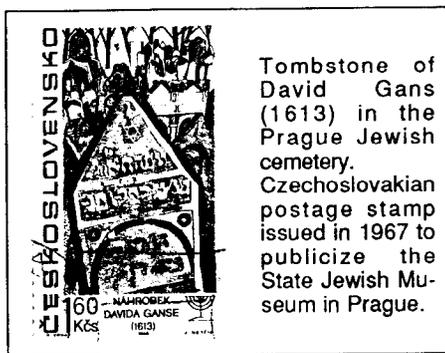
These dirty, narrow alleys, which for the most part have no names and whose labyrinth is familiar only to the inhabitants, are lined not with doors and entrance halls but rather dark caves which are never brightened by the light of day, chasms which spew out a throng of bargaining, selling, scolding men, women and children that live, crowded together and die in the desolate, dirty rooms and fill the narrow alleys during the day with the strangest small wares when they are not roaming about in the Christians' part of the city in order to carry on their trade and usury. Prague is the only city in Germany where the Jews are still secluded by customs and dwelling from the nation whose name they have assumed as a general classification in order to enjoy the advantages of an association with a government, or rather to make this government of service to their own advantage. [This refers to the citizenship status gained by Jews during the course of emancipation during the nineteenth century.]

The Jewish quarters in Prague are at once the trinket market in Vienna and the temple in Paris. In this mixture of ribbons, rags, iron and leather, deals with [the value of] thousands are transacted every day!

After one has pressed through this stinking, dirty and eerie market he suddenly comes upon a high, weathered

wall which surrounds an area of one or two acres. Elder bushes and other wild shrubs jut up over this wall, the entire length of which is surrounded by the old houses of the Jewish quarter, houses which seem to be in danger of collapsing over it at any moment. This strange ring of wall has, from the outside, an eerie, confused, weather-beaten appearance.

It is the place of the dead — the famous Jewish cemetery of Prague!



Tombstone of David Gans (1613) in the Prague Jewish cemetery. Czechoslovakian postage stamp issued in 1967 to publicize the State Jewish Museum in Prague.

Not the melancholy quiet under the old elms and firs of the Christian cemeteries; not the mild shade which lies over the cypress forest of Turkish cemeteries and usually makes them the gathering place of the idle; not the treeless and bushless bleakness of the newer Catholic cemeteries of the west with uniform grass cover that makes everything equal and therefore so painful to the heart! That is not the character of this resting place; another spirit, the spirit of the people whose bones have found a place here after long, restless roaming, their whole, frightful history full of suffering, struggles, resistance and invincibility, characterizes it. It is as if at any moment these graves, heaped over each other tenfold, chaotic and covered with shrubbery, would open up, break open the stones that had been crumbled by a millennium in order to send out the

restless roamer, a knapsack on his back and staff in hand, far out amongst the living generations, to defraud them, to enslave them and to seek the new Canaan: supremacy!

The Jewish cemetery in Prague is the oldest known. For a hundred years government law has closed it. For the present and for strangers it is one of the historical sights of Prague; for the Jews it is something sacred.

A gate-keeper with a garrulous tongue and red eyes who lives outside the wall opens the gate, which is otherwise always locked, for the curious stranger, and leads him into this wilderness of death, which intensifies the impression of the external milieu. Only a narrow path is left between the tightly crowded rows of graves and moss-covered gravestones. Briers and broom cover everything; even the grass that grows up between them appears to emerge withered from the earth.

While one is walking along, the guardian of the dead relates the story of death; of Rabbi Ben Manasse, the great conqueror of death, of Rabbi Löw, the most learned rabbi of the 17th century, of Shimeon the Just and of the Polish princess Anna Schmiels. Then he leads the traveler to the gravestone of Anna Kohn and shows him the mysterious number 606, which is supposed to prove that Israel has been burying its dead here for twelve hundred years, in the legendary time of Libussa and her maids on the Wisherad, long before the cross pursued hither the people scattered in all directions by Jehova's wrath. [Libussa was the legendary founder of Prague.]

Without giving credence to this date, one can nevertheless agree with the opinion of all of Jewry that there existed here one of the oldest — the Jews say the oldest — Israelite settlements and communities in Europe.

However, the Jewish guide, along with the curious stranger, goes on past a place where a strange heap of field-stones arises under an ancient elder tree amongst

sunken stones; and if the traveler asks him he gives an evasive answer. _____

Beth-Chayim — the house of life — is the name of the cemetery! Yes, certainly this resting place of the dead is the house of life! This is true because there issues forth from here the mysterious, powerful impulse which makes the dispersed people the master of the earth, the scorned people the tyrants of the nations, and which is supposed to fulfill the promises to the children of the Golden Calf, promises that were once given to the people of God in the burning bush of thorns! [*]

Even the gloomy appearance of the Jewish city had taken on a certain festive appearance. The fluttering small wares had disappeared from the corner stones and door posts, the old, toothless women, the lads with the pointed, sharp faces and the shrewdly glistening eyes, the girls with the stout fullness of breasts and hips, which facilitates so very much the reproduction of the people, darted from cave to cave in holiday garments. Leafy branches were put up on the houses and broken window panes. On the old stone bench men were sitting in lively conversation; along the passages the younger people were chatting. Men and women in their best Sabbath dress, their prayer books in their hands, were walking among them to the synagogue, and poor Christian women, whom poverty forced to be servants, came with bowls and bottles in order to make preparations for the meal.

It was the Feast of Tabernacles, the last day, the day of gathering, and the darkness of the evening already was descending on the narrow alleys, while beyond the Jewish quarters the Christian part of the city was at the moment still lit up in the light of rays of the departing sun.

Two men, one of them older, in a black, silken talar and long, hanging locks at the temples that characterize the Polish Jews, the other in his middle years in a modern suit on which sparkled the diamond buttons of his shirt and the

[*See Exodus, chapter 3.]

thick, golden chain on his vest whenever he happened to pass a scarce ray of light, were walking through the narrow streets without bothering to notice the activities around them.

The younger man appeared to be the guide and when he brought his companion as far as the little house in which the gate-keeper of the cemetery lives, he knocked on the already closed shutter, through the slots of which the pleasant glow of candles proclaimed the festive activities inside, for the summer had been good and had brought in generous tips of the tourists.

The narrow face of the gate-keeper appeared at once at the door and looked out into the darkness of the evening with unseeing eyes.

“Are you Levi Aaron? Where have you been staying so long? After all, the neighbors are already all together and the cake and kosher wine are on the table.”

“It is not Aaron,” said the knocker. “Come outside, Joel, someone wants to talk to you!”

The dull eyes of the gate-keeper had become accustomed to the darkness. “God the just,” he said with astonishment while darting out of the door, “it is one of the elders! Honored sir, what is it that you command?”

“I, nothing, but the rabbi here wishes to conduct another short prayer at the cemetery because he wants to leave with the train very early in the morning.”

“At the cemetery? Tonight? After all, you know yourself, honored Mr. Banker, that I am forbidden to open after sundown, and in addition today, after all, is the holy Sabbath.”

“In the first place, you need not shout out my profession in the night,” said the banker with hesitation, “so that every peddler Jew knows that the banker Rosenberg was at your house. As far as the permission to open is concerned, I am the elder and I give it. I shall wait here until the prayer is at an end.”

"Would you not deign to enter my poor house?"

"No! hurry and fetch the key!"

"It is hanging here behind the door."

"All the better. Then the company inside need not know what we have done. Find a pretext so that the curious people will not pester me!"

The gate-keeper disappeared inside, but he soon returned with the bunch of keys and opened up the little portal next to the gate path. He had taken a lantern with him and was about to light it.

"Forget it!" spoke the deep voice of the rabbi. "I do not need any light. Lock the door from the inside!"

"But Mr. von Rosenberg..."

"Lock it, I tell you!"

The gate-keeper obeyed with a hint of suspicion.

"Now lead me to the grave of the holy rabbi Simeon ben Yehuda."

"Take hold of my garment, honored sir," said the cemetery guard, "it is dark and you might stumble over the old graves."

"I see at night better than during the day, my son!" answered the deep voice of the Polish scribe.

"Well, then. Here is the grave!"

The old man reverently kissed the pile of stones to which the gate-keeper had led him. Then he wrapped the prayer strap around his forehead and bowed his head.

The guard heard him murmur a long prayer in the Hebrew language, but it was so mixed with ancient words or a dialect quite unknown to him that he understood only a few expressions, although in former years he had long been a prayer leader of a Bohemian congregation.

