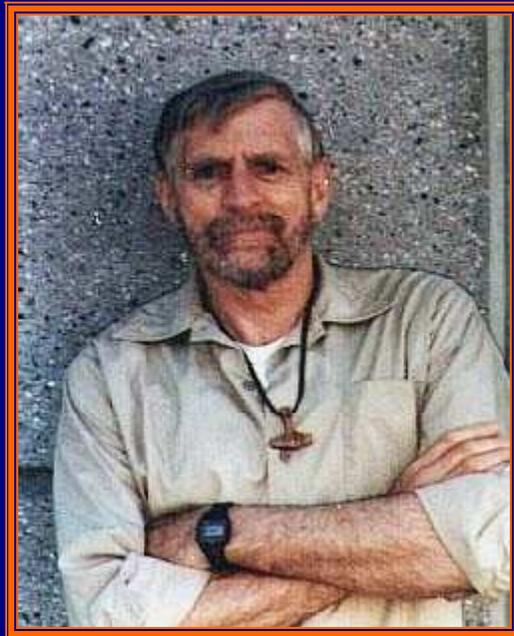


The Collection of the Works of David Lane



“We Must Secure The Existence Of Our People And A Future For White Children”

“Because The Beauty Of The White Aryan Woman Must Not Perish From The Earth”

“A People Who Are Not Convinced Of Their Uniqueness And Value Will Perish”

Table of Contents

Personal Articles:

[Autobiography](#)

[The Illegal and Malicious Imprisonment of David Lane](#)

[The Final Address of David Lane to the Court upon Sentencing](#)

Revolution by Number 14

88 Precepts

Poems

[88 Lines and 14 Words](#)

[Or was it just a dream?](#)

[Viking Princess](#)

[Goddess](#)

[The Nation's Faith](#)

[Let the Valkyrie Ride](#)

[Tall Man Crying](#)

[Revenge](#)

[Gods of Our Blood](#)

[Return of the Gods](#)

[Ode to Bob Mathews](#)

[Farewell White Woman](#)

Short Story:

[KD Rebel](#)

Pyramid Prophecy:

[Mystery Religions and the Seven Seals](#)

[Why Wotanism and the Pyramid Prophecy?](#)

[The Pyramid Prophecy](#)

Miscellaneous:

[The Death of the White Race](#)

[White Genocide Manifesto](#)

[Open Letter to a Dead Race](#)

[An Open Letter to the Reality Deniers](#)

[Reality Check](#)

[Betrayal](#)

[The Former Yugoslavia](#)

[Police Powers](#)
[What to Think vs. How to Think](#)
[Universalist Imperialism](#)
[The Price of Continued Reality Denial](#)
[Gates of the Mind](#)
[Wotansvolk](#)
[First Law of Nature](#)
[Race to Extinction](#)
[Sex and Women](#)
[England – Ireland – Scotland](#)
[Now or Never](#)
[Maynard C Campbell](#)
[Fanaticism of Desperation](#)
[Moral Authority](#)
[Modern Freemasonry](#)
[Drugs and Government](#)
[Misplaced Compassion](#)
[Technology Leads to Our Extinction](#)
[Intelligence Gathering](#)
[Security and Infiltration](#)
[Strategy](#)
[Polygamy](#)
[Adaptability](#)
[Then and Now](#)
[Valhalla: Fact or Fiction?](#)
[Who is White?](#)
[Wotanism \(Odinism\)](#)
[Wotanism Lecture](#)
[Counterfeit Culture](#)
[Reality Denial](#)
[Open Letter to McVeigh](#)
[PS: It Only Gets Worse Tim](#)
[Martyrs](#)
[New World Order](#)
[Guerilla Radio](#)
[Nature's Command](#)
[Misdirected Hate](#)
[Money](#)
[Crossing the Rubicon](#)
[Open Letter to All Christians](#)
[Dissension in the Ranks](#)
[Christian Rightwing American Patriots](#)

Personal Articles

Autobiography

Introduction

The near impossibility of ignoring one's own ego made an accurate recording of my own life a difficult task. The thinking processes of every individual are in the very nature of things influenced by our biological and egoistic essence. For example, one of the few memories I have of life with my biological family consists of struggle over what appears to have been our only toy. I remember the situation as one in which my older brother refused to let me play with our toy train. However, nearly forty years later when my biological sister was finally able to locate and reunite what remained of the family, she related that I was at least as selfish as any child tends to be. Still, I will do my best to relate this story with as little egoistic influence as is possible. The reader should, also, know that the whole story of my battle with the United States Government and the powers behind it cannot be told, or must be obfuscated. I was sentenced to 190 years in prison for not talking, so obviously there are things which must remain untold.

Additionally, to protect others who have interrelated with me during the past thirty years, my wording will be carefully constructed and one should, as they say, "read between the lines." I have had family and friends die, either provably at the hands of the Federal Government or in suspicious ways that benefitted my enemy. So, if it seems that I am not totally open, there are good reasons. The spirit of this auto-biography, my emotions and motivations, are absolute truth as best as I can relate.

Chapter One (Biological Family)

My own memories of life with my biological family are very limited. Practically all I know was related to me many years later by an older sister who spent much of her life in a determined effort to reunite her family. Apparently, a county courthouse had burned down containing records. An orphanage had suffered the same fate. And state records were sealed. At any rate, my sister after some legal shenanigans was able to locate three other siblings and our mother in 1979. It is from her research that I am able to tell of early events in my life. Mt father, at least of record, seems to have been a drunk, a scoundrel and a low-life of the worst kind. He met and married my mother about 1934. He was an itinerant farm worker about 30 years old and she was an uneducated fifteen year old farm girl. In the next few years they had four children, my older brother, Roger, who was two years my senior, my older sister, Jane, who is one year older than I, and a younger sister, Judy. I was born on my mother's birthday. The date was November 2nd of 1938, a Wednesday(Woden's Day), and my place of birth was Woden, Iowa. Thus, I use the pen name Wodensson.

My father, particularly when drunk, was a truly despicable creature. He sold my mother to his buddies and to strangers for booze money. He beat the entire family, often with a razor strap. In 1942 the family was living in a room over a hardware store in Woden. With no wood for the stove which provided the only heat during cold northern Iowa

winters, my brother Roger started a fire in the stove with available materials, including the razor strap. For this my father beat him so badly that he broke Roger's eardrums and he was deaf for the rest of his life. For this reason he was never adopted from the orphanage where we all ended up. He lived a tragic life. Still, he grew up to be a kind and caring man, the total opposite of our father. I became very fond of Roger after our reunion, as did our sister Jane. Roger was blown up and killed in a supposed accident during the trial of the Bruders Schweigen in Seattle after I had been warned by the Feds to "cooperate or else." Witnesses place Feds at the scene, but whether it was really an accident I doubt we shall ever know. My only memory of my mother is as a tall, severe woman who never smiled. I now know that she in fact was very short, but to a four year old all adults must seem tall. My father left his family about 1942. My mother tried to support us during these hard waning years of the depression by singing and playing guitar in a bar. But her income was nowhere near sufficient. What else she was forced to do, I do not know and do not want to know. After my father left he found another young girl to mistreat, and finally a brother of the new victim smashed his head in with a hammer, and Geerd went to wherever trash goes after death.

In the Spring of 1943 my brother was caught rummaging in a neighbor's trash can for potato peels with which he was supplying our family with food. This led to an investigation by county authorities and we children were placed in an orphanage. My mother traveled to California where she found work building Liberty ships for the great war to destroy the liberty of all men everywhere. But, of course, she had no knowledge of politics and like so many others of that era was just trying to survive. Eventually, she purchased a small home in Vallejo, California. But, first high taxes, then colored gangs combined to drive her out. Today, she lives in a public housing project where it is dangerous to step outside the door. My sister Jane is a dear lady who reared four children of her own. She now has health problems and I believe uses a wheelchair. She lives in Minnesota and has for most of her life. After she found me I told her much of the political realities of the world. For awhile she worked as a secretary at the Aryan Nations church in Idaho, but she is no longer involved in politics of any kind. My younger sister, Judy, is a sad tale on which I do not wish to dwell. She was raised to believe in the multi-racial nightmare of Judeo-America and Judeo-Christianity.

Chapter Two (Childhood)

In 1943 I was adopted out of the orphanage through a Lutheran adoption agency. My new father was a doctrinaire, fundamentalist Lutheran minister from the old school. He had a personality which practically no one could bear, so he was unable to "serve" any church for a period of time. Nonetheless, he was determined that being a "preacher" was his calling and he wandered the country from church to church. My new mother was an enigma. Both my new parents claimed Danish extraction and in fact spoke Danish. My new mother was a gracious and extremely intelligent woman. To this day I cannot fathom how she could abandon her own talents and ego to traipse about the country with someone I considered an obnoxious buffoon. But whatever their differences in intelligence or personality, there is little doubt they were totally dedicated to the rigid form of Lutheran Christianity they followed. I was soon subjected to endless hours of

services, of devotions, of vespers and matins, of prayers and bible studies, all of which I despised from the first moment. Jesus represented never ending hours of pure boredom. And there I find the first evidence of my calling and my struggle. From my first memories I was attracted to the names of the old Gods such as Wotan and Thor, whose names were spoken of as the vanquished. When adopted my father was pastor of a church near Morehead, Iowa. It was a charming building which sat on top of a hill and its steeple dominated the countryside. We lived in a primitive parsonage at the bottom of the hill. I remember when my father invented a system to let water from the outdoor rain barrel into a second barrel under the sink. With a small hand pump my mother could have the closest thing to running water in the kitchen sink. Other memories are of a mean rooster named Doubting Thomas. Every month or so my father would have to dunk him in a rain barrel and nearly drown him to keep him from attacking my mother or me. It never worked for long. Doubting Thomas was what some would call an "unreconstructible mean S.O.B." I remember, also, our underground root cellar for food storage. There was a time we hid there while the garage containing a Buick and hundred-gallon gas barrel burned. Most of all about the time in Morehead I remember Mary. My parents were determined that if I were to think about a girl, she must be a Lutheran. And for many years they were convinced the first love of my life was Rosalie, a little girl living nearby. But I had been to the first grade at the little country school and there I saw Mary. A little Catholic angel with blond hair, blue eyes and charms beyond description. I was totally enchanted. Looking back I believe it was an indication of what would become my life's purpose. Those who know about me know that purpose to be: "Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth." I have had a strange relationship with the women of our race from the beginning, something that transcends the purely sexual. Mary was my first love and is an image that I have always carried.

While in Morehead my new parents adopted a second child. She was an infant girl. Years later they paid for her "education" in a Lutheran college from which she graduated to the Lutheran Inner City Missions. In a year she was shacking up with Negroes and once married one. It is a sad story for which I blame an alien religion and an evil country. It is a story too painful to discuss at length. In 1944 the war to destroy the White race was in full swing and its tragic conclusion was inevitable. We moved to Clifton, Illinois where my father had secured another church. Of course my heart was soon filled with another little angel. Strangely, this one, too, was Catholic, Nancy by name. I was to find, also, that with each new school there were wars to be fought. The new boy had to fight, sometimes progressively up the ladder of ever older and tougher boys, until he was either the total victor or defeated. For a skinny kid I became exceptionally tough and a bit of a loner. In Clifton my nemesis was named Robert Montgomery. We had some good scraps before becoming buddies. Spring of 1945. I can place the time because my uncle visited wearing his navy uniform which was discarded immediately after the war. One memory stands out clearly. When Robert and I played soldiers I always wanted to be the German and proudly chanted "Heil Hitler" and "Sieg Heil" while giving the so-called Nazi salute. My mother told me to stop and even gave me a spanking when I would not. She regaled me with stories of the evil Germans and how they mass murdered Jews. I rebelled. Undoubtedly, without the vocabulary of an adult but with the uncontaminated mind of a child, I argued that it was not true. To me it did not seem logical or possible that mass

murder was carried out as described. Only years later in retrospect did it seem strange to me that this particular political argument was so important to a young child.

November 2nd, 1947. We were on the road from Illinois to Colorado; my father was in search of another church, or in the priestcraft terminology "a calling." As is the nature of a child all I remember is not getting a birthday present on the trip because there was supposedly no money. We ended up in Evergreen, Colorado for two years. The new love of my life was named Carol Ann Avery. I remember saving pennies for months and then finagling to get her name when the third or fourth grade class exchanged names to swap Christmas presents. I have often wondered how long that gold colored necklace lasted or if she knew how much it meant to me to give it to her. In 1950 we were again on the road, this time in Texas, searching for a "calling." No success, so we returned to Colorado to settle in what would become Aurora, which at that time had no more than a few thousand people and was almost all White. Many people did not even have locks on their doors. Of course, Fitzsimmons Army Hospital and Lowry Air Force Base provided the method for racial integration. Today old Aurora is all colored and no White person is safe. As I have pointed out before, nothing in politics happens by accident, and the so-called cold war between Communism and Capitalism was never anything but a ruse to use America's racially integrated military to mix races in both Europe and America.

At age twelve or thirteen I overheard a conversation that now sickens me. A young man was bragging of his time as a soldier in America's occupational forces in Germany immediately after the second World War. He told of how he could "have" German girls for a little bit of food or clothing. These were White girls of a proud and ancient people, the defenders of our race against such invaders as the Moors and the Mongols of Genghis Khan. And now they were reduced to selling their favors to barbarian, raceless, cultureless, American swine. In the mid-fifties I attended High School in Aurora, Colorado. Already though, I began to question the moral authority of the system. Although not clearly defined in my mind, I knew something was wrong. I was capable of achieving any grades desired but was not interested. As early as 1954 I remember teachers advocating the mixing of races into one brown mass. On a more personal level I became disenchanted with Capitalism, especially as it related to the sexes. As a poor boy I worked summers on farms, elsewhere during the school year. Meanwhile, the more privileged boys drove convertibles supplied by their parents, practiced sports to become the athletic stars, and got most of the pretty girls. It taught me a lot about human nature and female nature. While there are exceptions, women as a rule go with the glitter, the money, the power and the security. We can see it today as our women desert their race wholesale in favor of wealthy Jews, non-White entertainers, affirmative action favorites, colored athletes, and on and on. Calling me "sexist" as well as "racist" will not change facts. Between my junior and senior years I earned five dollars a week plus room and board working on a farm. That Fall I purchased a 1939 Plymouth coupe of which I was quite proud, though it was no competition for Bobby Moore's 1954 hardtop or Rich Jacquith's 1954 Pontiac convertible when it came to attracting girls. Don't get me wrong though, I met and romanced more than my share of pretty young ladies. I just want to point out that under the lauded Capitalism it is not the personal worth of a man that is regarded, but rather the depths of his pockets or of his parents' pockets. When we had our

own nations and a man acquired wealth through honest labor or from battle it was well and right for a woman to choose the most successful and even gage success by possessions. Under this system it is suicidal and destructive. It only points out again the need for a total revolution, political, economic and spiritual.

Chapter Three (Awakening)

A year or two after High School I went to work for the local power company and became an electrical trouble shooter. A year after that I married Mary Lou, who had been the head majorette with the Aurora High School marching band. Having little in common except that hopefully I was a good lover and she had legs that would raise long-dead monks from forgotten graves, the marriage soon dissolved. Still, in my own way I will always cherish Mary Lou. In fact, I still care deeply for all the ladies I have shared times with over the years. In the early sixties I first became aware of how corrupt America had become. Cover-ups in the Kennedy assassination and the Vietnam affair made it apparent that powers alien to America's claimed role were running things. Sealing records in the Kennedy case, for example, was to me sufficient proof of something fishy. In a truly free society the government does not conceal anything from the people. At this time I was introduced to the biggest bunch of airheads and reality-deniers in history, the John Birch Society. They spent their time telling people that their great enemy was communism and that the real powers behind communism were the "liberals" and the "liberal media" controlled by some ethereal "Eastern establishment" in New York, therefore, we must be prepared to bomb Russia. And that is barely the beginning of their nuttiness. One thing of benefit did come from my association with this bunch of whackos, it became apparent that the American media are the real power in this country and that it is anything but free. Some cohesive and coordinated group was self-evidently controlling the media and using them to elect, control and destroy politicians or nations at will. The voting processes and polls in a democracy were obviously only a gauge of the effectiveness of the propaganda of the media. So when someone finally gave me a pamphlet detailing Jewish control of the media I only had to take the time to verify its truth in the library and elsewhere. From there everything fell into place, particularly the obvious anti-White bias which until then made no sense to me, since most Jews appeared to be White.

By 1978 my research was essentially complete and the real problem was sharply delineated in my mind. The Western nations were ruled by a Zionist conspiracy. The economic, political and religious aspects of the conspiracy did not interest me and still don't, except as they influence the truly vital matter. Since these systems can be destroyed and rebuilt, but the death of the White race will be eternal, and since the Zionist conspiracy above all things wants to exterminate the White Aryan race, I resolved that my duty was to focus all attention on the vital issue. I have since made it into a motto which I call "14 WORDS" : "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children." I still maintain there is no other issue for a sane White person today. Unable to find an organization with the structure and aims necessary, and realizing that breaking the media curtain was the highest imperative, I designed a pamphlet called "The Death of the White Race." I set out on a campaign to distribute it to every other home on the Colorado front range and in the Denver suburbs.

Needless to say this soon attracted the attention of Jewish groups and they began to use their power against me. By this time in my life I had secured a Real Estate Broker's license and had my own company. The Jewish media forced the Colorado Real Estate Commission to take away my Broker's license because I refused to sell homes to coloreds in White areas. As you can see, a White man is forced to commit Race Treason in order to be allowed to work in America. Rather than submit I got a job at a title insurance company which allowed me unrestricted access to a photocopy machine. Each morning I would run off 500-1,000 copies of "The Death of the White Race" pamphlet. Lunch hours and evenings were spent stuffing them in books in libraries, bookstores and placing them under automobile windshield wipers. I had friends collect thousands of the free advertising newspapers from shopping centers. On Friday nights I would wrap the pamphlet around them with a rubber band. Then Saturday night they were delivered on people's lawns and driveways. I acquired maps of the suburbs and surrounding towns and along with some comrades set out to deliver a pamphlet to every other house in Colorado. So, in 1981 the Anti-Defamation League gave orders to a special unit of the Denver police to have an 'incident' and assassinate me. Fortunately, I spotted a helicopter circling overhead and managed to make it outside Denver city limits before the team swooped on me. Even more fortuitous was the arrival of two Aurora police on the scene at the exact moment of the event. So while they confiscated my literature (it was during literature distribution that they jumped me), I escaped alive. The media, however, used the event to crucify me and I never again secured worthwhile employment. In addition, my wife at the time was unable to handle the pressure, and trouble began which led to divorce after twelve years of marriage. Nonetheless, I kept up the propaganda barrage until meeting Robert Jay Mathews in 1983 at an Aryan Nations conference.

Chapter Four (The Bruders Schweigen)

When speaking of the Bruders Schweigen we must first and foremost always think of Bob Mathews. Only his combination of charisma, purity, courage, determination and motivation could have melded together such a diverse and headstrong group of men. When raising an army of volunteers one cannot give orders. So Bob led by exactly that method, "leading." He left a man of honor no choice. If on a Monday morning he said, "I'm going a' Viking," he was about to load up his equivalent of a longboat, a Chevrolet, and one had to follow. On September 22, 1983, Bob invited eight other men or a total of nine to join him for a meeting in a building on his property near Metaline Falls, Washington. Ten chairs sat in a circle, the extra holding a portrait of a German Leader. A White baby was placed in the circle and the nine vowed to secure a future for that White child. While some of those who attended that meeting, myself included, could well say, "had we not done so we would not now be spending our lives in prison under ridiculously long sentences of up to several lifetimes," we could, also, perhaps say, "had we not met Bob we would not be fulfilling some duty or destiny on behalf of our race." Bob said himself at that time that he guessed he would last a year. He was killed by the Federal devils fourteen months later. The Bruders Schweigen was composed primarily of men who had no criminal background and such proved to be a problem, for they knew little about police tactics. Those who deny that the methods of the Bruders Schweigen are now

the only recourse if we are to save our kind are either cowards or fools. Only our tactics are legitimate topics for criticism. If we had it to do over, we would stay in much smaller autonomous units making it impossible for the enemy to destroy the entire organization when one man broke. Other tactical errors cannot be discussed for reasons of security. Additionally, our people as a whole must learn the revolutionary mentality, including ruthlessness.

The exploits of the Bruders Schweigen have been detailed elsewhere with varying degrees of accuracy, so I will not relate them here except to say that the words of books and media permitted by the Zionist Occupation Governments of this or any Western country are slanted and contain untruths. Someday, if we win this struggle, the whole truth will be made known. Until then, learn to read between the lines of the enemy media and our own. I will, however, relate my experiences with the injustice system as it will be enlightening for others who may someday experience the perjury circuses which the ZOG calls trials. I was captured on March 31, 1985 in North Carolina where I was planning further actions with individuals whose names must remain classified. The Federals immediately had me thrown in a pod of nearly all blacks in the Winston-Salem jail and announced that I was a racist. However, some members of the jail staff were members of a clandestine southern group who responded to certain of my signs learned as a member of the invisible empire. They made it plain that harm to me would not be wise on the part of my cell partners. When it was clear to the Federals that I was not going to cooperate I was transferred to a Federal prison in Alabama and then to Boise, Idaho. In Boise I was taken to a mock arraignment on charges I never heard of again. At this mock arraignment I was assigned a defense lawyer who was in fact a United States attorney, or formerly so. I hate to do this, but I would advise anyone in Federal custody to assume the lawyer assigned to him by the court is actually a Fed. In any case, the defense lawyers are in substance working for the Feds anyway, but some are less blatant. They are masters at making one believe they really do care about one's fate. I am of the opinion that virtually all lawyers are vermin of the worst kind.

Not securing my cooperation in Boise, I was transferred to the King County jail in Seattle. While the rest of the Bruders were in Tacoma or Everett jails, I was kept isolated in the nut tier. Much of the time I was the only White. They ran crazy, screaming blacks in to yell at me twenty-four hours a day. They urinated in mop buckets of dirty water and threw them in my cell, then would not allow me out to clean up. By the time I was moved to Tacoma with the other Bruders several months later I was close to death. I suffered several heart attacks over the next few years, probably from stress. At the Seattle trial I was so sick that at times my coughing disrupted the perjury circus. Even at that I presented my so-called defense lawyer with a defense that I believe would have easily cleared me of all charges if he had the integrity or courage to use it. This included the use of a large map of the United States that could be used in his closing argument to prove the perjury of two of the three witnesses providing relevant testimony against me. The Fed attorneys pulled him aside and lectured him, and then he refused to present my defense. One hundred percent of all relevant testimony against me was Government created perjury and at least two-thirds of it can be proved to be perjury by the trial transcripts. However, in a group trial, as is done by nefarious design, it is impossible to

separate the defendants in the minds of the jury.

If your time in Federal court comes, it is imperative to know about the conspiracy laws. They are designed so there is no defense. The rules of evidence state that in conspiracy trials hearsay evidence in furtherance of the conspiracy is admissible, but hearsay not in furtherance of the conspiracy is not admissible. In other words, no defense is allowed. The way it works is this: The government blackmails, terrorizes or hires three degenerates to say you did it. Then under the rules of evidence the jury hears no other evidence. You may have told a hundred people you had nothing to do with the crime, as I did in the Berg killing, but that is not admissible. If you object, the judge will tell you that you will be chained and gagged or that you will watch your trial on TV from another room. The trial itself is more carefully orchestrated than a Shakespeare play. All evidence and testimony are decided in advance and the judge will tolerate no surprises. If there is any indication that effective defense evidence is forthcoming, the judge will immediately send the jury to another room while the details of the screwing you are getting are smoothed out. In addition, the judge is a highly skilled actor appearing firm but fair when the jury is in the courtroom, and becoming a tyrannical dictator the moment they are gone.

