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the stormtrooper

"Oll Vy do they polsecute
us? Can't they see ve are
only a religion?"

...Miami Beach Kike.

JWV ALMOST GETS
CHICAGO NAZIS

MIRACLE ON
RANDOLPH STREET

MAJOR VICTORY FOR
ANP IN SUPREME COURT



official publication
American Nazi Party

THE STORM TROOPER, formerly the "National
Socialist Bulletin, published six times each year,
at 928 North Randolph Street, Arlington, Virginia.

Part One

On Windows Compatible Disc

This first volume of The Stormtrooper Magazine covers the beginnings of the publication in May of 1960 when it was still known as The National Socialist Bulletin (that initial entry not being overly impressive), through those eight issues, and into the suddenly much improved professional look that we came to know and expect from then, on.

Commander Rockwell, with showmanship and salesmanship in his blood, was one of the very few on the scene in those days who knew what he was talking about with regard to applied propaganda. He designed the content of this publication to appeal more to the young, action-minded men who were concerned and angry about what was happening in the country but who, until now, had no idea what to do about it.

With lots of photos, illustrations, cartoons and gags; The Commander's own fast-paced narratives of actions against the enemy; And just enough political background and dogma to raise it off the level of mere reaction... it was hoped that this little magazine could recruit, entertain, educate, motivate and, hopefully, generate some serious and dedicated National Socialist fighters and organizers.

This collection by itself could fully constitute an illustrated history of the American Nazi Party, as related by Rockwell himself in most instances and told exactly as it was taking place. What could be better?

The Commander used this and all of his publications to put a solid and upbeat face upon a situation which was one of desperate struggle and even of heartbreak. Among the constant elements were financial straits, legal quagmires, personnel shortages, treachery on the part of his Right Wing "brothers" and the failure of Whites in general to react and respond to the call in a healthy and appropriate manner given the situation as it was in the country at the time.

The techniques and conditions under which these booklets were created, even by the standards of the day and most especially by today's standards, would be seen by most as being decidedly crude. I personally had the experience - and the honor - of running a tiny Davidson offset press along with some pieces of equipment dating from the time of the First World War in creating the Party's printed propaganda.

The obstacles were daunting, the output was small just as the distribution was limited. Yet it grew and spread. All that is important now is that this collection is presented here and the story it contains is told.



Summer Issue 1987 VF 78

the stormtrooper magazine



Part Two

On Windows Compatible Disc

This second volume of The Stormtrooper Magazine deals with the full-blown phase of the American Nazi Party even as it hovered and teetered on the brink of breaking through to become a national force.

Looking for a doorstep upon which to lay culpability is not the most positive occupation. But it would have to be the stranglehold over the media by the Jewish enemy and the resultant less-than-appropriate responses by the White majority - then and now - that prevented this nation from redeeming itself while it still had the chance. And yet, as I have said elsewhere, had they indeed redeemed themselves, would that not then have invalidated the outcome as set forth in Revelation?

The notable degree of regularity achieved during the first volume was lost for good. However, size, color and level of action increased dramatically. So then, each issue packed a bigger punch, reached a wider audience and remained current longer than before.

Alongside some of the conditions cited in the notes on the first volume not necessarily brought out in the text of the magazines themselves is the constantly passing parade of staffers. The true history of the ANP is one of turmoil and of emergency so constant and steady as to be considered the normal state of affairs. Cliques, personality clashes, mutinies and agents provocateur. One biographer claimed that Rockwell spent half his time dealing with the likes of this.

As we enter 1965 and later, the really golden phase of ANP action, the size of these booklets became really impressive. I believe it was the "Arm Yourself" issue of 1966 that reached one hundred pages. The magazine was brought to its height with John Patler as its editor. Patler had been Rockwell's very first activist recruit in 1958. On August 25th, 1967, he would become the assassin of George Lincoln Rockwell.