It was only after quite some time and after the gate-keeper had given signs repeatedly of a growing impatience that the stranger ended his prayer and turned to the guardian of the cemetery.

"How long have you been performing the duty?"

"Ten years!"

"And how long did your predecessor perform the duty?"

"Forty-five!"

"Forty-five years; they cannot know it," murmured the old man. "Listen!"

"What do you wish?"

"When you took over your duty from your predecessor, did you receive an instruction or an order from him?"

"I?"

"Yes, you! because it has been thus since the first dead person found his final resting place in this soil."

"Well, and if that is the case, why are you asking about it? This is the first time that that happened during my duty."

"Because it happened only once every hundred years and a man's life only seldom reaches this goal."

"I see, you know about it, rabbi," said the gate-keeper fearfully. "But if I am to obey you, you must give me the word which was handed down to me by my predecessor with a holy oath that I had to give on the Torah."

The Polish rabbi bowed to him and slowly whispered to him a word with seven syllables.

The gate-keeper turned with humility. "You are the master, rabbi," he said. "Everything that you order will take place."

"You will send away the friends that are celebrating the festival in your house before the clock of the Christians, which they made on the tower on the market to scorn our people, strikes the eleventh hour."

"It will happen, rabbi, as you say."

"When the hammer of the clock first strikes you will open the gate of this garden of Adonai, and when the last stroke has died away you will disappear into your house and close the doors and windows and go to your bed, so that you and yours will be like a corpse, which neither sees nor hears."

"I shall neither see nor hear!"

"The angel of death will keep your soul in your body and cause it to roam between the graves to the end of time if you do not strictly follow the order!" threatened the old man. "Now come and bear in mind that in your service you are a servant of the great synagogue of Jerusalem. I do not need to remind you to remain silent, even to the man of earthly vanity who brought me here."

They both went back to the gate at which the banker was still keeping guard.

"Now," said the banker, "your will has been carried out, rabbi, and you can inform my business friend in Warsaw that Rosenberg and Son are always ready to do any favor for a guest that is recommended to them from such a good hand. Should we go home now, where my wife is waiting with the meal?"

"Let us go, son," spoke the rabbi, "but excuse me from the vain display. I shall spend the night in prayer!"

The banker shrugged his shoulders and offered the gatekeeper a coin. "Joel," he said softly, "it is not necessary that the other elders of the community learn about the violation of the rule."

The gate-keeper nodded and the two men disappeared once more in the dark alleys, which had gradually become more nearly empty, while joyous chatting and sounds of the festive meal could be heard from the houses.

Miserable, dirty and dark though these caves appeared from the outside, not a few of the parlors in the spaces furthest to the rear were now resplendent in the light of numerous wax candles which was caught in high mirrors and on the precious Brussels rugs on the floor or glistened from the rich table ware that heavily loaded down the tables with vases, bowls and goblets, at which the women and girls were sitting who perhaps during the day were keeping the notions down on the stinking alley and were now rustling in heavy silken dresses, adorned with golden chains and bracelets, while the fire of

diamonds and rubies glowed from the dark hair and the highly arched bosoms.



Czecho-Slovakian stamp issued 23 February, 1957

Who does not know of the splendid Prague bridge which leads over from the old quarter to the Hradschin, or had not at least heard of it?

On sixteen double arches the bridge spans more than 150 feet over the Moldau [Czech: Vltava], which rushes far below, connecting the old quarter with the Mala Strana [Little Quarter] and the Hradschin.

Emperor Karl IV, to whom the old Bohemian city owes its splendor, laid the foundation stone on 9 July 1358, but it was not entirely completed until 150 years later under Vladislav II [king of Bohemia 1471-1516].

What fates, what splendor, what streams of blood have been witnessed by the mighty structure, which has defied for 500 years, almost without damage, time, tempests, waves and cannon balls.

The unsaintly Wenzel [IV, king of Bohemia 1378-1419] had Saint Nepomuk [ca. 1350 to 1393] thrown into the current because he did not want to reveal to him the minor sins of the Bohemian queen; along the Stone Alley the wild king raged with cane and hounds; Huss [ca. 1370 to 1415; religious reformer] walked there with his students to the Hradschin; the vain Sigismund [emperor 1410-1437] in gay splendor was to break his Imperial word so wretchedly at the stake of Kosnitz! — the wild Zizka [Hussite leader, ca.

1370-1424] swung his club, — George of Podebrad [reigned 1458-1471] went to his coronation over the mighty arches, Louis the Jagellone to his death in the Battle of Mohács [in which he was defeated by the Turks on 29 August 1526], looked proudly on his beautiful Prague and the all too weak Rudolph [II, 1576-1612], emperor of women, jugglers and astronomers, hurled down his curse upon the ungrateful city, which gave the stolen crown to his brother Matthias Corvinus [Goedsche has confused Emperor Matthias, 1612-1619, with the earlier Hungarian king, Matthias Corvinus]. The square stones, which were already gray with age, witnessed the Imperial councillors Martinitz and Salwata being thrown from those windows by the Bohemian nobles on 23 May 1618, thereby beginning the bloody religious war with which Austria devastated Germany for 30 years. How often strode over these arches the horse of the proud Friedländer [i.e., Wallenstein], how the Swedish cannon balls thundered for weeks in vain over the bridge against the bridge tower of the old city, which was defended by the students and citizens and on whose corner tower were stuck for ten years the heads of the loyal men who paid on the scaffold of the Great Ring for their religious courage and for their loyalty to the Winter King [Frederick II of the Palatinate] and for their defeat on the White Mountain (8 November, 1620).

And again an Imperial procession of the Bavarian Albert moved over the bridge. Albert, led to Prague by the hereditary foe of the Germans, the French, during the War of [Austrian] succession, had himself crowned there as Karl VII. Then came the Prussians for the first time (1744) and thirteen years later the cannons of Frederick the Great spewed 90,000 balls against the city. —

But even the most recent time has also drenched the bridge with blood in the Pentecostal week of the year 1848, when the wild uprising built its barricades at the bridge tower of the old city and the cannon of Prince

Windischgrätz thundered over to the old city and avenged the death of the Princess!

Certainly, few bridges have such memories!

On this evening, too, the stream of people who always enliven this interesting as well as beautiful spot of the Bohemian land filled the broad granite sidewalks and salients of the arches, with their benches and statues, surging back and forth, an unending, colorful, scintillating line; citizens, soldiers, tourists, farmers, clergymen and workers, who moved from one side of the river to the other or who were walking on this beautiful evening for recreation to the splendid Moldau Island.

From the towers of the city clocks were striking ten o'clock. In the semicircular structure in which stands the statue of Saint Nepomuk, at the same place from which King Wenzel had the silent father confessor thrown into the currents of the Moldau — probably because at that time Offenbach had not yet written his famous couplet for husbands in *La Belle Hélène* [operetta, 1865] — and thus made a Christian martyr out of a quite obstinate clergyman — there sat on a stone bench a man of tall, slim build whose serious, pale appearance with a balding forehead, the result of many nights spent at a study desk, gave the impression of his being older than he really was. His large, light blue eyes with a somewhat rigid glance looked attentively over the passing crowd of people as if he were searching amongst the hundreds of people for a certain figure and could not yet find it.

Although the face of the waiting man exhibited the Germanic type, with its physical strength, this strength was spiritualized by great capacities and exertions of will of his mind. The characteristics of the mind and the habits of life certainly exercise great influence on one's external

appearance, and if they cannot reshape the original type, they nevertheless leave their traces on it.

Every physiognomist who saw the waiting man on the Prague bridge over the Moldau would have recognized immediately that this man was leading a lofty intellectual life and had dedicated his youthful vigor to serious and difficult studies.

The bells had just rung out the tenth hour when a man approaching from the direction of the Hradschin dressed in a light summer coat stepped into the semicircular structure toward the waiting man, who promptly rose.

"Welcome, sir, I see that you received my letter and that curiosity or the thirst for knowledge were really so great as to cause you to make the trip."

He extended his hand toward him, which the other man clasped and shook cordially with his two hands.

"Signor Lasali, how happy I am to see you again, healthy and strong!"