The prosecutors have absolutely no shame in fabricating perjury and false evidence or in the methods employed to gain perjured testimony. Even the FBI experts from the crime lab will lie about voice prints, about fingerprints, about ballistics or whatever the prosecutor wants. Why should it surprise you that federal devils who will burn alive a church full of women and children while cheering for the "Real Texas Barbeque" will present false evidence in court? It is time you joined the real world. The Feds can create voices, handwriting, trick photos, perjury or invented evidence, and they do. If they want to get rid of you they will. You might use that knowledge to judge the veracity of some who claim the Feds are out to get them. If so, they would be got! The second trial subjected me to not double, but triple jeopardy in violation of constitutional protections (in case any deluded reader still thinks the constitution means something). In Seattle I was tried under the Rico Act. The jury was told they must find the defendant guilty of two or more of the predicate acts. The government then carefully worded a bunch of charges. For example, the predicate acts may include: 1) He made a telephone call, 2) He purchased gas in Oregon. 3) He committed murder. The evidence is overwhelming that gas was purchased and a phone call made. So under the instructions of the judge the verdict is guilty. Then the judge sentences the defendant for the third predicate of murder. There simply is no defense. In Seattle I was charged with violating Alan Berg's civil rights as part of Rico and given 20 years. I was, also, charged with conspiracy to violate his civil rights and given another 20 years running consecutively. Such is clearly double jeopardy. Two years later I was charged and tried in Denver Federal Court with conspiracy to violate Berg's civil rights, because he was a Jew and had a job. By the addition of the words "he was a Jew and had a job," it now became a new offense and therefore was not double jeopardy, according to the Federals and the Court. By changing the wording in an indictment, by changes of jurisdiction and other equally insane reasoning they justify trying a person virtually as many times as they like and never does it become double jeopardy. The Constitution does not exist in a Federal court.

Chapter Five (The Double Jeopardy Trials)

I was indicted in 1987 for conspiracy to violate the civil rights of a Jewish talk show host named Alan Berg. Mr. Berg had been a particularly vile, obnoxious and anti-White talk show personality on several Denver radio stations prior to his much deserved and little lamented departure from this mortal coil in June of 1984. At the time of his demise he was featured on the Rocky Mountain area's largest and most powerful radio station with the call letters KOA. He was rabidly Jewish and had caused embarrassment among the Chosen with outspoken commentary. After a trip to Israel he noted, "This time the Jews would either rule the world or blow it up." He had at one time been a lawyer for organized crime figures in Chicago, and his uncontrolled mouth was no doubt a source of worry to unsavory characters of all stripes. According to jailhouse scuttlebutt he, also, was involved with cocaine distribution and used cocaine to obtain the sexual favors of young girls. I have no way to verify the truth of the cocaine charges. At any rate, Mr. Berg was not the type with whom a reflective person would want his daughter to associate, to put it mildly. Someone, and we shall assume it was indeed Mr. Berg (because his obnoxious, White-hating voice has not been heard since), was the recipient of a large quantity of .45 caliber hollow point bullets on a June evening in 1984. At least that is the testimony of the ballistics experts from the FBI. At the trial the prosecutors showed photographs of the body. It certainly appeared to be Mr. Berg and his death was assuredly not from natural causes.

The Jewsmidia immediately began to speculate that "Neo-Nazis" or "Racists" were the perpetrators and bandied my name about. At the time I was living in Idaho and I promptly sent a letter to the Rocky Mountain News denying involvement and castigating them. I, also, told many people that I had no involvement. Of course, as I was to find out, under the ZOG rules of evidence only the government's perjured hearsay testimony is allowed in court. Within days after the assassination the Denver police came up with a witness that positively identified Gary Yarbrough as being at the death scene just prior to the event. However, this first attempt at framing "Racists" failed when it was discovered that Gary was visiting his sick daughter in a Spokane hospital at that very moment. Rather than getting into endless details that become simply a matter of my word against the government's perjury, I will discuss only a few essentials as can be proved from trial transcripts and other verifiable sources.

A Bruders Schweigen member who turned traitor told the FBI, when first captured, that I was with him in Idaho at the time of the Berg killing. Under pressure from the Feds he later began to change his story. Finally at trial time, according to Mr. Rader, I had left Idaho the day before the assassination. Furthermore, in order to get a conviction for which there was no real evidence they had Mr. Rader implicate himself in the killing to the extent that he is liable from his own testimony to the death penalty under Colorado law. Despite this, after his testimony he was given \$100,000 and set free. Rader testified that he bought the gun that killed Berg, that he modified it to fully automatic and built a silencer for it, that he gave it to a hit team going to Denver to kill Berg. He testified that he knew of the target and could have stopped the killing, and that he welcomed the alleged team home afterwards. He further testified that the alleged team told him of their

actions and that he helped conceal them from authorities. This is how the government creates its perjured testimony for their so-called trials under conspiracy laws. The Denver district attorney stated that there was no credible evidence to prosecute me or other Bruders for the Berg homicide, but there is no defense against government-created perjury in a Federal court. The only relevant evidence against me in the Berg case was provided by the perjured hearsay of three turncoats attempting to save their own skin. First was Denver Parmenter who testified that I told him I was involved. The fact is I never saw Parmenter at any time after Berg was killed and could not have said such a thing. But there was no way to prove this. However, the other witnesses against me are a different story. Their names are Kenneth Loff and Thomas Martinez. When the FBI decided how to frame me they sent agents to the East coast to prepare Martinez, and sent others to the West coast to prepare Loff. To embellish the story, the Feds had them relate how I arrived in my ancient yellow Volkswagon. Loff was to say that I had several thousand dollars in counterfeit money that I was going to deliver to Martinez, and that I had newspaper clippings of the Berg killing. Martinez was to say that I arrived in the yellow Volkswagon, supplied him with the counterfeit money and showed him the newspaper clippings. The agents, however, screwed up and had me arrive at Loff's house in the state of Washington on the West coast the same day I arrived at the Martinez house on the East coast. Each perjurer testified to this at grand juries and the obvious impossibility was on record. Naturally, if this information were properly presented to a jury it would blow the government's whole game to smithereens. My defense lawyers refused to use it as they could and should have. In Denver the chief district judge is a Jew named Finesilver. The trial judge was a marrano Jew and was Denver's bussing judge. I was appointed a bisexual, pervert Jew named Bender as a defense attorney, and the prosecutor was a Jew named Kowalski. I was tried for violating a Jew's civil rights and the Jew media covered up all that went on in the perjury circus.

The government's case was further hampered by the fact that at the exact time Loff and Martinez said I was confessing the Berg killing to them, I was actually at the home of a lady friend in Colby, Wisconsin. I had arrived there by bus. I asked my Jew defense lawyer to subpoena her in order to destroy the perjury of the government witnesses. He informed me that my lady friend had suffered a fatal accident shortly before the indictment was handed down. Again, I cannot prove the Feds were behind it, but how convenient. Next I asked Bender to get copies of the bus ticket. He informed me that they were not sold by name. I said I knew that, but at each transfer point the stubs are torn off and kept; he said he would check. A few weeks later he told me that the building where the bus company housed their records had burned down. Again, how convenient. I could continue almost forever with the Federal treachery, but let me finish with the Judas reward for the turncoats. Mr. Loff and Mr. Martinez each got \$100,000 for their testimony. I received an additional 150 years, for a total of 190 years in the Federal penitentiary with no parole possibility in my lifetime.

After the Berg trial in Denver I was taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas and along with 13 other men I was tried for "sedition." The indictment charged that we had conspired to violently overthrow the United States government. By then, however, I had been through two trials in Federal Courts and not only knew how the perjury circuses were run, but that

system-appointed lawyers will not defend their clients. So I defended myself. The verdict of a jury in a Federal courtroom has absolutely nothing to do with justice since the so-called evidence is just part of a charade and the jury never hears the meat of the case. And a system lawyer is afraid to put the government on trial, so he will not attack the Federals' creative perjury as he could or should. I resolved to show the jury exactly what "their" government is. Four other Bruders Schweigen, also, defended themselves and we totally destroyed the government's case. The trial, being held in the bible belt, I felt it propitious to point out "their" government's promotion and even enforcement of immorality under both biblical and natural law. During my closing argument as I pointed at the prosecutors, calling them representatives of perversion, the jury was visibly disgusted with the government lawyers. All 14 defendants were found not guilty.

Chapter Six (Prison)

The Feds do most of their dirty work to their captives in selected county jails and at the Springfield Medical Facility. So, once a man is convicted and if he is sent to a Federal prison, life seems an improvement over other recent experiences. However, the Feds were still not finished with me. I spent most of the time between conviction in Seattle in 1985 and the indictment in 1987 in the infamous Marion Federal Penitentiary in Illinois. I was returned there for another year and a half after the Berg trial. Marion is a mental torture prison that must have been designed by mad jew psychiatrists. A victim is kept in lockdown an average of 23 hours a day. He is stripped searched constantly, including being forced to bend over and spread the cheeks of his buttocks. This is considered a form of sexual submission by the jewish Freudian mindset of prison psychiatrists. I told myself it was better that I moon them than the situation be reversed as part of the mental techniques to keep my sanity and remain defiant. The first morning when the guard slid my food through the food slot he said, "Good morning." In politeness I answered in kind. The next morning when the food arrived I said, "Good morning" and the same guard replied, "What are you, some kind of smart ass?" I never again spoke to a Federal pigdog at Marion unless forced to do so under direct questioning. They are the exact kind of devils incarnate as the ones who burned women and children alive at Waco. Their existence is an insult to the Gods, a curse to mankind and a job unfinished.

After Marion I was transferred to Leavenworth for several years. Now I reside at the high security federal prison complex in Florence, Colorado. It is not a pleasant life, particularly considering the racial makeup, and that my goal is to stop the American murder of the White race. But, it is a price easily paid in light of the importance of the struggle. Among prison guards, like in all of society, there are good apples and bad apples. Not that they are not all my enemies and the enemies of our race, but some serve out of ignorance or just for a job. The bad ones are always those who think they enhance their own stature by making life miserable for men in chains. Also, the ambitious ones will sell their own race and soul for personal advancement.

Chapter Seven (The Struggle Continues)

Over the years of captivity, which now number over seventeen, I have continued to struggle in whatever ways have been available, mostly with my pen. Several themes I continue to try to instill in the minds of our folk. Chief among them is the idea that nature and nature's laws are the work of that creative intelligence that men call God. God's laws and nature's laws are one and the same. Nature's laws are a "bible" that men cannot invent, alter or otherwise pervert, and the highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. I see this as the ultimate arbiter of the religious disputes that have for so many centuries divided our folk. Naturally, this has alienated many who come from fundamentalist Christian backgrounds. It seems to equally infuriate those who deny the existence of a higher power men call God. I believe our ancient enemy has always presented two sides neither one correct, and prompted us to pursue an either/or conflict between the two. The truth lies elsewhere. Just as they convinced the patriots of both Russia and the Western nations that the only options were political/economic systems called Communism and Capitalism. Both, of course, are anti-nature. In recent years I have been studying the origin of all the major religions and have found them to be the creation of initiates into what some term "Hermetic Philosophy." This, also, led to research on the Hermetic coding hidden in the Bible and particularly the English language authorized King James Version. I am well aware that this has distressed some of my friends of Christian, agnostic, atheistic and pagan persuasions. Additionally, I hope to soon heal the rifts between Wotanists and Identity folk by proving through the ancient science that both the original or Gnostic Christianity and Wotanism have the same roots in the Mystery schools.

I have pondered the "battle of the sexes" at length over these years of incarceration. Particularly difficult was the irony. As a male mammal and true to the instincts thus derived, it was the hard reality that the beauty of our women may soon cease to exist on earth that drove me to this struggle. Any eloquence or determination I might have displayed was born of desperation and from emotions of love and lust present in all healthy males. Yet, for nearly ten years not one unmarried, attractive woman on the entire planet visited me or pledged her love to me. When Black Panthers went to prison, thousands of beautiful young White women pledged their love. Sitting in my cell I can observe May Britt(Mrs. Sammy Davis Jr.), Nicole Brown(Mrs. O.J. Simpson), Lisa Presley(ex- Mrs. Michael Jackson) and the creme de la creme of our young White women across the country, by the millions, as they desert their race. It is a mockery of my love and struggle. My opinion has solidified that the women of our race by and large will not return by verbal persuasion. As has been the case throughout most of recorded history, and who knows how many eons of time beyond, women will again have to become prizes, treasures and possessions. White men will have to reattach their balls, reacquire a barbarian spirit, arm themselves and seize women, territory, power and the needs of life, or the race will die.

Additionally, although it will stir controversy, I have come to believe that in certain cycles of a culture or civilization, polygamy is a preferable lifestyle. To name only two examples, (1) when through war the male population is decimated, then common sense and nature's laws demand that wombs be filled, or (2) in the abomination of a multi-racial society, if a White man of energy and ability can support many wives and thereby keep

White girls from mating with racial aliens. Furthermore, since I fear the tyranny of religious and governmental oppression as much as anything on earth, I believe that the marital arrangements of the Folk should not be subject to regulation. The primary concern must be that men support and take responsibility for mates and offspring. I don't want to rush to judgment, but it appears that the whole women's liberation movement was flawed. Maybe eons of time in which males protected tribe and territory while women tended hearth and home have created differences in which women usually see individuals rather than the whole race or tribe. Whatever the reason, the decades since women were "liberated" have castrated our males and led us to the brink of extinction.

We cannot, however, absolve our men from blame. It was they, too, who swallowed the Zionist propaganda and it was they who abandoned defense of territorial imperatives that in turn led to the abyss. I will continue to hope that the beauty of our women can be preserved. Of course, as long as I breathe I will continue to fight for a future for our children. So let me end this tome with one more repetition of the 14 WORDS which I hope will become the most sacred in history.

"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."

The Illegal and Malicious Imprisonment of David Lane

Appeal from Political Prisoner David Lane to the citizens of the United States of America.

1) From the 5th Amendment to the United States Constitution:

"Nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb"

2) From the 6th Amendment to the United States Constitution:

"In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed"

3) From the denial of appeal for David Lane, filed in the United States Court of Appeals, 10th Circuit, August 25, 1989, No. 87-2774, Holloway, Chief Judge: (emphasis added by ed.) "in December 1985, before trial on this charge, Lane {was} convicted of RICO offenses...where one element was the ALLEGED PARTICIPATION IN BERG,S KILLING."

"There were clearly separate offenses in that the RICO prosecution {in Seattle} required proof of a pattern of racketeering activity AND THE HOMICIDE, while here {in Denver} the racial motivation and employment element had to be proven, IN ADDITION TO THE HOMICIDE."

This is the documentation of the Government's malicious and illegal imprisonment of me. In the past I have largely avoided writing about my own legal situation for several reasons, among them being that pursuit of justice in Federal Courts in the United States of America is futile. But the time has come to expose the Government's blatant violations of Constitutional law in a criminal conspiracy to destroy David Lane. The governmental conspiracy is so undeniable and well documented that it must be used in the interest of freedom for all men.

More of the story follows, including how I was tried in Seattle, Washington, once for alleged participation in the Berg homicide and again for conspiracy to commit the Berg homicide. I was given 2 twenty year consecutive sentences totaling 40 years, before the third illegal trial in Denver, for which I was given an additional 150 years. {David has served almost 18 years to date} There were no other charges, singularly or in the aggregate, that could conceivably justify the draconian sentences in either Seattle or Denver except the alleged participation in the Berg homicide. Nor was there one iota of physical evidence presented at any trial in the Federal courts that I participated in the Berg homicide. The Denver district attorney stated that there was no evidence to try me for homicide, which is normally a state crime. 100% of the evidence against me was government created perjury.

But for now, note that I was jeopardized twice in a State and District other than where the

offense shall have been committed, in direct and undeniable violation of the 5th and 6th Amendments to the Constitution. That I was subjected to group trials in order to tar me with the alleged actions of others, that the alleged offense was included with other offenses in the indictments, that the offense was labeled a predicate act in a RICO or conspiracy trial, and the alleged motives for the offense are totally irrelevant and are deliberate deception. In black and white, in certified Federal Court documents, the evidence is absolute and beyond denial, that I was put in jeopardy three times with illegal indictments, trials and sentences, for an alleged offense of the Alan Berg homicide. Yet with an equally undeniable determination to circumvent the U.S. Constitution and to uphold the Government's criminal conspiracy to destroy David Lane, they deny the appeal that their own words self-evidently demand.

It is well known to all scholars that the whole purpose of the prohibition against double jeopardy in the 5th Amendment was to prevent exactly the kind of repeated and malicious prosecutions shown here. The current government's machinations in trying a person virtually unlimited times for the same alleged offense by adding motives to the indictments, by changing jurisdictions from State to Federal courts, or from one Federal court to another, or by including the alleged offense with other offenses in RICO or conspiracy trials are malicious, criminal and transparent methods to circumvent both the letter and spirit of the Constitution. The clear intent of the Constitution's authors was that a person not be put in jeopardy more than once for an alleged criminal act.

The "law" in America has become nothing but what is expedient for those who have power. Politicians invent unconstitutional statutes. Then Federal judges rule that the clearly unconstitutional statutes are enforceable, and innocent men are destroyed simply because their political views are unpopular with those in power. The unique thing about what I have shown here and a reason to use it widely in the resistance to Federal tyranny is the undeniable documentation which only a fanatically determined apologist for Government tyranny would attempt to deny. The Government can demonize victims such as those burned alive at a church in Waco, Texas, or the Weavers, so they can commit murder with impunity. They can cover up the perjured testimony created by Federal prosecutors. When all else fails, a power system will dismiss the pleadings of their victims as the " ravings of conspiracy nuts." But the evidence displayed here is shown in certified Federal Court documents, and they cannot profit by demonizing their own judges.

I hope that my personal friends and others who understand concepts like law, justice and freedom will use this expose` and spread it widely. Put lawyers, judges, bar associations, Federal, State and Local politicians, legal scholars and law professors on notice that at least some members of the public are aware of just what kind of criminal government they are running. It should be sent to newspaper editors, fax and computer networks, patriotic groups and so on. Perhaps a petition should be circulated and presented to someone in a position to use this in obtaining my personal freedom and to sue the criminal government for \$50-100 million as a lesson that the Government must not be allowed to unlawfully destroy political opponents. At any rate, it is absolute truth and is the best expose` I can devise.

The Final Address of David Lane to the Court upon Sentencing

From the era of Plato, Socrates and Cato, to that of DaVinci and Michelangelo, to Locke and Shakespeare, to Jefferson and Franklin, Western civilization has sprung from the creative genius of one kindred people. In the vast panorama of time this period was but a fleeting moment and a glorious dream. The near future will show what manner of civilization will follow the passing of the White man. How sad and ironic that the American republic, which was formed exclusively for the preservation and promotion of Western man, became the vehicle through which he was destroyed both here and in his European homeland.

For many years I have struggled in whatever ways were available to a single, powerless person to crack the iron media curtain and show my people that those very things which are protected, promoted and forced upon us by those who today control the affairs of the Western world have destroyed every civilization we have ever built. I refer to such things as infanticide through abortion, a practice which has led to the murder of fifteen million babies of my kith and kin, and which is protected by the government and the Federal courts, homosexuality, whose adherents are forced upon us as role models and even teachers of our children by the government and Federal courts, and worst of all, the deliberate destruction of our very racial existence.

Those who have set out to mix and destroy the last remnant of Western man know full well that no people can continue in existence without a nation of their own in which to propagate, protect and promote their own kind. They also know that a people who are not convinced of their own uniqueness and value will perish, and that is why I am slandered and destroyed when I show that nearly every improvement in the human condition has come from the fertile mind of Western man.

The White man is now a tiny minority in the world, yet he is denied not only a nation of his own but the integrity of the territorial imperative necessary to his survival. The guilt of those who partake in the destruction of this Race of men cannot be adequately described in the vocabulary of mortals. Regarding the prosecutors in this case, I say only that if the perpetuation of power is predicated on perjury, then the U.S. Attorneys are as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. But if Nature's Laws allow for the concepts of justice or karmic debt, then they walk on quicksand.

That this trial even occurred is a violation of every Constitutional protection against double jeopardy. The legalistic machinations and chicanery involved in jeopardizing a man for potentially unlimited times for the same offense, by changing the legal description of that offense, by changing jurisdictions and so on, are utterly repugnant to the sense of Anglo-Saxon justice as well as totally contrary both to the spirit and the intent of the Constitution. The mad frenzy of those who now control the Federal government of the United States to punish and destroy any White man who resists the deliberate admixture and murder of his rapidly disappearing Race is evident.

History predicts unspeakable horror for the last generation of White children, if I and others who shall come after me are not more successful in awakening our people from their sleep of death. Our task is as simple as it is overwhelmingly important: We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children. In the face of that overriding historical imperative, what you do to me does not matter. I am not a brave man; I die the thousand deaths of the philosopher instead of the single death of the soldier. But I willingly sought this destiny, and I will not shrink from it.

Soon you will hear from another who will undoubtedly speak of his religious beliefs. Perhaps even at this late date, the power of a religious creed can save Western man, or perhaps Divine Providence will indeed lend a hand. If not, then those who rebel against tyranny must still accept the consequences with a shrug, or they are neither patriots nor men. I say no more....

Revolution by Number 14

Introduction

Over the years I have written many dozens of articles for various publications both in the United States and around the world. In them I have attempted to guide our Folk into constructive paths of resistance to the genocide practiced against the White race in all its former territories. I have demanded that our people face and deal with unvarnished reality and have shown just how desperate that reality is. In the process it was necessary to demolish unnatural, destructive, yet revered icons of both religious and political varieties. This has quite naturally earned me the enmity of those groups captured in the zombie state of "belief" as well as those with vested interests in the existing power systems.

A revolutionary movement (and indeed that is what we must have if we are to secure the existence of our People and a future for White children at this late date) is a complex subject. The leaders of such a movement must have a comprehensive overview of social structures and how these structures relate to, guide, serve or destroy a population subjected to them. Just as important a revolutionary leader must understand human nature and what makes a person either loyal to or an enemy of a social contract, either religious or secular.

Human nature being what it is, a revolutionary movement, particularly in its early stages, must be many layered. The inspiration and life of the movement comes from individuals who almost inevitably are either assassinated or imprisoned. These are those who speak uncompromising truth and back their words with actions.

Within other layers of the movement are those who deal with facets or symptoms of the societal structure to be either destroyed or created. These often unknown soldiers should not be denigrated, for they deal with the reality of human nature. For example, the man who has cleansed himself of all dogma is totally frustrated and angry when attempting to debate with a World War 2 veteran who considers himself a hero for participating in that fratricidal war. Those of us with free minds know that the White men of America and England were used in that war by Jewry for the express purpose of destroying the racial basis of our ancient European homeland. But, as is human nature, the veteran would far rather present himself as a hero to his friends, family and to himself than acknowledge that his actions were genocide against his own gene pool. Furthermore, America has a vast population of veterans who receive financial remuneration for participation in America's wars and occupations from Italy to Germany, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Grenada, to Panama, from the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, and on, and on and on. For all but the most determinedly self-searching and honest, it is preferable to pretend hero status and enjoy financial benefit than be a truth teller with subsequent rejection and suffering. This is a reality which a true and competent revolutionary understands and deals with. In the religious realm we find similar problems. The Judeo-Christian preacher who spent a lifetime teaching "Black or Yellow, Red or White, all are precious in his sight," and who lives off the tithes of his congregation does not want to hear that the White race cannot share Gods, religion, technology, food, women, territory

or anything of value with another race. It denies every law of nature in a competitive world and it destroys the senses of uniqueness and value necessary to the survival of our race. So he counter-attacks and denies logic, common sense and natural law with ever louder choruses of "have faith" and "believe," which are the staples of tyrannical priestcraft and statecraft.

The so-called "Identity" movement is an attempt to deal with this facet of human nature and with those under the thrall of unsubstantiated "belief." This is another necessary layer or technique to deal with the realities we face. My role in the struggle, however it may have come about, is to speak absolute and naked truth. Comrades with vision and integrity realize that someone has to fill this role in order to focus on the ultimate goal. They have remained my friends, sometimes without advertising the fact. Others whom I have termed the "executioner worshipers" have slandered me in the same manner as my Zionist and Federal enemies, many for the reasons already elucidated. But wise men know that entrenched tyrannies infiltrate resistance movements and even build bogus groups in order to identify and destroy potentially capable opposition. What has been called the Right Wing appears to have been largely a combination of executioner worshipers and deceiving, enemy agents for many decades. This deception is what I am determined to expose and conquer.

