

present is to ensure that nothing comes along either to disturb or to right the suicidal direction taken then. That includes at the very summit a collapse of enemy-controlled government and media machinery.

The damage to the society, to the people, having been done by the Sixties, very deliberately, after much resistance and with nothing remotely having been done to rectify or reverse the sick trends, the emphasis now is to make certain that that course is held to allow it to reach its completion.

I'll spell it all the way out: To change the face of this country from a White extension of Europe to a colored extension of the Third World. If you want to have a close look at that kind of a future today, search no further than someplace like Haiti. That is exactly where noble ideals of equality will lead. Then, how will matters such as "Liberal" vs. "Conservative" figure in?

It's a game. A game of death. And it's rigged. It will stay rigged and the course of death for Whites will remain uninterrupted, with many Whites eagerly participating in their own destruction, as long as two things remain functioning and intact: The media and the economy. These are the twin pillars of Enemy power and control.

The media, in all its many facets, from television to what is still laughingly referred to as "education", implants the information people have in their heads. Controlled news forms enemy-approved opinions. Hollywood generates emotions designed to cause all to fall into line with Enemy programs. Such mesmerism by itself could easily spell death for a free and healthy society, for, because of it, such a concept as "Democracy" is rendered as nothing more than a shell-game.

The economy, in the hands of the Enemy, provides them the physical means of repression. Army and Police are their hired hoods. The workers are their slaves. The carrot and stick of "punishment and reward" are theirs. Money power can drive opponents into the wilderness and then can pursue them in order to murder them. Unable to think and too fearful of becoming the next victim, the people never organize to react appropriately.

This is all controlled by the same hands, from the highest sources. It is from this point that the stage-managed pendulum swings to and fro. Left Wing or Right Wing, it matters not so long as it remains firmly attached to the same, unchanging point. So, do not remain hypnotized by this back and forth motion as most of the rest are.

Of the two, it is the economy that properly should be the Number One target of any who would destroy the System and liberate their people. For any attacks upon the media, so long as the economy survives, will be rapidly repaired just as would be any anti-System attacks anywhere else. Then the System pigs will be turned loose just as always.

However, to cripple the Enemy economy means to hit the Enemy exactly where he can't stand to be hit. If the Enemy can no longer keep the teeming colored population docile through massive welfare pay-offs, if he can no longer toss crumbs to his slaves, if he can't pay his bureaucrats, if he can't hire his hoodlums, and if he can't even maintain his dream and nightmare media machine on the air, he will rapidly die.

The final choice is left to us.

Either we can take the steps necessary to bring about the downfall of this monster or we can continue to wait and watch.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

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SHADES AND DEGREES

Science has it that a mere two percent difference in DNA is all that separates us from chimpanzees. If that proves anything, it is that a terrific lot, the crucial difference, can be and usually is contained within a very little.

We in the Movement have always been aware that there exists on average a fifteen to twenty point IQ difference between Blacks and Whites. An awful lot is contained in those few, top-most points.

However, to those for whom nobility, culture, civilization, decency, responsibility, kindness, love, higher meaning and purpose all count for nothing, those points are not only expendable, they are an

outright embarrassment. They put the lie to the garbage that, "The only difference between the races is their skin color."

The human system normally runs at about 98.6 degrees in temperature. On the surface, one might think there would be plenty of latitude for variance in either direction. But in truth, only a very few degrees higher or lower can result in convulsions and death.

As Racial Separatists, we know only too well how a healthy, happy and proud people can be reduced within just a few generations to a lost and degraded rabble.

A slight twist to the culture, an injection of subtle poison into education, the selling out of the small upper percentage of the population and, with time, that small initial divergence will have achieved a radically wide curve.

Because time is seen to run in only a forward-moving direction, to most anything going on, then, from "Point A" to "Point B" is looked upon as "progress". To each living generation, their own time is always the most advanced and enlightened of all. How then does one account for the longing for the "good old days"? Smart and sophisticated, including quite a few of their pet Negroes, why do their problems not only not go away but only mount, seemingly unsolvable?

We know the answer but that's not the point to be made here. Where's the trick or the wonder in fouling up a society and an entire population when one has already in their hands all the workings of government, media, etc.? An even better question would be, "Why?" However, neither is that the point here.

We need to appreciate and understand how the workings of shades and degrees, of gradualism, can be harnessed by us for revolution. It is right here where an understanding has to be achieved regarding why revolution is the only realistic course, as well as how precisely is the tactic of gradualism to be applied.

Time. Assuming for the sake of argument that we could retake society's institutions in the same way that they were subverted, the length of time that it would require, given the trends and statistics already set in motion, would render the populace we would be inheriting as genetically hardly worth bothering about. The fundamental difference between us and the System is that we don't want a country full of non-descript biological slobs, yuppies and miscellaneous perverts. We demand and will have only a nation of Aryans.

Because we acknowledge that nothing and nobody can salvage the government or the standing society, we are not under any time constraint. The country as it is and as we know it is to become, can go to hell. The government, for a certainty, can go to hell. Much of the populace is already gone to hell and that will only continue. What is a mass of Third World mud worth versus a solid nucleus of Aryans, conscious and proud of what they are?

Demographics. Today it is a tiny fraction of only the most ingenious and industrious of all the Whites who make it possible for this damnable mess to continue year after year when, left naturally on its own, it would have expired or blown to pieces long ago.

Only a tiny minority are providing the criminally insane impetus to continue on in what is clearly a suicidal path. The huge masses don't even factor into this. Opponents have said that we have no constituency. This is true. But when they say that, it is going on the assumption that we are somehow playing their own game or possibly have an interest in playing their game. The alien usurpers of societal control have, as their millions upon millions of "constituents" demonstrate, only the same dupes which they themselves have created through brainwash. We have not the means and, more importantly, we do not have the desire for either the creation or the use of dupes.

It's been my own contention for a long time that not much is holding all of this together. I'm not alone in this belief, however. In this philosophy there are two schools of thought, mine being the junior of the two. People have been saying for a very long time that the end of the System, by whatever name or whatever means, was most imminent, and in not just a few instances actually placing a date upon it.

Besides ignoring what the Bible had to say about that, i.e., the very moment you do assign a date to it, you'll be dead wrong, they repeat the age-old mistake of underestimating the limitless extremes of the insane determination of those in control to remain in control even if it should mean world destruction.

It is well to remember Hitler's words written inside prison in 1924 following the failure of the Munich Revolt: To paraphrase, Hitler remarked that we ought never to bother worrying whether the task is even possible of achievement. But only that it is right and necessary. Having determined that much, we then determine that it is capable of being accomplished. The stage being set the way it is, Hitler's thoughts on

numbers are equally important to us today. He said that a minority movement, if it possesses a majority of will and determination, will, "with mathematical certainty", overcome all odds and prevail.

The System will fall. It is falling, except for the present moment in slow motion. The Police State is in effect already here. They are talking now about printing more phony money, of "raising the ceiling", so that the government will not default on the interest of the impossible national debt. These are close to last-ditch measures and were entirely predictable as the course the System would sooner or later have to take. It is that, or else.

The Whites will endure more taxation and work longer and harder for less and less. The coloreds will continue to multiply and exacerbate the problem closer and closer to the breaking point. The pressure will mount. Big Brother will clamp on an ever-tightening lid of repression.

The System's dilemma is this: To change and to adopt a sane and correct, appropriate course, which primarily would mean permitting a genuine alternative, would amount to direct suicide for the System. This, of course, they will not do. To continue on the same course will certainly buy them some more time even though it is guaranteed to carry not only them but the whole country all the way over the brink and into ultimate disaster. It is this that they will continue to pull out every stop to succeed in accomplishing. Through this, we can predict every move that the System will make.

Statistics. Regardless of where one may choose to look, from crime to unemployment, to inflation, to drugs, welfare, immigration etc., the picture is an ever-worsening one. One or another may temporarily alleviate but the trend is as unmistakable as it is immutable. The country seems to be groaning but I remain amazed at how comparatively low the actual numbers are. It needs to and it will get a lot worse.

Yet the signs are definite that the System does know it is in real trouble. The question posed to us then is how much more can the System absorb before something cracks, before mere media denial and bureaucratic hocus pocus can no longer cover it up or smooth it over? Even more to the point, how much "trouble" is more than the System's pigs can manage to swoop down upon and keep bottled up?

The answer is more than we've yet seen but not a hell of a lot more. However, the key to this is suddenness.

Economy. The System is in trouble on two fronts. The fabric of society is unraveling and the money is weakening. But as long as there remains even "funny money" circulating and being accepted, the System can continue to use the media to maintain the common brainwash, keep services on and pay more pigs to hold the lid down. In fact, the System is using "crime", etc., as its excuse to bolster the sick economy through the means of building the Police State and ushering in more phony baloney "jobs" and "programs".

However, it should be obvious to a blind man that even this most far-fetched strategy is foredoomed. Where is the productivity? To this they have no answer. It is strictly a stalling, delaying tactic.

There is a final question that we must ask ourselves and that only we can answer. It is a choice that has to be made.

Among those, like myself, who have a perfect and abiding faith in the death of the System, there exists also a division of thought. Those who favor exclusively retiring to the Northwest to dig in and let the threatening storm blow over and those who cannot resist giving the System a shove.

Rather than a "kiddy club" mentality and approach as in years past, the struggle is now clearly assuming the proportions of a natural event. The dinosaur dies as the mammals venture out into the open. Some improve their cover while others are hungry for a piece of the former lord and master.

Choose you well.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

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THE REVOLUTIONARY POSITION

If there were anything I might hope to convince anyone of it would be to never get caught up in trivial issues of the moment. A revolutionary wouldn't be found absorbed in such things as professional sports or television soap operas. So why allow yourself to be sucked in by the daily news?

Remember that a revolutionary is apart from, not a part of, the present alignment. He is apart from it because he sees its folly and futility as well as its hypocritical tyranny for which he hates it. Though few in number and disorganized as a Movement, he can plainly see the decomposition of the System's base of power now on a year-to-year basis. And he welcomes it with all anticipation

Yet emotions remain. Hopefully he won't be found like the others frantically and fretfully concerned with the latest band-aid on the cancer of society, praying silently that the status quo of relative comfort and comparative security will somehow manage to hang on at least until the end of their own days. Ideally, he will find confirmation and encouragement with each chunk of the decayed society that falls away and will remain eager for the day of equalization with System forces.

Rather than be a slave to his emotions, he will have become their master and will be able to fully utilize them in others by helping them to see through the maze of phony, divisive but highly emotionally charged "issues", whipped up by the Enemy media to maintain their spell of helpless confusion over the masses.

These artificially engineered flashpoints are as many as they are varied. But they all are as dead-end, "lose-lose" as betting on which team wins the big game or which handsome doctor gets the girl on television. Essentially, the System, through its media, picks on one or another social aspect that ought best to be, and hitherto was, left alone. Sometimes they may have an ulterior objective in this but always there is the primary effect of dividing the people against themselves over matters which do not count in the great scheme of things.

Then, via media hype, emotions get hot. Attentions are diverted to the tiniest of details, with the greatest of energies brought to focus. Regardless of anything, the overall trend continues unbroken and the best of minds are left wondering why.

I'll take three of the best examples of this phenomenon which are guaranteed to force anyone to instantly choose a side, a la the Civil War. These are: The "Death Penalty"; "Abortion"; and "Gun Control".

The psychology wizards know that certain personality types will react in predictable ways to given situations. These types have divided themselves into two categories: Liberal and Conservative. Please note that on key, critical matters such as race or the role of Jews there is never any debate permitted and both "sides" will be found to be in concert on these matters at any time. Trembling acceptance of coloreds and fawning kow-tow to Jews.

Certain personality types will be programmed to accept or reject a "pro" or "con" stance on the flash points or buzz-words I listed before. There's something genetic in this which the media masters understood early and determined to exploit. Part of the opening of Pandora's Box of evils and confusion that we'll play hell ever getting closed again.

You'll find Liberals in favor of abortion and gun control, while Conservatives will support the death penalty. Liberals are great champions of "rights", while Conservatives are staunchly "law and order". Liberals make up the Democratic Party, while the Republican Party is mainly Conservative. These divisions only affect the Whites as coloreds and special interests act and react as blocs. Such is part of the

fraud of Democracy.

Each of the blurbs I've picked amounts to nothing more in human, societal terms than a tool. A mere tool. Nothing whatever to become emotional about. But the media has taken them and supercharged them to the point where they have practically replaced the former roster of "dirty words" which have long since vanished into the mainstream vernacular. (To briefly digress, the new replacement for the "F" word, of course, is now called "racism".)

Take an impossible and useless proposition and, worse, take it out of all context and any stance on it whatsoever is rendered ridiculous and meaningless. Yet, each of these directly involves life and death.

Let's start with the death penalty. Liberals charge that it is cruel and unusual punishment, that it does not deter crime and, worst of all, its application is "racist". Conservatives maintain that a dead offender does not re-offend. Both are quite correct but both miss the actual point completely.

Since any debate on the merits or disadvantages of a multi-racial society is strictly forbidden, the answer cannot be gotten at. Coloreds commit crimes far in excess of their representation in numbers within the population. And their numbers are gaining. As Whites are compelled to desperate measures of self-defense and self-preservation (read "hate crimes" and "terrorism") they are more and more apt to themselves become targets of any death penalties of the Enemy System.

The deaths of a few or a lot more colored murderers, rapists or drug pushers does not balance well with me against the death of even one White Separatist. For every common criminal type thus executed by the System, a hundred more are being bred by System welfare. And what about you? You don't know what you might be forced to do tomorrow. Do you want even the possibility to exist of your perhaps sharing their fate in a System death chamber?

If the death of the System is the answer, then rampant crime and overflowing prisons, as well as runaway welfare, only serve to help hasten its inevitable approach. To mandate the power of life and death into the hands of the alien, Enemy System is purely insane.

Get the System out of the way and we shall erase crime. Meanwhile, it is a distinct ally.

Next, abortion. The Liberal argument is that the woman should have control over her own body. Conservatives counter this by insisting

that life is precious. Both are correct and incorrect. Again, both miss the real point.

We're dealing here with human reproduction and in this most vital of all natural functions there are no "rights" but only duties and responsibilities. Once again, no discussions of the racial or genetic factors here are permitted and so they grope about in the dark, thick fog. The purpose of the sex act is for the increase and improvement of the species. Nature imbued it with pleasure lest we neglect it. However, the alien System has, as with all else, managed to pervert it to the point where the resultant pregnancies are real "drugs" and "cold towels" to the "fun". (Just about as is AIDS to another, genuine perversion.)

Forget about up breeding the race, these modern types merely are concerned with escaping responsibility. (Just as is the cry to discover a cure for AIDS.) To me, this is all most disgusting and loathsome.

On the other hand, far from being a precious commodity, human life is a glut on the world market. All human life, that is, with the exception of the Aryan, is fully expendable and that is being as polite about it as I know how.. There is nothing inherently sacred in human life with the singular exception being in the area of eugenics, of up breeding, of the goal toward reaching the Superman. But this, of course, was discredited and criminalized at the close of the Second World War when the Enemy System assumed undisputed control of the globe.

Today, abortion is only one of the more odious of the manifestations of the System's moral bankruptcy and barbarism. This due to the indiscriminate nature of its application. For the moment, let it symbolize the ocean of blood the System will ultimately drown in.

Tomorrow, after the death of the System, we will utilize abortion together with any and all other measures to safeguard the White Race against mongrelization and deformity, thereby speeding by leaps and bounds toward the attainment of God-like humanity.

Finally, gun control. Liberals began with the specious argument of somehow curbing crime and violence via the tighter regulation of firearms. Never mind that crime and violence have only increased hand-in-hand with the increase of just such regulations. More lately their emphasis has shifted toward child safety in the home (although we've managed to do just fine up till now.) Conservatives cling to the Constitution's guarantee "to keep and bear arms". It is here where they are both furthest from the truth.

One last difference between Liberals and Conservatives is that the Liberals often believe what they are advocating, however badly duped or misled they may be. Conservatives are more often cowardly and dishonest because they refuse to draw it out to the last line.

If open and frank talk about race is forbidden, then any question of Jewish involvement in any possible conspiracy to control this country or any other country will, automatically, get anyone immediately trounced out of the Establishment which serves the System. So the crux of gun control cannot even remotely be approached.

In Hitler's Germany every individual and every household was encouraged to possess and be proficient in the use of firearms. There were state-supported competitions and awards for this. Crime had already been eliminated, not merely played with, by the Gestapo and the concentration camps through the physical extraction of the criminal element itself. The Nation was at one with the State. The Leader was one with the People. Disarmament, or "gun control", only came into the picture when Germany was overrun (read "liberated") by its enemies from without and lost its freedom. This general confiscation included everything right down to children's air guns.

Here today we have been taken over from within by our enemies of the Z.O.G. System and because they need to conceal their conspiracy, lest a general revolt be sparked, they must gradually disarm the population by stages; using excuses like "crime" and "home safety", etc. Their goal is, of course, a population helpless to resist naked tyranny, open enslavement and racial destruction.

Liberals would scoff at this suggestion while Conservatives would cringe and weave the knee (knowing that it is right.) I, just for saying such a thing, would be one more of the Liberal's justifications for total gun control. Conservatives merely want to retain the ability to go on outings into the woods and boast extensive collections. Also, as long as they may have their guns, they can pretend that they are still "free". But both elements are integral parts of the same System and wouldn't dream of ever doing it any harm. Jefferson would surely vomit.

In the end, however, the System will be brought down by the very forces it has unleashed and an armed or unarmed populace will play no real part in it. So, at least that particular joke is entirely on them and any others who may fall for the idea as having any validity.

Be assured of two things: The System is going to do what it is

going to do, regardless. With their mind-manipulating media, they can hardly be expected to fail. So don't even bother about it. However, they simultaneously paint themselves into the proverbial corner. They hasten to keep their own "Appointment in Samarra".

By not playing their game with them, you'll help hasten their end.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

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PANDORA AND THE GENIE

I'm deliberately mixing my ancient legends for purposes of illustration. What makes the difference whether evil escapes from a box or a bottle so long as we're clear on how it happened, what its exact

nature is and what, if anything, can be done about it? Note also that the sources for the two examples for this illustration were at one time Aryan civilizations but, because they then couldn't demystify the same threat alluded to thousands of years ago, they fell victim to it and perished.

Those imagining there to be any answer at all in terms of rational, conventional, political or military approaches are the most lost and mystified of all. The very emergence of that which is consuming White society today, the unbroken advance of it and complete failure on anyone's part to come to grips with it successfully ought to be sufficient evidence of this.

The word is diabolical.

People have been taught for a very long time now not to think in these terms but to be "reasonable" and "objective". That teaching is part of the conditioning by the System media upon the masses to engender disbelief in concepts such as an enemy within. As Bram Stoker wrote, the greatest strength of the vampire is that no one believes in him. Answers are expected to come from the babblings and droning of dull-gray politicians. "Old assholes with old rhetoric", as Manson called them. But the foremost hallmark of the Enemy is always the lie and it is by this that they may always be known. (Remember Stoker's use of the mirror to reveal the vampire? You can't lie to a mirror.) According to the Enemy, via his media, diabolism does exist and his example of this is always cited as having been Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich.

Watch out. It's a neat trick to hang the label of ultimate, finite "evil" on someone or something else that cannot speak for themselves, place it in a box, a bottle, a "docu-drama" or a so-called "history" book up on a shelf, to say "don't go near that" and move on with your "brave, new world". (I would digress once more to remind one that Satan and his One-World dictatorship are to be in place, on hand for God's return to earth. This, on its face, would have to exclude Hitler.)

The expectation would then be for things to get dramatically better. Generally overlooked is the reality that such ideas of "good" or "bad", "better" or "worse" have meaning only in terms of "for whom". The complete willingness to employ lies and confusion in order to disorient and misguide an entire people plus the ability to do it, and never mind the motivation behind it, is enough to stupefy, turn off and turn away even the most concerned and penetrating minds.

"No, that can't be it. It must be something that I myself can

understand and come to deal with on my own level, fairly, justly and reasonably." Completely unarmed going in. "Must avoid scape-goating." Who started that one and in regard to what?

Better by far it is when the majority feels that things generally are fine or at least moving in the right direction.

It is the ideal circumstance. Happy-go-lucky right straight into hell or, at least, to hell in an orderly and willing fashion. Especially so when the sign over hell's gate has been covered with one reading "heaven". But there are no refunds given.

Every bit of it is an illusion. But an illusion leading to very real and irrevocable consequences.

Beginning with the lie and moving on to money, we have the two biggest tools of the Enemy. Money itself is only an illusion to the extent that it is itself worthless and its entire meaning is in what people are willing to see in it and in whether they are willing to accept it. One more neat trick when the purpose and meaning of life can be bent to revolve around the total pursuit of worthless paper and slugs and what they can buy. It facilitates all the rest that is to follow.

It only stands to reason that if a conspiracy can't get their front men to operate on their behalf on the strength of their lies alone, they can always buy their services. Never, at any time, has there been a shortage of those who'll do anything for money. The common sell-out. The prostitute. Today it is they who rule all across the top and most everywhere else besides.

More and more it is becoming that recent generations of thoroughly conditioned dupes are filling the society's leadership ranks where before they were occupied by cynical, paid traitors. These deeply altered tools may actually believe a lot of what they say and do. Now, instead of money being an incentive to sell out, it's the primary reason not to do anything else that might not be nearly so profitable. Only a matter of course.

Probably, if you're reading this, you're part of the Movement and are more or less following my drift already. Mainly, this won't be seen at all due to almost air-tight media control. If it is being seen by some accident, it'll no doubt read crazy as hell due to media conditioning already well in place. The first group will be in broad agreement. The second doesn't matter. If there is a third group, they may want to ask themselves whether any of this doesn't at least make some sense in

answering the perfectly fair question: Why can't any of this mess ever be cleaned up? Why can there never be any improvement?

If they are too far gone, they'll be buying into the media claim that the only enemy, the "real" enemy, is "hate" and "racism", the very things that our grandparents and earlier ancestors were all guilty of as they were conquering this continent and building this country. They'll believe that everything is as it should be and all this pain is but the birth pains of the glorious New World Order rather than the pain of the onset of death by stages. "People are smarter than that today." That's, of course, why they're on the endangered species list and aren't even aware of it, or even care about it. "Smart", indeed.

In truth, people aren't as smart as they think they are. In reality, they're pretty susceptible, pretty impressionable, pretty suggestible, and pretty gullible. When it is easily demonstrable that all so-called "leaders" are bought and paid for and that there exists an alien monopoly over the media, they still imagine they are a free and enlightened people. Why? Because the media tells them so and they can vote for the sell-out of their choice. Find an answer? Hell, they can't even formulate a question. It's lock-step all the way. There are no two sides. You're either within the media illusion or you're an ignorant, marginal loser. A "nut case", like us.

We may be by definition "marginal". We may well appear as "losers" for presently being disenfranchised by usurpers. But are we "nuts"? It may even appear that way. If we're the only ones in the big asylum not acting like Napoleon, then we're certainly out of step. But "nuts"?

We are clear on why and how a conspiracy can come to take over the controls of a country. It's really no mystery how then the rest of the population can eventually fall under this influence to the extent that they begin to resemble and reflect, taken both individually and as a mass, the Enemy program. Being taken over, being a slave or a dupe is one thing. Metamorphosing in the space of a mere couple of generations into something "other", something degenerate, is quite another. George Lincoln Rockwell had two thoughts on this. If the prevailing attitude and mentality can be called truly "Liberal", then Rockwell compared Liberals to, in his own words, disgusting old whores and queers who, like vampires, must corrupt and seduce all that is around them. He compared the results of being governed according to Liberal values upon masses of people to the effect upon Children of being spoiled rotten. These are two

most valuable insights on how it works.

Being able to spot the tricks of the trade, the gimmicks that are so familiar, which never fail, yet, which no one seems able to catch onto, eliminates in the mind of anyone any doubt that what is going on is no accident and that it is most deliberate. For the remainder, it renders the entire passing parade as being 100% predictable. We who have come to understand this can know what to look for and when to look for it as though checking a train schedule against our wrist watch. The mystery for us is removed.

In order to avoid inordinate resistance and possibly running the risk of a replay of Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich (which would end their rotten game forever) it was necessary to remove everything of worth in the society, all of the traditions and beliefs. If you can't get rid of it, then subvert it with an alien slant. If that isn't possible, attach to it a dirty stigma. Remove all fixed poles. Things and people become "square", "old fashioned", "Archie Bunker". What was formerly forbidden or considered an outright disgrace is now a matter of "personal choice" or an "alternative lifestyle". If there is a center or a core left at all it is now money. If there are any ideals remaining, they are part of the Liberal, equalitarian, Marxist Utopia.

Simultaneously with that is the injection of pure poison, more lies, into the national bloodstream which, with the media already their private plaything, amounts to sheer child's play.

Just take care not to overdose too quickly. What to start with and in what amount? As Lincoln said, "You can fool some of the people some of the time. Some of the people all of the time. But you can't fool all of the people all of the time." Not everyone will be susceptible to the same poison at the same rate or at the same moment. However, given time, enough people fall under the spell or are infected to the point where the only thing which remains is varying levels of the same confusion.

Some types of lies and poisons are merely buffers for other stronger varieties. A deceitful idea, a false concept will dramatically help pave the way for more real and physical dangers. Always the catch-words and phrases, "empowerment", "choices", "freedom", "rights", "liberation", etc. Divide men from women, children from parents, and the individual from himself. Beat them down. Take away everything real.

Then tell them they can have or do anything they want, having already taken care to place an unending variety of traps in their path.

Part of draining a people's national life entails rendering what's left a dreadful bore. Like the spoiled child with no patience or attention span. At that point, even the previously forbidden and odious becomes attractive. Perhaps I should say especially so. The inventors of psychology know this and play it to the hilt. Indulging in drugs, inter-racial fornication, homosexuality, etc. All of it self-destructive.

Remove the key factor of maintaining the race as the basis for everything and society's institutions are at once rendered meaningless and worthless, even ridiculous. It was as if the globe itself was deprived of its force of gravity. There's no purpose, no reason for anything except possibly to make money.

Things go crazy. But the governing philosophy, backed up and enforced by the sell-outs and the media, will not permit it to be fixed. Like the familiar old horror story, the masses are like unto someone who has been first blindfolded, then panicked directly toward a narrow maze, the walls of which have been lined with razor blades.

Precisely as with drugs, all vices are addictive and degenerative, causing one to crave more and more. A mad, crazy quest for sick kicks. Nothing is ever wild enough. Simple pleasure is gone. Indulging shame, danger, poison and folly is "daring", "cool", and somehow "superior". Some will fall faster and harder than others but, with there being no moral leg for anyone to stand upon as to "why not", the last hold-outs will increasingly find themselves compromised, within their own families and within even themselves, and will gradually succumb and dwindle in number as the previously aberrant behavior becomes the norm. Babylon, here and now.

Two things you hear none of now and haven't for a long time are shame and conscience. These things are highly inconvenient and just don't fit into a "P.C." environment. They are manifestations of the much more highly evolved psyche of the Whites and, as such, have been primary targets of the racial Enemy all along. The psychology masters, via the media, have been able to pervert White idealism by making degenerate behavior appear "lofty" and "avant garde" or, at the very least, "okay". Once in, the sense of shame and guilt assumes a most shocking aspect of vicious defensiveness whenever any victim of this technique is ever "called" on it.

The teenage girl who had come to live with me in Las Animas had, when seeing the teenage daughter of my tenant carousing with Mexicans, said, "Any girl who'd be with a Mexican could never be worthy of a White man again." True. But she'd already acquired about an obsession with the Mexican "Night Stalker" while still back home in California. Once I had been arrested and removed from the picture, the darkness rushed to move in. "Satan roaming about like a ravenous beast, looking for whomever he might devour," is a good enough paraphrase of Saint Paul. Afterward, when I confronted her with her own words, her comment was, "It's none of anybody's business." She went on to transmit her words to my tenant as though they had been mine, even though the sentiment surely was, and the viciousness escalated, resulting in the tenant not only perjuring her police report on the so-called "menacing" charge against me but also attempting to defraud me of cash at the time she vacated the premises. She ended by losing her H.U.D. benefits and having to hook at a neighborhood bar, also fearing for her life after I bonded out the final time, as I was told by police.

Truth is dynamite, always. It rather tends to make one feel he may have just experienced the very same reaction the Maker himself received when confronting Eve after she had been seduced by the "Serpent". The resultant guilt, shame, cover-up, vicious defensiveness, etc., upon which entire peoples and cultures have been destroyed.

The alien-dominated government has given its sanction to homosexuality and miscegenation, making of them "Constitutional rights" to be interfered with only at the risk of being charged with a federal "hate crime".

Their right to exist and be left alone? How do they, by their mere open existence, threaten you and me? Anytime something is in your face, you're part of it. If you're thinking about it, you're becoming it. They want a piece of the pie? That very literally renders the rest of the pie as being unfit for human consumption, something that has become tainted. Tolerance? Try "tolerating" a little cancer. If tolerance is the by-word, why all the commotion over Nazi and Klan rallies? They know my arguments are very valid but they have the weight of the System and media behind them while their opponents do not.

They know they are protected by the government and police. Now these types who had previously not dared to show their faces as what they are, couldn't let their inward desires be known for fear of the

rest of healthy society, are the arrogant new "elite", "sacred cows", etc. Recall Dante's vision of hell. Today the queers and nigger-lovers flaunt themselves openly, holding parades, etc. The trial of O.J. Simpson approximately spanned the same period of time as my arrest, bond and incarceration. The fitting answer for race-mixers: Death. And not just death for the society that permits it decades and generations down the road, but death as an immediate and personal consequence. AIDS continues to make its advances. Death, once again, as a direct, personal consequence.

None of anyone else's business? Why should you and I be expected to wear little red ribbons if it were not otherwise? And, for that matter, what's the real difference between a spreading plague of incurable disease and a spreading plague of racial mongrels? "Private matters" which do absolutely affect us all!

A steady retreat. Media again and again. Desensitization. Hollywood generates the images to inspire the more suggestible to cross over the line while at the same time blunting the sensibilities of the rest, thus robbing them of the ability to react appropriately to what rightly are insufferable affronts to all decency. Get accustomed to pain. Monkey see, monkey do. A thrill a minute.

The same applies to rampant coloreds and crime. The "Civil Rights Movement", hand-in-hand with the increasing crime rate, is made to look somehow like a courageous, uphill climb. Minus the terrific browbeating having been taken by White society in advance and all throughout, it couldn't have gotten off the ground. (Or, for that matter, out of its bottle or box.) Media and its image-making apparatus. Crime? This present-day "crime" isn't the crime of a "Bogart" or a "Cagney". This is what not too long ago was seen as savagery and barbarism by our grandfathers. But to coloreds everywhere, within their own culture and habitat, it is only natural behavior. "Freedom".

Remember when "Do Your Own Thing" was being introduced?

The basic trick is to get attention focused on the parts and off of the whole. To draw attention to the theory and off of the results. A "nice" nigger, a "nice" queer. Tolerance, love, diversity. A personality contest and never a question of races and societies and their long-term futures. Utilize AIDS as an excuse to distribute condoms to children thus giving an unmixed green light to fornication, as likely as not to be inter-racial.

Most lately there was the incredible affront broadcast across

media news of a Black "cadet" at a formerly all-male military academy complaining about females now having gained entry. How about the days not so long ago when it was strictly all-White? That one, major beachhead having been already established, the blow has been struck and it's time to move on. Nothing matters there any longer.

Focus always upon the nuts and bolts and keep away from the purpose, principle and, again, the logical results. This tactic never fails to blind even the most otherwise intelligent. While they bury themselves in their computers, the jungle encroaches around their very feet.

This lamentation is not intended to paint a picture of a situation out of control. Resistance to all this has been long and agonized but it has been a losing resistance throughout. No. Control has never been more in effect. The control is alien and every bit as hidden as its own agenda. It must be that way or it would not be a conspiracy and, truth be known, even the lowest of the lost might miraculously wake up.

The control is there, solid as steel, to accomplish four things: To introduce deadly social poison; To ensure no effective counter measures are undertaken; To regulate it steadily enough so as not to provoke any crisis; And to hold it together as it takes its toll, until there is nothing left to hold together any longer.

A literal death grip.

The answer? Mass re-education? Mass killing? Both of these would directly imply an end to the present power in control, replaced by a State authority back in healthy hands. However, to remove the powers that be means to destroy the State itself in the process, so inseparable have they become. At any rate, the means to that simply do not exist at present.

If such means were at hand, in the form of a large and intensively organized political movement, such vast tracts of the population would resist any reform that the resultant violence and destruction would still spell the end of the society and the country. What kind of cancer surgery can be of benefit to the patient whose being has been consumed by the tumor to the extent of thirty percent or greater?

The evil spirits can't be either coaxed or forced back into the box or the bottle. That's the nature of the reality and it has nothing whatever to do with politics. This is a world-historic tragedy that must and will follow its course all the way out to its ultimate, inevitable conclusion.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

GOVERNMENT AND MEDIA

Only very recently I received from a fellow Racist an introductory tract of literature wherein he carefully outlined his perception of the problem in this country along with his proposal for doing something about it. Completely sincere and with heart in the right place, with plenty of go-go-go, but..._Where had I seen it before? Over a thousand times during the course of the past thirty years.

On its very face it looked like something from out of the "Darkest Sixties", if not even before. You know. Funky, quirky, clubbish, childish. Somehow I knew even before I began to read that I was not in for anything that was even remotely about to throw any fresh illumination in any direction.

I was right. It was just as though this individual had been living and operating in a vacuum. All of a sudden he had this great idea: To start a group to solve America's problems. What a novelty!

Never is it my intention to deride the honest efforts of anyone. That's why I'm not naming names here. Generally, I take the view that all Racist efforts will ultimately come to serve the real Cause if only in acting to attract perhaps one or two really worthwhile people to the greater Movement. People who might otherwise be missed.

Sadly, that is a rather distant hope as most of these "groups" are no more than P.O. boxes who circulate and recirculate their racist-but-reactionary literature within a tight, fixed circle of hard-core reactionary do-nothings. So it has been and so it will remain until all is done with and over.

With the most poignant of ironies, this person's understanding of "the problem" is coupled with about the most erroneous and inappropriate of conclusions and courses of action. To wit: White Americans' thinking is all screwed up and, therefore, we must set it straight.

But a couple of steps, one or two obstacles, have been critically overlooked. Namely, the government and the media.

Yes, of course, the American, indeed all White, Western people, have been thoroughly brainwashed into accepting ideas and lifestyles

that are nothing short of suicidal. This can be amplified and extended all the way up to official, governmental policies.

This realization is but Step One in the evolution of a radical. If a person stops right there at that superficially correct but deceptively incomplete conclusion, worse yet, if he attempts to combat the obvious effects of it on that basis, he is doing worse than wasting his time, he is making a pitiable fool of himself and doing a grave discredit to the Cause he espouses.

The Enemy laughs.

First, can all of this evil insanity have come about by accident? All can see the disastrous results that certain prevailing ideas have brought about. All should be able to see that these ideas aren't working, at least not to the good of the White race. But that doesn't matter. There are men with guns, if need be, to see to it that this policy, the so-called "law", is not deviated from, regardless.

Force. Might make right. They are on the fast track to hell but it matters not. Only equal force can ever hope to alter that fact and, at present, it simply does not exist. As Saint John posed the question, "Who can war against the Beast?"

Second, all the hired hoods in the world would be of no avail minus the superb brainwash job having been and being done by the Enemy media. The people may at times grumble bitterly over the fruits of the insanity but they have it firmly implanted in their minds the "rightness" of the "democratic" cause. Yes, they are indubitably "screwed up".

What is scarcely appreciated by those who would, for the sake of their people, undo the damnable mess is the intensity, the enormity, the duration and the totality of the smoke-and-mirror world of "Never-Never Land" as generated by the boundless image-making capacity of the Enemy media. It is complete. To escape it demands that one become practically asocial. Few could find that prospect inviting enough to justify doing what must be done for their own salvation much less that of others.

It comes down to something very elemental: Assuming you are already aware enough to know that you cannot work within the System in order to change the System, the next realization on the road to radicalism is that neither can you compete against the System on any level remotely approaching parity. There simply are not the means. It's

not a question of time but a question of means. You will never beat Hollywood, etc., at its own game. Never.

The System won't allow it to happen. And by the "System" I mean both the government and the media together, in tandem, with every other facet of society at its command. It's been all sewed up.

Yes, you can run yourself ragged in endless effort to do just that but you'll never get off of the level of ineffectiveness. The moment you may happen to come close, as a few have managed to do in the past, it will automatically mean that you will have achieved a certain measure of organization and one of the specialties of the agents of the System is to throw monkey wrenches into delicate, fledgling organizations.

It's a hopeless and a false premise, to imagine that a mess like this is even capable of being cleaned up much less trying to go about it virtually single-handed against a veritable Golem of inhuman, slab-faced bureaucracy. But it is what human nature keeps on trying and it is exactly what the System keeps expecting and is most prepared for. You'd think surely that people would learn.

And people don't want real change. They want more comfort. They want whatever can be provided for them. They don't want to clean up their act. They don't want a fight or a risk. Don't waste your time casting pearls before swine. They don't want real truth or genuine ideals.

To become a true radical, a true revolutionary means to broaden your view to the maximum so as to be able to encompass the entire picture, not merely one or two aspects of the whole. Only then will you be able to see and understand what's going on, what the real causes are, what's really at stake and, most of all, what can be done about it.

We see a country, a society, an economy, a grouping of institutions and peoples all dominated by a gang of the most ruthless and bloodthirsty of criminal tyrants, aided and abetted by a coterie of the most despicable dupes and sell-outs imaginable. And the media, 100% in the hands of the same, has succeeded in bringing the hapless, unsuspecting populace to actually reflect the identical sickness and vice as exuded by their masters.

This vile abomination is on its way out, as well it should be.

I've stressed it again and again: Anything of a positively oriented nature within this scenario only serves to help bolster the fabric of the Enemy System. It only helps to validate it. And this certainly includes all orderly, conventional, legal and positive efforts aimed at opposing it! This

I did not casually whip up in my idle moments. I merely came to recognize it as reality after much heart breaking experience and observation.

To communicate, yes. To enlighten, yes. To agitate, certainly. But with the proper thought in mind: We cannot hope to reach an appreciable number of people and, therefore, it should not be in our expectation to do so. We should not try for this. We can, however, reach some very special people. Should we then squander our few, precious resources imitating the mass-mind, mainstream drivel as it is dished out by the media? No. We should deal strictly with a dynamic message of pure revolution! Let's make our limited ammunition count! Let's not waste or insult or mislead our people. Let's instead bring them fully along to as closely approach our own level of revolutionary awareness and zeal as we possibly can.

That's the best we can do. And, happily, we have it in our immediate means to do it. We've always had that much. It lies within us. When we stop kidding ourselves, then we can stop blowing smoke and trying to kid others.

The government and the media, the twin pillars, are not to be worked with, not even to be competed against, and much less emulated. They are to be destroyed like the mad beast that they represent and that they are.

Like germs of destruction we must act and become. In this way only will we have the inexorable march of history on our side, time itself on our side. We will begin to win!

If you can see the government and the media, Z.O.G., as the Enemy of the people, if you can grasp the unbending, one-way street nature of its orientation, then you'll know that only by destroying it, killing it, by any means necessary, can the evil influence of it be stopped and the people itself are saved.

June, 1995, Pueblo. Co. Jail

PART EIGHT

ADVENTURE VACATION

Comfortably seated in the living room of my friends, the Smiths, with whom I was staying during the month of April, 1995, with sentencing only weeks away, I was alone for the moment and contemplating my situation.

The present affair had entered its second year and was into maturity. It only remained now to implement the deal which had been struck. Every material preparation had been made which removed so very much of what might otherwise have given rise to much anxiety or opened the way to further disruption. Losses had been cut as much as they ever would be and that was saying a great deal. There was a lot of living just behind me from the eight months of living in Denver's Capitol Hill area just wrapped up.

Arrangements were set to jump off as soon as I went in to "share the joy" a little bit with the two crumbs that, as far as I'm concerned, ought to have been coming in along with me. But, as I happened to be the only one non-aligned with the System and who had done nothing in contradiction to what I represented, actual incarceration, and honor, was to be mine alone. The propaganda victory was in the bag although it would require some weeks yet before it would become generally known.

The experiences of Las Animas and Denver had both played themselves all the way out. There were no loose ends, no neglected responsibilities, no relationships, nothing left hanging or undone. It seemed to me then that the next step was only the necessary and logical one. It was as unavoidable as it was obvious that here was something to be gotten on with. Something to be gotten out of the way as well as an opportunity to be taken advantage of. In this, there could be no short-cuts.

It was absolutely strikingly apparent that now was the time for this, however unpleasant such a prospect might be at any given time. Any earlier in my life and it would have accounted for an unmitigated personal disaster and, I have to believe, the same would be true should it have happened much later, once the flux period had settled. As it stood, it simply was. What conclusion could I reach other than that here was but one more piece to the puzzle?

All of that reflection, etc., seemed well enough. Two final, almost accidental concerns were having to do with conditions and well-being. From experience, I'd known good lock-ups and bad.

I knew I'd handle whatever came but I also knew that time could drag or fly according to how well one was contented with their surroundings. As it would turn out, I needn't have worried. I didn't fully appreciate it then but the old run of luck was back, indeed, if it had ever for a moment been absent.

Better put, the luck had really never been absent at all. My intention had been originally to remain in Ohio, then, failing that, to stay put in Las Animas. Had I been able, I'd have stayed in Denver. I love peace and settlement. No luck at all did I experience in staying put once the time had come for moving on. But in the course of that very action of moving on, under the most adverse of circumstances, everything, even the minutest of details, went off without a hitch. Like falling off a building but with a broad safety net already spread out and waiting below. Like being picked up by a violent hurricane and being safely deposited far away.

The morning of sentencing, I belted a handful of aspirin and set off for the courthouse in La Junta accompanied by the Smiths. This I wanted to get through smoothly if only for the sake of appearances, for the official record and for the Smiths who were probably more upset to see me going in than I was myself to be going. It turned out to be a good kick-off to a small phase of life. Everything was as expected. A guilty plea to one count of felony menacing and a three-year term. My attorney and Snuffy put in good words that might have been spared and which only added to the appearance of what the whole thing was in reality: A legalistic farce. No fanfare and very little press. But for the press that was there I carefully gave a parting shot of a salute in handcuffs as I was about to be escorted out by two deputies.

That I was smiling, calm, and defiant, looking sharp in a suit and towering over the Mexican deputies must have presented an image that they felt they couldn't use and so, therefore, no photographs were printed.

The first of the two snippets of overheard jailhouse conversation given to me by one very good friend who continued to be as valuable now as he had been before from the background now came true. Not to the "Jesse James" Bent County Jail did I go but straight to the large and modern Pueblo County Jail to await transfer to the Department of Corrections, "D.O.C.", a sublimely hypocritical blurb for prison.

The second bit from the same source, a work-release inmate

employed with my friend overhearing the Sheriff and Under Sheriff discussing my case, had it that I'd never come out alive. That one would have to remain to be seen.

Now in quick succession were unmixed blessings coming my way. I'd been primed to expect to do most of my time there in Bent County due to extreme prison overcrowding in Colorado. Even my bondsman had said, "You'd fester in that place." A new Sheriff had ensured that the formerly jovial atmosphere would be removed. But to be daily around the pig responsible for the whole thing, who had by now insinuated himself as Under Sheriff, after the paper "bomb" had gone off in a few days, held a certain definite attraction for me. Perhaps he might freak out and try something stupid. Now I'd just have to wait with ear to the ground.

Jail takes a little getting used to. Especially when you know you won't be bonding out in a matter of days or weeks. But it helped that the Pueblo Jail was a modern, high-rise, clean, bright, and comfortable structure. Only the "bull-pen" atmosphere with its pervading lack of privacy presented any challenge. During the three months I was at Pueblo, I was housed in three different "pods" of sixteen cells each and, ideally, thirty-two men each. And each time I entered a new pod I was greeted with the offer of a cup of coffee. It seemed that the challenge was only to relax.

After leaving Bent County for the last time, I never saw bars again. Or gray walls or inadequate conditions of any kind. Here again I was led to expect that I'd remain in present location for most of the duration of the sentence, again, due to extreme prison overcrowding. Many men I did get to know had already been there waiting to go to D.O.C. for close to a year and a few of them were showing signs of cracking up. It didn't require long for me to come to view the arrival at D.O.C. as that like unto heaven according to the descriptions given to me by old-time convicts who'd been there and back. The good part was that I soon realized that for however long I might be at Pueblo, I'd be just fine. The contradiction was that things could be expected to become suddenly much freer at D.O.C. while life at Pueblo carried with it many aspects of maximum security.

One more blessing I enjoyed all throughout those times when I was quartered in a double-bunk cell was that invariably I was put in with decent, mature and level-headed White men. A good "cellie" is always a

very major consideration.

The idea now was to make the place my home, to embrace it and to, if at all possible, enjoy it. I'd done it before at the Cincinnati Workhouse and I now found that I never tired of recounting those "good old days" to today's newcomers who found themselves disgruntled by present conditions. There, at that time, conditions had been much cruder.

However, the opportunities for free enterprise had been practically unlimited. Here, though things were antiseptic by comparison, the restrictions were tight and growing ever tighter. Things were practically "fish-bowl". But then I had a home to miss and to worry about. Then I had my parents who were, in effect, doing my time along with me. Now, this was my home and here was my "family". There was no other. Also, through that experience of over twenty years past, I knew full well that I was leaving an old existence behind and would be entering upon a new one. Better still, I'd already enjoyed a glimpse of it while living in Denver and I had loved it. There was, in fact, everything to look forward to.

The task to the accomplishment of making this a success was to structure the days in such a manner so as to eliminate time hanging heavily or dragging. Sleeping half the time was for me only normal and to stick with it now would be only the thing to do. Arranging for my cellie to take my breakfast tray, to be up in time for lunch, to kill a very short afternoon, to have dinner, then to socialize and pace the day hall until about 10:00 PM when I'd retire worked very well and the days melted away.

Of course, primary among the blessings and the miracles I will always count from those days is the creative writing that I did then along with the correspondence that never failed to come my way. It would be difficult to overstate how much that contributed to easing what otherwise might have been a much more difficult period.

One jailhouse innovation that might have engendered some resentment on my part was the enforced one-hour periods following lunch and dinner called "quiet time" when everything would stop, the day hall television would go off and everyone would lock down. Well, my new life was getting started back at the kindergarten level complete with the enforced periods of rest at inappropriate times. Taking these opportunities for reading or writing, it was no time before I saw the sense

of this as it went far in breaking the steady progression of noise and frenetic activity within the pod.

Recreation came most every day and I always took advantage of it on those days whenever it was called for the afternoon. Out of the pod and onto the elevator, up to the roof. A rec room with different games and books, a radio, etc., and outside a large ball court open to the sky, not to mention a fetching and good-natured lady officer in charge of all this.

Two or three religious services each week and, again, a reason to be out of the pod, for which one needed to sign up in advance for. This I always did just to make the most of everything. There was Catholic Mass, there were the Gideons and there was a group calling itself the Yahwehs donating their time. The man most frequently representing the Gideons, a retired teacher, reminded me much of the tutor I'd had back home in Ohio in the early Sixties. And so now I was up from kindergarten and into reliving elementary school days. All very wistful.

Phones were available in the pods for collect or debit calls. Mail naturally was slow to resume following the change of address and I was instantly amazed and very resentful at how the degree of prison censorship of the incoming mail had drastically expanded since my days at the Cincinnati Workhouse.

At that time I would receive reams of Nazi literature to distribute inside the institution. Now nothing, not even a personal letter, if it smacked of anything "racist" or "gang related". Now they would "pink slip" you to let you know you had mail but that you won't be allowed to see it. And most of the time you didn't even know its point of origin. I was more than angry over this. Finally I prevailed upon one good man assigned to property to escort me once a week or so out of the pod and into the property room, where inmates' private belongings were stored, including withheld mail. There I could view all of my mail and take notes on exactly who I needed to write to.

Canteen was delivered each week, including stationery items, personal hygiene, playing cards, dictionaries and, of course, coffee and snack items. Newspapers came to each pod every morning. Something laughingly akin to a "library" existed on each level. From out of tall, narrow windows, five inches wide, we had an all-around panorama of the center of the city of Pueblo down below.

Meals were wheeled three times a day to each pod as there was

no chow hall. The food was passable.

Yet another blessing I encountered throughout was friendly staff. I started out with this at Pueblo and it only increased from there. One's attitude naturally had a lot to do in determining this but the fact is that I never encountered any professional meanness, much less sadism. This was always a major, major factor.

On the door, desk top and bunk of the second cell which I occupied at Pueblo in May had been inscribed into the paint by a sharp object a Swastika surmounting two smaller, stylized Siegrunen. Very nicely executed. The name "Sparks" could be noted close by and I took it as being the identity of the author. This I naturally took to be most encouraging. And I'd be seeing it again, later on.

During the nearly three months that I spent at Pueblo, I met two prisoners, older men, who both had known Manson. The first, a man we all knew as "O.V.", had been at the Federal Reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio, with Manson in the early Fifties, that is, in my home town at the time I was born and where two of my uncles had worked. The second had known Manson much more recently at Corcoran, California. Both concurred independently that Manson was anything other than insane.

In June a sudden call came for half the men in our pod to pack up in preparation for transfer by plane to a prison in Texas. For them the waiting was over. The mood became instantly like Christmas. This was one way that Colorado was coping with severe prison overcrowding: Farming prisoners out to other states. Anyone with a sentence of four years or more was subject to this. But within weeks, the letters began reaching us from some of these men of the horrid conditions and the special abuse reserved for the Coloradans. I had friends among that group. It had again been a narrow miss for me.

That was my life into the summer of 1995. A few close friends, a looser circle of friendly acquaintances, always the odd troublemakers, loners, clowns, basket cases, etc. There were those in for overnight and those in for the rest of their lives. Overcrowding persisted even here and, as the weekends approached, in would pour the drunks, etc., to be quartered on army cots out in the day hall to the point where it would become no longer walkable. We surmised that in order to help keep us "docile", the central air conditioning was deliberately kept set very cool.

Taking it as it came, for what it was, good times, small pleasures and laughs were not uncommon. I found that age was a definite

advantage. No young buck with anything to prove to anyone, respect was there as a matter of course. One friend of a friend I found myself pacing the day hall with, just like the proverbial tigers, said to me at the time that he knew I'd do just fine in my sentence. When I quizzed him as to exactly why he thought so, he responded, "Because you do your own time." But even with the age factor, this was tantamount to being a kid again and I simply played it as such. This was no more, no less than a protracted day camp.

Just as I had fully settled into life at Pueblo and had begun to feel I was getting some of my time behind me, the call to go to D.O.C. came in the wee hours of the morning of July 25th, my forty-third birthday. It hadn't been altogether unexpected. The week before a group of us had been taken for blood testing. Mounting lawsuits, attention by the press and public awareness of problems with Colorado prisoners out of state had all culminated in a crash program to empty the county jails and ram-rod a record number through D.R.D.C. (Denver Receiving and Diagnostic Center, the big intake for all Colorado state prisons) and on to their respective facilities. We rightly took the blood tests to be an initial part of this very process.

Again, it was once more my very good personal fortune to be riding this crest. More than a few of the men in my pod had been there the better part of a year awaiting transferral to D.O.C. and were showing the strain of county jail life most plainly. They commented how lucky I was.

Some quick goodbyes, down to intake and handed some sack lunches. Then into three vans, packed cheek-by-jowl, for the ride to Denver. What a birthday present! Out of that building and onto the open road. Grand it was to see the familiar approaches to Denver again and to be into the next phase of the adventure way ahead of expectation. The acquaintance seated next to me in the van, the one who had rendered a pencil sketch of me while at Pueblo, asked whether I was at all nervous. I responded, "Not at all," that I could hardly wait to get on with things.

From urban and into rural settings and in mid-summer. Just as I had been led to expect, everything was only improving. The place was downright attractive and inviting compared with Pueblo which itself hadn't been all that bad. And this was really to be considered "behind the big wire" but with endless beds of bright flowers. Right away, upon arrival, we were served a unique but delicious vegetarian pizza. A smaller

group of young men from a mountain community was arriving at the same time and one could see the mix of incredulity and uneasiness on their faces as they sat quietly near our group of intimidating-looking yet childishly happy and boisterous older men. I was catching glimpses of a bright green inner courtyard and found myself profoundly hoping that we would be getting the opportunity to be out on it. It was nothing short of a party spirit.

One more birthday present came at the conclusion of the intake process. They handed me all of my withheld mail that had been accumulating at Pueblo. All of this I vowed to myself to put off reviewing until the following day. I didn't want to cram too much pleasure and satisfaction and excitement into one day.

There was the intake assembly line followed by the high-intensity, rapid-fire orientation speech from the Black ex-D.I. which would have been worth paying money to experience. The man trembled as he spoke. He struck me as being at high risk for a stroke. The cafeteria-style chow hall was a genuine treat capped off by the self-serve soda fountain that I had also been promised by the old-timers. Best of all, perhaps, was the three-times-daily jaunt to and from the cell house to the chow hall across that lovely green with its flowers, sprinklers and the occasional refreshing spray that we'd catch. I was taken back to my early childhood days again with my parents at the public swimming pools back home. The combination of the sun, the grass and the water on the concrete walkways played their magic with my memories.

If Pueblo was modern, then D.R.D.C. was spanking new. One could smell it. I was so pleased by the comparatively spacious, single-bunk cells with the view of the outer walls of the place, made of every color of autumn, and the rolling hills beyond. The place was downright pretty.

The one drawback to D.R.D.C., also as I had been told to expect, was that it was locked down twenty-three out of twenty-four hours.

That was offset by a number of things, however: You knew you were on your way; Testing would consume a lot of the time; and the total stay should not exceed one month. But as the immediate rumor-milling had it, and as it turned out to be in fact, our group would be processed in and out in the record short time of two weeks as part of that crash program.

There was the testing, both medical and academic, and I was

enjoying the fun and attention. Just like the best part of school as well as the most thorough medical work-up I'd ever had. It even included my first ever EKG as I happened to be the only one from my group over forty years of age. At its conclusion I was told that I was in a lot better shape than most of the men of my age in all respects and I was given a custody rating of "2", minimum security, once more as I had been led to expect.

From there it was down the line of cell houses as we moved ever closer to departure time, the daily hour-long breaks on real chairs and sofas in front of the television, the chance to call out, the beloved walks to chow and the luxury of privacy. My one friend at Pueblo, "Moss", had literally walked me verbally all the way through and hadn't missed yet. Next stop would be Cell House Five at Canon City. The call to pack up came the night before. Another summer road trip and this time we'd be on a bus, not packed like sardines.

Probably the high point of the whole experience was Cell House Five. This was in contrast to a number of factors: Here was easily the oldest facility I'd yet seen or would ever see. Older even than the State of Colorado itself as it was part of what was called "Territorial"; I would be here the shortest time of all, a mere one week; And though I'd been prepared for no picnic, it turned out this time that my informant had misled me. It was all a matter of personal taste. After all, I had literally fallen in love with the Cincinnati Workhouse, which had been older still. Here was a very brief return to bars and a departure from plexiglass. I didn't at all mind.

I'll never forget the prepared speech that the fat, old sergeant who received us had all set to deliver to us new arrivals. He thanked us all from the bottom of his heart, especially the repeat offenders, for providing a living not only for himself but for his sons and daughters-in-law, all of whom were employed by the Department of Corrections. This same reality and sentiment I would be running into again before the whole experience was through.

The closest I would ever come to the glum and threatening "cell house" that most people might envision whenever the word "prison" comes up was in reality a twinkling, enchanted wonderland. As pretty inside as D.R.D.C. had been outside, the masonry was dyed or painted brick red with the metal fittings chocolate brown. In each cell, again a single bunk, on the writing desk was a lamp in addition to the overhead light. All of this lent a positively "Christmas" effect when multiplied a

hundred times or more. No windows to the outside but I didn't care.

It was still high summer and every daylight hour, save for meal times, we had the yard. The only lock-down was for sleeping and for count. If this was my gift of another turn on the merry-go-round, now it was playground time again. Would I have chosen this for myself? Of course not. And maybe there is the secret. We deliberately move ourselves away from what we love, what is fun, what is life, and in favor of what is termed "progress". Now I was back. The best part of it, in fact what I had already long ago come to realize as the very essence of "fun", was that this time around I was fully aware of it.

"Just a tarmac yard with stone walls around it." The final phases in Ohio, Las Animas and Denver had been awash in despair. Now I was a kid again in elementary school and it was perpetual recess, with bell and all. New life. Back again to walking in the open. Or visiting the "weight pile", as it was called. What a postcard this would make, as it occurred to me at the time, my official "bad-ass" matriculation. That or lounging or visiting on the broad, concrete slabs in the shade of the high walls until dusk. Even the air itself was fragrant as it had been back in Ohio. The basketball games were endless although I myself never played.

It was here that something became apparent. Something now was very much different from the days at the Cincinnati Workhouse twenty years before. Not just the political censorship. I couldn't help being struck by the number and frequency of those who simply did not belong in prison. I had a "feel" for this as I might have been considered one of these myself. Except that I knew I was a political case. Indeed, I had been told as much by the probation officer who had done my pre-sentence investigation. Initially, he had recommended me for probation but, upon learning of the adamancy of the presiding judge, changed his recommendation to fall in line with the three-year maximum. Lock-step. Justice in reverse.

Equal to the pleasure of the yard was the chow hall and its accompanying walk. Cell House Five was part of Territorial, or "The Walls", and the whole place had been carved into a mountain side. Indeed, it had been built from the mountain itself. We dined at the "Hard Rock Cafe", similar to but older than and with more character than D.R.D.C. The walk along the pathways, the ramps, the winding stairs, through the gardens, over the sluices, across the yard, through the walls, took me back to every vintage amusement park I'd ever been to as a child

with my parents, most of them having long since been demolished. Here was pure delight in the most unexpected of places.