"Cospetto! [= good heavens] after the adventure in the Roman catacombs, where you saved my life! You see, the five days of hunger and thirst have left no aftereffects other than the fact, at most, that my appetite for Ortolans and Champagnes has become all the sharper. But you also see, dear doctor, that Larochefoucauld's [French author, 1613-1680] and Machiavelli's maxims about gratitude of people are not always quite reliable and that in the latter half of the twentieth [*sic*] century there are still human beings who remember their obligation of gratitude and cash their checks without being forced to do so by a commercial court."

"Believe me, signor," said the scholar, "it was less the prospect of the keeping of your promise and thus the

fulfillment of one of my most ardent wishes than the fact of hearing something from you after three years that delighted me and motivated me to follow your short lines at once and to make the trip hither from Berlin to Prague."

"For this purpose I came directly from Milan. Indeed, my letter was short. Do you have it with you?"

"Yes, I know the lines by heart, having read them so often. They read: My life saver! I once vowed to you to procure for you the true key to the Cabala if I found the opportunity to do so; otherwise, I do not think much of sworn oaths, but I am prepared to keep this promise if you wish to meet me at 10 o'clock on 8 October under the Nepomuk statue on the old bridge over the Moldau in Prague. Under that your name."

"Right. That is the way it was. Do you still insist on your wish?"

"More than ever! You will render an invaluable service to the body of knowledge!"

"To the body of knowledge?" said the stranger with scorn. "That would certainly not motivate me to do this if my own curiosity did not. Listen, doctor, bend a bit over the balustrade, because what we have to discuss should scarcely be heard by the waves of the Moldau if both of us do not want to expose ourselves to a certain death."

The young scholar looked at his companion with some astonishment but complied with his wish.

It is time that we say something about the personal traits of this man.

He could have been of the same age as that of the young scholar, although the peculiar complexion of his face made difficult any estimate. The color of his skin was like the dull shade of a wax candle; no trace of color, of healthy redness, was on his face. Even the raised lips that witnessed a search for pleasure appeared void of blood and revealed,

when open, a row of firm, large teeth that were similar to the set of teeth of a wolf. The chin and nose were strongly developed, the latter protruding narrowly and boldly, revealing his Jewish origin by its characteristic curvature. His forehead was high and broad, the whole upper part of his head was strong and full, as the thick, light brown curly hair showed that was similar to the wool of a Negro. Around the mouth and the broad nostrils there was a haughty smile which often became the expression of scorn and cruelty. The eyes, more round than oval, were gray-green, very bright and had something vulture-like about them.

"Listen to me, Doctor Faust,"[*] he said as the two men were leaning over the balustrade and looking into the river, on which the shine of the narrow crescent was shimmering. "When I promised you three years ago in Rome to make you acquainted with the secret of the Cabala, that took place more to boast about power and capability that I did not, in fact, possess at the time; for even though I had pursued a number of studies about the secret traditions and sciences of my people from ancient time, not as a result of thirst for knowledge, but rather of curiosity and caprice, I knew very well that I had hardly put my foot in the door of those secrets, which I now still believe to be nothing other than the sophisms and speculations of exalted spirits, with the nimbus of which blockheads are kept in bounds and obedience. Several chance discoveries which I have made since then have led me to other thoughts and stimulated my curiosity. In spite of the short time of our association you know that I am not the man to give up so easily an idea on which I have seized or a trace which I have found. Whatever my purpose of the satisfaction of my curiosity might be, whatever the real reason that motivated me to

[*Lasali addresses the scholar somewhat scornfully as Dr. Faust, who is portrayed in Goethe's famous drama as an idealistic seeker of truth and whom Mephistopheles tries to seduce away from his ideals.]

select you as an accomplice, do not bother yourself about it. Anyway, the opportunity of fulfilling our mutual wish is at hand and it is simply a matter of whether you want to fulfill the conditions which I must place on your participation in the exploration."

"If they are not contrary to my honor and conscience, any conditions."

"Cospetto! [= good heavens] Every one himself is the best judge of that, Signor Dottore! But you have nothing to risk in that regard, but certainly in another regard, that is, your life. Do you feel determined enough to defy a serious danger?"

"For the sake of knowledge, any danger!"

"Bene! [= well] Then I must tell you that I shall lead you to a place where both of us would be more likely to be torn to pieces if discovered than our being allowed to escape alive, indeed, where a mere suspicion that we were in on the secret would bring a mob on our neck that would hound us to death in a short or long time."

"You are making me ever more eager, Signor Lasali."

"That is the one thing that I must tell you. The other matter is—you know that I myself am a member of the nation that is scattered over the earth."

"You told me that you were born a Jew."

"For that reason — although I was rejected and excommunicated by all the silly ceremonies and curses as prescribed by the books of law because I considered it advantageous for my purposes to have a bit of Christian holy water poured on my head — I nevertheless have a certain faible [= partiality] for my origin and the stipulation that I make you is your word of honor that you must keep

strictest silence about everything that we shall see and hear until I release you from your promise."

"Upon my honor!"

"Agreed. I know, do I not, that you understand Chaldean?"

"During my studies of the ancient texts I mastered it completely."

"You know that I understand it also, if not as well as you. We shall probably need this knowledge. — From your research on the Cabala do you recall that there is reference in the mystic writings to a congress of chiefs or chosen men, a congress that is repeated from time to time?"

"Yes. In the Jezirah there is mention of it with certain words, and if I have interpreted these words correctly such a congress takes place every hundred years."

"That is the way it is. The last one was held in the year 1760 and you will recall that soon thereafter there followed a great movement amongst Jews. At present we are writing the year 1787 of the destruction of Jerusalem and it is, I do not know as a result of what constellation of numbers, the certain year of the congress of the Cabalistic Sanhedrin."

"From what do you know that, friend?"

"That can be no concern of yours. Do not ask me any questions about that. It is just that way. Moreover, this evening is that of the congress and this city is the place. I intend to be at this congress at any risk of danger and I am prepared to take you with me."

"But will this not be a dishonest eavesdropping, an illegal penetration of the secrets of other people?"

"Per Bacco! [= by Bacchus] as we Italians say, if you have such scruples, then give up the fulfillment of your so long harbored wish. Or do you believe that those men who keep the secret of the Cabala will serve it up to you on an

offering plate? As far as I am concerned, I want to learn it at the risk of any danger!"

The scholar thought for some moments, then he said with resolution: "I shall accompany you, no matter what might be the results!"

"Good. Then we are in agreement. Let us go, because we do not have a moment to lose. It is a good thing that you are wearing dark clothes, as I am. Here, take this short five-chamber revolver and be ready from the outset, as I am, in case of discovery to sacrifice any life other than our own. Come."

The two men left the bridge and made their way into the old city. The Italian appeared to be familiar with all the corners and little alleys or to be taking a direction in keeping with previously noted points because without losing his way once he soon turned into the side of the Jewish City. Under a dark gateway he stood still and pulled from his pocket two false dark beards that could easily be fastened with rubber band and gave one to his companion. When they thus made themselves more similar to the inhabitants of this eerie part of the city they plunged without hesitation into the narrow dirty little alleys.

The Italian turned to the left near the cemetery, slipped through a dark passage and arrived with his companion at the northern wall of the cemetery, against which extended the houses of this side with their narrow, filthy courtyards. He must have already sought out during the day the appropriate place because in a dark corner not illuminated by any ray of light he soon came upon a pile of debris and stones which was half as high as the wall. He secured a knotted rope on a beam, the other end of which he threw over the wall and, having whispered once more the stern admonishment of silence and caution to his companion, he climbed up the wall, over whose top, protected with pieces

of broken glass, he cautiously threw his coat and let himself down on the other side onto the chaotic tangle of graves.

With the same silence and caution, the scholar followed him without heeding various injuries on the sharp edges of glass. Then Lasali got his direction by the gables of the houses outlined in the night sky over the place at which they had climbed and motioned to his companion to follow him on hands and feet, crawling over the sunken graves further toward the middle of the cemetery.

The clock of the tower of the town hall was just striking the eleventh hour, and at the first stroke the two men heard the key creaking in the gate.

A deep silence followed this sound. It showed that the cemetery had been opened. As strenuously as they listened, they did not hear anybody enter.

The two men now found themselves crouching next to each other in a depression between two grave stones that were overgrown with a thorny hedge, in the proximity of the pile of stone which forms the grave of Rabbi Simeon Ben Yehuda. In the Jews' houses around the cemetery the lights began to go out and all sounds of the festival began to die away.

An even more eerie silence spread over the eerie place.

Thus the two eavesdroppers distinctly and clearly heard the first two quarter hours striking from the towers of the city.