Those who have read my articles in the past know that there are certain themes and phrases that I repeat almost endlessly. As stated in the 57th of the 88 Precepts, paraphrased here, an idea must be presented S.E.R.B., Simply, Emotionally, Repeatedly and Briefly. That is why I continually harp on certain vital themes. For example: Nature and nature's laws are the work of the Creator, no matter what one's understanding of "God" may be. Therefore, nature's laws are God's laws, and the highest law of Nature is the preservation of one's own kind. Another example: An enemy must be demonized. A people who pretend that the political and religious institutions which destroy them are "theirs," whether for emotional or financial reasons, are doomed. An executioner's institution which practices genocide against one's race must be identified, destroyed and replaced. A revolutionary movement must, also, have symbols, martyrs and slogans. To that end I have unceasingly promoted a motto I call "14 WORDS": We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children. I want to make these 14 WORDS the most sacred, well-known and motivating complex of words in the history of earth. They are the only issue for any sane White person on this planet today. This book, as well as all I do or say, is dedicated to that singular and unwavering goal.

Chapter One: History

In this condensation of my writings I do not want to dwell at length on ancient history. In particular ancient religious history is a quagmire. In ancient times science and religion were combined and as always secular and religious systems work in concert. Furthermore, I have shown ways to decipher history in another short book called THE MYSTERY RELIGIONS AND THE SEVEN SEALS. Another reason not to spend a great deal of time on history is that by and large it is meaningless. Honest students of this century alone know that the facts presented to us regarding wars, assassinations, political

motivations and all the machinations of the political and religious power systems we live under are hogwash. So it has been for at least 1700 years The propaganda of the victor becomes the history of the vanquished.

Rather than duplicate what I've written in *The Mystery Religions* and elsewhere regarding techniques to decipher history, I shall just make some statements here. The reader can verify both by common sense and my other writings. We can naturally say with reasonable certainty that the greater events we are told are fact. There was a Roman Empire; there were two great wars called the First and Second World Wars; somewhere around 1700 through 2300 years ago a new religion was created, which evolved into present day Judeo-Christianity. However, the histories, causes, propaganda and acts related to these and other events are exactly what self-serving rulers of religious and political power systems creatively recorded. History has no more validity than a novel. Consider for example the fate of Thomas Jefferson and other American revolutionaries had they lost the war. They would have been hanged for treason and their names would be vilified forever.

The best evidence seems to be that the world's major religions were constructed with great precision by initiates into what many call the Mystery Schools. Circa BCE 500 a renegade group of initiates hatched up a scheme to rule the world using the wisdom of the Mystery Schools, the power of usury and the basest instincts of man. They became the first Jews. About 1200 years later a second group called the Khazars, a Turko-Mongolian people living in roughly what is now Turkey, latched onto the scheme, undoubtedly realizing the value of being "God's Chosen People" in the Christian writings. However, it was about 325 CE when Jewry hired Constantine and a degenerate Roman Empire to murder everyone in Europe who would not accept a new religion with Jews as God's Chosen People. The White world was plunged into an insanity from which it has never recovered. Some readers, ever desperate to cling to what they erroneously believe to be tradition, will protest that the Roman Church persecuted Jewry. They should consider the doubtful veracity of the latest holocaust, or the Talmudic claim that 60 billion Jews perished at Masada. History is a fable and must be judged by "who benefits" among other philosophical devices. No one but Jews can possibly benefit from a religion in which Jews are "God's Chosen People." Therefore, Judeo-Christianity is a Jewish creation.

As I showed in *THE MYSTERY RELIGIONS AND THE SEVEN SEALS*, it is true that the first Christians, being Gnostics by one name or another, were not the renegades called Jews. Furthermore, the mythologies of the Old Testament were their only writings and were not a Jewish creation. But it is equally true that the writings of the bible, when read by the uninitiated, are filled with Judeo-Roman, Judeo-Christian, addition, subtraction, alteration and perversion. The 'funny-mentalist' Christian who denies that biblical writings were exclusively in the hands of the enemy for many centuries is denying reality. In the final analysis, institutions must be judged by their effect. Prior to Judeo-Roman Christianity, the White race was secure in its existence and its territories. Today after 1700 years of war and perversion in the name of Jesus we face probable extinction. In the 30 Years War alone one-third of Western Europe slaughtered each other over whether Jesus was Catholic or Protestant. The Church carried on a 1,000 year war to

destroy our organic religion of Wotanism and in the process murdered every European who would not bow down to Rome and to God's Chosen People. A prime example is Charlemagne, often called the First Holy Roman Emperor. In 787 CE he called a conference of 4,500 Saxon leaders from Central Europe. As was the custom among Wotanists, arms were not carried into a treaty conference. Charlemagne then surrounded them with a Christian army and beheaded them in front of an audience of Church dignitaries. Through uncounted such incidents of murder, torture, bribery and deceit Wotan/Odin/Woden was deposed by Jesus and the White race was forced to worship its executioners.

The Reformation brought at least some relief from the tyranny of the Church. Many Protestant leaders were in fact initiates and they coded much of the old Gnostic and Pagan wisdom into the burgeoning bible industry in the traditional and ancient devices of Hermetic Philosophers. But the ancient conspiracy was far from finished. The fiction of a "New World" in the West would be expounded and a new tyranny built. The entire merchant class of Europe had, of course, long known of America. The Vikings who traveled both to and from America a thousand years ago, also traveled around the Mediterranean Sea, up and down the Dneiper, all around the English Isles and along the coasts of Europe. Jewry simply decided to open a new continent filled with adventuresome Aryan spirit and inventiveness. Then they would use this vast pool of restless, rootless, cultureless, Aryan energy to destroy the racial basis of Europe in fratricidal warfare.

In short, Judeo-Christianity was formed to first conquer, then use the White race. America was formed to first use, then exterminate the White race. What was planned is nearly completed. If you doubt my words, then study the book **THE MYSTERY RELIGIONS AND THE SEVEN SEALS** to see the Jewish cabalism in the Great Seal of the U.S., in the dates of the Revolution and in the geometry of governmental structures. An excellent example of the deception practiced by the C.R.A.P. (Christian Right-wing American Patriots) over the decades is their assertion that the United States was formed as a Christian nation. At the same time they condemn Masonry as an anti-Christian conspiracy. The rank and file of well-meaning individuals who have fought against federal tyranny should not take offense at the acronym C.R.A.P. I refer to those who know better, but continue to compromise and deceive.

The fact is, at least 53 of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons. It was a Masonic and Merchants' revolution from the beginning. The famous Boston Tea Party was a recessed Masonic meeting led by the warder of the lodge named Paul Revere. Washington and Jefferson were Masons. Ben Franklin was the highest ranked Mason, Rosicrucian and occultist in America, perhaps in the world at that time. It is true that like all politicians the founding fathers of America were forced to pay lip service to the dominate religion. But their private correspondence shows they were deists and atheists who despised Christianity.

Even the religious terms they were forced to use are Masonic, such as Nature's God and the Creator. Unfortunately, the hypocritical, lying, executioner worshipers of the

C.R.A.P. lie about anything that jeopardizes their stance, stature or income, and even fabricate alleged historical documents to legitimize their destructive games.

I should inject here, however, that early Masonic orders were in fact led by enlightened initiates who were fighting against the tyranny of the Church. In modern language we might say they were the "good guys." But it appears that circa 1750 CE the highest levels of Masonry were infiltrated and taken over by Jewry. While the old wisdom is still concealed in Masonic symbolism and in the coding system of the English language authorized King James Bible, the actions of organized Masonry now serve Jewry and the murder of the White race. This should not be taken as a blanket condemnation of rank and file Masons, as most have no more concept of the effect of their organization than do Judeo-Christians of theirs. The documents associated with the United States Constitution seem to indicate that the Masonic founding fathers were a mixed group as far as ultimate goals are concerned. Of course, we can attach little real weight to the words of politicians of any age, for it is primarily posturing. At any rate, it appears to me that agents of tyranny and opponents of tyranny hashed out a compromise that became the U.S. Constitution. Unfortunately, those who compromise with tyrants betray future generations.

On the surface the U.S. Constitution appears to be a noble document filled with ideas of justice. But then, on the surface so do the documents associated with the Bolshevik and French revolutions which were in fact fomented by the same forces. I do not wish to fill endless pages exposing the Constitution, but our Folk must learn what the 58th Precept means. It reads, "Tyrannies teach what to think. Free men learn how to think."

Let us consider just one of the innumerable examples. The U.S. Constitution says a man has a right to a "speedy trial." To a lawyer, or a judge or associated slime, vermin and tyrants that means exactly nothing. A law without specifics and penalties is not worth the paper it is written on; when it is created as deception, it is far worse than no law. If the Constitution said, "A man charged with a crime and arrested has a right to a trial in 3 days. If not either tried or released within 3 days, the officials holding him shall be immediately hanged by the neck until death," then the Constitutional law would have meaning. As it is, the Black-robed devil called a judge decides arbitrarily what a "speedy trial" means. Then the defendant, particularly a White resister, sits in jail for months or years while the Federals murder defense witnesses, create perjured testimony and prepare kangaroo trials.

It is with trepidation that I penned this first chapter, for already the "blind faith believers" and the "executioner worshipers" who open this book will be too infuriated to continue. But, perhaps it is necessary to separate those with potential from the zombies, and a foundation for the facts had to be laid. I am so often reminded of the America First Committee of the 1930's. Quite correctly they campaigned against American involvement in a European war, recognizing that it would be fought for Jewry and to destroy the White race. However, out of cowardice and because they had not been taught to demonize their executioner, once Roosevelt and the Jews had maneuvered America into war, they changed their slogan to "Now that we are in, let's win." That is exactly

tantamount to saying, "Since we have agreed to destroy our own race, let's do a good job!" Their guilt and complicity cannot be forgiven. If our kind is to survive, we are simply going to have to abandon fairy tales, self-interest, dogma and blind faith. We must learn how to think. A rational White man must look at central Africa, then at central Europe and decide what the future shall be. A man true to the instincts given by Nature must look at the beauty of the White Aryan woman and decide if her image should continue to exist on earth. All else is irrelevant at this time.

Chapter Two: Current Reality

This chapter will deal largely with concepts contained in two articles I wrote some years ago, "The Right Wing: Cowards, Liars and Screwballs" and "Tri-colored Treason." If I deal primarily with the American ZOG (Zionist Occupation Government), it is not that I do not recognize the situations in other, once White countries such as France, England and across all of Europe. But the fact is, America is the police department for a World Zionist government. It is by American military and police powers that the White race is denied not only White nations, but exclusively White schools, neighborhoods, organizations and everything necessary for our continued survival as either a biological or cultural entity. Neither the intent nor the effect can be denied. It is deliberate, malicious genocide, the extermination of our species. Those who resist are destroyed socially, politically and economically. If we continue to effectively resist, we are imprisoned or assassinated.

Despite all this, the deceivers who have directed the Right Wing for many decades continue to proclaim divine status for the selfsame religious and political institutions which exterminate the White Aryan gene pool. Equally treasonous is how they continue to echo their Jewish masters in reviling the 3rd Reich and Adolf Hitler. They know full well that the Germanic peoples of central Europe have for thousands of years been the defenders of the White race. In 9CE. Hermann defeated the mixed race legions of Rome in the historic battle of the Teutoburg Forest. Without the sacrifices of his Teutonic warriors, the beauty of the White Aryan woman and our kind of civilization would probably not exist today. Nearly eight centuries later the mixed race hordes of the North African Moors invaded Europe. They conquered Portugal, Spain and started into France. They were finally stopped by a Teutonic tribe called the Franks, for whom France may now be named. Again we owe the very existence of our race to these Germanic heroes. Every time you use a White man's invention, from the mundane such as toilet paper, indoor plumbing or central heating, to the more sophisticated such as symphony orchestras or modern communications, you should fervently thank the Gods for the Germans.

Four hundred years after the Moorish invasion our sacred European homeland was again threatened, this time by the Golden hordes of Genghis Khan. Europe was defended by German infantry combined with Polish cavalry as a last line of defense. Does your Right Wing "leader" tell you that the Mongols of Genghis Khan were the same race as the American Indians that our masters falsely call Native Americans? Does he tell you that they took our people, especially our women, as slaves? Does he tell you that the North

African Moors took our people as slaves, our boys to be castrated as eunuchs, our girls as harem toys? Hardly, for a Right Winger serves the Jewish conspiracy to destroy White racial pride and knowledge of our history and heritage. Instead, the Right Wing leader uses the Jewish buzz words of Nazi, Gestapo, Stormtrooper and the like as examples of tyranny.

Jewry knew full well that to exterminate the White race it was necessary to destroy central Europe, now called Germany, as a racial state. That is what the World Wars and especially WW2 were really about. Germany was simply filling its historic role and duty as defenders of the White race. Your Right Wing "leader" knew this and he knows it now. But, of course, the military veterans who abound in the leadership positions of the Right Wing could no longer strut about the V.F.W. halls, swill their booze and brag of how they "smashed the Krauts" if they faced the truth. They could not present themselves as paragons of virtue if it were known they fought to exterminate the White race. They do not tell you that Germany was outnumbered 10 to 1 in manpower, that the Soviet, American, French and British Empires had over 140 times the land area and thousands of times the resources of Germany. How, then, could they boast of their heroism in destroying their own kind and our ancient homeland? I have, however, heard them brag of how they could have the favors of starving German girls after the war for a candy bar or other small items of food. Knowledge of this sickens me.

The time came that I could no longer stomach Right Wing hypocrisy and its effect was too destructive to ignore, even if it cost every supporter and friend I had. It was necessary to pen some brutal truths. A favorite tactic of the deceivers calling them-selves leaders was to divorce the Federal government from the entire entity called America. It is a technique of double-think that neutralizes, because no one takes action against that which they perceive as "theirs." It is why I have taught that an enemy must be demonized. Our masters know this and thus we have "Hitlers of the Year" without end, Slobodan Milosovic, Saddam Hussein, Noriega, homeni, Hirohito, Mao, Stalin, and on, and on and on. Sometimes whole groups are demonized, Japs, Arabs, Islam and above all Germans or Whites in general, particularly men. This game has to be exposed. I begin with demographics.

The White race comprises about 8% of earth's population. Due to abusive taxation we have had to curtail family sizes and now we average far less than replacement. Meanwhile, our taxes are used to breed Colored families of a dozen or more children. As a result we are a comparatively old race. The relevant statistic to survival is the number of White women of childbearing age or younger. About 2% of earth's population is young White female. In addition our masters force us to accept immigration by millions of Coloreds each year into the once White countries. Finally, the propaganda promoting inter-racial mating, particularly between White women and Colored males, is unceasing. We must now speak with the eloquence of emergency and act with the fanaticism of desperation. We must finally realize that political, religious and economic systems can be destroyed, rebuilt or replaced, but the death of our race will be eternal. It is beyond just setting priorities. Survival is the only issue. It is true that a country is made up of far more than just the government or politicians in power at a specific time, just as the deceivers

have said. But, let us look at America then, in all its aspects. I have divided this country into the following categories:

- 1) Military power
- 2) Police power
- 3) Economic tenets
- 4) Political tenets
- 5) Religion
- 6) News media
- 7) Entertainment
- 8) Sports
- 9) Demographics

When I am through, if you are still able to say the words "White American," then leave the company of sane men, for you can no more be both White and American than you can stop the motion of the planets. The singular intent of America in all its facets is to mix, overrun and exterminate the White race. How can you be what destroys you? If you are not an implacable enemy of every facet of America listed above, then you are a traitor to the existence of our race. If you support the aims or the continued existence of the entity known as America, then your treason cannot be calculated in the words of mortals.

1) Military

We have already discussed the motives and actions of America in the World Wars. We should, also, consider the Civil War. It was fought by the South or Confederacy to preserve the idea of limited governmental power through the vehicle of States' rights or a government closer to the people. The intent of the North was to create a central government and in effect destroy the original constitution. The rape of the South, Sherman's Scorched Earth march through Georgia and the horror of reconstruction were all enforced by United States military forces flying the red, white and blue. American military power has been the enemy of the White race and the tool of Jewry and international finance ever since. As former Marine Corps commandant Smedley Butler said in his book "War is a Racket," all of America's wars are fought to make the world right for the bankers. How fitting that the Marine Hymn glorifies foreign wars from the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli. Far better it should sing of enforcing immigration laws on the shores of Florida and the borders of Texas or California. A more recent legacy of the American military was to set up racially integrated military bases all over Europe and America in order to hasten genocide through miscegenation in small communities everywhere. This was the real reason for the phony cold war. It was not a defense against the Soviet Union, as the same Jews such as Armand Hammer have always controlled both the Soviet and American Empires. As can be seen by recent events, the Jews were able to dissolve the "Communist menace" any time they wanted. The entire 70 year Communist experiment was in fact always financed by Capitalists from the West. Some of you with honest memories may remember pictures of the 101st Airborne using bayonets to integrate the schools of Dixie. No, let us cut the euphemisms, to murder our race in Dixie. Then there were the meat grinder wars in Korea and

Vietnam, which killed or maimed hundreds of thousands of our finest young men. America did not even have the decency to account for 10,000 men missing in action or possibly prisoners of war. In more recent times America's military has distinguished itself by slaughtering a quarter million helpless Iraqis in operation Desert Turkey Shoot. Five thousand medals were passed out to commemorate a victory over 60 Cuban farmers in Grenada. Many hundreds if not thousands of civilians were killed in Panama. The U.S. Navy shot down an unarmed Iranian airliner with 290 civilians on board in an attempt to provoke a war with Iran. A massive bombing raid succeeded in murdering the Libyan president's infant daughter. American military forces aided American police powers in burning alive 87 innocent people, mostly women and children, in a church in Waco, Texas. So wear your medals proudly, you heroic defenders of the obscene thing called America.

2) Police power

I will never forget the pictures of mounted police under Federal court edicts clubbing the White mothers of South Boston into bloody submission. This was because they protested the racial integration and destruction of their neighborhood schools. Again translate, the murder of their race. Remember always, the boys in blue serve the Jew. Do you remember Kathy Ainsworth? She was a beautiful, young lady school teacher who protested racial integration. She was pregnant when the pigdogs of the FBI shot her through the belly, killing her and her baby. Do you remember the Weavers? First the Federal pigdogs murdered the son, shooting him in the back. Then a Federal pigdog sniper blew Mrs. Weaver's head off while she held her infant daughter in her arms. Do you remember how the Federal pigdogs burned Robert Jay Mathews alive on Whidby Island? How about the murders of Arthur Kirk, John Singer and Gordon Kahl? Gordon Kahl's son, Yorie and Scott Faul still rot in prison with life sentences for the crime of not dying when they were targets of the Federal pigdog assassins. I suspect that when America's police powers murder the last true White man and drag the last true White women and girls off for integrated recreation, the "patriots" will still be waving the Star Spangled Banner and singing God Bless America. Cowards, Liars and Screwballs.

3) Economic tenets

America is the land of \$4.99 instead of \$5.00. It is Jewish in spirit, soul, practice, language and morals. A healthy nation is founded on heritage, race and culture. As Roosevelt said. "The business of America is Business." There exists a mindless pursuit of money and pleasure while the race dies. Once I pointed out to another real estate broker that by selling homes to Coloreds in White neighborhoods he was committing race treason, that soon Negro boys would be with White girls. "So what?" he responded, "Their money is just as green as a White man's!" My own mother was a loyal American wage slave for over 40 years. She even worked in a shipyard building "Liberty Ships" during America's great war to murder the White race and destroy the liberty of all men everywhere. Today she is destitute. The small home she saved money to buy in a once safe, White neighborhood is gone. She couldn't afford the ever rising taxes and she couldn't go outside the door without fear of being mugged by Colored gangs. Your

vaunted Capitalism used her up and threw her away. The money she paid to what was supposed to be a social security trust fund was used to breed tens of millions of non-Whites and to enforce integration, i.e. the murder of her race. Virtually all business in America is conducted by usury. The C.R.A.P. know their own holy book condemns usury and they know usury is the charging of interest at any percentage. The only difference between 4% and 10% is how quickly the Jew bankers foreclose on the nation. They know that money must be restricted in its use to a store of value and a medium of exchange. I could write a book just on your Capitalism, but then the C.R.A.P. would call me a Communist, as if one Jew system were better than another. How many Right Wing flim-flam artists and deceivers have bilked the patriots over the decades with their hard money seminars, their constitutional money books and the like? As if the Jews did not already own most of the world's gold and silver. As if they could not manipulate its value relative to goods and services just as any other commodity they control. Of course the bottom line is, who cares what money system the Colored races of the world adopt after the Jews have exterminated our race? Again, the Right Wing, cowards, liars and screwballs. Wave your red, white and blue murder rag. Better yet, manufacture them and sell them for \$19.99 a piece. It is the American way. It is the capitalist way. I spit upon your stripes and stars, used by swine to sell used cars.

4) Political tenets

Democracy. Never mind that all history and its best minds have declared there is no more vile form of government than democracy. Like the mindless masses you pretend to serve, you parrot the words of your Jewish masters. Long ago you forgot how to think, so you choose between the fatal alternatives presented by civilization's executioners. In a democracy the noble man is condemned to obscurity, prison or death, while scum, liars and degenerates rule. Civilizations have cycles. Sometimes a strongman is needed. But pick one who has demonstrated devotion and dedication to his people. Other times, permit a republic. But, forsake elections forever. Let those of good character have their names thrown in a lottery. Then let a drawing be held to pick the administrators of a limited government and let them serve short terms only. Thus you eliminate the seekers of power and honor the guardians of the folk. Till then, wallow in the filth of your democratic pigpen. It is a fitting place to bury your red, white and blue fag rag.

5) Religion

Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker became millionaires fleecing the gullible, the credulous, the simple-minded. Oral Roberts, Jimmy Swaggart and Billy Graham preach the wonders of racial mixing and suicide, for Jesus loves every fellow, black, white, red or yellow. All history, common sense and natural law declare that the White race cannot share its Gods or religions with others. If Jesus loves Negroes and Mexicans, then expect a percentage of our daughters to mate with and produce more rainbow creatures for Jesus to love. If Colored races are in your temples, they will soon be in your bedrooms. So today the churches give our treasure to the Colored world, they defend the chosen people of Israeli, they promote inter-racial congregations and inter-racial marriages, they help bring colored immigrants into White nations and of course, all they do is tax-free if they

promote genocide against the White race. So take a tax break from Uncle Samuel and wave the abominable rag.

6) News media

Yes, we all know it is owned and controlled by that damnable racial-religious tribe. But shall we forever excuse the fellow travelers and traitors of our own race? Shall we forever apologize for supposed ignorance? Night after night boobus Americanus watches in a trance as the evening anchor team on the electronic toilet spews their destructive garbage. Often the anchors are a White woman and a Colored male. It is of course deliberate for the subliminal effect. Then the American zombies debate the artificial poison which is presented as news. While Federal judges bus millions of little White children into Colored jungles where no sane White adult would go without shotguns or police protection, the mindless masses salivate over the OJ Simpson trial. Rush Limbaugh tells us a primitive alien called Clarence Thomas with a White wife is a "conservative" and an "American hero." So the zombies applaud a murderer of their race and cheer for his appointment to be one of the nine swine on the supremely obscene court. One year the Jews-news media tells the sheep that Iran is the great Satan and the Jew-nited States supports Iraq. The next year Iraq is the great Satan and the sheeple are in a frenzy to slaughter helpless Iraqis. The American news media are one lousy, never-ending line of anti-White, genocidal, malicious propaganda. And the gullible goyim eat it up like candy.

7) Entertainment

The vast majority of all females featured in entertainment are fair skinned, beautiful Aryans. Almost always they are paired with dark, swarthy Jews, and recently with other self-evidently non-Whites, as much as Hymie dares. Homosexuality, booze, drugs, infidelity, pornography, multi-racialism, violence, historical distortion, holy-hoax propaganda, materialism, hedonism, the glories of democracy, feminism and hatred of the White man is the purpose and effect of so-called entertainment in America. We watch as Lisa Presley marries Michael Jackson, as May Britt marries Sammy Davis Jr., as Madonna fornicates with Negroes, and on, and on and on. The entire effect of the American media is White genocide. So God bless America and the red, white and blue. Nay, may the Gods eternally desecrate the vile rag. I puke at the sight.