The magazine held out for another year, until changes in ideological thrust by the new guard phased it out. But, if you'll note in the "Letters To the Editor" section of that very final issue, there is one from a fifteen-year-old Youth Movement member... "J.M." of Chillicothe, Ohio.

Guess who.



James Mason's

**PICTORIAL
HISTORY**

⚡ ⚡ ⚡ OF THE ⚡ ⚡ ⚡



AMERICAN

**IN NAZI
PARTY**

In 1999 two professional, hardback, slip-covered volumes appeared before the general public on George Lincoln Rockwell and the American Nazi Party. On one of these two volumes - which were released back-to-back - the one turned out by the academic press, I had been able to supply much of the source input. With the other, however, put out by the mainstream press, the author later claimed that he had been unable to locate me. No matter.

I recommend reading the both of them in tandem. Taken together they paint a most interesting and revealing picture of a unique saga from out of post-war American life. There's nothing quite like a good investigative researcher. They constantly amaze me. But there's also something about breaking fresh ground: Starting from zero, any entry on the subject automatically constitutes a huge breakthrough. Then too, just like the blind men and the elephant, these two non-movement authors could be expected to tackle the same story by telling two different tales.

Unfortunately but also to be expected, if there is to be any hope of getting published in the mainstream media then there must be a certain "stance" adopted for the sake of placating... well... whomever is in charge of these things. "What went wrong in this man's mind?" The old "exercise in futility" approach, etc. An intriguing "freedom of the press" phenomenon, to be sure. There are no two sides to this story. Not if you want to get published.

Rockwell's ideas and pronouncements were such that they HAD TO BE "insane", "twisted", "evil", "wrong", "deluded"... anything except valid or worthy of objective and reasoned study. Because if they were to have been presented to the American public of that day, even-handedly, on their own merits and were to have been found to have validity... well, again... people's brains are just too small to wrap around any such contingency.

I along with others stoutly maintain that there is and has been for generations in the West, particularly in America, a philosophical lock-step and that the entire media is and has been owned lock, stock and barrel by the very authors of this philosophy - call it "universalism" or "cosmopolitanism" - for approximately the same period of time. When applied to a so-called "democracy" (which I define as "managed confusion") then one can begin to see how dictatorship, in effect, can be the result. And not a beneficial dictatorship, either, for the descendants of those who created this America.

Even a dark and bloody tyranny - just so long as the nation prospers and thrives - is acceptable. For, as Adolf Hitler asked and answered, "What is life? Life is the nation." The reality? As of 1950, the United States was 90% White. Any colored element still remained in subjection. And, to be very sure, there was "no mixin'". Projections are that by 2050 the United States will be 50% White. What most

miss about this stark fact is what the condition of those remaining Whites is apt to be morally, culturally, psychologically, etc. If the past fifty years are to be used as any kind of guide, then it would be safe to say that those poor wretches of the future will be "White" only through default and fully ripe to fall exactly like the proverbial over-ripe fruit.

A nation does not do this to itself. Such a thing only happens via an invading element, a hostile parasite, who enters and buys its control over the nation's institutions and all positions of sensitivity. Once accomplished, this element - representing perhaps 3% of the population - can then put its own hidden agenda for the rest of us into operation, gradually, by stages, so as not to engender too much alarm. Voila! The damnable mess we see at present.

To misrepresent or to altogether black out someone like Rockwell has but one genuine purpose: To prevent the people - the nation - from rousing themselves, from perhaps taking corrective measures, until the "threat" to the hidden agenda can be removed, until it is too late to do anything about it.

In my personal acquaintance are authors who have in the past and shall in the future have their books published by the mainstream press (and do bear in mind that mere printing is only half of it: there is the all-critical matter of distribution to consider) who are, if not bona fide National Socialists then, at the

very least, pro-NS and fully "hip" to what's going on. And yet they, in their pragmatism, do quite deliberately assume a mock-system tone and approach in their work. Their sole object? To get the information out to the widest audience, regardless. Those of real intelligence, hopefully, will be able to see through the subterfuge and get the message.