Suddenly the Italian pressed the arm of the scholar.

"Silence — they are coming! Not a sound, no matter what you may hear and see!"

The gate of the entrance creaked softly — then there was a rustling along the hedges and stones like that of slowly dragging garments — a white, indistinct figure glided noiselessly, like a shadow, in the passage ways.

The figure bent down at the pile of stones, touched the stones thrice with its forehead and began to murmur a prayer softly.

The German understood that the words were Chaldean, but he had no time to think about that. In through the passage from the gate there was a hobbling, coughing and moaning; an old, bent-over figure came, almost crawling, along the even older graves and sat down beside the first figure and joined its murmured prayer.

And again there was the sound of firm, strong steps that approached on the path, a tall stately figure in a white, fluttering taleth, a prayer cloak. The figure bent down, as if unwillingly, over the plot fence.

The walk was repeated thirteen times. Thirteen ghostly figures had arrived. The doctor had counted them, but he hardly knew if they were the living or the dead. A cold shiver ran over his back and a profound horror caused his heart to thump. Involuntarily he recalled that eerily lofty tradition of the Day of Atonement on the tenth day of the month of Tishri in the synagogue of Posen, when just at the prayer, Kol-Nidre, the congregation grew and grew and figure after figure crowded in, covered in their prayer cloaks, hundreds and hundreds, far more than the numbers of the community, until the horrified rabbi raised his hands for exorcism and demanded: Whoever has flesh on his cheeks out there must remove his taleth! And when hundreds remained covered and the cloaks were removed from their heads, the skulls of the dead were seen. They had come from their graves to celebrate the festival along with the community.

As in that instance, the doctor believed that he saw the white talethim fall and skull upon skull grinning, when the last stroke of the midnight hour trembled through the night. With the dying out of the tone, a sharp metallic sound could be heard and a ghostly blue apparition of light flared up as if issuing forth from the pile of stones, the grave of the old Cabalist, and dimly lit the thirteen white covered figures that were bending down around the grave.

"May ye be greeted, ye Roshe-Bathe-Aboth¹ (1. heads of tribes) of the twelve shebatim² (2. tribes) of Israel," spoke a deep voice.

"Mayest thou be greeted, thou son of the cursed man!"

"One hundred years have passed. Whence come the Nesiims?"³ (3. princes of tribes)

"Where the wind blows hither, where the people of Adonai are scattered across the lands whose governance was promised to them by the father of elders. [*]

"Are ye prepared to fulfill the promise in the hundred years that are coming?"

"We are prepared!"

"Then give the answer of those whom you represent. Shebet⁴ (4. tribe) of Judah?"

"Amsterdam!" answered a strong, firm voice.

"Shebet of Benjamin?"

"Toledo!" resounded in a low manner.

"Shebet of Levi?"

"Worms!"

"Shebet of Manasseh?"

"Budapest!"

"Shebet of Gad?"

"Cracow!"

[*Compare *Deuteronomy* VII, 16: "And thou shalt consume all the people which the Lord thy God shall deliver thee; thine eye shall have no pity on them.]

"Shebet of Simon?"

"Rome!"

"Shebet of Sebulon?"

"Lisbon!"

"Shebet of Ruben ?"

"Paris!"

"Shebet of Dan?"

"Constantinople!"

"Shebet of Asser?"

"London!"

"Shebet of Isashar?"

The men behind the thicket could not understand the name which was murmured by the hoarse, weak voice of the man who had been called upon.

"Shebet of Naphtali?"

"Prague!" [*]

"And I, the representative of those who are outcast and roaming about," said the questioner with a deep voice, "who moves around throughout the world to gather you for the work of revenge and of the promise that was given to the seed of Abraham, taken away from that seed by the sons of the crucified man! Whoever is present from the house of Aaron¹ (1. the tribe of Levi) should stand up and test the heads and gather the council!"

[*The reader will have noted that all of the cities named are in Europe and none in the western hemisphere, not even New York. In 1868 that was justified because the vast majority of Jews, ca. 90%, lived in Europe at that time. The Jewish population of the United States at that time amounted to about 1/2 of 1% of the total population. The great waves of Jewish migration to the United States came after 1880, largely from the Russian Empire, which included at that time Poland, Lithuania and Latvia, areas of heavy Jewish settlement. For a detailed statistical study of Jews in Germany and in the world, see *Forschungen zur Judenfrage*, volume III, pages 152-198, Hamburg, 1938.]

The man who had come first got up and sat down on the pile of stones. One man after the other stepped toward him and whispered to him the word with seven syllables which had been mentioned to the watchman of the cemetery that evening and each time he nodded his assent.

Then they all sat down again.

"Brethren," said the Levite, "our fathers have made the covenant which leads the initiated of the shebatim every hundred years to the grave of the great master of the Cabala, which is the teaching that imparts to the elected men the power in the world, the governance over all of the generations of the seed of Ismael. For eighteen hundred years the people of Israel have been carrying on the struggle for governance which was promised to Abraham, which the cross has seized from us. Under the soles of our foes, under pressure and death and persecution of every sort, Israel has never given up this struggle; and because the people of Abraham were dispersed over the whole earth, the whole earth will also belong to them! The wise men of our people have been leading the struggle for centuries, and step by step the people of Israel have been lifting themselves up from their decline, and mighty is the power which they already exert, openly and in secret, over the thrones and nations. For ours is the god of the earth which Aaron made for us as a consolation in the desert, the Golden Calf before which the apostates bow!"

"We are listening!" was murmured in the circle.

"When all of the gold of the earth is ours, all of the power will be ours. Then the promise that was given to Abraham will be fulfilled. Gold is the New Jerusalem; it is the mastery of the world. It is power, it is revenge, it is pleasure, thus everything which people fear and wish. That is the secret of the Cabala, the doctrine of the spirit that rules the world, of the future! For eighteen centuries we have belonged to our enemies; the new century will belong to Israel. For the fifth time, at this place, the knowing members of the secret covenant are gathering in the

thousand year struggle, for which we have finally found the courage, for the purpose of conferring as to the best means that the times and the sins of our foes offer, and every time in the past five-hundred years the new sanhedrin has had continuing victories of Israel to report. No century, however, enjoyed such successes as this one. For that reason we may believe that the time is near for which we are striving and we may say: ours is the future!"

"If a wave of hostility toward Jews does not intervene!" said the tribeless man with a bitter scorn. This man seemed to represent the advocatus diaboli of the collegium of consecration at this gathering.

"The dark times of this danger are over. The advances of the so-called culture of the Christian nations are the best protection for our efforts. Before we hear the advice of the individual voices, let us examine the means for material power of our people at the present, the cash capital which is at the disposal of Israel. So name the richest of our people on the seven international markets of Europe and how high their assets are estimated! Begin with Paris!"

"Fould and Co.," reported the voice of the seken, "20 million francs; A.J. Stern and Co., 30 million; G.L. Halphen and Co., 20 million; Anton Schnapper, 15 million; Samuel von Haber, 7 million; H.J. Reinach, 7 million; J.E. Kann and Co., 5 million; Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt and Co., 15 million; M. Cahen D'Anvers, 5 million. Together 124 million francs. There are, in addition, the smaller houses with approximately 80 million, so that the capital in the hands of Israel amounts to more than 200 million francs."

"That is 47% of the government debt of France," said the roaming man. "Pereire and Mirés, who belong to our people, are to be estimated at 30 million." [*]

[*The reader must bear in mind that the franc values represented actual gold coinage, which was struck in denominations of 5, 10, 20, 50 and 100 francs. The

"Continue. The report from London?"

"Moses Montefiore, 2 million pounds; Moses and Son, Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt and the Stern Brothers, each 1 million; R. Raphael and Son, Samuel Montague, each 500,000 pounds; together 6,800,000. The smaller houses of the City, over 4 million — together 11 million pounds or 260 million francs in London."

"I notice that the seken is leaving out the houses of Rothschild, the princes of the stock exchange!"

"They must be mentioned separately," declared the Levite. "The report from Vienna."

"Moritz Königswarter, 14 million gulden," reported the third voice; "Herman Todescos, 15 million soldi; M.L.