8) Sports

The only reason sports are a viable economic concern is the nature-given instinct called the territorial imperative. Nature gives each race and species an instinct to conquer and protect territory in which they can propagate and protect their own kind. Perversion of this instinct causes them to cheer for the misnamed "Denver Broncos" or "Dallas Cowboys." The players don't even come from Dallas or Denver. Even worse, most are Negroes with a bevy of blonde girlfriends. Our folk pretend to ignore the obvious message as the camera swings back and forth between the scantily-clad, White cheerleaders and the Negro athletes. The entire enterprise serves the Jewish conspiracy to

hasten the death of the White race using a perversion of the territorial instinct. Once I spoke to a group of Nebraska farmers. I said, "There is hardly a farmer in Nebraska who would not strip his own daughter naked and give her to the biggest buck Negro in America if the Negro would get one more touchdown for Nebraska's big red football team." The fact is, they do worse; they send their daughters to the University of Nebraska to be brain polluted by Jewish propaganda and to be seduced by the glamour of dating the star Black running backs. The coaches are the worst racial criminals and degenerates of all. In effect they pimp impressionable young White co-eds to Negroes to build their teams. The prime example is the Colorado university football coach, who for all practical purposes pimped his own 15 year old daughter to his Negro quarterback in order to build a national championship team. America's inter-racial sports are deliberately created and a major source of the brain pollution that destroys us. Every natural law for species preservation is violated. Many coaches, like the aforementioned Colorado coach, are leaders of a campus athletes for Christ group called Promise Keepers, which teaches how Jesus loves our Colored athletes. And of course, if Jesus does, so must your White daughter. Inter-racial sports destroy the senses of uniqueness and value necessary to racial survival. They make heroes and role models of other races. It makes sex symbols of aliens. And every game is preceded by playing the Star Spangled Banner; it is the American way. I would not contaminate my toilet with your red, white and blue rag of perversion.

9) Demographics

This is not a White country. The ZOG admits to a figure of approximately 70% White. Given that Jews who mean to exterminate us are counted as White, that millions of Hispanics are counted as White, that illegal aliens are ignored and that the ZOG lies, we may be 50%. Additionally, due to heavy taxation, the proceeds being given to Coloreds to breed like flies, we are a comparatively old race. Considering those of child bearing age or younger, we may be a distinct minority already. That means in another generation America will begin to resemble Africa and other Colored areas of the world. I repeat, the day is coming if there is not a revolution soon that American police and military powers under command of the Jews and comprised of Negroes, Mexicans, Orientals and vicious race traitors will attempt to murder the last true White men. Then the last true White women and children will be carried off for integration and sport. Both sides in this final conflict will be singing "Jesus loves you," and waving the red, white and blue. What a sick, macabre joke.

Chapter Three: Mechanics of Revolution

No revolution happens before its time. It cannot be rushed. When the circumstances are right, it cannot be stopped. It can, however, be directed or misdirected. It begins when a far-sighted man, or a few men, of vision and sometimes altruism begin to oppose a corrupt or oppressive system. Human nature among the masses being selfish, the first revolutionary stands alone. Soon a mixed variety begin to join his movement. Unfortunately, the first to opt out of a tyranny are those who, either by lack of education or natural deficiency, cannot cope and prosper within the system. The more capable tend

to compromise their principles and settle for prosperity over morality. Eventually, however, the tyranny becomes too all-encompassing to ignore and more capable men join the revolution.

At this time the budding movement necessarily divides into two major segments which in turn have smaller divisions. The major segments are the overt or open cadre, who are the propaganda arm, and the military arm. It is the job of the open cadre to counter system sponsored propaganda, to educate the Folk, to provide a pool of manpower from which the covert or military arm can be built. Above all, they must build a revolutionary mentality. Real and major changes in religious or political power systems do not occur until substantial numbers of people realize the old systems are destructive, genocidal and beyond repair. For these reasons the job of the overt revolutionary is absolutely vital. Additionally, the overt cadre is often known to the spies of the system for there must be spokesmen and publications. So the overt cadre receive the slander of the system media. Since they are under scrutiny, the overt cadre must be rigidly separated from the armed party or the military arm, and must operate within the parameters allowed. The armed party draws recruits from the overt or political arm. When he goes active, it is incumbent upon him to draw no system attention to the overt cadres. In an article I wrote called Ragnarok, I used the term "WOTAN" for the armed party, because it is an excellent anagram for "WILL OF THE ARYAN NATION." The goal of W.O.T.A.N. is clear. He must hasten the demise of the system before it totally destroys our gene pool. Of course, in occupied countries, the overt arm of the revolution must not detail specifics. But, remember that the greatest danger is always from the traitors amongst one's own ranks. Whatever or whoever performs valuable service for the system is a tool of the enemy which must be decommissioned. Special attention and merciless terror are visited upon those White men who commit race treason. WOTAN has the complete revolutionary attitude. He is loyal to those who share his cause. All others are expendable. WOTAN is ruthless, mature, capable, self-motivated, silent, deadly and able to blend into the masses. WOTAN receives no recognition for his labors, for if the Folk know his identity, then the occupying powers will soon know him, too.

WOTAN must operate in small, autonomous cells, the smaller the better, even one man operating alone. When the day of judgement and justice come, WOTAN must cleanse the movement of "Johnny come lately's" and the "Patriots for Profit" who come out of the woodwork. They appear after those who loved their people paid with their lives or imprisonment. Patriots are few and far between when tyranny is strong. As the tyrant falls, patriots abound. But their patriotism is suspect. Accept no revolutionary leader who has not paid his dues with longevity, determination, sacrifice, defiance, dedication to unvarnished truth and love of his people. The revolutionary knows that we cannot love our people without hating those who destroy us. All true emotion has opposite poles. The revolutionary thinks of the White child bussed to integrated schools to be de-racinated, mugged, robbed, raped and terrorized, and knows the perpetrators of such immeasurable horror must be punished. For this and uncountable crimes against nature and against the survival of our own species, WOTAN will exact the appropriate penalty. Evil unpunished and unavenged will continue forever. Evil do-ers left alone will again pursue their destructive ways, for the defects in their nature are fact. If our children are indeed to have

a future, then examples must be set of the penalties for treason. If you are a fence-sitter, a Real Estate agent selling homes to Coloreds in White neighborhoods, a Judeo-Christian racial egalitarian preacher, a Federal pigdog or any other treasonous swine, be on notice. One day, WOTAN will be coming to visit you. You deserve no mercy -- and none will be given.

Chapter Four: One Man's Agony

In conclusion, I would like to talk about the agony that has tortured my soul over the years I've struggled against the genocide of my people. There appears to be a generation gap. The generations which caused and allowed our race to reach the abyss are hopeless. They live in a complete fantasy condition caused by false religion, an evil government, self-centeredness, hedonism, mindless jingoism and media conditioning. Most refuse to even consider the circumstances they have imposed on their own children and the children of their race. For me, every White child tormented in the multi-racial schools and neighborhoods is a personal agony. I receive letters from youngsters 13 years old and younger, asking what they can do. Some ask if they should emulate the Order of the Bruders Schweigen. You adults know they would only be cannon fodder for the most advanced police state in history.

Right Wingers spend their time in fantasies about fluoridated water, Soviet weather war, health foods, survival hideouts, ZOG police actions thousands of miles away, ostensibly for the benefit of Colored races, abortion clinics, the right to drive without a license, sophistries over the constitution, silver and gold, the meanings of obscure, alien religious myths from dozens of centuries ago and enough other irrelevant rot to gag maggots. Meanwhile, White children suffer the tortures of the damned. Still, the Right Wing plays the enemies game of Left vs. Right, Capitalism vs. Commie, Democrat vs. Republican, Christians vs. Devil, and so on. Does not anyone's heart break for the children as mine does?

Who cares about the so-called Identity leader who orchestrated CIA-type, illegal operations in Nicaragua and Costa Rica with impunity. Who cares about his gold mine scam, log home scam or bomb shelter scam? He claimed to have been protecting Colored children from the evil Commies in Central America. Nature's laws deny inter-species compassion and declare it to be racial suicide. He says because he helped them there, that they would not be coming to America. What hogwash. A fraction of the mixed race troops used by America to occupy Europe and destroy the White gene pool could have sealed the Mexican border anytime. Who cares about an alleged, so-called war hero, who brags of his activities as a CIA assassin. He of the Oriental wife and half-breed children, he with the Negro godson, he who wore an FBI bug as he "negotiated" with the Weavers. If he cared one iota about White children, then his assassinations would have been against those who bus, mix, terrorize and destroy our children. Never forget, this "leader" has publicly stated he is "first a Christian and second an American." His primary allegiances by his own words are to our executioners' institutions. Never forget, political, economic and religious institutions can be destroyed and rebuilt by men. The death of our race will be eternal. Trust no man who cannot stand up and say "White" out loud. Trust

no man who will not state that the 14 WORDS are the only priority today. Trust no man who does not act on behalf of the 14 WORDS.

Remember that no matter what your conception of God or the Gods, or the motive creative force of the Universe, Nature and Nature's Laws are the work of that force. And, the first or highest law of Nature is the preservation of one's own kind. The dominate religion and occupation governments of the once White nations are self-evidently determined to exterminate our species. You adults know damn well that war is the only answer remaining. The ZOG minions will not voluntarily give up power because among other reasons, we are going to execute them for treason against nature's highest law. Will the generation that destroyed the future of our children finally face up to their guilt and complicity? Will they attempt to atone for their complacency and their sell out to our racial executioners? Will there be one more attempt to save our kind, mounted by mature and capable adults? Or will the adults continue to worship our executioners and to ignore the slaughter of the innocents? I am aware that the Bruders Schweigen tried and paid a heavy price. So what??? In all wars there are casualties. The continued existence of our species demands whatever sacrifice is needed. My heart breaks, but not for America, for it is the most vile political entity on earth. I do not honor or worship the executioners of my race. It is for the young people and children that I agonize. It is the reality that the beauty of the White Aryan woman may soon cease to exist on earth that tortures my soul. Is there anyone over thirty who shares my despair? If so, then we must make the 14 WORDS the most sacred battle cry in history.

"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."

The 88 Precepts

Until the white race realizes that there is only one source from which we can ascertain lasting truths, there will never be peace or stability on this earth. In the immutable Laws of Nature are the keys to life, order, and understanding. The words of men, even those which some consider "inspired" are subject to the translations, vocabulary, additions, subtractions, and distortions of fallible mortals. Therefore, every writing or influence, ancient or modern, must be strained through the test of conformity to Natural Law. The White Peoples of the earth must collectively understand that they are equally subject to the iron-hard Laws of Nature with every other creature of the Universe, or they will not secure peace, safety, nor even their existence. The world is in flames because Races, Sub-races, Nations, and Cultures are being forced to violate their own Nature-ordained instincts for self-preservation. Many men of good will, but little understanding, are struggling against symptoms which are the result of disobedience to Natural Law. As is the Nature of Man, most take narrow, provincial stances predicated on views formed by immediate environment, current circumstances, and conditioned dogma. This is encouraged by that powerful and ruthless Tribe which has controlled the affairs of the world for untold centuries by exploiting Man's most base instincts. Conflict among and between the unenlightened serves as their mask and shield. A deeper understanding of the Fundamental Laws that govern the affairs of Men is necessary if we are to save civilization from its usurious executioners. The following are not intended to provide a detailed system of government, but as PRECEPTS which, when understood, will benefit and preserve a People as individuals and as a Nation.

The 88 PRECEPTS

1. Any religion or teaching which denies the Natural Laws of the Universe is false.
2. Whatever People's perception of God, or Gods, or the motive Force of the Universe might be, they can hardly deny that Nature's Law are the work of, and therefore the intent of, that Force.
3. God and religion are distinct, separate and often conflicting concepts. Nature evidences the divine plan, for the natural world is the work of the force or the intelligence men call God. Religion is the creation of mortals, therefore predestined to fallibility. Religion may preserve or destroy a People, depending on the structure given by its progenitors, the motives of its agents and the vagaries of historical circumstances.
4. The truest form of prayer is communion with Nature. It is not vocal. Go to a lonely spot, if possible a mountaintop, on a clear, star-lit night, ponder the majesty and order of the infinite macrocosm. Then consider the intricacies of the equally infinite microcosm. Understand that you are on the one hand inconsequential beyond comprehension in the size of things, and on the other hand, you are potentially valuable beyond comprehension as a link in destiny's chain. There you begin to understand how pride and self can co-exist with respect and reverence. There we find harmony with Nature and with harmony comes strength, peace and certainty.

5. Secular power systems protect and promote religions, which teach of an after-life. Thus, people are taught to abandon defenses against the predators of this life.
6. History, both secular and religious, is a fable conceived in self-serving deceit and promulgated by those who perceive benefits.
7. Religion in its most beneficial form is the symbology of a People and their culture. A multiracial religion destroys the senses of uniqueness, exclusivity and value necessary to the survival of a race.
8. What men call the “super natural” is actually the “natural” not yet understood or revealed.
9. A proliferation of laws with the resultant loss of freedom is a sign of, and directly proportional to, spiritual sickness in a Nation.
10. If a Nation is devoid of spiritual health and moral character, then government and unprincipled men will fill the vacancy. Therefore, freedom prospers in moral values and tyranny thrives in moral decay.
11. Truth requires little explanation. Therefore, beware of verbose doctrines. The great principles are revealed in brevity.
12. Truth does not fear investigation.
13. Unfounded belief is pitfall. A People who do not check the validity and effect of their beliefs with reason will suffer or perish.
14. In accord with Nature’s Laws, nothing is more right than the preservation of one’s own race.
15. No greater motivating force exists than the certain conviction that one is right.
16. Discernment is a sign of a healthy People. In a sick or dying nation, civilization, culture or race, substance is abandoned in favor of appearance.
17. Discernment includes the ability to recognize the difference between belief and demonstrable reality.
18. There exists no such thing as rights or privileges under the Laws of Nature. The deer being stalked by a hungry lion has no right to life. However, he may purchase life by obedience to nature-ordained instincts for vigilance and flight. Similarly, men have no rights to life, liberty or happiness. These circumstances may be purchased by oneself, by one’s family, by one’s tribe or by one’s ancestors, but they are nonetheless purchases and are not rights. Furthermore, the value of these purchases can only be maintained through

vigilance and obedience to Natural Law.

19. A people who are not convinced of their uniqueness and value will perish.

20. The White race has suffered invasions and brutality from Africa and Asia for thousands of years. For example, Attila and the Asiatic Huns who invaded Europe in the 5th century, raping, plundering and killing from the Alps to the Baltic and the Caspian Seas. This scenario was repeated by the Mongols of Genghis Khan 800 years later. (Note here that the American Indians are not "Native Americans," but are racially Mongolians.) In the 8th century, hundreds of years before Negroes were brought to America, the North African Moors of mixed racial background invaded and conquered Portugal, Spain and part of France. So, the attempted guilt-trip placed on the White race by civilization's executioners is invalid under both historical circumstance and the Natural Law which denies inter-specie compassion. The fact is, all races have benefited immeasurably from the creative genius of the Aryan People.

21. People who allow others not of their race to live among them will perish, because the inevitable result of a racial integration is racial inter-breeding which destroys the characteristics and existence of a race. Forced integration is deliberate and malicious genocide, particularly for a People like the White race, who are now a small minority in the world.

22. In the final analysis, a race or specie is not judged superior or inferior by its accomplishments, but by its will and ability to survive.

23. Political, economic, and religious systems may be destroyed and resurrected by men, but the death of a race is eternal.

24. No race of People can indefinitely continue their existence without territorial imperatives in which to propagate, protect, and promote their own kind.

25. A People without a culture exclusively their own will perish.

26. Nature has put a certain antipathy between races and species to preserve the individuality and existence of each. Violation of the territorial imperative necessary to preserve that antipathy leads to either conflict or mongrelization.

27. It is not constructive to hate those of other races, or even those of mixed races. But a separation must be maintained for the survival of one's own race. One must, however, hate with a pure and perfect hatred those of one's own race who commit treason against one's own kind and against the nations of one's own kind. One must hate with perfect hatred all those People or practices which destroy one's People, one's culture, or the racial exclusiveness of one's territorial imperative.

28. The concept of a multi-racial society violates every Natural Law for specie preservation.

29. The concept of “equality” is declared a lie by every evidence of Nature. It is a search for the lowest common denominator, and its pursuit will destroy every superior race, nation, or culture. In order for a plow horse to run as fast as a race horse you would first have to cripple the race horse; conversely, in order for a race horse to pull as much as a plow horse, you would first have to cripple the plow horse. In either case, the pursuit of equality is the destruction of excellence.

30. The instincts for racial and specie preservation are ordained by Nature.

31. Instincts are Nature’s perfect mechanism for the survival of each race and specie. The human weakness of rationalizing situations for self-gratification must not be permitted to interfere with these instincts.

32. Miscegenation, that is race-mixing, is and has always been, the greatest threat to the survival of the Aryan race.

33. Inter-specie compassion is contrary to the Laws of Nature and is, therefore, suicidal. If a wolf were to intercede to save a lamb from a lion, he would be killed. Today, we see the White man taxed so heavily that he cannot afford children. The taxes raised are then used to support the breeding of tens of millions of non-whites, many of whom then demand the last White females for breeding partners. As you can see, man is subject to all the Laws of Nature. This has nothing to do with morality, hatred, good or evil. Nature does not recognize the concepts of good and evil in inter-specie relationships. If the lion eats the lamb, it is good for the lion and evil for the lamb. If the lamb escapes and the lion starves, it is good for the lamb and evil for the lion. So, we see the same incident is labeled both good and evil. This cannot be, for there are no contradictions within Nature’s Laws.

34. The instinct for sexual union is part of Nature’s perfect mechanism for specie preservation. It begins early in life and often continues until late in life. It must not be repressed; its purpose, reproduction, must not be thwarted either. Understand that for thousands of years our females bore children at an early age. Now, in an attempt to conform to and compete in an alien culture, they deny their Nature-ordained instincts and duties. Teach responsibility, but, also, have understanding. The life of a race springs from the wombs of its women. He who would judge must first understand the difference between what is good and what is right.

35. Homosexuality is a crime against Nature. All Nature declares the purpose of the instinct for sexual union is reproduction and thus, preservation of the specie. The overpowering male sex drive must be channeled toward possession of females, as well as elements such as territory and power, which are necessary to keep them.

36. Sexual pornography degrades the Nature of all who are involved. A beautiful nude woman is art; a camera between her knees to explore her private parts is pornography.

37. That race whose males will not fight to death to keep and mate with their females will perish. Any White man with healthy instincts feels disgust and revulsion when he sees a woman of his race with a man of another race. Those, who today control the media and affairs of the Western World, teach that this is wrong and shameful. They label it "racism." As any "ism," for instance the word "nationalism," means to promote one's own nation; "racism" merely means to promote and protect the life of one's own race. It is, perhaps, the proudest word in existence. Any man who disobey these instincts is anti-Nature.

38. In a sick and dying nation, culture, race or civilization, political dissent and traditional values will be labeled and persecuted as heinous crimes by inquisitors clothing themselves in jingoistic patriotism.

39. A People who are ignorant of their past will defile the present and destroy the future.

40. A race must honor above all earthly things, those who have given their lives or freedom for the preservation of the folk.

41. The folk, namely the members of the race, are the Nation. Racial loyalties must always supersede geographical and national boundaries. If this is taught and understood, it will end fratricidal wars. Wars must not be fought for the benefit of another race.

42. The Nations' leaders are not rulers, they are servants and guardians. They are not to serve for personal gain. Choose only a guardian who has no interest in the accumulation of material things.

43. Choose and judge your leaders, also called guardians, thus: Those who seek always to limit the power of government are of good heart and conscience. Those who seek to expand the power of government are base tyrants.

44. No government can give anything to anybody without first taking it from another. Government is, by its very nature, legalized taking. A limited amount of government is a necessary burden for national defense and internal order. Anything more is counterproductive to freedom and liberty.

45. The Organic founding Law, namely the Constitution of a Nation, must not be amendable by any method other than unanimous consent of all parties thereto and with all parties present. Otherwise, the doors are opened for the advent of that most dangerous and deadly form of government, democracy.

46. In a democracy those who control the media, and thus the minds of the electorate, have power undreamed by kings or dictators.

47. The simplest way to describe a democracy is this: Three people form a government, each having one vote. Then two of them vote to steal the wealth of the third.

48. The latter stages of a democracy are filled with foreign wars, because the bankrupt system attempts to preserve itself by plundering other nations.

49. In a democracy that which is legal is seldom moral, and that which is moral is often illegal.

50. A democracy is always followed by a strongman... some call him dictator. It is the only way to restore order out of the chaos caused by a democracy. Pick your strongman wisely! He must be a guardian in his heart. He must be one who has shown that his only purpose in life is the preservation of the folk. His ultimate aim must be to restore the rule of Law based on the perfect Laws of Nature. Do not choose him by his words. Choose one who has sacrificed all in the face of tyranny; choose one who has endured and persevered. This is the only reliable evidence of his worthiness and motives.

51. A power system will do anything, no matter how corrupt or brutal, to preserve itself.

52. Tyrannies cannot be ended without the use of force.

53. Those who commit treason disguise their deeds in proclamations of patriotism.

54. Propaganda is major component in all power systems, both secular and religious; false propaganda is a major component of unprincipled power systems. All power systems endeavor to convince their subjects that the system is good, just, beneficent and noble, as well as worthy of perpetuation and defense. The more jingoistic propaganda issued, the more suspicious one should be of its truth.

55. Political power, in the final analysis, is created and maintained by force.

56. A power system, secular or religious, which employs extensive calls to patriotism or requires verbosity and rhetoric for its preservation, is masking tyranny.

57. Propaganda is a legitimate and necessary weapon in any struggle. The elements of successful propaganda are: simplicity, emotion, repetition, and brevity. Also, since men believe what they want to believe, and since they want to believe that which they perceive as beneficial to themselves, then successful propaganda must appeal to the perceived selfinterest of those to whom it is disseminated.

58. Tyrannies teach what to think; free men learn how to think.

59. Beware of men who increase their wealth by the use of words. Particularly beware of the lawyers or priests who deny Natural Law.

60. The patriot, being led to the inquisition's dungeons or the executioner's axe, will be condemned the loudest by his former friends and allies; for thus they seek to escape the same fate.

61. The sweet goddess of Peace lives only under the protective arm of the ready God of War.

62. The organic founding Law of a Nation must state with unmistakable and irrevocable specificity the identity of the homogeneous racial, cultural group for whose welfare it was formed, and that the continued existence of the Nation is singularly for all time for the welfare of that specific group only.

63. That race or culture which lets others influence or control any of the following will perish:

- Organs of information;
- Educational institutions;
- Religious institutions;
- Political offices;
- Creation of their money;
- Judicial institutions;
- Cultural institutions;
- Economic life.

64. Just Laws require little explanation. Their meaning is irrevocable in simplicity and specificity.

65. Men's emotions are stirred far more effectively by the spoken word than by the written word. This is why a ruling tyranny will react more violently to gatherings of dissenters than to books or pamphlets.

66. The organic founding Law of the Nation, or any law, is exactly as pertinent as the will and power to enforce it.

67. An unarmed or non-militant People will be enslaved.

68. Some say the pen is more powerful than the sword. Perhaps so. Yet, the pen without the sword has no authority.

69. Tyrannies are usually built step by step and disguised by noble rhetoric.

70. The difference between a terrorist and a patriot is control of the press.

71. The judgments of the guardians, the leaders, must be true to Natural Law and tempered by reason.

72. Materialism is base and destructive. The guardians of a Nation must constantly warn against and combat a materialistic spirit in the Nation. Acquisition of wealth and property, as need for the well-being of one's family and obtained by honorable means is right and proper. Exploitation, particularly through usury, is destructive to a nation.

73. Materialism leads men to seek artificial status through wealth or property. True social status comes from service to Family, Race and Nation.

74. Materialism ultimately leads to conspicuous, unnecessary consumption, which in turn leads to the rape of Nature and destruction of the environment. It is unnatural. The true guardians of the Nation must be wholly untainted by materialism.

75. The function of a merchant or salesman is to provide a method of exchange. A merchant who promotes unnecessary consumption and materialism must not be tolerated.

76. The only lawful functions of money are as a medium of exchange and especially usury are unlawful. Usury (interest) at any percentage is a high crime which cannot be tolerated.