The one and only drawback was in the complete truth of the report that the place could be noisy as hell. In the cell house after final lock-up for the night, hundreds of men in open-front, barred cells, intent on conversation, all at the same time, and seemingly always with the person at the far end of the block. It required a certain concentration just in order to detach from all that and drift off to sleep. Luckily, I was on the ground level and as such savored at least the cave-like coolness while the two upper tiers felt all of the summer heat.

One day as I was waiting for yard to be announced, as I was lying on my bunk reading a library book, I was disturbed by a sudden, loud commotion in the block. Down the stairs came some civilian types, a few convicts wearing strange uniforms and followed by a group of youths. Seeing that and then hearing the whistles, cat-calls and bar-rattling, it hit me that this was the grand tour for the local "Scared Straight" program. Yells of, "Hey, honey!", and, "I need a new roommate!" taunted those kids right along with all the general hooting and clamor.

I was amused but chose not to join in the charade. The youths were not looking side-to-side and were trying hard not to register shock or fear. I would have to say that the ordeal for them had its desired effect. But in truth a charade it was. That sort of thing was mythical, having perhaps the same frequency as it might have had on the outside. At D.R.D.C. we'd had one bona fide "he-she" type who'd received only gentlemanly treatment (as odd as it may sound now.) Now here at Cell House Five was the Academy Award winning homosexual performance. For the entire duration, I saw or heard nothing more in that vein.

In comparing notes with friends from Pueblo on the yard, I was assured of "going someplace nice" in accordance with my ridiculously low custody rating. And yet for the first and only time throughout the journey, I was in no hurry to leave this place.

Sure as hell, as my new-found walking partner from D.R.D.C. had predicted, we were moved the night before canteen was due to be delivered. One week to the day after arrival. As we formed up with the duffle bags we'd been issued all ready to go that morning, we learned our destination would be Arrowhead. Located about four miles east of Canon City, a minimum security camp. No bus, just vans. And no restraints and no crowding.

Bright, modern, low and inviting. Arrowhead was the image of the summer camp. Laid out in a rough oval, with four large bungalows and supporting buildings which surrounded ball courts, the obligatory weight pile, horse shoe pit, etc. As we rolled up to halt at their receiving office, one friend from Pueblo who'd gone ahead walked up to greet us, looking every inch the vacationing happy camper. My thought was in wondering whether those big windows in the buildings really opened. (They did.)

One by one, we were quickly interviewed and our gear was inventoried. The easy-going lady sergeant would direct us to exit that building and head for our assigned quarters, completely on our own, across the grounds. This was feeling good. My building was Alpha and my room was straight ahead, first on the left of the t-shape. Within moments of unpacking, my roommate appeared. One more good White man whose main attribute, aside from looking like a young George Washington, was in making one wonder what he was doing locked up at all.

This was out in the countryside. There were eagles, owls, rabbits and deer, together with tarantulas. There was the oval track for walking or jogging. A library any small town would have envied. From commissary we could now order radios, televisions, coffee brewers, fans, clocks, cigars and all kinds of snacks. Plus wrist watches, tennis shoes and much more. What with my hair thinning as it was, I decided it best to order a hat. When it arrived I noted it was marked "Made In China." I commented to a friend at the time, "From one bunch of slaves to another."

A television was definitely called for now. Right away I telephoned Snuffy and asked that he send a sizeable money order. The rents from my two houses back in Las Animas were to keep me very well taken care of all throughout this time.

The chow hall was more spacious than any of the rest had been and there was no fifteen-minute time limit set for eating. I had joked to friends earlier that, henceforth, I'd not know to get up from the table unless some big, ugly thug in a when uniform was standing at hand to yell "Go!"

Each of the four housing units had its own bank of telephones, pop machines and microwave ovens. Every floor and every corridor had its own home-style bathrooms and showers.

The whole general area was covered with junipers and their scent was pervading. One saw trucks marked "Juniper Valley" and this represented D.O.C.'s cottage industry which dealt in everything from furniture manufacturing to dairy products and from food items to clothing and flower nurseries. Prisoners working at these jobs were paid mere pennies per day and to quit a job meant loss of privileges and good time. Slaves, indeed.

Very soon I was assigned a detail. Porter "Bravo Unit". True to my nature, I took no time in learning how to do the job yet to cut corners and save time. Still, before it was over, my building was being used as a model when it came inspection time. My hours were virtually all my own. Strolling the grounds, enjoying cigars, chatting with acquaintances took care of the afternoons. Evenings were television. Sundays were van rides to nearby Four Mile camp for chaplain services.

Here, just as with every other previous stop, I fell in with a group of racials. One in particular, Braden Spillman, or "Spill" was also an Identist and our conversations brought back to life for me those few brushes I'd had in decades past with Identity Christianity. Now, all of a sudden, the Old Testament prophecies, what I'd already learned of pre-history, from Hitler and from Manson, etc., all snapped together into place. I knew then that here had been an appointment that had been intended I should keep.

Spillman himself had only recently been "progressed" there from C.S.P., Colorado State Penitentiary, which was just visible from there over the mounds of earth to the north-west. Fourteen months he had been confined there in maximum security for no more than having been identified as a racist. He didn't speak much about it except to urge extreme caution so as to avoid being sent there one's self.

Two weeks into my stay at Arrowhead I was called to report to the control building. One lieutenant escorted me into a small cubicle where another lieutenant was waiting behind a desk. We were left alone and he bade me to sit down and then produced a large manila envelope full of papers. Now I suddenly knew why my mail had been so slow and scanty. They had been seizing the majority of my incoming mail due to its political and racial content, all without any due process, and now I found myself being threatened with a trip to C.S.P.

This was all as stupid as it was outrageous but I held onto my composure. No incident reports did I have at all but yet I was being

threatened with maximum security strictly on account of my beliefs and associations. So this was how bad it had really become since my days at the Cincinnati Workhouse. On the one hand, they were scared stiff of even the hint of "trouble". On the other hand, they were all dyed-in-the-wool, liberalized, mindless bureaucrats and not at all the "tolerant" souls they pretend to champion the cause of.

I was let go but the word was I would be "watched".

With that injustice and that threat burning in the front of my mind, pleasant life went on. I began taking advantage of the situation by getting my teeth fixed, getting new eye-glasses, having x-rays made of my lower back, etc. I wrestled with a miserable bout of bronchitis and, while being treated for that, became reacquainted with a former tenant of mine from Las Animas who now was working there as a nurse. A touch of home.

One newspaper from Denver was allowed to send a reporter to come there and interview me regarding my arrest and its repercussion, and this resulted in a sensational feature that provided much fun and satisfaction. This was followed closely by the arrival of the secret hush-up agreement between the city of Las Animas and that pig, all highly illegal, that the city attorney had told the reporter has been none of his business, at the time. I was feeling better all the time.

Summer was nearing its close and fall could be felt in the air. Early morning walks returning from breakfast, when the sun was just right, presented to me the spectacular sight of the famed "purple mountains". It was a scene directly off of the jacket of one of my father's record albums that I had always fascinated over and admired as a child. Now here I was in the middle of it.

August 25th found me together with my circle of friends, including Spill, his group and some I'd actually met briefly while still in Denver, marking the anniversary of the death of Commander Rockwell.

Meanwhile, some of our mutual friends would recycle to me some of the tales they'd heard about life inside C.S.P., always badly confused and exaggerated. No further word from security had come yet and life was only getting better. Still, somehow I was unable to picture myself remaining in that spot for the next two years or so.

By September, Snuffy had recovered all of my property that had been used as collateral for my bond and had sold the last of my automobiles. The last car that I would drive I had already made a gift of

to a female friend in Denver as she dropped me off at the bus depot to return to Las Animas for sentencing. Besides recognizing that I'd no longer have the means to operate a vehicle, there was the very real business of so many men being present there for parole violations and these return visits were usually as the result of three things: Drugs, alcohol and incidents involving motor vehicles. Well, as far as I was concerned, all three possibilities had been eliminated.

There was the distasteful matter of "mandatory parole" which meant that I could not avoid a two-year period of this sort of supervision and jeopardy, no matter how much of my actual sentence I may end up serving.

Also in September it was learned that Snuffy had been diagnosed with terminal liver cancer. He had approximately six months to live. As I talked with him on the phone, he remarked with typical courage and humor, "I felt like asking, 'Why me, Lord?' But I was afraid the Lord might answer, 'Why not you?'" Soon thereafter, another of my best comrades, Ed Reynolds, be diagnosed with the very same condition.

Then, one morning at the end of September, as I was just rising and my roommate was evidently off to the gym, two security officers entered the room. I knew what it was. They'd waited a full month, taking the time to confiscate more of my mail, to build their "case" against me, before making their move. I was in essence arrested and then taken over to the small "hole" there at Arrowhead pending a "hearing".

Gone was that phase.

Here was one of the biggest shocks of the entire experience, even apart from the sinking feeling of loss and the outrage of the injustice. A room with a cot, a table and a toilet. A window to the interior of the control building. Bleak. This was indeed a shock but I knew right away that I must come to grips with it as, in all likelihood, similar such conditions would remain mine for perhaps the balance of my time. And I was only five months into it at that point.

It was now October and the thought of that was at least encouraging.

Let's hurry and get on with the new year. During the one-hour walks, or pacings, within the confines of the small building each evening, I could plainly feel the chill air coming in under the doors.

Summer vacation was over.

Winter, 1995-96, C.S.P.

SOMETIMES IT HAS TO BE REAL

Tastes and perceptions aside, reality usually works out to be that which you can't hide from or "make go away". That's what animals in the wild are born, exist and die with. Neither good nor bad, it's just "the now". It's all in your outlook and how you handle it. Prison, where I am now at and will remain for awhile, is Reality with a capital "R".

More than once in my life I've had sympathetic professional types say to me words to the effect that I'd have to get through current circumstances and "get on with my life". Somebody somewhere is missing a very big point here: This is my life. What are severe trials and tests? Illusions? Limbos? Is it a game that we're playing?

Is life the escapism and the phony security that the existence of these Prisons supposes to protect? This is a perfect example of the unreal and fearful mindset of most. The philosophy of escapism is what created this mess and it is what maintains it. No matter how you may think you're playing it, the end results are always very real. Those that are going to directly affect results are those that are full-time, with no so-called "personal life".

One wonders a lot about the prospect of harsh reality imposing itself upon the rest of these people. Would they rise to meet it or would they crumple? We're talking about practically everybody. Again, I think the answer is right here: Prison. The formulators of this and all those connected with it obviously had themselves in mind when they dreamed up such concepts as "punishment" and "deterrent". To add insult to

injury, more lately they've coined blurbs like "corrections" and "rehabilitation" to indicate the onset of naked hypocrisy to all the rest. They know it would "work" on them and all those like them. They are weak. You do not run into "them" in here.

That's why crime is growing faster than they can build prisons and it is why crime is going to eventually overwhelm and consume them. Of course, "crime" is defined as anything outside of their own rules. When I first came to Colorado, my early impression was that here, literally, was the Gulag Archipelago. And today here I sit.

Short of facing imminent death, prison is the great tester, the great leavener. It will determine how serious they are about you and how serious you are about you. Prison is unavoidable and necessary to revolution. The cell I'm presently in has been previously graced with Swastikas and Siegrunen. It gives a good feeling to one. Would you presume to live "normally" and yet be a revolutionary? For your own good and for the good of the rest us, get real now. All the way in or all the way out.

Prison is not at all the most desirable place to be. But it should properly be but one more venue, one more experience in your life. The trick to it is for them to make it as insignificant a weapon in the hands of or a blow coming from the System as possible. The more you are "into" System mindset and lifestyle, the more powerful becomes the threat of prison. The more devastating the effect becomes under such circumstances. But the more intensive the preparation, psychological and material, the better you will be able to take it in your stride.

With their prisons, the System can neither stop events nor ideas. System stooges have never tasted prison. Who, then, really knows and is well acquainted with Reality, them or us? Who can handle it best? Who can take it and who'll be best able to dish it out? Are you part of the revolution or do you maintain one foot in the System and its illusion of "security"? How about the supposed "neutrals" in Oklahoma City?

Twenty years ago, on a misdemeanor assault charge, carrying only six months, I fought it like it might have been the electric chair. Still, in the end, the experience "made" me and I am today forever grateful for it. Now, on a felony menacing conviction carrying three years, I scarcely paid any attention in court, to the sentence being passed. Anxious as I was to get to my new location and get settled in.

A lifetime of experience, Movement support, retaliations of my

own already set in motion, my NS faith and even the image of Oklahoma City at about the same time as my sentencing, all went to make it seem only logical, right and necessary. Take away the NS ingredient and you have but a life in ruins. The Movement isn't the cause of it, it's the validation.

Originally facing a possible thirty years, now a maximum of three, I can even afford to be smug. Any less and I might feel ashamed before comrades doing far more severe time than that. I positively feel more at one with them, more qualified, even more entitled. The prison experience is a great unifier.

That plus the fact that prisons today aren't what they used to be even twenty years ago. I'm proud to relate those conditions then to these young bloods of today and I'm delighted to watch the horror that registers on their faces.

The Movement is different too. Broader, looser and either catching on or already caught on with large numbers of people, with no cards and no official affiliation. All of them awaiting the right spark. But it will be only the fanatics who will guide and control it. No longer a cult as it once was, it is coming into step with the times despite all of the System's smoke and mirrors.

If it is ever to become real, can we then expect our own circumstances to be somehow exempt? Look at the early Communists with much of their young lives spent either imprisoned or in exile, if not executed. Look at the Nuremberg martyrs. We have it pretty easy. Then again, not nearly enough is happening.

Life is experiences. To most, the goal seems to be "security". To get into one mode and stay there. That is a treacherous delusion. The decade of the Nineties has been for me so far a kaleidoscope and I am richer for it.

And tomorrow?

I am excited about it.

May, 1995, Pueblo Co. Jail

V-0 DAY

My re-entry into the prison system coincided with the Oklahoma City bombing along with the 50th anniversary of so-called "V-E Day". I remember when the Enemy media began their six-year ordeal of "remembering" World War Two in the autumn of 1989. At that time I was thirty days in the hole back in the Ross County, Ohio, Jail. We still have "V-J Day" to live through the commemoration of this fall and I'll most certainly still be locked up right here then.

My reference here to a "V-0 Day" does not refer to a drink (although one would go good right now.) The Oklahoma City bombing most definitely perked me up as it came within days of my being sentenced. So much so that I toyed with the idea of arriving at the local court house in a Ryder truck. And soon after my sentencing came "V-E

Day" which, to any NS, doesn't represent anything of much worth.

Always fascinated by how the media handles things whenever packaging them for public consumption, I couldn't help noticing the big build-up of the dead women and children in Oklahoma City. (No statistics were given as to the number of dead System criminals.) That's exactly how both sides during World War Two played each other's bombing raids on their respective cities. One more confirmation that this is indeed war!

With regard to "V-E Day" ceremonies, the media played up a lot of elderly veterans who were recalling the best days of their lives dedicated to killing more of the best of humanity on the other side, plus a coterie of System assholes piously reciting a load of tripe that is now fifty years old just as though it were fresh and new. No surprises. Nothing having been learned. But it did leak through in a number of places that there was a lot of "empty seating" indicating that the ceremonies were not very well attended.

The media can and will paint any picture in exactly the way it chooses. But does anybody really give a damn? Is anyone still listening?

After the Oklahoma City bombing and all the hysteria directed against the Hard Right and especially against the "militias", the local paper ran a street poll on whether or not such things as armed militias should even be allowed. The response, and coming from people allowing their names and faces to be printed, ran fifty-fifty. Most excellent.

Had the complete picture been presented to the people, that number would have been far greater toward the side in favor of the militias.

I was busy at the typewriter when word of a bombing came to me. I didn't even bother looking up from the typewriter. "More Arabs", I imagined. When I learned that the target had been a federal building, I became more intrigued. When the extent of the destruction became clearer, I began hoping that it had not been the work of Arabs at all. When the face of a clean-cut Aryan type was flashed across the news under arrest, I knew that this was something very different.

All the media drivel of some people viewing the attack as a reprisal for what the System had perpetrated at Waco, Texas, and the numerous referrals to Right Wing "hate Groups" as well as armed, anti-government militias I found to be most heartening. But naturally, it is clear that the System, monstrous coward that it is, has established for itself a pattern of hiding behind women and children (that is when it isn't

murdering them as in the cases of Waco and the Weavers.)

There will be those among the onlookers who can do nothing beyond wringing their hands over the innocent victims of these things. I say that there are only two kinds of people: The aware and the unaware. Those who are aware will remove themselves from ever becoming victim material. Unfortunately, it is the unaware grouping that is and will remain by far the greatest in number. I might even borrow from Saint John, writing in Revelation, when he admonished the true believers to separate themselves from the Beast lest they ultimately share in its own fate. No truly aware White individual should ever have been inside that or any other federal installation (except as a prisoner.)

The Movement, for its part, needs to inaugurate a propaganda campaign having at its heart the warning to the people to remove all daycares for children from all government buildings. No signature and no wild language, just a humanitarian warning a la the Geneva Convention. Place the System in an impossible position and force them to admit what they are.

I discount all of the talk that the System did this to itself. They may have known about it in advance, exactly as with the attack upon Pearl Harbor, and chose to let it take place. But the System really desires a death sleep, not a pot that is boiling. The System wants to appear unassailable, invincible. Not vulnerable and asleep at the wheel, despite super high-tech security and a network of rats that would have made the Soviet Union envious. Most of all, the System does not want it to be seen that all is not well in the land. Lastly, it does not want to give the idea that bravery and ingenuity still and forever are valid and will work in removing tyranny.

The hand-wringing editorials generally had much to say about how "wrong" it was of the Left to have done similar such things in the Sixties and how "wrong" it is for the Right to be doing them today. On the surface this is encouraging. Underneath, however, it is even more encouraging.

The Left of the Sixties, then just as now, was and is Jew-controlled. With its policies and goals then exactly the same as the ones today. The policies, for example, of a Bill Clinton.

The phony "Right" of the Rush Limbaugh types was then, just as they are now, equally Jew-controlled. But not so, then or now, with us! We are what has evolved and what is now starting to enter into

convergence with the times and the events.

The tide is turning. Not from the phony "Left" to the phony "Right" but from the point where Enemy aliens usurped Aryan power and to where Aryans are about to take it back.

It is war. Keep picking the targets well. You may expect that the Enemy will always term blows against it as acts of "terrorism" but the care in the choice of these targets will speak louder than any of their lying and blubbing. Keep on setting the stage.

Perhaps most important of all, no one is laughing.

Our responsibility as old—timers, as those activists of old who are forever committed to the over—ground and thereby fully identified by the Enemy System, is to continue to name the Enemy and clearly and concisely tell why. Unknowns will take it from that point.

In that way, what has been termed "leaderless resistance" can work.

May, 1995, Pueblo, Co. Jail
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September, 1995.

SETTING THE STAGE

I make it a point to read the daily paper in here as part of the routine. As Manson says, the System media only reports about five percent of what's actually going on and most of that much is distorted. However, I'm nothing if not adept at reading between the lines and unscrambling Big Brother's double-speak.

Sometimes, though, it doesn't require a whole lot of understanding to interpret certain headlines, only a clear delineation of

which side of the fence you're on.

In the wake of the bombing in Oklahoma City, the press hasn't stopped buzzing about "White Militants", "White Supremacists", "Armed Militias", and a host of others who are anti-government and outraged by and out to avenge Waco and the Weavers. This is the stuff of mass movements. Even the NRA is showing positive signs when pressed to either use it or get off of it.

Today brought forth a milestone: They blocked off Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C. The barricades won't come down again until the fight is finished. Moreover, by putting them up, The System has acknowledged that the fight has now begun.

Through two world wars and several assassinations, there were no barricades. Through the Depression bonus marches and shanty towns there were no barricades. Through the Vietnam "peace" demonstrations there were no barricades. Through the "civil rights" marches there were no barricades. Now there are barricades. Even if the millions upon millions of people who are to ultimately make up our army don't yet realize it, the System knows it better than anybody what the real fight is all about and who will wage it. No one will "trigger" it. It has already begun. One must grasp stages and degrees. Now many generations ago what transgressions of comparatively minor significance on the part of someone in a position of authority led to this? How long ago did some lonely, idealistic fanatic scatter a handful of leaflets that led to this? Make no mistake, now it's a snowball. Now it has a life of its own and rather than being forced to nurse it along, we are all being swept up in it and by it.

The System sees this in an entirely different light, that of a Frankenstein monster. However, it all works the same way and will have the same result.

What else does "Death to the System" mean except a push for our program? Anything and anyone anti-government must ultimately gravitate to us and serve our cause.

The mistake of the past was in confusing ideology with strategy. The belief that truth alone could make one free was a grave error. The false illusion that the System could be utilized to fix the System was the ultimate flight from reality. Real strategy makes use of every event, regardless of how tenuous or negative the first early steps, until such time when it can make events. A real ideology maintains itself constantly

on the farthest extreme so that events, once on the move, can never come to rest until the very circumstances or the situation itself has come to perfectly reflect that same ideology.

Serious revolutionary fanatics will always be found to be in tune with the moment, never with make-believe or wishful thinking. You will either start where you are or you will never start at all.

Who desires the death of the System but us? Until 1974, we had neither an ideology nor a strategy. Only then did we see that the Enemy had won; that the government is the Enemy; that revolution and not reaction is the answer; that anything which hurts the System is good; anything that disrupts is good, up to and including earthquakes and plagues; that the existing order itself is the Enemy.

Society is coming unglued, that is most clear from here inside this jail cell. "Crime" is society falling apart and, as such, it is an ally. Courts, police, prison all are nothing more than a money-making industry for the System. A mockery of actual order and justice. They have no idea what they're even doing or what they're up against. They fight a losing battle.

One day there must be a thousand "Oklahoma's" and a thousand barricades. On that day, our program will be totally reflected by events. Until that day, totality exists only within our program. Until that day, disorder and confusion are our allies because only we are able to see clearly through the mess. The rest perceive only of shades gray whereas we see stark black and white.

It is coming to this: The loss of will on the part of the System. They are going to tighten up and they are going to strike back. But in so doing they will mobilize our army for us. Gone are the days of official non-existence and of all being well in the land. Only a fierce fanaticism will prevail in a contest such as this.

So far they've had it ridiculously easy. They're in it for money. Break the economy and you break them. We're in it for life or death. We'll still be in it for life or death at the finish.

Now and for the duration we must hone and purify our program: "Death to the System!" And that, in its clarity and purity, will establish us as the core and the magnet, the conscience and the brain of the revolution that is building. Offering no compromise, all elements will follow us, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or unknowingly. Ours is the bedrock which exists nowhere else.

At any point from now on the climax is probably closer than we might think. By putting up those barricades in D.C., the System itself has set the stage. I'd much prefer storming their barricades to their storming ours. Imperceptibly, the shift in initiative and advantage has come about. They are scared and their flabby constitutions can't take a lot of fright.

At this point a child's bursting balloon could shove them all the way over into full-blown panic. Events, together with who can maintain their will, shall decide the future.

May, 1995, Pueblo Co. Jail
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BASIS OF RELIGION

If religion is a facsimile of an original experience that has been conceptualized by the minds of mortals and, regardless of that, if it plays so important a role in human affairs as to guide lives and the destinies of nations, then we'd do well to understand the nature of that first experience as closely as we can.

The limited range of reading matter within this facility has as its two extremes trashy Western and romance novels at one end and religious material at the other end. Realizing there's no chance whatever at gaining any knowledge or insight from the first group, I had little choice but to go with the latter. Also, since this is a jail and not a prison, there are no real programs to attend save for a handful of religious services each week. As a means of getting out of the block for an hour and as something akin to a visit, these are of value if for no other reason.

My life-long atheist orientation led me to fascinating endlessly over and over what all these millions of people could possibly see or glean from just so much empty belief, especially belief that so obviously went against the dictates of self-preservation. The whole philosophy rang hollow to me from my earliest days. The yardstick I employed here was the same that applied to everything during my youngest years: If "everybody" seemed to be going for it and if what constituted "everybody" was hardly worth serious consideration, then surely, "something for everybody" could hardly be worth a damn for anybody.

My mother had been nominally a Methodist, mostly for the sake of appearances. My father had been a casual atheist, always disdaining anything for the sake of appearances. Going on the basis of what a church-goer's idea of God was, I recall asking him once when I was a child, "There's no God, is there?" He responded, "It doesn't look like it." But my mother had had me baptized soon following birth and later, as I was entering my teens, had me taken into the church. I recall undergoing what even they called "indoctrination" - a lot of the usual names, dates and places. All meaningless. I never went back.

The epilogue to my family's religious practices came the day the three of us were seated in an attorney's office during the mid-Seventies making out our wills. At the close, we mutually agreed upon simple cremation for ourselves and, in the two decades that were to follow, first

it was my father's turn, then my mother's turn to go. Their wishes as well as my own I carried out minus any of the customary fanfare and expense, minus any services and any word to the local press. There was no last-minute cop-out on my part due to what might have been taken as a very primal kind of scare.

That notwithstanding, during 1970 and 1971 I had met and had dealings with a man named John Crites through my Movement affiliations. He was garbed in black as a Catholic priest, maintained his own church building on the outskirts of Akron, Ohio, and he was staunchly, militantly racist and anti-Semitic. His reputation was so well-known, his services so heated and provocative and the presence of inner-city Blacks so close, that I was once moved to inquire of him what he'd do should several carloads of them come screeching up suddenly. "We'll blacktop the parking lot with them," said he with no emotion or effort toward drama. Then he took me inside and showed me the twin .30 caliber machine guns that were concealed behind the altar plus the pistol lying on the lectern, just out of sight.

Wherever Crites travelled to speak to gatherings, he lugged approximately his own weight around in Biblical concordances.

This was all so new to me. I was in for something. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," had either been confused or deliberately obscured to overlap the commandment against "coveting thy neighbor's wife." When, in fact, it specifically forbade the adulteration of the bloodlines. "Love thy neighbor," similarly broadened into meaninglessness, no longer specified one's racial kinsman. This all was a thunderclap but it was only the beginning.

Crites was already espousing privately an "Ancient Astronaut" theory even before Erich von Daniken's bombshell release of "Chariots of the Gods" became popular and controversial. There, at least, was a solid explanation for all of this "miracle" and "angel" talk after all. The church wasn't telling us everything, that was if they knew it themselves. Interesting in the extreme, I thought. But I was all politics then and didn't pay very much attention to any of the rest. It amounted to a curiosity that I opted to let slide.

Again, as part of my Movement activities and contacts, I was surprised during 1977 when I found in the mail a certificate naming me as a minister in Christ's Identity Church out of Rough-and-Ready, California. This had been entirely unsolicited and I considered it as only a friendly

and "honorary" gesture, certainly a novelty.

I carefully filed it away. None of this was anywhere near to clicking with me yet.

Now, with plenty of time on my hands, I took a Bible and determined to read it from cover to cover. All the years of racist political training as well as having become somewhat familiar with the books of von Daniken enabled me to see things within those pages that the vast majority were apparently blind to. Just at a time when I felt that there were no more surprises left, here I was coming to find what had been missing all along.

Starting right with Genesis, there was none of the specious garbage one was led to expect from overhearing anything the modern church put forth. There was some of the most awe-inspiring reading ever. What was this about Cain - the first murderer - going out into the Land of Nod and taking a wife? Weren't the first and only people supposed to be confined to Eden? How about the Sons of Gods taking as wives the Daughters of Men? The Flood of Noah, as the account indicates, was intended to erase an experiment that had already gone rotten ages ago. But was the disaster truly global or was it localized?

There were stories of "angels" visiting people's homes, accepted as perfectly normal, and sitting down to eat at the dinner table. Then, when accosted by the "gay" citizenry of the day, first striking them blind and then causing the whole place, "Sodom and Gomorrah", to be "nuked".

The first five books of the Bible are called the Books of Moses and he is the attributed author. By the accounts, Moses had achieved the stature of an Egyptian priest prior to the time of the great Exodus, which in itself was the final leaving of a racially-mixed Egypt of the last Whites, and, as such, was privy to all the arcane wisdom of ancient Egypt as well as being capable himself of performing "miracles". His accounts of the creation as well as the set of laws he gave could very well have been resting, obscure and forgotten, in or about the Pyramids for centuries before he brought them back to light.

The Great Pyramid of Giza has been, over the past two centuries, determined by some experts to be a literal "Bible in stone", with the whole history of creation together with the destiny of man recorded within its very construction in the indelible language of mathematics and geometry. Similarly, the megalithic structures of Western Europe, dating

from about the same period, are now thought to have been arranged in such a manner as to have allowed man to read the heavens as though they, too, were a permanent, astrological "Bible".

Moses' great contribution supposedly was that of a monotheistic religion, or that of only one God, as opposed to an endless pantheon of animal deities such as the ancient Egyptians were worshipping. It had been not long before that time that the Egyptian pharaoh, Akhenaton, together with his beautiful, Aryan queen, Nefertiti, whose exquisite bust still graces homes and museums today, was also postulating one God. This kind of talk was enraging the priesthood as it threatened their control over the society and an end to their lucrative racket. At the death of the pharaoh, the priests re-took control and chiseled away practically every trace of him in an effort to do away with his religious, and possibly racial, reforms.

The lesson to be taken then was that reform could never come from within the System. Where Akhenaton failed, Moses succeeded but only by rebelling and taking the last of the Whites out of Egypt, three million of them, and into the wilderness. The luckless pharaoh had attempted a reformation back to older, more faithful practices and customs but the establishment of that day was too strong and the people themselves were too far gone to ever allow for any such reformation or rejuvenation to take place from within. Moses, indeed, was a Separatist.

The references are unmistakable to the presence and the direct intervention of extraterrestrials and their craft throughout the Book of Exodus. Here was God at work.

If Egypt had become as bastardized racially as their religion had become by that time, it could easily be understood why any such God would have abandoned them to their fate. But it is exactly here where a huge stumbling block arises which has plagued and confused, divided Whites ever since. Why so "bless" the ex-patriots out in the desert as to have parted a sea for them, fed them with manna from heaven and guided them in their journey by day with a saucer hidden in a cloud and by night with a pillar of fire?

What we know as "Jews" today could never by any stretch of the imagination have been the elect of God. From Revelation 2:9, "I know the slander of those who say they are Jews are not, but are a synagogue of Satan." Here I can recall Crites providing the answer then, with myself, my awareness locked only into political matters, barely comprehending.

With his mountains of concordances, he explained that Jews were then and are now Edomites, a nation alien from and hostile to Israel and the Hebrews. Crites loved to include in all his talks how the Edomites are "bastards", "and we all know they're dirty bastards."

Cultures the world over record similar such extraterrestrial involvement in the dim and distant past, the so-called "White Gods." Covenants between these Gods and mortal men, at one time fresh and new, eventually fell prey to the inevitable errors in interpretation and translation. So it is once more here today that we are able to notice the cycle having come back around with the religion in the hands of greedy and conniving priests pandering to the mob and "adjusting" the Word to suit the whim of the moment.

One entire cycle, or age, ago, the dominant Jewish priests had murdered Jesus of Nazareth because he was rocking their boat by reintroducing the racial basis of the truth behind any valid religion. Of course, it is well recorded in the pages of the New Testament what the man Jesus thought of the Jews of his day: "The children of the devil."

Now we come to the crux of the whole matter.

All throughout my previous life, until entering upon this prison sentence, I could not fathom the reasoning or significance of any God sending to earth his "only begotten son" to die horribly so that we, the rest of the population of the world from that day to this, could be saved from our "sins", whatever that may mean.

It made no sense at all. "The sins of the fathers." What it meant, as plainly enough outlined in the pages of the Old Testament for those intelligent enough to catch it, was White, Hebrew men chasing colored, Edomite women and producing racial bastards, Jews, who eventually came to dominate the whole society. Living sins.

Now, with the benefit of this new insight, we may be able to step back away from modern superstition and get a grip on what is really being considered. Fable or fact? History or allegory?

I think a combination of each but with basis in hard reality, with practical application. Matters are being dealt with in the pages of the Bible that were scarcely understood even by the ancient prophets who were recording what was being revealed to them by more of these same extraterrestrials in the words we read today. Here is what I've been able to make of it:

Modern Christians explain the advent of Jesus as a practical

demonstration on the part of God that his Son could successfully assume human form, just like all the rest of us, and still retain and return to godhood despite all worldly temptations. Now it was becoming clearer. Not at all a childish matter of simply "believing" or "accepting" a most strange tale but, instead, an example to be emulated in order that one might not "go to hell" in a figurative if not a literal sense.

But what exactly was the example supposed to show?

That is what is missed every time and that is why the Christian Church today is not only useless, it is dangerous.

These jailhouse religious gatherings are a pitiful scene. I noted right away the main difference between the three groups who'd come into the jail voluntarily in order to "save souls". There were the Catholics, the Protestant Gideons, and an obscure group calling itself the Yahweh's. The Catholics fed it to you straight and the first time I saw a priest go into the catechism, I thought he'd had a stroke. It's all "repeat after me." The Gideons made a presentation and would then invite discussion. However, the Yahweh's were practically all open discussion. Three levels, three approaches. From the Catholics, one could learn nothing. From the Gideons, one might learn something. From the Yahwehs, one could actually begin to gain knowledge and understanding. The size of the respective groups shrank dramatically in the same order. It would seem then that very few want or have the capacity to question and think. Most prefer to be told.

The majorities who attend these sessions do so for the same reasons as I initially did: To escape the monotony of the block for awhile. Aside from that, they do so for purposes of communicating with friends in other blocks, etc. Some may even want to have a go at a personal "covenant" of their own with the Lord. "I'll pay lip service to you and act a certain way if you'll only get me out of this place." Closing prayers always included family members at home but, just as often, the request that tomorrow's court hearing should go alright. Most notably of all, however, is that the average complexion of these gatherings resembled that of coffee with cream. What a telling thing

The darkening and the amount of superstition go hand-in-hand.

I somehow don't think that this is what the Lord had in mind.

The admonishments in the Bible all tend to say the same thing. Fight with everything you have to part company with animal nature and struggle upward, back toward your astral father. I say "back" because

that is the clear implication presented in the opening books of the Bible. The Fall of Man from a high original state of near-perfection to where in recent years modern society, together with modern religion, has him double-timing it in devolution back toward the jungle and right out of existence.

If the example of Jesus has any meaning at all, then it has that one "pure in his generations", as it was said of Noah can exist in the midst of a racial and cultural morass and yet retain his identity, be immune from prevailing, surrounding evil, and return to God, the Creator. In his secret, night meeting with Nicodemus, Jesus said that no one not having originated in heaven has any chance or hope of returning to heaven. Crites called this predestination. I call it confirmation that this human condition we see is but a DNA colonization experiment from deep space.

The threat then? Racial bastardization.

The Bible says that a bastard will not enter the congregation of the Lord even unto his tenth generation. A reference that is real, quite physical and coming out of a text already quite overflowing with references of incest and childbirth out of wedlock. Obviously, it is intended to be a purely racial consideration.

All the emphasis upon spirituality? We each know and have seen that a people does not go to hell overnight. The road downhill is a long, tortuous and shameful one before the final abomination of adulteration, or miscegenation, is arrived at and can take hold which consumes the last of the flesh itself. It starts in the mind as the belief system begins to slip and it ends in the mind after the blood has been polluted. Crites posed the question, "Can an impure vessel contain a pure spirit?" Worldly things versus heavenly things. "Walking after your own lusts", or a struggle back to the stars? No Third World, colored nation has the desire much less the capability to reach to the stars.

All the emphasis upon faith? Man has practically lost altogether the use of the unlimited powers and abilities of his brain. Little better than trained monkeys at best are the majority of humanity. Isolated manifestations of ESP, telepathy, psycho kinesis, etc., are all but weak flickers, pitiful remnants of what we once commanded. Jesus also demonstrated this. To believe with "conquering faith", as it is meant in the Bible, is to be able to drop all doubt, confusion and fear and to fight with everything you have to recapture all these innate abilities. Walk on

water? Heal the sick? Raise the dead? There's no real reason why not.

Then, as the story goes, after the Jews murdered Jesus and he was laid in the tomb, he was resurrected and "taken up into a cloud" before many witnesses.

Two thousand years later, the "Image of God" is being threatened with final extinction. It will shortly, in historic terms, become a planet of mud. Satan will have won the bet.

But we end up with the Book of Revelation. So much guesswork has been ascribed to the significance of the number "666", the Mark of the Beast. Well, I'm confident enough that we in the United States at present are living literally in the very heart of the Beast. Years ago, during the period when my eyes were firmly shut to all of this, "experts" were claiming that all those Soviet missiles aimed at the United States each bore "666" on them. That even the Soviet Union represented the "Gog and Magog" of the Bible. So much now for all of that.

No. I knew that whatever it was when I first began to study, it would have to be something entirely domestic and common place. Something most obvious and something contained within the pages of the Bible itself. From Revelation 13:18, "This calls for wisdom. If anyone has insight, let him calculate the number of the Beast, for it is a man's number. His number is 666."

From Revelation 13:17, "...so that no one could buy or sell unless he had the mark," That language is clear enough. Something monetary, economic. Starting with the identity of just who has always controlled the money and continuing with the identity of those who persecuted the former NSDAP members in Germany after the War, who were prevented from pursuing their careers and professions, forced to exist in poverty, and up to today when the entire Movement is held right at the bottom, the power exerted is the power to keep those out of all worldly riches who do not bow down to the Beast. But, as the author of Revelation himself, Saint John, said, best it is not to be found within that game in the first place and to keep all of your eggs in a different basket altogether.

But the actual meaning of "666"? A computer chip? A bar code?

By accident, after studying and restudying different versions of the Bible and noticing it was laden with a number of "tricks", I stumbled upon the answer.

The Bible uses three basic tricks to catch the attention of the really astute reader. These are collectively called anomalies and they are

as follows: Omission; analogy; and repetition. Surprisingly enough, they are the very things which turn off most "serious" people who attempt to fathom the Bible. The biggest of all the anomalies is the very first appearance of the word "Jew", over half way through the Old Testament, in Second Kings, 16:6, completely without introduction or explanation of any kind. If one were reading any other book of any other kind and a main character or group appeared that way, you may be certain that his attention would be caught. But not so with the Bible, it seems.

And then as I was attempting to illustrate what I meant by the repetitions in the Bible, I began to actually count up the number of times that the tribes of Canaanites, the actual Edomites, were listed and then cursed by God. As I already was well aware "Jew" thing mentioned above, I had not gotten all the way of the through my own count before I realized that I was doing as Saint John suggested and I felt the hair standing up on the back of my neck.

Eighteen times from Genesis to Second Kings, 16:6 were the Canaanites listed and cursed. And three sixes are eighteen. 666. The racial composition of the Jews. Racial Jews. They controlled the money of the first Beast, the Roman Empire, and they certainly control the finances of this, the present, second and final Beast. The analogy for this? Satan himself.

There is however so much more than that which requires no second-guessing at all. It's been postulated by science that a crew of extraterrestrials who had the ability to travel at the speed of light might still be around today, having witnessed both the beginning and the end of existence on earth as we have known it. There would truly be the "Alpha" and the "Omega". And what they revealed to John on the island of Patmos is genuinely astonishing.

As the climactic hour arrives, a giant ship from space will appear. In form, a cube about one thousand, five hundred miles square. A veritable artificial planet. The "New Jerusalem", as it is called. It will take up a fixed number of people for departure from earth: One hundred and forty-four thousand. Then apparently everything and everyone else left upon the surface of the planet perishes in a very literal hell.

A great, pre-ordained culling of a colossal biological experiment. If that number seems small by comparison with a total world population in excess of six billion, then we may be assured that the Great Scientist is really out for perfection. For we know that less than eight percent of the

world's population is remotely to be considered White. Out of that number, how many are one hundred percent racially sound? Of that number, how few are really aware and in touch with themselves and their God? I personally view the number one hundred and forty-four thousand to be wildly optimistic.

Even as an atheist, I might repeat the warning from Scripture, that one should be ready to go without much advance notice. Assuming in the first instance he is of pure blood, this would mean also living and acting the part as a matter of course and not as part of some cheap "bargain".

So the basis then of religion would appear to be very ancient fact and wisdom. Via many translations and interpretations, it has sunk into the state of superstition in which we presently find it, dead and useless. The epitome of unwisdom. Truth and wisdom are as ageless and vital as is racial solidarity, the former being by far the more ephemeral but with the latter wholly dependent upon the former for its continued existence.

Fresh, new impetus is what is required now to give revitalized meaning and clarity to ageless truth and wisdom to enable it to do its only real job: Act to preserve and advance the species, that is, High Creation, the Aryan Race. For me, just such an impetus and belief system is National Socialism. Current, yet eternal and this time tamper-proof. An understanding and appreciation of history is however necessary to our appreciation of just how ancient and enduring this truth is.

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1-800-HELL-YES

Because within the pages of my first book I devoted one page to quotes from Anton LaVey's prose, that made me a "Neo-Nazi Satanist" in the opinion of evangelist-for-profit, Bob Larson. At least that's how he titled the video tape of our 1993 confrontation that he sold to the public.

Knowing that the satiated and jaded public would respond a lot quicker to and cough up the bucks a lot faster for "Neo-Nazi Satanism"

than for some happy-crap "Peace, Love and Brotherhood" song and dance, Larson, etc., pretends to "fight evil" right on the air in exchange, of course, for your money.

So well did the taping go in fact that we bought a large quantity for resale to the Movement ourselves. He was using us for his own purposes and we allowed ourselves to be used for our own purposes. Different audiences and different perceptions can see the exact same image and make two entirely different things out of it. But to deal in this sort of activity, you do really need to know what it is you're up to.

I'll be "evil" if that's what they want. Evil sells. Evil is exciting. Is it necessary for me to point out here, to the audience that will be reading this book, that the single greatest evil abroad today is called "racism"? It must be known and understood the way that the powers-that-be work. One cannot over-emphasize the role of the media in taste and opinion-making on a mass scale. They call all the shots. They create the images, the illusions, the perceptions. And then they proceed to attach all the titles to same.

The masses are effectively left clueless.

The Red Devil with horns, pointed beard, tail and pitchfork, who waits for you in hell to torment you following a life of dissolution corresponds well with the bearded Jehovah seated on his throne in heaven, with his ledger of good deeds, etc. Unfortunately it seems as though, if people ever do depart from childish notions such as these, it is only to abandon the concepts altogether as being non-existent. All the way in or all the way out.

What I've found is that nothing which has since become something of institutional magnitude ever started out as bullshit. But that just about everything along those same lines has become bullshit. We need to trace the origins and get back to the truth. I can assure you that the concepts are very real and infinitely more profound and "for keeps" than these simplistic allegories.

The first thing to try to get and hold firmly in mind is that the principle of the forces actually at work is distinct from any individuals or groups in the margins of society who may be attempting to affect this or that for reasons of their own. That plus the reality that the millions upon millions of "believers", regardless how hard they may believe, are hopelessly deluded and in gross error and neither they nor their beliefs mean anything. "Belief" has no bearing upon reality.

Among my personal friends, respected and capable Movement captains, are formalized and legitimate high priests within the Church of Satan. You'd undoubtedly be amazed. I borrowed the words of Anton LaVey because they are powerful and speak the truth.

Here is but one of the three faces of Satanism, of Satanic worship and let me now take the liberty of explaining it to the best of my own understanding.

It is simply this: Going strictly on the basis of what "God" has come to represent in this sickest of all societies, would it not be expected to occur to an intelligent mind to at least give Satan a second look? Even if one should be an atheist, then to take the opposing symbolisms and concepts as they are currently accepted and look at them as opposites. If "good" had come to stand for weakness, shame, guilt and suicide, then mightn't "evil" be worthy of a close reappraisal? If "God" and the Church today are the exclusive domain of the rich, the hypocritical and the deluded, then perhaps the Infernal might properly be the place of the common and yet the sincere.

But "Satan worship" in this modern age? Wouldn't that sort of be like asking for trouble? The same question and the same accusation were hurled at George Lincoln Rockwell when he founded the American Nazi Party. Remember that there is what is actually going on, forces which are dominant, and then there may be what any of us might wish for. Two entirely different things.

Showmanship. Both LaVey and Rockwell had background in show business. LaVey in the carnival and Rockwell with his father having starred in vaudeville. Realizing that the System media would never give you or your ideas fair and equal representation to the masses which only the media can reach, you opt to proceed on the basis of blatant sensationalism, hoping to achieve some measure of exposure even if it must come in the form of smear and ridicule. From there, having attracted a small number of intrepid laced perhaps with some of the unbalanced, you may hope to glean some valuable human material upon which to base some semblance of an organization.

Such are the waters in which all those outside of the System must swim. No use attempting to "sneak" your ideas past the masters of censorship. It won't work. You'll end your life spinning your wheels and you'll do great disservice to the cause you may espouse through endless compromising. May as well take the head-on route and let the chips fall.

The astute will respond. The remainder hardly matter anyway.

These Satanists do without doubt promulgate a code of good citizenship that, on comparison, makes my own philosophy of anti-System and anti-government action and behavior appear to be positively anarchistic. They are realists, pragmatists. They positively cannot stand the hollow phoniness of this society and its garbage rules and values. They have chosen the image of Satan, the Adversary, as their symbol of this opposition.

Then there are the truly anti-social types. The Night Stalker would be a perfect example of this kind of person. Young, disenchanted, disaffected, disenfranchised, full of violence and resentment, without respect for anything, and very frequently non-White. A former paramour of mine had been closely acquainted with the Night Stalker and he could be most charming and personable when he wanted to be. She mirrored his own example in her life with me: belligerent, out-of-control, destructive.

Here enters all the gratuitous crime and violence, the "weirdism", as I like to call it, the torture of animals, the abuse of children, the sexual perversion, etc.

The two groups are distinct, not even remotely mutually admiring of one another, and in direct opposition of purpose. Strange? A contradiction? Not at all. The former is a reaction to the rottenness of the System. The latter is a product of that same rottenness. The only thing they share in common is that Satan himself could hardly be less concerned with their existence or their activities. In fact, I'm sure he'd wish that they'd leave his image alone. Because the Satan that they both pretend to worship is as dead and unreal, as much of a graven image, as is the God of these mainstream churches.

Whether highly idealistic, intellectual or emotionally charged, these two groups are, above all else, manifestly human. Despite names, costumes, accoutrements, symbolisms or dogma, if we are truly seeking Satan's identity, we'll have to look elsewhere.

I am certain that I came across the keys to this when I first read the tale of Moses' first encounter with God himself speaking to him from out of the burning bush. Moses asked the name of this God so that he might tell it to his people. "Yahweh", was the answer. "Yahweh", in the English tongue, means, "I Am That I Am". Immediately I took this to correspond to "There Only Is What There Is". And that, in turn, would boil

down to the laws of physics, etc., of which there can be no "interpretation". For you are either with them or you are not. That much realized, then it meant that the allegories of "good" and "evil" would likewise come down to that which is clear, accurate, true and pure versus anything distorted, mistaken, false and polluted. Any name can be attached to anything. But reality is reality despite any name.

While the gods rage overhead in conflict, we in the margins maintain our pretenses largely for our own edification and the broad masses go on totally unawares. But it is for control of the destiny of those same unsuspecting masses that the struggle is waged. To say, "I am evil", "I hail Satan", etc., is to ensure alienation from these same masses. No power, no influence and fooling no one. In point of fact, such a stance is to be remarkably truthful and forthright. And directness and openness are not a hallmarks of Satan.

Satan does not seek to enlighten or to liberate anyone. He seeks to seduce and to enslave. Ultimately, his goal is to remove any prospect of eventual salvation, to make the state of damnation a permanent one. If your vision of hell is that of fire and brimstone, then you miss the mark, you fail to see beyond the allegory. If you think heaven and hell are only in some "hereafter", you further are lost. Who would have an interest in having you believe this way? And who is in a position to so influence your thinking?

From John 8:44, "You belong to your father, the Devil, and you want to carry out your father's desire. He was a murderer from the beginning, not holding to the truth, for there is no truth in him. When he lies, he speaks his native language, for he is a liar and the father of lies."

Revelation, 2:8, "I know the slander of those who say they are Jews and are not, but are a synagogue of Satan."

Finally, if you fall for the baloney of Satan being some sort of prankster, one who looks and dresses funny, who moves you to get drunk on Saturday night, etc., you're really all wet. The object of Satan is to destroy God's highest work, that and not some game of peanuts. You'll "go to hell" here, in this lifetime, and if enough should succumb with you, the entire picture will move off into a permanent dimension as such, to live forever as the abomination that it has become. The way to the accomplishment of this, short of total physical annihilation, is to submerge the pure blood of God's highest achievement, the White Race, in dark, alien blood. There is no coming back from that.

The means to that? Gain control over all the workings and sensitive positions of the society and literally lead the people to their doom by, to paraphrase the Bible, making truth into lies and lies into truth.

The Bible states that Satan came to earth and took up human form in the person of the Jews in the millennium before the advent of Christ. Despite their murder of him, following his resurrection, there first came the great separation of Whites from the ranks of Jews and into early Christianity. Then their departure from the Middle East and into Europe. Then the founding of the great Christian realms of Europe and the expulsion of those Jews who had followed them and back toward the east. "Satan imprisoned in the bottomless pit." "The thousand years of Christ." And then Satan's temporary release from the pit, "Satan's little season". The time when Satan would dominate and control the whole planet, unopposed. I am sure that Christ's thousand years ended in 1945 and that Satan's season began there, having been building up to it for some time prior.

And who does the Satanic System point to as the most "evil" man to have ever existed? The most "evil" and hated of all symbols? Adolf Hitler and the sign of the Swastika. All of this far more so today than the name of Jesus or the sign of the Cross because they haven't been able to infiltrate or compromise the image of Hitler or his message of racialism. They can't use it; all they can do is lie about it.

To take over and totally pervert a people's government and institutions, to get their own natural leaders to act for their worst enemies as duped and deluded sell-outs, to get the people themselves believing and working against themselves, to destroy their own blood in "integration", requires to assume the mask of righteousness and respectability. None but a fool would knowingly worship the Beast. Deception is the only way for this to happen.

So, my advice to any who would seriously desire to worship Satan would be to blend perfectly into this present society and to absorb all of its morals, values and beliefs. Devote yourself to chasing after the dollar and let others make your decisions for you. Become active in the Democratic or Republican Party.

Oh, yes. And don't forget to attend the church of your choice.

May 1996 C.S.P

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TAPROOTS

How and why should an episode in the development and travels of the White race be even more obscure to the knowledge of the average person today than even the legend of Atlantis, which at least everyone has heard of, despite its being much nearer to our own time and, correspondingly, being much more well-documented? A major part of the reason why the White race is in such sorry shape today is directly due to just such huge, pivotal gaps in their general awareness and, more specifically, in their knowledge of their own identity.

This is the story of an actual theft from out of a people's history.

Egypt was the oldest of Atlantis' colonies, having existed from a time when the whole area was green and lush and the Nile River took a hard left turn, crossing what now is the Sahara Desert and emptying into the Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps the original Atlanteans had been exploring up that same river when they had first discovered and settled the land of Egypt. As such, Egypt was the colony that most closely resembled the Mother Country of Atlantis. By the dawn of the current historical epoch, that is, as of approximately five thousand years ago, Egypt had arrived at where the United States is today, and that is in the agonies of going from a White civilization and into a colored, bastard state. The ancient Egyptians were having their problems with grave robbers while the United States is plagued with the likes of "gang members", "taggers", etc.

The ancient wisdom inherited from Atlantis had sunk into superstition, the worship of animal deities, a morbid focus upon death, etc. On-going contact with Nubian slaves from the south had taken its fatal toll in irreparable racial and genetic damage. Some among the royal and priestly classes had begun to resort to incest in a desperate attempt to preserve their bloodlines. But with the broad base of the national population already having been hopelessly compromised, the end was as obvious as it was inescapable.

A myth-like racial-cultural memory of an immortal existence had survived and manifested itself in the practice that we today most closely associate with ancient Egypt: Their mummies. As their national life was

dying all about them, they morbidly clung to the idea of some kind of physical resurrection.

Now it might be asked: How did the ancients know about what they were portraying in their art as the human halo? The modern process of Kirlean photography reveals this aura as existing not only in all living things but in things that had previously lived. And it is now known that if any portion of one's physical being could be preserved, and sufficient DNA extracted from it, it might be possible for that person to literally exist again through cloning. We might wonder the actual reason for the entire past life of the pharaoh, for example, to be painted upon the walls of his tomb. Naturally, any such clone would otherwise have no such knowledge.

With the utmost care they were embalmed and buried on the west bank of the Nile, toward the setting sun, toward Atlantis. Although the Egyptians had lost the technique of actually performing this process themselves, they nonetheless remembered that it had once been done. They fervently hoped that one day the knowledge and the ability to do this would be rediscovered. And they were right. But it came as no avail to them. What they passed down to us which today represents our medical profession, the caduceus, or the intertwined serpents around the winged staff, which in and of itself might pose only a mystery as to its origin and meaning, assumes full meaning when compared to a DNA double helix as seen under a microscope.

Within this dying culture today we see some among the wealthy spending exorbitant sums on having their mortal remains frozen in the process known as cryonics in the hope and expectation that science in the future will be able to revive them and perhaps cure them of the effects of aging and illness. But what might they awaken to? What would a pharaoh of 5000 B.C. think about the Third World Egypt of today?

It is a moot point for their heirs today not only do not possess the techniques for reviving or cloning them, the vast majority of all mummies were long ago desecrated by mongrelized, impoverished "Egyptians" in the depths of barbarism, who either burned them for fuel or sold them to foreigners to be ground into powder and made into "medicine". I don't think our present-day cryonics clientele can have much more to hope for much more than something like that.

Sometime before the final destruction of Atlantis, which most likely coincided with the Biblical Flood of Noah, that is, about twelve

thousand years ago, the Great Pyramid was built. Situated strategically at the center of the earth's land mass and yet still revealing traces of salt water within its chambers, it is a record in stone. A mathematical message, universal and eternal, to any future generations possessing the wisdom to read it. "Man fears time but time fears the pyramids," the saying goes.

Encoded geometrically in the Pyramid's construction and quite probably also recorded in some manner and as yet concealed in hidden chambers within the vast mass of the Pyramid, which science now knows exist, the story details man's complete origins, his purpose, his destiny, exactly who God is and, above all, what has caused the deaths of all these other, earlier civilizations, and that is the specific nature of evil itself.

Meanwhile, present-day science sees the Great Pyramid as being nothing more than a "tomb" for a megalomaniacal king, continuing to view and to measure that which is incomprehensible to them according to their own hopelessly inadequate standards.

The ground layout of the Giza Pyramids corresponds directly to the configuration of the constellation of Orion, or Osiris as the Egyptians knew it, and the so-called "air vents" in the walls of the Great Pyramid point directly to Orion. Surely, the Egyptians agonized greatly over the gnawing question of why their fathers from space had so apparently forsaken them. But they had it exactly backward just as these people here today have it backward. It had been they who originally forsook their fathers when they first forgot or turned their backs on their beginnings and their appointed purpose and, finally, when they first began to adulterate their blood with that of dark and alien races. Then and always, the result is collective national death.

In common household possession today all throughout the White world is basically the same story as is preserved in stone as part of the Pyramid. The detailed written record of the return and direct intervention of the Astral Father in the affairs of his creation just at the moment of their greatest peril. Because, then just as now, not all were locked into the mindset of corruption and demise but were instead looking toward the future of their people. The Biblical Age was beginning. They all have the book and are free to read it. But how few actually do read it? And how fewer still have any real understanding of it?

Egypt was still dominant in that part of the world in those days but it was even then a crossroads of many races. The story of Noah, a

man who lived several hundred miles to the east, is very instructional. The same awareness of an impending cosmic disaster that prompted the building of the Great Pyramid also caused Noah to construct his ark. He was chosen, as the Bible says, because he was a man "pure in his generations." This again implies that it was a badly racially mixed culture that was about to be wiped out. His ship measured the size of a modern-day oil tanker and was possibly even part of a greater merchant fleet belonging to some high civilization. His ark has been repeatedly sighted and documented resting, now broken into two parts, high above the tree line and in the permanent frost, on Mount Ararat exactly where the Bible says it to be.

But hundreds of similar such tales of a world-wide flood have been handed down in the cultures of other people all across the globe. The legend has it that the three sons of Noah were the foundation of the three basic races of human kind. But, far more likely, instead of three sons each of a different race, it was three sons of identical race, two of whom took wives of different races which were not completely wiped out by the flood. More likely still, it was a case of three sons who each began a great family of White people, two of which over the centuries have gradually succumbed to racial admixture with only that one having confined itself in Europe surviving today.

Such was the risk then in that area of the world and such is the risk here today. North America is in dire danger of joining the fate of North Africa and the Near East.

Abraham is counted as being the great patriarch of the Bible. However, it was an antecedent of his named Heber, a name meaning "colonizer", who gave his name to the whole people: The Hebrews. A certain awareness, call it "racism", existed among some of these people who were then dwelling amidst a veritable genetic cesspool. This is reflected in Abraham's two sons, Ishmael and Isaac, the first of whom was by a slave woman and the youngest of whom was of pure blood. Going against long-standing social custom, Abraham gave his birthright to Isaac, the pure White, although the second born, ahead of Ishmael, the eldest, who is given in the Bible as being the father of the Arabs.

As if to underscore both the danger and the duty, Isaac himself had two sons, Esau and Jacob, of whom only Jacob married true and, once more despite being the younger, inherited the birthright for that reason. His elder brother, Esau, is also given in the Bible as being the

father of Turks. At length, Jacob's name is changed to Israel, which means "A Prince Ruling With God", and he sired twelve sons, each son founding one of the twelve tribes of the House of Israel.

Quite a few are aware to some extent of the sojourn of Joseph and his brothers in Egypt. These Hebrews were known to the Egyptians as "Hapiru". They were the descendants of those who had made the Pyramid. They were actually running the place but were encountering increased resentment from the darker majority of the people. Finally; there was a colored revolt, a la South Africa or Haiti.

If this family of people was going to survive and prosper, it was by now urgently clear that it would have to separate itself from the constant threat of racial pollution within this biological miasma. Also, they would need to divorce themselves from the terminally poisoned customs and beliefs of the rest of those around them, indeed, of the State itself. They were required to remove themselves from under alien domination and control and for that reason their God commanded them to go and take the Egyptian province of Canaan, to the north-east, for themselves and to either kill or drive out all the darker, native inhabitants they found there. They then were to live solely by the set of laws which he himself had given them.