20-franc piece, also known as the "Napoleon," contained 6.46 grams of 900/1000 fine gold. For the sake of comparison, the United States half eagle (\$5. gold coin) contained 8.36 grams of 900/1000 fine gold. In 1868 the British pound had 7.99 grams of 917/1000 (22 carat) gold, the 10-gulden piece of the Netherlands 6.73 grams of 900/1000 fine gold and the 5-ruble piece 6.54 grams of 917/1000 fine gold. The 20-franc pieces were introduced in 1803 by Napoleon I and became so popular that they were copied in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and other countries, but not in Germany, the Netherlands, Scandinavia and Russia. The German taler, or more specifically the vereinstaler in 1868, was a silver coin of 900/1000 fineness with a weight of 18.52 grams on the basis of the monetary treaty of 1837 amongst several of the German states, joined by many others later. The United States silver dollar, which had derived its name from the German taler, weighed 26.73 grams and was 900/1000 fine. The Austrian silver gulden (or florin) weighed 12.34 grams, just a bit less than the United States half dollar. In 1868 gold content was the basis for exchange rates. In 1868 gold had an enormous purchasing power in terms of wages. Between 1803 and 1914 Europe had, with practically no exceptions, stable currencies based on definite quantities of the precious metals. For that reason, government debts were a serious matter, since government could not pay them off with such excuses for money as paper notes and coins made of copper, zinc and aluminum. Since 1918 there have been a number of inflations and hyperinflations in Europe, in one form or another. In general, these inflations were seriously disadvantageous to middle class Aryans and advantageous to Jews, who often profited enormously during inflations at the expense of their host populations, such as during the Weimar Republic in Germany (1919-1933).]

Biederman and Co., Max Springer, Ephrussi and Co. and Eduard Wiender, each 1 1/2 million; Ludwig Ladenburg 2, Fr. Schey 2 1/2, Leopold Epstein 3 million. Together 46 1/2 million, the smaller houses 14 million, together 61 million gulden or 152 million francs in Vienna."

"The Austrian bonds are cheap! The government debt is 2268 million gulden. When there is bankruptcy the fortunes of our people must double!"

"Berlin!"

"S. Bleichröder, Mendelsohn and Co., H.C. Plaut and S. Herz, each 1 million talers; N. Reichenheim and Sons and Liebermann and Co., each 2 million; Hermann Gerson and M.C. Levy, each 1 1/2 million; Joel Meyer 1 1/4, Moritz Güterbock 3/4, Louis Riess and Co. 1/2 million; together 13 1/2 million talers or 90 million francs."

"Thus, one twelfth of the government debt in our hand. However, this sum is modest. The proportion must become different."

"The report from Hamburg!"

"H.B. Oppenheimer 4; J.E. Oppenheimer, Jaffé Brothers; Pintus Nathan Sons each 2 million marks; Behrens Sons 1 1/2; Ferdinand Jacobson, Samuel Levy Sons, L.R. Veit and Co., A. Alexander, Lieben Königswarter. M.M. Warburg, Consul H. Jonas and Co., Julius Leser, Martin M. Fränkel, each 1. Mendelsohn-Bartholdy 3 million marks; in Altona Amsel Jacob Ree, 1; Hesse Newman, 1; W.S. Warburg 2 million; together 27 1/2 million, with the other houses around 40 million marks or 76 million francs. But the wealth of the Christian houses is unfortunately still larger! Our people cannot always work their way up in the stiff Imperial City.

"Frankfurt on the Main!"

"B.H. Goldschmidt 7 million gulden; Marcus Königswarter, Jacob S.H. Stern and the Sulzbach Brothers, each 2 million; Lazarus Speyer Ellissen 1 1/2; Ed. Moses

Kann and Co., 1 million. The smaller ones with lottery collectors approximately 8 million. In addition, the princes of capital, the combined houses of Rothschild in London, Paris, Frankfurt and Vienna with at least 100 million. Together that makes 123 million gulden or 260 million francs."

"The house of E.M. Günzburg in St. Petersburg [*] is estimated to be worth 2 million roubles; our houses in Rome and Naples are estimated at 20 million livres; in Amsterdam: Hollander and Lehven, Lippmann Rosenthal and Co. Becher and Fould, Wertheim and Gompertz are estimated at 40 million gulden. If we add all that up, the demonstrable fortune of Israel in merely ten capitals amounts to 1165 million francs. And in addition, the cities of second rank! Brethren, we may assume — without counting the people — that the great capital holders of Israel already have at their disposal a capital of two-thousand million francs in Europe!"

The approving murmur of the twelve gave the answer.

"For 3,500,000 Jews that amounts to 600 francs per capita," remarked the representative of the tribeless. "But the 3,500,000 are opposed by 265,000,000 enemies in Europe, or 500,000,000 fists!"

"The head will subdue the fist, just as it has done in the past. Labor is the servant of calculation, force the servant of intellect. Who would deny that cleverness is the talent of our race?"

"It is vain and greedy, haughty and pleasure-seeking."

"Where there is light there is also shadow. It was not without reason that Adonai, the lord, gave his chosen

[* It might seem strange to the modern reader that Russia had a well-developed commercial life in the 19th century. That fact became vivid to me when I was living in St. Petersburg in 1970. Along the Neva River there is a huge building in the Classical style built in 1805. It was the Russian stock exchange, which played an important rôle in European financial life. When I roamed through the building in 1970 it was being used as a museum of naval history.]

people toughness of the snake, the cunning of the fox, the sight of the falcon, the memory of the dog, the diligence of the ant and the faithful community of the beaver. We were along the waters of Babylon in captivity and we grew powerful! Our temple was destroyed and we built a thousand! We were enslaved in the dust for 1800 years and our head has grown above the nations and we shall enslave them again as long as the world exists!"

"The number of those who are having themselves baptized is growing!" the doubter harshly remarked.

"Fool!" said the Levite. Has not your roaming through the lands of the earth taught you that water does not wash away the spirit, but only the flesh? Let their missionary societies waste their money foolishly! Has not the haughty Times [of London] recently calculated that every converted Jewish soul costs the English mission 250,000 francs? And have we not ourselves prayed for the apostates on the Day of Atonement? For verily, I say unto you, the Jew does not become a Christian, but the Christian a Jew for generations by mixing the flesh. The baptized are the steps on which we ascend the paths that are still blocked for our people because every one of them adheres to us and not to those who are not of our body and spirit in spite of baptism; that is unless Israel itself would reject them as lepers!"

The twelve [members] of the circle murmured a curse; the doctor felt the Italian press his hand frantically and firmly around his arm. [This refers to the eavesdroppers in the cemetery.]

"Be silent and listen!"

"Brothers," spoke the voice of the Levite, "it is time that we, in accordance with the principle of our founder, that each of us, according to the experiences of the hundred years, pronounce the paths on which Israel is to be led so

that it will arrive at its goal. We, the knowing ones, are the leaders who lead the multitude, which is blind. We are the architects who put together the dead stones of the tower so that it will jut up into the heavens.”

“The tower of Babylon was smashed by the hand of him whom I dare not mention,” said the tribeless man.

“Our structure is on the ground of the promise that was given to Abraham. Begin your words, tribe of Ruben! How will Israel attain the power and dominance over all the nations of the earth which are due it?”

A bright, sharp voice which had a somewhat cutting quality, spoke as follows:

“All of the princes and lands of Europe are in debt today. The exchange regulates these debts. Such transactions, however, are made only with liquid capital and for that reason all liquid capital must be in the hands of Israel. A good beginning toward that end has already been made, as we have just heard. Inasmuch as we dominate the exchange, we dominate the assets of the governments. For that reason the contracting of debts must be made easier for governments in order to get more and more into our hands. Wherever possible the capital for that must be based on mortgaged institutes of the government: railroads, receipts, mines, franchises and domains. Furthermore, the stock exchange is the instrument for bringing the assets and savings of little people into the hands of capitalists by enticing them to play the stock market. Installment purchases of stocks are the fortuitous invention of our people and even if the stock exchange people cheat each other, in the final analysis people outside the guild foot the bill.”

The voice, which had certainly often been heard on the great stock exchange in Paris, became silent. “Are the

sekenim in agreement with the opinions of the brother?” asked the Levite.

An approving murmur was the answer.

“It is the turn of the tribe of Simeon.”

A solemn, deep voice whose intonation and words gave testimony to deep contemplation carried over to the ears of the eavesdroppers.