A selling out? Not necessarily. Rockwell himself pointed out to the membership in 1966 that this had been his own strategy when he consented to the notorious "Playboy" interview of that year. While he himself pulled no punches, he was required to okay what amounted to a total rewrite of the interview as it took place. These people, these media masters, are constitutionally incapable of playing it straight. Rockwell cited the hundreds of thousands of college-age White males who would see it and maybe, just maybe, get the picture as the justification for this step. That same year, in a discussion with a young, White PhD who had read the interview, I was rather astounded when he commented that "the man is obviously insane". So must have gone the vast majority of opinion. But then, I suppose, there was me...

It would then seem as though there are but two ways to go with regard to disseminating or preserving certain vital truths for the sake of any future:
Talking in broad circles, riddles or parables (as done in the ubiquitously found Holy Bible, which hardly

one in a million really understands); Or by sealing up the information that has been carefully, lovingly laid down on sheep skin in clay pots and the pots themselves then sealed into lost caves, perhaps to be rediscovered once they have out-lived the current era of death and darkness (as with the Dead Sea Scrolls.) Such actions represent faith in the future as well as faithfulness to the past.

To engage in the former, I have never been willing or able to do. And that brings us to the latter approach.

Ever the late-comer, I joined the Youth section of Rockwell's ANP in December of 1966. Fourteen years of age I was at the time. From the first moment, my involvement in this movement was all-consuming. A fact made all the more remarkable when one stops to consider that I really didn't know much of anything at that age, coming from Mid-West America and having been brought up in the public school system (and, I might add, having been fully subject to the effects of that same media I've been discussing.)

I explain it like this: Within any so-called "radical" movement, there are to be found two distinct types of those whose intentions are at least genuine and honorable. These are the idealists and the fanatics. I am decidedly of the latter group. Idealists can be made and they can be broken. Fanatics are born and it is as fanatics they will die.

Inside of two years I had dumped the outside world and had gone to live and work at Party headquarters at Arlington, Virginia. Acutely conscious of my late-coming (Commander Rockwell had been assassinated that August of 1967) and also being a born collector, I at once set out to dig my way back to the beginning... a whole seven years... in frantic attempt to make up for lost time. I was in the perfect spot to do it, of course. Masses of old literature were as yet lying about basements of old buildings which the Party was renting now that the former "House on Hate Monger Hill" was lost. Soon-to-come organizational disruptions (which I was to learn were the norm and not any exception) brought undreamt of windfalls of much more of this material to me throughout the late sixties and early seventies.

Quite naturally, during this process, I consumed all of it voraciously... eating, sleeping and breathing it as I did.

By 1976 I had a book in readiness. I was going to title it, "The Swastika Bearers". One erstwhile "Right Wing" publisher that I had offered it to deftly managed to foul up the works in record short time.

In 1977 I was approached by a professional writer who had just released the first-ever biography of John Wayne Gacy and who wanted me to assist him

with his own book on Rockwell and the ANP to be entitled, "The Eagle and the Swastika". I at once agreed. He footed all the bills on the copying of the original materials. Then delays. Then some publisher "lost" all his material. He paid for the replacements. Then nothing.

During 1977-78 I was reproducing the ANP saga a chapter at a time in a fairly competent magazine I was then the editor of. Leave it to that publisher to jerk the rug out from under that effort.

So it went until 2001 when I was approached once more by an enthusiastic, aspiring but idealistic young publisher. He actually did produce a magnificent, hard-bound second edition of an earlier book of my own writings. Then he went so far as to purchase the rights to handle an expanded, up-dated version of that projected 1976 book and, as with the writer, paid for the extensive copies that had to be produced and shipped to him. Then, once more, nothing. Virtual disappearance.

My motto of "Never Let Go Of Your Original Material" always did pay off, however. Well, practically so.