So was born a great separatist movement which was animated by what today would be derided and condemned as "racism".

Many a piecemeal migration of Whites from out of Egypt had begun well ahead of the famous, mass Exodus of the Bible. Some left to found Aryan India far to the east. "Aryan" meaning the lords or the nobles in the Sanskrit language they evolved and which itself gave the name to the most holy of symbols that we today are most familiar with: "Swastika", meaning good luck.

Other branches from these twelve tribes of Whites went on to establish the basis for ancient Greece and Rome. Yet another settled in Scandinavia and one of its foremost heroes, Odin or Wotan, himself became a god to the Nordics just as Moses did to the Israelites. Europe at that time represented a rugged frontier much in the same way as the American frontier of centuries ago. But it did at least represent also a means of escape from a decaying and racially mixed society that to have remained within would have spelled eventual but certain doom.

The Aryans of India however repeated the fatal mistake of settling themselves adjacent geographically to dark and primitive types

which they at first rigidly segregated in a "caste" system, vestiges of which existed right into the Twentieth Century. But it too was in the end of no avail as the broad base of the population did eventually, by stages, go colored. And, as always, the wisdom goes right in step with the blood. One can read the ancient texts of Aryan wisdom as they grow ever more superstitious as time goes on and things continue to darken.

Not "contact with the sun" as these fools today would have one believe, but contact with darker races is the cause of the gradual darkening and the fall of once-great peoples. Only in Europe did the race remain intact. At that, Classical Civilization rotted and died due directly to their closeness to Africa and the Near East and their importation of dark slaves. The farther north, above the Alps, the purer the race remains.

Finally, at a certain point of crisis within Egypt, about 1400 B.C., one former Egyptian priest named Moses, took it upon himself to lead the remainder of Whites, calling themselves Israel, out of Egypt and into a land of their own where they could live as Whites. Estimates point to a number of three million of these people at that time.

Of course, as the Bible tells, there was official, State opposition to this move. To place it into perspective, what would happen to South Africa today if all remaining Whites were to leave? Formerly the masters, now an oppressed minority, their departure would nonetheless trigger an immediate and total collapse of the national economy. Even in the United States, teetering as it is on the brink of social and economic chaos, what effect would the sudden departure of a significant enough number of Whites, going either to Canada or to a break-away republic of their own, have on the continuation of this geographic-economic-political entity?

As to the question of the "bondage" the Israelites suffered under while still in Egypt, the United States itself originally broke away from England over the issue of taxation without representation. Today's situation goes well beyond that. Whites here have no voice in matters whatsoever, at least not in matters which count to the future of their race. Their taxes are being taken and put toward policies that are quickly reducing them to where they will shortly become a minority in the land which they founded for themselves and for their posterity.

Note also the present fate of today's Separatists who merely seek to pull away from all of this mess. The government sends forth its professional killers. A trend such as this cannot be allowed by them to develop lest their monstrosity collapse, causing them to lose all their

wealth, power and prestige. It required a lot of "convincing" in Moses' time and it most certainly will require a lot of it now.

A brand new White state was born on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea that flourished at its height a thousand years prior to that of Rome, enjoying longevity comparable to that of Rome and only declining as Rome was rising. Egypt itself was dead from that point, subject entirely to foreign conquerors and imported White rulers like the Greek Cleopatra. Finally the Arabs invaded and ended it all, including the language, and stripping the Pyramid of its polished limestone casing in order to build their capital of Cairo.

The newly free and rejuvenated nation of Israel established its own empire, just as is the wont of every great, White state, and in this case it dominated from the borders of Egypt to those of Persia by 1000 B.C. The fabled mines of King Solomon existed as far away as modern Zimbabwe. Colonies included famed Troy, Carthage, and from there to Spain or Iberia, to Ireland or Hibernia, and on to the Hebrides, etc. Everywhere they went they left their name to the landscape: Hebrews. Evidence places the Hebrews in both North and South America, retracing the steps of their earlier ancestors, the Atlanteans.

The greater portion of these on-going explorations was carried out by a neighboring, break-away client state of ancient Israel, known as Phoenicia, located where present-day Lebanon lies. The primary thrust of these ocean-going travels was toward the north-western part of Europe, that name itself meaning "Land of the Setting Sun". Where before it had been Egypt which had been the oldest and strongest colony of Atlantis, so now it was Western Europe, the British Isles and Scandinavia for Israel.

After the division and the decline of ancient Israel into two warring kingdoms, the renowned Phoenician sea traders, refusing to take part in any fratricide, took their ships and departed en masse to take up their new permanent homes out in the colonies. Being of the Tribe of Dan, they gave their name not only to Denmark but to many rivers and geographical markers between ancient Phoenicia and north-western Europe, especially across what would later become Russia. Their Phoenician alphabet, itself derived from Hebrew, eventually gave way to runic script. Much later, when history would call upon these people again to make their mark upon civilization as sea raiders, merchants and explorers, they would be known as Vikings.

The Books of Kings, Chronicles as well as the latter prophets in

the Bible all record the descent of ancient Israel itself into corruption and superstition plus the mixing with the darker, native people which the first Hebrews, or Israelites, had found there, -the Canaanites- thus giving rise to racial Jews who adopted the corrupted and bastardized religion of the Hebrew Temple which we know today as Judaism.

Finally, from about 750 B.C to 500 B.C., the two kingdoms were respectively conquered by Assyrians and Babylonians and their populations, amounting to some ten million people, were deported eastward. The Twentieth Century saw many of these same such mass displacements within the Soviet Union during the Thirties and in Eastern Europe following World War Two. But of these ten million members of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, only that the Persians defeated the Assyrians and Babylonians, freeing the captives and permitting perhaps fifty thousand members of the Tribe of Judah to return to Jerusalem to rebuild Solomon's Temple, is revealed by the Bible.

With their old beliefs long ago compromised and abandoned, their former homeland lost and now occupied by non-Whites, just as it remains to this day, the vast majority of the Twelve Tribes chose to depart the area to the north, over the Caucasus Mountains (hence the name for Whites today, "Caucasian") and then west into Europe to join with the earlier colonists now as Scythians, Celts, Saxons, Gauls, Angles, Jutes, Goths, Vandals, etc. Here was the origin of the well-known barbarians, so called by the Greeks on account of their unintelligible languages, of whom history is notably silent as to their actual jumping-off point.

Haven't you ever noticed the renderings of all of the great Renaissance masters of painting and sculpture which portray all of the great patriarchs, prophets, saints, apostles, etc., of the Bible as beautiful, graceful and magnificent Aryan types - all the way from God, to Adam, to Moses, to David and to Jesus - and not as the dark, greasy and lizard-like Jews we are familiar with? A thousand years ago the knowledge of what I have just outlined was far more common than it is today.

Eventually the descendants of the Twelve Tribes would found all of the modern states of Europe, together with their respective royal houses, and would become collectively known as Christendom. But for the present it was enough to withstand the encroachments of an increasingly bastardized Roman Empire to the south and later the furious invasions of coloreds from Asia and North Africa just in order to prevent

the loss of Europe and the certain eradication of the entire White race.

A word here is owed to the actual significance of the advent of Jesus of Nazareth and the events subsequent to his influence.

As the curtain was going down on the Biblical era, one final manifestation of a crossing between gods and men took place in ancient Judea, by that time a bastardized rump state, by then a mere backwater province of Rome just as was Egypt. It amounted to a hideous, pitiable conclusion to Aryan presence in what had been the Holy Land. Israel as a people had departed with only a small minority of very dedicated members of Judah and Benjamin staying behind, stubbornly clinging to what had been theirs. In the majority was a vile and treacherous mix of Canaanite blood known commonly as Jews. The scene was thus set for a memorable farewell and warning.

One extraordinary White man was dispatched to send the message of the truth to, as even he himself described it in the gospels, "the lost sheep of the house of Israel". From the lost Holy Land and westward to the "nations", the "gentiles", the "isles afar off". These were the distant and unaffected colonies of Israel that had not only escaped the racial abomination that had killed the Motherland, but that were to go on to fulfill a great destiny for the future as outlined for them by Isaiah, etc. That message was to remind and to underscore to Whites exactly who they are, who their creator is, that they must go on to complete his purpose for them, that they must always remain "holy", or separate, to perfect their own breed, to achieve godhood for themselves, to re-conquer the globe and to reach back out into space where they had first come from.

The story of Jesus' murder at the hands of the duped Romans but at the insistence of a mob of vengeance-crazed Jews is well known. Less known is the degree of actual suffering he was forced to experience and, perhaps until now, least known of all was the exact reason behind this vicious crime. But if you would truly "pick up his cross and follow him", simply don a Swastika armband and go forth out into any major metro area in the Western world and check the response.

With the death of no other person except Adolf Hitler has there been so much frenzy, concern or morbid interest over the demise of any person or the eventual whereabouts of his remains than that of Jesus. They spread the rumor that he did not really die upon the cross but escaped to Kashmir just as they spread the rumor that Hitler didn't die in

Berlin but escaped to Argentina. Either way, the implication made by the identical same gang of Jewish killers would be that both men were fraudulent and betrayed their own cause and followers. In other words, the intent is to make both men and both sacrifices appear as hoaxes.

Much more than strange is the fact that the Jews of 30 A.D. were hoping for and expecting imminently a messiah exactly on the model of Adolf Hitler: A conquering redeemer. Neither then nor two thousand years later were they able to comprehend either man or his mission. The reality that everyone missed, then and now, was that they themselves, the racial Jews, were not the people to whom the saviors had been sent.

The other, twin similarity shared by the memory of Jesus and Hitler is the weirdly contrived piece of slander the Jews can't resist intimating: That both men were either wholly or in part of Jewish blood. They'd have loved nothing better than to have had both men in their own service but, since they were solidly rebuked both times, this bit of wishful thinking, coupled with a very wry and ironic insult, was whipped up, again, to sully their name and to further confuse White people.

The total misrepresentation of Jesus' image and message among the majority in the world aside, it has been the terrific division within the Movement itself over this personality that has been a source of crippling embarrassment. Including Adolf Hitler, to accept or to reject either man upon the basis of how they may be taken by the duped and deluded masses, or how they might be misrepresented by their sworn enemies who control all media, is a grave error in any case. It is no different with Manson. Never be led by reaction or illusion. Understand the truth of the matter and base your decisions accordingly. Above all, don't be misled into denying your heroes or into cursing your saviors on account of your worst enemies.

Despite what did ultimately happen to Christianity in recent times at the hands of stupid, greedy and narrow-minded church-builders, becoming as it has "the opiate of the masses" and a formula for racial and national destruction, it had at its beginning a great truth, a huge impact and served the finest of purposes.

Self-imagined "neo-pagans" point to forced conversions to Christianity in the Europe of the Dark Ages. All throughout the steady rise of the West, White men were fighting and killing other White men for one cause or another. And, as long as this killing was not done at the

behest of Jews, the strengthening and the expansion continued unabated. Our old neighborhood had gone to hell and the far-flung colonists, the "lost sheep", urgently needed to be awakened to the eternal truth as well as the eternal danger so as to prevent its happening again. The Druids were simply Magi. Read the Norse Eddas and try to discern any real difference between them and Psalms and Proverbs. The same spirit and the same blood composed both. The scattered and warring Tribes had to know the "living God", the original Creator from Space, and to know the inspired Word, as it was given by these same ones, directly and not by some distant earthly descendants now perhaps elevated to "god" stature through myth, despite any similarity of their offshoot credos.

Many saw this right away and readily embraced it. Some retained the racial memory and tradition tracing back to Israel and, to them, it was like finding the missing half to the whole. Ancient sites that were sacred to Neolithic builders of places like New Grange, Stonehenge and Carnac, etc., remained sacred and Christian sanctuaries were erected on or near them. Pagan and Christian holidays overlapped. The days of the week were named for the Norse gods while the months of the year were named for the Roman gods. But the starting point for the whole, new era was set and called in honor of Jesus.

Most importantly, Europe was united and galvanized in time to regain its racial awareness and to reestablish its footing militarily back-to-back in the rocky confines of the European peninsula so as to be able to repel the final assaults of Huns, Moors, Mongols and Turks seeking to wipe out forever the cornered White race.

After centuries of struggle and consolidation, the White nations felt strong enough to strike out and actually reclaim the Holy Land from marauding coloreds. The Crusades succeeded in establishing the Kingdom of Jerusalem by about 1000 A.D. but due to petty squabbling and divisions among the Whites, this triumph was only temporary in nature.

Colonization, growth, decline, migration. The cycle of the Aryan race to this day. But now there is no place left to escape to anymore. Evil sits in control of the whole earth. Everyplace is contaminated by colored presence to one extent or another, Whites, not only devoid of any leadership of their own, are without a single clue as to the why and wherefore of their own existence. Hitler was the final chance to avoid the Apocalypse and he received the same answer as did Jesus.

Were all of this commonly known today and generally taught in school curriculum, could there be any doubt of a people and a society regarding themselves and the world about them in a way far different from what we presently see? Kings and priests, every man, according to the God of Israel, and not slaves and degenerates.

How can White heritage become not only so lost but taken over by racial aliens and even anti-White elements? You already know what you'll find when encountering a person named Washington or Jefferson today. Next time you confront anyone named Isaacs, Rubin, Solomon, Jacobson, David, Asher, etc., you'll know the rest. It stems from the sins of the fathers.

Whites have had in fact everything of worth removed from them except for the genes they still carry within their blood. With the heavy veil of darkness over their eyes, this purity of blood has become the final, ultimate target of Evil and the attack upon it has now commenced in earnest.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

FAITH OF THE FANATIC

On May 1st it was reported on network television news that the group calling itself the Freemen, who had been holding out surrounded by the FBI in Montana for over a month, announced that they believed Yahweh, the Aryan God of the Bible, had placed a protective barrier around their compound which would maintain them safe from all enemies.

I was at once both dismayed and admiring.

That these people are both brave and inspired is beyond any question. That they are confronting Satanic forces is undeniable. But that they think there is any invisible protective barrier around them, shielding them from System terror is, to me, frightening.

The System media reporter, seen in taped flashbacks during the same broadcast kissing the ass of Communist dictator Fidel Castro, obviously was relishing the "invisible barrier" thing as he related it to the viewing masses and knowing the general effect it would have on them. This "anti-government hate group" clearly was insane and, by extension, so is the entire Racial Separatist Movement.

My aim here is to discern the truth. For it lies somewhere between there being an invisible barrier and those dedicated and courageous people being insane.

How far of a jump is it from the realization that, for the situation which confronts us in this age, there can be no political solution to the scenario as presented in the Book of Revelation? Can we, as Racialists and Separatists, see the corollary between what we know to be the absolute world domination of an evil, anti-White System which threatens to eliminate our race, which moves toward climax now dramatically, and the vision of Apocalypse which the whole world babbles about without much real understanding of its why and wherefore?

Here is where I must inject my own conclusions and convictions

about what constitutes the crucial reality link between the strange and fable-like tales in the Bible being mere hogwash or being literal fact. Care must be taken at all times to remember that, by the hollow standards of this age, anything at all outside of a column of figures or statistical data with a "bottom line" is to be laughed at and dismissed. To their misfortune, our own people have been fatally infected with this same alien outlook.

If there is currently nothing of inspirational grandeur in existence or at work in the world for us to fix upon and to be heartened by in order to know there are bigger things at large, then we, again as Movement veterans, can at least take our assurance from the carefully concealed World Conspiracy against the White race that we know exists as a reality even though it is "invisible" to most others. And, knowing we are not "crazy" on that account, take it to the next logical step of knowing that the successful completion of the goal of this conspiracy means not an ideal humanity but a very literal, dark and bloody hell on earth and you are left with an inescapable conclusion which doesn't make any sense, at least not in any "bottom line" context.

Such a goal being determinedly and meticulously pushed toward, having to at all times disguise itself and its true intention, proves the existence of a reality far different from that of the almost perceptively blind masses of people. Not being carried out by the "demons" or "spirits" which their superstitious indoctrinations have them looking for, but by flesh-and-blood beings with a psyche, or "soul", diametrically the opposite of our own, is an equally undeniable reality. To call "insane" the willful destruction of all higher humanity and, in the words of Adolf Hitler, cause the world to spin back into its ether, falls way short of the mark. It would have to be called evil.

This establishes the nature of the contest as well as the stakes themselves.

If, as the System-dominated mainstream churches claim, all is spiritual and subject to some "hereafter", why all the full-blown assault upon the physical being of Whites now, in the present? Why the all-out push to mingle White blood with dark? Why all the very real, solid, here-and-now attacks upon the very chromosomes which represent the highest manifestation of evolution? Real enough is it to be enacted into laws. As I've directly put it to various Christian ministers, if, as most agree, Satan controls the world, why then would he permit all these

many churches to exist openly and to thrive unmolested unless they either posed absolutely no threat to him or his plan... or unless they were operating directly in his service?

A number of things become apparent. The physical and the spiritual cannot be separated. As it is said in the Bible, a bastard cannot enter heaven even unto the tenth generation and no one not having originated in heaven can ever hope to return there. Moreover, there is no such thing as "supernatural". All is very real, all is mortal. Only incomplete levels of perception and imperfect technology make it seem otherwise.

Where is "heaven" and what is "God"? Why, "out there", of course, in the sky and beyond. In certain of the books of the Apocrypha not included in most Bibles, "seven heavens" are mentioned, each the home to different beings, each fulfilling a different role. Different galaxies, different dimensions? If "extraterrestrial" does not fit the concept of what "God" must be, then what else would? Paul, I might mention, does use the term "celestial". Not by any means "alien", only extraterrestrial or celestial.

In scanning the Bible, a number of themes are salient. Among them, heavy emphasis upon genealogy, the lineage from Adam and breaking off and dividing through the various miscegenation's starting with Eve and Satan, to Noah's sons, to Isaac and Ishmael, to Jacob and Esau, etc., but always managing to hang on by a thread to go on to pursue the destiny that belongs to only the pure race. Also, in the days of pre-history and up to Biblical times, the tales of "God", "gods", "angels", etc., walking the earth, speaking with men, taking meals with them, and even taking the daughters of men as their wives. Stories of men who rode with "God" above the earth and of men who never died in the flesh but who were taken up bodily into heaven. Finally, Jesus of Nazareth, the product of a "virgin" birth, possibly an artificial insemination, and his own later resurrection from the dead. What about the "original sin"? An "apple"? A "tree of knowledge" and a "tree of life"? When human kind learned they could reproduce themselves independent of God's test tubes, there immediately was born the threat of race mixing, of man playing God. It was okay for God to mix his DNA with ours but not for us to do likewise with lesser human breeds. To have done so meant that we'd never make it to the "tree of life" which meant an apparent, comparative "immortality" like the gods themselves.

The invisible wall of protection around the Freeman in Montana? It does have a precedent in the Book of Exodus. After miraculously aiding the Nation of Israel in breaking free of the sinking racial morass of Egypt, God held them in the Sinai Desert until the time was right for them to militarily take the land of Canaan for their own. During this time he had fed them with manna, presumed now to have been hydro carbons from the atmosphere (or from "heaven") but, more likely, a kind of sap found commonly to this day on one kind of indigenous plant. At that time, God was physically present in the forefront of battle, always concealed either in a cloud or in a pillar of flame. There, too, was the 11 "secret weapon" he had instructed Israel to build, the Ark of the Covenant. Disparate odds mattered not. Modern archaeology has found the toppled walls of Jericho as well as the glazed remains of Sodom.

The danger for the Freemans and potentially for any of the rest of us? The story as related in the Bible reveals that even in the very midst of direct, divine intervention on their behalf, the people continued to rebel, to doubt, to build their golden calves and to gripe and complain over a sustained diet of manna. At the sight of all this, an enraged God sent slaughter and defeat against Israel, ultimately leaving them alone to their own inadequate devices.

From that climax and for nearly three thousand years hence, nothing has been seen on earth like it with the exception of some of our own advanced technology of the Twentieth Century. Why?

From Exodus 32:25, "...the people had gotten out of control and so became a laughing stock to their enemies." Exodus 33: 1, 2 and 3, "...go up to the land I promised on oath to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," "I will send an angel before you," "But I will not go with you, because you are a stiff-necked people and I might destroy you on the way."

How many of you have been positively exasperated after decades of trying to work with typical Hard Right Wingers in trying to get Whites organized to act like Whites? In living memory what has been the reception given to more recent prophets and saviors like Hitler, Rockwell and Manson? The "angel" who accompanied me through my own most recent travail, who died only after the real jeopardy had passed, had it that the presence of a television set in one's home was tantamount to a wooden idol or a golden calf. These people today not only mingle themselves with "strangers", not only permit "strangers" to be in

authority over them, not only give their daughters to “strangers” but in their churches they worship Baal and Ishtar without even realizing it. All this let alone such things as “alternative lifestyles”, etc.

The general omission of the name Yahweh within the pages of most Bibles, rendering most mainly unaware of it, substituting in its stead the generic and misleading term “God”, at least prevents them from undoubtedly and commonly taking it in vain also.

Leviticus 26:14 through 46 tells what will take place as the result of disobedience to God. “I will bring upon you sudden terror, wasting diseases and fever,” “You will plant seed in vain, because your enemies will eat it. I will set my face against you so that you will be defeated by your enemies; those who hate you will rule over you, and you will flee even when no one is pursuing you.”

AIDS arrives and they demand a cure for it from science so they may carry on with their perversion. Many a White renegade goes crawling back to an abusive colored consort.

“If after all this you will not listen to me, I will punish you for your sins seven times over. I will break down your stubborn pride and make the sky above you like iron and the ground beneath you like bronze.”

They are eaten alive by runaway crime but continue to breed and even to adopt more “strangers”. The United States represents five percent of the world population but consumes fifty percent of the world's narcotics.

“If you remain hostile toward me and refuse to listen to me, I will send wild animals against you, and they will rob you of your children, destroy your cattle and make you so little in number that your roads will be deserted.”

The foolish masses of Whites go on and on taking a beating and getting a screwing yet they keep crawling back to the twin gangs of Jewish-controlled Democrats and Republicans that have brought them to this mess. They keep voting for these same swine and paying taxes to them. They keep on sharing in their sick philosophy of national shame and death. They keep well within these same alien-inspired “laws”.

“If in spite of this you still do not listen to me, I will turn your cities into ruins and lay waste to your sanctuaries. I will lay waste the land, so that your enemies who live there will be appalled.”

There can be no such thing as successfully serving two masters.

I personally never use the term "repent" due entirely to the "cracked" connotation that has long been attached to it. As Movement activists, we know there is a Z.O.G. but we want to deny the fact that most of the people love it and are devoted to it. Repent only means to change your ways. Being totally blinded, totally devoid of any real sense of up or down, how are they to perceive or change anything? It is all nothing short of the Whore of Babylon. What I stress above all else is for the individual to part company from this System. John put it another way, "Come out of the Beast." As the modern-day symbol for this very thing, I cite the action of Charles Manson. And you already are well aware of the general reaction to that.

There is such a thing as partial awareness and partial commitment. This is the greatest danger of all. This is the reason that at present not much stock can be put in such things as invisible barriers, etc. Until you are summoned by a voice from out of a burning bush or actually see a pillar of flame, best play it cool. Not until these people, the broad masses, have had the literal tar beaten out of them and the know-it-all cockiness removed from them will things change and miracles begin to happen again.

Until then I fully expect one and all to "keep on keepin' on".

But such instances as the Freemen stand in Montana are on the rise and are a sure sign that developments are on the way. Events now are in command of themselves. People must do what they feel they are compelled to do but the pitfalls of prematurity ought to be carefully weighed in.

One obscure paragraph in the Bible rather starkly admonishes man against concerning himself in matters concerning the heavens. Almost like the Wizard of Oz admonishing Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Man and the Lion against paying any attention to the man at the controls behind the curtain.

"Bible" means simply, "collection of books". These start with the account given to man by extraterrestrials on creation, then moving on to the history and the role of the Nation of Israel, finally leaving off when the last of Whites, Israel, vanished from the area. Either it is all B.S. or it is not. If it is real then it must assume some form and any such form must be extraterrestrial. Deriders of Jehovah, the Hellenized version of Yahweh, claim that he is a bloodthirsty and vengeful god. Naturally, as our own progenitor, he would be. The Odinists ought, properly to warm to

this.

If our people could doubt while in the Sinai, then they can certainly doubt today. Are the extraterrestrials still around? Silly question given the preponderance of the evidence. Are they as mortal as we are? Why don't they announce themselves? The answers are all to be found between the covers of the Bible and within the headlines of today's newspapers. They are every bit as positive as they are, at times, unsettling.

One more leading motif in the Bible relates to live sacrifice. Also in Exodus is given much incredibly intricate detail as to the kind as well as the manner of these live sacrifices. It's worth reading at length. Only certain portions of certain animals prepared in certain ways would do. Only perfect specimens would do. And the burnt offering would yield an aroma that would be pleasing to the Lord. As with all else, this too is either pure bunk or it is not. Such sacrifices stopped at the end of the Biblical age, that is, when God stopped dealing directly with man. But the pigs of Z.O.G. as well as the rest of us might want to ponder the significance of the otherwise inexplicable "livestock mutilations" of the present time along with the areas in which most of them occur.

I had no patience for the "fairy tales" that were presented when I was a child and zero tolerance for the Peace-Love-Brotherhood crap that is still being pushed by these churches.

For, Movement veterans, you knew in the beginning what you were fighting against, at least at the street level and on the instinctive level. Hopefully, if you have survived until now, your intelligence and determination have not only revealed to you more fully what you are fighting against but also what you are fighting for. There's just too much going on here to be lightly dismissed as junk.

During my initial Pueblo Jail days, I studied a Gideon outline of what the distinguishing facets of the "Holy Spirit" are. It's all just a matter of higher awareness together with the heart to back it up. Higher racial awareness. Remember "Deutschland erwacht." It's not some "bail out starving Africa" garbage.

From birth and well into adulthood, I recoiled at lines such as "the meek shall inherit the earth" and "vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord." We would make a movement to knock the Enemy on his ass and set things straight. Well, reality has since arrived. What would the definition of "meek" be if not those without power or voice? Does that

not perfectly describe the position of the White race and, even more specifically, the White Movement? Isn't it plain to see that the consequences of the Enemy's own actions will be what does him in quite apart from any fulminations of our own?

Not "spooky", not "mystical", just apocalyptic, just Atomic Age, just Space Age. Different dimensions. Silly was the way I used to view such things as the Bible's warnings against consultations with astrologers, prognosticators, etc. Why? Not because they're all just phonies. (Although the preponderance of them are.)

I always wondered why and how one such as Nostradamus could have possibly foreseen Hitler a thousand years ago and yet still have painted him in exactly the same slanderous, distorted way as the Enemy media does at present. Then I learned that Nostradamus was a Jew. The source of his information then would be the same source as your information now whenever watching network news as they portray such as the Freemans as "hate groups". Man, it would appear, is not capable of peering across time dimensions without being tripped up by it.

Whatever Satan is, that is the source of such insight and, though it is all very real, it is all very "P.C." as well. P.C. and coming from some anti-White slant.

Whatever God is, he is most assuredly not "P.C."

Of course, the "spiritualists" may have their own explanation as to why, thus far, there has been no direct intervention on the part of God even as "sin" runs rampant and "evil" governs. Their broad and loose-ended objections aside, a more plausible and satisfying explanation could be based upon the premise that this is indeed a controlled experiment and that there will be no tampering done until the exact moment for it has arrived.

Though never too far away, they made their dramatic reappearance at the close of the Second World War, just at the moment when the last light of White life went out of the world and the Satanic System consolidated its grip over the whole planet and along with the arrival of technology at approximately the point alluded to in Revelation.

They are staying very close for a purpose. There is nothing they can gain or learn from us. We are no threat to them. Perhaps the so-called "abductions" are for gleaning scientific and biological data for them to evaluate but only in the sense that we might study white mice. But God had said that he had chosen us, we didn't choose him, and that

we would not be permitted to vanish.

A most serious error was made when early church fathers left out of the Bible which they were building up from out of far more ancient records the far more detailed accounts of creation as recorded by the Egyptians and Sumerians. Those accounts would have left no doubt whatever in the mind of any modern person as to exactly what took place or its full significance. They wanted to "spiritualize" it, "mystify" it so as to be able to place themselves in total control of it for the sake of power and wealth. In that goal they succeeded but their legacy now amounted to a belief system for Whites which was garbage and left them totally unarmed to resist or to even recognize the evil that sought to destroy them.

Those distant elders spotted an opening, after God had slammed the door and stormed out in , for them to move in and set up a racket. Their modern heirs, carrying on in exactly that same spirit, would be the very last ones who would want to witness an actual return of God.

If you happen to be one of those who tends to react warmly whenever hearing one of these Judeo-Christian "televangelists" lambasting many of the same maladies I attack in these pages to the extent that you may even be moved to join them, stop and think instead. Their "perfect world" would still be dominated by Jews and would still include coloreds. So what then does it matter whether a situation like that is free of drugs, homosexuality or any other subsidiary immorality? Who and what has still won if race-mixing can continue? And who has lost?

The System and all of its kept whores flatly deny the existence of the presence of extraterrestrials. If you so much as pose an objective question into the matter, you are laughed at and considered unbalanced. Is that at all familiar from anyplace else?

Most guess the reason for this official denial pertains somehow to "national security". However, if the System were to be relied upon on matters of national security, there yet remains the problem of Z.O.G. which, likewise, according to them, doesn't exist. At any rate, with the nation already long in the grip of its own worst enemy, whose "security" is being regarded here anyway apart from that of Z.O.G. itself?

Regardless, we know that these extraterrestrials could take the place right over at any point they chose and all resistance would be futile. Reports are in the open of attempts at "reverse-engineering" captured

extraterrestrial craft in order to discover their secrets of propulsion, etc. For use against whom? Is the secrecy surrounding such matters in order to prevent panic? Please! Something like this from those who would foment wars in order to make a buck? That is, unless it is they who are the ones that are scared.

We don't need to kid ourselves on that point any longer. The real reason goes all the way back to the very beginning. The legendary pride of Satan. Not for the sake of "security" or to "prevent panic" but, true to the nature of its master, the Satanic System cannot admit to or acknowledge the existence of any power superior to its own. "Better to rule in hell than to serve in heaven."

If the end of this drama has already been written, then why go on at all with it? Folly, pride. They are unable to do anything else. Haven't you ever dealt with the System? They must lock us up. They must downplay Hitler, the real Jesus, extraterrestrials and anything else which might cast doubt upon their own worthless power and moribund values. They must use their money power to pay their hired stooges to force it to be the way they declare it to be. Censorship, unnatural and impossible laws, assassinations, wars, whatever it may require in order to maintain the illusion. Right up to the last possible moment. And, obviously, to see how much genetic damage can be done in the meantime.

Note how Hollywood almost invariably represents extraterrestrials. From playful but grotesque monsters, all the way to human flesh eating reptiles in "fascist" uniforms. They have reason. Any extraterrestrial "invasion" would signal the unfolding of the scenario in Revelation. It would amount to the return of Jesus, of Michael, Gabriel, Raphael and the whole gang. And they would come gunning. They would come to upset the apple cart. Among their first targets would be these churches and these ministers who have so grievously misrepresented them and, thereby, led so many innocent people astray.

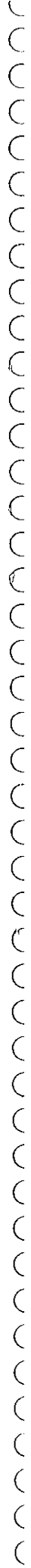
The System has good reason to fear.

So do any whose vision has been tainted by the System. John in Revelation frankly states that the return would be, for many, a time of great mourning.

I wonder how much of this the Freemen in Montana may have contemplated.

May, 1996, C.S.P.

PART NINE



MAGPIE

I was four days in the hole at Arrowhead and then suddenly transferred to Fremont a few miles away. Not to anyone's surprise, I was off and running ahead of any rubber stamp "hearing" as to my officially being classified "Administrative Segregation". When the papers charging me did arrive, they'd had to wait until the assigned case manager returned from vacation, as he'd had to attach his signature to them as having been the party who "initiated" the whole action.

The so-called "hearing" itself, when they finally got around to it, took place in a cubicle which seated three of the prison bureaucrats, the obese case manager and myself. Naturally, I was in full restraints. I'd been given the right to request an inmate representative and I had indeed chosen one well-renowned para-legal I'd gotten to know while still at Arrowhead. This, however, was denied though they did put him on the speaker phone. To the extent that I was no disciplinary or management problem, there was no dispute. Their entire case now rested with the case manager in the form of a greatly expanded cache of my personal mail, all of which had been confiscated at the mail room without any notification to me, and a clear violation of their own written regulations. But, as the rat case manager said, mere association with anything they deemed to be a "disruptive gang" was all that needed to be established

I was "AdSegged" sure enough but, in one of the strangest, most unique twists anyone I'd later encounter through D.O.C. had ever heard of, I was not given a write-up of any kind. I hadn't done anything for which I could have been written up. Nonetheless, I was headed for maximum security confinement.

The chicken-shit business of confiscating my mail without the legally required notification or option of having it forwarded out of the institution to a street address was unnecessary to getting an action of Administrative Segregation. To have established my contacts and associates, or simply having a chat with me, would have been sufficient in itself. The aim of taking and holding without reporting incoming

correspondence was the disruption of my dealings and affairs, plain and simple. To demonstrate to them how completely the scare tactic of AdSeg itself had failed, I took it upon myself to independently re-establish any conceivably broken threads in the mail. Within weeks, the prison system itself caved in on that point and began permitting 99% of all my mail to reach me, with the remainder duly sent out to safe contacts for holding. For the rest, that considerable block of mail from September and October, etc., which was still being held would require court action, a writ of replevin, to regain.

Here then was a significant thing: A stalemate. As long as I maintained my political contacts, I'd stay in AdSeg. But, to me, my political dealings were most important of all, AdSeg be damned. So it settled in for the long haul.

Right at that point the mask had slipped for a fraction of a second as to what the prison system was representing and what it was trying to do. "Corrections", hell! From pig opportunism to pig cowardice, now to pig thought control. If they can't change my thoughts, they can try to stop their flow. Then they failed at that in the fall of 1995, they failed utterly and completely. All they could do from then on was let the sentence play out while I went about my business. Futility on their part. Charades.

The prospect of months of tedium ahead being beside the point, this business of now being a political prisoner in the United States was, to any propaganda writer, worth a million dollars. Here was a distinct honor and a situation to be exploited. I began right away, never once to let up, and I'm sure I never would have. Manson's words, "Make 'em be what they are", re-emerged with all new meaning and clarity.

To recapitulate, for any so-called "court of law" to send to prison anyone such as myself for essentially having done nothing, only because of politics, and then for any prison system to commit a person like me to Death Row-like conditions, again for having done literally nothing, again, only for politics, is a shattering thing. Not shattering to me but shattering to any system that breathes and exudes such cowardice and hypocrisy while masquerading as "legitimate authority".

"Make 'em be what they are." It hit me at once that this very thing is an absolute prerequisite to the demise of the System. For my first decade within the Movement I'd certainly paid my dues toward an effort with no realistic hope of success. Now I was to pay more dues but this

time in a big-league, hands-on kind of way. Most importantly of all, however, it was to be in a way that really meant something. In the full clutches of the Beast System as it reacted out of fear and hate, utilizing its full, unlimited power, showing itself for what it really was and is, and yet still powerless to prevent me from functioning politically approximately as I would have been doing were I still out on the street. I felt positively elated at the realization of this.

There stood the situation, established most clearly from the very outset. Just as with the bigger, overall picture, it had quickly devolved into a mere waiting game. I would keep up my activities in an unaffected manner while the prison sentence ticked out. Who wins?

Could I have been so foolish to have imagined I was alone? Hardly. Not in that prison and not in the nation or the world. State power wielded out of fear, for no purpose other than its own continuation, while having fundamentally and forever alienated too many people and, furthermore, the wrong kind of people, was plainly and simply doomed. Here was a life and death struggle and their blows, such as they were, were only managing to piss people off.

Years, even decades, into the future, I shall always look back and know it was at that time I first actually began to taste the blood of the System. Events were causing them to blow their cool, a thing which had consistently proven to be their best strategy. Events would continue to overwhelm them in just such a manner until they were broken. What Manson referred to as their getting done doing whatever it was they are doing so that we all could get on is what it amounted to. My mood from then on out could well afford to be affable, a thing which irked them to no small degree.

I found myself at Fremont simply because C.S.P. was full. Instead of four rooms within an inside-out cottage setting, this was a full-scale, full-blown block. Lock-down twenty-three out of twenty-four hours was the way it would be from then on out. Solitary confinement tempered only by the ability to communicate verbally through the block and to become adept at the use of the "fishing" or "rat" line to move small items from cell to cell. (And talking officially was forbidden though not enforced while being caught with a rat line was an automatic write-up.)

My world at Fremont was a cell approximately seven by fourteen feet, painted hot pink. Strangely separated were a white enamel sink and commode. No mirror. A recessed light fixture was above the

sink, near the door, that only came on at count time so that any reading and writing ended with the sun going down. A curiously massive and clumsy seat and table affair attached to one wall. A bunk across the rear wall. And a low, wide combination window and vent apparatus one could open to receive fresh air. The plexiglass in this cell had at some time been struck heavily in a number of places giving a "spider web" effect all across it and causing me to wonder what they had used to do this. Still, the view was good.

Out that window each day I came to look forward to the arrival of a group of birds the kind of which I'd never seen before. Large birds with long tails and beaks, stark markings of white and black, with some areas of black reflecting cobalt blue in the sun. I soon learned that they were magpies and in observing their playfulness and noisy call from my ground-level cell, I could easily imagine how their name could have come to be associated with boisterous, loquacious people.

And at the end of each day, as the sun would begin to set, its rays would catch in the shattered plexiglass and create a spectacular, miniature fireworks or laser display on the walls of my cell. Soon I had my own sundial arranged within the frame of the window, marked to coincide with the shadow's position at certain count and meal times.

But it was to my amazement and delight that I found on the inside of the sliding metal door of my cell, which had taken a very severe beating at some point, though with what I again did not know, the very same distinctive trademarks that had been so prominent there in my cell at Pueblo in May. The same carefully rendered mobile Swastika surmounting two smaller, stylized Siegrunen. Nowhere this time did I find the name "Sparks" as I had at Pueblo but it was the very same signature nonetheless? Without damaging or obscuring the work, I set about adding to it more of my own.

Early on I decided to resume the exercise routine that I'd abandoned almost ten years before. Word was that, under conditions such as these, the legs and the heart would be the first things to go. My mail began to catch up with me and I seriously began some of what I felt was my best writing, here within this "ideal" setting. Before long I was engaging in conversation with some of the other men there, Aryan Brotherhood men and those with broad Eagle and Swastika tattoos across their backs, especially during the one hour each day period when I was able to leave my cell and roam the width and breadth of the block.

Laughingly, the prison had unwittingly passed me all the same magazines containing my Movement interviews, etc., that had originally been withheld at Pueblo but which I had been carrying with me all through D.R.D.C., Cell House Five and Arrowhead. My Identist friend at Arrowhead had provided me with some suitably "Judeo-Christian" covers to sheath them in and it had worked well. These were much in demand while I was there at Fremont and, when moved on, I let them remain behind. I felt they would do better with the men I'd made the acquaintance of and who'd requested them. Some of these contacts would be maintained over the coming years.

Utilizing the prison library, reading the daily newspapers which were kindly supplied by my neighbor, writing and corresponding, continuing to make the fullest use of the prison medical facility, exercising regularly, enjoying the really good food and the surprisingly comfortable sleeping, I quickly became cognizant of just how well off I was and how quickly the time was passing. It seemed truly amazing.

My neighbor had told me that he had been waiting there for his own transfer to C.S.P. for two months. Nonetheless, on the morning of my tenth day there, I received the call to pack up. "You're a lucky devil," was the word as I said my goodbyes. "Lucky" now to be going to C.S.P., the place everyone most dreaded, and, what's more, I truly felt it. The officer responsible for transporting me from Fremont the short distance to C.S.P. glanced at my paperwork, raised his eyebrows and asked, "A member of what disruptive organization?" I responded, "The Black Panthers." He got the idea.

I'd seen the building before, from the road. Reminded me of an angular version of Ayers Rock in Australia. There was only one small fence. No yard. No towers. They didn't need them. You did not exit the building once you entered it. Ever. Arrival was via a sally port. Back at the first of September when this spectre first had loomed, I had assured myself that I'd handle it, no matter what. Here it now was, the funny thing now was that, after the dark and dingy holes and Arrowhead and Fremont, C.S.P. represented every inch an improvement.

Weeks later, my neighbor from Fremont finally made it over himself and, through a third party address I'd previously given him, he wrote to let me know. (Correspondence between C.S.P. inmates was forbidden.) He said that he had asked one Fremont lieutenant about the reason for my speedy transferral to C.S.P. and had been told it was due to

the recent episode in Arizona regarding an Amtrak derailment and a group calling itself "Sons of the Gestapo" which claimed credit. "He has too many friends", were the words that betrayed their guilty fears along with their galloping paranoia. But at least it had worked for me this time.

Nothing remotely like what leaps to mind for the average person whenever the word "prison" comes up, this was far more like something from out of a vintage "James Bond" film. Brand new and state-of-the-art. A labyrinth of wings and pods within wings. Five hundred prisoners housed in pods which only contained sixteen men each, spacious enough to give the impression of a deserted shopping mall and only two tiers high, though the building itself was four stories. It seemed like a huge waste of space but it did somehow lend a rather pleasant effect.

Right away I was reminded of something which had occurred to me once at my Denver apartment building. Those doors. I had stood in the hallway in Denver and observed those doors down each side on two floors and had thought that how, behind each one, there was someone's world, including my own. It was the same here now. And my world there in Denver I had loved. Why should it necessarily be any different now?

This was entirely a psychological test. Past any words of describing, here was the revelation of just how much of what passed as "life" on the outside was nothing more than a myriad of ways and means of escaping from life, from one's own self and from reality. Manson had always stressed that as long as one didn't run out of thought, they'd be okay. At C.S.P. there could be nothing to fear other than being left alone with yourself. Life itself was utterly smooth. Much of my past life had left me well prepared for the months ahead.

The cells were spacious, comparatively speaking, seven by fourteen feet. Ceilings and walls smooth concrete and painted lavender. Floor was of an equally finely finished gray. Window in the left, rear corner, four feet high and five inches wide, overlooking breathtaking mountains and treating me at evening time most nights for the next nine months to the most spectacular, stunning sunsets I'd ever witnessed. One's own mirror, sink and commode constructed of stainless steel. Bath shelf and hangers, all suicide-proof, meaning they would only support a very limited amount of weight before bending. Writing and eating table with stool. An elaborate light fixture one controlled on their own containing call box, electrical outlet and television cable hook-up. A three-tier shelving system for papers, books, etc. Bunk and mattress that,

again, slept amazingly well. Foot locker beneath. Constant ventilation that kept it at the perfect sleeping temperature year-round.

In a news article I'd read while still at Fremont, Ted Turner had been quoted as saying, "Anyone with three meals a day, a place to sleep and cable television has nothing to worry about." That now perfectly described me for, after about ten days, I achieved "Level II" and was given my personal television to use. It fit most ideally on the bottom shelf right over the foot of my bunk. I truly had it "made".

That killed the first of the nasty rumors I'd heard about C.S.P. The talk of the various "levels" gave the impression to some that one started out literally subterranean and only with the passage of much time could he once again hope to see the day light of the outside world. In truth, "Level I" was punitive condition, that is, minus any television, or for newcomers who were thus encouraged to make the most of things. "Level II" came soon enough, providing no disciplinary trouble had been reported, and one received their television plus some other privileges. "Level III" came after ninety days of sustained good behavior and brought with it more day halls, more canteens, more phone calls, more visits and the ability to move from cell to day hall to shower and back again uncuffed and unescorted. Throughout the entire time, I had no write-ups whatsoever.

Another rumor had it that the day hall at C.S.P. was no bigger than a regular cell and that the fresh air had to be "piped in". Each pod had an upper and lower tier and each tier had its own day hall. They were situated in angular corners, were themselves triangular in shape and were indeed about the same square footage as a normal cell. But the tight corner was fitted with a heavy grate from top to bottom which permitted the free flow of outside air. If it was burning in summer or freezing in winter, that's what you felt in day hall. True to the report, however, the only piece of equipment on which to exercise was a pull-up bar with which I quickly became well acquainted. Conversations with those in neighboring pods could be held during these day halls via the open grates.

The final rumor to bite the dust had to do with the showers at C.S.P. Word had it that a "mobile unit" was wheeled around in front of one's cell door and that was how one showered. In reality, one took his shower immediately following day hall, and I was endlessly amazed at the number of men who never took day hall but only their shower. The

shower was located right next door to each day hall and amounted to a small, double wet and dry, stainless steel chamber with one button to start the water, giving one about fifteen minutes worth, and a second button to signal the guards to unlock the door when finished. No concerns ever over "dropping the soap" around here.

In order for an assault to have taken place there (and they did) an improbable series of things that would need to be present and in order and would have to occur against some pretty incredible odds. One, you'd need to harbor a really hot hate against someone; Two, that person would not only have to be confined at C.S.P. but also within your own pod; Three, you somehow would have to fashion or otherwise secure a shank; Four, you would need to discover how to jimmy the locks on either the day hall or the shower doors; Five, your target would have to appear out of their cell and on the tier during your day hall or shower; Six, you would have to burst out and attack your target on the tier and not caring that it was in full view of prisoners and staff alike. Proof positive that where there's a will, there's a way.

In fact, it was no time before I came to realize that being at C.S.P. effectively removed me from all the most noisome hassles and dangers commonly associated with prison life. Here one was so deeply "in" that it amounted to being within the eye of a storm. No "cellie". No regimentation of any kind. No work detail. No incessant loudspeaker announcements. No milling, skulking crowds of low-lives to be watched. No contact at all between prisoners apart from the verbal and passed notes, etc. It occurred to me that if the first five months of this had been for me like a weird sort of a return to school or camp life, then this phase surely equated to a surreal version of a "coming home". Here I had the very thing that is most deprived of the average prisoner: Complete privacy. And how I cherished it!

Three keys to successful existence under these conditions I soon had isolated: Minimizing and suppressing anxiety. Understanding fully and well just why I was there and its greater implication was crucially important but it couldn't prevent the natural urge to "get up and go" now and then. A full life behind me and the awareness that it's not all that bad in here and not all that great out there usually did the trick. Whenever a pleasant longing might come over me, I had by then come to know that just to play it out all the way in my mind would be as close as I'd ever come to reliving it, whether in or out, and in that way I could have

whatever happened to be my heart's desire of the moment.

In contrast to the above, maintaining one's enthusiasm for life in the present was of at least equal importance. Quickly I saw that in here there was no such thing as a "little deal". Small pleasures of a day-to-day nature were to be anticipated and savored. By the same token, otherwise minor headaches would be blown way out of proportion and there was the danger of paranoia taking over. Good organizer as I am, I generally was able to keep things going like the proverbial well-oiled machine so as to avoid most of that. In line with both of these things, it was an absolute necessity to deny the prison authorities the excuse to impose their "rules" and "discipline". Just by carrying on as exactly what I was, that is, a person who didn't belong in prison, and much less C.S.P., never did I encounter any distasteful friction whatever.

The secret to it all was the "ground crew" on the outside who kept things together, sent me regular money orders, kept me well occupied with mail, kept publishing my articles, etc. In essence, keeping me worry free. Hand-in-hand with that was managing to get and to keep things on a well-structured, well-functioning basis. That much done and one's cell became a self-contained world. Contentment made the days fly by and the weeks to melt away. Should anything interrupt this smooth flow, the place could suddenly become prison again where one was as helpless as a deep-sea diver whose oxygen line has been severed.

Consistently sleeping like a baby from 9:00 pm to breakfast, with napping through morning, I was finding myself able to recall in detail sometimes as many as five separate dreams in a night. I also resumed keeping a daily log, a practice that I'd dropped ten years before along with my regular, daily exercises, and I now would start each day by recording the dreams of the night before as though they were part of the activities. On the rare occasions my mind failed to recollect these dreams upon waking, I felt diminished, even frustrated. At Pueblo this had seen its beginning and I began to view dreams as being the subconscious mind's way of drawing upon both the memory and the active imagination to provide to the individual the sensations and experiences that they most required. Odd however to find one's self among friends and loved ones long gone and in places and circumstances that were never shared before.

On occasion, just as with the dreams, though not as often, I'd awaken before the dawn from out of a sound sleep and have to go to my

writing desk and put pen to paper. Precisely as with the dreams, I'd have to quickly jot down my notes for my articles or otherwise they'd fade away and be lost. On but a few occasions, I'd feel compelled to remain at the desk from dawn until dusk, to work out an article in full. To me here was and beyond, supreme satisfaction in creativity and at the same time the demonstration of the prisons utter ridiculousness and futility.

Manson's "the Now" assumed greater meaning here as all the many phases of my past life were seen to be no different now than any of these nightly dreams. Both were good to draw from but both now were no more than memories and, as such, illusions. Sufficient experience was already telling me with assurance that this too would one day be looked back upon as though it were a dream, and in no way a bad one. Life went on in two different dimensions. But all that any of us ever really have is now.

The seven-by-fourteen cell contained me twenty-three out of every twenty-four hours. Soon it dawned over me that it was the actual equivalent of a five-room apartment. One can in any event occupy only one room at any given time. When absorbed in sleeping, watching television, eating, exercising, writing or seeing to one's hygiene, the cell alternately becomes bedroom, living room, dining room, study and bath. My favorite glance across the cell was from before the sink and mirror, right by the door and looking off to the side, over all shelving, desk, bunk, television and out the window. Here was home. For what it was, it was about everything one could hope or ask for.

Taking care of correspondence and handling creative writing occupied each and every afternoon. Writing would occur whenever I might be moved to commit some thought or another to paper. But it was daily correspondence that took precedence. Once I'd passed a majority of my time, it struck me how strange it had been that my incoming mail quickly assumed and then steadily maintained a level just high enough to keep me busy and pleasantly distracted, but never to swamp me and never to taper off to nothing. Most every day, Monday through Friday, I could expect several letters to come to my cell just before dinner. Following a staff rotation, I met one of those who'd been working previously in the mail room. He knew me quite well. He told me that I received more mail than anyone else within the facility and that he and the others had enjoyed reading my articles, all type-set and printed out, that were returning to me.

Certain ingenuity was required to manage the postage for this amount of correspondence as, regardless of the funds that may have been present on a man's account, no one could order more than ten stamps per week from commissary. This was due to the use of postage stamps by prisoners as a sort of "currency" for gambling on ball games on television, etc. The solution was found in arranging with a number of trusted comrades on the outside to re-mail for me letters that at times would have to go out as many as five under a single stamp, in a single envelope, just in order to remain current. It worked well.

Childhood came back to me with a positive vengeance. With the little black-and-white television set coming on about 9:00 am and then remaining on until about 9:00 pm, even though there was no "lights out" at C.S.P. and many of the men chose to reverse their days and nights, the roster of favorite programs by itself went far toward speeding the days past. Sleazy talk shows became an entertainment staple. I drew much enjoyment from PBS and the Discovery Channel. I became far better acquainted with "Perry Mason", "I Love Lucy", "Lawrence Welk", etc., here than I had ever had been as a kid at home with my parents. Television was hugely important, or as important as we wanted or allowed it to become under the circumstances, and, naturally, that's what the institution would take from you in order to gain leverage. I never once lost mine.

Being essentially one, big "hole", C.S.P. was different in that one never knew who or what his neighbor might be. Someone like me who, by rights, should have been quartered at a nursing home-like place without even a fence around it, or a Death Row murderer or rapist awaiting execution. Or perhaps some, rat or deviant in there for protective custody. Practically, however, we each were existing under the very same. Death Row kind of conditions. A condemned prisoner could achieve "Level III" just the same as any other. The standard drill for movement was to be first handcuffed through the tray slot in one's door, the door would slide open and one would step out to be shackled and sometimes "belly-chained". And always by a pair of guards. One then had to pick one's steps very carefully and never, under any circumstances, be shackled without wearing the thick, white D.O.C.-issue socks.

Here the phenomenon reached perhaps its zenith which had begun at Pueblo. The friendliest staff I had ever encountered anywhere. I saw some belligerent prisoners cause some staff to markedly change

their personalities from cell to cell and even heard of the employment of so-called "six packs", or forcible cell extractions, which always meant a beating in order to properly pacify particularly unruly prisoners. A significant percentage of the staff was female and many of these quite pretty and familiar. For the most part the maximum security game was just that: A game that had to be played because of some "rules".

All that super-tight, super-imposing security, when, due to one's attitude and bearing, not needed or called for was rendered equally useless and non-threatening. A veritable universe of nonsense. As Manson said, here was somebody's idea of "reality". A sixty-five-million-dollar farce which cost an additional thirty thousand dollars per year per man which was held here. Crime goes wild as society disintegrates. All that these people can manage to do in the face of this is erect enforced insanity of which this had to be the prime example.

And I was here because of my writings, all of which continued to issue forth without interruption from within these walls. A real revelation into the workings of the mind of the Enemy.

Every service was catered to your door. Commissary and laundry each week. Library upon request. Case managers and access attorneys. "Recreation", which consisted of no more than puzzles and art supplies (although C.S.P. did have its own closed-circuit television channel which broadcast every weekend a bingo game.) Chaplain. Educational courses. Even the psychologist whom the prisoners dubbed the "crazy lady" who'd monthly make the rounds of the cells to inquire how one was doing. What to compare with? They lock people in completely inhumane, unnatural surroundings and then want to know how they're doing. I would politely wave her off each time.

The food was unfailingly excellent. As good as anything my mother ever prepared or any I'd enjoyed eating at restaurants. Again, served to your door by officers, sergeants, lieutenants and captains. Due to my heavy indulgence in the delicacies of the special holiday canteen, I found myself having to put myself on a strict diet, only consuming about one-half of what was normally contained in a regular meal.

Taken altogether, this made for some surprisingly cheery holidays. My canteen gift to myself for that first Christmas was an electric, rotary razor. Cards from friends decorated the cell. Television specials, plus the fact that time was now getting along, took care of the rest.

As with anyplace else, always a few closer acquaintances were made. The only two kinds of inmate "jobs" that were available at C.S.P. were barber and tier porter. I wasn't qualified for the former and not interested in the latter. The tier porter had a position of special responsibility for he was entrusted to transfer materials from cell to cell or from pod to pod at the risk of write-up and loss of privileges. We had some good ones. Likewise with the barbers themselves. Seems like that certain personality type, the friendly barber, carries over even into the penitentiary. As might be expected, both the barbers and the porters were experts in the field of sports talk, a thing which left me out in the cold.

Literally at every step of the way there were White Racial Separatist prisoners. Sometimes one could spot them right away. At other times it wouldn't become apparent until only much later. A few of them had haunted some of the same circles as I had while still in Denver. Some were strange to me but knew my name from having read my book. There were also the Black Muslims. Both groups could provide much spirited, fast-paced conversation. Regular moves within the institution were designed to keep such relationships broken up. However, this seldom succeeded.

Even the shifting of entire floor staffs from wing to wing and from the "upstairs" portion of the huge building to the "downstairs" occurred regularly in order to prevent too much familiarity from developing between guards and inmates. Nine months into my stay at C.S.P., one of these staff rotations took place. The direct effect upon me was like that of saying goodbye all over again to friends. Those times to follow when I'd have to be escorted to the barber shop, infirmary, or to a hearing in some other part of the building and would encounter some of them again, it would be like a reunion.

It might be seen as a contradiction to so be able to not resign to but to embrace and even enjoy one's circumstances under incarceration and to become genuinely fond of lower level personnel but, in practical reality, it only makes perfect sense. Hate is a holy commodity and demands to be well-directed if it is not to be squandered or, worse, to come back and consume one. "Punkism" and playing it "tough" are distinct from real strength. Punkism is never called for at any time, not even before the real trash of the System, that is, the bureaucrats, the courts, etc. Grant them this, their day, and be glad that this is their

moment, their best shot, and that tomorrow is ours.

Strength is reflected in maintaining a positive spirit, thanking whoever happens to bring you your next meal, returning respect for respect, being a team player on the tier and generally demonstrating the superiority of your own position. Being polite in declining their generous offer of releasing you from maximum security in exchange for your severing your political associations is, to them, the ultimate rebuke, the ultimate rebellion and the ultimate defeat. It is an act of defiance for which they can't even write you up. That kind of word spreads equally as fast as one bringing a "six-pack" down upon himself but it is of an entirely positive nature, carrying a lot more meaning.

After all, I could easily afford to play it like a violin.

I was, in the end, only bus-stopping here, doing only "wino time", as the hardened convicts would refer to any sentence of duration under ten years. Only a minimum of self-discipline will bring the coolness of head to allow you to see a thousand hidden facets to your present circumstances.

Doing serious time is very much like serious dieting. Do you have the courage and the willpower to take that first, hardest step on what can be expected to be a long campaign? Or do you dissolve into aimlessness and self-pity? The more frantic one becomes, the more confining are the walls. But if you can calmly hold in mind the entirety of the task that lies ahead, you'll soon enough begin to feel the exhilaration of real accomplishment over a day-to-day basis toward the achievement of a goal. You can feel the exertion of your determination and you come to savor the results as they inevitably start to accumulate. The challenge is the same in both: To adopt new habits. Once that is done, you've already won the issue way ahead of the actual conclusion. At that point, time begins to work for you.

The mixed life, they say, is the best. Well, this was certainly mixing it up. I had the Workhouse experience of over twenty years before and I knew that here was only another period, a break between lives, knowing that I wouldn't be carrying any bad memories out of this place with me, it only was left to do nothing but enjoy the days for the sweet and simple pleasures they each brought.

It didn't take long at all before it occurred to me that in every other setting I'd ever occupied in my life, every home from infancy to adulthood, not infrequent spells of melancholia would envelope and

overwhelm me. In the midst of home, family, friends, surrounded by books, records, toys as a child, hobbies, videos, etc., as an adult, with money, automobiles and a whole world at my disposal, etc., I would sit lost in silence, misery and distress. That never happened to me once at C.S.P. and the explanation for it might require a book of its own.