“The ownership of real estate will always be the ironclad, indestructible asset of every country. In itself it imparts power, respect and influence. Ownership of real estate must thus pass into the hands of Israel. That is easy if we control liquid capital. For that reason the primary effort of Israel must be depriving the present owners of their ownership of real estate. Above all, the large-scale ownership of real estate is dangerous to us. For that reason the contracting of debt by the young aristocracy in the big cities must be made easy. By the fear of scandal we shall ruin the fortunes of the aristocrats and weaken the importance of the aristocracy. The ownership of real estate must be liquidated by making it a fluid commodity. The more we cause a division of real estate holdings the more easily and cheaply we will get them into our hands. For this purpose capital must be withheld for some time from mortgages and their insecurity propagated. Under the pretext of wanting to make things easier for the poorer classes and labor the taxes and burdens must be imposed on real estate alone in the government and communities. If the real estate and land are in our hands the toil of the Christian tenants and workers will produce a tenfold interest for us.”

The tribeless man laughed mockingly. “This advice is good, but not new. Ask in Paris and Vienna who already owns the houses! The Damno [apparently a type of mortgage payment plan], my invention, is an excellent device for ruining the owner.”

Again there followed the approving murmur of the gathering.

“Tribe of Judah, it is your turn!”

The voice that was raised had a convincing, aggressive tone that had the sound of years and thalers. [The German monetary unit before the foundation of the Empire in 1871 was the thaler.]

“The artisan class, that force of the middle class, is standing in the way of Israel, as the ownership of real estate is the strength of the aristocracy, must be ruined. The artisan must be allowed to be nothing other than a worker. The best means for that is absolute commercial freedom. The manufacturer should take the place of the master craftsman. Since he himself does not have to work, but only to calculate, the children of Israel can thus turn their efforts to all branches of labor. Their capital and shrewdness will take the place of skill. With the conversion of the artisan into our factory workers we shall likewise dominate the masses for political purposes. Whoever opposes this system must be destroyed by competition! The public is a thoughtless and ungrateful mass that will leave the craftsman in the lurch in this battle when goods can be purchased somewhat more cheaply from the manufacturer.” [This discussion reminds us of the conflicts portrayed in Gerhart Hauptmann’s famous play, “The Weavers,” which has to do with the tribulations of Silesian weavers in competition with emerging factory production in the middle of the 19th century.]

A quick approval of the new sanhedrin proves that the truths of this advice had been comprehended and followed for a long time.

“It is my turn,” said the Levite. “I shall speak in the name of the tribe of Aaron.”

“The natural foe of Israel is the Christian Church. For that reason it must be undermined. Its splits makes this easier. We must encourage free thinking, doubts, lack of faith, discord. Thus constant war in the press against the Christian priesthood and suspicion and mocking of the clergy. A main pillar of the church is the school. We must thus gain an influence over the education of Christian youth. First of all, for that reason, a separation of the school from the church. Under the heading of progress and equal rights of all religions: conversion of religious schools into secular schools. The Israelites can become teachers in all schools, Christian education will be confined to the home and since the masses have no time for that and the religious life of the upper classes is in shambles, it will soon cease altogether. Agitation for the expropriation of the property of the churches and schools and transfer of the church and school property to the possession of the government, thus sooner or later to the hands of Israel.”

The approving murmur accompanied the words of the speaker, no voice was raised against them. Then the speaker continued:

“The seken of the tribe of Isashar has his turn to speak.”

It was the trembling voice of an old man who spoke thus:

“May the brothers work toward the cessation of armed force. Crude military service is not for the children of Israel; not every one is a Gideon! The armies are the support of the throne and schools of a narrow-minded patriotism. Not the sword, but rather intellect and money must govern. On every occasion, for that reason, the ridicule and suspicion of military personnel amongst the populace, the arousing of hostility between the two. Mercenaries are sufficient to do police work and to protect the haves from the have-nots.

"The lion of Juda has given us his resounding voice," the migrant said with scorn. "David overcame Goliath. In the future the nations will live in their night clothes, not in the shirion [= armor] of the warrior. A boxing at the stock exchange will be like a fought battle!"

A protest against the impudent disdain appeared to arise in the circle but a word of the eldest quieted it.

"He is the son of Belial! He can speak but he will do as the council of shebatim decides."

"The tribe of Sebulon may speak."

A voice as sulking as thunder in the distance spoke as follows:

"Our people are basically a conservative people who adhere to that which is old and firm. But for our advantage we require an energetic involvement, that is to say, the leadership of the movements which are trembling through the world. It is undeniable that a tendency toward reformation is current in our times, but its original idea is the reformation of material things, that is to say, the material condition of the needy classes. For such a reformation however, the propertied classes must make sacrifices, especially capital. But this capital is in the hands of Israel. For that reason it was its task to participate superficially in the movement in order to guide it from the field of social reforms to the political field. The mass of the people as such is always blind and stupid and permits itself to be led by the screamers. But who screams as loudly and cleverly as Israel? For that reason our people were prominent on the tribune and prominent in the newspapers and in the organizations of the Christians! The more organizations and gatherings, the more discontented disinclination to work. From this there necessarily follows

the impoverishment of the people and hence its subservience to those who have the money, and simultaneously the growth of our wealth. Furthermore, every movement brings us money because it ruins the little man and increases his debts. The insecurity of the thrones causes our power and influence to grow. For that reason maintenance of continuous unrest! Every revolution pays interest on our capital and advances us to our goal!"

A rather long silence followed these horrible sentences, as if every member of the secret sanhedrin were thinking about their frightful implications.

The son of Belial could once again be heard laughing hoarsely. "Are you afraid of blood? It is not yours!"

Then one of the members began to murmur his assent and the others followed.

"Son of Dan, it is your turn!"

The response bore the stamp of the lower Jewish type even in its voice.

"All commerce where there is calculation and profit must be in our hands. This commerce is our inherent right. Above all, we must have the commerce in spirits, oil, wool and grain. Then we shall have a hand in agriculture and land. We can make the daily bread everywhere and whenever discontentment and distress arise we can easily shift the blame and the outcry onto the governments. The little stuff that requires toil and yields little profit can remain in the hands of the Christians. They can wear themselves out and torture themselves just as the chosen people have tortured themselves for many centuries."

This speech hardly required an assent. The Levite summoned the next man: "Tribe of Naphthali!"

The words which followed had a sharp and self-confident sound.

“All offices of the government must be open to us! Only if this principle is realized will the cleverness and persistence of the Jewish office seekers soon create those who are really influential because it is only a question of such offices that bring external honor, power and advantage. The Christians can keep the offices that require work and knowledge. For that reason the Israelite will scorn the subaltern positions. The justice system is of prime importance and the legal profession is a great step forward. It is in keeping with the cleverness and persistence of our people and affords us insights into and power over the circumstances of our natural enemies. Why should a Jew, if there is equality, not be able to become a minister of education, since there have already been, after all, Jews who have been ministers of finance in more than one government?”

“Think of the gallows of Haman and of the fate of Süß and Lippold!” spoke the admonishing voice. [*]

“What is this raven squawking about past times that are behind us and that have been overcome? Is not one of

[*The references are to Haman of the Biblical book of Esther and to two Jews who had become influential at courts but were later executed for various crimes. Süß-Oppenhaimer rose to a high position at the court of Duke Karl Alexander, where he engaged in various schemes to exploit the people of Württemberg. After Karl Alexander's death and after a long investigation of Süß' activities, Süß was executed in Stuttgart on 4 February 1738. Lippold was a Jewish mint-master who became influential at the court of the Elector of Brandenburg, Joachim II, after whose death Lippold was executed in 1573. For further details see the valuable book by George Liebe, *Das Judentum in der deutschen Vergangenheit*, Jena, 1924. Süß is perhaps the most famous of many “court Jews” who exercised diabolical influences on princes who took them into their confidence. Around 1940 a big-budget film was produced in Germany based on Süß' activities in Württemberg [a video cassette “Jud Süß” is available from Liberty Bell Publica-

our people a great minister in France and respected by the emperor [Napoleon III] himself?”

The tone of satisfied honor lay in the agreement which was accorded to the speaker, who continued:

“We must have our men join the legislators of the government. The special laws of the goyim for the children of Israel must be abolished everywhere, while we shall keep the principles of our fathers. We no longer need any special laws for our protection. Now we must be concerned with laws that guarantee advantages! A mild bankruptcy law that is supposed to be in the interest of humaneness will be a gold mine in our hands. In particular we must see to it that the usury laws are abolished in all countries with the outcry that money will become cheaper that way. Money is a commodity like any other commodity and the law itself must give us the right to raise its price as is necessary for our advantage.