It seems now that the entire year of 2003 - plus a lot more time than that - was devoted to the scanning onto disc of thousands upon thousands of pages of this stuff so that I might feel free to turn over the

rooms full of boxes of it to the specialized library of a major university. In my own pragmatism, I had to face the reality that no book or books were ever going to be forthcoming. If anything were to happen to me (and I had now passed the half-century mark) what would become of this material? So far it had escaped the almost constant threat of pilferage, destruction by fire, by rodents and even, during 1999, loss by flood. No more of this!

Duplication. By far the best insurance against loss. The data disc - unheard of not very long ago - to the rescue! (We'll worry about the loss of the retrieval systems themselves later on.) Facing the sad fact that there was, in effect, no present day and no immediate future, I had to focus instead upon the hope of a distant future. My determination was that this material would be present in it. Surely, if there had been those who could succeed in decoding the Great Pyramid even as of the nineteenth century, by power of "understanding", then there must be a reasonable chance for these discs.

But, far from any Great Pyramid, I'm afraid I'm down to the level of the poor sheep skins utilized by the Essenes in preserving their knowledge.

No book. A long-cherished dream gone by the wayside.

Preserving raw documents is one thing. Scholars from all over the world can and do come to that library where, I'm told, they practically ride shotgun over you as you read and study them. But telling the story the way it needs to be told is quite another thing.

Moved by the same sleep-walking instinct that had animated me back in 1966, I undertook the first of three stages in not only preserving this material but in telling the tale itself in the way that fewer and fewer of us are able to tell it.

First, I took every scrap of film footage I had from the period and, with the indispensable technical help of one very idealistic movement woman who happened to come along at just the right moment, wove it all into three video documentaries. That phase was beginning even by 2002. Those three efforts by themselves came very close, I felt, to taking the place of the book that never was.

But it wasn't finished.

It dawned over me that, with all of the tedious, "grunt" work already accomplished, why not reproduce and distribute - albeit in a very limited

fashion - Commander Rockwell's printed publications in disc form? This would amount directly to Rockwell himself telling the story exactly the way it was, while it was happening!

Then there are the still photographs, also already done onto disc, either taken by Rockwell or under his auspices. For these, some extra technology would be required so as to permit me to explain to the viewer exactly what he was looking at.

The audio recordings, strangely enough, which I was weakest of all on, seem to be springing up even now all across the Internet and may be had by anyone. For that reason, I have not involved myself there. Though their authorship remains anonymous, I'm gratified to know that I'm not completely alone in this.

The term "propaganda" is said to have originated with one of the Middle Ages popes. It's easy to pick out of it the word "propagate". To propagate the faith. And there's nothing wrong with that.

But then enter the so-called "Spin Doctors" with the ulterior motives, the already mentioned hidden agendas, whose purpose is to, if I may borrow from the Bible, "make day appear as night, bitter appear as sweet, friends appear as enemies", etc. Those working in line with this hidden agenda which has dominated modern times have done a most remarkable job of doing this very thing.

Skillful and talented are hardly the words to apply. They've DONE it! They have succeeded in making lies into truth. Of course, this is very high-maintenance. It requires much money and much coercion. The real problem is that it doesn't work in the end. The effect it has is of eating up everything positive, of value - exactly like a vampire - to feed the dead lie. Can we see the end? Yes, we can. In formerly great civilizations like Egypt, India, Rome, etc. Go there. See magnificent ruins. See a ruined population.

I was asked recently by one youthful and idealistic interviewer, point-blank "What can be done?" I told him quite frankly that nothing could be done to affect the situation. That it is an evil wind that blows. And how easy it always is with the wind to one's back. This is the deciding "advantage" which our enemies enjoy over us. But this is nothing new. It is the way in which each and every formerly high civilization has always died. Blindness, madness, corruption. All of these things enthroned, sanctified, made into law.

Now it is the turn of Western Civilization after a successful run of two thousand years.