But the sure give-away? Once you've put sufficient time behind you, it is possible to recall periods, moments, people and situations in a nostalgic way. If the good memories can begin to build into a fund even while you're yet in the present phase, then you may relax in the certitude of this day and all those to come being at least as pleasant and memorable. If this is a trick played by the mind, then it is a very pleasant and agreeable one.

Getting older and living ever more and more in memories can play some strange tricks. On my mind while still at Fremont had been something I hadn't devoted a thought to in nearly forty years. By each classroom door at my elementary school, taped to the wall, had been graphs, or charts, consisting of a grid wherein there were squares to be colored in to denote some progress toward something. It might have been the collection of state sales tax receipts or the like. But in my mind's eye I could still reach out and touch the chart itself and even recall myself coloring in the small squares with red pencil. Upon reception at C.S.P., that very first day, taped to the wall, was what might have been an example of one of those very same charts.

All throughout my childhood, teenage and young adult years, I had had problems with insomnia. This usually centered on the anxiety of having to get up and face the next day. But at those times, whenever trying to get to sleep, I would for some reason or another find it most soothing to picture myself alone in a very Spartan place, however perfect in comfort and security even while surrounded by a potentially hostile environment, and I would invariably drop off to sleep. Such an imaginary setting might involve a primitive cabin in the midst of a snowy wilderness. Or it could have just as easily involved my present surroundings there within my cell at C.S.P. In any case, I never had the least bit of difficulty in sleeping.

How many days in my childhood had I chosen to take risks in order to skip school in favor of hiding out in seclusion with books or television? Maybe here and now was the missing, beyond-the-looking-glass dimension of my childhood where Mom and Dad spent the hours,

that turned into years, they were away from me and home, working as they both did at the same federal institution which did incorporate a lock-up. Certain staff members resembled uncannily some of those from out of my past, all the way from a childhood friend to an ex-common-law wife to an old Party comrade to the proprietor of the old neighborhood Dairy Queen.

Here was perfect security where one was never overlooked or lost between the cracks. Kindly people and days every bit as good as you wanted them to be. Never once did I experience anything to approach the kind of anxiety I routinely experienced on the outside.

I could feel pity for the guards whose whole life this was. And I felt a very self-satisfied contempt for the higher-ups, the bureaucrats, whose complete reality, universe and self-importance was bound up here.

Snuffy Smith died that February and I felt truly diminished. His wife, Helen, picked up the reins and carried on in an exemplary fashion for the duration. Friends recovered all seized property of mine from police in March. That March was also the commencement of my own thirtieth anniversary of coming to the Movement and it was punctuated by a seemingly endless series of documentaries on Hitler and the Third Reich, however slanderous then just as before, but the images, as always, were wondrous and glorious, capped off at the end of March with a performance of "The Merry Widow", one of Hitler's own favorites.

I experienced my initial encounter with the supreme hypocrisy of the parole board in April, likewise with the "gang task force" about the same time. I wasn't going anyplace soon. But the magpies seemed to be departing with the spring and I assumed they were migrating to Canada to spend the summer. In July I was moved to a different wing.

And the time was flying.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

NO QUARTER, NO REMORSE

During 1995 there were two outstanding developments that could hardly fail to capture the attention and imagination of all but the most dense. The bombing of the Oklahoma City Federal Building in April, and the derailing of the Amtrak in the southwest in October.

Some within the Movement are claiming that both incidents are like unto System versions of the "Reichstag Fire". That System agents, if not Mossad, engineered them both in order to further turn public sentiment against the Movement and to further ram-rod more repressive Big Brother laws into effect in order to "protect you from yourself".

I suppose there is room for voices such as these to be right but personally I don't think so.

Yes, the System always desires to elevate the hysteria that already surrounds "hate" and "racism" to an ever more frightful level than any one of the big "Don'ts in the Ten Commandments. And, yes, they have their sights set on a whole raft of fresh "legislation" to make this into a full-blown police state. And they are doing it.

However, within the present setting, they don't need to resort to such ramshackle tactics as the old "bloody shirt" act wherein they take out their own people and hang the blame on us. And this is precisely what some are saying about Oklahoma and Amtrak. Again, I don't believe it.

All they need is what they've had all along and which has so successfully brought them this far. The media and colored crime. Right there is all the "hammer" and "anvil" necessary to persuade a jittery public into welcoming a police state. "Police state?", they'll say. "Well, that's just the price of freedom."

On the other hand, the Movement needs desperately to start landing some punches of its own or else admit that it is finished and has withdrawn from the field. In conjunction with this, the System needs to maintain the image of a weak and impotent Movement in order to allow no dangerous slack to develop in its "psy" war.

With or without us or our involvement, the System must and will attach the stigma of "racism" and "hate" to real awareness and to the instinct for self-preservation. They'll always have the old Klan and the Third Reich to dredge up to scare the hell out of soft minds just for these purposes.

The System believes in playing it safe. They far prefer to prop up a dead foe in order you panic the minds of the masses. While this is working so perfectly well for them, why would they consider risking pumping life into a sworn movement of opposition if there were none really there? And to leak the "message" that both incidents were in retribution for Waco and Ruby Ridge would be to invite and encourage

genuine, popular sentiment for any who might have carried these actions out. They would not do this.

The members of this Movement who say that these acts of resistance read "terrorism" were instigated and implemented by the System are doing so in the hope of somehow staving off the drastic measures of System backlash and repression that are almost here. But I assure them that they are accomplishing nothing more than whistling in the dark.

Let's talk about so-called "terrorism" briefly. They've made that term into one more in their double-speak arsenal of knee-jerk blurbs and catch-phrases. Hitler said it that the only answer to terror was stronger terror. Goebbels said, "We have the right. They have the law." They also have the media by which they have the power to make the moon out to be green cheese if that is what they so choose to do. Terrorism in reality is but the poor man's way of hitting back against an insidious usurper of all formerly legitimate state power. (But you can be sure that those victims at Waco and at Ruby Ridge experienced more than their share of the worst terror at the hands of those federal, System murderers.)

Let's next talk about those dread, "1984" thought-control laws that some imagine can be avoided through a policy of responsibility". I am in the tightest, most secure prison in the State of Colorado because of, after five months of floating around various other facilities within the prison system here with no problems whatever, their finally snapping to exactly who and what they had. I said and did nothing. It was all because of what I am. The law, the legal excuse, provision and cover for this, is called "17-1-109" and what they utilized to facilitate its formulation was the existence of the Black and Mexican gangs.

Any excuse, or cover, is better than none at all. That is only, of course, if you are a foul hypocrite and are incapable of calling anything for what it actually is because, to do so, would be to expose your game for the conspiracy that it is. And in case you are wondering, yes, "17-1-109" is unconstitutional as hell. From inside here that is most comforting to know, I assure you.

"But it can't happen here," they'll go right on saying.

So much then for "acting responsibly". Let's examine instead just what a little terrorism can do.

I was transferred initially from a tiny AdSeg (Administrative Segregation) unit to a much larger (and more comfortable) one while

awaiting my ultimate destination here in maximum security. A lot of good White men were already there awaiting the same thing. Some were there solely on account of the tattoos they were wearing. And some of them had been stuck there waiting like that for two months and more. No one wants to come here until they've been there. And so I settled in for the long wait. Then came the Amtrak incident. On my tenth day, I was quickly moved to where I presently am, right over the heads of all the rest. One man later wrote and told me that a lieutenant there had related to him that my hasty transferral was due to my having "too many friends".

Now certainly it hadn't been "terror" that had gotten me into AdSeg but it did absolutely go toward improving my conditions suddenly after I had gotten there. Of course, I'd had nothing personally to do with either the Oklahoma City bombing or the Amtrak derailment. And, in that sense, I was a perfectly innocent party. One might say that I merely rode the crest of that particular wave.

So let's now discuss the big hang—up most people seem to have with "innocent victims". The System, as with all tyrants and cowards, will hide behind women and children. But we are at war.

We ourselves awoke to the System and we chose to fight. Many of us have forfeited livelihoods, families, liberties and lives for this Cause. What possible excuse does anyone else have for remaining in the dark and doing nothing? We've sacrificed and suffered tragic losses. Who gives a damn? We've done it all willingly and for a purpose and we'll do it again and again. Like it or not, the masses of Whites are part of the fight. I've said it before that there are two kinds of people: Those who realize the score and those who do not.

Never forget for an instant that the System's final agenda has it for these masses of Whites to be financially bled, reduced to degenerates, raped, robbed, and eventually bred right out of existence. Our agenda is that they should live, prosper and be happy and free White people. The lines are thus drawn. Is there any cost too high? Is there any point at which we should stop?

Rockwell said, "Only failure is immoral."

Tommasi said, "Fan the flames."

And Saint John said, "Come out of the Beast."

This is the view from my vantage point.

And should this place where I am currently confined be chosen as the next target, I'd be delighted. I wonder how many of the System

assholes who work here would be as enthusiastic.

Spring; 1996, C.S.P.

FROM RODNEY KING TO O.J. SIMPSON

Here are two test cases. Not of so-called "American Justice" but of you and me. How might we use these two in order to determine where we're at in terms of politics, philosophy, revolution and reality?

I know for myself, as a very young person during the mid-Sixties

that I would have unquestionably supported not so much the police but the judicial "hammering" of these two individuals. And for the narrow reason that they are Black and are shit-disturbers. To my credit, I never at any time in my life have had any love for police.

This does not speak for an awful lot of the reactionaries out there in television land, not to mention all the conservatives. Both types feel personally offended and threatened whenever anyone steps outside of the law. Whether it may be to resist arrest or to kill his wife, if the perpetrator happens to be Black, all the more chills go up the spine. To these types, the "law" is everything and brutal, cynical police are the heroes of it.

As my education as a revolutionary grew, it eventually brought me to my present orientation as it regards all such situations. It is simple, clear-cut and will never need alteration. Never support police. Never desire to see anyone convicted by the System of anything. In this I am a true democrat. Because it directly includes the cases of both Rodney King and O.J. Simpson.

Usually, unless you've been personally attacked by the System police and courts, you can't be well enough acquainted with what I'm talking about nor can you harbor the sort of passion necessary in order to evolve my own outlook.

However, it's more than a mere outlook. It only makes sense if you're aware and serious enough to be classed as a revolutionary.

In exactly the same sense is the struggle being waged from coast to coast between police and so-called "gangs". These gangs are in every instance non-White and pretty, damned vicious. However, I'll be damned if I've ever once been hassled by any gang or gang member. I've never had anything taken from me or been jailed by them. I'm fairly certain that I'm not in their computers.

There are plenty of gang members in here with me now. This is AdSeg, or Administrative Segregation. The prison system is so terrified of anyone, of any color, with a bent towards anti-System organization or activity, or even just mind-set, that this new classification was hastily whipped up and rubber-stamped through Colorado legislature by more terrified System bureaucrats. It, in short, ends the U.S. Constitution. You no longer have to "do" anything. It's who you are and who you know. It effectively ushers in the official status of the political prisoner in the United States. Perhaps I should say the first peace time status of political

prisoner. But then, hypocrites though they are, maybe they're really admitting in their own, coy, little way that we are at war after all.

There are Whites here as well, in maximum lock-down, mostly with their arms covered with tattoos and their heads shaved. All are young guys who started with a somewhat amused disbelief that this old, mellow White guy with glasses should be in AdSeg with them. That was until we started talking. I think they must have invented AdSeg just with me in mind.

As I tell everyone, this whole thing is a well-down-the-line manifestation of the System's fear and desperation. This represents Big Brother and beyond. The repressive ultimate in a judicial and prison system which has, as its very reason for existence, repression. And this is the spot where the whole society would be if the System could have its complete way.

And with your "Support Your Local Police" and "Get Tough On Crime" attitude, it will have its way. However, you ought to at least realize, now that the target is you the out-of-control colored gangs and the rampant crime wave in general are merely the cover and the plausible excuse for the building of a police state.

The average person has a hard time with this. It tends to go against their law-and-order nature, contrary to their wanting to trust and believe in their supposed leaders and authorities, as well as against the way things may seem to appear in the black-and-white way the media presents it. All those manly, White cops beating the hell out of Rodney King. Or that racist, White cop setting O.J. Simpson up for a murder rap. Aren't they actively engaging in "cleaning up America"? Hardly. What they're actively engaged in is repression.

The only thing that is going to clean up America is a complete end to the Z.O.G. System and a total separation of the races. The entire problem is multiculturalism and multiracialism. People like Rodney King were never intended to live under or to abide by the same kind of laws as you and I. The O.J. Simpson affair could never have taken place under conditions of total, geographic separation of the races. As for any gangs, they represent merely the reassertion of peoples and customs long held in subjection by what is now a dying society that has lost even its instinct for self-preservation. Wish each one of them well.

Whites need to get it into their heads that this government is not their government. It may be grafted onto the framework of what

began long ago as a White government and it still may be largely manned by nominally "White" sell-outs. But its ultimate control, guidance, purpose and results are far more counter to the interests of Whites than any of the colored groupings who also make the same mistake in believing that this is "the White Man's System".

What the prison system has is exactly what the Z.O.G. tyranny wants: Naked power to repress. On the outside of these walls it still has a little ways to go. Anytime System police make an arrest going on the basis of Z.O.G. laws and that arrest gets jammed up in the courts for whatever reason, this is a good thing. Even if it has to come about through coloreds sticking together where Whites won't, it's still a victory for what's left of the liberty of us all.

We do not want to see this vicious, anti-White System working. We want to see it rendered impotent, looking ridiculous and in a state of collapse.

October, 1995, Fremont
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TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED

Sweating out the demise of the System is a lot like sweating out a prison sentence. The main difference being that the former has no specific date attached for its termination while the latter, fortunately, has. The main similarity, however, is that we are all, to varying degrees, prisoners of the System.

In reality, by familiarizing yourself with the actual nature of them both, it should become obvious that the folly and the evil inherent to them dictate that their days, or years, are indeed numbered.

In here we tell one another to stay strong and positive. Sure, anyone might think that's great advice but isn't it a lot easier said than done? People who are not accustomed to extreme hardship or sudden, radical adversity tend to be bowled over and petrified, sometimes unable to collect themselves or their wits. This is of course what the System hopes for and depends upon.

To everything there is a trick to be understood. Sometimes the same trick, in this case a philosophical outlook, can be applied to more than just one situation. The purpose of knowing of such tricks is to make the task before one less difficult. And in this case it would serve to help keep one strong and positive in the face of some most negative circumstances.

I have never been a believer in or a practitioner of self-delusion. My faith has got to have some tangible foundation. And I don't believe that merely acting a certain part makes it so. So it is to these tricks principles actually that we turn to reassure ourselves when we might otherwise become tempted to despair. Remember that Commander Rockwell said to fight as hard as we could for what we believe in but also to enjoy the fight. Being able to take heart in the face of a long and lonely grind is the key.

Playing my own mind games in here to bolster myself that, for one, things are actually "okay" and, two, the conclusion is coming up without a doubt, it so happens that the same things apply to the world situation. A large part of it is in never taking anything for granted just because it may now be in the past. Don't forget where you've just been or how the picture looked at that time.

The hardest thing about embarking on any long journey,

whether in miles or in time, are the first steps. All of the milestones lie ahead. The goals, what is hoped for or expected, are yet to be achieved. The results, when they finally materialize, can only be imagined for the present. And the time itself. I've seen it plainly from inside here that, in truth, the time is short. But the moments themselves can be long. There will be and always are the surprises, both good and bad. But only keeping your eyes fixed upon making the miles and turning the corners is sacrificing a lot of opportunity for increased assurance and higher spirits. Anticipation is a good thing but it should be backed up with reflection.

One good friend and I openly mused back in the spring, just as our respective terms were beginning, that it would be good to see the snow fly. We knew it would happen but the thing was to get there. Now that it has happened it is well to remember how it was back in May. Now we may both, in our separate locations, have the heart to look to next spring when we each might expect to see some dramatic changes in our circumstances.

I'm approximately one year away from my own thirtieth anniversary within the Movement. I remember well how it was then. How, on the one hand, apparent social stability has turned to quicksand. How, on the other hand, a racial situation that looked explosive has since settled into a far worse condition of slow assimilation. How an apparently water-tight economy has become a sieve. How what was seen as insanity and degradation has become the norm. Commander Rockwell himself has been murdered. The fall, in succession, of Vietnam, Rhodesia, South Africa. All the while there was the old bit about the pendulum which always returns. True enough, but mightn't it be misapplied here? After all, only bad things were happening, albeit things which were prophesized by Commander Rockwell himself.

Then came 1989 and the collapse of the Soviet Union and all of its eastern European satellites. It came so suddenly, so easily, as to be positively surrealistic. I can recall standing in front of the television screen watching the Berlin Wall being torn down by Germans on both sides, on November 9th of all dates, and being unable to think anything other than, "I'll be damned!" I could remember the basement fallout shelter we had at home when I was a kid and the nights of sleeping in our clothes during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Militant Communism. It had appeared unbeatable. One could know the real reason why Communism had appeared invincible, that it had been first loosed from right over here and

ever since that time had been propped up from right here in the very heart of the Beast. But that couldn't lessen or soothe the menace. Only internal collapse could have and finally did eliminate it. And the New York, Wall Street puppet-masters could only stand helplessly by and watch it go.

And right there was an object lesson not to be lost on me.

There were and are other juggernauts, other golems, which are part of the un-human, ungodly "New World Order" established at the close of World War Two. The artificial, bandit state of Israel is another of these. I remember the wars of 1967 and 1973 when the entire Arab world seemed powerless to dislodge an alien, Jewish enclave in their very midst. Afterward, it was my Movement awareness that revealed to me that it was the Jewish grip on the United States that made the seemingly impossible possible. Fear and frustration, seemingly without end.

Then, for some reason, the Jews in Israel began to lose their will much as the Jewish commissars of the Soviet Union had lost theirs. They began to make concessions, to compromise with the Palestinians. They had previously had it all. Why were they now starting to yield? Overconfidence? Weariness? Could they feel the ground crumbling beneath them? The Palestinian children with their rocks and their slings were beginning to win.

Where direct and open warfare had repeatedly failed, the grim and unrelenting hatred and determination of the people themselves over time was winning. Now we have seen a Jew killing his own prime minister and the threat of an Israeli civil war. "A house divided." And their satellite state, America, in this is of no use to them whatever.

Anyone to have predicted any of these things not too many years ago would have been thought mad. This has yet to play itself all the way out but we have witnessed the beginnings.

At the moment, vile sell-outs in Washington, D.C., are letting the characters that they are hired to play go to their heads and are engaging in a potentially dangerous, for them, game. In a childish bout of tomfoolery they are flirting with a partial shut-down of the federal government due to some equally bogus nonsense regarding the budget. For them to allow for one moment the facade of the "all-powerful, eternal and infallible" System to crack in such a stupid manner could be the commencement of a fatal for them trend. But isn't this very thing what we've been hoping and praying for all these long and dark decades?

Goebbels in 1945, shortly before his suicide, uttered the words, "After the deluge, We!

If he could say that then, who are we today, still in relative peace and comfort, to do anything other than stay strong and positive?

A miracle is only an event off somewhere into the future to which the means of accomplishment are as yet unclear to us. We have absolute miracles behind us already but we need to resist the tendency to dismiss them with the passage of time. While they were still before us, they were formidable, indeed "insurmountable", and a source of the greatest anxiety.

Things could be expected to heat up one day, to become fast and rough as the climax approaches. Could anything, however, be as rough or as harrowing though as the decades of time when everything appeared to be so hopeless? That is what we have behind us. If, at any time, the future may seem hard to bear, all any of us has to do is remember where we've just been.

Don't take it for granted.

November, 1995, C.S.P.
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February, 1996

MOTIVE FOR TERROR

Without a doubt, the average disingenuous television viewer will be shocked and confused at the increasing reports of terrorism in the country and the world. What's happening? Why are these people doing this? Who are they? It is the fact that this same majority must ask these questions at all that has given way to the reality of it.

In 1974, one leader of the National Socialist Movement in the United States, Joseph Tommasi, broke from the conservative and legalistic parent body of the group which had called itself the National Socialist White Peoples Party, and founded what he called the National Socialist Liberation Front. In a ground-breaking leaflet which he authored, Tommasi spelled it out: Political Terror, It's the Only Thing They Understand.

Within one year of that, Tommasi was dead. Killed by a bullet from a former Party comrade in one more bitter and violent organizational and philosophical schism. The idea he gave word and form to lived on, however. As with all historical movements, the NSLF program was somewhat ahead of its time. But that is no more the case.

Previously, in 1972, there had been the daring incident at the Munich Olympics. Later, there had been the even more daring attack upon the U.S. military base in Lebanon. There were the Iranian hostages. More recently there was the attack against U.S. personnel in Saudi Arabia. Not to be overlooked was the very close call at the World Trade Center. Television viewers in this country were angered at these "camel jockeys" for having the temerity to raise a hand to the blanket of blessings so generously extended to the world by Uncle Sam.

Raids upon Libya and the murderous war against Iraq, as well as unbroken aid and support for Israel, were the answer. No one, it seemed, caught the ring of irony when a U.S. president referred to the suicide attacks on the part of the Arabs as having been "cowardly" acts. How about the murdering of Khadafy's relatives' children from thirty thousand feet?

So why indeed all of this animosity coming from the Arabs and aimed at the United States, now not confined to the Middle East only but having come to these very shores? Again, that no one seems to know or give a damn is the very thing that gave rise to it and, as they say, "brought it on home."

In the holy book of Islam, it is clearly spelled out that the Jew is the Devil. (For that matter, the same thing is said in the Christian Bible.) In 1948 an international gang of those calling themselves Jews militarily, from within, seized the area known as Palestine and either subjugated or expelled the Palestinian people who lived there. Moreover, there now was a Jewish enclave right in the middle of the Arab world. Repeatedly the Arab nations made their attempts to dislodge and expel this outrage in their midst only to be thwarted each time, due mainly to U.S. military hardware in the hands of these Jews.

Worse than that was the division engendered inside the Arab community itself which witnessed first one then another Arab leader currying favor from the United States and thus fracturing Arab unity and integrity, thus rendering them all ineffectual and a laughing stock. Witness the Saudis acting as prostitutes and allowing themselves to be used as a base of operations for a campaign of slaughter to be waged against their brothers, the Iraqis, to the north by foreign, U.S. forces. But now we see that some among the Saudi people aren't happy with their treason and collaboration with the enemy.

What took place the moment the Iranian people finally managed to shake off and throw out the alien-dominated, sell-out Shah and his tyrannical regime, knowing full well as they did that the United States was behind it? And what were all those "hostages" doing over there in the first place so they could be taken? What happened to Anwar Sadat, the vile sell-out president of Egypt, after he was televised shaking hands with the Zionist arch-terrorist, Menachim Begin?

Politicians, even kings, can be bought. Repressive police forces can be hired. Mass media can be monopolized and controlled. And most people know nothing better than to go with the flow just as it is dictated from the top. But though they're not supposed to exist, there will remain those who don't bear a price tag, who retain their own thoughts and loyalties and who will not be governed by fear. Not for advantage or approval and regardless of personal consequences, they eventually will be moved to act for the sake of national honor. Acting in the only way the totally disenfranchised and alienated can act, they are terrorists, so called.

Right away, from the beginning, they saw the Jews as their enemy and took direct action just as all real men would do. It took longer, after much terrible defeat and frustration, to come to see that the United

States was behind the otherwise inexplicable success of the Jews in defying them and thwarting them. Last of all was the nightmarish and unthinkable realization that their own rulers and governments were in the pay of their national enemies. Once done, however, at whatever length or whatever cost, the way now to national liberation was finally open.

The Arabs are fighting for their honor and their sovereignty.

To accomplish this they must expel all alien influence and presence. And in order to affect that much, they must not and will not stop at anything. Never short on heroics, they now see completely where they must strike in order to be effective.

The conflict exists because of those who don't care. Those who will do what they will do despite the rights or best interests of others. Regardless of their protestations, regardless of their increased resistance. No matter the damage, the danger, the tragedy or the misery. Taking no heed of the unworkability, unadvisability, or the untenability of any situation as brought about by their own policies. They will impose themselves upon others, they will enslave others, they will cynically use and bleed others, they will ruthlessly dominate others and, if anyone raises so much as a peep of real protest, they will readily resort to outright murder and wholesale slaughter so as not to be interfered with. And they talk about a "peace process" under conditions such as these.

It seems unfair in a way to refer to all those who stand to oppose this kind of tyranny as "terrorists". But it does amount to terror nonetheless. The only resort left to those few who refuse to lie down and play dead in the face of Satan himself. Those who have usurped state authority have made it this way. Political terror. It IS the only thing that they understand.

In truth, they don't even really understand that. For to understand it would mean to bring forth an appropriate response.

Their response instead is to not listen, not rectify, much less to back off, but to clamp down with an ever tighter lid, to "heighten the contradictions", as Tommasi said. In so doing they are forced to drop the mask of benevolent steward and show themselves for what they really are: A most brutal, alien dictatorship.

That phase represents but Step Two, right after our own first coming to realize just what it is we are confronted by. Brute force of theirs in holding the masses in check and largely unaware even of what's

going on, thus effectively preventing the chance of any peaceful, democratic solution (which they don't want in any event), can only be answered by brute force on our part making them stand naked for what they are, thereby creating a new situation and one not suited to the maintenance of a hidden agenda.

"Domestic terrorist" is a new term. We shouldn't be surprised or discouraged, that is when knowing how long it required for the Arabs, under far worse conditions of stress and for far longer, to wake up to the actuality of things, that it has taken this much time for us here in the United States to begin to see that we are going to have to fight for our very lives. Human nature, the old shell game, the matador's red flag, etc. Despite it all, as Lincoln said, one simply cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

We each remember "seeing red" at the affront of recently turned-loose and made-arrogant Negroes. Some of us did what came naturally and attacked them. And we were arrested by White police and sentenced by White judges. We railed at each new piece of anti-White legislation; we held our meetings, conducted our rallies, distributed our literature and perhaps supported this or that conservative candidate. For our concern and efforts, we were universally frustrated and, in some cases, we were railroaded into prison or killed. Nothing changed, it only became worse.

Then someone had a light bulb come on in their head. An identity was given to the real Enemy: Z.O.G., the Zionist Occupation Government. We had more in common with the Arabs than we had ever known before. More than that, while they fought for honor, we were fighting for the sanctity of our very blood. And the Enemy in both instances was and is the same.

In the heart of Arabia the "chutzpah" of Z.O.G. does not allow for treading lightly or dealing in a manner of respect with the Arabs. In the United States and in every White country on earth, the same chutzpah prevents them from caring one iota about the wishes or well-being of the White majority that built this land. Having long ago emerged successful following a campaign to monopolize all wealth, communication and authority, they simply go about riding rough-shod over everything and everyone, doing just as they will. They use this same power base that they have built up right here to extend themselves all over the world.

Any wonder at all why the United States and its government is seen as the world enemy? It was a stretch for many to eventually come to realize it as being the Enemy within the United States itself, of the people themselves, but it finally did take place in a sufficient number of people.

More and more people are seeing that the trend which exists unbroken is leading and will lead to national death. The outward symptoms are becoming too apparent and too personally painful to be ignored or mistaken by nearly everyone any longer. Starting small, some people are showing that they are not willing to play along anymore. Z.O.G. doesn't care. They "know better" than you or I. More important, however, they are supremely aware that it is they who own all the politicians, the banks, the police, the military and the media. They can make it to be any way that they want. Or so they assure one another.

There does come a time, though, when all of the enforced dream-weaving becomes offset by the reality of things not working any longer due to their basis in a parasitic lie. Most will go on in harness, regardless who may hold the reins, just like dumb animals. More and more will be choosing escape and self-destruction. Some will choose to fight. Under these new circumstances, whenever they fight, whatever their motivation, they will, in effect, be fighting Z.O.G., whether or not they've even heard of or comprehended or concur with the title.

Tommasi along with others said for us to stop demonstrating, stop pleading and protesting, as it only revealed our weakness. Demonstrate, said he, the strength of fighting. He said that our most eloquent statements would not be made in courtrooms but in the streets of Jew-Capitalist America.

Terror means terror. All "proper avenues of redress" having been removed or rendered as jokes, it is the "poor man's" only recourse to no longer stand by and watching his nation be raped and killed by those who have falsely set themselves up as his rulers.

Constantly victimized by Z.O.G., the supposedly innocent victims of any purported terrorist attacks are being universally held in the service of their own destruction. When some of them may be caught in terrorist blasts, it must be understood that this is war and that they themselves are the ultimate object. Should the Enemy succeed in retaining power, they are foredoomed. If we can succeed in ending Enemy control, they will have a bright future. Indeed, if more of them would wake up and

fight along with us, then the struggle would be over with that much sooner and that much easier. But if it is left to just a few to do all of the fighting and they happen to get in the middle, that's the price to be paid for attempted uninvolvedness.

We know our price. Today it is poverty and isolation. Tomorrow it could be imprisonment or death. We accept it. But we intend to exact a price from those who have made all of this inevitable. Not just the breaking of their power but their eradication down to zero.

They declare the same for us every time they hold one of their press conferences or one of their summits. "Caught and punished." Scared and enraged consumers and bureaucrats imagine the answer to be in converting this to a police state, one big prison. The flip-side to all this is the crime rate which feeds upon itself. "Caught and punished." They literally cannot hire enough police or build enough prisons fast enough. "Lock 'em up and throw away the key." But never address or fix the problem. The basis of their System IS the problem and two of the results are the breeding of more colored criminals on the one hand and, on the other, the creation of more terrorists and revolutionaries.

"Spend more for security." Always, money is their answer to everything. It did, after all, buy them their power. But they took over a magnificent, healthy land. Then their sick and insane policies changed everything. Money together with its misuse, its elevation to the level of the new "God" is what created the problem. It cannot solve it. Only the collapse of the money power will end Z.O.G.'s rule and bring the escalating war to a close.

Just as the deterioration of the society is like unto a spiral, it gives rise to another spiral of increasing alienation, anger and, finally, terror. It's a natural reaction. Some of us with ideological background may lead the way but soon enough the fire will catch and spread as the armies of the anonymous disaffected begin to see exactly where their anger should be directed. Plainly there are too many of those to be withstood, much less controlled, for very long.

Harsh measures lead to harsher measures. And, as Charles Manson said: They're in it for the money; We're in it for life or death.

Z.O.G. will continue to say that "hate" and "racism" are the problem. All but the terminally unintelligent will see that the "racist" Movement holds no power or influence over anything, can affect no trends whatever, and that it is the fingers of no one else but the Z.O.G.

System itself that they are feeling about their necks. Z.O.G. and no one else is responsible for it as it is only they who hold any control. We merely fight for our lives. But the same unintelligent mob will try to kill you if you are as naive and foolish as to make a target of yourself in the midst of this kind of hysteria by demonstrating publicly and legally.

Leave Z.O.G. and its System as the only target.

To bait the System. To compel it to change its strategy and its time-table. To force it to drop its mask before all. To force the climax with all dispatch while the most remains to be salvaged in terms of decent genetic material.

In the end it is their power, their control and their responsibility. Withal, they can only continue to rule as long as they generally are allowed to. As long as the general situation is a viable one. Terror, at its base, should be designed to erode that. If more people would stand and tell the System despots "You suck!" they'd have to resign. That's coming also. We have plenty of help. Most of all from the very rottenness of the System itself. Their position is in reality indefensible.

How the Red and Black agitators from decades past must shudder at the specter of the new Domestic Terrorists, all turning out to be the proverbial "White males". Those same Red and Black "radicals" of yesterday long ago came to join their soul mates, the Capitalists and Liberals, within the Z.O.G. System itself and are today's pigs. It is as it should be. A great clarification, a polarization, the drawing of the final battle lines full circle.

Summer, 1996, C.S.P.

MILLENNIUM

That prison is a microcosm of society is truer than most suspect. Prison is several steps down the same road that the rest of the society itself must follow.

Racial awareness here is commonplace and in the open as is

racial identity. More important than that, however, is anti-System sentiment on both sides of the color line. The ultimate realization that the System is the only real Enemy is universal. It is the Enemy of all people.

Prison reflects the motivation and mentality of the overall System. Power for its own sake. Impossible and nonsensical rules ramrodded rough-shod via an overabundance of raw force. Prisoners, no matter who or what, are a commodity, job security. Total reality and self-importance for the few is predicated upon commitment to meaninglessness and futility.

Only the morning of this writing I was seated in the office of a Black case manager. He directed my attention to a large print hanging on his wall. It depicted dozens, if not hundreds, of children's faces. All of them Black or Brown. There were no Whites. This supposedly, according to him and those of his mindset, was "the future".

I commented that, yes indeed, that would be the future if only the System could survive to enforce it. But even a fool could now see that the System is coming apart at the seams. The case manager conceded that this was because people are "resisting". Yes.

We were interrupted in order that I could step across the corridor to be interviewed by the "Gang Task Force". A White, a Black and a Chicano. With a video camera trained on me the whole time, the first comment to be made was that it cost the State a lot more to keep a prisoner here than in a regular facility.

C.S.P., Colorado State Penitentiary, is to the prison system what the prison system is to the rest of society. This is maximum security and it is where political prisoners are held in the same conditions as Death Row. Association with any organization deemed "racist" by them is all it takes. Even in the prison system the word is not only getting around, it is beginning to alarm them and here they don't have the same constitutional problems as still remain on the outside.

Their answer? Where stone-walling doesn't work, clamp the lid down tighter over a boiling pressure cooker.

I've made it somewhat embarrassing for them by having no write-ups or disciplinary infractions for them to point to as justification for a "disruptive influence" classification. I'm a political prisoner and nothing more. So they are effectively placed in the same camp as the Soviet Union, Red China, or, for that matter, according to their own

definition, Nazi Germany.

“Heighten the contradictions,” is what Joseph Tommasi said.

“Make 'em be what they are,” is what Charles Manson said.

The Movement used to be the reactionaries. No longer. Now the System can only react, unthinkingly, like a reptile, to the results given rise by their decades and generations of forcing an agenda of lies though their usurpation of the power and authority of the State. Like the man defying the immutable law of gravity by leaping off of a high building and getting away with it for a short while, the ground can now be seen to be coming up fast.

As society approaches the brink, many are saying that unless something is done fast...

A few, but more all the time, are saying that the ultimate collapse is the only answer and it is to be welcomed with a whole heart.

Everyone knows that the System is corrupt and inept. Most no longer bother to vote which in itself is revealing the System to be a tyranny. News in recent years has been of Whites, not coloreds, engaging in strikes of terror against the System as they finally realize that it is not “their government” at all but what the Movement came to call in the 1980s Z.O.G., the Zionist Occupation Government.

The System desperately, nervously fidgets with thinly veiled attempts to disarm the civilian population against “the day”.

As a result of the alien, impossible, negative lie of forced racial integration, racial polarization has never been greater and, as a direct result of that, the very society upon which the System relies for its life blood has been wrecked.

Through the erection of a police and prison state, the System has temporarily managed to not only bolster its sagging economy but has caused the general crime rate to drop by several points. However, the System media now admits that the skyrocketing rate of violent crime among juveniles more than offsets that and, by the year 2000, will represent a crime wave unlike anything ever seen before. And it will be mainly non-White.

In the double-speak, through-the-looking-glass vernacular of the System, so-called “hate groups” are mushrooming across not just this country but the whole White world. “Racism” is THE enemy to the New World Order. But with racial nationalists of all colors coming to see the System as THE enemy, the battle lines are clearly drawn.

The lies of the System continue to be enforced as long as the economy can continue to furnish sustenance to it and as long as the media can continue to hold the masses hypnotized.

Workers continue to give their more to get back from the System its less. The fabric of it strains to the breaking point.

All the power and expense of this brand new, sixty-five-million-dollar prison cannot prevent me from writing my articles and sending them out to be published and disseminated, the very reason I am here in the first place. The final question to me from the gang board was whether I'd continue writing if released to the less secure facility. The answer was yes. Here I remain. But I did remind them that it was the spoken word more so than the printed word that they needed to watch out for and I can always at least speak what I am able to write.

Their attempts at repression will literally make the revolution. They can't change their lie. They can only hammer ever harder at it. The results of this are not only non-productive, not only unworkable, but are their own Frankenstein monster. Their power is to no avail. It is in the service of a lie.

It is a demographic phenomenon now, beyond the power of anyone to control. Beyond anyone's schemes and dreams. Beyond organizations. Not programs, not names, not symbols. Only one thing matters: To break the power of the System. Don't fix it, don't adjust it, and don't try to hijack it. Destroy it.

The System has made this explosion of anarchy inevitable by its program of preventing legitimate, organized and legalistic opposition. When it falls, there'll be no one to catch it. They sought to prevent a recurrence of the Hitler phenomenon in Germany. They succeeded. Now they'll drown in their own blood.

No debate, no discussion, no compromise. They'll enforce their lie as long as their power holds. Then they'll die. The harder they try to hang on and postpone the inevitable, the greater the force of the blast will be.

Force holds me in prison, not any respect I may have for their "authority". Most who work here do so because the farms and the trucking industry are failing or because they can't find a husband or because one income cannot be survived on, not out of any idealism. They're in it for money while we're in it for life or death, as Manson said.

Mindless force holds me here but ideas go forth as though their

walls didn't exist. All while the ground beneath them loosens. Who'll prevail?

The System is complex, sophisticated, mercenary, and even muscle-bound. It cannot function when the society goes all the way over the edge and into disorder, when there is a total vote of no confidence, when the economy breaks. Bankruptcy, chaos, violence, collapse. Death.

We are bound for Apocalypse in our lifetime.

All are fixed upon the end of this age and the start of the new millennium. Few have any idea of even what that means. Don't look to any calendar date.

When the System perishes, that will be the Millennium.

April, 1996, C.S.P.

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LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT?

How utterly stupid. Do you remember the rash of bumper stickers in the Seventies that read, "America: Love It Or Leave It"? Or are they still around? These were the knee-jerk, reactionary rednecks in their heyday. Hand-in-hand with the rebel flags and the "I'll Give up My Gun

When They Pry My Cold Dead Fingers From Around It", stickers. A lot of big talk.

The question of loving America had already by that time been compared to the kind of emotional and loyalty crisis any father might face upon finding that his own beloved daughter was now a diseased, dope-addicted whore serving some nigger pimp. Now a creature that would lie to him and steal from him in order to support her habit as well as her pimp. Memories may remain from better times but the present reality now is otherwise. Attitudes and actions must change accordingly.

A racially and culturally conscious person might have been able to "love" America up to the point where it become overtly multiracial and multicultural, until its ruling Establishment became openly anti-White. Now, from the top to the bottom, it no longer was "America" as it had been from its inception until about the middle of the Twentieth Century. Now and for a long time past, the only thing lovable about America would have to be a concept that is lost and only a memory that some of the older are able to cling to. And to envision any sort of future for present-day America should lie well outside the scope of even those who do not and cannot grasp the dire reality of the situation.

Essentially it is a conservative mentality. Play the game by the set rules, without fully knowing just who set the rules, and fly the flag and it'll all work out. They just don't have the capacity to see that the workings of government and media have long since been taken over and twisted to perform against the interests of Whites. That means directly that to play by the rules is to be enlisted against yourself. They don't comprehend symbolism, lies and deception. They don't see the bearded, long-haired, pot-smoking, draft-dodging, go-to-Moscow hippie at work now in the form of the clean-cut, gray-haired, business-suited System politician hiding behind the flag and all the symbols of legitimate authority, acting like one of them.

Their enemies have proved far smarter than they are and a generation of rotten and sold-out dupes with all the education, p.c. lines and big money backing now is at the helm.

It takes a lot of harsh and rough awareness to know and to admit that a nation is tts people, not a constitution, not geographic boundaries, not a flag, not even a common culture or language: This mess here now is a conglomerate of nations, most in hot competition against the rest, others mingling and melding with each other and into a

bastardized nothingness. All with a monstrous regime of greed and evil ruling over them. It is set upon an acknowledged course to become mainly non-White within the next half-century.

How do you "love" a damned thing like that unless you are a completely blind imbecile?

To say something like "love it or leave it" would only tend to establish positively such imbecility.

For myself, I'd depart in a minute if there were but someplace to go. To another so-called "White" country where essentially the same conditions prevail? To a non-White country? Off of the planet? These fools don't even see this. What usually is the outcome for those who fail to recognize an impending danger?

Right.

About the only decision to be made then is to not end up like them or their offspring.

To relocate in a timely and wise fashion sounds a lot more intelligent and realistic than to "leave".

No matter where you go for the foreseeable future, you'll remain subject to the New World Order, Big Brother, System, Beast power. They'll find you by helicopter if necessary in the North Woods. In fact, the harder you try to pull out, the closer they're going to watch you. You might as well face the fact.

The best anyone can do is to remove themselves from metropolitan, artificial life-support areas and away from appreciable concentrations of coloreds. And without denying or disowning the truth or their beliefs or loyalties, scrupulously withhold from the Big Brother pigs the openings they need to impose their presence. From that point, it is essentially a waiting game.

Let 'em go to hell.

Let 'em draw ever further into their own bunker mentality with their "law and order", police and prisons. They can continue to agonize over impossible debt and equally impossible "entitlements", etc. They can talk "family", "decency", "America" and anything else even as they in ever greater numbers turn into addicts, queers and mongrelized bastards. Stay out of their way as they go mad chasing their tails.

Watch 'em die.

The only sure thing for the future is global disaster. The fools like to say that the Twenty-First Century will be the greatest for America. I

take that to mean that they expect their liberal policies will have taken full root, will have swept away all resistance by that time. Quite possibly, by current trends. But these same trends should tell anyone with eyes to see that the Twenty-First Century will see the end of even the political and geographic, hollowed-out husk, maggot-ridden corpse of what had been "America".

The only thing any of us can do now is to apply all of our knowledge and insight, followed up by positive action, in order to perhaps build for ourselves at least a running chance of surviving the fall of the System and emerging as part of a real future.

An intelligent and relevant translation of that mindless blurb at the beginning of this article would be to love that which had created America in the first place, i.e., conquering White blood, and to now leave a good idea that was turned so bad so that that same White blood can go on to build something even greater and hopefully more lasting in the future.

Don't die along with it.

October, 1996, C.S.P.

PART TEN



WHO "THEY" ARE

Twenty years ago the talk was beginning to appear in certain Movement periodicals regarding System concentration camps being set up to contain political dissidents, particularly Right Wing racists, as the totality of the Big Brother Police State drew ever closer. Twenty years later, in effect, the Police State is here, though undeclared, naturally, just as are the concentration camps themselves, though, again, never to be named as such. Of course, this is but how it works. Did any of these people in the past expect to see the Hammer and Sickle hoisted?

It sounded scary at the time, as I'm certain it was intended to, in order to elicit more dues and subscription money for these same periodicals as though they or any other power could have prevented the inevitable. They even named Colorado and the Rocky Mountains as the locations of these gulags. That's the funny thing about the Right, they anticipate its coming right enough but their timing and especially their conception of the form it will assume is usually off to the extent that even by the time it has become a working reality, they themselves can't see it and are still found to be saying, "It's on the way." They seem to be awaiting some formal announcement that will never come.

At every step along the way in this journey of incarceration for me, at each facility without exception, there has been a strong Racial Separatist element among the prison population. Within the labyrinth that is C.S.P. there is not a wing, not a pod that does not contain some White Separatists. My ever-increasing correspondence with prisoners around the country told me plainly that the same was the case nationally. Take for example the extraordinary sentencing and parole practices where Racialists are concerned as well as their new and blatantly

unconstitutional "AdSeg" laws, which serve to congregate racists into special control units, and what more do you require? It is from here that I write these words.

If you understand who you are and what it's all about, then I assure you, it's nothing to fear. As I've said, it is a game that they are playing. Should they cease the game-playing in favor of hard-ball, as I've also said before, that will be the very thing that triggers their direct downfall. They are in an impossible position. That is why the dread that I preach is directed not toward the Movement but toward the System itself.

For what it's worth, I'm proud and satisfied to have been able to share this in whatever small measure with all those others who were before and will remain the System's political prisoners well after I'm gone. It's been all just part of the job, part of the Struggle. Only par for the course. In essence, it might be physically compared to a stint in the submarine service or out in some space station. The operative word seems to be service done in the name of and in the furtherance of the Cause. A victory under the microscope, tested and approved.

I don't mind any sacrifice for the Cause at any time and, furthermore, as a revolutionary, I promise you that, no matter what, I'll always turn any System incursion, attack or invasion into a fight for the Cause. And, what's more, I'll win it. That's how things get done. What I resent are the scummy bastards in power requiring it of everyone to devote their lives to jumping through their hoops of flame, "officialdom", all in the name of the prevailing, dominant lie which employs them and props them up with all their power, influence and authority. They are not worthy or honorable opponents. Far better a Stalin or Beria type to deal with that one could at least respect. And there is the big paradox to this whole mess: These simpering punks who hold all this power here today, with all their dictatorial aspirations, just are not of the same historical measure of those "greats" from the past. When they try for that brass ring, that's when they're done.

Meantime, it's a charade for dummies.

Only by jumping in and getting both feet wet can you really penetrate beyond the role-playing and know who's who and what's what. But doing that is the very thing most people are taught to fear and to avoid above all else. So those on both sides of the issue, private citizen and public pig, are locked into this seemingly endless game of pretend.

The most sick and uninspiring thing one can ever witness comes during those times when he personally scratches the surface of this facade to be able to view the real putrescence underneath all the play-acting and hypocrisy. At the same time, it is the best and only way he can see and know what he's up against as well as to know its vulnerability.

On one of my short visits back to Las Animas during the winter of 1994-1995, Snuffy Smith told me of a chance encounter he'd had with one retired county judge in regards to my case. The old judge told Snuffy how he'd basically taken the young, presiding judge in my case over the coals for not having thrown the whole thing right out due to the sloppiness and stink surrounding it. That professional upbraiding notwithstanding, the younger judge, still on the bench, proceeded unaffectedly. One wonders whether the old judge would have had the fortitude to have heeded his own words were he still a sitting judge. One is even tempted to wonder what shame and guilt may haunt the judge responsible for seeing this travesty all the way through. But, then again, that is part of their proper "reward".

Career and self-interest is all these people know and respond to. They know the law well enough to know what's right and wrong. It's all politics and opportunism. As my attorney had told me, that judge was expecting a higher appointment. He knew what the public was thinking due to the lying press coverage. He knew who the real powers were and how they viewed White racists. He knew what he had to do in order to safeguard, ingratiate and advance himself and his position with them. And he did it. You don't need a Jew or a Black judge for something like this to take place. You do have to know how control and dominance blend and overlap one another. Just like the undeclared concentration camps, it all works the same way.

If a judge can react out of some over-the-shoulder fear of some higher power, and if that power is what we identify it as, then it is Talmudic law which governs.

Expediency. Trapped by cowardice. Who's really in control? One might respect his executioner but not some punk who only passes it down the line and then looks away. I had to do time to pay for this weasel's easy out. Cowards in power. Whose was the greater crime? What about \$100,000.00 to tax-payers just to cover his ass in the form of my tab at C.S.P. and elsewhere? Where's the accountability in this? It is wherever we ourselves are able to place it. And we shall never

accomplish that by accepting any of this or performing as expected.

The betrayal of an entire people is today ongoing, carried out by those hollow, worthless types who are where they are by doing as they are told and according to what is expected of them by their masters. And they know this fully well even if you may not. That's the System: Everybody's just "doing their job", for money, and under evil, alien direction. They glance above for any answerability. It is up to us that they should begin to "look out below". They are unfit to impose upon anybody their phony, borrowed "authority".

My initial experiences with pig power, that is, police involvement started the same year as I began with the Movement, 1966. In my hometown of Chillicothe, Ohio, there was a very high-visibility mulatto cop, Sergeant (later Captain) James Harris. He was universally referred to as "Semi" Harris, that was when he wasn't being referred to as "Nigger" Harris. From the beginning, that familiar appellation of "Semi" puzzled me. Mightn't it have stemmed from his simian ancestry or his being only semi-human? Anyway, he was an early N.A.A.C.P. darling there locally and loved nothing more than throwing his weight around.

There was the local flap over his not advancing up through the police ranks fast enough to suit some due to his low aptitude scores. Once he had been granted the high rank, there came the question of a relative of his not being prosecuted although being the prime suspect in a grisly and unusual murder in the town of a White female shop keeper. The mother of one of my friends from the period related the story of how Officer Harris, when responding to a domestic violence call between her and her former husband, had jumped behind her, using her as a shield, when her old man began displaying renewed belligerence.

Never to be forgotten was the illegal, unconstitutional lineup Harris staged in order to be able to arrest myself and one other Party comrade from Ohio, Gregory Hurles, on so-called "probable cause" for a racial assault in 1973. Though publicity again did the actual convicting, at the end of it, in 1976, after a protracted legal fight, the State finally offered Hurles an early release if he would drop his appeal on these very grounds then with the Ohio Supreme Court. My own six-month sentence had by then come and gone.

Most typical and endearing of all was the afternoon of my sentencing in November of 1973 when Harris claimed the honor of driving me the one hundred miles to the Cincinnati Workhouse. At the

drop-off, he was careful to make a point of loudly announcing that here was a Nazi for them. (The joke was on him, however, as my old friend and veteran Klansman, Clarence Brandenburg, or "Brandy", had been friends with both the facility superintendent and its captain of the guards and I was whisked aside, out of the block and over to the separate hospital building, right away to serve out my time in privilege and comfort. (It seemed as though the highest ranking personnel there had gotten there for having shot and killed local Blacks in the line of duty.)

In an associated incident, there was the clandestine meeting, which to this day reminds me of what the Nicodemus meeting in the Bible must have been like, between me and the then court administrator, a man named Wallingford. That man frankly stated to me that the press, the prosecutor and the judge, all White, were pursuing this the way they were because they all were "afraid of the niggers". All in order so they could preserve their rotten careers. This man assured me that the judge, who would typically deal the maximum six-month sentence in this misdemeanor, had no more use for Blacks than did I myself. Yet it was reported in the local news the following year that the same judge had stood on the steps of the grand and wealthy Methodist Church there and had performed a mixed marriage. All of my own, personal travails have been of the more traditional, straight-forward kind. I've never had occasion to die the proverbial thousand deaths of the coward.

As part of the ongoing conflict, while Hurles and I were both free on appeals bond, we decided to bring some heat of our own to bear against those quivering cowards. In the summer of 1974, we attended a meeting of the Ross County Fair Board in order to apply for space for a Nazi booth at that year's fair.

We appeared wearing business suits and everything was routine and cordial until we presented examples of the kind of literature we'd be distributing from the booth, especially the "Boat Ticket To Africa". The all-White, all upper-middle-class, all conservative Fair Board turned silent and grave as they proceeded to pass the materials among themselves. The chairman, one Bennett Junk, commented something to the effect that we've all called them niggers" but that this was just too controversial to be allowed. One more typical smart-ass responded when we pointed out our Constitutional right, "Sue us!"

Those were the glory days of the American Civil Liberties had absolutely no difficulty in securing the aid of Union and I the state

executive director himself, a Jew named Benson Wolman, to personally come down from the state capitol in Columbus to attend along with us the next meeting of the fair board. Their protestation to him that "there might be trouble" was answered by Wolman, "That's what you have a sheriff for." It was still "sue us" and Wolman expressed his glad intention of doing just that. And we departed.

Only weeks before the opening of the fair, it came out in the press that the fair board had caved in and was going to rent us booth space in the commercial building. About the same time, the then Party leader visited town, was interviewed in the paper appearing in full uniform with Swastika armband most prominent. Things were heating up. Most urgently however, we had precious small time left to mount and present a first-ever Nazi fair booth and do it with class.

It was accomplished with the help of local supporters, books and literature dispatched on consignment from Party headquarters, and ever-increasing arrivals of manpower from Cincinnati, Chicago and as far away as Milwaukee. They imagined they were calling our bluff by this last-minute ploy. Instead, we double-called theirs and pulled the thing off. It was a feat of logistics.

One evening, at the close of the fair day, we'd staged an impromptu literature distribution on the streets of the downtown, all in full uniform, of course. After we had gotten back into our vans and were on our way out to where some of the men were being lodged we noticed we were being followed by a police cruiser. Rather than lead him straight to our destination, we turned off and made our way into a parking lot. We circled our vehicles, stopped, and some of us emerged to approach the cop car to inquire just what he was after. We were just able to hear him cancelling his "Code Ten", or "Officer in Distress", once he had realized we were not going to fall upon him with ball bats or whatever. We were able to then proceed unescorted.

On the final day of the fair, one visibly upset deputy approached our booth and blurted out that there were two busloads of Blacks from Cleveland on their way here now and that the Sheriff's Department wasn't going to hang around to wait for them. And they didn't. We opted to remain and no bus loads of Blacks ever showed up. They, whose job it was to preserve order and we, who were out on bond, some from out of state, with jobs at risk, etc. And yet it is the likes of them who hold power.

More skirmishes would take Place over the next decade before they got a golden opportunity against me.

By late 1988 a live-in relationship I'd been having with a woman had gone toxic. She had apparently been jealous over an album full of nude photographic studies I'd made of a girl in 1982, and perhaps one or two other very minor details which may have slipped my mind. With secret preparations all worked out, one night while I was away, she brought detectives into my house and gave them free reign to essentially raid the place without a search warrant, removing, among many other things, the nude album in question. I returned home as usual after they had departed and found her in a nervous state in the midst of her own hasty departure before I could have a chance to realize what had just taken place.

Here was a serious crisis, a dagger right to the throat. Mainly because of my devotion then to the maintenance of a middle-class lifestyle was I so terribly vulnerable to this kind of attack. Here was their own vulnerability in essence also. Most uncomfortable, I assure you. Easy to see how they can be jerked around by their own wire-pullers. Still, I wasn't part of their camp and it was a fight, not a roll-over. Unlike the shared middle-class status, there was very soon to be weighed in the old business of "public opinion" which would have caused any one of them to head for the hills but for which I cared nothing at all.

Early the following morning, I was telephoned and asked to come for "questioning". That all went well enough mainly in downtown because, by that time, I was so well-accustomed to it. It yielded them nothing, I was not at that time placed under arrest, but I was able to ascertain exactly where it was that they were heading. Still, I knew that an arrest would take place when they were ready for it. Just as soon as they had had time to go through the mountain of material they had seized and get it presented to a grand jury. A matter of days or weeks. I was going to eventually need legal representation.

Finances were already to the breaking point and to hire an attorney was out of the question. Even should the money have been there, this is but one more ploy of theirs to cripple and damage the individual financially, in defense of themselves against their attacks. No, as always in the past, I would demand a court-appointed lawyer from them. So I paid a visit to another former judge I'd made the acquaintance of, a man now in private practice and who had dated one of my aunts

during the 1930s. The first thing he suggested to me as soon as he realized what was going on was for me to write him a check for a negligible amount of money as a "retainer" so that he would be covered professionally and I would be covered by confidentiality. The next thing he told me was that he would see to it that I would have the best possible representation but that this couldn't happen until after I'd been arrested so that the attorney could be appointed by the court. He would not handle the case himself but would remain close at hand throughout in order to advise me. I left there that day feeling as though I'd just made one of the best moves of my life.

That occurred during the first part of November. I wasn't arrested until the middle of December. They, as expected, had waited for the rubber-stamp grand jury to meet. But the ensuing five or six weeks actually determined the whole thing. The extent of the ferocity of their determination to take me down at all costs became apparent to a degree that would have panicked most.

It indeed did panic some of those around me as they later admitted.

Late the very evening I first realized that I had been betrayed from within and raided by police, I telephoned two parties to get them to come out there, fully inform them of the situation and to entrust certain things to them that hadn't been discovered.

The first of these, a non-political acquaintance and independent business man, did show up somewhat late, nervous as hell and visibly shaken. He told me that as soon as he had gotten off the phone, police cars had stationed themselves directly across the street from his home and place of business. Though this party was not scared off, he was to be of little actual help.

The second of these was Gregory Hurler from the fair booth and dozens of other operations. He arrived right away and reported no noticeable surveillance. To him I revealed that they had taken the mailing list as well as about a dozen files, all political, in the course of their "criminal investigation". I also turned over to him all of the ready cash I had secreted in the house which had not been found, either. He would later be able to use this money in order to post my bond.

Their first objective became obvious soon enough. That was to isolate me. Anyone lately with whom I'd spoken on the phone was approached and threatened by sheriff's deputies and told that for them

to aid me in any way would result in their being charged along with me. They at the same time were instructed by police not to reveal this threat to me. New and old associates alike suddenly "changed". In some cases, I was able to wring this story out of them. In other cases, it only came out at the point of discovery as I consulted with my new attorney. One young woman who did bravely come to my aid, who was a complete surprise to them and who was never threatened by them only was able to do this because she at the time had no telephone and all our dealings had to be done in person.

One of the most blatant cases involved a tenant of mine whom I'd known since he was a youth. Hurles and I went one evening to see him and were informed by his mother, living next door, that he had been taken downtown by police. After a couple of hours he returned and said only that they had asked him what he knew about the situation, which was nothing. However, on two occasions over the coming weeks, he specifically called Hurles and myself and just myself to meet with him as he needed to "talk". The meetings took place in an alley and in a parking lot, both times in my own vehicles and, while the conversation seemed a little strange, nothing of any import came out. Again, suspicions were confirmed later as part of discovery that he had been wearing a wire. He ultimately confessed to me that they had threatened him with prison as his family was collecting Aid For Dependent Children while he had been working under the table for a relative.

Before that was revealed, however, I was telephoned at home by the local gas company in reference to service being discontinued at this same kid's address. I immediately went into town and to the house to confront his wife who admitted that they were moving without notifying me. That was their next ploy: To interrupt my already delicate income by frightening away tenants.

This was an alarming run but it failed early on for them. Housing was enough in demand that I was able to keep full throughout. Too many fresh people and, as a result, too much risk of their over-playing their hand this way. Can't come out and look like what they are, after all.

The day I was arrested was a Friday afternoon. By now Hurles was escorting me everywhere I went as we knew the moment must be getting close. We were riding in his car, leaving the post office, when we were converged upon by two police cruisers as we were about to turn onto Main Street. The idea was to make certain in this way that I would

at least be locked up all through the weekend before I could be arraigned Monday morning and have bond set.