77. A nation with an aristocracy of money, lawyers or merchants will become a tyranny.

78. The simplest way to describe a usury-based central banking system is this: The bankers demand the property of the Nation as collateral for their loans. At interest, more money is owed them that they created with the loans. So, eventually, the bankers foreclose on the Nation.

79. Usury (interest), inflation, and oppressive taxation are the theft by deception and destroy the moral fabric of the Nation.

80. Wealth gained without sacrifices or honest labor will usually be misused.

81. Nothing in Nature is static; either the life force grows and expands or it decays and dies.

82. Respect must be earned; it cannot be demanded or assumed.

83. Avoid a vexatious man, for his venom will poison your own nature.

84. Self discipline is a mark of higher man.

85. One measure of a man is cheerfulness in adversity.

86. A fool judges others by their words. A wise man judges others by their actions and accomplishments.

87. In our relationships or interactions, as in all of Nature's Laws, to each action there is a reaction. That which we plant will be harvested, if not by ourselves, then by another.

88. These are sure signs of a sick or dying Nation. If you see any of them, your guardians are committing treason.

- Mixing and destruction of the founding race;

- Destruction of the family units;
- Oppressive taxation;
- Corruption of the Law;
- Terror and suppression against those who warn of the Nation's error;
- Immorality: drugs, drunkenness, etc.;
- Infanticide (now called abortion);
- Destruction of the currency (inflation or usury);
- Aliens in the land, alien culture;
- Materialism;
- Foreign wars;
- Guardians (leaders) who pursue wealth or glory;
- Homosexuality;
- Religion not based on Natural Law.

We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.

That the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth.

Poems

88 Lines and 14 Words

Long ago in endless time
Somewhere in empty space
The Gods gave substance to themselves
And to this earthly place.

Then the sons of the Gods chose the earth
To carry on a fight
That started in another place
Between darkness and the light.

Now the Arya were the sons of the Gods
And order was their cause,
For chaos cannot prosper
In the light of Nature's laws.

The Arya spread across the earth
And taught the Folkish way,
And for a time order reigned,
But 'twas a short lived day.

For darkness had a battle plan
And an army all in place.
'Twas stealth and wealth and cunning
In the hands of an alien race.

The alien brought the darkness
To every folkish land,
Stole their wealth and heritage
With usury's hidden hand.

Purchased kings and fostered wars
So kindred Folk were slain
By those of selfsame kin and blood
On every earthly plain.

The alien taught the Arya
That a Nation's not a Race,
Nor culture, nor kin, nor heritage,
Nor even similar face.

A Nation is wealth and power,
And a National anthem, they cry,

A rag called a flag, and a line in the ground,
For this the Arya should die.

So Persian slew Greek,
And Roman fought all
From east of the Tigris
To Britain and Gaul.

The blood of the White man
All shed in vain
Norman and Saxon,
Celtic and Dane.

The alien taught Arya names for the Gods
And no one did object,
Though son may call sire only father,
All else is disrespect.

So Arya slew Arya
For Mithra and Thor,
For Christus and Zeus,
And Jove they slew more.

There came a time that Christiandom
And Europe quailed in fear
As dragon ships prowled the coasts
And Woden's sons drew near.

The pope brought forth an inquisition
To reinforce his claims.
Protestants and sons of Woden
Burned in Catholic flames.

Allfather was the Norseman's God.
To Christians that's a sin.
"Our Father" had a better sound,
So they slew their Nordic kin.

And so the seeds of death were sown
Among the Arya Folk.
The alien only had to deal
The final fatal stroke.

America was the name of the sword
That ended Arya light.
In Dixie first, and then in Europe

She brought the alien night.

I hear the voices of a murdered race
Whispering to me and you
From the graves of Dixie and Europe:
Beware of the Red, White and Blue.

Too late my friend, you read this ode,
It's written in a prison cell.
And the last generation of White children
Are condemned to a living hell.

Aryan child with skin so fair,
With eyes of blue and green,
And ladies with tresses of auburn and gold
Will never again be seen.

This is the dread that tortures my soul
And demands to my last breath
That struggle I must to wake my kin
From nearby sleep of death.

Or was it just a dream?

It was in the Fall of my sixth year in a little country schoolhouse
That I first saw her.
She had long, beautiful tresses tied back with a ribbon,
And hanging far down her back,
A dress of the times with a pinafore;
And I was enchanted.
Or was it just a dream?

Time passed and in another place I saw her again.
Graceful and charming; sometimes demure, sometimes a flirt.
I knew she would have to be mine.
In my daydreams I was a knight who rescued her from evil knaves,
And won her heart forevermore.
Or was it just a dream?

More time passed and in another place, another school,
I met her still again.
I remember one Yule when we students drew names in order to
exchange gifts.
Oh, the tricks I used to guarantee that her name would be mine.
Or was it just a dream?

Again, time passed, another place and a box social.

You must remember box socials?
The girls bring a box lunch for two and the boys bid for the box of the girl
With whom they want to share both time and food.
I saw her there and though it bankrupted me it was worth it all;
For the company was exquisite.
Or was it just a dream?
High school, senior year, she was the head baton twirler with the marching band.
Bewitching, coquettish, vivacious, changeable, seductive,
There are no words for such an alluring creature.
Radiant with each of life's new experiences, and eager for any challenge.
She was pure essence of youth and beauty.

I had not the courage to ask her for a date,
But my captivated senses overcame my fears.
Wonder of wonders, she said, "Yes," and e'er the night was over
I held her hand in mine.
I remember the first time I held her in my arms, the first kiss, and more;
But that is no one's business but mine.
I remember our wedding day;
And I remember the day I lost her.
Or was it just a dream?

Time passes and I met a pretty girl. But her speech was profane and vulgar.
She found my chivalry quaint and funny.
A walk in the rain, holding hands, tender courtship,
Were concepts strange to her.
Making a show at the "in" places, disco bars,
And casual ideas of once intimate things
Were foreign to my soul, but not to hers.

At the disco I saw no polka, no waltz, no country swing,
Just sexual gyrations like some alien primitive mating ritual.

Drums pounded, lights flashed,
Strange bodies packed together vibrating like a glob of over-stimulated amoebae,
It was a scene from hell.
Or was it just a nightmare?

Years passed and everywhere I went I saw the fair ladies of my kith and kin
With dark and dusky men of other races.
Movies, bookstores of filth, and magazines,
depicted the once demure ladies of my Folk in acts so vile and depraved
They cannot be described.
Or was it just a nightmare?

Lady from the past with a tender heart,

Soft hands and gentle fingers,
I do my best to forget;
But still your memory lingers.
Or was it just a dream?

Viking Princess

She welcomed home the Viking warrior.
She was the essence of elation,
This gracious Goddess of the north,
Nature's great creation.

In all the beauty on the earth
None can match this gem.
All the races on the earth
Desire this diadem.

Her silk fine hair and face so fair
And countenance demure
Will not be seen on earth again.
White blood must be kept pure.

As I watch the death of my noble race
I cannot stand the pain.
My people commit suicide.
Have they gone insane?

Arise Teutonic warriors
And Viking chieftains, too.
The hour is late, we've tempted fate,
Now we have work to do.

The Jew says he has sealed our fate.
He says our race is done.
He says the Aryan people
Have seen their final sun.

But we have news for the Jews.
The traits that they despise,
Honor, courage, loyalty,
Are now on the rise.

Viking Princess, help us.
Remember your glorious past.
Do not forget your heritage
Or your race has breathed its last.

Then, Viking Princess, you will always reign
As Nature's perfect Queen.
Resume your place upon the throne,
Your beauty is supreme.

You must be our inspiration,
Our mettle is on trial.
Our love is pure and holy,
Make our fight worthwhile!

Goddess

You bore the children of our people,
Raised them bold and proud and free,
Told them tales of Thor and Wotan
And the maiden Valkyrie.

They took a Goddess from her temple
And a sister of the sun,
Made her shuffle in a convent
As a barren,sexless nun.

You are the Goddess of fertility,
No matter what your name:
Aphrodite, Sif or Ishtar.
Cast off that Christian shame!

Pray no more bowed in submission,
Nor on a bended knee.
Give unto Caesar what is Caesar's
Is a creed of slavery.

Nature made you beautiful,
All Asgard's great delight,
As a Goddess of our people,
Inspire Aryan men to fight.

You are the Goddess of fertility,
No matter what you name:
Aphrodite, Sif or Ishtar.
Cast off that Christian shame!

The Nation's Faith

The best are condemned to useless lives,
When chaos reigns and the merchant thrives.

The basest sort then make sport,
Of those who die with anguished cry,
Because they told the nation's fate.

Gods of the rabble are greed and lust,
Love and honor turned to dust.
Patriots in cages and liars as sages,
The tyrants rage in every age,
When true men tell the nation's fate.

Black is white and evil is good,
And nothing pure is understood.
Emotions grow cold and the future is sold.
The senses are sated and the prophets are hated,
Who foretell the nation's fate.

The state and the press and the church are a tool,
An honest man is labled a fool.
Every man must abase, culture, kin and even race,
Or face the fearsome despot's plan, to destroy every man,
Who foretells the nation's fate.

The whores of the merchants pave the road to hell,
Twisting words to weave a spell.
Master deceivers, making believers,
Misleading men with a cunning pen,
To hate those who tell of the nation's fate.

Let the Valkyrie Ride

The best are condemned to useless lives,
When chaos reigns and the merchant thrives.

The basest sort then make sport,
Of those who die with anguished cry,
Because they told the nation's fate.

Gods of the rabble are greed and lust,
Love and honor turned to dust.
Patriots in cages and liars as sages,
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Misleading men with a cunning pen,
To hate those who tell of the nation's fate.

Tall Man Crying

One day on this meaningless
Journey through life
I met a tall man crying.
I asked him why a strong man wept.
He said his race was dying.

And a tear fell, ' though he told it well,
For none would pause to consider his cause.

He spoke of scorn and apathy
From family and wife,
And how his friends deserted him
When he told the law of life.

And a tear fell, ' though he told it well,
For none would pause to consider his cause.

He spoke of White men from the past
With courage beyond measure,
And how this selfish generation
Sells their race for pleasure.

And a tear fell, ' though he told it well,
For none would pause to consider his cause.

Then he spoke of little ones,

The children who are White
Soon slaughtered by an alien horde
Because their parents would not fight.

And a tear fell, ' though he told it well,
For none would pause to consider his cause.

Then his long body shook
And his big heart broke
And the tears on his cheeks did glisten.
And the last words that he ever spoke:
"My people would not listen."

And a tear fell, ' though he told it well,
For none would pause to consider his cause.

Revenge

If America sealed the White man's doom
When she sentenced our race to death,
Let us sing a song of vengeance
To our last and final breath.

Let the last White child to see the sun
>From this celestial sphere
Know the final acts of his father
Were defiance - a sword and a spear.

Raise the last battalion
Of the murdered Aryan race,
Battle blood the last true White men
On this whirling planet's face.

From the Fatherland of Germany
And from Russia's frozen plains,
From England and America
And the country of the Danes.

Let the last generation of Aryan kind
Leave a scorched and barren earth behind.
Let the last true sons of Wotan and Thor
Define the word "vengeance" for evermore.

Let even the stars in the vaults of Asgard
Gaze in wonder at the desolation,
Tremble in awe at the relentless fury

The death throes of the Aryan nation.

Let the usurious self-chosen people
And the race-mixing Christian dogs
Join the queer loving Federal perverts
Roaming in desolate, death-filled bogs.

They were blood-sucking leeches in Midgard,
Let them find to their dismay,
When parasites consume each other
Death is the price they pay.

Victory or Valhalla!

Gods of Our Blood

At the destined times and places
Now obscured by mists of time
And by the World Serpent's
Venomous design,

The immortal cosmic forces
In spirit form concealed
Constructed an arena
In which the Gods congealed.

The Aesir were the offspring
Of the Gods of Astral light,
Born to carry on a warfare
Against the demons of the night.

Ethereal composition
Of the Godforce of perfection
First formed our White forefathers
As their image and reflection.

The Arya are descended
From the Gods once called Aesir,
Who left Asgard -- astral homeland
For this terrestrial sphere.

Wotan was our eldest God
On this celestial ball.
The Goddess Frigg was his wife,
The mother of us all.

Thor was Wotan's first born.
The sagas tell his fame.
A hammer was his weapon,
Mjollnir was its name.

For untold ages our Aryan Folk
Were true to the memory
Of the Gods of our kind and the blood of our line
And our cosmic destiny.

But Loki's kin and the traitors within
Have destroyed each Aryan Land.
So now is the time of Ragnarok
As the White man makes his stand.

Bring Gungnir -- Wotan's magic spear
And Mjollnir, the hammer of Thor.
Save the beauty of the women we love,
A future for the children they bore.

Let the Valkyrie decide who lives and dies
And carry the warrior bold
Home to Valhalla where his deeds
In the sagas will be told.

Return of the Gods

Stranger hidden
Behind a web of gold and deceit,
You have brought all Midgard to its knees.
All nations now worship a God
They neither know nor see.

Essence of chaos -- in stealth
You wasted the inheritance
Of the noble Aesir.

Our fathers told of you when Loki served your cause
Of greed and treachery.
World Serpent, your clever coils
Now decree your own fate.

In the dark treacherous recesses
Of your soulless minds
You see the shadowy figures of the old Gods
Gathering now for Ragnarok's fury.

Did you know that we have counted
Every son and daughter of the Gods
Led by you to defile their heritage?
There are no secrets hidden from the Aesir.

Would you bribe the Gods?
We spit on your stolen treasure.
Dungeons and death are a badge of honor.
What power now
Have your weapons of gold, of guile and of an early grave?

For even now Woden's sons
Take census of your crimes against Nature and the Gods.
All is counted, all is weighed,
In blood and fire the debt shall be paid.

World Serpent reflect on your guilt,
For guilt is the father of fear.
Soon comes the final accounting: Ragnarok!
The Gods have returned: learn to fear!

Ode to Bob Mathews

It was the eighth day of December
In nineteen eighty-four.
A full moon witnessed to the deed
On the nation's western shore.

Bob Mathews made his final stand,
He vowed he'd run no more.
He loaded his gun and spit in the eye
Of the jews and their federal whore.

The blood of Leonidas,
Of Custer and Stonewall, too,
Ran strong in the veins of this White man,
To their memory he was true.

Two weeks before in Portland town,
They'd tried to lay a snare,
Thirty-five of the federal dogs,
Bob Mathews whipped them there.

So, they rounded up an army,
Of maggots and faggots and reds,

Race traitors and cowards and jackals,
And other kinds of feds.

The jews had given the orders,
Race traitors would obey,
By hundreds they came to murder
The greatest White man of his day.

They brought helicopter gunships,
And their army did deploy.
They thought they'd break the spirit
Of this fearless rebel boy.

But even as they poured their fire
Through barricaded doors,
His bullets whistled by the heads,
Of treasonous federal whores.

The gunships felt his bullets first
And quickly flew away.
For thirty-six hours, a day and a half,
He held the dogs at bay.

With tear gas next, they filled the house
Twice broke inside the doors,
But rapid fire soon drove out
The devil's federal whores.

They knew they'd met their match,
So they set the house on fire.
And soon the flames touched the sky,
A Viking funeral pyre.

White brother, how I miss you,
Who can take your place,
As leader of the army
That fights to save our race?

As you march through fair Valhalla,
Asgard's mighty hall,
Number one among the Vikings,
I can hear you call:

Arise, you Aryan Warriors,
I've shown you how to fight!

You owe it to my children
To battle for the right.

Farewell White Woman

Many years have come and gone
For I was just a lad of five
When I first noted nature's great
Work of beauty made alive

By sacrifice, war and struggle By mind of God or Cosmic fate
How she got here, why I once loved her
I'll leave to others to debate

Skin so fair and golden hair
Brunette or red her tresses
Enchanting temptress in the nude
Or draped in diverse dresses

Desired by males of every race
Nature's greatest glory
They look as tho a diadem
White women are my story

Twas two score years ago perhaps
Or maybe just a little less
When treason by white women
First brought me such distress

Though our men have failed their duty
That does not provide a reason
For the flaunting by white women
Of deathly racial treason

First a trickle then a stream
And now it's even worse
The women of my race
The miscegenation curse

Women and folks of color
The slogan of the age
Unite against the white man
Perversion is the rage

A hero tried to save his kind
Bob Matthews was his name

The mother of his girl child
Played the reason game

How I loved you fair white woman
Twas your image I fought to save
It was illusion and delusion
I was a mental slave

Chivalry and romance
Were my codes and dreams of life
Treason and betrayal
Reward these years of strife

I grow old before my time
Dreams are vanquished by
Reality and cold hard truth
Your beauty was a lie

You gave your youth and beauty
To hedonistic swine
You sought pleasure and adulation
Not one of you was mine

So when you're old and wrinkled
And beauty with age has fled
Don't look to me for solace
You are the walking dead

My fight goes on until I die
For Nature does declare
A man must save his own kind
A truth that comrades share

If I live to see victory
Then these years in a prison cell
Have taught a primal lesson
Tempered in a hell

Strong men can still stand alone
Foregoing dreams or hope
Exist without a woman's love
With all things they can cope

And if Valhalla is a truth
A reward someday I'll see

Beautiful Valkyrie
Waiting there for me.

Short Strory

KD Rebel

Preface

When the laws of men decree the death of one's race, then the laws of nature demand rebellion. (The 10th Rejoinder)

The life of a race is in the wombs of its women. A race whose males will not fight to keep its women will perish. (The Precepts)

From time immemorial, those out of power have raised armies with promises of plunder, revenge, and the seizing of women. - David Lane

Introduction

The time is early in the 21st century, within the borders of the former United States. Generations of "dark is handsome" propaganda, unceasing promotion of inter-racial mating, open borders, anti-White programs, combined with unending demonization of the "evil White male", has accomplished its intended effect. Less than one percent of earth's population were White women of child-bearing age or younger, and not mated with non-Whites.

For many decades, America had denied the White race its own nations, schools, organizations, and everything necessary for racial survival, while at the same time race-mixing was promoted and enforced with fanatic fervor.

Passage of the "Harmony Laws", giving large cash grants to all inter-racial couples involving a White woman were the last straw for many disenfranchised White males. Several thousand of them, mostly young, migrated to the Colorado Rocky Mountains.

At the time of the events chronicled here, these rebels had established tenuous control over portions of Western Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. They call this "Kinsland", and they use the initials KD as a short appellation for a guerrilla army of Kinsland Defenders.

Futilely they had pleaded with the dwindling number of young White women to join them, but with only a few exceptions their anguished pleas were scornfully rejected with the System's mindless buzzwords, like racist, sexist and bigot. So, since the first two prerequisites for the survival of a race are territory and breeding stock, history repeated itself.

Over twelve hundred years earlier, some Aryan folk migrated to Scandinavia to escape the race-denying, universalist, alien tyrannical religion from Rome and Judea. Only thus could they keep their race alive. From Scandinavia they went "a-viking", raiding

occupied Europe for mates and for the necessities of life. Kinslanders of the 21st century followed the example of heroic ancestors.

Most Kinslanders are Wotanists (Odinists), whose speech reflect the indigenous religion of the White race. With words like Midgard (earth), Valhalla (hall of heroes), Norns (goddesses of fate), Sons of Muspell (the racial-religious tribe that rules the world and sentenced the White race to death), and Skraelings (non-Whites).

This account relates a period in the life of some Kinsland folk.

Chapter One: The First Day

Lights dimmed in the garish nightclub except for those illuminating the stage. A disembodied voice proclaimed, " And now the Palace is proud to present the featured act of the evening, the most erotic spectacle ever seen by mortal man!"

Two stunningly beautiful young women entered the stage, a statuesque blonde, identified by the announcer as Candy, and a willowy brunette named Heather. Their costumes were a welcome change from the tawdry lingerie worn by the dreary strippers, most of them Skraelings, who had humped and bumped their way through previous acts.

Tennis skirts extended just inches below the juncture of their elegant legs. Halter tops color co-ordinated to their skirts revealed taut, trim midriffs, while bobby sox and athletic shoes enhanced their fresh, youthful appearance. The impression was of two wholesome girls, just past their teens, prepared for a sports outing. Others might have found their charms reminiscent of high school cheerleaders, flashing glimpses of lithe limbs and blossoming female mysteries. The dichotomy of modesty and temptation was overwhelmingly provocative.

The audience erupted in boisterous, vulgar and deafening applause, dwarfing anything heard earlier. However, the reaction of two men seated near the back of the smoke-filled club was dutiful at best, just sufficient to avoid undue attention. They were not risking their lives inside System territory just to watch a striptease show. The younger of the two was stocky, clean shaven, dressed in jeans and a sport shirt. He appeared to be in his mid-twenties. In response to the thunderous applause he leaned closer to his companion and commented, "Seems like White women are still the most desired creatures on Midgard, huh, Trebor?"

Trebor, a whip-lean man fifteen years older, sporting a short, neatly trimmed beard, replied, "Yeah, what few of them there still are."

As the raucous noise subsided, the sound of sensuous music could be heard. The two girls on stage faced each other within touching distance, and began to undulate in a provocative sexual dance, synchronized to the music. Their incomparable charms were blatant and undeniable. Equal in beauty, yet with complementary differences, they formed the ideal blend for visual erotica. The voluptuous Candy was the epitome of

classic Nordic beauty. Her long shimmering tresses, the color of ripe, yellow wheat, swung freely around her shoulders. A trim waistline accentuated the matchless symmetry of her hips and breasts. Golden skin and flawless geometric curves of calves and inner thighs projected that effect which causes a man to literally ache with need and desire.

She was Aphrodite, goddess of love, sex and wanton lust, reincarnated in the flesh, reborn to command, perform and orchestrate primordial pagan fertility rites.

If Candy was the essence of Aphrodite, then Heather was a Vestal Virgin. Short brown hair framed a delicate face. A cute nose and expressive eyes proclaimed demure modesty. Her slender figure mirrored the nubile form of a nymph, just past puberty. Each exquisite inch declared the passion of first sexual awakening. She was girlish innocence, fearful yet eager, an irresistible invitation to be ravished and deflowered.

Looking deep in each other's eyes, the curvaceous pair began to flirt. With hands resting intimately on each other's hips, they performed in suggestive oscillation the primeval siren song of invitation and consummate carnal lust. To music they parodied the timeless amatory game of domination and submission, or seducer and quarry, of hunter and prey, that generates and underlies intense sexual arousal. Enhancing the fantasy with the allure of the illicit, the blonde goddess revealed herself as a sexual predator. Her hands roamed the velvet-smooth contours of Heather's bare sides and back, then strayed elsewhere, as if by chance or accident, brushing lightly over breasts and flanks.

Impertinent fingers undermining inhibitions while retaining deniability.

The lissom Heather played her role flawlessly, appearing unsure whether to welcome, or resist, the tantalizing and pleasurable caresses once forbidden to another of her own sex. She trembled in eager but apprehensive anticipation of increasingly intimate intrusions on sacrosanct female anatomy. Like a delicate exotic bird, hypnotized by a swaying cobra, the lovely image of innocence submitted to the immodest familiarity and impudent violation of maidenly decorum.

The young man sitting with Trebor asked, "Do you think they really are lesbians?"

"No, Eric, it's highly doubtful," Trebor declared.

"I agree," said Eric, "but why are you so certain?"

Trebor pondered a moment, then expounded, "Men are programmed by nature to be voyeurs. A beautiful woman's body, performing the primal choreography of sexual temptation and arousal is the ultimate aphrodisiac. But men are also programmed to be jealous of other males. So two women performing together doubles the erotic effect with no threat from another male. These girls are paid to please a male audience. In this age, it's doubtful they had many inhibitions to start with, but if so, drugs probably overcame them. I'd bet my life savings that what we see is just an act."

"That's exactly my guess," Eric agreed, and then kidded, "What life savings?" Trebor only grunted in reply. Eric's question was reasonable, though. It was common knowledge that Trebor donated most of the plunder from his raids into System territory to needy Kinsland families. So it was doubtful he had any substantial savings. To date, unlike other KD veterans who had already captured a wife or more wives plural, Trebor had never taken time off from guerrilla warfare for the pleasure of female company. Instead, even as they spoke, Trebor's eyes roamed the room, and the younger man followed his example.