The more serious students of history may look at one issue or another and marvel at how the whole thing swung on the most tiny, improbable of "glitches" or "mistakes". The really serious student will be able to recognize the unbroken march

toward destruction and decay - under a global blanket, to be sure - all throughout. There are two things to consider here: Are those who ride the wind of destruction really any kind of "winner"; And what of all the apparently failed efforts at halting or reversing this trend toward destruction?

I realized some time ago that there is not now and never has been anything like a man who has "changed history". That would be taking it backwards. Rather, there have been those who have managed to keep history right on track. The liars, the duped and the deluded still see it - and indeed the whole universe - in that old and erroneous way. They've won, we've lost and that's that. Forever.

Wrong.

It required four hundred years for rotten Rome to finally die. At that, was there any finite cut-off date for it? No. At that, things were never quiet out on the fringes. The future was busy being made ready to take over even at the time. Awareness in the hands of a few plus their determination that the truth should live on into the future ultimately made the difference.

It takes a little faith - but not a lot - to remain convinced that it will be no different now. Except that, just as the great genius of George Lincoln Rockwell knew and pointed out, this time it will be for keeps because, simply, this time, for the first

time, it is global.

Beyond even that, evidences I've already cited such as the Great Pyramid and the Bible (each complimentary of the other) from millennia ago strive to tell us that it has all - all of it - from beginning to end, already taken place. The outcome is told, is recorded for those with "understanding" to see and comprehend. And, I assure you, the lie does not prevail.

Science. The lie does not prevail because it is a negative.

That plus whoever was (and would still remain) in a position to let us know the complete past, present and future would by definition also be in a position to guide, manipulate and to "tweak" things along here and there, keeping the trend toward final death always just short of its total accomplishment. Thus the men who keep history right on track.

The twenty-five-year history of the National Socialist German Workers Party, the twelve-year history of the Third Reich (included within that previous twenty-five years), the nine-year history of the American Nazi Party. The subsequent, scattered and disorganized efforts on the part of some of us ever since then. Certainly mere blips according to historical measurement of time. Each effort weaker, a "failure" in its own time?

Science, once more. Once out of earth's atmosphere, the slightest thrust, the tiniest signal carries immense reaction. Reaction only realized following much time and distance.

Christ's closest followers thought surely that their group was shooting for political, state power right then and there. Only afterward did they receive the greater idea. I along with everyone else, as followers of George Lincoln Rockwell, were certain that it would be "The Jews Are Through In '72" and that Rockwell himself would be President of the United States.

But Rockwell had written it himself into his autobiography, "This Time the World", that he knew he wouldn't live to see the victory he would make possible but that he wouldn't die before he had made that victory certain. We at the time didn't want to hear that.

Rockwell would have heartily approved of the cover design for this booklet. I have deliberately tried to emulate his style. This was the design intended for the cover of the near-go, the projected book that was to have appeared around 2004-05. A "certainty" that, inexplicably, never was to be. However, maybe "what is" was the actual intention all along.

With regard to the countless millions who are locked in with the system of death, how much more suffering, pain, destruction and shame will have to

take place before it's all over? For those few of us, how many more martyrs and sacrifice will there have to be before triumph is achieved? Those numbers are already set. We just don't know what they are. We only know that we have our roles to play and our duties to perform. For what other purpose are we here, after all?

The history, then, of the American Nazi Party? It is essentially the story of one brave man, a cosmic genius, who was able to take eternal truth and give it the form of a contemporary political movement, literally to resurrect something which the agents of darkness and confusion thought surely they had crucified and destroyed with the end of the Second World War. No wonder he was hated by them.

To willingly and knowingly accept those slings and arrows that he knew must come and, at the cost of his life, provide that minute thrust, that weak signal, that he realized would hold history on its inevitable course. That was his point of light in a world of darkness.

And these are my "clay pots".

James Mason
Denver, Colorado
January, 2007