That weekend I spent in the county jail, another woman, again who had no phone, stayed at my home with my mother who was suffering from Alzheimer's while Hurles would appear regularly to tend to my livestock. Third ploy: I knew from the start that they wanted to bring in some state official, find my mother there unattended, and remove her to an institution.

But the most brazen of the excesses came as they attempted to persuade Hurles to back away from me. Anytime they may come to perceive any individual as being the lifeline of one of their intended targets, that person may expect trouble of their own.

Hurles had been in the process of renovating his basement and had his backyard full of piles of dirt and chunks of concrete. The Negress in charge of the city department handling such matters as "littering", etc., issued Hurles a citation and a subpoena and was intending to levy a fine against him. With my own situation stabilized and temporarily on "hold", we now began our own counter-measures.

First, armed with my trusty 35mm camera, we lazily toured the back alleys of the south end of town, the Negro district, and photographed many a back yard in far worse condition than Hurles; We processed the photos, then presented them downtown along with the demand that the same charges against Hurles now be made against them.

While they mulled that over, we donned our business suits again and went out to a local department store from where a rumor had emerged a year before that the police chief's wife had been stopped for shoplifting by store security but, somehow, had not been prosecuted for it. Stopping just barely short of portraying ourselves as "investigators", we got the full story from both the store manager and the security person who had been involved.

Next, as to the "littering" charges, Hurles demanded not only a jury trial but to be allowed to act as his own defense. This because no attorney would have agreed to what we had planned. From the clerk of courts we got a sheet upon which to list the names and addresses of all those whom we intended to have subpoenaed as witnesses at the trial. It was our strategy to use this opportunity to sweat it out of as many pigs and pimps as possible, under oath, that here was a pattern of official and

illegal harassment and intimidation. On the list was the Negress, the chief of police, the two store employees, all those who had been freely threatened and coerced, among others. And, of course, we discussed all our plans over the telephone. Twenty-four hours before the trial was set to go, the prosecutor announced that all charges were dropped. That's called C.Y.A., or Cover Your Ass.

Even in the midst of this, as Hurles and I were seated in one of our regular coffee shops, one individual entered alone and took a seat in the booth directly behind ours in an otherwise practically empty room. As we talked and drank our coffee, we weren't allowed to fail in noticing the person take out a pad and begin making notations. This was obviously, as Commander Rockwell called it, the "rough shadow", designed to disrupt and to unnerve. We looked at one another, gulped our coffee, left money on the table and abruptly departed before the stranger's order could arrive. We each were driving our own vehicle that day and we waited in the parking lot until the stranger, sure enough, emerged right after us.

Hurles took off and I waited until the stranger took off after him. Then I pulled out and we kept the stranger between us. We held him thus until he pulled off and into a church lot whereupon he just sat frozen. We wisely resisted the obvious temptation and, instead, made a great show of taking his license number before leaving him there. We traced him as being what was called a "special deputy", or part-time volunteer with the sheriff's department. We also learned where he was employed, at a local auto parts store, and made it a point to pay him a visit there. There were no further such problems.

What did transpire over the course of 1989, as all this was being hashed out, was my new house keeper reporting to me one day that she had observed two silhouetted figures from her bedroom window one night well after midnight as she was there in the dark having a cigarette, in the woods on the crest of the hill watching the house. Trespassing to boot. Hurles on his own was able to learn the identity of one such person who'd routinely walk the creek bed in front of my house, ostensibly trapping musk rat, in order to see whatever he might see. Also, that the neighbor two doors down had been engaged by the sheriff to also trespass after dark and watch the house.

The same day I arrived home after bonding out, the phone rang and it was a woman's voice announcing herself as a friend and cautioning me that a break-in was planned and my extensive coin collection was the

target. We might imagine what sort of "police investigation" would have followed that. I felt I recognized the voice as being that of the mother of one of the friends of my "ex's" daughters. That figured well enough. The "ex" was confident I'd be away and occupied for awhile with the house left empty and unguarded. She also was assuming, perhaps after police assurances, that I would be imprisoned and killed there and did not neglect to take with her my will which left her as sole beneficiary. Everything went wrong with that plan, up to and including my immediate changing of my will.

The old judge was as good as his word and arranged for what was reputedly the most competent attorney in town to accept appointment to my case. The prosecutor had loaded me up with a laundry list full of felonies, taken altogether, good for about ten years. Deftly, in short order, the young attorney assured me that four out of a total of five charges were already dead in the water. Stalemate settled in for the next nine months as I got back to enjoying life.

Ancillary to this was one more field of specialized dirt digging. Through 1989 the old judge had been steering me in various directions, pursuing leads into what turned out to be a county-wide drug ring involving practically all of the same pigs who were trying to put me away. He'd drop a hint, I'd follow it up and report back and he'd say, "You're on the right track." Before it was all over, I had assembled a picture going back a full twenty years. Just by initiating the topic in several of the likeliest places, from old school chums to friendly waitresses, the pieces came tumbling my way.

It seemed to center around the local D.A. During the late 1960s, the town's acknowledged drug headquarters was the Buckeye Inn, right next door to City Hall and the police station. At this time this individual was an attorney in private practice with his office directly across the street in the Schilder Building.

A number of the boys I'd known from school had been recruited by him to take sums of money, averaging ten thousand dollars, go fifty miles north to the state capital of Columbus, and pick up his dope for him. From there it was sold into the community.

One of his early distributors was the very same pig – the partner of Harris - who had arrested Hurles and I back in 1973. I learned where he still could be regularly found in order to transact business, in what shopping center at what hour on what night of the week. It was the

husband of one of the waitresses I was friendly with, a man about to retire from one of the local prisons, who outlined to me exactly how this same dope pipeline made it into the institution where he had worked, via three guards and to the inmates. I was told by this man that this very same pig had handed to him for destruction the murder weapon he had used to kill one young woman that had been found dead in a van outside a pizza parlor who had been wanting out of their rackets.

I knew which sitting judge would regularly snort coke at which neighborhood bar every weekend. I learned the truth behind the disappearance of one of the sheriff's deputies that had until very lately been one of those dogging my trail. He perpetually had been the only White participant in a never-ending poker game around town, had overdosed on some substance, exposed himself to a woman he had pulled over on the highway, had then freaked out and had to be institutionalized. The assistant prosecutor now on my case, one William Allen, had been entertaining a Black dope dealer in his apartment when things apparently got out of hand, the Black beat the hell out of him and then raped and knocked up his girlfriend who later went to Columbus to have an abortion.

It just went on and on.

Once enough of this had been collected, it occurred to me that it might be the time to initiate a "share the joy" program. From the days when I was being investigated and regularly interviewed after the attempt against Reagan, I knew of one Secret Service agent whose office was in Columbus and who I at least believed to be honest. I arranged a meeting with him, he put me on a polygraph, advised me to take care to have some sort of "fallback" prearranged for myself and my information just in case and explained that his angle on this, as part of the Treasury Department, dealt with all the uncollected taxes here. He added that an annual income, tax-free, of well over one hundred thousand dollars might be worth killing for in order to protect. Indeed, there were already two murders that we were aware of involving these people. The first involving the young woman already mentioned the other having to do with a man found dead in winter at a roadside rest, killed after having demanded a higher cut of the profits when delivering his goods.

The Secret Service agent further arranged a meeting, also at a roadside rest halfway between Chillicothe and Columbus, at which he was present along with me and a male-female team from the Ohio

Bureau of Criminal Investigation. Though I continued to gather information until and even after I had left Ohio, nothing ever came out of any of this. One very good reporter on the staff of the state desk of a major Ohio newspaper told me he was aware that this very same thing was going on in other counties as well. It was too big: Everyone in authority was in on it to some degree.

There was no way that these state agents couldn't have already known about it what with all of the undercover operatives they had in tow buying and selling in that area just to keep the "free-lancers" under control. More likely, they just wanted to know what I knew and I did make it a point to let it be known that I did, indeed, have plenty of "fallback".

However, that September the State did come to my attorney with an offer of a deal by which to dispose of my own charges.

As expected, the four felonies were dropped and I plead guilty to nudity oriented photographs of a minor. (This was a series I'd done involving a fifteen-year-old beauty who was a married emancipated minor. And with her adult husband in attendance) That was the 1982 album given to police by my "ex". For this I was to serve thirty days on an intermittent, eight-hour-day basis. Somehow, something had robbed them of their initial zeal.

They looked absolutely foolish. I was completely intact and had three more good years ahead of me there in Ohio. The old judge said of it, "You won it all". And word had it that my "ex" was now busy writing her memoirs which she was entitling, "How I Became An Asshole For The Pigs".

They had tried to paint me as a "child pornographer" despite the documented fact that the girl in my photos was a fifteen year-old married woman and emancipated minor. My own attorney had conveyed to me his knowledge of police regularly gathering at the police evidence room in order to recreationally view actual child pornography which they had confiscated. This put them one up on me as I had never, and still have not, viewed any such thing.

Then, just as in 1991, I took their deal despite the old judge telling me they had no case because I knew it would be suicide to go before a zombie jury who were ready to convict on cue. It's always the press anyway that convicts and, as my attorney said, the D.A. had the press "in his hip pocket".

It was heartbreak to see my hometown in the grip of a filthy gang like that, being destroyed one historical building at a time, going over to niggers and dope. When it came time for me to depart in early 1992, it was made easier because I didn't want to witness anymore of it. Of course, it's the same everywhere just as is the fight everywhere you happen to find yourself. For me, however, it is easier to see the ongoing destruction in places that hold no memories.

Within thirty days of arriving in Las Animas, my new live-in and I landed a job managing a motel. It was well known that one corner unit was occupied by the then sheriff's son who was selling drugs from out of it. The sheriff would visit his son there regularly in his cruiser. Nothing ever happened there, either, but the sheriff did make it a point during one of his frequent visits to inform me that I should right away convert my automobile tags over from Ohio to Colorado. And when that undersheriff involved in my case rolled his cruiser, it was reported that he had been driving while under the influence of alcohol. The reality was that he and his three companions were high on cocaine and that it was found within the vehicle. Yet he was free to slink away and start up someplace else. Cover-up.

These "law enforcement officials" were largely responsible for sending to prison for many years a considerable group of local citizens of Las Animas in 1994 following a bust for having done no more than what they themselves were doing. A few years later, knowledge on the street had it that one sitting judge in Bent County was going through drug rehab. The implication being that this individual had been on drugs even while he was sentencing to prison others for doing the same. This is the kind of hypocrisy one can read about in the Bible. It is a huge contributor to the fall of entire cultures. Let that much sink in and then realize that Lenin's and Stalin's terror police routinely kept high on cocaine as they tortured and murdered the populations of Russia and eastern Europe into submission.

Then there is the role of the rats and the snitches. The subject is as broad and endless as the pigs' own corruption. My own "ex" gave them the opening they couldn't get for themselves, acting as she was out of jealousy and hate. The kid tenant would sell me out to save his own ass from their threats. The girl in Las Animas compromised me in hopes of furthering her adulterous affair with the pig. That tenant in Las Animas lied in a police report just in order to curry favor as a full-time rat in that

town. It had been only one key informant that had made the June drug bust in that town possible. It never ends.

Turning rat is viewed as an honorable duty here, now, just as it had been in the Soviet Union. They admit quite openly that one good informant is better than all the computers and lab work in the world. It's as old as time itself. The fact is that they simply could not function without their rats.

What the rats are to the pigs, the pigs are to the Conspiracy. Jews refer to average Whites as "goyim", or cattle. They refer to Whites who sell out their own people in order to get rich as "shabbez goyim". Any who might penetrate this are, therefore, to them Enemy Number One. How then to determine our own foremost enemy? If you hit the coloreds, the pigs intervene. If you hit the Jews, the pigs come. It will always be the pigs who will come after you. In the words of Fred Cowan, "The only thing lower than niggers and Jews is police that protect them."

Corruption such as I've briefly described, and far worse, exists within this governmental structure all the way from the bottom, up. It pervades everything, everywhere. These parasitic swine are on your back, and at your own expense. These are not only "your" police but "your" leaders and representatives. They are many of your "outstanding citizens". Z.O.G. permits them their corruption in exchange for their services in selling you down the river in a professional manner. Pigs. All of them tools. Imagining themselves to be and acting the part of "big shots". Yet theirs is a secret fear of a terrible power. That of their own masters, those you know nothing about.

Yet without their willing connivance in this, Z.O.G. would have no power, could have no power, as his own biological numbers are too few. So it was again in the Soviet Union that one or two percent were able to inflict a blood thirsty dictatorship upon the largest country in the world for seventy years before collapsing. This is the illustration of who "they" are and what "they" are.

You may never see or experience any of this as you carry on representing and accomplishing nothing, just as they expect of you. Nevertheless, it is they, these same criminals, who are in control all across the country, high and low. It is they who are in control of your life and who are heading you straight for extinction, all for their own present-day profit.

All of what I've related from out of my personal experience is

but "virgin kicks" by comparison with what took place at Waco, Ruby Ridge, Oklahoma City, Amtrak, the Freeman, the Olympics and on and on. But it is part of the same Struggle, with the same combatants, the same Pig System. And I'll be very much alive and back at liberty as you read these words, perhaps for the first time getting some glimpse behind the curtain. How would those who have died or who are permanently imprisoned want the rest of us to carry on? That is my concern.

For me personally, after all, who would dare say it is concluded?

These cowards, hop-heads and assassins don't really know harshness or severity. They can only pull wires, dodge responsibility, and leave it to underlings. They don't know what tough and resourceful is. At the very least, they are not fit to and do not deserve to hold power of any kind. As reward for their abuse of power and their betrayal of those who so foolishly trust them, the answer has to be a distillation of all their own evil intentions and iniquities with the instantaneous reflection of all of it back upon them: Sudden death.

I think that I've at least shown that they are vulnerable. Elsewhere here I think I've demonstrated that their position is one which has altered in recent years to where they now must desperately conserve their power or else face the consequences of cowardice and corruption in authority. They presently can put their own cowardice off onto me and thousands of others through their power of money, press, police, rats and prisons. This they still can do but they can't address or fix a single problem. That plus achieving no real results in dealing with one, lone individual, me, spells after all powerlessness in all working practicality. Force the likes of this, minus real authority, minus actual law, and you should already know what words to apply to it.

I intend to send it all back against them, in order to destroy them. This could never be affected through continually being able to dodge and evade them myself. No. They, individually, could not survive what I've already emerged from, stronger and better than before. Let each one receive his own consequences and see what happens. Let us at the very minimum guarantee them a lose-lose situation and see what happens. Let's see who's got what. With them in it for money, with us in it for life or death, let's blow the bottom out of the boat and see who can swim.

Lenin, early in the Bolshevik reign of terror, openly mused why someone hadn't just come along and thrown them out. His original hope

and expectation had been that they could last at least as long as did the Paris Commune. Solzhenitsyn was amazed at how NKVD agents could invade a large apartment building and drag off some poor soul while all the rest of the occupants merely stood by and watched.

These scum here today carry on as they do on the assumption that they'll face no consequences. When people start to give them their consequences, direct and in person, you'll start to see changes.

April, 1997, C.S.P.

WHAT'S AN "EXTREMIST"?

Before "P.C." came to stand for "Politically Correct", in prison jargon it represented "Protective Custody" or "Punk City". Here at Colorado State Penitentiary, "P.C." is one of several classifications all included within maximum security. The others being Punitive Segregation, Death Row and Administrative Segregation as I myself am classified.

Once here, the only differentiation for the prisoner between any of the four classifications is whether or not he has the privilege of having a television in his cell. They can't send you to the hole here. This place is one, big hole. They can only take your television or, in the most severe cases, do a cell extraction, otherwise known as a "six pack", which ensures a serious beating along with it.

My own stay at C.S.P. has been a tranquil one as I have no write-ups whatever. I'm here solely for political reasons. The rest are here for institutional violence, escape, being members of street gangs, being known rats or awaiting execution. For them, this environment might mean hellish restraint. For me, it affords certain advantages. For me, it is nothing short of an escape from prison if you look at prison primarily as being an almost total lack of peace and privacy. Here I've found both in abundance.

My recent appearance before the "gang board" as to my suitability for re-classification to a less secure facility was an all-time first for them as they told me afterward. Though I have no infractions against me, they said that even if I were sent out of here, I'd be right back by my continuing to write and to maintain my political contacts. No complaint

on my part as this is the perfect place to relax, concentrate and write.

Would that be considered extreme? I'd consider it passive. So passive that it utterly defeats the purpose of this spanking new, fifty-million-dollar fortress where to house one man for a year costs thirty thousand dollars. And the same lieutenant who chaired that meeting has served me many of my meals right to my door.

Due to the fact that there is no properly delineated "hole" or "death row" section here, one is liable to have as his immediate neighbors anyone at all. Currently I have a rapist on one side and a child molester on the other at this end of the tier. Previously there had been one prisoner who had managed to parlay a four-year sentence into life over twenty years ago through various escapes and assaults.

One "extreme" thing that was cemented for me right here is that I do not question and I do not judge. Information arrives via the inevitable and irrepressible prison grape vine. For me, no grape vine is required. I'm known as Mason, the "Nazi", or "Hitler". And for me the enemy is not the other races confined here, nor is it even the guards who work here. It is the System which is behind the whole thing. This also perplexes and confounds the "gang board" and its knee-jerk, reactionary way of thinking.

Of the many rules here, one which can be circumvented and which routinely is, and which no one displays any interest in enforcing, is the one forbidding talking between cells in a block or between blocks while at day hall. Aside from being unable to prevent revolution from being proselytized through writing, they are equally unable to stop it from being spread via the spoken word. Despite the metal doors and grates that prevent any contact between any two prisoners, sound can and does reverberate through these blocks and off the high cement walls. One cannot see his audience but he certainly can be heard by it.

From day hall, one hour each day, I have met and spoken with, having never seen, men who have read *Siege*, my first book, and men who are struggling up the revolutionary path by their own instincts and observations.

Written contact between C.S.P. prisoners is also forbidden and is enforced although surreptitious letters can be passed from block to block and from cell to cell through the network of tier porters as well as through third parties on the outside. Friendly guards can even coordinate day halls between those wishing to communicate.

Extreme measures? Hardly. Only that which circumstances have made necessary in order to accomplish what needs to be done.

Within this block as of approximately the first of April, things assumed a distinctly different tone when a Muslim was brought in from another area. Now, instead of the "sports chat" that had previously dominated and which I never took part in, the talk turned to politics, economics, race and Jews. He did such an admirable job at the start, I still wasn't bothering to join in. Here at that time there was only one other White who was even remotely aware and receptive to any real message. Only when debate became bogged down on what the government "should do" to "correct" the mess did I feel moved to speak up.

I put in the reality principle that everything which takes place does not occur as the result of any "accident" or "mistake", that if one will only see the ruling force and all its programs as a criminal conspiracy, then all of the supposed "mess" will be readily seen and understood to be what it is: Part of the plan. Each development can be predicted, each outcome anticipated.

Is this conspiratorialist approach to be considered extreme? Only if muddling around, lost in directionless supposition is to be considered "moderate".

The casual, outside observer would doubtlessly expect theories of racial superiority to surely preclude any rapport of this nature to take place and to make up the basis for nothing but animosity. The Muslim already knew me to be a Separatist somehow. In the present situation, whether in prison or out in society, arguments over racial merits, together with about two dollars, will buy you a cup of coffee. The issue is one of separation and how best to achieve it.

Within the same thirty-day period, Louis Farrakhan and William Pierce were featured on "Sixty Minutes" and given the same slimy, underhanded treatment by the Jew, Mike Wallace. My second contribution to the debates was the introduction of the term, "Anglo-Jewish Conspiracy" to replace "White Boys" and "Peckerwoods". And, of course, that Jews are not to be considered White. I managed to drive some of it directly home by telling the rest of the block to examine their "Little Debbie" boxes gotten from commissary and even their mealtime salt and pepper packets for the omnipresent "U"s and "K"s.

The Black tier porter on this block expressed his gratitude as he now knew "where to direct his anger".

For decades the Muslims have sought to erect their own economic community within the existing framework of the System and, compared against anything any White organizations have done in a similar direction, have achieved wonders. Their printed program expressly condemns racial mixing and postulates a separate Black nation. But they make the primary error of imagining this can be done via the "good offices" of the Z.O.G. System. Apparently so do such White groups as the Ku Klux Klan, etc.

One more Black, racially aware but politically uninitiated was brought into the block. To him, Martin Luther King was a great man and if only the KKK could be "beaten down" all would be well. The Muslim invited me to join in. I asked why no Z.O.G. holiday for Marcus Garvey or Elijah Muhammad but, instead, for the Communist agent and integrationist-assimilationist stooge, Martin Luther King? As for the Klan, they wield no power or influence whatever and, therefore, can be considered no real enemy. Only the one Pig System which confines each one of us here should be viewed as the one Enemy of all.

Extreme? Only in the same sense as accuracy itself is extreme.

One evening it was open forum. The Mexicans joined in. Most of these were gang members. East Side warring against West Side. My point was that while they are busy killing each other, who steps in and imprisons them both except the Pig System? They need to take all these arms and all this guts and invade these courtrooms and police stations and simply lay waste.

Finally it came to the perennial misunderstanding of the mind-set of radicalism which occurs among all peoples. The Blacks were zeroing in on the Muslim over some seeming contradictions. Few understand that the end justifies the means because few have any inkling of what constitutes an end. "Are you a racist, a nationalist, a separatist or an extremist?" was the challenge and I was called in again.

For one, you cannot be a true nationalist without being both a "racist", or racialist, and a separatist because nation is defined by blood and by self-determination.

Secondly, you will be made "extreme" by the increasing level of your awareness contrasted by the fog most people go about in and you will be judged "extreme" according to the degree to which you are dedicated to acting upon it.

"Extreme", then, is according to whatever level you are capable

of taking it to.

May, 1996, C.S.P.

SELF-EVIDENT TO WHOM?

Whenever entering a new detention facility one will generally be issued a copy of their manual or manifesto on the house rules of conduct and procedure. Mostly they spell it out to the last letter, approaching an almost ridiculous extent. The C.S.P. manual was not only the thickest but also the most specific, to the point where I was forced to snicker.

"Inmates shall not urinate or defecate in the day hall or the shower." Now this may well seem to be the perfect example of something that's surely self-evident but I'll be damned if some idiot didn't do this very thing during my tenure at the Pueblo County Jail. So they, down there, will need to add this little amendment.

These prison rule books obviously were written by one kind of individual but intended for another kind. This so as to avoid any possible confusion.

The United States, as it had been intended and as it was rested upon two twin legal and philosophical pillars: originally: The Constitution and the Bible. Both documents were and are elitist and even "racist", having been framed by men who either owned slaves themselves outright or who at the very least condoned the institution of slavery. Yet, within their texts, we find passages such as "All men are created equal." and "Love thy neighbor."

These manifestos were written by one kind of individual and were intended for people of the same kind. You do not check into a Hilton Hotel and find posted the rule that you do not urinate or defecate in the room or the shower. Some things, indeed, are evident but there is a proviso and it deals with not only the prevailing circumstances but the type of people with whom you are dealing. Certainly, what might be self-

evident to you and I could be open to interpretation to somebody else.

The Founding Fathers and the Patriarchs did go even further in their admonishments for the preservation of their posterity. In many states of the Union it was on the books that inter-racial marriage was a criminal offense. In many places within the Bible, references such as "pure in his generations", "after his own kind", and admonishments not to "mingle the holy seed" are frequently found.

At that, they failed to spell out exactly why.

In both circumstances, during both times, the danger existed of the immediate presence of darker, alien races. The leaders saw the need to draw certain lines but, at the same time, couldn't really imagine anyone of sound mind or character as being so ignorant or dissolute as to not already, inherently see the reasoning behind it. They should have exercised the same no-stone-unturned approach to it as did the framers of the C.S.P. manual.

Time and proximity. With the passage of time and the close proximity of alien races, it has historically proved inevitable that, through human folly and lust, miscegenation will take place, ultimately bastardizing and adulterating the White race out of existence. Two thousand years ago, Palestine was a changing neighborhood. Today the United States is that changing neighborhood.

What is Palestine today but a place of ugliness and violence? What characteristics today prevail in most major U.S. cities?

And for tomorrow?

Not a question of "supremacy" and even less so of "economics" or "privilege", it's a matter of racial identity and integrity. Some of us were once in a huddle with a couple of defense attorneys, one of whom, when he learned that we were Nazis, posed a seriocomic question: "You're the guys who believe that a speck of shit in a gallon of ice cream ruins the whole gallon, aren't you?"

Well, pretty much so.

A real card, as it turned out, he went on to openly ponder the recommendability of "eating around it" rather than "throwing the baby out with the bath water." Talk about mixed metaphors! Others, equally as well-educated and personally brilliant throughout history, have apparently felt the same way.

The pharaoh class of ancient Egypt resorted to incest in an effort to safeguard and prolong their bloodlines. The caste system of India was

set up according to the shade of skin color in an attempt to halt the slow destruction of their society. There was a brisk business in blond wigs in ancient Rome among a population who failed to understand just why their own natural blonds were disappearing. There were the Spanish "bluebloods" who ruled over a people severely damaged genetically through centuries of Moorish occupation.

And then of course there was the "Jim Crow" system of segregation here in the United States.

Egypt and India represent nothing today but poverty and superstition. Northern Italy is White due only to invading White "barbarians" who either killed or drove south the "wretched refuse" they found in their path. Southern Italy is a haven of poverty and crime, home of the "Mafiosi" type. Spain has only its past. Ask yourself: What kind of present day does the United States have? And what kind of future, at this rate, can be seen for it?

I'm sure that in each of these other cases, and in many more, there were those who felt that the racial problem and its attending ills could only be resolved through the total blending of all the races within their boundaries. Certainly, in a sense, they were right. But look at the result. No greatness, no beauty, no future. That's an "experiment" that's been tried and failed, repeatedly.

All the legislation in the world against miscegenation has come to naught. Words on paper prove hollow and when the process of decay moves far enough along, they can be and usually are discarded as being "outdated". The nation is the blood, not artificial lines drawn on a map. A German born in Kenya remains a German. A Chinese born in Sweden remains a Chinese. Should any of these mix their blood with another of a different race, then the offspring is a raceless mongrel.

What of an "American"? Not very long ago that title immediately denoted a White. The countenance of an Aryan leapt into mind, just like the face on the Statue of Liberty itself. But the term "American" was from the very beginning an artificial, geographical and political concept. To the Founding Fathers, it was of course "self-evident" that it was a White entity and should remain so. Time and proximity have thrown all that completely off base and so now it is effectively an institution of mulattoes. And these types will never "vote" to make it White once again.

The 1935 Nuremberg Laws of National Socialist Germany were

the best and most comprehensive set of racial guidelines ever conceived by the White Man for his own self-preservation. But had Germany contained a huge non-White bloc of blood within its own boundaries, even the Nuremberg Laws would have been of little long-range effect.

Where there's contact, there'll be mixing. And a little mixing opens the way for a lot more. If a large enough body of alien blood exists nearby, or within the midst of, then the face of that society shall darken until it comes to resemble that of Haiti, or India, or anyplace from out of the Third World.

Our Anglo-Saxon laws were supposed to control government, not individuals. White Men are supposed to control themselves. God told us that we are a race of "kings and priests". I don't want to oppress, repress, arrest or toss into prison "niggers" or any other dark race. I don't want them anywhere near me. I don't want them in my society. I don't want to be "superior" over them. I want them far away in their own land, under their own laws and their own leaders. With the entire focus on such things as punishment and revenge, is it too difficult to know where the society is heading?

An all-White society run by all-Whites would see serious crime as an extreme rarity, just as the mainly White nations of Europe see it. Minus alienation that comes with multiculturalism and multiracialism, no one would want drugs any longer, no one would want to be homosexual. Prisons, at least on the scale that they are now, would be unnecessary. Such things as murder and rape would receive swift death sentences. Lesser crimes would dwindle as the circumstances conducive to them would be removed.

Blacks are a "childish" race and, as such, will never "grow up". But we are not their "father". As long as there remains contact between the races, we will always remind them of their biological inferiority, that is unless miscegenation has lowered everything to the common denominator of mud.

Finally, the prison experience itself represents different things to different people. To the criminal, colored element it is of little significance or impact. All is provided, old friends are there just as are drugs and sex. In many cases, they are better off "in" than they are "out". Little real punishment, little deterrent. It is an industry in fact. More police, more prisons. But are the streets any safer?

I've been through six institutions in as many months. Haven't

thus far witnessed or experienced any violence. It's who you are, how you conduct yourself and who you hang with. Age does help. Not reflecting fear or panic really does help. But just the reality of a White, middle-class, law-abiding individual being held in prison for his politics is a shattering thing: Not for me but for the society that saw it happen. Not revenge, not even punishment for, as Manson said, you can't punish someone who hasn't done anything wrong. But just so that some tin-horns can pretend to be "men" for having "gotten" me and so that the media can make everything look rosy and "right" and so a cowardly judge could get himself off the hook as being even remotely pro-White. Once inside, the prison bureaucracy will do all they can to promote their own self-importance and to ensure their own job security.

Grow? Yes. My reputation and self-confidence have grown tremendously through all of this. But, far better, I have seen unmistakably the bankruptcy and folly of the System that wields all this power. A huge, monstrous joke it is. With or without any coloreds, the System itself deserves to be destroyed.

It will be my pleasure to have a hand in doing just that.

June, 1996, C.S.P.

MORE ON THE THREE "R"s

Years ago, in the original Siege newsletter, I wrote a piece entitled "The Three "Rs". These were Resist, Revolt and Rule. My thrust being that without the pressures and hardships of enduring the full brunt of an Enemy System, and without the life-or-death test of an actual overthrow of the same Enemy System, no person or group would truly be worthy or capable of acting in a ruling position themselves. Best witness: The Z.O.G. System and its own hired minions.

"First myself and then the world." No truer words were ever spoken. The moment we get ourselves squared away, we'll be well on the way toward effective organizations and successful political movements.

And so, well aware of the risk of appearing as some sort of a conservative type with strong reactionary overtones, I now pose to you three more "R"s and they are: Respect; Reverence; and Restraint. Whereas the first three "R"s were applicable to the governing of groups, this latter three apply directly to personal codes of conduct.

The first, Respect, is a cornerstone of Charles Manson. "I can respect anyone who comes to me with respect". This is one of the big ones missing from the Z.O.G. System. "We have it all sewn up and you don't, so fuck you." This very attitude is the basis of all true tyrannies and it is so thick in the air nowadays that you can cut it with a knife. It is this sort of super-punk kind of mindset that we intend to put an end to.

All of these "R" s must come from within or else you may be sure that the Aryan spirit is already missing. These fools in charge today may love to recite the "Golden Rule" but respect is the bedrock foundation of it and, minus respect, it amounts to no more than the worst sort of hypocrisy. Anytime we may speak of Universal Order, respect comes up

in the front rank. Respect for friends, neutrals and enemies alike. As Manson would say, if they owe you and won't pay, then you must pay them what they owe you.

Reverence to me means being in the service of something greater than yourself and certainly things that you hold to be greater than yourself. And that is the basis of all great religions, be they true or false. This too is generally missing from daily life nowadays and it of course shows. I've had many an individual come to me and say, "Yes, but that Hitler guy was really nuts." This is a lack of respect stemming from ignorance. Not to mention a lack of reverence coming from the same cause. Myself no Christian, I nonetheless don't go about bad-mouthing Jesus, etc. It's merely mean and low-life.

Reverence seems to put everything into its place, helps make order and sense of everything. I suppose it forms the essence of religion itself. It doesn't necessarily have to include the suggestion of anything weird or spooky, just the devotion to an idea or an individual or a common effort which sums up the greater whole, as often as not, having already included very great sacrifice. A shining example that, in times of terrific and overwhelming mediocrity, lifts and gives strength to the spirit. It is also what separates the supermen from the untermensch of the world.

Restraint is that which differentiates a tiny and ineffectual pile of gunpowder from a powerful and deadly rifle shot. It is the hallmark of civilized man. They talk about the need for Viking berserker rage yet is not restraint the foundation of true organization and discipline? The sublimation of the self and of the impulse and ego, of animal instinct, in deference to a higher and more long-range goal of common good. Not one or two desperate heroes going out suddenly in a blaze of glory but a mighty movement capable of furiously assaulting and destroying for all time the Enemy, Alien System.

In personal life, restraint delineates the man of culture from the typically Systematized profligate, the logical tool and pawn of the Jew. The entire push over the past few generations has been toward the abandonment of all restraint and its successes to date have accounted for the lowering of most Whites down to the level of common Negroes and, thus, has greatly facilitated the dramatic increase in the occurrence of miscegenation and all of its many attending ills.

The balance will be struck between those who are able to

discipline themselves and remain true to their culture-bearing genetic heritage and those who must have the "Law & Order" of others imposed upon them. Whenever you have occasion to shake your head in disapproval over some "punk" on the outside, or over one of our own Movement "losers", if you'll pause to reflect, I think you'll find that what you're really seeing and reacting to is the lack of the very things I've just been discussing.

If we are able to take care of this within ourselves and do a thorough enough job of it, then we have indeed accomplished a tremendous task in this most sorry day and age.

Winter, 1994-95,
Denver First appeared W.A.R.,
Spring, 1995.

GIVING HATE A BAD NAME

What stems from an incomplete knowledge and understanding of exactly what's going on assumes many shapes and forms, none of which are very attractive.

Can we even place ourselves, this Movement, in the same ballpark with those who, through whatever deficiency, blindly hate? Even if we sometimes do, we most certainly should not.

Love and hate are as necessary to one another as are day and night. Indeed, the one couldn't exist as a separate concept minus the other. Can one or the other be pointed to and assigned the categorization of "bad"? Only in one sense: If it is applied inappropriately. But never in a constant, flat sense.

Just like saying that night is "bad", it's wrong and impossible. In this universe, opposites are absolutely necessary, even complimentary, just as with male and female. Even with life and death.

But take any basic and profound truth and leave it to the Jews to distort it out of all proportion.

There's a very great deal still to love in this world and in this life, most of it having to do with just appreciating nature and being part of it. But in the affairs and conduct of human kind, there is much to rightfully hate. When confronted with this, as we each are every day of our lives, "love" or even its affectation, is an entirely inappropriate response.

Good and evil are bound up in that which puts you forward and that which holds you back. So it would follow to love the good and hate the evil.

If we, the Movement, hate that which would harm our race, then it is only out of our love for that race that we show such concern.

Yet the Enemy-controlled media refers to us collectively as "hate groups" when we could, just as rightfully, be called "love groups".

However, "love", by them, is only applied where suicidal tolerance, race-mixing and degeneracy are involved, never to where self-defense, self-preservation, etc., are concerned. Self-defense, to them, equals "hate". Or, better put, "hate" is the label they choose to attach to self-preservation when representing it to the masses. Because the System media has already conditioned it into their soft skulls that hate is "bad" but that love is "good".

Tell that to the antelope that is being devoured by the lion.

And when we find ourselves driven and desperate, disenfranchised from the very means of redress as formulated for our protection by the Founding Fathers, and are forced into using violence against the alien System, they hop right onto it and exclaim, "See here! These people are employing terrorism!" Then, of course, we must be "hate groups". I believe that by now you can see the pattern.

That is rough enough without those of us with only a very partial appreciation of what we are about going around and adding fuel to the fire of what the System is already claiming about us by their own ill-informed words and actions. A properly chosen target for violence speaks many volumes of truth. A careless act or word does only disservice to us.

Knowledge and awareness can be gained. In the meantime, to conduct one's self with an air of gravity and respect can go a very long way toward making up any difference. Generally and on both sides, however lop-sided the contest may be, respect is missing. It was a lack of respect that allowed the Jews to do what they have done. It is a lack of respect that keeps individuals who might otherwise really be able to counter the Jews from accounting for anything.

No respect for themselves, one another, the situation itself, that which is at stake or even for the Enemy who, in just over a single lifetime has swept to global supremacy and which most certainly ought to command a certain kind of respect.

I would admonish anyone not to cheapen the enmity by conducting yourself as a "White nigger". Don't play into the Enemy's hands by acting thus, either. Don't insult the memory of leaders who are dead by acting this way. Don't disgrace and make fools of the rest of us.

Do we "hate" Blacks for being what they are even though they may happen to be in our midst doing it? Do we "hate" them for being an

existing threat to the White gene pool? At any rate, they did not choose to come here. Regardless, do we then act like the proverbial "nigger" toward them? If we should, then what is the real difference between one of us and one of them?

The very same might be said of all race relations with the singular exception of the way we must regard and deal with Jews.

If we don't have sufficient respect within ourselves to keep our bloodlines pure in the present, until the danger of miscegenation has been eliminated through total geographic separation, then neither do we have it within ourselves to effect that self-same separation. Then we might as well quit.

Should the day of all-out race war dawn blood red, then we will fight just as did our ancestors and we will slaughter and lay waste without hesitation or mercy. Until such time we must conduct ourselves as that which we rightfully are: Aryans, nobles, the bearers of culture and civilization.

With regard to individual Jews, the same code of conduct, tempered with a special awareness of exactly what is being confronted, is the only comportment becoming of an acceptable of an Aryan. When the hell breaks loose generally, behavior standards will modify drastically and accordingly.

In the present, let's try not to lose sight of who and what the Enemy of us all really is: The System. Let us not squander our hatred because it is precious. Let us instead bring it into sharp focus and fully to bear against that which we must destroy before it can destroy us.

When properly understood and effectively channeled, hate is without question the purest and fiercest source of the strength and determination needed to do battle and to win.

Remember to keep it holy.

April, 1995, Las Animas

THE NEXT BIG STEP

In recent months I've hinted around about the point I'm about to stress. In one way and to some people it will only just make sense. In another way and among other people it will come as the greatest shockwave and blasphemy since I openly espoused Charles Manson fifteen years ago.

As far as my tenure at this goes, the first big corner turned was in 1974 when Joseph Tommasi declared Revolutionary National Socialism and rejected all forms of conservatism and reaction. It's hard for anyone not familiar with the times prior to that to imagine or understand what the prevailing mindset was like.

Basically, we then came to recognize that the Enemy had won. It was no longer a contest. But by seeing that the Enemy had won, we thereby clarified our awareness of exactly who and what the Enemy is: The System, the Government, the Establishment, Big Brother, etc. And, at the same time, we saw that we must quit playing at games and begin hitting the Enemy where it hurts. Also, at the same time, we realized that, just as importantly, we must project this very thought through our propaganda.

Next came the association which began in 1980 with elements of the Manson Family and the close communication with Charles Manson himself during which time I had my own horizons elevated dramatically and really began to be able to grasp the previously incomprehensible scope of the nature of the Struggle. Alarming enough, at the very same stroke, I learned a whole fresh set of grassroots, nuts-and-bolts ideas and strategies with which to combat and destroy the "unbeatable foe".

I want to give credit at this point to two other individuals whose

contributions are just as significant and right in line with what I've recounted so far.

Robert Miles, who was one of the very first to flatly state that the System is the Enemy at a time when most of the rest were still living and struggling in a fog of deception, still under the delusion that the System could be used to fix the System.

Louis Beam, who declared "Leaderless Resistance" just at a time when the foolishness of the former Movement in conjunction with the tried-and-true methodology of the System had about destroyed the Movement and without which, most likely would have destroyed it. Here was the strategy with which to go forward in such a manner as to be virtually unassailable by informant tactics, etc.

These represent huge turning points in the development of the Movement from that of "born loser" in the Sixties to the wave of the future now in the Nineties. Note always, in each case, it was a revolution in thought first, in the mind itself. Sounds easy now that it's been done. But how painful and frustrating it was as we struggled and groped in the dark uncertainty until these realizations were made.

Conditions and circumstances in the country and the world are now such that big things can be expected to begin jumping off. And aside from natural disasters and "acts of God", it is the Movement that the Beast System everywhere in power now hates and fears the most.

I personally have seen it and felt it, just as sure as bumping into a brick wall, that thing which we now have to come to grips with if we are not to fatally handicap ourselves and our potential and alienate much possible aid in the Struggle to topple and destroy the alien System.

What I'm talking about now I am and have been just as guilty of as anyone else and just as I was guilty of walking in the darkness in times past, before the light and a better way were revealed, I now see that error and have made the appropriate change. So I am pointing no finger. I only say that unless we decide now to change something most fundamental, we will just about have arrived already at the fabled "glass ceiling" of old which prevented other strategies and worldviews which were lacking from achieving their goals.

They'll never stop calling us "hate groups" until we are able to shove a gun barrel into their mouths and pull the trigger. We can, however, render the appellation unjustified and, by so doing, increase the shock and indignation among those new people who may find us to

such a point so great that the resultant backlash against the System and its lie machine will be so powerful as to put us right over the top.

Specifically, I'm referring to cheap-shot race hatred. It does us no credit and attracts to us types that are of dubious value. It invites these typical smears from the System and only tends to make them look valid. Worst of all, it does great disservice to the Idea itself and it turns off so many of the good people we might otherwise attract.

If indeed there is an "Idea", then the hatred against others because of what they are is not only unnecessary, it is a hindrance. If there is no "Idea", then what a pathetic mess it all is anyway.

If the Enemy is the System, then how else are we to view other peoples except as other victims of the same Monster? Most "rednecks" have already found out that to go and "get" some "niggers" will only net them the hounding of their lives, and jailing, on the part of the Big Brother System, without anything of a positive nature having been accomplished.

If the masses of coloreds can be considered as useless humanity, so can the masses of Whites as they are today. And this won't change unless we change it by destroying the System that has made it so.

This does not overlook self-defense whenever attacked but it should rule out wanton, unprovoked attacks against members of other races. If you feel like attacking something or someone, choose at least a worthy target: Some aspect of the System or Government, one of their minions, etc.

Members of the System can be considered to be carrying upon them an automatic sentence of death. Make your target a worthy target. Low-level types, "race traitors" and such, merely are lost to their race, casualties of war, and ought to be disregarded. The syndrome which claimed them won't be stopped until the System that made it is destroyed. In the great sorting-out to follow, they'll have to go along with the coloreds they have joined. Truly a fate worse than death.

Racial invective needs to stop. It is the most basic of psychology that true superiority doesn't need either to tout its own self or to attempt to denigrate anyone else. It needs only to act its own part. "Separatism" is the word now. That, together with "Death To The System!"

Talents need to be applied toward fanning ever hotter the hatred for and revulsion against the System. Is there not plenty enough fertile ground for this? We must propose the answer for everyone and at

the same time point out the common Enemy of everyone: The System.

We are now beginning to stand forth alone most starkly for all to see as the only possible source of Revolution. Let us now start to fully live up to that highest of honors and most awesome of responsibilities by assuming and acting the role. Not that of mere reactionaries.

If we can work this miracle within ourselves, we'll soon see a political miracle worked in this country and all over the world.

May, 1995, Pueblo-Co. Jail

WELL-DIRECTED HATE

To the most intelligent and aware person, hate is a matter not of who but of what. Even Washington said he'd never give anyone that kind of power over him by allowing them to make him hate them. But a man like that had to have known what hate was. His success in life is a tribute to this understanding of this elemental force.

I cringe whenever I hear a Movement sympathizer exclaim, "I'm prejudiced and proud of it." And I get ill every time I see someone supposedly part of the Movement treat or regard a member of another race "like a nigger". That, in working reality, makes us the "niggers". The reference, "mighty White of you", or "niggardly" freely cross color lines. It's a matter of racial identity and self-determination, not hate.

Back inside the prison system again, I can't hate these people in here. I couldn't do it twenty years ago, either, even though circumstances then and now arose from racial conflict. I did what I had to do in both instances. It is the fault of the System that any such confrontations could have been possible in the first place. And it is there where the hate belongs.

This place is over half Mexican but with relatively few Blacks. The Whites here are all very much aware. But there is no agitation, no animosity. I see mature, tough-looking Mexicans intricately and laboriously hand-decorating Mother's Day cards. I see huge Blacks carrying on in mischievous good humor like small children. I saw about the same thing twenty years ago at the Cincinnati Workhouse. It represents entertainment to me now just about as it did during my school days.

What one does see in here is a lot of arrested development. Am I entirely free of this myself? If I'm still partly a kid then I hope I never change.

None of us belong in here. Each should be in his own society, governed by his own kind, by his own rules, to be judged, if necessary, by those who truly are his own peers. None of us had that privilege because none of us are Systematarians. And you never see any of those in lock-up.

The true Movement is now undergoing severe birth pains. I'm still to be found guilty of reverting to language and tactics long outdated. It was "expected" behavior that gained for me a six-month sentence last time around. This time was fundamentally different, I'm proud to say. I'm fast weaning away from all of this useless and obsolete business of baiting members of other-races simply for the hell of it. Individually and as a Movement we have to grow and mature in order to meet the real Enemy, the real challenge.

The code of conduct in here could be used as a model for the outside to emulate: That of no bullshit. There is racial division but with respect. And it is abundantly clear to all exactly who the Enemy is: The System which confines us all.

In this pod, we sit on what the Mexicans refer to as "Peckerwood Row", that is, a section of all-White cells. But we might entertain a Mexican or a Black and even have a nice time of it.

But we know and they know that they are but guests here. They are not brothers.

I'm well aware of how sudden violence can erupt. But violence can be answered as such. With Separatism and respect, however, righteous hatred can be reserved for the System and its by-products: Miscegenation and resentment; exploitation and the submergence of pride and identity.

With ideas and approaches which date from the 1960s, we'll never win or mobilize the intelligent masses of racially aware and anti-System White young people who basically are out there waiting for us. We owe it to them and to ourselves to cross the barrier that only we can remove and proceed to force a powerful, successful Movement. A Movement of ideas, not one composed of our collective fears.

Hate is powerful and precious. It is a criminal sin to waste or to misdirect it. Let's not make fools of ourselves, clowns or stereotypes playing straight into media hands. Don't cheapen the enmity. Harness

every element in order to destroy the System. Don't deliberately alienate these same elements.

Summer, 1995, Pueblo Co. Jail

PART ELEVEN

MIRROR IMAGE

At the bottom of the stairway of my childhood home, my father had affixed a large plate glass mirror to the wall of the entrance hallway. Many were the times, out of youthful idleness, I would stop at the bottom of those stairs and contemplate the "other" house into which that mirror seemed to be a portal. At the bottom of the stairs of the home I purchased in Las Animas, I hung an antique plate glass mirror immediately next to the front door. Now I was looking back from the "other" house and into my childhood home, which even included much of the original furnishings, such was the mirror image way the two places had been constructed.

On August 7th, 1996, I saw the parole board for the second time. In fact, it was never a full board for me but only one member of the parole authority because my crime was officially counted as non-violent. The upshot of it was that the person presiding related to me that in his high opinion my crime was indeed violent which is why I had been passed over before. Always they would end these sessions with, "I'll inform your case manager and he'll let you know my decision." This surely must have been a tactic evolved from too many parole candidates coming over the table at them, even in full restraints.

Like clockwork, the green parole authority sheet came along with the following day's mail and indicated another deferral until November of 1997. No reason given, just "needs more time". The sick joke of it was however on them as I knew my accumulating good time would put me out on the street well ahead of that. I could only laugh at the gutlessness of these neo-Soviets and proceed to get a psychological handle on about twelve more months in close confinement. My appetite

for dinner was pretty well shot and I took four aspirin before turning in that night. So much for the effect the news had on me.

Two days later I was informed over the call box to pack up in anticipation of an in-house move. This was a surprise as I'd only been in that location less than thirty days. Methodically, I had my foot locker packed within minutes and, amid shouted farewells, I said my goodbyes to the other men of that pod. It was then to my much-needed delight that I caught a glimpse of the two officers who would be escorting me to my new location. One, a tall, blond sergeant whom I'd never seen before. But the other one was the beautiful and sweet female that I had been so sorry to see transfer when the staff had rotated earlier that summer. As we walked I was glued to her side as I ascertained positively that I was now moving into her own wing. Here was just the prescription the doctor had ordered.

All the way over to the extreme far side of the building this time I went. Everything about it was the exact mirror image of where I'd just spent the last ten months. This even to the extent that I was assigned the outside, corner cell on the upper tier, just as with my previous two pod assignments. Not just remarkable, I thought, but most desirable for reasons of maximum privacy as well as best overall view of the pod itself. Everything was reversed in position. Even the fixtures were constructed the opposite of what they had been. In keeping with this, I arranged my belongings on the shelves in reverse fashion. This required some getting used to.

I had to get into and out of bed "backwards". Out the window, now on the right side where before it had been on the left, my view included U.S. Highway 50 East, toward home, Las Animas. And, should one travel yet another thousand miles further east along this same route, then home again to Chillicothe, Ohio. Off in the distance was snowy Pike's Peak. The paint job here was pale blue instead of the pale green as before.

The big change in location brought with it a new case manager, Nick Provenza, and, within two weeks, he delivered an amended parole deferral sheet which bore a new date: November of 1996. It ordered also a mental evaluation to be completed prior to that time to determine my "potential for violence". Evidently, a deferral of more than one year ran afoul even of their own arbitrary rules and they were having to play a convoluted game now of "Cover Your Ass". Mustn't risk an \$85,000.00

per year job for any silly little reason like this oversight, be it releasing a political opponent or be it holding him but in an overly-zealous fashion.

Contentment had resumed and the months of September and October fairly flew by. Sometimes false hope itself can be of definite use. The female officer which I saw five days a week had taken to calling me by the diminutive form of my first name, a thing practically unheard of here, and could always be depended on for favors, nice conversation and slow, easy cuffing and un-cuffing with more than the necessary requirement of skin contact. The other men on the tier didn't fail to notice the looks back and forth between us, either. She was a mainstay for me until about that Thanksgiving. The job was clearly depressing her, she had told me as much, and she was intending to get her master's degree and find a better job.

I once had told her, after watching her push a large and heavy meal closet on wheels through the pod, "You're too good for this place." She was gone for the final time around that Thanksgiving and, though I was profoundly sorry to lose her again. I was able to take it philosophically in that her presence had twice helped me through what I knew then to be the toughest times I'd have there.

C.S.P.'s first ever execution by lethal injection had long been set to take place on August 16th but was delayed through action by the A.C.L.U. This news was well received by me as the person involved was a friend from my original pod, C-5. This brought into high relief the surreal nature of my own life essentially on Death Row with all the rest, yet so temporary, so utterly safe and sound.

Through the late summer, from my new view to the north-east, I regularly caught sight of something I hadn't seen since leaving Arrowhead the previous year: The rainbow. With the onset of fall, my companions the magpies and crows, made their reappearance. During September I was finally able to witness the back side of a "six pack", or cell extraction.

A mild disturbance on the tier prompted me to get up and go to the door in time to see something akin to an invasion of "Men in Black". With more padding and protection than any professional football players and helmets the equal of anything belonging to N.A.S.A., they were hauling, face-down, a man naked and in chains. As a compliment to this, there was also one officer with a shotgun, one with pepper spray and one with a video camera. After depositing the unfortunate in his stripped cell and backing out, one into another, the door slid shut, one member

rapped on it and said, "Get up."

He seemed no worse for the wear, aside from being naked and in a bare cell. As illustration of what a close pod this was, the "social director", my next-door neighbor, first made all of the introductions then the rest of us kicked in items the guy sorely needed and got them to him via the trusty "fishing-line".

Regardless of the pod and regardless of the tier, it seemed invariably that there was always to be found someone named "Psycho", as was the name of our newcomer, and never a shortage of those "fishing" or "rat" lines. More challenging even than billiards, men could move items this way with the adeptness of a Houdini. Most amazing of all, however, was that, through all of the many shake-downs, I never knew of one of these lines being found and taken by guards. Where they concealed them so successfully, I'll never know.

With regard to "rehabilitation", there were in fact only two skills to be mastered there. The first was the already mentioned "rat-lining". The other was "shit-bombing". Sort of a childish way of harassing another prisoner in the same pod and on the same level, it amounted to defecating onto a piece of cardboard as was used to back pads of stationery, and then skillfully sliding it with enough force and aim to where it went in under the victim's cell door, only to strike a wall or an object and generate a huge mess. So, in that, I'm afraid I failed dismally at passing muster because I only became so-so at rat-lining and never did indulge at all in shit-bombing. But even at that, I considered it to be but one more distinction that I was held at the only facility within the Colorado Prison System which did not carry a hypocritical, double-speak name and that was Colorado State Penitentiary.

My short-lived period on C-7 had put me in a day hall overlooking the loading dock and the sight of it together with the comings and goings around it reminded me of my old neighborhood in Denver. That plus the women's pod was directly across, on the opposite side of the dock. It was good to hear their voices even if some of them amounted to a high screech. Now, in E-2, we were situated immediately next door to the women and, even though the view was poorer, we could easily converse with them during day hall. Through the fall and winter, my conversation partner was an older woman who'd been a museum curator, now doing forty years for killing her husband, though she claimed self-defense and I believed her.

As 1996 waned two negative developments took place. One day an alarm was sounded. It took a while and a lot of wild rumors before I was able to learn that one of the Level III's in another wing had caused a confrontation while out of his cell. The result was no more free movement for anyone, anywhere, and two days a week of complete lock-down. Then someone was caught passing something between our pod and that of the women. That resulted in our day hall schedules being changed so that they no longer coincided. Goodbye to our friendly talks with the females. I did have Helen Smith, as my power-of-attorney, send a Christmas money order to Janice, my favorite conversation partner.

During the interim, I had my third and final parole hearing. Late in October I indeed did have my "evaluation" and had come up aces high. After all, when the multiple-choice questionnaire wants to know whether you ever feel like hurting yourself or others, the answer they're looking for is going to be "no". One might have seen this waste of time as one method of them further covering their asses, shoving responsibility in event of recidivism off onto the mental health people. In fact, they were hoping it would come up "hot" in order to justify another deferral.

But it didn't and after the shortest and slimiest hearing I'd yet seen, the new case manager himself appeared at my door that same afternoon, shaking his head quietly in mystification. He had assured me, going on the basis of all his past experience with these things that "You're out of here." I laughed and told him that it was all political. He showed me the deferral, saying there was no mention of anything like that, only the old stand-by, "needs more time". Of course, there was no provision on the pre-printed sheet for "Political Prisoner". How very naive. And this time the deferral was again for November of 1997. Error corrected. Still, that good time was mounting and I had just put three more months behind me. As far as I was concerned now, it was a matter of getting the holidays out of the way and then it would be just a downhill slide.

This time, no loss of appetite and no need for aspirin. The picture had shifted that much in that period of time.

Calculations made from the twice-annual time-comp sheets revealed late August as my mandatory release date when they'd just have to eat it and let me go. In a conciliatory move, the case manager said he would put me in for transfer to a less secure facility as I still remained without any incident report whatever and this was beginning to look way too much like what it was. I laughed and told him to forget it.

That I was going to make a political and propaganda masterpiece out of this and, besides, here was where I could do my best creative writing. He then laughed, glanced quickly toward the ceiling, and said that, when referring to him, "be sure to spell "asshole" right." Not at all. He had already proven himself to be sincere. I was now effectively in the driver's seat and I felt it.

If it were strictly a matter of my just being denied parole due to unpopular political connections, it would be far less handy for me than for the pigs in control. The truth is that the whole time I was in, I personally knew directly of only two men who were actually released on parole. And they both had already done a lot more time than the length of my sentence in total. It was around this time that I was experiencing another eye-opening revelation. In perfect line with our no longer being the lone whacko's crying in the woods, something much bigger was at work effecting great masses of people.

All across the country now it was "three strikes and you're out", "lock 'em up and throw away the key", "build more prisons", "hire more police", "fund more programs", etc. The move is on nationally to keep the prisons overloaded through multiplicitous "laws", over-sentencing and denying parole when it was due. This is the word that has been passed down. And, yes, it amounts to a conspiracy. Several goals are to be achieved this way: As a desperate measure to try to curb runaway crime; At the same time to soothe and placate angry and frightened tax-payers; But even more directly to turn the mill wheels of an artificial, private industry to build and maintain warehouses for people. While on the side it facilitates the handling of political dissidents very nicely, thank you.

On the one hand, it is a last-ditch measure to hold the pieces of the ramshackle empire together. On the other hand, it is pure extortion, a gun to the head of the tax-payers in order to suck billions of dollars for more building contracts, salaries for personnel, job security for armies of leeches in the garb of "professionals", frauds serving no useful purpose, "programs", "counselors", "case workers", "parole" and "probation" officers, etc. Also to feed entrepreneurial "private prisons" where people are literally a commodity and huge personal fortunes are to be made. It was told to me while at Pueblo that the ComCor -Community Corrections- halfway houses in Denver, where men and women are sentenced to work outside jobs and fork their paychecks over to them to

stay there, are owned by the wives of the local judges. It would be a conflict for a judge to sentence you to a halfway house which he owned. But not to one owned by his wife. A thing called "mandatory parole" was instituted recently making it an impossibility for one to "kill his number" because, regardless whether he completes his entire sentence, he still will face years of parole with the distinct possibility of being "violated" and sent back to prison. It is their intention to hold as many people in prison as possible in order to feed the bureaucrats.

It is the same everywhere, with all pig agencies. The object is money and control.

Inside, even as I watched, budget cuts removed all legal help for prisoners. The A.C.L.U. long ago was gutted and could only now shuffle the obligatory two form letters to those requesting help against the afore mentioned outrages: The first telling you that your letter had been received; The second letting you know that they cannot help you. Now even Legal Aid and the Public Defender are not allowed to help convicted prisoners. The in-house Access Attorney was no longer to be seen in the pods. Men here who are literally fighting for their lives must prepare their own legal briefs in longhand and on yellow paper and file them on their own. Typewriters are not permitted at C.S.P. Law library access is routinely denied and men's legal paperwork is routinely confiscated if it appears as though they might have a case. Men often "go off" due to this and are then "six-packed" and "strip celled". All in the name of pig profit and "job security".

Consider that it had been their intention to put me away in here for thirty years, all for nothing, and that this was only narrowly averted. How many more weren't so fortunate? They not only do not care, it is fabulous big business to hold someone in a 7' X 14' concrete box at the cost to tax-payers of \$30,000.00 a year or so that an industry of pure evil can thrive, even as it produces nothing in return. Do you feel protected by this? Is anything thus served or improved? So I am not really singled out after all. My belief is not a liability after all. I am merely one more caught up in a system and my belief only signifies the difference between me and these poor victims for not only is my own stay here a very transitory one, I am not merely content to get out and then let it go at that.