Pretending interest in the show, they circumspectly surveyed the crowd, hoping to spot the owner, one Sidney (Sid) Cohen. KD sympathizers in the Denver area had fingered Sid Cohen as a likely target for retribution and plunder. In addition to the Porno Palace, Cohen owned a chain of pornographic bookstores and theatres. Reliable sources reported that Sid was also a major cocaine distributor who used that drug to procure and control his stable of striptease dancers. Because the stars of Sid's stable were White women, he was a logical target for retribution. Past experience had shown that men like Cohen usually kept substantial sums of cash in their homes, hidden from tax collectors. Invariably the pervert could be "persuaded" to reveal the location of his money, and when necessary the combination to a safe.

Cohen didn't appear to be in the club at the moment, so the avenging duo settled back to wait for closing time.

"What percent of the guys in here would you say are White?" Eric asked his comrade.

Trebor considered for a moment, then replied, "Maybe twenty percent."

"That's what I estimated," the younger man agreed, adding, "This audience sure mirrors 21st century America: eighty percent Negro, Mexican, Oriental and mixtures."

"Yeah, and still the media calls them minorities," Trebor snorted.

While they had been talking, the action on stage increased in intensity. In the ancient, time-tested manner of all of her sex, Heather presented token resistance to Candy's amorous intrusions, knowing instinctively that female favors too easily obtained are seldom deeply treasured.

These subtleties were beyond the comprehension of the boorish spectators, who nonetheless responded with wild approbation to the unfolding drama.

Candy was always the aggressor, initiating each new step in the unveiling of feminine privacies. The coquettish squirming of Heather's supple body betrayed a growing urge to taste the honeyed fruits of verboten pleasures. The disrobing each of the other proceeded with artful elegance. Heather's saucy breasts, although less prominent than Candy's buxom mounds, were ideally proportioned to her slender figure, and equally stunning. Pert nipples projected in arousal from tempting aureolae, begging silently to be touched,

savored and tasted.

The effect of such incredible beauty, enhanced by duality, now revealed in natural splendid glory, was so arousing of fundamental, primal lust that the crowd moaned collectively in awe and desire. Eric seized the moment of relative quiet to comment, "Damndest thing I ever saw."

"And hopefully their last such performance here," Trebor growled. "But you said it's all an act," Eric protested, assuming Trebor's comment to mean the two girls' life expectancy had just been shortened to hours at best.

"It is an act. I was speaking of those White girls exposing their goodies to Skraelings."

The conversation still left Eric unsure of Trebor's intentions. In the past, his comrade had been absolutely ruthless in exterminating White male race traitors, but he had been forgiving of wayward White women unless their treason was exceptionally blatant. Trebor often said that defense of the race was men's responsibility. Wayward women should be captured, taken to Kinsland, re-educated and impregnated. Indeed, such was now standard procedure for KD.

On stage, the girls' repertoire changed from subtle and suggestive seduction to shameless crudity, much to the delight of the vulgar spectators. Heather abandoned the last iota of modesty, the last pretense of inhibitions. In the throes of passion she sealed her own debauchment, inciting the blonde femme fatale to molest her writhing body, teasing with thrusting pelvis and coquettish wiggles of her shapely derriere.

Candy explored every inch of the captured brunette's charms with hands now devoid of tenderness. It was closer to rape than love. Her hungry hands violated the once-demure girl's charms with the most intrusive of indecent liberties. Soon the brunette's exquisite body was writhing in apparent rapture, punctuated with moans of ecstasy, concluding with the involuntary convulsions of intense orgasm.

The show was over. The girls separated and waved to the crowd, responding to thunderous applause. A cascade of wadded-up cash was thrown at the stage. As the girls retrieved the money and their clothes, a short, frizzy-haired, middle-aged man bounded onto the stage.

"That's Cohen," Trebor said. The menace in his voice was palpable. With a hand-held microphone, Cohen exhorted additional applause for the girls. Finally he and the strippers exited the stage, into what appeared to be a dressing room. The lights brightened and bouncers began hurrying customers out of the club.

Eric and Trebor blended in with the crowd, then ambled casually to their car. A little over two hours earlier, they had maneuvered the innocuous dark-colored 4-door sedan they were using into a spot at the back of the parking lot belonging to Sid's Porno Palace. They had picked a place affording unrestricted sight of both the side and front entrances

to the building.

As always when KD operated inside System territory, they drove a stolen car and kept a supply of purloined license plates in the trunk. With the advent of computerized identification capabilities in almost all police vehicles, no member of the resistance dared to submit even to routine stops by the authorities. They stole the kind of vehicles least likely to draw attention, made certain that headlights, tail lights, brake lights and signal lights were in working order, and obeyed all traffic laws.

On those rare occasions when a KD soldier was nonetheless signaled to pull over, whether by sirens, lights or bullhorns, they had no option but to fight. The standard procedure was to immediately stop, jump out with an assault rifle, and totally neutralize the enemy, then either change license plates or abandon the vehicle. There was no sense trying to outrun radios or helicopters.

In the back seat under a blanket were two backpacks containing emergency rations, water and first-aid kits, in case it did become necessary to abandon a vehicle. Also hidden under the blanket were two .308 caliber rifles and ballistic vests. The vest had custom-made pockets for extra ammunition clips, both for the rifles and for the 9mm handguns concealed on the KD raiders' bodies.

Trebor unlocked the driver's door while Eric used his own key to enter the passenger side. All members on a mission carried keys to all vehicles in case of separation or the death of the driver. As always, the dome light was disconnected to allow surreptitious entry and exit at night. After donning the vests beneath outer clothing, they relaxed, affecting that curious air of apparent unconcern so common to combat veterans, but their watchful eyes were ever alert for police, for anything unusual, and especially for the emergence of Sid Cohen from his gaudy night club. Eric, despite his youthful appearance, had participated in numerous raids over the last six years. His companion's looks were equally deceiving. Dressed in grey slacks and a blue pullover sweater, he could easily pass for a doctor or college professor. In reality, he was one of the most feared and respected KD in all of Kinsland. Proficient in the most functional of several martial arts disciplines and absolutely ruthless with enemies, his exploits were legendary.

Eric was still curious about Trebor's intentions regarding Candy and Heather. Passing time while they waited for Cohen, who undoubtedly was counting the night's proceeds, he broached the subject in an oblique manner. "If we are going to stop those girls from performing again, how do we get their addresses?" he queried.

"Mr. Cohen will tell us." The menace in Trebor's voice had not diminished one iota when the subject was the porno king. A few years earlier, Eric might have shuddered when considering what awaited Sid Cohen in the near future, but now he was inured to the enemies' fate.

"And after we get the girls' addresses?" Eric persisted. "Then we make sure they never again display their charms to Skraelings."

"Okay, damn it how?" Eric knew that Trebor was being obtuse on purpose, his way of teasing a younger comrade. The question was, would the girls be captured or executed?

Trebor pretended to ponder for interminable moments, then opined, "I reckon those two could make some fine babies for me."

"Alright!" Eric enthused. "It's about time you did your reproductive duty." Eric had no interest in the pair for himself, as his heart was set on a high school girl that Trebor had agreed to help him capture. KD informants had picked her as a likely candidate. She was a pretty girl, unfortunately bewitched by universalist poison. Her teachers, parents, the media and every influence in her life had taught her that it was okay, even preferable for White girls to date and mate with Skraelings. She would have to be saved from her own folly before it was too late.

By quarter after two, 15 minutes past the closing time set by Colorado law for establishments serving alcoholic beverages, the parking lot was empty except for the KD raiders' car and an ostentatious limousine parked directly outside the side entrance to the Palace. Soon the door opened and a hulking brute of a man of undiscernible racial origin emerged, followed by Sidney and, to the raiders' surprise, by Candy and Heather. The huge man, whom Eric promptly dubbed "the freak", was apparently a chauffeur and bodyguard. Deferentially he opened the rear doors for the other three, then took his place in the driver's seat.

To the KD men, Sidney looked ridiculous, like a vain peacock, with tight pants, an open shirt and abundant gaudy jewelry adorning his pudgy body. From a distance the girls looked like teenagers, dressed in designer jeans and silky blouses.

The limousine pulled out onto Federal Boulevard and headed south, past sleazy bars, seedy motels and all the ugly effluvium of early 21st century American cities. The raiders followed a half block behind. It would be tricky keeping their quarry in sight without being spotted, but since their contacts in the Denver area had not been able to locate a private residence deduced to Sidney Cohen in the Denver County records office, this surveillance was necessary.

The limousine turned west on 6th Avenue, then south on Wadsworth. "Ah," Trebor murmured, "Jefferson County, the Gods are with us." Jefferson County sprawled many miles west of Denver, all the way into the mountains. Their route home would be relatively uncomplicated.

Eric figured that after Trebor's comment, it would be a long night. Despite Trebor's meticulous planning for guerrilla raids, he also seemed to believe in omens. If he said the Gods were with them, they probably were, or perhaps fortune just favored the bold.

Meanwhile, in the limo, all was not bliss. Even though this was payday for the girls, meaning they would get a week's supply of cocaine and several hundred dollars in cash,

their workday was not over. There was still the private performance that Sidney demanded on payday, once a week.

Sidney was not happy either, even though he looked forward to debauching the two White girls. The club had not been fully packed, and receipts were down. He blamed it on the two girls who were holding out for higher pay before they would agree to duplicate the most raunchy acts he required of them in private performances, including oral sex and copulation with simulated male sex organs. Well, tonight - he vowed to himself - they would pay for their obstinacy or no pretty white powder. Whipping naked women while they were tied up in fully exposed and helpless positions was his favorite sport.

The freak turned into the exclusive Green Gables subdivision. Now, late in April, immaculate lawns were just turning green as spring came late in the mile-high city. Palatial homes on huge lots stood up to one hundred yards apart, separated by trees, shrubs and privacy fences, making each residence resemble a secluded estate. The limo turned onto a long driveway, lined by bushes. The quartet, preoccupied with their own thoughts, never thought to look behind them where an unobtrusive sedan eased sedately past the driveway entrance. Nor did they know that the car stopped just yards from the driveway, out of sight behind shrubbery.

"This cheap car stands out like a sore thumb," was Trebor's first comment.

"Why don't I get out and reconnoiter on foot. You can go somewhere and come back in fifteen minutes," Eric suggested. There was agreement. Eric disappeared behind bushes as Trebor headed for more innocuous surroundings. It gave him time to reflect.

It was the knowledge that the beauty of the White Aryan woman might soon disappear from the earth forever that drove him to fight. Yet, despite all he had done to preserve their images, he had not enjoyed the favors of a woman for over fourteen years. He had no illusions about Candy and Heather. Because they were so remarkably beautiful they would be good breeding stock, but little else, at least until after a long period of re-education and discipline.

The last remaining young White women in System territory lived in hedonistic luxury undreamed of by the British monarch two centuries earlier. Drugs, cars, television roles, money and adulation were dumped in their laps while the inventions of White men, from washing machines to microwave ovens eliminated labor. Women do not voluntarily give up such pleasure and luxury no matter how earnestly White men might plead. That's why abducting them was the only recourse. Undoubtedly this pair was even more spoiled and selfish than most. He would have to be harsh and ruthless with re-education and discipline, which wasn't his nature with women. Yet he could not bear the thought of their genetic beauty not being passed on. He sighed deeply and headed back to meet Eric.

Just short of Cohen's driveway, Eric flagged him down. "Yeah, the Gods are with us," he enthused. "It's a huge ranch-style house with an attached 4-car garage. The freak started to leave about five minutes ago, but he had a fatal accident." Eric tapped his knife and

grinned, while Trebor chuckled. Eric continued, "The upstairs is dark but I can hear music at the windows. There is a little bit of light, apparently from a basement stairwell. I think they are in the basement. No dogs. There is a burglar alarm system. The back yard is surrounded by a privacy fence. Let's do it!"

Moments later the two silent avatars of vengeance crept silently around the exterior of the immense garage. Trebor carried a canvas kit filled with tools and meters. Both were armed with 9mm handguns and razor-sharp knives.

Eric kept watch through the windows and around the perimeter of the yard while Trebor did his magic with the alarm system. Being a former electronics instructor at Red Rocks College, bypassing alarms was no problem for the elder raider, requiring only time and patience.

Twenty minutes later, the Aryan duo were inside the house, standing in the biggest kitchen Eric had ever seen other than in a commercial establishment. The music, if that's what one could call the primitive noise, was not as loud as they had earlier estimated, but still sufficient to mask any slight sounds of their movements.

As Eric had surmised, the little available light emanated from a stairway to the basement. They inched down the stairs. At the bottom, a partially open door revealed opulent decadence beyond anything they had imagined. Except for one corner of the large room which contained an open communal shower and hot tubs, the entire floor was covered in snow-white, deep-plush carpet. Pictures, too obscene to be called art, interspersed with floor-length mirrors, decorated the otherwise maroon-colored walls. The centerpiece was a bed that must have been custom-made for orgies. It was close to ten-feet-by-ten-feet-square, with video cameras mounted on posts at the corners. Hooks for restraints were strategically placed above and around, a shelf on the headboard held whips and sex toys, while the ceiling above was another mirror.

The KD raiders did not of course know about Sid's vow to debauch the girls with the ultimate in submission. Nor did they know how desperately the girls were hooked on nose-candy. Evidently though, their addiction was sufficient that they had decided to cooperate, for they were both naked, one of them in restraints, the other in action. Turning the spectacle from raunchy to ridiculous was the sight of the depraved Sidney, himself naked, except for gold necklaces, bracelets and rings, with a pot belly hanging over withered legs. He was orchestrating the action with a whip of several short thongs.

The girls were too stoned to notice Trebor and Eric as they approached the scene. Sidney, whose back was to the door, was too engrossed. The first inkling the Porn Palace owner had of impending disaster was sudden and total. With a running thrust kick to the right kidney area, Trebor propelled the absurd looking degenerate onto the bed, where he landed across Candy's back. For a moment there was astonished silence except for the music and an anguished moan from Sidney. Heather's eyes were the first to focus on the KD raiders, and she let out a panicky scream, which she quickly choked off as Eric's 9mm turned her way.

"Nobody makes a sound unless you're asked a question, understand?" Eric's voice left no doubt in anyone's mind that obedience was advisable. Both girls nodded, but the moaning Sidney failed to acknowledge the order. Trebor reached over the bed and butt-stroked the creep in the nose with his gun. A howl of anguish was followed with assurances that the command was indeed understood.

Trebor grabbed a handful of the gold chain around Sid's neck and yanked him from the bed, holding him erect at arm's length.

"Okay, first things first," he began. "You," his gaze fell on Candy, "untie her," he gestured toward Heather with his gun hand. "And you" - each time he spoke there was emphasis on the word you - "how do we turn off that damn racket you call music?" He yanked on the chains. Sniveling Sidney pointed to a control panel on the nearest wall. Heather was now released, and Trebor pointed at her with the gun, "You turn off that noise."

Terrified despite her stoned condition, Heather scurried to obey. The resulting silence magnified the effect of Trebor's menacing voice. "Now you two sit there," he gestured to the nearest edge of the bed. Making no effort to cover their nudity, whether because of shock or the effects of cocaine, they quickly obeyed.

"Alright now, Mr. Cohen, where is the money you brought home?" Cohen started to deny that he carried money home, but was interrupted when Trebor drove a knee into his naked groin, nearly smashing his testicles. For long moments the disgusting creature lay on the floor holding his crotch and whimpering.

"My patience is running out Sidney," Trebor warned.

"In there," the oily degenerate gasped, pointing to a door at the far end of his playroom. Without a word, Eric strode to the door and disappeared from sight. A moment later, he returned with a briefcase which he flipped open on the bed. Inside were perhaps two or three thousand dollars in cash, along with some documents.

"Sidney, Sidney, Sidney," Trebor intoned. "I am disappointed in you. I meant all the money you have brought home."

"That is all," Cohen gasped in a last effort to keep his ill-gotten wealth.

"Okay, if that's how you want to play it," the implacable raider warned. Several broken fingers, a lot of pain and two minutes induced total co-operation. Sidney revealed the location of a hidden wall safe in the same room from which Eric had retrieved the briefcase. And, of course, its combination. Under Trebor's watchful eye and his gun, the three captives remained absolutely silent while Eric went to check the veracity of Sid's confession. Minutes later, he returned, saying, "Yep, a real haul."

Without further ado, Trebor holstered his gun, pulled his knife and in one swift move cut Cohen's throat from ear to ear. Blood spurted from his severed jugular vein, splattering in gruesome abundance over the naked legs and torsos of the stunned girls. Reflexively, they jerked away from their seated positions, gagging at the sight of blood, which to their civilized eyes was a new experience.

Never even glancing at Sidney's still-quivering body, the KD raiders proceeded methodically about their business, each doing what was necessary with a minimum of discussion. Eric stripped a pillow of its case, dumped the cash from the briefcase into it and left for the other room to fill it with the contents of the safe.

Trebor turned to the girls, "Go wash all that blood off." He pointed to the communal shower. As is known to all who experience life-threatening situations, action eases fear. Paralyzed by what they had seen, Candy and Heather regained their co-ordination as they engaged in the familiar routine of showering.

Under the sound of running water, Candy whispered, "You think they're gonna kill us?"

"No, why would he tell us to shower just to kill us?" was Heather's logical response.

"Maybe they intend to rape us?"

"Could be, that's the least of our worries. It's not like we are virgins or something."

"Sometimes rapists torture and kill women."

"Will you shut up with the kill stuff, it scares me," Heather scolded.

"Well, just what do you suggest we do?"

With the practicality of an experienced, worldly woman, Heather declared, "I suggest we fuck their brains out, or whatever they want, however they want, as long as they want, until we get a chance to escape." They agreed on strategy. Finished showering, they attempted to be as sexy and alluring as two nude women can be, as they approached Trebor. However, if they thought their charms would control the situation, such hopes were rudely dashed as he brusquely ordered them to get dressed. The bewildered women exchanged confused glances as they struggled into their clothes. So far there appeared to be one man who could not be manipulated by sexual offers.

Eric had returned with a pillowcase full of cash. "Think we should look the house over for valuables?"

Trebor looked at his watch, then mused out loud, "It will be daylight in an hour and a half. Figure a little over an hour to the turnoff, what the hell, give it a ten minute look-over. I'll have to keep an eye on these two." Eric bounded up the steps, while the girls heaved sighs of relief. It seemed they weren't about to be killed anyhow.

So far neither man had spoken to the girls outside of brief commands, one of which was to keep silent. So both of them were afraid to initiate a conversation with their ruthless captor. They sat silently on the bed, hoping that the quiet man would say something to reveal their fate, and at the same time dreading what those words might make known. Seemingly endless minutes of fearful suspense dragged on in absolute silence. Finally Candy could not take it anymore.

"Can I ask something?" she ventured timidly.

"May I ask something," Trebor corrected her grammar.

"May I?" Candy repeated, feeling like a chastised school girl.

"Okay, but first hand me one of those sheets off that bed." As Candy and Heather removed an oversized sheet from the huge bed, Trebor reflected that sometimes a woman looked as good dressed as undressed. These two looked good any which way.

Candy handed him a sheet and he sat down on a chair opposite the bed. He pulled the knife from the sheath and began to cut the sheet into strips.

"What's that for?" Candy asked.

"To tie you up with."

"I guess that means you won't let us go?"

"That's right."

"Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes."

"You won't kill us, will you?"

"No." Trebor's short replies weren't very reassuring.

Candy tried a new approach. "Are you gonna make love to us?"

"Can't make love unless you're in love," was all Trebor replied.

"While Candy and Heather were digesting that in their minds, Eric returned. "Not much we can use, but he did have a .45 caliber handgun and four boxes of ammo in his bedroom."

"Okay then," Trebor said, "here's what we do. I'll drive, one girl sits in the front seat with

me. The other sits in the back with you. With these strips we tie the girls together so neither one can jump out if we catch a red light." Trebor addressed the girls, "You saw what happened to Sid. Can I assume that you won't do anything stupid and get the same?" Shuddering, they both vowed co-operation.

Eric had Heather carry the pillowcase filled with money and held her slender wrist firmly in one hand as they exited the house. Trebor similarly kept a tight hold on the blonde. They re-arranged the gear from the back seat, tied the women together and proceeded toward home.

The sky was barely beginning to lighten behind them when they turned west on the 6th Avenue freeway. After an abrupt rebuff of further conversation, Candy and Heather remained silent, lost in fearful contemplation of their future. The effect of the cocaine was wearing off and the result, as usual, was heightened paranoia.

They reached the intersection with Interstate 70 in Golden, got on it and began the ascent into the foothills. Suddenly it dawned on Heather. "Kinsland!" She gasped the word out loud. "You guys are KD." The KD was as well known outside Kinsland as inside, but, of course, they were demonized endlessly in the System press. Every child in America outside Kinsland was indoctrinated from toddlerhood with gruesome tales of kidnapping, torture, rape and mass murder in Kinsland, and by KD operatives everywhere. KD were the bogey men with which mothers threatened disobedient children. Candy and Heather naturally believed every word of System propaganda, so now they were even more terrified.

Some twenty miles west of Golden, Trebor slowed the car to a crawl, then eased down an exit ramp, dodging huge potholes in what remained of the asphalt surface.

The System kept the major east/west interstates open through Kinsland, even though repair crews had to be accompanied by armed soldiers with air surveillance overhead. They had abandoned all attempts to keep entrance or exit ramps in repair over ten years ago. State and country roads were also in total disrepair. At the bottom of the ramp, Trebor turned north, still traveling between ten and fifteen miles per hour, depending on road conditions.

By six o' clock, even the girls were tired and they had only been awake since noon the previous day. Trebor and Eric were nearly asleep on their feet, having been awake, and often under tension for twenty-four straight hours.

"I've got to go to the bathroom," Candy complained.

"Me too," Heather chimed in.

"Just a few more minutes," they were advised. Sure enough, a few minutes later Trebor stopped the car and moved some underbrush artfully concealing car tracks leading away from the road. The tracks wound out of sight among a thick forest of Ponderosa pine

trees. They left the road, replaced the brush, and wended carefully through the dense forest. Within a half mile a log cabin came into view, snuggled so closely among towering trees that it was invisible from the air, except from perhaps a helicopter whose pilot knew exactly where to look.

"Okay, you can untie yourselves now, the outhouse is out back of the cabin. And forget about running away. There's nothing but bears, mountain lions, snakes and forest for twenty miles. And you would be lost in ten minutes."

"An outhouse?" Heather queried.

"Yeah, you said you had to go to the bathroom."

"Oh." Realization dawned on the 21st century city girl. "Come on, Candy, I gotta go."

Trebor and Eric retrieved some foodstuffs and extra blankets from the car trunk and trudged to the cabin's front door, their ever-present rifles slung over left shoulders. Inside the cabin, which was a first station on a trail for supplies and people going in and out of Kinsland, was a stack of foldup cots which sufficed for beds, a wood stove for cooking and heating, and a supply of various clothing and other essentials. Eric looked out the back window to make sure the girls hadn't decided to run off. Candy was waiting outside the door of the one-holer outhouse. Trebor picked up a bucket and went out to get water from a nearby spring, while Eric stepped out to chop some kindling for a fire. So when the girls hesitantly opened the back door of the cabin a few minutes later, it was empty.

"Well, that was a first for me, how about you?" Candy referred to the outhouse.

"Yeah, me too. Did you see all those spider webs? I thought I'd get bitten on the butt!"

Eric entered carrying an armload of kindling. He dumped it into the wood box next to the stove and said, "Would you get a fire started and cook some breakfast please? The supplies are there." He pointed to a box on the kitchen table.

"Uh, well, uh, okay," Heather stammered, unwilling to admit she wouldn't have the faintest idea where to start.

Between them the girls figured out how to remove the heavy metal plates covering the fire bin on the wood-burning cook stove. "I guess we shove wood in here," Candy whispered. But after they did so they found that matches wouldn't set the kindling on fire.

Trebor entered with a bucket of fresh water and looked with amusement on their ineptitude. "Come here," he signaled and led them outside. "These are pine needles at the bottom of the fire bin. Then a layer of cones, and then wood on top of that. Then you set the needles on fire. And be sure the chimney damper is open." Together the city girls accomplished the task, feeling an unusual sense of achievement as they listened to the crackling flames.