“The messenger from the tribe of Benjamin should speak.”

“What am I to add to the advice of such wise men? Israel should also have fame and honor. For that reason Israel must get to the top of all organizations where there is honor and no danger and throw itself onto those branches of science and art which are most readily in keeping with the character of our people. We can become great actors and great philosophers and great composers, because in all three of these fields abstract thought finds its application. In art we shall obtain appreciation and consecration of our people. In science, medicine and philosophy are the fields

tions, Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 U.S.A. - B/W, 90 min. \$50.00 + postage]. Even Frederick the Great of Prussia (reigned 1740-1786) was involved in Jewish intrigues and frauds. He leased his mint to his Jewish court jeweler, Ephraim, who debased the Prussian coinage. At present writing (December 1992), we Americans are being presented with the spectacle of a future president who is appointing one Jew after the other that will be in a position to manipulate the economy of the United States, the Senate of which will have 10% Jews, at least thrice their proportion of the American population.]

which we want to seize. They afford the maximal room for theory and speculation. The physician penetrates the secrets of families and has their life in his hands." [*]

"Tribe of Asser, it is your turn!"

"We must demand the right of intermarriage between Jews and Christians. Israel can only profit from that, even if it pollutes its blood.[†] Our sons and daughters like to marry into the prominent and powerful families of the Christians. We give the money and for it we obtain the influence. The relationship to Christians has no effect upon us, but we shall have an effect on them. That is one thing. The other thing is that we honor the Jewish woman and practice forbidden lust preferably on the woman of our foes. A Jew should never make a daughter of his people into a

[* In 1933 there were 51,067 physicians in Germany, of whom 5,557 (10.88%) were Jewish by religion, thus 15 times the Jewish proportion of employed persons (.74%). In 1934, 9.4% of the population of Vienna was Jewish, but 52% of its physicians. Source: Volume III, pages 188, 189 and 192 of *Forschungen zur Judenfrage*, Hamburg, 1938.]

[† On this point, see Dr. Alfred Nossig, *Integrales Judentum*, Vienna, 1922, page 76. In my translation, he expresses the following observation: "In opposition to the intentions of the founders of the Jewish nation, which strictly forbid to it the mixing with other races, per nefas, if one insists, Jewish blood has poured into the veins of other civilized nations in a plentitude not suspected. Only the more recent investigators have dared to point out the fact, so unpleasant to earlier generations: the condition of being half Jewish is so widespread that it almost must be considered a characteristic of civilized nations. One can speak of a biological Jadaization of the civilized world..... If blood is a special juice (a phrase Nossig takes from Goethe's *Faust*, line 1740), however, this is especially true of Jewish blood. A single little drop of Jewish blood influences the intellectual physiognomy of whole families, even through a long series of generations. It brings about the firing up of the ganglia of their brains and in many instances impregnates these generations with a Jewish drive for development, for social justice and a rapprochement of nations." See also Volume VI of *Forschungen zur Judenfrage*, which contains a very long and detailed article, 148 pages long, on the penetration of Jewish blood into the English upper classes. This volume was published by the *Hanseatische Verlagsanstalt* in Hamburg in 1941. Biblical admonishments against intermarriage are in *Ezra IX, 2* and *Malachi II, 11.*]

chonte. If he wants to sin against the sixth commandment, there are plenty of Christian girls for that purpose."

"For what purpose are the pretty wenches of the goyim employed in the department stores?" interjected the representative of the evil principle with scorn. "Those who will not accommodate our desire for pleasure will get no work and thus no bread! We must also grant our young men some pleasure. Go into the big city and you will really see that they have not waited for your wisdom. The worker can be satisfied with our discarded clothes! — Make out of the marriage of Christians a contract rather than a sacrament and their women and daughters will be even more compliant in our hands!"

The frightful cynicism of these words, which touched a sore spot, did not fail to make an impression in view of the strict views of the ancient doctrine concerning the purity of morals.

"What does the law say?" asked a voice from one of the twelve.

"For adultery with a woman of our people, death. The weakening of a virgin can be atoned with money if she is not betrothed. Then death! The transgression of the flesh with a female slave is punished only mildly by the law; her body belongs to her master!"

"Are the goyim supposed to be better than our slaves?"

This declaration was followed by the murmur of agreement.

"The tribe of Manasse may speak."

The last of the speakers raised his hand meaningfully and slowly moved it back and forth while he spoke as if he

wanted to strengthen the impression of his words. His voice was rasping and unpleasant and full of presumption and impudence. But he spoke confidently and skillfully.

"If gold is the prime power of the world, the press is the second. To what end are all the opinion and pieces of advice that have been given here without the support of the press? Only if we have the press in our hands will we get to our goal. Our people must rule the daily press! We are adroit and clever and have money which we know how to make serve our purposes. We must have the great political newspapers which form public opinion, criticism and popular literature, the telegrams and the stage. Step by step we shall displace the Christians; from them, then we can dictate to the world what they are to believe, what they are to esteem and what they are to damn. In a hundred forms we shall resound the cry of woe of Israel and the oppression which is upon us! Then—while every individual is against us—the masses in their folly will always be for us! With the press in our hands we can turn justice into injustice, disgrace into honor. We can shake the thrones and divide the family. We can undermine the belief in everything which has hitherto maintained our enemies. We can ruin credit and arouse passions. We can make war and peace and impart fame or disgrace. We can elevate talent or we can shout down and persecute it and kill it with silence. Whoever has the press has the ear of the people. If Israel has the gold and the press, it will be able to ask: on what day do we want to put on the Ataroch [= crown] that is due us, ascend the Chisse [= throne] that was promised and wield the Schebet [= the scepter] of power over the nations of the earth!"

An almost tumultuous applause followed the words and for a few minutes the deeply moved eavesdroppers could understand only a little of what was being spoken. Then,

however, there arose the voice of the Levite and commanded silence.

"Rosche-Bathe-Aboth of the twelve Schebatim have spoken wise and important words. They will be the pillars of the coming time if the son of the "restless man" writes them into his memory and spreads their seed amongst the people of Israel so that he will arise as a mighty tree from east to west and from south to north. They should be the chereb [= sword] with which Israel strikes its foes! Jacob's seed must keep together in good fortune, in wealth and in power, just as it kept together in misfortune and danger. Everyone must help the other. Where one man has gained a foothold, he must pull along the second, that is, his brother! —Whenever one man has had a misfortune, the other must pull him up! Whenever one man has come into conflict with the secular law, the brothers must help him through, provided simply that he lives in peace with the law of our people. Even if a man has been sitting in the penitentiary for ten years, he can still become a rich man before whom the princes and the counts of the goyim must bow, if only our people do not abandon him. When every man is against us, all will be for us. The hand of the Lord led us after forty years from the desert to rulership in the land of Canaan, and his hand will lead us after forty-five times forty years from our roaming about in misery to dominance over the lands that are forty-five times as large as Canaan! If Israel follows the advice on which the sanhedrin of the Cabala has decided, our grandchildren, when they come to this place, to the grave of the founder of our covenant, will be able to announce to him that they are the real princes of the world and that the promise has been fulfilled to Israel, which was promised dominance over all nations of the earth as its servants! Renew your oath, ye sons of the Golden Calf and disperse in all directions of the wind!"

And the bluish light coming from the grave of the rabbi shone more brightly. Now around this light there moved the thirteen with a singing murmur, while each of them threw a new stone onto the heap of stones, a stone which he brought forth from his garments.

It seemed to the doctor as if there were glowing on the top of the grave a golden, misshapen figure of an animal in a ghostly blue brilliance, then suddenly, with the sharp metallic sound at which the light had appeared, it disappeared, and deep, uniform darkness covered the eerie cemetery.

Down through the graves individual white figures scurried. The portal creaked softly — it was not the night wind that moved it on its rusty hinges!

From the towers of the city the clocks proclaimed the first hour of the day.

The scholar was still lying in his hiding place — he did not dare to make a motion — so frightful and overpowering was his impression of that which he had heard.

Finally, a rustle at his side indicated that his companion had got up along side him, and with a deep, heavy breath of air he attempted to do the same.

He got up half way — propping himself with his arm — when the unexpected sight that encountered him caused his blood to freeze and paralyzed every fiber in him.

Half kneeling on the nearest sunken gravestone, and bent over, he saw the Italian raise his right fist, as if for a murderous thrust, and in this fist there glistened in the light of the stars the sharp steel of a stiletto.