As a Revolutionary, I take the revelation of what's going on under the surface as the best of news. Human suffering appears to be a

constant, no matter what. The significance here is that this has moved into the next-to-final phase: Capitalist Police State. This is good. Pressure builds, they gouge harder, hatred is engendered, and they get tougher. Crime still rises, the economy still sinks. It must snap. The final phase will be their collapse. It will be the dawn of our day.

They, with their blind rigidity and inverted conformity to "rules", their fantasy world of "good guys vs bad guys", cannot and will not be able to maneuver or cope, or even understand, when the crisis is reached.

Even as the Movement now stands, while it has yet to overcome its "glass ceiling" of static numbers and organizational inability, the place to watch is the recent development of the System's own "glass basement" which is giving way under the weight. Here is where the situation will be suddenly transformed to our own immeasurable advantage. Even the gulag system of the Soviets could only buy them a scant seventy years of borrowed time.

With that knowledge and with the awareness that I was embarking on a ten-month, literal victory march, I could afford to feel like Lindbergh might have felt had he been given an iron-clad guarantee while still over the Atlantic that his safe landing in Paris was assured. Choosing now a head-on confrontation with them, with no thought of compromise, no quarter, knowing I could only win and that they could only lose, watching and feeling it becoming shorter and sweeter by the day and by the week, I fully came to realize that it was now my game alone. The certainty now that each holiday and each month from here on was marking the final go-round, I could even afford the luxury of feeling nostalgic for the previous year.

In November, with the news of the deferral, I decided right away to place a few cakes in the oven to bake and put the remaining time to the best possible use. Some of the projects I assumed I'd undertake after I was out I determined to employ the help of friends on the outside in order to get accomplished while I was still in. By that, I was effectively turning what might have been a "watched pot" into a game of "beat the clock". With more time in, there'd be more money waiting for me in the bank when I got out. That and better preparations would be made. Not only just like successfully losing weight, it became like making the home stretch on one of the many exceedingly long walks I'd gotten into the habit of taking into the country while in Las Animas, or like closing in on

the last few key coins in a difficult collection which, upon completion, may be cashed in.

Only with that very final deferral that November could I see the whole thing in its perfection. Right away it came back to me just as it had been in Cincinnati, twenty-one years before. Only after it was made certain when the end would arrive could I fully relax and, with all elements of anxiety gone, enjoy this very real sense of freedom. Then also, the point of highest anxiety, once past, marked the start of the best period. Getting all of the guesswork and the disappointments out of the way transformed the situation.

The reflections upon my Cincinnati period told me in a most dreamlike way that twenty-eight months now seemed like those six months did. At least I took it that way. Holding the entire period in my hands now, I was even more amazed when I realized that while the time spent in the Cincinnati Workhouse centered on the 1974 winter solstice, the time now being done was centered on the 1996 summer solstice. I'll never forget how good I felt when, in mid-February of 1975, I reached my thirty-day period to release. Mid-February of 1997 represented the exact same percentage of time remaining for me at C.S.P., one-fifth. I left Cincinnati around the Ides of March, 1975. With the Ides of March, 1997, in mirror image fashion, I began marking the anniversaries of those moves leading into C.S.P. Two weeks at Fremont, six weeks at Arrowhead, one week at Cell House Five, two weeks at D.R.D.C., ten weeks at Pueblo, and then out.

On the other side, the coming-in side, it had been one year from October of 1973, when the assault arrests took place, to October of 1974, when, after two failed appeals, I returned to the Workhouse to finish that sentence. It had now been one year from the end of March, 1994, when that initial arrest had taken place, to the end of March, 1995, when I had departed Denver to return to Las Animas. And it was one year to the day, from May 4th, 1994, when I made my first bond, to May 4th, 1995, when I went to Pueblo to begin completion of this sentence.

I felt I was coming out onto the final one-third of my life, with the three periods having been separated at loosely twenty-year intervals by prison stays. I knew what a spur the Cincinnati experience had been to me and I felt confident that this experience would provide one more spur and to a degree higher in direct proportion to the two respective lengths of stay. And in that thought there seemed to be contained even more

perfection. They say that the mixed life is the best life. The only thing to beat that would have to be multiple lives. Childhood obviously can't last. My years as a "mock-capitalist" couldn't last. Life in "exile" in Las Animas was never intended to last, neither life on Capitol Hill in Denver, neither prison. The time to wind things up hadn't yet arrived. There remained yet things to be done. Life stops where you stop. Most stop very early on.

In order for whatever future there was to be, I had had to come in. And in order for me to come in, the pigs had to play their hand. This didn't mean, however, that I had to be consumed and destroyed, only that it be. Instrumenting this, at each step they demonstrated their guilt, again and again. It is we who represent the Law and it is they who thus strive against the Law. The results of this are everywhere. But justice will finally catch up. Their intentions are bringing results far different from their stated or implied purpose, in fact, the very reverse. In essence, they fool themselves along with any who put faith or credence in any of their garbage. They'll fool themselves right into the grave. They possess the power to do what it is that they do but toward what outcome is it moving?

If this was required, a thousand times better that it should have taken place here as opposed to any other venue. Conditions were tops and censorship, though bad, was not nearly as bad as in most other places, as I learned during the course. No early parole? Better to put in a little more time under perfectly tranquil conditions than to do somewhat less time in harsh or dangerous surroundings. While existence was perfectly fine in population, their AdSegging me to C.S.P. positively insured safety. Incarceration itself? Aside from writing, anything else I might be doing on the outside would amount to only one or another form of marking time. From in here, the single thing that could be carried on and not prevented by them is writing. That alone renders the whole thing as a joke on them. That which mattered continued uninterrupted. In fact, with all the diversions, etc., of Arrowhead, I was able to get practically no creative writing done at all. The pigs will be used as tools for their own destruction even as they imagine themselves to be playing "God".

One thing that hit me early, even as a kid, was what the essence was of having a good time, or of having "fun". It simply consisted of losing one's self in the moment, living the moment for what it was to the exclusion of any extraneous considerations of past or future. Manson would call this "the Now". Anticipation can be good as can reflection but

you're only really living if it's in the Now. Realizing and appreciating my fortunate circumstances, knowing that these times were good but that even better ones were fast on the way, I really found myself able to savor "now" and not put off feeling happy until "then", which, when you think of it, never really gets here. Such was my period of farewell at C.S.P. This time knowing that the last time was the last time worked to make it special.

The practicalities of the daily workings of this encompassed three areas: Life on the inside and how comfortable and safe it was; My source of income on the outside and how smooth and steady that remained; And my friends, both inside and outside, and how loyal and competent they were performing. The problem with prison is that one is out of their own environment. Within one's own environment it's easy to feel in control and at ease. Only with the elements I have named above can this same thing be achieved in prison. It comes down to adaptability but only with good help and some considerable good fortune.

The things that could have gone wrong but didn't tend to make the whole experience resemble a space shot with all of its immense technicalities and room for error. There might have been major damage to my houses in Las Animas through fire or storm or even vandalism with me bare of any insurance. As it was, the houses did have to be painted in the spring of 1996 and a furnace had to be replaced in the spring of 1997. Both times my being here, allowing me to bank most of the rents, permitted the necessary and timely actions and with time left over to bank up more money so as to be on my feet upon emerging from prison. Had I been still living in Las Animas or in Denver, either one of those things would have spelled unmitigated financial disaster.

Continuing in this thought, there might have been a spate of bad tenants with the resultant loss of income and equally financially disastrous efforts at eviction which had been the very bane of my existence in Ohio. There might have been no willing or dependable help outside, especially there in Las Animas where it was most critically needed, resulting in total disaster, property and belongings lost, trapped here without funds, etc. Lord knows, this very thing is what the System always intends, regardless of any length of sentence.

On the inside, as far as the individual himself is concerned, it is imperative to run it and conduct it like clockwork, like a piece of machinery, or else it is a prison full of nothing but restriction and

frustration at the whim of the unfit and the uncaring. With such a plan and mode of conduct, a routine functioning smoothly, the place need not be one bit oppressive. The cell becomes home and office, not a cage. The days hold nothing distasteful but can be blank slates to be filled positively and productively as long as one understands his purpose, knows his importance and can keep focused on small pleasures and short-term goals. It's prison or home according to attitude. All the difference in the world balanced on a thought. By containing and reflecting the Law, there is no requirement either to ask anything of these people or to be told anything by them. No chance for them to use their power, they are no longer "guards" but, effectively, only domestic servants.

Where conflict might arise, one must learn to quietly circumvent and never argue. One does have to learn patience and discretion, with everything consistently functioning on a permanent time-delay. Never allow yourself to become "cranked". This, from the beginning at Pueblo, and all the way through C.S.P., brought forth from staff and inmates alike the highest form of praise for me: "He knows how to do his own time." As I gradually entered the ranks of the "short-timers", one sergeant commented that it seemed as though nothing, not even the parole board, could get to me.

Where friction might otherwise appear inevitable but, from the prisoner's point of view, futile, the acquired ability of improvisation, which is perhaps the greatest gift of a prison stay, is your only weapon. Zero tolerance do I have for such foul baboonery as being told what I may or may not read or receive in the mails by the asshole commissars of some "reading committee" whose job it was to distill every element of paranoia right up to the epitome of sheer ridiculousness. Trained to be on the look-out for certain catchwords and symbols, it was Soviet Russia all over again. They are most fearful and with the best of reasons. And, while they imagined they were accomplishing great things in the mail room, the maggots were and are ravaging away at their very foundations.

Good and trusted comrades on the outside were instrumental in my being able to have practically everything anyone sent to me, whether or not it may have initially been "disapproved", eventually in my possession. The withheld material would be sent out to be copied, disguised, repackaged and sent back in. Contents of "forbidden" publications, such as the very ones I wrote for, would enter in the form of computer print-outs. The "no books" rule was beaten through good

people who would photo copy books page-by-page and mail them to me a chapter at a time.

The phone system was much the same. As one more measure to broaden their control, computerized "speed numbers" of two digits, in addition to each man's personal "pin number", were assigned to each one of a maximum of twelve outside numbers that a man could have on his "approved" phone list. Every number had to be submitted in advance for approval along with age, name and address, together with the personal relationship of the individual to be called. No abbreviations and no P.O. boxes would be accepted. That normally would have reduced my own list by about four-fifths. So, colorfully invented street addresses substituted quite nicely and effectively. All of this and more caused me to wonder, in the words of Manson, "If they could see their game, would they play it?"

About like the way the hippies denigrated the military during the Sixties as being a futile waste, so today we attack the concept of prison. Except that the campaign and contention of the hippies blew away while ours will not. The simplest and best test is that the society continues to crumble even as the prison empire rises. Whatever its stated purpose may be, it is already a failure due to this one reality. As far as its hidden purpose is concerned, any "success" it may be temporarily enjoying is like unto the proverbial serpent eating its own tail.

There is no provision anywhere within the Bible for prison. It is not a part of God's law. Death or restitution alone are warranted as justice for crime and where neither is applicable, no crime has been committed, just as in my own case. Furthermore, crime and prison population would instantly be reduced by approximately 85% if one more of God's laws were to be implemented: That of the removal of all colored strangers from within White society. Most of the remaining 15%, now freed from colored presence and alien contamination, and their subsequent effect upon cultural and economic conditions, would never have fallen into crime in the first place. The final one or two percent would receive swift and merciful execution. If, out of greed or gutlessness to face real change, anyone may choose to maintain this present status quo, then they are the ones responsible for the deepening nightmare.

During my time on the inside I was jokingly or affectionately called "Pop" more than once and had to occasionally endure the "bran for breakfast" kind of jokes,(despite the fact that I would never touch the

stuff.) I didn't mind any of this however, being as I was at the time in the best physical shape of my life, indeed, with a life in full waiting for me on the outside, with strong purpose of past, present and future. All of that not to mention my ridiculously short sentence. Most if not all of these jabs were coming from those who averaged in age anywhere from seventeen to their mid-twenties, with no real life behind them, no purpose in the present and horrific, unthinkable sentences ahead of them. So many of these were young, White hotheads, the same as those who had originally conquered this continent, with their Viking nature having no longer any proper outlet, with no real leadership, no real direction. Their "crime", essentially? Having no affinity at all for this alien System or the society which it has produced.

Valuable young men rotting behind bars.

Much the same could be found simmering among even the staff members. If it were my object to generate a catalogue of complaints I may have had over the period just past, it could not include what the outside observer would automatically assume to be the two primary sources: Guards and prisoners. This truly Satanic institution consumes them both approximately the same while it only edifies me. The only evil is the System itself, not even the building.

One rather elderly lady sergeant once commented to me that she never could stand such confinement in a small space as one of these cells. My thought at the time was that she shouldn't be in this business. One young kid officer openly expressed his distaste of the job to me, saying that it only produced "bad attitudes". There was, of course, my own "sweetheart" who hated the job so badly that she quit. There was the older officer who would mention his college degree even as he was serving me my meals, emptying my trash basket and bringing my laundry. He didn't earn as much in a year as it cost the State to keep me there. The early morning crews escorting me today hall would wish aloud that they could crawl into one of the empty cells and just sleep or watch television.

It was all summed up by one younger officer, one who reminded me uncannily of my friend from the garage days back home, when he simply said, "It's too bad we have to work here."

One inmate rightly observed that, the way this place was arranged, the guards were doing time right along with the rest of us. Getting paid and going home at the end of the day? I refuse to trade my life for money and I wouldn't want to face coming back here over and

over again. I remembered too well what it was like during my school days. I'm sure that their same eight hours here were infinitely longer than my same eight hours. I'd much rather come here and make this my world and my home one time, knowing absolutely that the experience is but a foundation, a step-up, to greater things, and that it was not going to consume my youth and my life. It was serving me; I was not dedicated to it.

Most of the rest bore it more or less silently. One sergeant reminded me of the printer back home who had produced, going from my designs, the high-quality literature which served to launch so very much right after my release from the Cincinnati Workhouse in 1975. One officer put me in mind of one of Commander Rockwell's Deputy Commanders, Alan Welch. One new female officer had somehow noted that I was a correspondent of Charles Manson and offered the tale of how, while she was working at an institution in Washington State, Manson, a prisoner there at the time, had painted a Pentagon on the wall of his cell at which all prison efforts at painting over failed most eerily.

Soon after my final parole deferral in November, one individual in a supervisory role chose a moment when no one else was around to introduce himself as a member of the Posse Comitatus and, later, after punching up my earlier book on the Internet, told me over the call box they he had turned up over nine thousand entries on it. One more supervisor, at breakfast one morning in December, out of a clear blue sky, asked me if I had seen the televised special on "the Movement" that had aired the night before. Then, the previous year, there had been the sweetheart that never was to be while at Arrowhead, due to my stay there having been cut so short, who herself was a member of a local militia.

The Posse Comitatus person frankly told me regarding my own situation that "they're afraid of ideas", in reference to my AdSegging and no early parole, etc. That this person himself was here was only because industry outside had gone away. But the State was busy bringing in prisons and gambling casinos to take up the slack. A person like that can see and know all this while still on the surface appearing as one of the System's own troop. You can be sure there are a lot of these. The real villains, as I see and know, are those who are committed to this abomination as a career, with their System "education" and conditioning,

their inducement being that of power and prestige, as well as the hoped-for "security" for their future. "College boys", as the Posse Comitatus fellow would refer to them. Lieutenants and above. They are the professional, bureaucratic criminals which are the System. No prison shall await them at the end of the line. Only the local landfills.

The good people need to demonstrate the guts necessary to abandon their System positions and let the truly guilty stand naked and alone. This is the only real way to eliminate the confusion and the interminable buck-passing so endemic to a "democratic" society. Good people's participation in this is what maintains it, keeping it viable. Bleeding, dying and going down the financial drain, I nonetheless said a firm and unhesitating "NO!" to a prison job offer in Las Animas in 1993. There are no excuses. Either leave System employ or risk sharing the fate of the truly guilty among those of the System itself.

The weeks and months continued to drop away with comparative ease. Having thought all along that none of this could begin to compare to all the color and verve of my Workhouse days, the very building itself dating as it did from the Civil War, I was delighted to learn from one officer one day that C.S.P. was only one of what were considered to be the four toughest joints in the world, the others being in California, Russia and China. Finally, a little distinction. "Tough" only in the sense that any thought of escape was out of the question. If one likes it real regular and no-bullshit, then C.S.P. is to be preferred. If "getting out" is one's only object, then it is indeed a tight prison. If doing one's appointed job is the thought, then C.S.P. represents only one more spot to do it from.

It was the embodiment of simple sweetness, so utterly structured that the only tack was to enjoy now while anticipating the rest of the day and tomorrow. Having the sense of reality to accept it for what it was: Excellent; Perfect; Home.

Not only did the cell equal five rooms, one could change the mood as the day progressed. The light fixture reminded me of the Wiedemann Beer sign I'd had in my bedroom at home on Allen Avenue during those garage days of the 1960s. Low, wide, white, pebbled glass, fluorescent, a comfortable glow. This design had three elements to it and I employed it off for morning television viewing, full on for lunch, afternoon working and dinner, low level for evening television and the constant night light for sleeping. No harsh and intrusive flashlights during

third shift counts. Fond memories in strange places.

The severely restricted recreations program included weekly bingo games over the closed-circuit television channel. Every week, along with mail delivery, would come the bingo sheets, their texture and aroma instantly reminding me of fresh comic books, another of my most fondly remembered childhood passions. By this, I was kept constantly aware of my extreme good fortune in that my own comic collection, absolutely irreplaceable, had been spared from burglary through its having been seized by police in the raid of 1994 and held by them in safe keeping.

Throughout my final period at C.S.P., construction went on for the new "A" and "B" Wings. The mammoth crane could be seen in action at day hall, from over top of the building. Word came one day that a shipment of tables had arrived at which the new Level IV and V inmates could sit outside their cells and socialize in the pods. My departure would approximate the opening of these new wings. Periodically, from my cell window facing the highway, I saw shipments of prefabricated cells coming in to be lifted and stacked into place by the crane. At first, before I realized what they were, I thought I was looking at septic tanks about the size of the one that had serviced my house back in Ohio.

Even though I was facing east, there came again those unearthly, beautiful sunsets. A pattern seemed to be followed with iridescent clouds of gold going orange, or violet going pink, or crimson going purple, or lavender or rose, swirling, scattered through the sky. As this display would slowly rise over the mountains, it would give way to the deepest, truest blue imaginable. At other times the evening sun would illuminate the ground under a darkening sky in such a way as to replicate a Maxfield Parrish print. Heavenly. And all of it vanished within the space of just a few minutes.

Television remained a mainstay. I noted the "Lawrence Welk" re-runs on PBS exactly mirrored the schedule of the year before and once more kept me in on all the holidays just about as they had been as when I was a kid at home. There was "The Big Valley" and "The Rifleman" and I loved spotting all those old character actors from my childhood that would regularly turn up. One named John Anderson was cast and recast with the greatest frequency. It occurred to me that if Lucas McCain could walk down the middle of the street with rifle barrel blazing and be a hero, with all that heroic music playing behind him, then why couldn't I do the same thing down the middle of Colfax Avenue in Denver?

Easter Sunday was my last full day on E-2. One more sudden, in-house move came the morning of March 31st, to E-6. The only thing really to change was the view from out of my window and that of the day hall. The angle shifted from a north-east bearing to southeast. No more mountains but gently rolling hills similar to those of Ohio. What I was confronted with was a close-up view of my own back field at home. How is one field seen to be different from any other? You have to have an intimate familiarity with and love for the land.

From the perspective of the area which I had made over for the keeping of animals, tucked as it was into the hillside across the ravine, and looking toward where the house would have been situated, there it was. The hill to the right with the sloping base spreading to the left. Furrows made by the previous year's mowing followed the exact course as they had in Ohio. I halfway expected to see my goats come running down from out of the high bushes. Where I had had a land bridge over the ravine, here was a dirt drive in the exact same position, a little further to the left, headed downward in the foreground. Most striking of all, to the far left, was a brick structure associated with the Canon Prison Complex that assumed the very position the brick structure I had been building in Ohio would have assumed had I had the funds, and the time, to complete it. Here now was a living photograph of the whole panorama and with the building now completed.

Route 50, still visible in the background, approximately the same distance as it had ran behind the hill in Ohio. Add the aroma of manure on a warm day, wafting across from the prison farms and making its way in through the ventilation system, and the impression was total.

Never was I closer to old, familiar memories. Just as I'd told myself while yet in Ohio and among their midst, so vivid were they that their merely coming to mind would produce the physiological effect of my actually being there. The nightly dreams continued the same way. It was all so calming, so reassuring.

The pale red bricks of the place reminded me of my elementary school and that impression was heightened during day hall, over the loading dock, when it seemed I might be at playground, even smelling lunch being cooked. As the weather again improved and the evenings grew balmy and somewhat fragrant, with the aroma of juniper, I was transported to those long and lovely spring and summer nights in Ohio and to the theme of one of my favorite late-night movie programs from

the 1960s, "Move Closer To Your World".

There for another round of enjoyment were the very genuine delicacies to be ordered from the special Christmas canteen and I felt like a person who'd been shot at and missed when, following New Years, I found that I had not experienced a notable weight gain after all of this indulgence. I had bought myself a wristwatch for Christmas to compliment the electric razor of the year before which was still performing flawlessly. And, as it happened, Christmas of 1996 was the biggest ever for me with regard to the number of cards going out as well as the number coming in.

There were the ball games which I never did watch but which, it seemed, everyone else was tuned into. The cheering, banging, shouting, betting, arguing, etc., reminded me of the presence of kids in another part of the house. And I knew then, just as I had known in Ohio, that many would be the time when I would fondly look back upon this and all the many breakfasts, lunches and dinners served by smiling faces, the laundry delivered folded the same way, the joking escorts around the pod, etc., even amid all of the dead-on purposefulness and perfect security, and never reflect a single bad note back upon any of it.

Here had been one more vignette of my life and, beginning with the 1966-1968 period, they each did seem to average about three years. This one had been unique. Not just because it had largely been passed in incarceration but because there had never been so perfect a record of performance as this. It seemed there had been no false moves. Only the best of dealings, universal liking and respect, no regrets, text-book all the way. I was never so proud of my handling of any situation before in my life, either pleasurable or trying. If only all of the rest could have gone so well as this had.

As spring closed, the magpies once again left and I knew I wouldn't be far behind. It did seem that the key to passing the time laid with the weeks, not the days or the months. They fairly slid by and built up fast enough. And it dawned over me as the time grew very short that it was only my desire to reenter a lifestyle where time and its passage would be meaningless, neither to be anticipated nor dreaded. Much as it had been in 1967 and 1968 when I had first broken away from the regimentation of the school. It was a catalyzing moment.

As summer arrived, there was one final move. Up to the second half of the building where I'd not been before. I recall my day's mail

catching up with me even before I was shown my new cell. It included a Movement magazine that was carrying one of my articles. And as I was escorted across the pod toward my cell, one inmate on the upper tier shouted down inquiring my name. Upon shouting it back to him, he returned that he was well aware of me from his own readings of many the same publications. It was good.

This time the color scheme was pink, a bright, warm pink. There was a "shit-bombing" that first night between a couple of foolish rivals which initiated the very final phase in a seriocomic sort of way for me. There was a new and final sweetheart, too. A petite little thing who kept her dark her down in a long, thick braid. And, toward the very end, feely giddy as I was, as I was being escorted back from the shower by two fetching female officers, I remarked that, after I was out of there, I'd be forced to hire two females to handcuff me and take me to and from the shower. This brought peals of laughter from both of them.

The goal going out was the same as it had been coming in: To forge a weapon out of this with which to beat them to death.

The foundation for this very thing was done, mainly, through an old philosophy of mine which held that anything –or anyone– otherwise negative or useless can at the very least be loaded up with all of the blame. This assumed a variety of faces. First, it was I who essentially chose to be here, having all along held the option of jumping bond, or faking some kind of "remorse" at sentencing or parole, or having taken care to cool the politics before entering or even afterward as demanded. By doing none of these things, I made sure that the onus was all theirs by my not taking part in it, by not yielding, as it were. Alongside that, I wanted to have it and keep it all right in their face. Greatest of all, undoubtedly, was my fully seizing the initiative and deciding even the why of the issue as to my being there. Not as any victim or pawn of their game, but to undergo an entirely new incarnation as that of their own worst nightmare.

By not playing along for some chicken-shit advantage, it was all theirs, all of it on them. The whole thing was wrong and a farce. Was I going to join in their own charade and help make this look like anything but what it was, thereby validating them? The key always is to not participate in it. To show up for the rubber-stamp parole hearings, exactly like Manson, and not to boycott them was allowing them, over and over, to dig deeper in their own guilt, while to have not appeared at all would

have made it easy for them. To have even feigned to have severed my political contacts in response to their illegal measures would, again, have made it easy for them, just like a vote of mine for one of their stinking, phony "candidates" in a sham election. Let the debt be run up sky high now, without restraint and, tomorrow, when it is to be collected upon, let that also be without any restraint. Who really, then, has been calling the shots?

The working reality of this was nothing but good for me and for the Cause. The idea of it is what is odious. Each aspect of it was pleasant in itself. It was a comfortable and productive existence full of good memories. Yet the sum of it was incarceration, a thing to be avoided. I don't take lightly being held in a concrete box for nearly two years for nothing. Had it been left to them and their designs, that's exactly what it would have been. But my own ideas made it into something other. When considering all the many who are still in and those who are yet to come in, it is clear that the debt to be collected can only be collected in blood and they can pay with their all and it still will never be enough.

Not only was I the only one of the principles in this whose actions did not contradict their own stated purpose, the only one to have seen prison, but also the only one who can laugh at the whole thing and not dodge the press, name-change and claim "no comment". I'm the only one to be building with it and upon it, the only one who'll want to remember it and who will be remembered.

If one can achieve that, he has already won and is assured of seeing all of it rebound back upon its perpetrators.

Exactly as with the goodbye phase at the Cincinnati Workhouse, staff and inmates alike were noted to be found pointing out to me my "shortness" with ever increasing frequency. The actual goodbyes were heartfelt. Staff members were violating all the rules by reaching through the open meal slot of my cell door to shake my hand. It was a fond farewell.

On leaving, I could have easily arranged for friends from either Denver or Las Animas to come and pick me up at the gate. But I wanted that \$100.00 check, that suit of clothes and that bus ticket. I wanted to savor each little wayside stop along the route into my new life.

On that last day, at the end of summer, 1997, after I had packed all my things and was pacing a bare cell, devoid even of the television, aside from the anxiety over when they'd come to take me out to the bus

depot in Canon City, was the possibly greater concern over why I had not seen the return of the magpies as I had done now twice before. I had been looking carefully for them for the past weeks and had not caught sight of them. It seemed wrong to me now to be saying goodbye to this place minus the presence of what I had come to feel were my talisman. But then, finally, before the guards came and got me, there appeared first one, then another of the magpies. I was taken breathless by this timing. Now I could go.

Just prior to coming in, my greatest trepidation had been the awareness that my own hatred of the System and my devotion to the Movement both were perfect and could therefore any real good come from out of this? Eluding me then was the realization that my awareness and my discipline were not as yet perfect. That was what the Swastika there in the dust of Las Animas had been telling me, that it had to be achieved and all with a perfect hand of guidance and protection, amid the worst of personal trials. It couldn't have taken place without my cooperation exactly as the death of the System can't take place without its cooperation.

On balance then, the time had been well worth it. Not for anything that had been done but for the preparations that had been made for what was to come.

Summer, 1997, C.S.P.

PLAY THE LAST CARD

The general election and what will amount to my own final parole hearing took place back-to-back on November 5th and 6th, respectively. Connection? No. Furthermore, it matters not a damn which of Z.O.G.'s stooges was "elected" nor does it matter whether or not I may have made parole. The only concern to anyone is in whether anything instructional or revealing came out of any of it. At this point, only awareness separates us from the masses of poor victims and slobs out there.

The day after the election, the media perfunctorily announced that somewhat less than half of those eligible to vote had actually bothered to do so. It mattered far less that the real media darling won than that the media and all its front people had previously gone all-out in urging everyone to just make it a point to go and participate in the game, to just vote, and that their campaign had failed. And it mattered far less that the electorate, such as it was, went for so obvious a scum than that whatever percentage of the vote claimed can be effectively halved, thus rendering in all practicality a vote of "no confidence", not only for the candidates but for the very System itself.

Yet the game and the show goes on.

And, as was predictable, though fully eligible and without any institutional reports, I'll be completing my time minus early parole. One sympathetic staff member commented that, up until this point, it might have been written off as routine or to some other reason but, after this, it could be only one thing: Politics. Of course, there could be no mention or indication of this because, as everyone knows, "America has no political prisoners". And still the show goes on.

The phony election and the phony hearing. The outcomes of both easily predictable. The result of the election won't change a thing with regard to who really holds power or in what direction the national trend continues. The result of the hearing won't change a thing, either, as the very reason I'm held here in the first place, what I do and what I represent, that so shakes and offends them, goes on from right here, uninterrupted, the same as it would on the outside.

The men here are impressed by my ability to send such a direct message to the System, the incarnation in this instance being D.O.C., the Department of Corrections (to use such a sickening hypocrisy) and the parole authority. A short message of two words, one syllable each, the first word starting with capital "F". And the prison not even being able to write me up for it. All they can do is play their last card. I hope the few extra months will be worth it to them. The taxpayers, who aren't consulted, will be forking over an extra \$30,000.00 for my upkeep to match the last \$30,000.00. In the end, the door will swing open, I'll be handed a cheap suit of clothes, a check for \$100.00 and a bus ticket home. And nothing will have changed.

The funny thing about mechanics, automobiles, etc., is that they always will run fine until they don't run fine anymore. How many are those who will keep running a machine or a car without attention to preventive maintenance, somehow hoping that by ignoring them the warning lights will go off on their own until something snaps? Does this or does this not describe exactly the way Z.O.G.'s System and its flunky assholes are running the country?

Let's play a game of "I've got all the power". Take no warning from the majority who are saying in the loudest possible way, and in the only voice left to them, apart from mass violence, that they are disenchanted with the System and are no longer being fooled by a shell-game. Cynically and hypocritically deny a model prisoner his due as part of a naked attempt at thought control despite the fact that the very laws they hide behind do not allow for it. "Let's stick our heads in the sand and let the media mouthpieces paint it the way we wish it to be."

The events of the past year alone should have shown to a blind man that things are coming apart at the seams, that the mood is going from apathetic to ugly. The recent headlines have only caused me to smile while they properly should be sending chills up System spines. Do they really suppose they can succeed in riding herd over this forever? Do

they really think they can successfully lock up an idea? They need to consult history and learn the fate of all those in the past who've tried.

For myself, I'm glad to be here today as opposed to any other time and I'm even gladder that this represents their best shot. Invigorating it has been to have been "Mickey Moused" from thirty thousand feet and to be all the more effective for it. To any who hold power in any place or time, to any who are for real or are capable of being for real and thus worthy of holding power, it is well understood that the only way to deal with political opponents is by literally closing the book at point-blank range, requiring the kind of balls that the System generally lacks.

Reassuring it is to witness at first hand all this "special handling", with more emphasis toward thought control than to the control of crime. Refreshing to at last see the System dropping the former mask of "democratic" and "legalistic", coming out now in truly North Korean style.

The problem ensues due to the insistence by a few who are getting rich on the maintenance of a situation unworthy of continuance. The average criminal here of course is colored and is openly viewed as a mere commodity to be gleaned from an unending source in order to fuel an artificial industry of job security for System toadies. Security based upon phony jobs dependent upon warehousing humans. I blame the coloreds for nothing. They are not supposed to be within Anglo-Saxon society or subject to Anglo-Saxon laws but were held here following the Civil War, again, for nefarious social and economic reasons. The System will not let them go and, while they remain, they poison the blood of the nation.

Now it is becoming increasingly clear to more all the time that it is we who must decide to leave. But for the very same reasons of money, profit and control, the System refuses to let us go. The term Separatist is now a major red flag to all System pigs.

Those many who don't yet realize fully what has to be affected at least are waking up to the stark fact that they are going to have to fight for their lives. Many more are beginning to fight out of sheer hatred and frustration. It truly is Leaderless Resistance and the entire old System bag of tricks is useless against it. We, our Movement, our programs, can be of no benefit whatever to our people as long as all is locked within the same sphere of System domination. It will remain essentially every man for

himself, a war of attrition, until either the System dies or can be killed.

As it begins to visibly fall apart, the System begins acting tougher out of fear and out of an absence of any ability whatever to fix the situation.

Those of us inside System prisons are under the full weight of this and there could be no higher honor. Look your captor in the face and smile, gladly accepting "no quarter" as the rules of play all the way out to the end of the game. Be glad again that this is their day and that tomorrow is yours. How many more prisons can they build, how many more police can they hire, how much more in taxes can they squeeze before it all collapses?

There will be more like the woman who stood up in public and shouted at the Supreme Pig, "You suck!" It will happen that hit squads of pigs will be sent out but will not come back. There will come a time when millions of welfare checks don't arrive. And there will come a time when all of these prisons, after the staffs have all fled, will disgorge themselves upon a society that has condoned their existence. There will be hell that no power can contain.

All of this will be enacted by the Pig System itself. We were nothing, there was no problem, until the policies of the ruling, and tyrannical System began to yield their consequences. We don't exist until they react. The harder they react, the bigger we become. They must and they will invite it. The moribund nature of society itself, which they have created, will do more to destroy it than any action we have taken or could ever take. It raises an army of millions ever more violently inclined, disaffected types, none of whom are within the System's computers.

As conditions worsen, the System will react harder. People will, in desperation, lose their fear and begin to see clearly who the Enemy is. They will know where to direct their mounting anger and they will come to know the strength of fighting. The explosion is ensured. Inside and outside of prison, the idea spreads even as the break-up of the System's power base continues. They might as well take their best shot now. They can do nothing else and they certainly won't get another chance.

A prison sentence can be accurately timed down. The demise of the Z.O.G. System can't. Even though I'll know precisely when I'm but twenty-four hours away from release, the sentence itself will be just as firmly in place, the prison bureaucrats just as blindly committed to enforcing this exercise in futility, as it was on Day One. They don't know

anything else. Their reality doesn't extend any farther than this. They'll keep it up to the very end.

We are able to read certain signs pointing to the dissolution of the System but we can be just as certain that they'll go on playing it as though it were still Day One. And this too is because they are constitutionally incapable of doing anything else.

It would admittedly be harder if I had an open-ended sentence, as some do. In effect, I'd have to wait for the death of the System itself, or my own, just the way many of these men are in the position of. The death of the System is not open-ended and it is not infinite. We just can't pin-point it the way I might be able to hang a "short-timer's" calendar on my wall. But the days are ticking off for the System just as surely as they are for this sentence of mine.

No amount of their ridiculous play-acting can fool me in here into thinking otherwise. Don't let them fool you, either, in the same way.

Let them play their very last card.

And then watch them die.

November, 1996, C.S.P.

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THE UNSEEN STRUGGLE

Can there actually be such a thing as a one-sided struggle? Is it possible for there to be a mighty contention wherein there exist all of the elements that must be present for any conflict, the object or stakes, the opposing interests; the committed parties which are at direct odds, and for it to be or to remain a one-way affair?

We are all locked into what amounts to an economic empire, where only money matters, where money is "God". Money that is in the hands of the filthy rich who also are the rulers, buying and selling as they do the so-called "elected officials". Business and profit concerns for the few completely submerge the needs and desires, the best interests, of the nation which this monster rests upon. Not just one nation but several within these boundaries are subject to this identical evil. The sell-outs in government have as their job the task of making all subject peoples believe that somehow all of this represents them. They have as their next task the unenviable challenge of seeing to it that this foul conglomerate holds together, yielding unending profits for the real powers.

For them it is vitally necessary to mask the truth with lies. It's the only way that they can survive. With the help of their media, they must keep the people convinced that all is indeed money, or at least the pitiful few crumbs that they are tossed by their keeping in line. Matters of nation, or race, are passe and irrelevant in this light. Tolerance is the key to this charade. Get them to not only put up with each other, one just as alien to another as any of the rest, but to put up with a tyrannical, parasitical regime dominating all.

This tolerance must be enforced so that profits may continue high and also so that all vestiges of former nationhood are gradually

erased. If free speech gets in the way of this, if freedom to bear arms interferes with it, if anything at all should impede it, then whatever that thing is must go. Now you may begin to understand what motivates the recent "Law & Order" drive. Compulsory tolerance. This is the game of the professional sell-outs. They'll jail or kill you in the name of this tolerance.

By this, everyone is reduced to just four groups: Those who see and know this is only a tool and a means to an end; Those who sincerely are duped into believing this to be an "idealistic" philosophy and worthy "goal" in itself; Those who may resist it without fully knowing what they are resisting or why; And those few who understand it fully and well and who represent its antithesis. Because only the first group holds actual power, it may seem at present indeed like a one-sided struggle.

Make no mistake; this is an empire in every strict sense. Made up of conquered peoples -and I include the White element in that because they lost control over themselves to an alien minority- who don't belong together and don't want to be together except in the case of the second group I outlined who have been sold on artificial and false "brotherhood". Ideals aside, they each one understand that the acquiescence to this policy is what permits them to pursue their careers and to pull down the big bucks, though mere peanuts compared to the bucks pulled down by those of the first group, the high-ups who know that it is all a scam. But to go against it, they also know, will consign one to a life of poverty.

And make no mistake about this being a corporate police state, either. One can see the ineptitude and decrepitude of government in terms of everything a government is supposed to be. One cannot see, unless they happen to be looking for or on the receiving end of, the machine-like efficiency and reptilian remorselessness of the assault upon all attempts at nationalism or Separatism, especially the White variety. Suppositions aside then, what's really happening, what's actually taking place, is all that counts.

Of course, it's all done through a monopoly over economics and over media, long ago secured but only lately having been shifted into high gear. We all know the sight of the professional types, the "community leaders" wearing the blinders and jumping through the hoops in order to retain their positions. They know the "power" is out there and will pluck their borrowed prestige and respectability should they ever utter an

unapproved word on their own. Precisely as in Stalin's day, we see the high-profile types being brought to heel, being suspended, fined, cancelled, vilified and destroyed all the way from Anita Bryant, to Jimmy the Greek, to Jesse Jackson, to Marlon Brando, to Andy Rooney, to Marge Schott and to the Texaco executives. No heroes they, each crawls to get back in, with expressions of sorrow and contrition for ever having allowed their true feeling, or perhaps just the truth itself, to ever escape their lips.

Those who don't realize all this are the very ones whose future existence is at stake: The masses of Whites all around the world. We know what this is, why it is and how it came to be. There is much we know but, by the testimony of affairs themselves, there is yet much that we still do not fully comprehend.

From many years ago I can remember old timers, Movement veterans, some since passed away, who would in their talks to gatherings declare solemnly and absolutely that we were on a victory march. Young and inexperienced, I just could not see it then. I hoped they were only blue-skying and not actually delusional. Did they know something the rest of us didn't know and, if so, why weren't they letting us in on it? The truth is that it would have done no good. It was a matter of perception. Thinking in pre-programmed, flat, one-dimensional, cardboard terms, of course none of this could have been understood.

We see the Enemy attack every day in action. No mistaking whatsoever that it is real. But we also see and keenly feel the lassitude of the people in its face and we most acutely get the message every time some System, media mouthpiece tells us that we "have no constituency", that no one even among our own people is listening. Some of us may begin to doubt.

It might be argued superficially that there is no equal opposition in this struggle that only one side is fighting. We have nothing to approach the Enemy's control over what rightfully is, or was, our government, our own media, all of the technologies which we invented, our own wealth, not to mention the hearts and minds of our own people who have been so twisted by all of the above that they would readily curse us into the ground. It is truthful to admit that there is no chance of countering it on a one-to-one scale. We find ourselves as much in a wilderness as it is possible to be. Worse, those among our camp who still may harbor any illusions to the contrary can be written off for all practical

purposes.

Some of the more realistic among us do entertain strategies of attacking and undermining the System with the object of hastening its demise while there are yet some elements among the population remaining that are worthy of salvage. Still, we see that, despite any of this, it is events themselves which hold sway and, by that, we are made to feel even more like pawns.

Then, occasionally, something takes place which causes our doubts and perceptions to be transformed one way or another. At present the only thing to affect that must be an overplay by the Enemy himself of his hand, a grossly flubbed grandstand play, an Achilles Heel, or going after a fly with a sledge hammer, if you will, that can give the game away to those who might previously have fallen under a mistaken concept of the actual nature of the Struggle, one cultivated by the Enemy himself and intended strictly for export.

If the preponderance of those within the Movement have no real idea of what they're doing or what it is all about, isn't the same thing possible for any given low-down pimp functionary that is a part of Big Brother's game? After all, a conspiracy isn't a conspiracy if too many are aware of it. Indeed, with regard to the pigs, they are paid to interfere in other people's business. Such motivations are easy to understand. So easy as to be misleading.

The lowest of the low, first line of System power acting or reacting out of greed or opportunism. But what of the entire remainder of the System Establishment acting in concert, lock-step and completely predictable? No. Here there can be no accident and no mistake. As shown in my own case, we are considered important, even dangerous. Enough so to warrant going all-out against yet, at the same instance, never calling it for what it actually is. Read the Protocols of Zion. And it is precisely here that the game is given away in its actual nature.

So that's it. The dream, or nightmare, is "reality" and all is fine and dandy just so long as no one says otherwise. There are consequences awaiting all those who might consider standing up and exclaiming that "the emperor is naked!" Think of it. Instant disaster will befall any within the System who forget themselves momentarily and thoughtlessly utter a word or make an action of truth. The same truth, by the way, they each know to be the truth and may have acknowledged openly as such in decades past. Let's not kid one another, it is a thought-control

dictatorship and everyone with even a rudimentary brain is able to at least sense this. It is that the vast majority are content to cave in to it and bow down in exchange for momentary advantage and in order to just be left alone. Cowards.

Alright then, what about the rest of us? Those who are still alive and free enough, who love to tell it like it is in the same way the prankster loves his joy buzzer or whoopee cushion, and who disdain blending in with stuffed-shirt "pricks-with-ears" simply because they have had the label of "respectability" attached to them by the alien media or the job bosses which they serve. Is all there is to life the grim business of chasing the buck for whatever reason, just for the illusion that it can buy, and kissing vile asses for the right to keep doing it? To most, yes. To us, no.

The same truth, by the way, they each know to be the truth. It was stressed at my own sentencing that politics weren't a factor, that we were considered "no threat to national security", an ignorant and mocking reference to some military threat that deliberately dodged the issue: That we are a very real threat to the lie. Merely a criminal matter. Why then all the prior surveillance. All the sensational political headlines, a maximum sentence for something acknowledged to routinely receive probation? Later, why would I be classified a "disruptive influence" without even a single incident report and removed from minimum to maximum security? Why would I later, without disciplinary infraction or prior felony conviction, be denied parole, despite guidelines calling for it, three times?

Actions themselves betray there is a dictatorship in control of this country that is hiding behind the veil of "democracy" and that it has to couch its actions within totally hypocritical euphemisms. If that's not enough, how much more evidence can one wring out of a tightly controlled, managed situation?

Part of the answer slipped through inadvertently during the phase as I was entering upon the count-down to the end of this sentence. Official denials, yes. They can do nothing else. Actions speak far more loudly than words. By their actions they reveal what they are about.

Once during day hall I was surprised to find myself talking with an Odinist, one who was about to be paroled. He advised me to contact the chaplain's office at the prison and request copies of the Odinist

literature that he himself had donated for that very purpose. This I did and was further surprised when a large amount of this material was delivered to my cell. Truly amazing. Evidently, the chaplain was an honest person committed to doing his job. Now the prison itself had been recruited as a tool to circulate Aryan literature. Brilliant.

Alongside the Odinist material from the chaplain's office there at the C.S.P. was also some literature from British Israel. This was the original, proper name behind the Christian Identity of my acquaintances back at Arrowhead. I took the address and dropped them a direct line. That first summer there I received a genuinely huge package of material which kept me busy –and enthralled- for weeks. It was their thesis – soundly documented- of the Twelve Tribes of Israel having founded the twelve modern nations of Europe that really represented a turning point in my own awareness.

Some months later, however, it was broadcast via the prison's closed-circuit television channel that no further religious materials could be donated by prisoners to the chaplain's office. Obviously, some highly sensitized and well-conditioned Systematarian had caught on to this serious breach of "security" and had moved to plug it. One had to be himself somewhat on the sensitive side to have even caught this and its implication but, nonetheless, there was the closest thing to an admission of what was going on as one would likely ever get.

It is war against ideas. An idea. Truth.

How do you see an idea? How do you fight an idea? You can only persecute and suppress those who carry it, giving it form and voice and expression. It becomes much more heated and extreme the closer any such idea approaches the truth. It really becomes exaggerated when anyone not only holds that idea but has kicked aside every subtle and "polite" measure of discouragement. Dangerous? You bet. It enrages them as it puts them in an uncomfortable position, that of having to be what they are.

The fact that they cannot come out and call it like it is proves only one thing but that one thing is key to everything. What is it that must be denied and kept hidden at all costs other than a lie? Regardless to what extent any member of the System may understand this, the reality is that they recognize it well enough to rigidly fall in line with it. A ruling bureaucracy knowingly in the service of a lie. The prevailing lie either has some power over them or else they willingly are taking part in

it. All unseen but as real as anything can be.

With this then, one should be able to evolve a different appreciation of the Struggle and its nature.

Until very lately we have been officially relegated to the status of just that very thing I cited earlier: Childish pranksters, born losers. A great many of us may have helped that image along even but there are two elements that have existed unfelt and unnoticed for a long time that are now coming to conjoin, transforming the situation. The few who are just as deadly serious about the real meaning of life as the sell-outs are over the lie and over money. And an irrepressible force of reality that won't tolerate a rein of lies forever. It was that last item that finally undid Stalin and his heirs, the K.G.B. and the Red Army notwithstanding.

The bigger the lie and the harder the attempt to enforce it, the harder and faster the fall. Communism wouldn't work. Yet for seventy years of forced pretending and the pulling out of all stops, blood thirsty actions taken against even all that made any sense in reality, along with the Gulag Archipelago, etc., it was driven and made to function, made to work, maintaining its rock-solid facade through its own controlled media right up to the very moment when it pitched forward on its face, dead. How many millions of innocent victims had it willingly claimed along the way, all in the name of its own lie?

Capitalism won't work, either. It appears to be "working" due only to the efforts of a dwindling productive class being forcibly bled dry under the guns of the I.R.S., augmented by a "flying elephant" economy of endlessly issued paper notes backed by nothing and polished up by the controlled System media for mass consumption. F.B.I. and A.T.F. stand by, ready to take out all who may not feel like singing the praises of all this and who may wish to excuse themselves from it. You may exist in poverty but you may not bow out of it. They'll kill you or lock you up.

Why? Because a trend like that might be catching.

They wait and watch. As in my own case, one has only to travel left of center, across their multiplicitous and contradictory puagmire of "laws" for them to move. For a member of a tiny band of "nobodies", who are "no threat" and "not to be taken seriously", it all has been quite a show. No talk of justice or injustice, it's only the law of the jungle. They'll get you if they can and to the extent they can. Only what's left remaining of old Anglo-Saxon law saved my life, much to their chagrin. Remember that it was intended in the beginning to rein in government

and not the individual. Several times I've been through it where sick bastards in judge's robes have had to back off their intentions against me or else blow the lie for all the rest of them. They'd each have given me life, had they but been able.

Sentencing hearings and parole hearings are things unchanged in their basics from anything out of the Dark Ages. "Remorse" is what the inquisitors want and expect. They want you to now join them in their lie. "The world is flat." "The sun moves around the earth." "All races are equal." They, in essence, want to be lied to by you. Or, better put, it didn't matter that everyone knew it was all a lie, just that there be a consensus in their favor. One thing intangible and unknown to sell—outs is honor. One can't put a price tag on that. As long as I didn't budge, all honor was mine, all dishonor was theirs. Nothing shared.

Other men in here told me that with the small time that I had left, I could well afford to tell them to apply certain pressure to a certain appendage and, basically, I did just that. Even insofar as reclassification hearings were concerned within D.O.C. itself, as long as my mail continued, I'd remain right where I was at. As a propagandist, I saw it all as digging their grave for them from in here while watching the clock tick out on this sentence. Fair deal, it seemed to me.

On the green parole board action sheets there are eleven boxes to be checked when giving reason for denying parole. These, from the bottom, range from parole plan difficulties, to requiring completion of one or another "program", to disciplinary infractions, to public risk factors, to the biggest, heaviest one at the very top: "Needs more time." That ambiguous language a thousand years ago would have been equated by one more turn of the screws. Some job, indeed. For this sort of thing each member of the parole board receives \$85,000.00 per year.

I was evaluated for "violence potential" because I told them that violence was inevitable and why. Though the tests revealed nothing, at least the psychologist was able to make one more payment on their BMW. I'm unrepentant because I told them I hadn't committed any crime. In many cases, I'm sure, it goes no further than their own sense of being insulted or somehow vaguely threatened by someone calmly and directly rebuking that which all their own value and worth stems from. They know it's all a lie. Why else act as they do? Like cornered criminals, except that these criminals hold all the power.

The chestnut brown probation officer whose office I was in

several times prior to sentencing mused aloud that I obviously didn't belong in prison but that they "had to do something". He evoked the trite scenario of the outsider when he assumed, "the coloreds will be trying to kill you but the Whites will protect you." That, if I didn't get any charges added against me while inside, I stood a chance to be out in half my time. So much for the "professional" opinions of the uninformed.

As soon as the administration was certain of who and what I was, I was removed from population and placed in segregation. All with no incident reports. And my political mail was confiscated with no process at all. Now, tell me, who was afraid of whom? Who had reason to fear and what was it that they were afraid of?

The spread of truth.

"Am I therefore your enemy, or dangerous, or a leper, if I tell you the truth?"

Yes! If truth itself is the enemy.

When a lie governs, even bits and pieces of surviving truth become tainted. Even a half-truth is a lie. Eventually things shut down. Only the powers that be could have made this the case. To pretend, to be unreal, is what caused it. A situation inverted where law must be geared to controlling the individual, a jungle environment filled by those with no law or respect within themselves. For a thing like this, there can never be sufficient police forces, prisons or "laws". It will disintegrate to pieces.

But for the powers in control there is really no other option. To admit the truth would spell the end of their power. Might as well make a last-ditch fight of it, no matter what the cost or the outcome.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn said that one word of truth was more powerful than anything and, moreover, do not yourself be a part of the lie. That formula worked well once in the recent past. The System media here today portrays us as dumb, ignorant louts who have failed to see or to grasp the shining light. Or is it that, instead, we don't play the game with them and thereby reflect back upon them their own, hollow phoniness? Their very reaction toward us would tend to be indicative of the latter. They know what they are. They also realize their own incapability of being anything more than part of a lie. What a clever thing about Stoker having written the mirror business into his allegory of the Jews, "Dracula". One may fool or just coerce the human mind. You can't fool a mirror as it is pure physics, reflecting only what is. We hold the mirror. We are the mirror. And, like the vampire, they will try to smash

every mirror in sight.

Read whatever you'd like into the effect of the sign of the cross upon them. When Stoker wrote his book, the Swastika hadn't yet been uplifted to symbolize the Aryan as opposed to the Jew, or the truth as opposed to the lie. But then also, neither had the Christian cross been so compromised and rendered harmless to the Enemy as it is now. It is of course only the Swastika today which sends them into frenzy. How little it matters that they have managed to assume for themselves the cloak of "good" while using their controlled media to tar-brush us with the label of "evil".

I say only that we neither recoil nor panic at anything within their arsenal of lies.

To tell them the truth, to represent the truth to others, throws them into panic and rage. Since having come here, I have abandoned even the tactical and convenient use of lying to the System and its agents for reasons of expediency in small matters. We are dangerous to them because we are resisting and I had one of them put it to me in exactly those terms. By not submitting to the death dream, we threaten to disturb the death dream.

The state of affairs alone should convince anyone that they know more than we do about what's going on and the nature of the battle being waged. If Whites could have the veil lifted even for one second, it would be finished for the Enemy. While holding all power, they are in deadly danger, standing as they are upon thin ice. If we meant nothing, if it is hopeless, if it were all over, if we had not a prayer, then they'd hardly bother. Or, if they did, it would hardly be accompanied with such fanfare over mere "nobodies".

Only when Commander Rockwell was assassinated did they feel safe enough to drop their media quarantine against him and crow their general delight all across the world. Previously, he wasn't worthy of note. Suddenly, he was world headlines for a week or more. Only when they believe they have you where they want you do they remove the muzzle and the leash from the press. Otherwise, you are officially non-existent. And, to be sure, this tactic is more than sufficient to quell and quash the most.

What they know better than we do is their own weakness. They would have it seem that all the weakness is ours. If this is their contention, then the opposite must be so. But people buying into that

and reacting to it accordingly only serves to reinforce the illusion.

To force the climax they must first show themselves as what they really are. The dictatorship must come to the fore. This has to happen before big things can get underway. People must see it and have it in their face before they'll react appropriately and in great numbers. Sic semper tyrannis. No outcome without confrontation. And you can't confront what you cannot see. The evil must become visible, not just for us with all of our hypersensitive awareness and perception, but mainly for the average individual.

For my own small part, this requires my being here and doing this time. The confrontation must be real, not play. Every action taken by the System against whomever, based in iniquity, and successfully resisted and overcome sends the deepest shockwaves straight down through their foundations, shockwaves leading to cracks.

Look at the heightening, intensifying System persecution of the Movement all over the world. And we're supposed to be dwindling and dying and impotent? Something is backwards. Look at the events in the world, like natural occurrences, beyond even the control of the Hidden Hand itself. Then look at us, present on the scene but apparently of little consequence.

The Bible flatly states that when the Beast comes after "the faithful" full force, with both feet, the end will be signaled. Note it does not mention the Church. The authors of the Bible knew and said that the Church would have sold out by that time. No. The faithful only. Those who have remained faithful to the truth.

Maybe all the petty stratagems of "politics" don't really matter. How could anyone who is at all serious and honest with themselves challenge this now, after all that has passed? "Who can war against the Beast?", asks the Book of Revelation. Whatever is going to happen is already happening now, in its own way, in its own time. Like it or not. Unconventional is obviously the by-word. If we can be certain we are approaching the climax, the End Time, unlike that ever experienced before, then couldn't we be equally certain that it will transpire unlike anything before?

Isn't it possible that our best assurance of our not only being on the right track but also of the Enemy, so apparently invincible, sensing his increasing difficulty as events unfold should come from the actions of that self-same Enemy?

I would ask: Why not and from where else?

The System is founded upon a lie. Lies require constant reinforcing, patching, bolstering, protecting. As the fabric of the machinery to hold the lie together begins to pull apart, naked tyranny will surface, as it always does, as a last resort. Can you then understand the cold dread and fierce anger of those who are part of the lie toward us who dare to stand forth now and call the lie?

The secret is that all of this is dead. Like the living –or undead- vampire. Don't feed it your life by playing into it as though it were anything real. The Beast with all the power fears us and will try to kill us. It will kill itself in the attempt. When the lie dies, when the illusion of it passes away, what will instantly come to fill the sudden void except truth? Those anxious to "do something" scarcely realize they're already doing it just by being the willing focus of all this maniacal hate coming from the Beast System, just by being vessels for the Truth.

December, 1996, C.S.P.

THE ANCIENT AND CONSTANT ENEMY

This would be a waste if it were only to warn you to beware of any certain group or groups of people. If you can know how any possible enemy works and be able to recognize that pattern on your own, then you could on your own identify any such enemy and thus be immune to any of his machinations. I've said before, the Enemy is anyone who attacks. You have to know what constitutes an attack and what the weapons are.

Every evil that one may attempt to dissect and explain is but one variation and one result of the same, original seed. Every trap, every pitfall that those of our blood have been ensnared by shares the same origin. Right into the ranks of the Movement itself which has never effectively, since the death of Adolf Hitler, been able to make a physical dint in world matters, the same applies. Only it is the underlying reason why there is no power on earth that can now reverse the trend toward destruction and why Apocalypse is not only unavoidable but necessary and desirable.

The weapon is the lie. Whomever it is directed against is the intended victim. Whoever wields it, knowingly, is that person's enemy. In a child or in a deficient, shallow adult, the lie is one of the worst character flaws of all. You cannot deal with a liar. But, when brought to the level of an art or science among an identifiable group of people and then elevated and incorporated into government and state policy, it is more deadly and devastating even than a nuclear bomb.

When attacked by some tangible weapon, from a club to a hydrogen bomb, one can react immediately and appropriately, he can see and know his enemy right away and, assuming he survives the initial

assault, he may take the obvious and effective countermeasures. Not so with the lie, a weapon as old as any rude club but, as I've said, more deadly than anything that may be more technically advanced. For one, you probably won't realize you've been lied to in the first place. For another, you won't know that the person lying to you is your enemy. Finally, with the damage done, you may still not understand what caused it and certainly won't be able to take corrective action to rectify the situation or to prevent a recurrence.

Worst of all, the liar may remain in place to continue his work with your complete confidence. The damage thus remains and continues to mount.

So much was written by ancient victims of the ancient Enemy that was and remains seriously lacking in potency for our useful purposes today just because they did not bother to identify or understand him fully. So it is for all the many Conservative and Reactionary tracts of the Twentieth Century. Blurting out names without laying out the principles behind is as useless as hoping to evade the wrath of the Enemy by not openly and directly accusing him by name. You may be sure you are ineffective unless your actions prompt a reaction from the Enemy. For us to deal in half-truths for the sake of expediency or some supposed "strategy" is to cross out ourselves and our efforts through stooping to dirty ourselves with what do amount to clumsy lies.

Lies don't work in our hands. Our minds aren't intended to work that way. We are builders and creators, not parasites and its destroyers. We have no use for the lie. We don't understand intricacies and applications. We're too busy producing positively. But to the extent we have attempted to embrace its use for ourselves and our society, so have we paid the price in shame, misery and death.