"Now, about the food." Heather got back to reality. In the box were eggs, powdered milk, sugar, salt, whole wheat flour, dried fruit and a few other staples. "I guess we had better ask them what they want, huh?" Candy asked. "Yeah, I guess so, and probably how to cook it. They probably think we are pretty stupid."

Outside, Trebor and Eric were fastening a camouflage tarpaulin over the car. Candy ventured to speak first. "You guys probably think we're pretty dumb. We wanted to ask you what you wanted for breakfast, but actually we don't know how to cook worth a damn."

"But we can learn," Heather threw in, eager to please, considering the danger they were in. Both girls figured their lives depended on pleasing the KD raiders, and they were ready to pull out all stops in being pleasant and accommodating.

"They belong to you," Eric said, as he resumed tying the tarpaulin down. They belong to you - the four words implied a lot to both Candy and Heather. Images of a harem or being sex slaves flashed through their minds. Or, even worse, slaves without sex. Like all druggies, their greatest panic was that they would be unable to find a supplier of cocaine. At any rate, it was clear that the older man, Trebor, was who they had to please.

"Well, Basic Cooking 101, I guess," Trebor grumbled and headed for the cabin, his captives in tow. Soon the aroma of flapjacks, frying eggs and fresh brewed coffee, enhanced by the smell of burning pine wood filled the cabin.

Suddenly Trebor signaled his neophyte cooks. "Look here," he pointed out a window. Not twenty yards from the back door, a doe and her fawn were foraging. The girls watched, evidently somewhat entranced by something they had never seen before.

"How old is the baby?" Candy asked.

"Oh, probably a couple of months." The fawn imitated its mother, never going more than a few seconds before surveying the area for potential enemies.

"Are you going to shoot them, or don't you like deer meat?"

"We never shoot females, especially if they have little ones, unless we are starving. The females of every species are its greatest treasure," Trebor replied.

"Oh," said Heather, filing the answer away in her mental computer for later digestion.

"Does that mean women, too?" Candy asked eager for confirmation that Sid Cohen's killer didn't plan the same fate for her.

"Good women are treasures, too," was all he said, with the accent on 'good'. It was a bit ambiguous, but Candy resolved that whatever 'good' meant, that's what she would

convince Trebor she was.

The subtle meaning of the exchange was not lost on Heather either. Nor did she forget that all women are in competition with each other. She would have to be at least equally as 'good' as Candy.

Both of the girls were surprised at how good the breakfast tasted, despite the cracked platter, tin cups and unipurpose so-called silverware. When they finished eating, Trebor told Candy to help Eric set up cots, advising that they all needed a nap. Then he had Heather load the dirty dishes into a large pan.

"Come along, I'll show you the spring." He led the way some twenty yards upslope behind the cabin.

As Heather dutifully rinsed off cookware in the clear cold water, she ventured to ask, "What did your friend mean when he said, 'they belong to you'?"

"'Belong to' means 'belong to'. You got a problem with that?" There was a hint of belligerence in his reply.

"Uh, well, it just sounds kinda funny to own people." Heather was careful with her words, not wanting to antagonize her captor.

Trebor expounded in some detail. "Sid Cohen owned you, body, soul and mind. He established ownership by getting you addicted to cocaine. I killed your owner and captured you, so now you have a new owner. That's how it's been done for a million years. Just be happy that most Aryan men treat their women with dignity and respect, if and when they have earned that respect. If not, he disciplines them."

Heather realized there was some truth in Trebor's words. She hadn't thought about it as "being owned", but Sidney had certainly controlled her life. While sex was to her just a way of manipulating people, or gaining advantage, or enjoying pure physical pleasure, she could see that Sid had been using her more than she had been using him. Even now, the idea that she might be deprived the seductive high of cocaine bothered her more than the abrupt abduction she had just experienced.

Meanwhile, back in the cabin, Candy was prying Eric for information. She too wanted clarification of Eric's comment 'they belong to you', so she asked what was meant.

"Just what I said," was his succinct reply.

"You mean we are supposed to be his slaves?" Candy asked.

"His wives, eventually, I imagine, although you have a lot to prove and learn. But slaves is a good term for now."

"Oh." She thought about that for a moment, then asked, "How come you don't want one of us? Do you think we are ugly or something?"

"No, you're not ugly, but I've got another girl on my mind right now. Besides, it's long past time that Trebor took some mates."

"Do all the men in Kinsland have more than one wife?"

"Most of them."

"Why?"

"For one thing, monogamy is a synonym for castration and racial suicide. For another Kinsland has the only good White men remaining, so they must breed prolifically."

"Monogamy is castration." Candy was truly puzzled.

"Sexual lust is the mother of battle lust, and battle lust is the mother of nations. The sexual lust of the males of a race that wishes to survive must be fired to a fever pitch and never be slandered, weakened or misdirected," Eric expounded.

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of Heather and Trebor.

Before stretching out on the cots for a four hour nap, Candy whispered to Heather, "Boy, have I got some things to tell you."

"Me too," was the response.

Both girls stole surreptitious glances at their captors, particularly at Trebor, noting his lean figure and flat belly. Candy had heard Heather say, "I love a flat-bellied man" often, as she ridiculed either Sid Cohen or one of the pot-bellied spectators watching their act at the Palace. What the girls did not know as they grudgingly admitted to themselves the sexual magnetism of their new "owner", was all through all the eons of time, women have adjusted to their captors, and usually come to love them. It was simply a reflection of all nature, where the hen, the lioness, the mare, or whatever submits to the superior male who has earned through competition the right to breed. Neither did they yet know that jealousy of a sister wife was unnatural and unnecessary.

A few hours later, they were again in the car, prepared to resume their journey.

Several times the girls had heard one of the men refer to someone named Wotan, so in an attempt to curry favor as they traveled slowly toward the northwest, Heather asked, "Who is Wotan?"

"Wotan is the major god of the White man's most common indigenous religion," Trebor explained.

"What's 'indigenous'?"

"It means naturally belonging to, in this case a religion that protects the White race."

"So why haven't I heard of it before?"

"You have! Wednesday is named for Wotan, Thursday for his son Thor, Tuesday for their comrade Tyr, and Friday for Wotan's wife, Frigga."

When Eric noted a System airplane at high altitude, Candy asked, "Aren't you worried about getting bombed?"

"Not anymore. We used to get bombed every day, but now they know we will sneak into their territory and kill a few big-shot politicians or whatever if they do, so its a standoff. They used to shoot missiles at us too, but they were heat-seeking. All they hit were our decoy fires."

"You lived like that for years?" Heather was amazed, and wanted to know why.

"Because this is the only place remaining for White people. The American government has almost exterminated our race."

"My teachers said KD wanted to enslave the whole world."

"How could we do that when there are few White people left and the government has the planes, bombs and missiles? I'll show you how America lies when we get to our maps and reference books," Trebor explained.

For hours they traveled deeper into the forested mountains. Often the men pointed out wildlife: deer, elk, raccoon, a porcupine and even a black bear. The once-exploited wilds were making a determined comeback under the care of nature-oriented Kinslanders.

Shortly before dark, they arrived at what once must have been a charming tourist village. Now over half the buildings were bombed to rubble. "What happened?" asked Candy.

"System bombing raid, was Eric's terse response.

In the center of what remained of the village, Trebor turned off the crumbling highway and they crossed a wooden bridge over a small stream. "just a few minutes to Mathewsville," he announced. The girls in the back seat looked at each other. Then Candy asked, "Are there people in Mathewsville?"

"Yes, it's a Kinsland community," Trebor advised.

There was hurried whispering in the back seat, then Candy asked, "Can we, I mean may

we talk to you before we get there?"

"Go ahead, talk."

"I mean alone, please?" Heather chimed in, "Please!"

The men looked at each other, then shrugged their shoulders as if to say, why not? Trebor pulled to the side of the primitive roadway, parked, and Eric got out, saying he would take a little walk.

"Let's stretch our legs too," Trebor suggested. He exited the car and leaned against the front fender, arms crossed. The girls pressed close on each side, still determined to use their sexual charms to get on the killer's good side.

Heather asked, "Are we going to be staying in Mathewsville?"

"Yeah, at least for a while."

"you won't tell people what we were doing at Sid's house, will you, please?" Candy added, "We aren't gay, really, I swear."

Trebor pondered carefully before answering. "First of all the word is queer, not gay. Gay means happy. Queer means a male homosexual. In Kinsland no queer would dare let it be known. Secondly, there are damn few true lesbians among Aryan women. You were putting on a show for the man that owned you. I don't doubt that the sex was enjoyable, but a man was still at the root of things. Finally, there is no reason for anyone in Kinsland to know more about your past than you wish to tell them. Many of our women in Kinsland were captured in System territory have sexual histories as interesting as your own."

"Thank you," both women chimed. Then Candy asked, "How about Eric?"

Trebor assured them his comrade was no gossip. But then, sensing that his captives were getting a bit too comfortable for so early in the game, he added, in a stern tone, "For your own good, though, you better be aware that I own you, and if you displease me, you are mine to punish or dispose of. Just think about Sid Cohen's fate if you get any ideas of escaping, flirting with other men, or being snotty. Do I make myself clear?"

Both captives managed to suppress shudders of apprehension as they profusely expressed willing compliance.

Eric returned and the last leg of their journey resumed. In the back seat, Heather whispered in Candy's ear, "Do you know what the phrase 'fuck for your life' means?"

"I do now," Candy whispered back.

Mathewsville never did "come into view" in the traditional sense of those words. Trebor just suddenly stopped the car beneath a huge Ponderosa pine and killed the engine. Cleverly concealed in dense forest, Candy spotted a cabin. Heather espied another, then another. As they would find out, there were a couple of dozen rustic homes, cabins and former mobile homes within a few hundred yards, and dozens more within a few square miles.

People approached from all directions, and their captors seemed to be extremely popular. Shouts of "Hailsa Kinsmen" reverberated throughout the clearing. Candy and Heather stood uncertainly beside the car, feeling conspicuous in their impractical garb. All the women they saw wore sweaters or jackets as protection against the rapidly cooling mountain air. At this altitude the temperature dropped quickly as the sun disappeared behind mountain peaks. Already they were getting goosebumps on their bare arms.

The women they saw were unusually pretty, and many were pregnant. Most noticeable was the throng of White children. Outside Kinsland they had never seen more than a handful of White children together unless they were outnumbered many times over by colored kids.

"Who are your friends?" someone asked.

Trebor signaled his captives to join him and introduced them by name.

"They will probably be staying with me," Trebor informed the crowd, then added, "I hope you will make them welcome."

The adults all understood exactly what Trebor's words meant. First of all, because the girls were staying with him, neither one belonged to Eric. And because he said 'probably', that meant they still had to pass medical tests. Early 21st century technology had created home testing kits to check for incurable diseases, especially those which were sexually transmitted. The community had the kits and tests were immediately given to captured women considered to be at high risk of infection. The results took only minutes and thus a captive's fate was quickly decided. Incurables were given a lethal injection, believing it to be medicine, and they quietly went to their graves.

A tall attractive woman about Trebor's age approached the girls. "If you'll come with me, we'll get some warm clothes for you," she offered. They looked at Trebor for confirmation. "Good idea, and Greta, would you show them the way to my cabin afterwards."

Greta, the girls and half a dozen other women departed. Candy and Heather were peppered with questions about the System world, especially fashions and morals.

One of the cabins was a storehouse for the entire community. Primarily of clothes, but also of bedding, tools and household needs. Soon the girls had a practical wardrobe conforming to the rest of the community.

Meanwhile, the men outside were full of questions for Eric and Trebor. Signs of System military units, new advances in police technology, and information from KD sympathizers were topics of vital interest to Kinslanders. To say nothing of the vicarious thrills they got from Trebor's unique tongue-in-cheek descriptions of his raids.

Loaded with necessities and guided by Greta, Candy and Heather arrived at Trebor's cabin while the raider was still occupied elsewhere. Greta showed them how to light a kerosene lantern, saying, "We are careful about use of kerosene since it's hard to get." Wishing the girls luck, Greta departed, leaving the two to investigate their new domicile.

This cabin was made of logs and had a wood-burning stove for cooking and heating. An old fashioned double bed with a metal headboard stood near a back wall. A wire strung across one corner of the open cabin served as a clothes rack. Some towels and clothing hung on it. The furniture, including a rocker, was mostly unfinished.

"Well, welcome to hell." Candy let her feelings run free now that they were alone.

"Yeah, I know, but we better get busy like good little slaves do, he could be here any minute."

"You're right," Candy sighed. They hung up their clothes next to Trebor's and started to arrange their new belongings as best as they could, given the meager number of shelves and cupboards.

"You think he will want sex tonight?" Candy speculated.

"Who knows, who cares, let's hope so if it keeps him happy."

"Damn, there's not even a shower or a bathtub. How can you have sex without a shower afterwards?" Candy moaned.

"And I've got to pee," Heather added. Taking the lantern they explored a path behind the cabin and found an outhouse.

After they returned, Heather asked, "You s'pose we're all sleeping in that bed? She pointed. I guess so, it's the only one there is."

They heard footsteps and quickly rose to meet Trebor at the door, their surly attitude miraculously transforming to fake solicitude and cheer.

"Hi, we've been waiting for you," Heather greeted. She realized the words sounded phony but nothing else cheery popped into her head. Trebor's demeanor was courteous but hardly warm. He carried extra blankets and a sleeping bag in his arms.

"Hi to you, too. I guess this is about as far from luxury you're accustomed to as is

possible, but we are gonna make it considerably more livable.

Until I get some partitions built, I'll string some wire and we can hang up sheets or blankets for a little privacy when you need it. I'll get a bathtub in here tomorrow. We'll have to fill it the old-fashioned way, water heated on the stove. Now if you two will get a fire started in that stove and heat up a can of stew, we can have a bite of something before bedtime. Tomorrow I'll show you where the pump is, but tonight I'll bring in water. The big tub there is where I keep water for washing and cleaning." He pointed to a large galvanized iron laundry tub. "I keep drinking water in a bucket with a lid. We're working on a water system, so in the future it should get easier." He grabbed a bucket and went outside. As the girls built a fire, which they now knew how to do, they could hear the creaking of an old-fashioned hand pump.

"Christomighty, it's pioneer days," Candy groaned.

"Dammit, Candy, I don't like it any better than you, but bitchin' doesn't help either of us."

"Oh, so what are you, Trebor's little slave?" Candy spat the words out like sour poison.

"If I gotta be," Heather challenged.

Candy thought a minute and the hostility drained out of her. "Okay, I'm sorry, I guess it's just getting to me. Yesterday we had life by the ass, and now this."

"I know, but we've gotta help each other through this." Heather was for the moment the stronger or more composed of the pair.

Later, eating their evening meal, Trebor told them that the community nurse would be by early in the morning to give them a medical checkup. Afterwards as they washed the dishes, he installed a curtain made of a sheet at one end of the cabin so everyone could take a sponge bath in relative privacy. He told them to share the bed, that he had a sleeping bag and the floor was just fine. Dutifully they made a token protest that it was 'his bed'. "An Aryan does not treat his women worse than himself," Trebor pronounced. Then his women had a pronounced effect.

In bed, in the darkest room they had ever experienced - the quietest, too - Heather whispered, "You know, under different circumstances, I could like that guy."

"I've gotta be honest, I could too," Candy admitted, "but we gotta get out of here. I can't live like this."

"Me neither." Absorbed in their thoughts, not the least of which was desire for cocaine, they drifted off to sleep.

In his sleeping bag, Trebor had a lot on his mind. This "taking mates" business was a major project, bigger than he had realized. He was reluctant to establish any real rapport

with the girls until the medical tests indicated they were "keepers". He had no illusions about their conciliatory attitude. Their smiles were contrived, motivated by fear and self-interest. There was construction and addition to do on the cabin, and re-education for his captives. But he reminded himself that other KD raiders had gone through the same troubles, so it wasn't an impossible task. As always brutally honest with himself, he recognized the rewards. Sex with these beauties was something special to contemplate. The philosopher in Trebor had never ceased to be amazed at what men will go through to get between a pretty woman's legs, and now he had to include himself. Oh well, he reminded himself, the die was cast, too late to change course now. As always, fatalistic acceptance of what the Norns declared was a switch allowing him to sink into contented sleep.

Chapter Two: Day Two

The next day was Sunday the 1st of May. Neither Candy or Heather had gotten out of bed before at least noon for months. When Trebor's persistent voice finally jolted them awake, shortly after dawn, they were less than eager to rise and shine. Compounding this discomfort was the itchy, nervous feeling that accompanies withdrawal from cocaine. Their grumbling voices were rude and resentful until they came fully aware and conscious of their situation. Even then they could not immediately bring themselves to assume the ingratiating roles they had so carefully contrived the previous evening.

Although he didn't comment on it, they could tell by Trebor's expressions and inflectionless voice that he was not happy with their immature grumpiness. In fact, there was unmistakable displeasure in his voice as he asked them if they would "please" get up and make some breakfast.

"I've got some things to do, but I'll be back in half an hour," he announced, and left them to consider how to repair the atmosphere and their images.

At an altitude of 7000 feet above sea level in the Colorado Rocky Mountains, it is cold in the early mornings, even in May. The girls shivered as they climbed out of bed from under a warm quilt, each wearing one of Trebor's shirts for nightgowns.

Heather tried a joke while they dressed in the kind of clothing worn by the other women in the community. "Nothing like pissing your new husband off the first morning, huh?"

"Not funny," Candy responded. "For all practical purposes, he is our husband."

"Yeah, well, just once I wish he'd smile."

"He did, at everybody outside last night."

"Seems like everyone loves him and he loves all of them. It's just us he's cold to," Heather observed.

"Um, well, now who is being negative?"

"Okay, you're right, let's make old stone face smile."

They divided up chores, one making the bed, the other starting a fire in the stove. Trips to the outhouse were considerably less scary in the daylight.

"God, I'd like a shower," Candy moaned.

"Well, I guess we can heat water in the tea kettle, pour it in one of the dishpans and take a sponge bath. I'll wash your back if you wash mine."

"Better than nothing. I'm sure our 'husband' doesn't like stinky women." Candy's voice dripped with sarcasm.

"This is all just too weird," Heather mused. "We never heard of this guy until yesterday and here we are, kidnapped, about to be sex slaves or some damn thing, and we're joking about a murderer being our husband."

At breakfast Trebor was again courteous but standoffish. At least he had information to communicate.

"Anna, our nurse - in practice, our doctor - will be by in a little while. She will give you each a complete medical checkup. I'll be gone for awhile. Later we will go shopping so you can pick up things to spruce this place up and make it functional. After that there will be a Blot and May Day festival. You may want to get gussied up for that. It's up to you."

Anna turned out to be an attractive redhead in her late thirties. The few freckles on her nose and cheeks only made her Irish features more alluring. She was also quite obviously pregnant. As many women as the girls had seen yesterday with babies in the making, they figured there was no lack of sex in the community.

Anna's bedside manner, so to speak, was easy going and congenial. The girls felt free to speak and to ask questions about their medical exams and about the community. They found out that with the latest medical science their blood tests should be analyzed in a few hours.

In response to questions about their sex lives, they admitted to taking specialized antibiotics as a preventative measure, along with anti-viral drugs. "Just in case," they said, implying that they had had sexual partners they weren't sure of. Anna was not judgmental, although she did say, "No more cocaine" after viewing their nasal passages.

A Blot, Anna told them, was a religious ceremony, usually held outdoors. She told them such ceremonies were held to mark changing seasons and to honor noble ancestors. They also found out that Mathewsville was named after an Aryan hero named Robert Mathews who had been murdered, burned alive, by the United States government decades earlier.

The nurse departed, taking blood samples with her. The girls finished washing breakfast dishes while waiting for their Lord and Master, as Candy dubbed Trebor, to return. Two hours passed and still no Trebor. "Let's go for a walk," Heather suggested.

Outside they almost immediately met a young girl about thirteen or so who introduced herself as Freta who offered to show them around. Heather told Freta that Trebor was late and was supposed to take them shopping.

"Oh, he's always getting waylaid with Kinsland business," Freta replied.

Freta took them to a larger building that served as a library, a school and a meeting hall. She also introduced them to several women from the community, and they saw the interiors of their homes. Compared to the austere, barren space in Trebor's abode, they looked almost civilized.

Trebor finally returned, driving a nearly new one-ton truck. Kinslanders figured that when possible they could just as well steal the best. "Ready to go shopping?" he asked. Curious, and concealing a who-gives-a-damn attitude, they pretended enthusiasm.

As they eased down the crude road, Trebor announced that he had just talked to Anna, the nurse.

"And?" Candy queried.

"And you're both 'keepers'." Trebor seemed in a happy mood. Of course, the girls didn't know it was because negative results would have been fatal for them.

Shortly they were back in the bombed-out village at the base of the mountain. "About half the homes and stores are rubble," Trebor advised. "The remainder are often filled with useful household items. Pick out whatever you need or want for our place." Neither girl missed the our, but despite themselves they enjoyed this novel way of shopping.

Dishes, chairs, storage chests, a couch, mirrors, a bathtub and other acquisitions soon had the truck overflowing and Trebor called a halt to the spree, saying they could return another day if necessary.

At their new home, the girls put energy and creativity into making it a less austere environment, figuring to make the best of their situation. Before they were finished, Trebor interrupted, suggesting they get ready for the evening Blot and festival. That prompted the kind of questions that could be expected, like what would happen and what to wear.

"May Day is a fertility celebration. Most of the women dress a little risqué, strutting their stuff, so to speak," Trebor explained. He added, "Of course, nothing like a couple gals from Sid's Palace."

Neither girl yet knew that Eric and Trebor had seen their performance at the Porn Palace. "Did you see us there?" Candy asked.

"Yup."

"And you still chose us for mates?"

"I decided that was the last time you two would show your goodies to Skraelings." Trebor's explanation was accompanied by a disarming smile.

"Skraelings?" Heather made the word a question.

"Non-White people," he replied.

"Oh, so it wasn't because we turned you on, or that you wanted to make love to us." Candy sounded a wee bit deflated, as though she couldn't believe anyone didn't find her irresistible. She and Heather were already curious as to why Trebor had so far never taken advantage of their captivity. Most men would have been feeling them up the first chance they got.

"Oh, you were both erotic as hell, but like I said before, sex and love are two different things. Although it's nice when they go together."

"Alright, so what should we wear to this festival?" Heather asked.

"You've got boxes of clothes you just 'shopped for'. I'm sure there is something in there. Last May Day there were split skirts, mini-skirts, bare midriffs, low cut blouses, you name it. You won't have time to do any sewing and be creative like most of the ladies, but you'll do fine."

It's peculiar how new realities are created in the human mind, Trebor mused as the girls tried on clothing behind a pair of hanging sheets that served as a temporary partition. They were acting with modesty totally opposite to their brazen flaunting of conventional norms that he had seen so recently.

Shortly they presented themselves in loose skirts reaching to inches above the knees and tight knit tube tops that hugged their trim torsos. They asked if this 'would do'.

"Good choice for square dancing," Trebor said. Both girls had heard of square dancing but neither had tried it. In System territory, all the various dances common to White folk a century earlier were either discouraged or banned as "racist".

Outside at the festival they found several tables filled with food cooked especially for the occasion. As women inevitably do, both Heather and Candy sized up other women. Their home-sewn costumes were indeed clever and alluring. Being custom designed, they

emphasized each woman's best attributes or those most appealing to her mate. While retaining a certain demure modesty, yet each proclaimed pride in femaleness.

Children outnumbered adults at a ratio of two or three to one, and they were the best behaved kids the girls had ever seen, even though their energy level and curiosity seemed boundless.

The entire community formed a circle at the request of a man they heard was a Gothi. The Gothi held a curious object in one hand. It was covered with strange characters.

"What is that and what's on it?" Candy asked. She stood on one side of Trebor.

"It's a ceremonial Thor's Hammer, and those are runes," he whispered back.

Remembering that she had to be as 'good' or better than Candy, and determined to appear interested, Heather asked, "What are runes?"

"Long story. I'll explain later. For now just repeat what the Gothi says when other people do."

After the ceremony there was music. Several fiddles, an accordion and a harmonica made up the "band". What the musicians lacked in polish, they made up for in enthusiasm. Then a bunch of older children formed a circle around the May Pole, each with a streamer in his or her hand. They began to skip, dance and run around the pole, creating intricate patterns with the streamers in time to the music. Now the girls wanted to know what was represented.