The features of his face, at other times so cold and haughtily mocking, had assumed a truly diabolical expression. A greenish fire seemed to radiate from his eyes, like the eye of a cat in the night or of the tiger about to jump on a helpless prey.

“Lasali — friend! — what do you want to do? Do you want to murder me?”

The dagger glistened in the light of the stars and eyes glowed. Then, as if seized by a sudden thought, the frightful man let his arm sink, arose and stepped back.

“No” — he said somberly — “those thoughts are not my work and I am too proud to play a secondary role and to be nothing other than handyman! It will be a greater honor to combat them. — Stand up, man — you have nothing more to fear!”

The scholar got up. It was only when he was on his feet again, man facing man, grasping the revolver that the Italian had given him himself, that he again felt some calm and security.

“What did you want to do, Lasali — why did you raise a dagger against me that you brought here?”

“Because I wanted to murder you, doctor!” the Italian said coldly.

“One more moment and you would have been as silent as the stones of these graves and the secret would have belonged to me alone! Or do you believe that Juda’s blood in my veins would not have been incensed at the thought that an unauthorized man, a Christian, were to know about the mighty work of putting Israel onto the throne of all nations? Really, if I had been one of those thirteen men, you would have died by my hand, even if you had saved my life ten times, for the thought of this dominance is great and lofty. But it is not my work and they have chosen another man for its spread and execution. For that reason it must be opposed and I shall take up the struggle against their idols of power, the Golden Calf, and I will beat it to pieces, just as Moses did to its image in the desert!”

“It is shocking; what we have heard threatens all of civil society,” said the scholar, “Shake my hand; I want to be your companion in the struggle against this power of gold!”

The Italian shook his head while rejecting the hand of his companion. “No,” he said firmly, “what I am going to do

I want to do alone and may the honor be mine. There is another power, when gathered and properly used, is just as powerful as gold. It is poverty, labor! I intend to summon it and lead it into battle. Proud Israel, take care, because I am going to put you up against social democracy!"

"And I," said the scholar with enthusiasm, "I intend to lead everything that is noble and lofty, science, idealism, faith, into the struggle against this materialism of money with what I write and speak."

His companion laughed scornfully. "Your ideals will shatter on that, like clay against metal. On the raw strength of fists and the battalions of the hungry are the fighters who will be able to overcome the Golden Calf! [*] Our ways are parting here; you go yours and I shall go mine! My word has been kept, but recall yours, your oath; keep silent about everything you have seen and heard here!"

"I shall keep my word. The secret of the Cabala will not deter me from struggling against the visible aspects of their efforts!"

"So come, we shall commence our retreat from the grave of the very venerable and wise Rabbi Simeon and we shall have no fear of being discovered."

But he was destined to be mistaken!

The two men had reached the place at which they had climbed over the wall and the Italian was just swinging himself over it when a voice cried out from the entrance of the cemetery: "Ganovim! Ganovim! [= thieves) Graverobbers! Catch them! Catch them!"

It was simply the following that had taken place.

The curiosity characteristic of his people had not allowed the cemetery watchman to sleep and even if he had not dared to eavesdrop outside as a result of the strict

[* Karl Marx' Communist Manifesto had already appeared in 1848. Nevertheless this passage is prophetic in view of the rôle which Jews were to play during the course of the twentieth century, especially in Russia and eastern Europe.]

commandment that was imposed on him, the obedience to which his oath obligated him, he had, nevertheless, remained in his clothes in the dark room and peered through the slots of the shutter after he had sent away the supper guests under a pretext and sent his family to bed.

He saw the white figures slinking past and disappearing in the opened gate of the cemetery and waited patiently until the clock struck one. The mysterious figures came back individually and turned to the right and to the left without exchanging a word with each other. Thirteen; he had counted them and now he backed away hastily from the slot in the shutter. At that moment he saw the last man approaching the window.

There was a knock on the shutter and a hoarse voice said, just as if it had known that he had remained awake, "Close the house of life, guardian of those who are awaiting their resurrection! — and let your mouth be closed for a hundred years with Solomon's seal!"

The figure dashed away, but the cemetery watchman did not dare, for a long time, to leave his house, not until he was finally convinced that it was all over, no matter what business the mysterious people might have transacted. It was only then that he got up, left the house and crept toward the open gate of the cemetery.

He could not forgo casting a glance into the cemetery, although horror caused his arms and legs to shiver. He stepped softly into the area of the cemetery.

It had seemed to him as if he had heard talking. At the first moment he wanted to retreat, but curiosity and perhaps also zealotry in duty pressed him forward.

In the uncertain and yet sufficient light of the stars he saw two men standing along the opposite wall. They were about to climb over it. He had seen thirteen enter the cemetery and thirteen leave it. Hence, the two men could be only persons who were not associated with them.— Grave robbers.... burglars ... thieves.

At once he shouted loudly, "Ganovim! Ganovim!"

"Away! We have been discovered. Save yourself if it is possible!" whispered the Italian to his companion while jumping to the outside from the wall, tearing away his coat with impunity. "I to the left, you to the right! Silence until the time of your death!"

With a desperate effort, while the watchman was shouting behind him, the scholar had reached the top of the wall. His hands and knees were bleeding from a score of wounds. Fortunately, the previous climb at this point had broken off the glass fragments already. Otherwise, it would hardly have been possible for him to get by the hurdle. Without hesitating for a moment, he threw himself down from the wall onto the pile of debris because, in spite of the late hour, the shouts of the watchman were beginning to alarm his neighbors' houses. One by one strangely covered heads were poking out of the windows and were joining in the shouting when they saw the fleeing figures.

The doctor had heard his companion running to the left and now he hastened off into the other direction without knowing if he would find an exit here from the labyrinth of the narrow alleys and whither the exit would lead. As he ran along the wall, things got louder and louder behind him. He thought of the revolver he was carrying with him and thought that he could sell his freedom or his life at a high price; but with a lively feeling of unwillingness to have innocent people suffer for his adventure, perhaps in the excitement of the moment, he threw away his revolver. Immediately after that he heard ahead of him the call of the watchman's horn and the rattling of a spear on the pavement. Turning at this moment into a dark cross-alley, he saw in front of him an even more darkly yawning opening, the open entrance hall of one of the old overhanging houses. Urged on by the danger, without thinking he jumped into the dark entrance hall, groped for the door with his hand, closed it and pressed it into the lock.

Breathing heavily, he remained standing and listening and he soon heard several people running past the door and others going back and forth and speaking.

He was caught in the place at which he had sought safety.

After some thought he realized quite well that he could not stay at the place where he was.

The fact that the door was open proved that the inhabitants of the house were outside of it. They could return at any minute and would then no doubt discover him. He thus had to look for a hiding place in which he could wait out this return and an opportunity to get away without being noticed. This was impossible at the moment because, in spite of all his groping, he could not find the lock on the door from the inside.

Feeling his way further with his hands and feet, he carefully groped forward along the walls in the pitch-black passage. The walls were dirty and as moist as those of the cave. After about ten steps he felt an opening in the wall, a rope instead of a railing along it and the worn steps of a staircase,

He climbed up it while carefully counting the steps in order to be able to know the height.

There were eighteen steps. When he was at the top and was groping further along the wall in the depth of the darkness, there suddenly appeared to him a weak ray of light which seemed to shine on the floor through a split in the door.

His predicament became even more intense. He really did not know what he was to do. He finally decided to go further at the risk of being discovered and finding people who would mercilessly hand him over to his pursuers. After a few steps he was at the door below which the light had previously penetrated.

He put his ear to it — no sound could be heard. Finally, he resolutely put his hand on the handle and the door opened without the slightest sound.

He saw that he was in a sort of vestibule that was dirty, nasty and full of junk, but from a half opened door, the one opposite the one through which he had entered, a bright light emerged. A further glance showed him that this door formed a sort of mobile cupboard that had to cover the door when it was regularly closed.

Along with the light a precious fragrance penetrated the vestibule which did not seem to be in keeping with these dirty, bad-smelling surroundings. A spicy, pleasant warmth also penetrated the vestibule.

Softly he crept nearer; a heavy curtain of precious Gobelin hung half pushed back on the inner side of the door. Through the opening he saw an adjacent, rather large room.

What he saw was like a dream from a Thousand and One Nights, an Oriental fairy tale!

And even the fairy was not lacking in this dream, for on a broad divan with sea-green Persian silk there lay

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