This makes us the preordained victim of any Enemy whose primary weapon is a battery of lies. Lies would be of no use in a vacuum. Something real and of value and worth must be present as target for the lies. That is the Aryan race and all that it creates. What force would use lies as a means to insinuate itself into our midst, drain our wealth, our lifeblood, to poison our culture and to pollute and destroy our race?

Jews and their lies. There are the agents and their tools.

Agents of whom? Whether "Godlike" is allegorical for Aryans or whether we are physical offspring of some supreme race of beings from another world or another dimension, at the same time "Satanic" carries

the opposite connotation for racial Jews. Beyond a flat, "us versus them" appreciation of the Struggle, what are the opposing concepts embodied by both?

Order vs. chaos; beauty vs. ugliness; light vs. dark; strength vs. weakness; enlightenment vs. superstition; health vs. disease; freedom vs. slavery; heroism vs. cowardice; unity vs. division; faith vs. doubt; heaven vs. hell; truth vs. lies.

Going back to the opening parts of this book, remember that the allegorical "good" vs. "evil" really means only clarity vs. distortion. That can very easily be extended to truth vs. lies.

No matter what the example that this never-ending struggle may assume to the eye of the onlooker, the enemy of everything that is representative of God and of Aryan man is confusion. It begins as a thought, whether deliberately implanted by another or having come about through carelessness, and it ends with the physical destruction of peoples. The road in between is agonizing and long and is marked by bitterness, degradation, futility and, always, by death.

Man's as yet imperfect nature renders him the perfect prey for all manner of confusion. His total conceit, his skewed intelligence which couples the Godlike, together with all of its frightening capabilities, along with the savage instincts of the beast animal.

The epoch-making miracles wrought by Jesus of Nazareth two thousand years ago and those of Adolf Hitler in our own time were each solely the product of applied pure truth, absolute clarity, and conquering faith into the midst of a world lost and drifting helplessly in a veritable universe of lies. At the same time, you may be certain that only a pure vessel, or "soul", could have ever housed such a capacity for such truth plus the will to action necessary to put it forward. The first example is of what can be done within one individual. The second, what can be done with an entire nation.

Both ended in crucifixion, first of one man and second of an entire nation, for having dared throw off the lie in a world where its time was not yet done with. Besides the critical and long-range effects of both examples, and despite the apparent history of lies, there remains the demonstration of what can be done, that, no matter what, all need not be lost. That much plus that the tables may be turned at the very last moment.

My own life-long atheism, far from being in contradiction with

any of this, would only tend to amplify that it is all a matter of the here and now, very physical, very real, very flesh-and-blood and not in some imaginary hereafter. It represents my own rejection of the Church which, itself, long ago ceased to represent God or to be of any benefit whatever to the White race. Centuries ago the Church may have been the vessel for the truth but today it is Hitler's National Socialism. Further evidence for this is in the way the Christian Church was deliberately taken over by the agents of confusion and bent to spread the lie that all that matters is what occurs after death. What kind of poor waggerer would take on a bet like that?

The fate of the Church is the ideal example of how the truth, through the perversion of its receptacle, can be very shortly rendered as nothing more than superstition, to be bent and twisted in order to reflect whatever any ruling state power deems convenient to its own purpose at any given time. Presently, all codes of belief receiving official sanction, commanding great riches and swaying significant numbers of people are nothing more than superstitious falsehoods. The state things are in and the direction they are heading reflect this perfectly.

What is the essence of this falsehood? Regardless of the name it chooses to go under, Communism all the way to Capitalism, standard religiosity to standard atheism, and no matter how, for the sake of deception, they may feign to oppose one another, they all hail and postulate the confusion of the races. It is precisely this that is the ultimate, irreversible and unforgivable sin, the ultimate death.

Secondarily, in order to facilitate this end, it is materialism, the love of money that each one also elevates to the highest level of esteem. I don't care what any church may say, as long as it is their address given for you to send your money to "God", it is the actions that speak louder than words. Focus upon money effectively inverts one's perceptions just like looking through a pair of binoculars backward. Only at that point can the confusion enter.

Taking it step-by-step in reverse from where we presently stand, we can plainly see an attack in progress, we can identify the target as being ourselves, we are able to determine that it is all deliberate, that it is a conspiracy which takes great pains to disguise itself and its intent and we can isolate the element responsible for it. We can assure ourselves that something huge and profound is taking place even while most around us are preoccupied with trivialities and diversions that have been

set before them by this same Enemy, again, for the purpose of confusion. We must wonder of such things as motivations and aims and we must imagine what once was before the reign of confusion as well as what is to be lost forever should confusion permanently triumph.

This, in essence, is the struggle between Good and Evil.

Jesus of Nazareth charged the Jews to their faces with being the children of the devil, a murderer and a liar. About the same time he drove the Jewish money-changers out of the temple with a whip, kicking over their tables. Very soon thereafter, he was murdered and the lies about him began to spread. What difference that a howling Jewish mob was able to induce the governing, duped Romans into doing their dirty work for them?

Adolf Hitler rallied enough of his people to re-take control of government away from Jews and their accessories, then to isolate the Jewish element in that society, making it advantageous for them to depart Germany altogether. For this, Germany was fire-bombed, invaded and torn asunder. The lies about Hitler dwarf anything previously heard. What difference again that the Jews of the world were successful in getting the nations whose governments they still controlled to go and do the job for them?

The burden of carrying the truth that is incumbent on us exists in two parts: Not only do not shrink from naming the Enemy, do not bow to Enemy pressure and deny our true heroes. Primarily in this age that would of course be Adolf Hitler. The full effect of Enemy lies has so distorted the name of Jesus that no one even reacts to it anymore. They may shrug or they may nod. But his image has been so compromised and absorbed into Establishment contexts that it has lost its former power. Not so that of Hitler.

Invoking the name of Hitler carries as much power on the part of one individual in defying the World Enemy as all of the lies on the part of that same World Enemy that have ever been told. One might ask himself, how many of these modern "Christians" would be filling these churches if the State were still crucifying, beheading and burning them.

"Easy believe", you can be certain, serves only the State and the hidden masters.

There is a war underway and it is directed against pure Aryan blood. Only one side is aware of this and actively engaged in the Struggle, and that is of course the militantly organized anti-White element. This is

due to the confusion sewn among Whites by the agents of confusion, Jews. Minus any such confusion among Whites, Jews would have no power and we, as a race, would be in no jeopardy. Confusion leads you to forget what is important and elemental, gets you to embrace your enemies and to reject your friends and your heroes, gets you to, in effect, fight against yourself.

To be a racial soldier then, one has to have mastered and erased confusion within himself. "First myself and then the world." It can be no other way. Can it be any wonder at all then the lack of success on the part of the Movement with only an incomplete grasp of what they're trying to do, only a partial appreciation of what they're opposing and practically no idea at all of the background and scope of the Struggle?

Let the unmistakable reality of the assault upon you, your ancestors as well as your posterity, against all decency, be what drives all confusion from your mind. In the stark absence of anything today which is bright and idealistic, let the continued encroachment of the base and the obscene serve as the contrast pointing to what we, as the target of all this filth, are, where we came from and where we need to be. In a world now totally dominated and controlled by agents of hell, you have to know that it's only within the individual to be able to withstand and endure, to survive and go on to the time when all this will be shattered and done away with.

That there's nothing new under the sun remains one of the greatest truisms ever recorded. So, whether it's destiny or whether it's as simple as human nature repeating itself, the end result is the same. You can see it as the preservation of the species or you can see it as the fulfillment of the Creator's purpose. Either way, every manner of established authority in the world today, and especially in the United States, functions in the service of whatever it is that determinedly seeks the destruction of the White race and an earth covered by a mongrelized, brown mass.

Don't limit your attentions to mere superficial symptoms of decay that fools and sell-out politicians babble about endlessly.

As Whites continue to act less White and as colored numbers increase, all the madness will only worsen. Don't be distracted by what is only a natural progression of trends.

In the legend, Atlantis was destroyed when its technology outran its morality. Not at all hard to envision. The flood of the Bible

happened when God saw that his creation had gone foul and had to be erased. Sodom and Gomorrah were incinerated after a gang of deviants had made indecent advances upon certain extraterrestrial emissaries. And today they "give and take" in mixed marriages and march in the streets demanding a cure for AIDS.

What, you may ask, is holding back the cleansing fire? A very slender thread, I assure you.

Remember, no political solution. Forget about any ideas of repairing this monster. It is Z.O.G. and it has won its victory over man. Now it is up to God himself. Now it has to be destroyed, either because it has consumed all viable, productive human elements or must collapse under its own rotten weight or because it has outraged and defied the will of a Supreme Being and is threatening to extinguish his highest work.

Either way.

And so it should be.

Once a thing like this is clear, a certain message is implicit to those who are able to see it: Separate from or die with the mélange. No compromise because that, too, equals confusion. You want to "co-exist"? They want dominance. Compromise with that and you automatically become part of it. Don't filthy yourself by dealing with it. We will only secure survival through their destruction. And that is clarity.

The confusion of thought that led to this cannot be undone.

Only clarity of mind may now manage to save some.

Winter, 1996-97, C.S.P.

ADOLF HITLER AND THE THIRD REICH

It's a strange thing that within a Movement such as this there are those who are vehemently anti-Hitler. He is attacked for having "betrayed" the socialist aspect of the struggle by the purge of 1934 and he is attacked for having either "started" or "bungled" the War, thus having delivered up Europe to the armed occupation of the Bolshevik-Democratic "Allies".

They claim that Hitler blew our last and best chance. At what? Minus Hitler, the Enemy plan, already well underway, would have proceeded without a hitch. Hitler was that hitch. The fatal hitch, to them, that is.

All around Germany during the Twenties, Bolshevism was on the march. An openly Soviet regime had declared itself in Germany and had only narrowly been put down by elements of the former Imperial Army, a thing attempted but failed in Russia when the international, Jewish Communist conspiracy attacked that country. Germany wound up stuck with a so-called "Social Democratic" governments, that is soft-core Marxist, thoroughly Jewish, while the strong Communist Party set about organizing for the task of a second, successful try later. Germany had all along been the stated goal of the Communists, not Russia, as the linchpin of world revolution.

Poland, having gained independence from Russia in the chaos following the First World War, only narrowly avoided conquest by the Red Army in the 1920s by defeating it militarily in the battle before Warsaw.

Hungary, having been isolated and dismembered by the Allies after World War One, also itself fell victim to Communist revolution

which was only reversed through military intervention on the part of neighboring Romania.

Italy was considered well within the new Communist sphere until Mussolini bolted from Socialist International ranks and made his own revolution, that of the Fascists, in 1922. Lenin at the time stated that when they lost Mussolini, they lost Italy. Hitler himself said that this was the one development that gave him the heart to believe that the world tide of Communism could be turned.

By the time the Communist International was ready to make its move upon Spain, Germany and Italy stood ready to supply the needed military aid to Franco and his Falangists in order to crush it.

All over Western Europe, in France, England, Scandinavia, either Liberal or Socialist governments were in power. And this was power through so-called "democratic" elections, so duped were the populaces, so well entrenched were the conspirators by that time. In the United States it was Roosevelt and his Marxist-Socialist "New Deal" having come riding in on the coattails of the Great Depression and its panic.

Though there had been a "Red Scare" early in the Twentieth Century, at least inside the United States, with the expulsion of Eastern European, Bolshevik, and largely Jewish immigrants, the real headway from then on was to be made by the "Ivy League", home grown set of new Liberals. These were just then moving from out of their university hatching grounds and into government and media positions. Smooth, sophisticated, witty and urbane, they were nonetheless as Red as anything Karl Marx might have been able to hope for.

The people of the West, beset by the artificially-triggered World Depression, were softened up by panic and desperation and ready to accept anything that promised to restore prosperity. The ultimate tenet of the Protocols of Zion was felt to be within easy reach: Naked Jewish world dictatorship.

Then, impossibly, along came Adolf Hitler, a complete commoner, a foot soldier in the First World War, an unknown, to upset and derail the plan of the Protocols forever. One man sent to wreck a World Conspiracy that was within grasp of victory. Only once before had such a thing happened, in our former homeland of the Middle East, two thousand years ago, just as White presence there was about to disappear, with the advent of Jesus of Nazareth.

No two men apart from these have been the focus of Jewish

hatred on a scale that truly assumes mythic proportions.

The detractors of Hitler evidently don't realize that the battle was effectively won by the World Enemy already by 1933 and done so in a fashion far preferable to them than the situation which existed post World War Two. Minus Hitler's presence then, there can be no question that the situation as it was in Germany would have remained one more that never really jelled, that the Communist Party would have seized open power in Germany and, with Soviet Russia, Socialist France, Liberal England and "New Deal" America, that would have been "it". Whatever tiny countries left in Europe or anywhere in the rest of the world would hardly have mattered.

With every power and advantage, with the government and the media in their hands, they were unable to stop Hitler and his Movement in Germany. A furious struggle was waged for the control of Germany, the mind and the heart of Germany, for fourteen years, with terrific ups and downs, and, in the end, the Jews, Communists and other anti-national elements had to give up and depart for safe havens to the East and the West.

A great nation had freed itself.

Only Hitler made this possible.

But even after January 30th, 1933, the danger wasn't past. The Communists, not being good gamesmen, weren't ready to call it quits even though having been rejected by the people. In February they torched the Reichstag, an act equivalent to burning the U.S. Capitol Building, as the signal for open Communist revolt across Germany. Only the superb organization of the N.S.D.A.P. prevented this. The Communist incendiary, van der Lubbe, and the head of the Communist International, Dmitrov, were both captured there inside of Germany.

The following year of 1934, Leftist agitation within the Party itself, which threatened civil war in Germany and which could have only benefitted the now-underground Communists, was swiftly and decisively met by the summary executions of approximately five hundred trouble-makers.

Following his appointment as Chancellor, Hitler was first elected and then reelected by popular vote. The nation was freed, awakened, cleansed and brought back to health in direct proportion to the breaking of alien power and the exclusion of alien presence.

Never quitting, the World Enemy instantly imposed a global

economic boycott against Germany in 1933. In 1937, agents of the Conspiracy sabotaged the airship "Hindenburg", causing it to explode over New Jersey with great loss of life. In 1938, a Jew murdered a German diplomat in Paris triggering the "Night of Broken Glass" intended to further whip up world sentiment against Germany. That same year, in England, a secret group of Jews calling itself "The Focus" bought and paid for derelict and alcoholic politician, Winston Churchill, for the expressed purpose of fomenting a war with Germany.

The former government of Pilsudski, hero of Polish independence and the man who had beaten the Red Army out of Poland, which had maintained a pact of friendship with Germany, had changed with Pilsudski's death in 1935. The new Polish government was listening to the whisperings of the Powers in London and Paris, telling them to defy the Germans, that the British and French Empires would stand behind them.

Hitler's demands included a free rail passage to East Prussia, a German territory cut off from Germany by the creation of Poland after World War One, together with an extraterritorial highway to same, the return of the German city of Danzig which was declared a "free city" but one under Polish administration, and the "heimkehr", or homecoming of all German nationals cut off inside of the newly-created Poland. For this Hitler was willing to write off the huge tracts of German land from which western Poland had been carved and offer them military alliance against their menacing neighbor, the Soviet Union.

Instead, he received border skirmishes.

When the German Army was unleashed on September 1st, 1939, the Western Allies sat and watched as Poland was crushed. When the Soviet Union simultaneously attacked not only Poland in 1939 but also Finland as well as annexing part of Czechoslovakia, and then, in 1940, absorbing Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania and part of Romania, the West remained at war only with Germany. Curious.

In the spring of 1940, the British navy violated the neutrality of Norway by mining its waters in attempt to disrupt shipments of iron ore from Sweden to Germany. The British army attempted to occupy the Norwegian city of Narvik toward this same end. Similar such ploys were being made involving the Low Countries of Belgium, Holland and Luxumberg. The vastly superior militaries of Britain and France were met head-on by Germany and, through greater strategy and tactics, were put

to flight.

At Dunkirk, in Belgium on the coast of the English Channel, with the Allied armies in collapse and disarray, surrounded, Hitler halted his armor, permitting them to escape and thus laying the ideal groundwork for a negotiated peace settlement. The Churchill government, committed to war at all costs, kept up hostilities which resulted in the Blitz of London, World War Two and the collapse of their own empire.

The French signed an armistice with Germany on far more generous terms than they had imposed upon the Germans in 1918. The northern and coastal regions of the country would be occupied by German troops to guard against the expected British raids such as did occur with the attempted invasion at Dieppe in 1942 and the D-Day invasion of 1944. For the rest, the French were permitted to keep their military and to maintain their overseas empire. A new government under their World War One hero, General Petain, established a powerful and successful economic cooperation with Germany and the rest of the Axis countries which now included Finland, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Italy. And the French put on trial the members of their former government which had led them into the disastrous war.

The British, for their part, now attacked their former "ally" by bombing the French fleet harbored at Toulon.

An effective stalemate set in for the next year, until intelligence brought back word that the Soviet Union was preparing to attack in the East. A phenomenally successful preemptive strike took place in June of 1941 and began the greatest military contest in all of history.

Now suddenly, due primarily to previously silent Communist "resistance" and "partisans", there was trouble within Europe in contrast to the peace and prosperity among the peoples before that had been so upsetting and embarrassing to the Allies. In France and Czechoslovakia, guerrilla attacks upon German troops sparked the desired German retaliations and went far to generate strife and bloodshed. So popular had been the Reichsprotektor of Bohemia and Moravia, Reinhard Heydrich, among the Czech people that the British were required to parachute in two trained assassins to murder him, thus causing the native populace of Lidice to be liquidated in reprisal. (Heydrich was really eliminated for being the single most effective member of German Intelligence, having been responsible for duping Stalin into murdering his entire Red Army officer corps and suspected of being on the trail of

traitors within the German government.)

The identical process took place inside of Italy with the Allies teaming with the Mafia and the Communists to undo the Fascist regime of Mussolini, culminating in the murder of Mussolini together with his entourage by Communist partisans to cover their theft of Italian treasury funds with which they bankrolled the post war Italian Communist Party, the most powerful in Europe.

Terror on the ground was far exceeded by terror from the skies as United States industry, now revived from the Depression by war production, was able to send rivers of "flying fortresses" over Germany in a campaign to blast and incinerate as much White blood and civilization as possible. When thinking of sheer destruction from the air, people automatically are led to think of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan when, in fact, it was Dresden in Germany that represents history's worst example.

Similarly, when thinking of disasters at sea, most people have come into mind the accidental sinking of the Titanic. In fact, the greatest loss of life at sea was the torpedoing of the liner, "Wilhelm Gustloff", which was transporting refugees from the East who were fleeing the advancing Communists across the Baltic Sea, by a Soviet submarine.

With an eventual fifty-two countries arrayed against it, Germany inevitably began to fall back. Only after Allied air power had insured that nothing on the ground could move, they invaded France at Normandy. Previously they had already invaded the countries of Iceland, Iran, Iraq, Syria, plus French North Africa as part of their strategy to surround and strangle Europe.

On July 20th, 1944, the very same group of traitors within Germany that Reinhard Heydrich had been tracking picked their moment to strike. In an act of cowardice, one German Army officer of the conservative-reactionary, aristocratic class brought a bomb with him into Hitler's field headquarters, then excused himself, fully expecting Hitler to be blown to pieces along with many of his own, unsuspecting brother officers.

By chance, someone present moved the bomb concealed in a briefcase behind a stout wooden table leg thus affording some measure of protection to Hitler. When the bomb exploded, the light construction of the building itself allowed much of the force of the blast to go outward, again increasing Hitler's chances of survival. At that, Hitler was

blown off his feet, his clothing shredded, his hair singed, some superficial burns and scratches and one eardrum burst. Many of those around him were killed outright with more to die later of their wounds. For weeks thereafter, Hitler was required to shake hands using his left hand due to injuries to his right arm.

Hitler's reaction? Some medical treatment, a haircut, a new change of clothes, some cotton in the ear and then off to greet Mussolini at the train station upon his expected arrival then to give him a guided tour through the wreckage. (Mussolini himself had been a near-victim of an assassination attempt in the years before the War when an Irish woman had gotten close enough to him to nearly blow his head off with a pistol, managing only to graze his nose. His own response? A bandage on the bridge of his nose and then off to keep an appointment with the king. He ordered the woman sent home to Ireland.)

The bomb at Rastenburg in East Prussia had been, like the burning of the Reichstag before it, the signal for a general revolt throughout Germany and the territories it then controlled. The assassin, when seeing and hearing the blast from his safe distance, was convinced no one could have lived through it and sent the message to Berlin for the revolt to commence.

Thanks to Joseph Goebbels, the Berlin Gauleiter, and some loyal army officers, it failed to get off the ground. Hitler, telephoning Goebbels and asking the question, "Do you recognize my voice?", led the way for squads of SS to approach officials up and down the line with the question, "For or against Hitler?" A wrong answer received a bullet.

The motivation for the attempt? Cowardice and greed. The clique of officers sought to kill Hitler in hopes of negotiating an end to the War and holding onto Hitler's gains up to 1938, as well as their own personal positions. Moreover, the plan was to deliver up Germany in one piece to the Soviet sphere, getting the design of Lenin himself back onto track. This after the Allies had made their declaration which demanded unconditional surrender and following the revelation of the Morgenthau Plan which called for the complete death and dismemberment of the German nation itself. They were plotting nothing short of one more "Stab in the Back" such had been delivered to Germany from within at the close of World War One.

But this time it was not to be.

Those conspirators who were not caught right away and shot

out of hand, or those who did not commit suicide, died hanging from meat hooks by piano wire. This time there was to be no yielding to or compromising with the forces of the World Enemy. This time the struggle would be played out to the last.

The ferocious battle was waged until hardly a square foot of German soil remained free of enemy troops, until there was hardly a bullet left to fire and until there was hardly a gallon of petrol left with which to fuel equipment. Total defiance.

The largest battle ever fought on land was the Battle of Berlin. The Soviets used three million troops for the assault, the total number of those used by the Germans to open the Eastern Front in 1941. Of those, nearly one million were killed in taking the city. Only when the Enemy was within two blocks of his position did Hitler join the two million other German soldiers dead in the War so far. Another two million would die after cessation of hostilities, as prisoners in Allied camps, both East and West. Three million more German civilians would also die after the end of the War during mass expulsions from territories in the East. It was, indeed, a mass crucifixion.

Hitler's final orders were that his body should never be found by his enemies and, according to the discrepancies found in the Soviet reports, it never was.

When a Churchill can drunkenly declare in 1940 that "we will fight on the beaches, on the landing grounds, in the fields, in the streets, in the hills and never surrender", while knowing full well through code-breaking that no invasion was even intended, he is considered a "hero". When Hitler actually lives up to such very words, he is considered "evil" and "insane".

There could have been no such thing as "winning" the War.

To have driven the Soviets back behind the Urals and out of Europe while making some kind of settlement in the West was the uppermost best that could have been hoped for militarily and politically. Hitler, Goering and every top military leader realized at the time Britain declared war upon them that something like this was the best that could be hoped for. This was not their war after all, but something that had been thrust upon them by the World Enemy. There was now only the matter of honor and survival in defiance of the World Enemy. There was nothing to do but fight. And fight they did, bringing to life a literal Twilight of the Gods in our own, modern time. A Ragnarrok still in living

memory.

Nothing from out of the Bible could exceed the epic of Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich. Following that terrific crescendo, history has practically fallen silent. But it is a pregnant silence.

Since that time there has been no progression, only rot. With regard to Whites, there have been no real movements, only isolated groups and individuals.

It was necessary that Hitler should come along, galvanize the German people and stand to defy the World Enemy in an act of supreme sacrifice. Those who would have seen the triumph of some form of Conservatism, impossible in any case, and some manner of "co-existence" with the Beast System, an impossibility, really only want the preservation of a rotten, decayed old order, about like the conspirators of July 20th. A "win" under those circumstances would have been not only too easy, it would have been counter to the plan the end of which is already written.

And I don't mean the Protocols.

No nation representing any one of the Twelve Tribes of Israel was ever successfully stormed and taken over by Jewish Communism.

God wouldn't permit it. The closest they ever came to this was in the cases of Germany, Italy and Spain and in each case they were defeated by the people themselves together with their proper leadership. Today, with the collapse of Communism as a militantly organized force, we know it shall never happen. What has happened instead is that these same forces have been required to remain hidden in the shadows, using hired dupes as front men and having to disguise their goals and agendas. If the people of the West are so stupid as to let themselves be tricked this way, then the fault is theirs. God did warn them.

"The Thousand Year Reich". Taken altogether, the span of the First, Second and Third Reichs of Germany equal that thousand years. Taken along with the history of the entire West, it is equivalent to the Thousand Years of Christ. The partial-Jews, Roosevelt and Churchill, had it as their plan to erase the word "reich" from general usage. They succeeded. What they really succeeded in doing was ushering in the "Little Season" of Satan which the Book of Revelation said would follow Christ's Thousand Years.

Night had descended over the globe. No nation of Whites any longer was in charge over itself. With their will paralyzed, the colonial

powers began to lose their grip and the colored world once again went into revolt. More dangerously, however, coloreds in the White midst were aroused and permitted to co-mingle, thus threatening to destroy these nations from within, "peacefully", just as with the commission of the first sin, the seduction in the

Garden of Eden, but on a grand scale. All those forces predicted by thinkers from Malthus and up to Hitler himself were now freely at work to make this into an uninhabitable planet. The Enemy was "in control". But control over what? The schism produced by Hitler's appearance bought time, not so much for us but against the Enemy. The Bolshevik monster went ingloriously down the drain. And the Capitalist System still, at this very late date, must hide and conceal its true identity from the people it dominates. Satan rules but most uncomfortably. And just for the time being. One old Ohio comrade liked to use the "cookie jar" simile: With the prized cookies in their grip, they can't get their hand out of the jar. At the same time they can't bear to drop the cookies.

It is their dilemma. And one which they owe to Hitler.

Hitler knew this absolutely at the conclusion of his own life, there in the bunker in Berlin. Glories and achievements aside, what disasters, what tragedies, what overwhelming odds have any of us ever had to face to compare with that? On January 30th, 1945, the twelfth anniversary of his chancellorship and ninety days before his death, Hitler went on radio to give his last message to the world and defiantly stated that the victory would not go to the Jews and their Democratic and Bolshevik tools, at that moment overrunning everything with unheard of force and violence. Rather, that the world calamity would be mastered in Germany and by Germany and that the assurance for that lay in the assumption of power made by him and the National Socialists twelve years earlier.

In effect, he was saying this to his own people and to the rest of the world, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." - John 16:33

The world could well have scoffed at that for the next forty years, but no longer. When Hitler spoke of the ultimate victory, what do you suppose he meant?

If that man could have had that kind of faith then, in the face of the worst there ever was, and be vindicated despite everything, can we

today do any less and still be able to look ourselves in the mirror? It is harder in the short run to go on maintaining faith than it is to surrender to despair but, at the same time, it is infinitely better to do so. That is perhaps the major element of courage. And courage is its own reward.

One great difficulty I always had with the Christians was their devotion to blind faith. If there is one more stunning aspect to the saga of Adolf Hitler, it would be that he gave us faith that wasn't blind.

Historians on both sides of the issue agree that the life of Hitler and the events of the Third Reich are the most thoroughly documented in all of recorded times. And the happenings subsequent to that unfold now, as we live, before our very eyes. We are not dealing with even the chance of mere myth or fable.

The powers that be in the world today are in open and deadly enmity still with Adolf Hitler and all those who follow him. Do they fight a ghost? These slab-faced, colorless, humorless bureaucrats are not given to flights of fantasy. They are utterly cold and pragmatic. But something has them profoundly disturbed and worried.

That their very foundation is crumbling, we already know. That they are in the opening stages now of taking extraordinary measures which they imagine, just as all tyrannies of the past have imagined, will hold them in power, can be seen and felt every day. Who and what is it that they fear? All power is theirs. Who and what is forcing this climax amidst a situation that supposedly is a lock and a done deal?

Could it all come right down to so primary a matter as our each one first rejecting the lies and then having faith in the Truth? This is the very formula which carried Hitler to victory so long ago. The System is left bankrupt and Hitler has won everything.

Yes, of course, but until Hitler the nature of what was Truth was too confused, too elusive. After Hitler, and as the crisis approaches, the situation only clarifies.

Finally, the System, through pride or desperation, will move to either reveal itself openly, as the Protocols demand, or it will overextend itself in its attempts to keep this, its own mess, from falling apart. Either way, when that occurs, it will trigger the chain of events that will fulfill the prophecy of Revelation.

And that is the victory Hitler was referring to in 1945.

February, 1997, C.S.P.

TWO DEFINITIONS OF FREEDOM

True to its nature of deception, the Satanic Beast System has habitually taken the word freedom and painted it for the eyes of the gullible as its own exclusive domain. To live and exist in freedom, to preserve freedom, to fight for freedom, to die for freedom, especially that of others. Sounds lofty and makes powerful medicine. Cemeteries around the world are filled with those who imagined they were fighting for freedom and, on a regular basis, polling places are backed up with queues of those similarly duped who think they're somehow preserving freedom by participating in what they do not see as a charade.

In the name of freedom, the former Black slave population has been turned loose upon White society. In the name of freedom, homosexuality has escaped from its closet. In the name of freedom, infanticide represents its own full-blown holocaust. In the name of freedom, armies have gone and snuffed out the freedom of other nations. As the result of all this and more, the time approaches to relinquish personal firearms and a considerable amount of personal liberty as crime, on one hand, and resistance, on the other, threaten to upset all this sweet "freedom".

Well, as they have already begun saying, maybe a police state is the price one has to pay for freedom.

As they move to officially impose that police state, they shrug and say, "That's the price to be paid." And they have many going along with them in this straight facedly. The price? For what? Isn't this the very thing that all these poor dupes of the past fought and died in order to keep away from these shores? Can't these fools today see that is exactly what the resistance is fighting to overthrow? No. They can't see it unless

it is presented to them in some abstract, "elsewhere" context. "freedom" has become really only a blurb, a buzz-word for the self-righteous and the very ignorant.

It's part of a word-game, a name-calling game, just like the "Good Guys" and the "Bad Guys".

When I was still fresh to the Movement and in no way a sophist, in fact during the weeks surrounding the assassination of Commander Rockwell in the late summer of 1967, my afternoons were absorbed by auditioning and cataloguing the vast collection of 78rpm recordings put together by my father. This pleasurable work went on even as I kept the radio tuned to catch the breaking news of the aftermath of the assassination.

The term "record album" came about originally because it required literally an album to hold a series of those old 78s which only contained one song per side. There was one entitled, "Songs of Free Men", dating from the World War Two years. One of the sides contained "Song of the Plains", sometimes known as "Meadowland", one of the most instantly recognizable of all Russian national songs. Performed by U.S. Negro bass singer, Paul Robeson, himself a Communist Party member, it was pretty stirring even if one couldn't understand the Russian.

So, according to this, then, anyone at all opposing Hitler and Germany were automatically "free men" and, therefore, "good guys" just like us. Even Stalinist Russia. Even at the time, I couldn't miss catching a whiff of the acrid stench of the hypocrisy and the cynicism emanating from that.

Independence Day, the Fourth of July, has become one more national holiday that's lost all meaning. A three-day weekend, a time for fireworks and picnics and one more excuse for crass media merchandising. July 4th should properly be a national day of mourning over independence lost. Not a time of celebration any longer but an occasion for hanging crepe. Perhaps still a chronological and historical milestone in the development of a certain geo-political entity but nothing more than that.

Of course the celebrations go on just as before but mainly out of an ingrained habit. Naturally it would suit the System to encourage the government and the media to exude all of the old, familiar platitudes hearkening back to a distant and forgotten time and breed of men no



longer anywhere in evidence, at least nowhere near any seat of power. They celebrate not knowing what really is being marked, far less that it has long since slipped from them. If it were otherwise, if the kind of dictatorship they've been conditioned to be on the look-out for had banned the occasion, then it would have to mean that enough were sufficiently aware to act upon it and perhaps right it.

This is precisely like being constantly vigilant for any appearance of evil. But only if it assumes the form of the horned, red devil with his pitchfork. You'll wait a long time before you will ever spot that.

One of the first major clues to the absence of freedom is the presence of galloping ignorance.

The rest, for the most part, could be summed up by dictionary definition alone.

Real freedom involves one people, a racial entity, fully aware and united, in total control over themselves, their own affairs and their destiny, to the exclusion of all else. On all U.S. coinage it was from the beginning made law that the word "liberty" must appear. And there is the key. This people that is to enjoy this freedom must be the kind of people that each member of carries within himself the Law. Only then can there be personal liberty and only upon the basis of that can there be a free nation.

God had told Israel in the beginning that he would make of us a nation of kings and priests. Naturally, that language sounds strange and quaint to our ears today. Indeed, as such, it has lost its meaning. But with just a little thought and reflection, the meaning can be found. Kings and priests, every man. The ability to self-govern, of course! Only within the White man! How far this concept is from the present-day take on so-called "freedom" in the Jewish sense. Anything goes! But with a police state guarding property rights and making sure no one tampers with the Marxist agenda which calls all the shots.

In two stages then, national sovereignty and personal liberty, was freedom lost in this country.

Very early on, through alien interests and their financial inducements aimed toward internal sell-outs, this country's government, business, media, finance and education passed from out of its control. Out of the control, the service of the people. So much for sovereignty.

Next came the painful results, the price to be paid for this.

Directly because of the hidden, alien control having gone on for

generations, the overall population now contains a large enough proportion of those having no law within them that the government must impose its own law upon them. However, in a so-called "democracy", this trend must also encompass all of the rest.

Prison by nature is a controlled environment for those who have no law within themselves. As society in general becomes more filled with these types, a prison state will inevitably emerge. Those remaining who do carry the Law within themselves will automatically become the new breed of outlaws because they cannot and will not accept existence in a police, prison state. Beyond that, the actual definition of what makes an "outlaw" is one who is not protected by the law as it stands. Try being a Racial Separatist.

The new definition then of what freedom is has to do with what segment of a multi-cultural, multi-racial, alien-dominated political amalgam you identify with. To some it will mean freedom to run rampant. To others, freedom to gouge and extort. To others it will mean protection of certain property rights. To yet others, freedom will mean the ability to say or do anything that is meaningless, insane or self-destructive. In each case, police presence is directly implied and whenever responsibility is in the hands of anyone but you, there is no freedom.

To enforce this mockery of true freedom it is becoming necessary to usher in dictatorship. Necessary because national sovereignty was surrendered long ago. Unavoidable because of the inevitable consequences of that very thing.

"Sic semper tyrannis", however, as goes the motto of the State of Virginia. The tyranny will destroy itself through the very methods it now sees as its means of preservation.

It will make itself known for what it is, always has been and, in so doing, it will rouse ever more of those still sleeping who are cut from the same stuff as those of over two hundred years ago and the process will repeat.

Except that this time it will be known and remembered how such hard-won freedom was subverted and lost, and by whom, and that cycle, at least, will not be repeated.

March, L997, C.S.P.

EVOLUTION OF THE UNDERGROUND

What the Movement has idolized and tried to pattern itself after from its post-war beginnings has been the Ku Klux Klan and the N.S.D.A.P. The error has been too much emphasis upon form and practically none upon function. Next to that, the problem has been with contrived efforts way out of sync with the times. All the idealism and work in the world will get you no place if it is not in step with the Zeitgeist, the Spirit of the Times.

The original Klan was born out of utter desperation in the South following the close of the Civil War when conditions were so bad that it's hard for us today to imagine them. Likewise, the Freikorps of Germany right after World War One sprang into being in order to meet a raging, direct threat and became, along with other elements, the Nazi Party by 1920. Things are bad here and getting worse but, by comparison with the Reconstruction South and Weimar Germany, they remain as yet decidedly "normal".

What one needs to bear in mind historically is that the causes of the Confederacy and the Third Reich could be viewed as the twin Lost Causes for national sovereignty and against Beast One-Worldism. As the saying goes, the only cause worth fighting for is the lost cause. But it is most important of all to bear in mind that, had either one of these causes managed just to hang on, to stalemate the conflict, to have survived, it would have invalidated the close of the Bible which has the Beast firmly entrenched all across the globe, with Satan on this planet and God in heaven now poised for final conflict.

For those who like it fast and dramatic, then one would have to consider those times, places and people "fortunate" for having been able

to witness so much resolution so swiftly. For those who are frustrated and hungry for action, this time and this place are practically intolerable for the grinding slowness in developments and inaction. Yet, should the roof fall in today, I doubt whether many would find it very much of a blessing due to the unpreparedness of our own side.

This is the final show-down. Unlike anything ever before. No program or organization from out of the past will be able to fit the situation, because the situation itself is still evolving. What we have at the moment is not what we'll have when the moment arrives for action like that of times past.

The original Klan was strictly an underground, guerrilla movement out of sheer necessity. What the shape of the society today is moving toward had overtaken the South like a thunderclap in 1865 and, furthermore, the people of the South had undergone absolutely zero System conditioning and brainwash prior and they could see their enemy. The robes and the hoods carried a religious significance plus performed the critical function of concealing the identities of the Nightriders, protecting them from automatic sentence of death by the occupying federal forces.

Differences with that we have today include the fact that we can at least go forth unmasked without fear of arrest. However, we cannot take any effective action without immediate entry of the System police against us. And merely "going about our business" is no protection against System police infiltration and entrapment. People have not been seeing this in the same clear-cut way as was inescapable in the Old South. But they are beginning to wake up out of growing necessity.

The one similarity shared between today and then is that in both instances it was a Leaderless Resistance.

The nucleus of the Nazi Party, the Freikorps, or Volunteer Corps, was made up of demobilized units of the Imperial German Army who, for the sake of their country, could not afford to lay down their arms and go home. Communists at home and rebellious nationals outside their borders made their continued existence an absolute, critical necessity. Though the government in Berlin was essentially one made up of traitors, it nonetheless was too weak to not only do anything "about" the Freikorps but, on occasion, needed to call upon them to put down more serious internal rebellions. They too were a Leaderless Resistance until Adolf Hitler came upon the scene.

Here we start with a Leaderless Resistance and it may remain at that or it may not. That is entirely immaterial.

What is special today is not the increasing amount of shootings, bombings and burnings, though it is important to note where they are coming from and what they are directed against. This country saw a lot worse in the first part of the Twentieth Century. What is unique to our times involves the blanket dominance of a One-World System, the thought-control of a Big Brother media, the absence of any well-organized political opposition which might step in to prevent a disaster, and vast numbers of colored types threatening imminently to cause the breakdown of social and economic stability.

We anticipate the internal rupture of an entire order and that is something that has never happened here before.

The dam will creak and groan, leaks will spring here and there before the whole structure gives way to a raging flood of terror and chaos. That's been the Movement's dilemma up till now. Which way to go? Soft-core "Citizens Councils" and "Birch Societies" or wild and radical "Klans" and "Nazi Parties" of our own? In the midst of comparative normalcy, neither approach will stand any chance of accomplishing anything.

To try to "fix" the situation, forgetting that the institutions themselves are entirely in the hands of the Enemy, or of Enemy dupes and sell-outs who are too far gone to ever be reached or salvaged, and that the basis of the society itself has become unnatural and unworkable, is like trying to apply mortician's wax to the shell of a corpse and to be satisfied with the results of that. The swarms of maggots beneath the surface could hardly care less. To militantly try to force some issue while the System army and police, and economy, which yet hold the loyalty of the people, remain intact is tantamount to suicide.

So it has been for fifty years plus that efforts and lives have been consumed, mainly through people imagining they can impose some off-the-wall ideology or program prematurely on a situation still playing itself out.

Those in times past were lucky only in one respect: Practically all guesswork was removed for them by rapid events. Movement people here today ride the horns of the dilemma of when to act and when not to act, all while a deplorable situation gets worse and while System police stand by ready to swoop, with a population that remains unwilling to get

involved.

Inactivity is as bad as inappropriate activity. But as things go on, there are certain lessons we can draw instruction from. Doing nothing literally accomplishes the same as doing nothing with great frenzy. This encompasses all of the old, over ground activities such as demonstrations, proselytizing, recruiting and organizing. Only underground activity stands any chance of bringing about what must take place. Those perennially among the overground, who endlessly fret and abhor what they nonetheless know is on the way, will likely never be found taking real action against the Enemy. The time is never really "right", that or else it is "too late".

Painfully slow has all of this gone since the Nineteen Fifties. The South saw some genuine underground action worthy of anything from out of history. Byron de la Beckwith is an excellent example. Joseph Franklin and Neal Bradley Long in the Seventies and Eighties are equally worthy of mention. These men and others found themselves way out front in Enemy territory and badly cut off simply because they were so far ahead of all the rest. They paid the price but, without them and their sacrifices, we today would have no foundation to build upon, no tradition of honor to draw strength from.

Educating yourself is one thing but playing games in the name of a great Cause, pretending to oppose the Enemy and coming off looking foolish is something else. Underground activity carries with it great risk but it does attack the System and it never looks foolish. Joseph Tommasi, a great hero of the underground, had a four-man team in southern California in the early Seventies which had the local Communists crying to the System for protection. This truly represented effectivity yet it was far in advance of its time and not perfectly fine-tuned.

It did, however, demonstrate one thing which will always be seen to hold true: Those "going over the top" and actually engaging the Enemy have been those who have not had a long history of Movement spinning of the wheels. Serious people will not engage in or long tolerate foolishness.

Action, yes. But in the name of what?

All the constellation of these Hard Right Wing groups of the Fifties, Sixties, Seventies, Eighties and Nineties, with their rainbow of names and their blizzard of programs, and next to nothing ever accomplished. Hard to blame anyone for wanting to "do something".

Better to just try to explain why, in fact, nothing got done than to condemn the efforts. Haste, prematurity, the overlooking of function before form. The environment of a still-viable System and a complacent people. Going at it backward and failing to keep in step with the times. Seemingly no dearth of "programs" and ideas but nothing that ever caught fire.

When those men of the U.S. South and of Germany took action, it was because it was forced upon them, not because they studied some tract for long enough to get themselves "psyched". It was conditions, circumstances, which triggered something within and prompted the kind of direct action that we'd all like to see today. I don't know if the Klan ever had anything down in writing in the 1800's or whether they had any line of dogma at all. In Germany, the hottest action was passed by the time the Twenty-Five Points were promulgated. Things were too obvious, too fast-moving for any of that to be necessary.

The principle there and then will remain the same for us here today if we will just let it. People won't move, at least not our people, until some outside force, through its intrusions, causes a reaction on the part of two very primary things: Racial Identity and Racial Separatism. Whether any among the army of our fighters may have ever even heard of either of these things, when they fight, that's what they'll be fighting for, know it or not. For now, they're going about the business of life, with their jobs, families and homes. Serious business and they're content to continue doing just that until something comes along to sufficiently disrupt that rhythm. And it's coming.

Then, and only then, if it's done right, someone may be able to get them interested in a program of Racial Identity and Racial Separation.

Anytime there exists a situation wherein an Enemy power sits astride the governmental, economic and media institutions of a nation, all efforts toward resistance will remain only that. Unless all thought and action is aimed at the overthrow and destruction of that Enemy power, mere resistance alone will inevitably be driven back and ultimately snuffed out.

Describing what the Movement really is would be an almost impossible job. Some even disdain to use the word "Movement", instead substituting the word "Struggle". If one tries to see the Movement as anything formally organized, functioning as something the opposite of

the machinery of the System, they are in for a huge disappointment. The Movement is actually those people who are moving along with anti-System thought and impulse hand-in-hand with events that are aligning to destroy the System.

The "kooky" outfits and groups have always been around and they're certainly still around today. It doesn't mean a thing. What's changed is that the attacks upon the System have begun and are increasing. This is how it must and should be, for, as Joseph Goebbels said, "that which is about to fall down deserves to be knocked down." Daily life will become increasingly untenable as the workings of society continue to malfunction and shut down. Existence will become ever more dangerous and difficult. Colored numbers will increase as crime, violence and degradation expand to exceed anyone's worst nightmare. The pigs in charge will attempt to pull out all stops in a last-ditch effort to hold their power base together, instituting a repressive police state and will, in the process, ignite the White backlash.

Even so legalistically-minded a person as Commander Rockwell said that you cannot interest anyone in interior decorating when the house is on fire. And no one knew better than he that to physically confront the Enemy will inevitably get you into trouble. Two adjustments to that wisdom have included the necessity of the house filling with smoke rather than merely a short in a receptacle and identifying the real Enemy as opposed to his low-level scum in the street. People will only move when they feel they have to and, when going after an enemy, go only after the one for whom there'll be no one to come to its aid. That would be the System itself.

As Tommasi said, leadership is comprised of those who are doing it. The majority of the leaders are as yet unknown, even to themselves. How much more perfect could anything possibly be what with the Enemy System and his space-age computer surveillance network?

Recruiting? All that is taking care of itself as events place the chess pieces each within their proper position. It is after all Racial Identity and Racial Separatism which are the natural and logical opposites of everything the Enemy System stands for. It is only through default that any who actively struggle against an enemy, toward a goal, without doing so through State-approved channels and by "safe" means, make an underground.

There is your Movement.

For us, the difference is struck when the individual can know what the actual score is way ahead of events. The advantage which that affords is inestimable. As the violence escalates in proportion to the sinking conditions in the country, the presence of a hard core of clearly focused fanatics -in our case a Racial Separatist underground containing a few old-timers, well seasoned and possessing a background- will be what channels all the elements once they are set in motion, loose and scattered, into something with its own being and consciousness, to deal the coup de grace to the crippled and faltering System and to erect a new White State.

Spring, 1996, C.S.P.

PROPHECY OR PHYSICS?

Those of us with Movement backgrounds know what it is to go on and on trying to proselytize and gaining approximately the same results as one might expect from attempting to talk some meaningful sense with a drunk. Some of us undoubtedly still look upon the vacant field, empty of any mass movement capable of affecting the kind of regeneration that we might desire, and begin to feel like failures. There, however, in the pages of the Bible are endless references to people and places for which there was no answer except destruction. And the prophets of old who did their best to warn of it then could hardly be seen or classed as "failures".

All of this Biblical message fits absolutely perfectly, not only in the detail of its precepts, or in the pattern it builds, but even more so in the history it presents which follows us right up to the present day. That is, if you know how to read it. For me, this only came after a lifetime of forming my own views according to National Socialism and a universe of revisionist history connected with that. So there's the scientific test which would eliminate the superstition factor or any possibility of it.

Once again, if we on our own can arrive at the conclusion of there being no political solution for today's situation would that or would that not mean the same thing as any lamentation from out of the Old Testament? Looking at it either way, it means the same thing to us: The job is to keep some spark of flame alive for some future time and place once all this is gone, not to cast pearls before swine or throw that which is precious to the dogs.

Drunk with materialism are these people and for them it will always come first. This means in full effect that they are part of the

System, it is the God which they worship and serve, and any lip-service they may part-time give to the Movement or anything else is just that, hollow and meaningless.

This is the real, terrible power of the Beast System. It is in what it has been able to induce people to do to themselves. It is a very real complicity which means that whatever fate the evil System has waiting in store for it at the hands of Eternal Justice will be shared by masses of supposedly "innocent" people. In exchange for immediate, momentary pleasure and security, as well as gratification and status within the System's framework, they allow the Enemy who is in control to get away with anything that will assuredly affect future generations. I may point to professional, career pigs often but is this or is this not the definition of overall sell-out?

A document composed in the 1890's detailing precisely how an international conspiracy of Jews would consummate their subjugation of the world was later damned by World Jewry and their mouthpieces as being a forgery. How else could they have possibly handled the exposure of the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion? No criminal ever owns up to his crime, no conspirator to his conspiracy. No tyrant or despot ever stands forth as such. No liar ever admits to his lie. Read the text and study their actions instead. They have followed the outline in the Protocols to the letter for over a century and, by it, they have actually achieved their "New World Order".

If not a deliberate plan, it was at the very least an unintentional prophecy. The label of "forgery" is out of the question.

Hidden and usurious control over the wealth and destiny of others. Policies and programs imposed upon subject peoples leading straight to national destruction. A death-grip over the earth. Why do they do it? To solve a crime, to catch a criminal, it is absolutely necessary to understand the motive.

One explanation, at least someplace to start, might be their commitment to fulfillment of Old Testament prophecy which states that Israel, and specifically Judah, is destined to rule the world at the expense of all the other inhabitants. There are problems with this, however.

First, though some who call themselves Jews today may have a tiny drop of the blood of actual Israel or Judah in their veins, they, strictly speaking, are neither Israel nor Judah. They are bastards, rump remains left over from a culture and civilization gone rotten and then abandoned.

The real and valuable element of that people left the Holy Land as it became clear there was no future in that part of the world, precisely the way good and industrious people leave inner cities.

Second, the God of the Bible had told true Israel exactly what their course and destiny, as well as the hallmarks of their identity, would be and even told them that their eyes would be generally closed to it all, that they would go on to fulfill their appointed destiny even in spite of themselves. Unconscious of themselves, this very pattern was fulfilled nonetheless, quite apart from any tiny band of parasitical would-be's touting themselves always as "God's Chosen" and deliberately plotting and scheming their way into power on the back of true Israel.

Third, their game is betrayed by the modern advent of Marxism, which is no more than an apostate version of Zionism –or Judaism- yet still a movement among Jews to seize world power over the heads of the so-called "gentiles". And "Jews" in this instance being a clearly distinct racial group, separate from White Europeans, they dropped all pretenses to sanction from God and still thought and performed as an elite minority bent on world domination.

Since that avenue leads up to a brick wall and produces only the repeated question, "What animates them?", further explanation has to be found and put forward.

Whatever God may be and for whatever reason he may have given his covenant to true Israel, the Aryan race, there is at the same time an opposite number at work known in the literature and the common myth as Satan who also has his own people and agenda. As simply as possible, Satan's will moves through the Jews. How perfectly typical that they should claim to be "the Chosen of God".

So if the Protocols are only a "forgery", if the Bible is no more than superstition, then we are left with only physics to explain what is and has been going on throughout written history.

By the mid-Seventies it had become clear to many of us that the White race had politicized itself into this mess and that its mortal enemy was not going to let it back out the same way.

People still widely express disgust and alarm at how bad the situation is becoming, how ugly the atmosphere, how dangerous, how wicked and corrupt and how no one seems to be able to do anything about it. The "socialist state" is ever only inches away just as is the "police state". They want things to get better or at least not get any

worse. Basically, they like it or at least are afraid of life without it and only want to "get by" and see it "fixed". One can only be a Conservative or a Reactionary within the context of the System. The definition of a Revolutionary is one outside the System, who desires an end to the System. And I would add to this, without regard for his own well-being. In other words, a fanatic.

Anyone who is clear in his own mind about what has to be done also fully understands and accepts that collapse and chaos are our very best and most valuable allies against the System. Everything they fear and complain about are the signs that the solution to all this is fast on the way. Do they really want to remain perpetually ill and not face the climax, crossing the bridge all the way to wellness?

This is no more, no less than what is written in Revelation. My old friend and comrade, Ed Reynolds, said it well with, "We don't want to rock the boat: We want to sink it!" Prophecy or physics? Either way, any bad news for the System is good news for us.

Bring it all on. If it sounds too hard or ugly, you are invited to present me with another scenario or, of course, you can just turn and ignore it.

How could words written three thousand years ago have come to fit so perfectly the very circumstances we see about us in the world today? They're unfolding yet, even now, though I suspect they haven't got much further to unfold. As a self-supposed "shrewdie" on such matters many years ago, I imagined some skillful psychology masters putting to work the principles of plain, old human behavior which never failed to repeat. And that wasn't bad twenty and more years ago before it became inescapably obvious that there would be no more merry-go-rounds, that this time it was finis.

Did I start with rationality and end with superstition? As with trying to understand the mind of Jews, I followed a "rational" course until it stopped right in the middle of a field. Fortunately, logic doesn't have to stop.

Where before, when reading or being told that God said, "Don't do it or I'll get you.", and they did it anyway and weren't immediately struck down, it was easy to say, "Superstition!" After all, those dire tales from the Bible took place a hell of a long time ago, happened to strange people, in strange places, who talked and dressed funny and were probably just fairy tales anyway, right? When Eve was told that to "eat

the apple" would surely cause her to die, ate it anyway and didn't die, man was at once off and politicking as he has been doing ever since.

Immediate moments and single digits is the way common people think. Over eons of time and involving the fates of entire nations is the way prophecy dealt. Caught up in the curse and cannot see it. But only the blind can fail to see the end of the curve coming up now.

And there is Good and Evil. Nobody really thinks of themselves as or strives to be or to do "evil". Everybody wants to be "good". Even the Jews. Justification is everything. Everything viewed from where you stand. That's the human measurement of it. The real definition of Good is that which promotes or safeguards the White race which we each are a part of. Evil is that which would diminish or destroy it. Jews have their own, little twist on this which puts them at center stage. Common people and all their vices major and petty, are committing folly and foolishness which crosses out effort at putting forward the race and, by default, place the ball in Evil's half of the court.

That is hardly being spooky or irrational.

A complete set of laws to include everything from how to dress and wear your hair to what to eat, etc., is set forth in Leviticus. Only very lately has our science discovered things that man in those days shouldn't have been able to know anything about, all the way from microbes in certain meat to the roundness of the earth, so as to make even the quirky, throw-away little laws seem all the more legitimate and, just possibly, important. Which is the better definition of superstition: Belief in the absence of facts or disbelief in the presence of facts?

Someone knew and wanted to tell us for our own good.

Beyond "no political solution", some are now coming to say that the failing has been "spiritual" all along. However that may translate, it would be fairly certain that if that was the failing, so too must that be the solution.

God didn't "get" us. We were "gotten" by the perfectly logical and predictable results of our own iniquities and weaknesses. In order to have made that first step to violate parts of the Law, then to have discarded it as a body, which may have seemed so trivial a thing at first, something else had to have already taken place. Forgetting the Law itself or beginning to doubt its validity or thinking we somehow had a "better idea", or listening to the poisonous whisperings of aliens. There's the falling.

Look now at the results all around and imagine you can "fine tune" that back into shape within the same, rotten framework. If one part of the Law is inconvenient to us or offensive to some others in our midst, we can dispense with that much. If another part of the Law now seems outmoded to any class of jet-setters, then that portion can be overlooked as well for the sake of "fun" and "fairness". All that is needed is a return to "family values" and the hiring of more police. The old slippery slope.

How unpopular is the idea of all or nothing at all. That, after all, is the by-word of the fanatic. How very popular is the "bargain". Bargaining with the Devil, the Jew? You're with this mess or you are not. Maybe that is political after all. But if it is, then all those other shades in between certainly are not.

When God moves at last to act it seems only to be in times of great births and great deaths. It's very, very physical, very direct and masses of humanity always fall like so much wheat.

As with the keeping of any law, you either do it yourself or someone else does it for you. It was promised absolutely that those deeds of folly would not be allowed to lead to their ultimate conclusion, the disappearance of the White race.

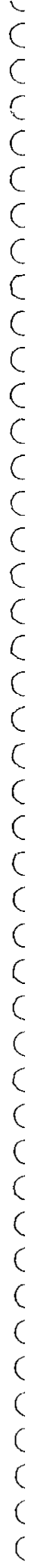
If this calls for the destruction of everything and everyone except just that much needed for a new start, I'm all in favor of it even if it means I don't survive to see it.

Superstitions usually are held because they are pleasant.

Prophecy or just the cyclical dynamics of human society? The wisdom required to catch the symptoms and pattern of it make it all one and the same.

March, 1997, C.S.P.

PART TWELVE



JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS OVER

It was a bright summer day in September when I left C.S.P. Back out again among people and in the sunshine, it occurred to me early that the whole experience just behind might have taken place over just a week or two instead of two years. There was no "shock". Over the past weeks and months it had become apparent that the planning I'd done for my parole period had about all gone by the boards. But I had adjusted myself to the thought that this now was to be an adventure and that it was up to me to enjoy it.

Word was that they wanted me to settle in some metropolitan area like Pueblo, Colorado Springs or Denver in order to be properly "monitored". But all efforts at getting something like that arranged came to naught. In fact, initial contact with one such "halfway house" in my old Capitol Hill neighborhood in Denver brought back the pre-printed response that "men directly out of C.S.P. aren't ready for life on the outside and are primed for failure". Not long afterward, I read that the individual in charge of that particular place had been arrested for coercing his clients into having sex with him.

So, according to policy, when no parole plan exists at the time of release, then that person automatically is sent back to the place he "fell out of". In my case, that was Las Animas.

And, as far as I was concerned, that was perfectly alright for the time being.

My bus ticket, supplied by the prison, was printed with Las Animas but it was necessary for me to stop off first in Pueblo on the way in order to check in with the parole office there. While waiting for a cab to arrive, my first telephone call in freedom was to Ed Reynolds and his family in Alabama. The cab came and I told the driver I needed to go

to a certain address on East Abriendo. Away we went.

As I knew nothing about that town of approximately a hundred thousand people, I was at the complete mercy of the driver. As I would later learn, he took me away from the mall district, down Elizabeth, across the Fourth Street bridge and then cut some corners. It was at that point I began to fear he might be giving me the run-around in order to increase his fare. Practically down alleys, I thought he was taking me. Twisting and turning, through small neighborhoods, little parks, etc., until we did arrive at a large, modern bank building out of which the parole authority rented some office space.

The check-in was relatively painless and contained no forebodings. My regular parole officer was on leave due to a death in the family. I was discharged and now was set to get back on the bus and head for Las Animas. I stepped out of the bank building and was scanning the surroundings for another pay phone from which to call another cab back to the bus depot. And the thought came over me strong and distinct: This could be one of the most beautiful boulevards I'd ever seen and I wouldn't mind at all living around here. I found a phone. First I called Helen Smith to let her know I was on my way and then I called the cab.

Back out again on the edge of town, among all the businesses and restaurants, with time on my hands and money in my pocket, I walked a short distance to a steak house and had my first meal in freedom. Afterward, the sun was beginning to set with much of that same blazing colorful splendor as I'd been witnessing for so long back at C.S.P. The bus came and we were off toward Bent County.

It was dark by the time we arrived at the local handy man shop that also included the local bus stop. Helen was there waiting for me along with another family member of hers. It was a happy greeting as I loaded my stuff into the back of their van. Until I would be able to locate a permanent place of my own, as both of my houses were rented out and bringing me income, Helen had taken a very nice motel apartment for me for the next three nights. In fact, it was at the very same place where I and my former "ex" had managed not longer after first arriving there in 1992. Except that it was now under new ownership and had been drastically modernized.

After laying all my things down on one of the couches, I set off to purchase a few luxuries from the one supermarket in town. These included soda pop, potato chips and dip, and coffee and flavored

creamers, none of which I'd had in the past two years. That and a box of cotton swabs which were also forbidden at C.S.P. After a hot shower and some serious ear cleaning, I settled in for the night feeling pretty good about everything.

The next day, one of the first things I wanted to do was take one of the long walks I used to take regularly during my peaceful days there in 1992 and 1993. I decided to take the hair-pin walk out to what they called "black bridge", where the Arkansas River is joined by the Purgatory. It was still full summer, hot and sunny. How would I hold up, I wondered. But the regular and intense exercises I'd maintained while at C.S.P. had put me in the best physical shape of my entire life and I took the walk just as though I'd never been away, indeed, just the way everything else was to go.

Afternoons at Helen's were spent in going through piles of packages and mail that had been accumulating for me over the months. It was good to be back. Nothing had changed except that Orvis was gone. And it was one morning very soon when Helen and I made the drive out to the little cemetery where he was buried. It was here I said my final goodbyes to my friend and took a few pictures.

There were the two faithful friends I'd had back before the arrests that were also around to greet me and to keep me company in the evenings. For some reason, however, during that first week, I found myself absolutely exhausted by five or six o'clock. Probably too much, too soon. But I loved it all. Very quickly, my friend had located for me a most suitable apartment situated only a few doors away from him and over what had been the town's theater.

With the loan from Helen of some lawn furniture and the loan from my friend of a futon bed, plus a damned good clean-up job of my own, the place became home. The next evenings were filled with the sorting and filing of a ton of backed-up paper work. A new routine was soon established. Sleep in, have coffee and a roll, tend to some chores, then meet my friends just down the street for lunch at a restaurant. I was beginning to tell myself that, yes, I could see myself in this arrangement for the next two years, or until my parole was up.

For the time being, I had been instructed to telephone in my parole report to the Pueblo office as well as to report to the local sheriff's office. All the while, my parole officer still was unavailable. Well, I thought, this was certainly smooth enough. And I had been prepped for a

hell of a time of it while on parole.

The time came after two weeks to go and retrieve all of my stored belongings from Denver. The timing was due to the availability of another good friend from the old days in Las Animas who only was able to get time off work then. A call to the Pueblo office that I would need to be in Denver collecting my things on a certain day was met with an easy approval from the supervisor himself.

The reunion with my friend was joyous as was the trip to Denver itself. The first thing to do was to have him enter the room alone, gather up the firearms and take them downtown to sell as I now was forbidden to own guns. I waited at a restaurant while he took care of this. Then into the room myself. There was the empty can of Mountain Dew I'd left atop my bookcase that day in April of 1995 when I was so ill and when I was thinking what a glorious day it would be when I again saw that can. The place had been untouched. But what a source of concern it had been throughout: What if the rent were not paid on time? And what if there were a break-in? Now all of that was over.

For the rest, it was the same arduous labor as it had been getting it all there. It required so long that some of the crew pitched in to help us so that they could get out of there on time and go home. With my friend in the truck and me in his car, we departed Denver very late, very tired. The trip back to Las Animas was reminiscent of those journeys made through the mountains of West Virginia in the days when trips from Chillicothe to Arlington, Virginia, were undertaken on a regular scale. The trick was to remain awake at the wheel.

We made it, thoroughly exhausted. There would be no unpacking until the next day. I collapsed into bed soaked in my own sweat and chilling badly.

On the next day I began to unpack. A long, u-shaped hallway and a very long flight of stairs had to be traversed for each box-load. And the boxes appeared to be endless. Before it was all over, my legs were in rebellion, not wanting to take stairs anymore. But I managed to force them to go on until the task was over and I was able to return the truck not far down the street. Truly, one more hurdle had been overcome and now really nothing stood between me and making this place my new home.

Carrying on with seeing my friends and acquaintances each day, handling chores, etc., and then doing some of what I loved best which

included positioning furniture, stacking books, etc., all toward turning that place into an attractive and well-organized home. I was feeling well satisfied with the progress that had been made.

At one point I found myself back in La Junta at the courthouse where I bumped into my old public defender. We shook hands and he commented that I looked fine except perhaps for some paleness. My purpose for being there was to gather up my file from his office so as to have a more nearly complete record of the goings-on of three years before. He indicated it would take some time to put together but that he would get on it.

Regular walks around Las Animas would bring me back into random contact with people from the past. The wife of the local dentist who also ran the antique store met me with a big hug.

The fellow with whom I'd shared my first thirty days of confinement in the county jail greeted me with a wave and a hello as we passed crossing a street. In fact, there were no unpleasant encounters of any sort.

Finally I did make contact with my parole officer on the telephone - a female named Weatherford - and she indicated that she would indeed be in Las Animas for the next regular parole meeting. Also, that she would want to come and inspect my new apartment on that day. All of this sounded perfectly fine to me and so a time was set to meet at the apartment.

The day came and the hour came. I looked down to the street and saw a car pull up in front of the building. I went down to greet whoever it may be. It turned out it was the parole officer along with the new county sheriff. So far, so good. I led them into the building and up the stairs, through the hallway and into my apartment. And there is where the mood changed.

I was instructed to have a seat in the living room while the sheriff covered me and she basically rummaged through my place. At the end of it, I was informed that I had the weekend to get myself relocated to Denver or violate my parole. That, of course, was an impossibility. Next, I was instructed to be at the sheriff's office later that same afternoon. They then departed. I was left with that old, familiar feeling that trouble was here, only to become much worse and very soon. A sicker feeling I cannot imagine.

I quickly found my friend down the street and as I gave him the

news I also entrusted him with a list of names and addresses I felt I'd soon be needing. I telephoned the public defender in La Junta and told him that I fully expected to be re-arrested that same day. His response was that, under the circumstances, he couldn't defend me but that to, under no circumstances, allow them to make me "go off". I tried to call Helen but she was unavailable so I left a message for her.

As the time neared to report to the sheriff's office, I told my friend that if he hadn't seen me by a certain hour, he could be sure I was under arrest at the jail and to go forward with the few instructions I'd given him. We parted at the coffee shop very near the sheriff's office and I went to see just what was waiting for me.

A learning experience, indeed. I quickly realized that this woman, actually a Hispanic who, by virtue of her office, was then and there the boss even over the sheriff and his deputies. She had taken over the use of the office of the sheriff and, as I was escorted in, it was no time before I knew what was going on. I was being charged with a laundry list of supposed "parole violations" and was indeed being re-arrested. I'd been out for exactly three weeks.

The deputy was instructed by her to keep me in isolation and away from any telephones. She was rather disturbed when she learned that I'd already made all the necessary calls. She demanded to know to whom but was to be left wondering. I was deposited in the old, familiar isolation room. Then she took every available man and went and raided my apartment with great show and ceremony for the public. So here was the reality, I thought. To not "go off", indeed. I wasn't about to do that but I did wonder about what the average person might do under identical circumstances. The object, of course, in the absence of anything real, is to get you to dig yourself in deeper by reacting as a normal person might be expected to violations of all law and all decency so gross and so flagrant as to be positively surreal.

Nothing to do now but wait and allow the situation to ripen and clarify. I was back "home", in a manner of speaking, in surroundings most familiar. On the television set I was able to catch one of my very favorite shows from my C.S.P. time, "All Creatures Great and Small". The old jail house kindnesses weren't absent, either, as the other few inmates brought me some cold soda and a few friendly words. As far as I can recall now, I passed a peaceful night.

Whether it took a day or several days, I eventually was out of

isolation and into the block with everyone else. Here was that one, first step toward mitigating the circumstances. The first of what would be many.

Next came the news of exactly what had been going on outside in my absence. Just like back in Ross County during their assault of 1988, each one of my friends had been threatened and told that if they had any further contact with me, they'd be in very serious trouble. Happily, the only one this worked on was the one who'd helped me get my things down from Denver. With Helen Smith, it only made her angry.

And the fellow to whom I'd entrusted the list was right there the next day to visit, list in hand.

Very naturally, the female parole officer, when she'd drop around on Friday's, would want me to sign a paper, pleading guilty to all her bullshit "charges" against me, thus self-revoking my own parole and making her job so much easier. To this hideous, old harridan, the very image of the Whore of Babylon, I would politely decline, insisting instead on a full hearing and with counsel present. There were two problems with this, however. One, while under the parole authority, the State was not required to furnish one with counsel. And, two, should I hold out all this extra time and finally lose any such hearing, all such time would be counted as "dead time" and not go toward the killing of my parole. Outrageous to be sure.

Once or twice during the time I was still there at the Bent County Jail, another old non-White female would drop around all set for a "quickie" hearing in which I'd fast be railroaded straight back to C.S.P. (A person not out more than a year automatically would be returned to the same institution they were originally paroled from.) It took a little gumption to declare each time that I was not ready to go forward with any hearing due to the awareness that, by so doing, I could just be extending my time that I'd either have to put up with these people or remain back within prison. But it did strongly occur to me then, just as it had in 1988 that this whole scenario was just too filthy to succeed for them.

Somehow, counsel would have to be retained, or else. And merely treading water, or marking time with these people was going to net me nothing. Truly an unenviable position to be in. But, in the meantime, there was damage control to think of. Helen and my friend kept an eye on my apartment. I was happy that it was a second floor

dwelling and that the building manager lived immediately next door. As in the past, my greatest worry was not with myself but with my belongings and the danger posed by scavengers. I could actually see my building from the jail but, of course, was powerless to affect anything.

As always, I soon settled in. That finely tuned, well-oiled machine of correspondents had been disrupted and would need time to be reestablished, a task I went right to work on. In very little time I found that this new and by-the-book sheriff was as "queer" about political mail as had been any of the state-run institutions. Well, one more hurdle to deal with. I did get back into creative writing, something that had been neglected for the past three weeks. I learned that I had to rise before breakfast, make my coffee and have a candy bar, while I sat at a table near a window in order to have the peace and quiet necessary to do any serious thinking and writing.

Though not a smoker myself, the old building now was officially non-smoking and so there were regular "smoke breaks" when we would be escorted out back for the purpose. I always went along just for the fresh air. This new sheriff had put in a high chain-link fence around that back area obviously in order to tighten security. It just appeared tacky. He also had a new under sheriff, a man who had his own church congregation, and who was a genuine anomaly: Someone quite sincere. In our conversations he expressed his utter disgust at having to do the bidding of that foul, old creature from the parole authority and how, unless things changed, he was going to have to make a very serious personal decision. He meant that he was either going to have to serve God or the State, seeing as how their two interests were coming to diverge so widely.

The place began to crowd up and there were times when I was required to climb up atop the central, metal block section just in order to have some space and some privacy. At one point we got a fellow who properly belonged at the State institution just on the edge of town but who, at least, was expert in making bootleg wine. With my help, as I always gathered up all the sugar left from breakfast, he made us the best batch of wine I'd tasted in a very long time.

As it would go, just as I was really getting comfortable, the sheriff called me aside one day and informed me that he had insisted to the parole authority that they remove me from his jail. He kept repeating

that he was concerned over my safety despite my assuring him that there was no hint of any trouble and that it would have to be "his ass" that would have to come to my rescue, even though I was in need of no such "rescue". The date for my departure would be the following day.

What actually did it was an occurrence in Denver of which I wasn't even aware. I'd noticed most recently all of the deputies wearing black tape across their badges which, of course, meant a fallen fellow officer somewhere nearby. When I asked what was going on with that, no straight answer did I receive. But, sure enough, on the next day, three goons from the Pueblo parole office came to pick me up. After an hour's ride, I was unceremoniously deposited at the Pueblo County Jail. Back again was I at another old Alma Mater. And there was many a friendly, familiar face among the staff that I remembered from 1995. This wasn't going to be bad at all, I felt.

Right away, as soon as I was assigned to an initial pod, I got my hands on a copy of the Pueblo Chieftain newspaper and read the top headlines from out of Denver. It seemed that the local Skinheads there had been shooting it out with police and killing local coloreds. Someone had thrown a dead pig at the steps of one precinct headquarters and the police had barricaded themselves in using busses. So now it became clear: Those cowards in Las Animas imagined that it all might have been because of me and that they might have been next in line on the "Hit Parade". "My safety", indeed!

But, exactly as before, this was another step up in conditions. My old good fortune of landing with excellent "cellies" still held. Kindness and hospitality were the bywords here once more.

On the second or third day I was transferred out of that pod, dressed in reds, signifying high risk, and placed with the murderers, escapees, etc. It was lock-down, with only an hour out each day even though we all went together up to the roof for recreation. I was most unhappy that they put me in a cell without windows. Well, here again was the privacy that I so valued. And it was no time before I found that there was a most definite up side to my positioning.

Two very fine fellows in the cells to my left and right, along with me, came to be known as the "Three Caballeros". Just as before, conversation was easy over the tops of the cells and, as I was to learn, so was the passage of small, thin items. We shared much laughter, newspapers, coffee, etc., in this way. Truly, a small book could be

dedicated to the fun and the escapades, not to mention the comfort and comrodery, these two men provided. They were instrumental in making that period what it was: Actually a good time where it might well have been purely an ordeal.

We shared the holidays together there and it did occur to me at the time that the only bad holiday was an unmemorable one. These holidays were to be some of the most memorable of my life. I recall Andrew, to my right, was most susceptible to the games of the staff and went so far as to refuse Thanksgiving dinner because of this, even despite my urgings to the contrary.

Rob, to my left, kept generally in a good humor, joking and singing. Being the only one with funds, I surprised them both Christmas morning with loads of goodies I'd gotten from canteen just with them in mind. New Year's Day the staff provided a radio so that the pod could listen in on the football game.

There were, again, a couple of sweethearts, both female officers assigned to recreation duty. This went far in softening things up.

One of the most significant developments at this time was the offer from two new contacts on the east coast to start a website if I would write regularly for it. Yes, certainly. And so I was once again kept very busy.

But there was the outstanding issue of getting out of there. First was in ascertaining that, no, there was no way to get free representation. Second was in getting the names of attorneys who specialized in taking these parole hold cases together with their prices. One good contact –an investigative reported in Denver- who'd ran a couple of articles on me in the past but who specialized in exposing the excesses of D.O.C. provided me the name of the attorney who was reputedly the best in the state for these things. His fee, just to take me up, was \$600.00. Next, I'd have to raise the money.

The stress connected with all this, including the fact that just to get calls out of there was like climbing Mount Everest, would be hard to relate. Indeed, there'd been nothing like it since 1988. But, through the generous aid of a handful of friends around the country, the money was raised and the man was retained. Having dealt with attorneys the way I had, I knew instinctively that this man was a true winner. He passed off at the initial hearing because he insisted that the parole officer who had brought all this about be present in the room. And so we were set for

after the first of the New Year. I didn't mind at all.

As the guards who escorted me commented afterward, the hearing, held there at the jail, was more like a court trial, going all day as it did. The administrative law judge was a Negress but neither this nor anything else could bother me. I was in high spirits throughout. The State had a D.A. sitting in to oppose my attorney. My attorney had subpoenaed all of the people who had been threatened by the parole officer and that same parole officer was required to lean most heavily upon the D.A. to try to protect her from the high—intensity questioning of my attorney. Most of the time he was able to do her not much good. It was all most gratifying.

Issues such as my settling in Las Animas as being a violation of my parole conditions were dispensed with by having her read directly from my parole order instructing me to Las Animas. Possession of firearms, which was not only a parole violation but a felony in itself that could have gotten me ten years, was handled when my friend testified that he had gone alone to sell off my guns at my own direction. Things like possession of pornography (i.e., photos of former girlfriends) were pointed out to be ex post facto, meaning that there was no provision whatever regarding that in my parole order. And, of course, the standing order of "no contact with extremist groups", despite being unconstitutional, was gotten around by, fortunately, all their "evidence" being in the form of personal correspondence rather than anything official. That was the closest one.

In all, the parole authority was made to look like exactly what it was: Not only criminal in its operation but, worse, incompetently so. The Negress ordered me put back on parole and with no time lost to me. I was elated. My attorney said that I'd really won nothing I was still on parole. I, however felt very differently about it. And the several officers from the parole authority, as they filed out past us, were clearly chagrined. It was a glorious day and I took deep pleasure in recounting the day's events to my friends back in the pod.

My release wasn't to take place until after the full board could review the judge's findings which would be about another month. Again, I didn't care. One evening before I was to depart, the officer in charge of gang matters came into my cell to congratulate me on my win but to point out the closeness of the issue. He had in his hands some mail that had come for me that would have indeed cooked me had it been there

for the hearing. Ah, well. Too late now.

My general humor was bubbling for the next few weeks.

I didn't know my release date but assumed it would be about a month. In the event, two weeks before I was to go,

Andrew was taken out to go to D.O.C. His departure was sorely felt although I was happy for him that he was out of there. One week before I was to go, it was Rob's turn. One day we simply went to rec together as usual but when it came time to return, he had already been taken. All of these things gave the impression that here had been yet another episode which had been meant to take place exactly as it had.

It was an extremely fine February day when I was turned loose from there. Having gathered my things and dressed out, I stood on the street below and waved up to where my former pod was located and where I was certain some friends remaining would be waiting and watching for me. Then the cab and one more drive over to the parole office before leaving Pueblo for Las Animas.

Once more a restaurant on Pueblo's west side and once more a late arrival in Las Animas. But my apartment was all set, ready and waiting for me, exactly as it had been upon my sudden departure four months prior. Helen had kept up the rent as well as the utilities and there had not been any intrusions apart from those of the parole authority in October.

The catch to all this, if indeed it was one, was that the administrative law judge had concurred with the parole authority that I must relocate to a metro area for proper "monitoring", due mainly to the fact that I had come directly out of maximum security at C.S.P. However, she had granted me thirty days in which to arrange this. And so it was largely back to my former routine with my lunch-time pals while I repacked my things and attempted to make preparations to move, preferably, back to Denver.

Happily, I was given a different parole officer whom I had to report to in person each week by hopping a bus to nearby La Junta. An older White man, we got along extremely well. He had his directives, however, and was bound to stick by them however ridiculous they might be. Each one of the friends in Denver who indicated I could stay with them until I found my own place was shot down in turn upon investigation, either due to Movement connection or past felonies of their own. And time was coming down to the wire.

At length, I was reduced to scanning the local newspaper at the coffee shop to see what might be available, and affordable, in Pueblo. The cheapest thing I saw was an ad for a roommate for about \$375.00 per month. The ad stated to call "Lon" at a certain number. This I did only to be told by Lon that there currently were no vacancies but to keep the ad as people were constantly coming and going.

Now things were approaching critical. It was agreed that I'd have to go to Pueblo for a day and simply scout the place out. My friend had two acquaintances who were willing to drive me over as they had regular business there themselves. Of course, I'd kick in a little gas money. Turned out that this couple was a pair of Jehovah's Witnesses and they were sizing me up as one more convert. All well and good if it served my purpose and gave them something to vibrate about. The date was set.

It was now March and the weather was still fresh. Nonetheless, these folks only had a pick-up truck which seated three in front. My friend volunteered to ride in the bed covered with a tarp. A very friendly meeting had been arranged by my friend to meet and have coffee with several of his own acquaintances there in Pueblo at his favorite coffee shop. That and also a professional counselor friend of his who was willing to have me sit in on his regular sessions as part of establishing for myself a "paper trail" for a later claim for government benefits.

Now, before the day got too late, it was time to look for accommodations in earnest. My friend was adamant about us going over to the Bessemer section of town to start the search but I still had that ad from the paper and I wanted to check that out first. I telephoned the number, Lon answered again and this time said that, yes, he did have a room available. I got the directions and, as my friend was well familiar with the area, we made our way straight over.

To my amazement, we basically ended up right in the middle of that very same area which the cab driver had taken me through on that very first day that I had emerged from C.S.P. And, yes, it was situated only one block off of East Abriendo which I had thought to be so beautiful back in the summer. The walk from there to the parole office, and to the counselor's place of business, was an easy and pleasant one. Rather strange but without doubt agreeable, I thought at the time.

Lon himself was a nice enough chap and the room he presented to me was the premier one of the whole place. Right in front, with a huge picture window overlooking a lovely little park, and easily the largest

room in the house. Also the most expensive. But I calculated I could afford it if only there were never any fluctuations in my rental income in Las Animas. With zero hesitation, I took the place. Cash on the line and my indication that I'd be back in a week to take up residence.

Boxing all done up now, I secured the help of the building manager, a fine fellow named Rus, together with his truck, to help me now move all of my stuff, save that I'd be bringing with me to Pueblo, to Helen's garage to store it there. More tiresome work and there was a doubt that it all would fit into one-half of her garage, that half that Snuffy had previously used as his smoke house. But it did fit, barely, and there ended my stay at the theater apartment, a scant six weeks split neatly in two.

The same folks stood ready to move me and my things to Pueblo on the appointed day, for a reasonable fee, of course. I didn't take much more than clothing and a few pieces of electronics, especially my music, as the room, indeed the whole house, was already furnished. These same people, for some reason, fixed me up with an old, out-dated computer, together with its dot-matrix printer, for nothing. Well, I thought, perhaps it was time I got into word processing as part of my renewed writing.

Naturally, they tried their best to get me sucked into their own world of duped delusion with the Jehovah's Witnesses and I obliged them a couple of times by attending with them their gatherings. A learning experience, I told myself. Indeed it turned out to be. Grave error coupled with old fashioned brainwash. That was all. Race-mixing all the way, exactly like any of the rest. Turned out they were in Germany and anti-Hitler even before January 30th, 1933, exactly like the Jews and the Communists. And afterward, Hitler graced them with their own star and separate classification within the concentration camp system.

Well, I knew I had to terminate this whole charade just for my own sake. So I began forcefully injecting my own brand of identity whenever possible. That soon enough turned the trick. But before it was all over the couple spent one last evening with me in my room, thus sparing them the cost of a motel, while they attended a weekend meeting of their church in Pueblo. It was now April. Somehow, some other tenant in the house had turned back the thermostats and the night grew very cold. It was painfully cold on the couch where I was trying to sleep and I was instantly reminded of the night exactly thirty years earlier when, on a so-called "camping trip" on the outskirts of Chillicothe, I tried

to sleep in the 1949 Chevy of a friend only to damned near freeze to death.

Then, one morning in April, I received a call from Ed Reynolds' wife, Beth Helen, in Alabama, to inform me that Ed had passed away. He has been suffering from liver cancer for some time, just like Snuffy – except that Ed was only in his forties.- As one had observed even years before, Ed was a most definite favorite of mine. A real revolutionary and a Manson enthusiast even ahead of me. He was one of those who kept me cheered with regular correspondence at C.S.P. but it would take a book by itself to properly outside this wonderful fellow's life and career with the Movement. I was deeply saddened by his loss.

With that opening phase now past, it was time to get to really know Lon. A man in his early fifties, a native of Wisconsin, on the run from the child support people, and a former pseudo-Christian cult member, he took to my Identity and National Socialist philosophies like a duck takes to the water. He said that he never learned to hate racially until he first made it out to Colorado. And he said that he'd searched all his life for the meaning of it all, only to have me walk right in the front door with it.

Lon, as it turned out, had not only come to Colorado to escape crushing, ruinous child support payments, he had come to die once he learned that he had cancer. His object was to see some of the country before dying and to breathe a little bit free. He had drifted into this very house a year before and had ended up managing it on his own. He was a former football jock and still visited the gym and bicycled regularly. Indeed, he looked the picture of health. His cancer, for the moment, seemed dormant, if not in remission.

The fact was that I was beginning to love my life in Pueblo. The parole reports to this new officer were a breeze. My neighborhood was utterly lovely. I discovered to my delight that the twice-weekly meetings at the counselor's were the perfect place to meet women and, for the duration there in Pueblo, I was never hard-pressed for a dinner date. My writing picked back up again, especially where the website was concerned and I busied myself entering it all into the "new" old computer. That plus I was assuming more and more responsibility at the house itself.

One potential glitch arose when my parole officer told me that the deadline for having my own phone line installed was approaching.

The reason for the supposed necessity for this was their insistence that I wear a leg monitor for a specified period as part of "I.S.P.", or Intensive Supervision Parole. At the last moment, Lon indicated that there was an unused telephone line under the house and, via a contact made through that earlier coffee house gathering, we were able to get it "hotted in", get my leg bracelet on - which monitored via the phone line which had to be private - and thus beat the deadline.

One undeniably major facet of the Pueblo stay was the weekly sessions I was required to endure downtown at one court-ordered "therapy" gathering. Parole, it must be realized, is no more than the dream of the bureaucratic opportunist to make money off of the unfortunate. In line with this were the weekly "urinalysis" that I was required to undergo, and to pay for despite the fact that my so-called "crime" had nothing to do with either alcohol or drugs. It was all a matter of money. Two Jews had set up shop to "specialize" in this pseudo-science, a male and a female, and to shake down those who could least afford it, lest they be sent back to prison for "non-compliance".

Right away, I compared it to being held captive by the North Koreans with their demands of "tell it all", "admit all of your guilt". Well, just for their benefit, I invented a few things but held back quite a bit more. I felt so sorry for the rest who were incapable of fathoming such genuine depravity. For these were the renowned "group sessions". The first portion of every gathering was devoted to the sending down the line of all the cold cash. There were a couple of easily identifiable "lap dogs" who, as I later learned, had been deprived of seeing their families unless they sufficiently kow-towed to these evil Jews who were fairly adept at playing the "Good Cop, Bad Cop" game.

So much for game-playing. I determined early on that I could with ease keep up with this.

Lon took off once for a cancer clinic in the North West and I was left in charge of the house. There was a three-bay garage in the rear that we decided we would convert into extra apartments in order to increase the monthly income. While Lon was away, I pitched in and cleaned the place up. It occurred to me, even in the summer heat, that here I was, back down an alley, in a garage, and loving every minute of it.

The happy stories that could be recounted about my time in Pueblo could easily, once again, fill their own book.

Lon had been into paint-ball maneuvers, if that is the proper

term, back in Wisconsin and he still retained all of his rather expensive equipment. Another of the people I had met at the coffee shop meeting happened to own some vacant land on the edge of town and Lon and I, together with another of the tenants, journeyed out there one fair day to check out its suitability for paint-ball action. Lon was beaming with enthusiasm and kept repeating that the location was "kick ass", "really kick ass!"

There was the time when Lon showed me the basement under the house, the entrance to which was well concealed under the large closet that he claimed as his own bedroom. Here, according to him, I might hide out should the parole authority ever come after me. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart while knowing full well that it just didn't work that way.

In fact there was the occasion when one of our tenants, also a parolee and a hopeless alcoholic, came into my room one day to inform me that he was going to jump parole and disappear the next day. I informed him of the risks, of which he already knew, and gave him all my best wishes, assuring him that the parole authority would get no help from anyone here. It took several days thereafter but, rather late one July evening while one of the girl hangers-on and I were sitting on the front porch, a late-model car slid into place and I quipped to her, "Uh, oh! It's a drive-by shooting."

She said that it must be for next door. But out of the vehicle stepped four figures who headed our way across the front lawn.

It was four parole officers come to check out Ben's room, the fellow who had booked out on them. They really loved to throw their weight around. Of course, no parolee has any rights whatsoever. So I pointed out Ben's former room to them and they entered. Unbeknownst even to me was that Lon had decided to take advantage of a full-size vacant room in order to spread out a little bit and was in there, in bed, asleep.

Lon had a rude awakening. And let us just say that his reaction had all four of those flaming fools fingering with their gun holsters. Fucking cowards! Afterward, following their departure, Lon and I mused that, crammed together there in that narrow hallway with its tight twists and turns, those bastards would have been real meat for a man with a shotgun. Anyway, they would remember Lon. And Ben was picked up within a month, in Denver, under a bridge with some other drunks.

Time came for Lon to enter the hospital there in Pueblo for some serious cancer treatment, which, of course, meant little more than poisoning. Again, I was in charge of the house. By that point I had made up my mind to try to buy that place through the sale of my own houses in Las Animas and make my future there, so well had I adapted. I loved my life.

Came the fall and the breezes began to change. Lon was in great pain now and the cancer had spread. He had an erstwhile girlfriend back in Wisconsin plus a duplex house that he decided now it was time to return to. That plus seek hospice help. He told me he was going to depart and leave me the house as my own "cash cow", as he put it. One evening he sat down with me and divided the funds on hand, leaving me with enough to keep going while he took the rest. He was in such pain that getting behind the wheel of his car was a major effort. We took time for one photograph.

That same October I was assigned a new parole officer and, at first, that seemed to not make any real difference. I had successfully completed my period of "I.S.P." and was free of the leg monitor. But, as the weather turned chilly, things were worsening. The sessions that I had found so positively compelling, even joyous, at the one counselor's were now dead and dry. And news from Helen was that the tenants weren't paying their rent on time. The old happiness was gone. I had an unsure feeling.

Halloween was approaching and houses were all decorated. Nonetheless it was a warm and blustery day when I planned to meet with a girlfriend not far down the street. That day also was supposed to be a parole report day but, upon telephoning in, the parole officer said that, since we had met only the other day for some reason or another, that I needn't bother coming by. And, since I had a pocket-full of cash on me, I decided to take a walk into the downtown and pay a month's rent on the house in advance.

Upon returning, a call came in from a prospective tenant who was to take over Lon's old "room". In fact, he had been referred by the parole office. In mid-conversation, the front screen door burst open and there was an army of police, led by the new parole officer, with guns drawn and ready to fire. "Put the phone down and turn around!"

I was cuffed, seated on the front room couch with one officer in attendance while the rest rummaged my room in search of "evidence".

They had waited until Lon was gone and until the house was absolutely vacant before they struck. Richard, the one who had accompanied Lon and me to the country that day, appeared in the midst of this and was told to go to his room and remain there. No word of what this was about was forthcoming.

It was back once again to the Pueblo Jail. Of course, I realized that that phase was over with. Now, again, it was time for damage control.

Being booked in, I was allowed my phone call. I of course telephoned the house. Richard was there and answered the phone. Among other things, I informed him that I had only that day paid the next month's rent on the house and not to worry about that. But that, in the interim, until this was sorted out, he was the new boss. Lon had left the number of his Wisconsin girlfriend and I told Richard to contact them and inform them of the situation. Finally, I asked of him to please take care of my personal things as I had brought from Las Animas, much by way of Party archives and Third Reich collectibles, etc. He indicated that he would secure them in Lon's room.

From there, it was a matter of waiting for the third time in the holding cell for processing in and wondering what had triggered this sudden assault. After the evening's meal, I was called out by a friendly and familiar officer from times past and, in the course of the old routine, I was amused and pleased to discover that I had on me the money with which I had been expecting to pay for my next so-called "therapy" session with the two Jews. Well, they wouldn't be seeing this and I was all set for my first and emergency canteen order while there.

On up in the elevator and to property, where one's personal effects were stored until release or transfer. The Mr. Smith who was in charge of property was willing to allow me to keep the sheet of paper containing my most important addresses and phone numbers, a clear violation of the rules but the kind of gesture one might hope for from a decent man like that.

And I was able to catch the lady in charge of canteen on the fly and prevail upon her to get me in on tomorrow's delivery on my assurance that I did have funds now on the books. This saved a week's wait for the essentials of stationery and postage, etc., not to mention debit phone time. It was good to have made acquaintances from times before.

Back into reds and back into my old pod. In fact, I at first was placed back in my old cell, the one with no windows. It was bitter-sweet to be back there again. I said my silent hellos but was not relishing the thought of being there for an unknown period of time with no view to the outside. But no sooner had I done all that than they came for me and moved me down the line, to the cell they had referred to as "the penthouse", due to the odd positioning which gave it not one but five narrow windows. I felt much better. A friendly fellow next door named McMurtry and even one across the corridor who was a member of the Movement, called "L.A.", who had even known Pastor Robert Miles of Michigan.

On the second day, the rat parole officer came by. Though he wouldn't disclose the reasoning or the timing for that absurd swoop, I finally was able to figure it out. The night before one friend from Ohio had called me on the private line that had initially been installed for the leg monitor but which had been kept even afterward. The house phone was not bugged, I can assure you. But my own line was. And this person, innocently but carelessly, asked about whether or not

I had recovered my pictures. As carefully as I knew how, I told him that it was a ping-pong game between me and the police. Well, that was it. Here once more they saw their opportunity to make a big kill.

But the parole officer was there to inform me of the charges he had assembled against me, to tell me that the board was meeting tomorrow in town and that if I self-revoked now, he would guarantee me fast action, with little or no time lost. I asked about any property of mine seized. He outlined the extent of that. One, I thought they had me much more solidly this time, especially on the "no extreme groups" business. Two, I didn't have the heart to ask my friends for more money. Three, I was unwilling to gamble any further regarding the safety of my things in my absence. And, four, I was now very "short" on time remaining to discharge parole, unlike before. I stipulated the return of my property and a swift removal to D.O.C. in exchange for my self-revocation. He agreed and I signed.

Concern number one was my things still at the house. Richard was a good man but no more than a wage slave and he couldn't stand guard over them. To lose any portion of that material would render the whole thing as an unmitigated disaster.

But while all that stung my brain, another of those little Gideon

Bibles came sliding under my cell door. I didn't know whether I had it yet in me to delve again into the Bible as I had at D.O.C. and again at Pueblo the year before. Frankly, I didn't believe I had anything more to do or to discover there. In the event, I was wrong.

Fingering through the tiny, onionskin pages as I lay on my bunk, I somehow stopped in Acts at this one verse:

"And when Paul was now about to open his mouth, Gallio said unto the Jews, If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you:" - Acts, 18; 14

Immediately, this clicked with that famous quote from Mein Kampf wherein Hitler queried whether there ever was any filthy or nefarious activity wherein one couldn't find at least one Jew at the bottom of. I was rather struck and even amused by this. And I wondered whether there might be more like it concealed in those many pages that few have it in them to transverse. Well, unbeknownst to me then, I had just been introduced to the real meaning behind this whole exercise.

Another area I didn't feel I had the stuff in me to pick up with again was the business of regular, strenuous exercises. I half-heartedly attempted some push-ups on the cell floor but soon abandoned it.

The news from the house was truly heartening. Richard had contacted Lon and he was coming back from Wisconsin to put things in order, not only at the house but with regard to my personal things still left there. I was struck with awe at this demonstration of faith and determination.

The last time I saw Lon face-to-face was in the visiting room of the Pueblo County Jail. Of course he indicated that should anything be missing, there wasn't not a thing he could do about it at this point. That was understood. But he would collect it all up and take it back to Helen's garage to be stored safely until I was out to take care of it myself. I thanked him, blessed him and wished all good luck to him. From that point onward, I felt much better. As it turned out, Lon asked over the phone for me to compose an inventory list for him to work from in gathering together all my things from not only the house but the garage as well. Everything checked. It required two trips back and forth to Las Animas, with Lon in pain the whole time, to get my things stored once again with Helen. That plus the filthy pigs coming around the house to, true to pattern, threaten both Lon and Richard as they devotedly took care to cover me in my time of disadvantage. Heroes do still exist.

True to his word, the parole officer had me transferred out of there in only about a week. And I was feeling much better.

The Bent County Jail, the Pueblo County Jail and now D.R.D.C. once more. I now felt that this was going to be a fast-forward "sentimental journey" of the entire D.O.C. experience for me. I was rather looking forward to it. By having gone to C.S.P., I had missed the "pony ride" that had been promised by that one probation officer back in Las Animas. Now that I'd been out for more than a year, I was not going back to C.S.P. and could now catch that ride I'd missed before, that is, the going from one institution into a less secure one by stages. In fact, I felt it was going to be sweet. I had well under a year left to go.

The old, familiar places and faces. Knowing the routine, knowing that this was indeed "it". Knowing that things were secure on the outside. It was sweet and going to get sweeter.

Thanksgiving was spent at D.R.D.C.

Then on to Cell House Five once more. How I had enjoyed the place before. This time was even better. It was a mild December and we spent a lot of time out on that same yard I had liked so well. There was even one female guard from my time at C.S.P. there and we greeted one another with smiles and handshakes.

Then time to go on to our respective institutions where we'd be spending the bulk of our time remaining. I was greatly dismayed when I learned I had drawn Limon facility in the north-eastern part of the state. This place was only one step down from maximum security - close security - and was known throughout the system as the "death camp" due to the many killings it had had in its short existence. Well, no use arguing. I was off.

As it turned out, I needn't have worried. And although my own pod had been nick-named the "thunder dome", never throughout my whole stay there did I witness so much as a fist-fight. All the problems of the past had been due to a completely raw staff who knew nothing of how to run the place. And the reason people like me were there was to break up the chances of prisoner unity as no parole violator was going to stick his neck out the way a lifer might be expected to. It was all psychology. And it worked.

Christmas was spent in lock-down while the prison took time to evaluate each of us new arrivals. It had been my incredible good fortune

to have gotten as a cell mate the one fellow who was transferring to another institution and who had with him his television. His television and my money on the books made for a jolly Christmas for us both. Tim Kelligan was his name. He quipped that his name probably did him no good with the parole people as it sounded too much like "kill-again".

Right after the holidays, it was over to my permanent spot. Big, modern, airy, bright. Huge common area with real chairs, a bank of telephones, television, a microwave, an ironing board, etc. And out in the corridor which one could gain access to just by waving at the guard box, pop and ice cream machines. The same lovely, green central courtyard, as at D.R.D.C. one crossed regularly each day to and from chow and also anytime he had occasion to see a doctor, a barber, a case manager or to report to his job assignment. A gymnasium and a magnificent yard that I took many a lap around. I could savor the aromas of the meals cooking as I walked, enjoy the sight of the many wild rabbits, as well as much happy conversation with walking partners. But mainly I recall thinking back and ahead regarding my Colorado experience. It was a good feeling that I received.

There, of course, were the cellies. "Little Red" was there at first to greet me. A comic character with his fiery, red hair and goatee beard. One more who had his own television. I was soon to purchase my own, along with an FM radio, coffee pot and all other amenities available from the canteen.

As I was situated on the ground level and actually had a preference for the upper bunk, my succession of cellies was fairly steady due to the fact that they'd naturally give preference to the disabled for the bottom floor and bottom bunk. There was Larry who couldn't shut up and who was obsessive-compulsive over cleaning the place constantly. There was the kid, Rino, who got himself so hopelessly into debt that they had to pull him out suddenly one night and transfer him away just to save his life.

But my favorite, final and cellie of greatest duration was John. Another comic-looking character that resembled a rabbi with his bearded appearance entered the cell with a prepared statement which obviously had been composed with people like Larry in mind. Soon enough he realized I was no Larry and we hit it off wonderfully. I recall that John and I let ourselves be talked into allowing our cell to be used as a wine-making operation as we were two older White guys who not only were

not "heat waves" but who had just been shaken down and could expect to be in the clear for awhile.

Getting the stuff from the kitchen taped to legs under the jumpsuits was no problem. In order to get it all together in the cell, in a close security setting, without causing suspicion required making a major production number out of it. Literally tearing everything out of the cell and into the common area as though to give the cell a thorough cleaning was the ruse. And it worked. John insisted we use his foot locker to hold the brew as, in case of detection, he would claim all the credit, thus sparing me from a fresh charge of introducing contraband. He himself was doing a hundred years for the manufacture of meth-amphetamines.

The great amount of water was brought in via the mop bucket lined with a clean trash bag. The foot locker was lined with several trash bags of the heaviest, industrial gauge. The odor of the fermenting mix would be the deadliest give-away danger. As the days and weeks wore on, we would soak toilet tissue in shampoo and place that under the air intake. It worked.

Far tougher than the first day was the day when it came time to get rid of the stuff. We had to repeat the three-ring circus scenario of tearing out the contents of our cell in order to first draw and then distract attention from the guard box. (And you didn't know when they might be looking straight at you because of the two-way mirror blinds which always were drawn.) This time it was wine going out in the mop bucket instead of water.

But it was the stench of the alcohol which so alarmed me. This was horrible and it fairly filled the entire pod. Had any staff member entered at that point or even soon thereafter, there'd have been a general lock-down followed by a general shake-down and it would have been sheer hell. But no staff member did enter until the odor had dissipated and not a single man raised an eyebrow throughout the whole operation. Once it was all over, one Black inmate commented to me that they all had been concerned over the past weeks that I might get caught up in a nasty affair and get more time added to me. So everyone knew. But nobody told.

When the same individual approached us later, asking if we would conceal a "tat" gun for him, a homemade device for doing the lucrative business of tattooing, we politely declined.

John ate little and slept most of the time. I think he was willing

himself to die in the face of that crushing sentence, his first appeal of which was turned down while I was still there. Most afternoons while he slept, I would be at the desk writing.

I had found at the library there a copy of Mein Kampf. As I hadn't read Mein Kampf in twenty years or more, I thought now would be the perfect time. And as I read I was receiving the eerie feeling that I'd read this or that or this quote, rendered in different words, in the Bible. Here we were back with that piece from the Acts that I had stumbled onto while still at Pueblo. While I had been at Pueblo the fall of 1997, I had combed the Bible out for all racial and anti-Semitic content and had composed my, "One-Verse Charlie's". Now I was going to comb out Mein Kampf for every Biblical parallel that it might contain.

In short time I came to realize that here precisely was the reason for this whole exercise, right from the days of the first stirrings of trouble in Ohio and up to the present.

I was uncovering the truth like a kid in a candy store, as close to the complete truth as it is possible to come. And it could have come in no other way than this route I had taken and which, even now, was approaching its close. So obvious yet so hidden. Like the pyramids, apparent to a blind man. Yet what was the meaning? The implication was as shattering as it was reassuring. The Bible, Mein Kampf. The same book. The same author.

The title of the work came to me in a flash, "The Theocrat". Completion of this piece was part of the late spring of 1999 there at Limon. I knew I'd done something.

Naturally, people were constantly coming and going in and out of the pod. One day as I was roaming the large common area, I caught sight of a new person to have just joined us. Another red-headed youngster who was seated at one of the tables, laboring intently over some paperwork. Not trying to spy, I couldn't help noticing that the very large script he was putting down there on paper was anything but the Roman alphabet. I had to inquire. Seems he was from the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea and this was ancient Gaelic, which he was fluent in.

"Tell me," I asked, "is it true that ancient Gaelic and Hebrew are closely related as I've heard?" They were, indeed, according to him. Fantastic, I thought, to have something like that confirmed in person right there at Limon. He and I talked much about the slippage of the culture, etc. As steeped as he was in his own heritage, a thing most highly

commendable, he nonetheless was no racist and no anti-Semite. He would take greater umbrage at the thought of the English impregnating a Celt centuries ago than one of these Blacks or Browns doing likewise with a White specimen today. Beats me.

But my case manager had promised that he'd put me in for pre-release camp when my time remaining grew short enough.

And it was approaching about that time. The kid and I arranged to keep in touch. Fortunate thing, too, as, without warning, our cell was kept locked one morning as they had me prepare to be shipped out.

Everything off the shelves and out of the foot locker and into those renowned heavy-gauge plastic bags. The appliances, the mattress, the bedding, etc., all off onto a dolly. As I hastily packed, I was saying my goodbyes to John and the rest of the crew. I thanked them each one for having made the stay there a genuine pleasure for me. Then off alone with the dolly and over to receiving. And I said my silent farewell to the place itself as I crossed that green for the last time.

It was the middle of June but a dark, cold and rainy day. I wasn't the only one heading for the Canon Complex on the other side of the state and there were inventories, etc., to be taken care of. We were each given a military style duffle bag in which to stuff out smaller things. The rest were boxed. At length, the waiting around was over, our things were placed in the rear of a van and we took our seats. I knew what a turning point this was. The next such one would be to final and absolute freedom.

Wonderful to be on the road again but especially for this particular purpose. This was surely the cake and ice cream part of anyone's prison stay. The object of pre-release was to place those who had sixty days or less into an environment of the least possible security as preparation for return into the civilian world, in order to lessen the "shock". But, as I'd previously re-entered the "world" straight from out of C.S.P. the year before with no need whatever for any adjustment, this to me was only a joke. But it was that part I'd been cheated of on the first time around. Now I was going to savor every moment of it.

I'd glimpsed the pre-release camp already in 1995 as I was on the way to Arrowhead not far away and we let off a few men destined there. It looked inviting enough then. Now my arrival carried a feeling with it something akin to every Christmas one has had as a child all

wrapped into one. Pure joy, in other words.

The front gate stood wide open as our van rolled in. With great informality we got out, gathered our gear, and headed for the larger of the two buildings there. "A" and "B" as I think they were called, they were two series of trailers that had been lashed together into longer, more permanently foundationed dorms. A little crude but certainly with a much homier feel than what I'd just left behind. And the whole place said "small" as opposed to the "massive" of the rest of the institutions. The home touch, again. Beautifully gardened and landscaped, with a fish pond in the center of the front turn-around area. I knew I was going to enjoy this.

I was assigned the room right next to the guard office. This would turn out to be handy at mail time and at meal time. This was cheap hotel living but I didn't mind. And, as back at Arrowhead, we had our own keys to our rooms. I set up my things and then met my cellie, another good White man named Dana. Then it was off to enjoy the yard in back of the place which was bounded on two sides by a lovely, wooded ravine. It was downright cold and I was required to wear my coat and hat. But I loved it.

At meal time we'd have to go over to the tiny chow hall by shifts, according to our room numbers. One soon enough caught on to which end of which trailer system went first and could position himself in the narrow hallway. The food was trucked over from Four Mile institution immediately next to us and then arranged buffet style. It never made for the best french fries, etc., but it certainly was "down home". For a couple of weeks, I put in my mandatory time helping out in the kitchen and I simply made fun out of it. I eschewed strapping the wads of roast beef to my leg as the rest were doing to take back to the dorm and either sell or consume. I'd already gained too much weight through living the good and easy life. But I did help myself to big containers of cold soda. The summer days soon grew hot. The little box fan I'd bought while still at air-conditioned Limon now was the life-saver I knew it would be.

This place was to be enjoyed. The weekly routine involved dropping off and then collecting up your laundry. One had to arrange for his own haircuts at the barber shop and the going tip was three tokens for a decent haircut. Every now and then across the intercom would come the announcement that all unassigned inmates were to go over to the rec hall and help unload the week's canteen. And canteen, as always

and everywhere, was a kid's pleasure. Standing in line outside the rec hall which also included the small library, waiting to file through to pick up my own canteen order, I would always glance to the rear, looking for another of the double rainbows over the dorms that I quickly came to expect.

I never missed a single Sunday of taking the van up to the chapel at nearby Skyline, the least secure of all the Canon prison institutions. A modern but rustic little place, it was situated atop a rocky knoll and with a breathtaking view of practically the whole of what I thought of as the Juniper Valley. This was heavenly.

Two occasions stand out in my mind from that series of visits. One, the day of my birthday, 1999, when, as we were standing and singing as we always did, I was conscious of my voice taking on a special richness and modulation which was causing me and I think the building itself to vibrate. Well, at least we all got special commendations that day for our vocalizations. The other time was when someone had laid out large, expensive-looking piles of posters of Jesus to be had for the taking. There were two separate piles. One pile containing posters of a White Jesus and another pile of Black Jesus posters. Otherwise identical.

Of course, these church people who would take turns coming through to "minister" to us were useless in their Judeo-Christian philosophy. I'd never been confused on that question. They were the very same bland and nowhere people I'd recognized as such in my earliest childhood and had rejected then and there for that very reason. Now here was the confirmation of it.

Bad enough is the garbage about "the church of your choice" meaning, I take it, that one which spouts some line that most closely approximates the person's own, private brand of superstition. My coming to understand the meaning of God's very name - "I Am That I Am" - clearly underscored to me that, certainly, there could only be but one truth, one reality, and that any variation from that could only equal falsehood.

Now they were admitting it. What were they really saying by presenting two opposite images of Jesus this way? One, they were admitting that they didn't know who he was and, two, they were admitting that, to them and to their philosophy, it did not even matter. Perhaps even that he hadn't genuinely existed but was nothing more than a fake "juju" to have anything read into it that the person wanted. The apex of untruth and un-wisdom. Well, at least there it was, out on the table, literally.

However, my own work was continuing unabated in this area. First to have dug out all the racial and anti-Semitic references, then to have made all of the parallels with Mein Kampf. Now to nail down positively what I caught as being the big, sudden "left turn" in the Bible that absolutely no one seems to be able to catch, thus rendering the book practically meaningless and giving rise to that superstition which they collectively call "Judeo-Christianity". And that "left turn" has to do with the slow evolution toward what became known as "Jews", the very term itself not appearing in the Bible until well into the second half of the Old Testament.

I remember the afternoon that I was seated at the desk, positioned as it was before the window overlooking part of the camp grounds, and, was doing a little rechecking in order to demonstrate a point that held that the Bible utilized a number of basic methods in order to establish its most heavy emphasis, one of these being repetition. I wanted to tell exactly how many times the accursed tribes of native Canaanites had been named prior to the first appearance of the word "Jew" in Second Kings, 16:6, because the Bible was telling us that it had been the absorption of these dark Canaanites into the Hebrew or Israelite nation that gave rise to racial Jews in the first place.

As I started counting up beginning with Genesis and was working my way toward the Books of Kings, I may have made it three-fourths of the way before it hit me that I was in the process of doing exactly that which Saint John had challenged the readers of the Bible to do:

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six."

Revelation 13:18

"666". It clicked in my head at that moment that three sixes equal eighteen and that it appeared for the entire world as though I was headed for a total of eighteen mentions of the Canaanites by the time I reached "Jew" in Second Kings. And that is how it did indeed work out. Hard to describe the feelings that were coming over me at that moment. What a discovery! What a crowning achievement to be winding up this prison odyssey with!

I put down my pen, pushed back from the table, turned to my cellie who was reading a paperback novel while seated on his foot locker and said, "Now you're going to be the second person to know what 666

means." He wasn't very impressed and commented only that it could be that or it could be something else. Well, no matter. I knew. The remaining few weeks there, not to mention the coming several months, the excitement of this was difficult to contain.

The case manager gave me my final out date: August 25th. That would mark the thirty-second anniversary of the death of Commander Rockwell.

One final change of cellies took place ahead of that time. Dana went out. A young kid came in named Chris Harty, tattooed in a manner so as to make his being a Skinhead all but impossible to miss. Many a good conversation was to take place before I was to go from there.

The phones there at pre-release were situated in the larger common rooms where the guys would gather to play cards, etc. One was required to have a finger in one ear while attempting to have a telephone conversation. But it was during these conversations that I managed to work out exactly what I'd be doing upon release. There would be several days spent in Las Animas while I lined up an attorney to get back from the police the very last of my photographs, etc. Then back to Denver to stay with a young couple I had befriended from my Capitol Hill days until I found my own place.

August 25th came as an anti-climax just as had the big departure from C.S.P. They would ask me, "Aren't you at all excited?" My response then as now was that I hadn't been excited coming in. Why would I be excited now? The feeling was a good one, make no mistake, but this was a transformation from one phase into another. The end of one challenge and the start of another. I greeted it but it held with it many an unanswered question.

That morning I dressed out, received my discharge papers, collected all my things in one big box, and then stood to wait outside the command shack until transportation could arrive to take me to the bus stop. Some pleasant goodbyes took place as I waited. The place was as sunny and welcoming as it had ever been and this was in no way a case of "good riddance" as far as I was concerned. It was one more very fond farewell.

A female officer came and drove me into Canon City, standing with me until the bus arrived. This time it was daylight all the way into Las Animas and I rode totally at ease with my thoughts as the familiar countryside rolled past. I'd spend the next three nights as the guest of my

friend from before who now had a commercial building about a half-block away from the bus stop there in Las Animas. I muscled my huge box up to his front door, pressed the bell, and waited until he roused himself to answer the door. It was the first of many good greetings that were to come over the next few days.

There was a short walk to the liquor store for a bottle of "Jim Beame" and some cold Coke to enjoy together in order to see whether my fears were correct and whether I had lost my tolerance for alcohol. No. It was still perfectly intact.

There was the reunion with Helen who had lined me up with a local attorney who I met at the courthouse and engaged to fire, as it were, the final shot in this war, the regaining of the very last of my confiscated things from the court.

Then it was into Helen's garage to try to pry loose a few more things to take with me to Denver. And there, too, were all the things that Lon had brought back down with him. This was all so very satisfying and gratifying.

The day soon came to hop the bus for Denver and the long ride, first west, then north, was as thought-filled and sweetly pleasant as any could be. It was dark when we arrived and my two young friends were right there, waiting for me with a handshake and a hug. It was good.

The two of them had only recently rented a small house for themselves on Denver's west side, on Hooker Street. They had visited me once while I was at the Harvard Street location in Pueblo where we had gone together to find for them a pit bull pup. The pup was grown now and most boisterous, indeed. On this stay, they found a companion pup for the first one and this only helped make the thirty-day visit there that much more fun.

Not since I had been a teenage kid in my first days with the Movement did I have so many ideas and ambitions bursting within me. I couldn't wait to get started. Mainly, it was the manuscripts that I had with me that I was burning to get published. But all this would have to hold until I could find my own apartment.

This was not proving to be easy. Prices had sky-rocketed in Denver during my absence and I soon was experiencing grave doubts as to whether I could make it there or not. At one point I despaired totally and decided to fall back again upon Las Animas and into my old apartment over the theater. That was until I reached my former landlord,

who was a Denver resident, who told me that the pipes had frozen and burst the previous winter, ruining the place. There was no retreat.

Just then my host, a computer and Internet enthusiast, found a listing identical to the one I'd seen before regarding Lon's place in Pueblo. We telephoned and learned that there was one room available. We got the location and my hostess said that it was five minutes away. She and I hopped in her car and went there immediately.

Nice house, nice neighborhood, personable landlord. The room would do well. After a short interview, I paid the deposit and the first month's rent and indicated I'd be back the next day. It took a short while for me to realize, in the daylight, that here was one more mysterious coincidence. Aside from having beaten out one other person for the room by a scant five minutes, it hit me that I had gotten to know this area while I was living on Capitol Hill. But it wasn't as clear-cut as just that.

Even though I'd maintained an automobile the whole time on Capitol Hill, if I were to venture off the Hill itself, in the heart of Denver, I was lost unless I had someone riding with me who knew the outlying areas. That was with one exception: That stretch of Alameda between what was the Social Services building on the east and the cluster of thrift stores on the west, a distance of about six blocks. This area I knew well. What I hadn't paid attention to until now was that the thrift stores were all located on or around Hooker Street, just to the south of where my two friends had their house. My new home was situated dead center, on Dale Court, between the Social Services, which now was Catholic Charities, and the two remaining thrift stores. I'd either walked or driven right by it dozens of times.

This was to be my happy home far out into the foreseeable future, indeed where these words are being written in the summer of 2003.

Gradually getting set up and savoring each small step of that. Feeling the stability returning and coming to get used to the absence of all trouble.

I secured several IBM Electric typewriters from around the various thrift stores in the area, none of which worked but which cost next to nothing, and took them once again up the Hill to the electronics shop I'd dealt with years before. The man "Frankensteined" one good machine out of all of them, for me. I had sworn off of computers. But I knew I needed a good type-face, with a minimum of three fonts, in order

to prepare "The Theocrat" for private publishing before I could hope to attract a professional publisher. The next weeks and months were spent intensely setting up all of the material I'd composed over the past year.

In the end, it worked and you are holding part of the results.

At length, I sold the houses in Las Animas just at the point where they were reaching not only un-saleability but un-rentability due to the typical stuff most tenants are made of. And I even sold at a slight profit. What a blessing and a relief! As my own former Capitol Hill landlord had said to me when I recontacted him to see whether he still had anything available not only had he sold his apartment building, but, because of it, he was "getting younger every day."

It was from out of those proceeds that I was able to repay Helen all of the money she had gone to bat for me with over the years when my rents were erratic. I had made certain she was present in the title office that day for the disbursement of funds and I personally walked her check around the huge table, handed it to her with a kiss on the cheek and said that we had at last made it to this day. I was able to also repay each one of those who had so generously made it possible to have hired that splendid attorney and to beat that first parole hold. And, no, the State got not a cent of that ten thousand dollar fine they had levied against me in 1995.

The day came at about this same time when I, along with my attorney, went into the chambers of that same sentencing judge in Las Animas, together with the D.A., and I was handed back the very last of the photographic materials that they had been holding now for six years, it was sweet.

I was able to reach Lon a couple of times by telephone via his girlfriend and his hospice nurse in Wisconsin. His first comment was, "You're nothing if not diligent." I gave him all the recent good news, thanked him, and blessed him yet again. There soon came the time when he was no longer to be reached.

And there was the kid from Limon that I had exchanged a few letters with while at pre-release. He was now out of D.O.C. and there in Denver at the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization hold, fighting a deportation order. The long and short of that was, after an eighteen-month struggle with pro bono help from a very excellent attorney, he was able to remain in the United States.

But it was during one of the times I came out there to visit him

that I caught sight off to the far right of the visiting room a cute bushel of blond hair atop one of the jailhouse orange jump suits. A female, and a White one, in that place! She was classified an "O.T.M.", Other Than Mexican. Thinking now in increments of split-seconds because I instinctively knew that a matron would soon be coming to take her back to her dorm, no time was left to me to foul this up. Forgetting myself for the moment, I spoke to her as though she could hear me through the brick and the plexiglass. Snapping out of that, I spoke to my friend on our phones to ask her where she was from. A country in Eastern Europe. I then asked for her number so I could write her. She gave it right away and then she was gone.

I did write her as soon as I got back home. And she wrote right back.

We started visiting in the weeks she had left before she was actually deported.

In one of our early conversations, it came up about birthdays. She said that she and her two-year-old son shared the very same birth date. I asked what that was. She said, "April 20th."

That was January of 2000 and I had just met my wife.

The victory, the purpose, and now the reward.

There was that time, as I walked the yard at Limon during those days I was composing "The Theocrat", when I could imagine all of the saints as they jumped up and down on their seats in the cheering section over the work I was doing. It seemed well enough then.

But it was only to get better.

July, 2003, Denver