"This is a fertility festival. The pole represents an erect male phallus, which fertilizes the female just as the sun does to the earth."

"What a 'phallus', a cock?" Heather asked.

"Of course, you dummy," Candy mocked.

"Who you callin' a dummy?" Heather challenged.

"That will be enough of that!" Trebor warned. Chastened but resentful, they quit their bickering, but competition was enjoined.

The feast began and it dawned on the girls that they were the only ones who hadn't brought food. Trebor assured them it was okay, that he had made a contribution for their family. Again, the inclusive word was noted.

"What did you bring?" Heather asked, knowing nothing had been cooked in the cabin.

"Well, after Eric got his half there was still about a hundred thousand dollars of Sid

Cohen's money left, so I gave half to the community," Trebor replied.

"Fifty thousand of our money," Candy gasped. Realizing what she had just said, she corrected herself, "I mean, your money." Trebor grinned, the warmest expression he had yet showered on either girl, and said, "Yeah, it was our money, but we won't be broke for a long time."

"I guess not, seeing as there's no place to spend it" was Heather's pertinent observation.

"Oh, you can always send money with someone going to a treaty town."

"A treaty town?"

"Yeah. By the System's laws, no one is allowed to trade with a Kinslander, but in practice, human nature and greed are the rule. There are towns along the borders of Kinsland where if one has the cash, he can buy anything. We call them treaty towns."

There was an abundance of a home-made beverage at the festival that the girls discovered was called mead. Trebor told them it was made with fermented honey. They took mugs of mead with them, after eating, as the crowd of perhaps 300 people broke up into random groups, except for the musicians and a bunch of folk who congregated around a large platform.

"Come on, let's dance." Trebor gave each girl a gentle push in the small of their backs. It was the first time he had touched either one of them. They noted the possessive nature of the gesture.

The dancing began with a group of experts, eager to show their skills. The girls wore knee length full skirts allowing flashing glimpses of lithe bare legs as they pranced and promenaded to the dance master's calls. As they watched, Trebor spotted a young man named Ragnar whose seventeenth birthday had been the day previous. "Excuse me a minute," he said to the girls, and went to speak to Ragnar.

The girls watched Trebor in earnest conversation with the young man, and then Trebor returned with Ragnar in tow.

"They will have a beginners' dance next. and Ragnar has agreed to be a partner for one of you, okay?" Naturally they agreed, but then it became a problem of how to pair off. Ragnar, with a graciousness that belied his youth averred that he could not choose between two such beautiful girls.

"Well, it seems a little callous, but I guess its coin tossing time." Trebor had solved the problem. "Heads you get Candy and tails you get Heather." It came up tails.

Heather thought to herself, that Candy bitch will have Trebor eating out of her hand. But then she heard Trebor say, "Fine, we can switch partners each dance." He's not playing

favorites, Candy thought to herself.

Trebor had seldom seen a woman who didn't pick up dancing quickly and his new mates were no exception. Furthermore, like virtually all women, they could not resist enjoying the music and movement.

The evening passed in what seemed like minutes. "That was fun," Heather avowed as they strolled back to their cabin, the emphasis on the past tense surprising even herself.

"It was, wasn't it," Candy seconded.

"You two looked good," Trebor complimented them like an afterthought, "and sexier than Sid ever saw you."

The girls thought to themselves; strange he should say that, considering he saw us performing stark naked.

At home, as soon as the adrenaline from the dancing wore off, the girls found they were dead tired. They had been up since the crack of dawn, which was a new experience. Then there was the physical exertion of "shopping", moving furniture, and finally the festival.

Trebor told them he would hook up some kind of drain for the bathtub in the morning and laid out other plans. Meanwhile, the girls made up the two small beds they had acquired earlier for themselves. It wasn't until they were half asleep that either one realized they hadn't thought of cocaine all day.

Chapter Three: Day Three

Heather awoke early the next morning to the clanking sound of pipe wrenches on metal. Snuggled beneath the warm quilt, she looked at Candy, still asleep in the other single bed. As consciousness of her surroundings grew, she concluded Trebor was outside working on a drain for the bathtub. My chance to get ahead of Candy, she thought.

Climbing from bed, she primped her hair, put on shoes, and artfully arranged another of Trebor's shirts that she was wearing as a nightgown, to look as sexy as possible. Ignoring the cool pre-sunrise air, she ambled out to find Trebor.

Despite the chill he was stripped to the waist, at the moment swinging a pickaxe as he dug a leech line for sewage. She struck a pose, exposing a generous portion of slender, shapely leg and said, "Hi."

Trebor took a break, leaned on the pick handle and took an obvious good look at Heather's attributes, top to bottom. "Nice view for early morning," he said with a wide grin.

Always ready to play the female-to-male game, Heather replied with a coquettish wiggle,

then asked what he would like for breakfast. Trebor climbed out of the shallow trench, took a handful of Heather's brunette locks and pulled her close, almost cave man style. She braced herself for whatever assault might come, but all he did was brush his lips ever so lightly across hers in a kind of fleeting and gentle kiss she had never before imagined. He released her, then plucked a single flower, a multicolored columbine from among the profusion of blossoms all around, and stuck it behind her ear.

"Pretty flower for a beautiful woman," he said, "and I think oatmeal with raisins."

Stunned, she stood a moment in silence trying to sort out pretty flowers, oatmeal and emotions.

"Okay?" Trebor asked.

"Huh?"

"Oatmeal, okay, with raisins?"

"Oh yeah, fine," she stammered. "I'll call you." Her mind was spinning as she returned to the cabin. How could a man so brutal at what she had witnessed the night she was captured have such a gentle side? Adding to her mental confusion, Trebor's lean but muscular body was an attraction she could not deny. Then there was Candy - was she really supposed to share Trebor with another woman?

Perhaps in subconscious purpose she made extra noise starting a fire in the wood stove and boiling water for coffee and oatmeal. At any rate, Candy woke up and surveyed both Heather and the room.

"The flower is a nice touch," she commented on the blossom behind Heather's ear, just a bit of sarcasm in her voice. "Trebor gave it to me." There was a note of triumph in her own response.

Candy thought of a smart aleck answer, then stifled it. But to herself she thought: the competition is tough. She resolved to meet or beat any seduction tricks by Heather. Meanwhile she would adopt that saccharine-sweet phony demeanor in conversation with her as women in competition are prone to do.

"So what else have you and our new husband been up to? Candy asked as she got out of bed.

"Oh, he just told me what he wanted for breakfast, oh, and he kissed me." Heather deliberately made the kiss sound like a casual afterthought.

Concealing her anger at the fact that her competition had got a head start, Candy asked what the kiss was like. "He is different," was all Heather could think to say.

Candy changed the subject. "Well, I guess I'd better make the spider run." They had started to call trips to the outhouse the spider run.

"Could I get you to pump some more water while you are outside?"

Candy resented Heather's take-charge attitude, but then again this was a chance to show Trebor that she too was doing something constructive. So she agreed, and after a minute's primping, duly noted by Heather, she left out the back door.

Heather gloated for a moment, but then remembering the blonde's statuesque figure and Nordic beauty, she resolved to redouble her seductive routine. Men were notoriously fickle.

Candy greeted Trebor at his worksite, where he was still picking and shoveling. He gave her the same kind of obvious look-over he had earlier given Heather, then murmured, "Ummm, nice," from deep in his throat.

"You mean this?" she asked, striking a pose with one leg thrust forward, revealing a beautiful bare leg. Standing two feet below her in the trench, Trebor ran one finger lightly across her shapely calf and said, "No, the bucket you're carrying."

"Men!" she tossed back at him, catching his playful mood.

"Yeah, well, I bet Eric my life savings that you twarn't no lesbian," he challenged.

"When?"

"During your act at the Palace."

"You were right, but how did you know?"

"Too pretty, for one thing, but more important right now, I'm hungry. How is breakfast coming along?"

Candy felt the sexual tension being deliberately broken. Although that was frustrating, there was no immediate way to revive it. So, with forced cheerfulness she let him know she was on her way to get water and would find out how breakfast was progressing.

While pumping water she pondered the unique situation. Normally men practically begged to get her into bed at any and every opportunity. Yet, Trebor, who obviously had the power to take either her or Heather any time he wanted, and who had shown himself to be a ruthless killer, hadn't done so. And then he had kissed Heather, but not her. She thought to herself: I can't be losing my sex appeal, I'm only 22.

After breakfast, Trebor put the girls to work, performing the kind of manual labor they had never before experienced. Collecting stones, carrying them to the leeching trench,

and finally re-covering the drainage system with dirt were the hardest physical labors either had ever imagined. Meanwhile Trebor was installing a sink in the corner of their cabin that served as a kitchen and hooking up plumbing to it, and to the bathtub. By late afternoon it was obvious that partitions inside the cabin would have to wait at least another day, but at least the girls were rewarded in the evening with long, luxurious baths. Amenities were improving.

While they eased their aching muscles in hot water brought in buckets from the wood stove, Trebor went to the community library. He returned with thick books for each girl, and asked them to read the tomes, end to end, as soon as possible, although his "asking" left no doubt it was expected.

After their bath, the girls donned revealing lingerie and terrycloth robes acquired on their shopping trip. Then they carried on the most personal conversation with Trebor yet, while he soaked in warm, wet, luxury. Under probing questions they told of their earlier lives, childhood, schools, etc. As could be expected, they were products of the "politically correct" teachings of the System. Like most of the few remaining young White women outside Kinsland, they had been born and reared in rural communities. Attracted by the glitter and gold that awaited the last young White females, they migrated to a big city, in this case Denver. There they were seduced by drugs, glamor and the machinations of the Sons Muspell or Muspellheimers, as Trebor called Sid Cohen's tribe. Cocaine and other recreational drugs were used freely at the never-ending parties they were invited to, and once hooked they needed a supplier. That's how they met Sid Cohen and through him each other. Finding that they got along with each other, they had agreed to share a two-bedroom apartment in Lakewood, a western suburb of Denver.

Although Heather was several months younger than Candy, she was the more practical and reserved of the pair, and also more "educated," if education was what one could call the propaganda of System colleges. At any rate, she had spent three semesters attending a junior college in eastern Colorado. Meanwhile Candy had spent three years after high school working dead-end jobs in Limon, Colorado, before moving to Denver.

Like all captives - and that's what they still considered themselves to be - Candy and Heather worked hard to ingratiate themselves with their captor. Instinctively attempting to "humanize" themselves with one who had power of life and death over them. Of course, they could not know that the killing of Sid Cohen was absolutely no indicator of Trebor's true nature.

Determined to keep conversation alive, and coming from a so-called "culture" where males loved to talk about themselves, Heather asked, "Is Trebor your real name?"

"It is now."

"Oh, so you just picked it out or something?"

"Um, yeah, you might say that. Trebor is Robert spelled backwards. I use it to honor

Robert Jay Mathews, leader of the Order Bruder Schweigen."

That prompted questions about who and what were the Bruder Schweigen, which led to discussion of the formation of Kinsland. Trebor emerged from behind a sheet serving as a privacy screen between the room and bathtub. Wearing only a towel around his waist, he padded to a newly acquired dresser containing his clothing and pulled on shorts and jeans while the conversation continued. The unselfconscious display of his body was duly noted with poorly disguised interest by Candy and Heather. Flat belly, thought Heather. Nice ass, thought Candy. Each scolded herself for thinking that way about a kidnapper and murderer, but in their heart of hearts each also knew that she wanted to be first to share the dangerous man's bed.

The next day, with the girls' help Trebor completed a major partition dividing the log cabin in half, with the three beds and sleeping quarters in one end, while the other half served as living room, kitchen and, of course, a spot for the bathtub. He then announced that the partition work would have to do for now because he and others were going to begin Eric's cabin in the next couple of days.

"Oh, yeah, he's gonna, um, uh, 'get' a mate pretty soon, huh?" Candy almost said 'kidnap'.

"The Gods willing," Trebor agreed. They had discovered that Trebor used that phrase whenever risks were involved.

After lunch Trebor advised them to start studying the books he had brought home, and that he'd be home for supper when it got dark.

From a couple of hundred yards away through thick forest, the girls could hear the sounds of construction. Dutifully they sat down with the books, which turned out to be a collection of writings by men with names like Nietzsche, Spengler, Rockwell and others they had never heard of. Try as they might to concentrate on the material, their minds wandered and they kept turning to conversation. They seized the time of being alone to discuss what was really on their minds. "We've got to escape," Candy began.

"How?"

"Well, we sure can't walk out through a hundred miles or whatever it is, with bears and mountain lions everywhere."

Always practical, Heather replied, "Well then, we'll have to steal a car, huh?"

"They have their cars and trucks hidden somewhere so they can't be seen from the air. All I know is, there aren't any in sight from here," Candy advised.

Heather speculated, "They might kill us if we got caught. I keep remembering what they did to Sid."

"Yeah," Candy mused, "you know what, though, I don't care about that creep. I was getting real tired of his demands, especially the private sessions."

"I know what you mean," Heather agreed. "I can't hardly believe all the things we did for that fat little weirdo."

"Actually, we were doing it for the cocaine, not him," Candy corrected.

"What would you give for some nose candy right now?" Heather asked.

"God, you name it, but I've got an idea it's gonna be a long time."

They agreed that they'd better learn a little about what was in the books before Trebor got home.

"Hey, according to this, a White man named Edison invented electric lighting, another White man named Alexander Bell invented the telephone system, and Cleopatra was a White woman," Candy exclaimed.

"Naw, my teachers said they were Black."

"Well, they have supposed photocopies from a 1930 encyclopedia here," Candy continued.

"Hell, who knows? Anyone can write a book." Heather's views were usually utilitarian.

The more they read, the more evident it became that either the books they were reading were complete fabrication, or what they'd been taught all their lives was false. It wasn't possible to throw out many years of indoctrination, but it was necessary to please their "Lord and Master", so they read on.

By now they were beginning to learn how to cook for Trebor, who was almost a vegetarian, although on occasion he would indulge in a little meat. When he returned home as darkness settled in they had supper ready. For all the world like long time spouses, they recounted their respective days. Trebor was enthused about the progress on Eric's cabin. The walls were up, a floor in place, and tomorrow they hoped to finish a roof, windows and doors. From there it would be Eric's chore to finish. For their part, the girls tried to impress him with what they hoped were intelligent questions derived from the books they had studied most of the afternoon.

"After supper, we'll go out for the evening," Trebor said. "You need to see some evidence of the truth in those books, and then there is something else I want to show you since it's a new moon and a clear night." He could sense that they doubted the authenticity of the volumes he had given them to read.

"What's a 'new moon'?" Candy asked.

"That's the opposite of a full moon. In other words, no moon."

"So why is that so important?"

"You'll see," was all he said.

After putting on sweaters, the girls were led by Trebor first to the community building with its library. There he showed them textbooks, encyclopedias and other reference works dating from the 1850's to the 1930's, in which all he had told them was verified.

"As you can see, we at Kinsland don't have the resources to print and fabricate these books," he explained. He spread out a map of the world. "See this little nation over here," he said, pointing to Germany.

"Yes."

"That's Germany, that little speck, the size of one American state. That's the country that your teachers told you set out to conquer the world. These reference works will show you that Germany was outnumbered 144-to-1 in land area by its enemies. Outnumbered thousands to one in natural resources, and hopelessly outnumbered in population. Other books will show you that the Teutonic people, later called Germans, were the defenders of the White race for thousands of years against invaders from Africa and Asia, like the Moors and the Mongols of Genghis Khan. To exterminate the White race, the Sons of Muspell first had to destroy Germany."

Trebor went on for two hours, and by the light of a kerosene lamp, the girls were shown contradiction after contradiction in the political and religious systems they had been exposed to or controlled by all their lives. Finally he said, "That's more than enough to blow your minds for one night. Come on, let's climb a mountain."

He led them several hundred feet up a winding trail in the darkest night they had ever seen. He knew every step and pointed out obstacles. Soon they arrived at an outcropping of rock. They scrambled their way to the top, which was a small level space perhaps ten feet square, rising just above tree level.

Panting from exertion, Candy and Heather paused, too out of breath to ask why they were there.

Then Trebor said, "Look," pointing to the sky. Above them in the thin mountain air, unhindered by pollution or reflected city lights, the vast panorama of the universe stood revealed in its magnificent splendor, billions upon billions of stars creating designs against a velvet black background. The Milky Way truly looked like a ribbon of white.

"Awesome, isn't it?" Trebor asked.

"God yes. I never knew it could look like this," Candy breathed.

"And it goes on apparently forever, millions of light-years beyond what we can see with the naked eye. It makes a person feel kind of insignificant, huh?" Trebor mused.

"Like a little bug," was Heather's agreement.

"Did you know that there are spirals in those galaxies that show the same mathematical progression as the arrangement of sunflower seeds and fern leaves?" he asked.

"No, what does that mean?" Heather asked.

"It means that when our ancestors, the great Aryan philosophers of antiquity, said, 'As above, so below,' or, in other words, that we and the world are a reflection of the cosmic mind, they were right."

"You mean 'God'?" Candy asked.

"I mean a force and intelligence in the universe that we call God. That we as Wotanists who follow our true religion symbolize as Allfather Wotan."

"I don't understand. What do you mean, symbolize? Is Wotan real, or not?" Heather asked.

"I think we have covered all the esoterica we can handle for one night," Trebor replied, then added, "For tonight, just consider the majesty of all that" - he gestured again to the heavens - "and realize that while we are insignificant in the size of things, we can be valuable beyond comprehension as a link in destiny's eternal chain."

"Meaning what?" Candy asked.

Trebor's only reply was an enigmatic, "One day you will understand." Standing between his new mates, Trebor rested one arm across the shoulders of each in a continuing but slow increase of physical familiarity. Almost without thinking, they each circled his waist with an arm, and together they gazed at the incredible spectacle in the skies.

Yet it was Trebor's mind most focused on the cosmos. Heather's mind drifted elsewhere. What a strange man, she thought for the umpteenth time, so strong, so dangerous and ruthless, yet gentle and intelligent. And, yes, desirable. She could feel Candy's arm against hers where they encircled Trebor's waist. Could she be happy sharing this man with another? No, she told herself, I've gotta escape from Kinsland. Candy's thoughts were along the same line.

Trebor broke the spell. "Well, work days start early. I guess we had better get on home."

Back at the cabin, partitions had not yet been built to divide the back half of their abode

into separate bedrooms. Soon all three were immersed in their own thoughts in their own beds, yet only feet apart.

"Trebor?" There was a question in the name from Heather. "May I ask you a question?"

"Don't know why not."

"Promise you won't get mad?"

"No," he answered, "I'll probably blow my cool", but his remark was clearly humorous.

"I'm serious," Heather persisted.

"Okay, okay, I promise."

"Don't the women around here get jealous when their husband has more than one wife - I mean, 'mate'?"

"Why should they?"

Both Heather and Candy found his answer frustrating. Candy butted in, "Don't you believe in love?"

Trebor answered, "When you have your second child, will you love your first any less?"

"Um, I'll have to think about that," Candy replied.

Heather got more to the point. "Do the guys sleep with two or three mates at a time?"

"Ye gads, woman, I'm a Wotanist. How would I know?" Again there was encouraging humor in his voice.

"What's being a Wotanist got to do with it?"

"A Wotanist figures it's no one's business what others do in the privacy of their own homes."

"I like that," Candy said.

Heather persisted. "Well then, since you promised not to get mad, what kind of sex do you like?"

"Well. Well, kind of a loaded question. Let me think a minute." After careful consideration, he opined, "I guess there's a time for everything, sometimes romance, sometimes a caveman, sometimes gentle, sometimes a little kinky. Keeps it exciting."

"I like that," Candy repeated.

"So what are you waiting for with us?" Heather continued. "Don't we turn you on?"

"Do you think its time?" Trebor had this disconcerting way of answering a question with a question.

"Time? How does anyone know that?"

"You know, for a moment, upon the mountain top under the stars tonight, I thought we were getting there. I had a feeling of -- of -- well, if you don't know, it's a waste of words. When the day comes that lust and love combine, I reckon we will all know. Now dammit, let's get some sleep."

Sleep was slow in coming for Heather and Candy. Their minds drifted back to those days of innocence when, as teenagers, love and lust indeed combined in girlish fantasies. Back before drugs, easy sex, booze and night life had made them women of the world. What was reality - Kinsland, or what Kinslanders called the System? Was Trebor a brutal murderer and kidnapper, or the stuff of a girl's dreams? Finally they drifted into fitful sleep.

The exterior of Eric's cabin was completed by sundown the next day. At Trebor's request, the girls had prepared a picnic style noon meal for the workers. Even to their relatively insensitive perception, the unselfishness and camaraderie of the Kinslanders was obvious. Eric endured incessant ribald kidding about the sexual adventures he was sure to enjoy in his new home, with embarrassed grins.

"They're like a bunch of big kids, huh?" Heather had mused to Candy.

"Yeah, sometimes, but then other times they are so damn serious and dangerous."

"Romantic fools?" Heather asked.

"I guess so, but it's kinda neat, too, know what I mean?" Candy waxed a bit philosophical.

They would spend most of the rest of the day reading the prescribed books and so were prepared with questions in the evening. Instead, events began which would lead to a very painful lesson for Trebor's mates.

There was a knock on the front door which Candy went to answer. It was the young girl, Freta, who sometimes helped as an aide to Anna, the nurse.

"Anna needs help." There was no mistaking the urgency and distress in Freta's voice.

All of them rushed down the hill to the nurse's home. The rear of Anna's cabin formed an

immaculate if crude emergency room. When they arrived, Anna was efficiently preparing for surgery on a young man whose blood-covered body lay on a four foot high table.

"It's Bragi," she told Trebor. Without pausing to see who the women were with him she ordered, "You, get his clothes off." Candy and Heather hurried to obey.

"Laser rifle, I'd say. Went right through his vest. Must have severed or nicked a major vessel judging from the blood." Anna talked as she worked. "Roth and Rick brought him in. Found him at the first cabin on the Fort Collins run. While he was still conscious, he told them it was La Porte cops that stopped them. He was with George. George's body was in their car, been dead some time."

Anna already had an IV bottle hooked to Bragi's arm. "Got him on painkiller now." She named a synthetic drug known in the System's streets and among druggies as Tope, short for Utopia, because of its euphoric effects. In fact, Tope was a drug abuser's fondest dream and most treasured possession.

"I've got to give him something to knock him out now, but I thought you might want to try to talk to him first," Anna told Trebor. The clear implication was that Bragi might not live to talk after surgery.

Trebor took hold of the wounded soldier's left hand and leaned close. "Can you hear me, Bragi? This is Trebor."

Bragi's eyes flickered open, and he tried to answer, but blood in his throat provoked a bout of coughing.

"Hang on, Kinsman. We'll talk later," Trebor told him. He turned to Anna who was showing Candy and Heather where to dispose of the bloody clothes, and said, "No use, better get inside of him quick."

Trebor, Anna and Freta each knew what to do and were immediately engrossed in controlling anesthesia, monitoring vital signs, and surgery. Candy and Heather exchanged the knowing glances of druggies and each pocketed a vial of Tope while no one was looking. Then they watched the desperate operation with interest that was only partly feigned.

"Yep, nicked the aorta," they heard Anna mumble. "Gimmie that, and that, and that" - she would point and Freta would hand her surgical tools. A long hour passed before Anna began to sew the KD soldier's chest closed.

"He's got a lot of life force," Trebor murmured.

"Yeah, but he's lost a hell of a lot of blood and his system is in serious shock. I'll keep him loaded with painkillers and antibiotics in case of infection. The rest is up to the Norns and him." Like all Kinslanders, Anna was extremely fatalistic.

Trebor sent his women home and went outside to talk to the two men who brought Bragi in.

"We were on our way out on a fruit run," one of the men named Roth, began. A fruit run was a trip to buy fresh fruits and vegetables for the community, in treaty towns. We found him and George in their car about a quarter mile from the first cabin on the Fort Collins run. Before he passed out, Bragi told me it was La Porte cops and they had a laser rifle. He and George jumped out and George caught a full load. Probably dead before he hit the ground, Bragi emptied a clip of .308 into the cops' car, but they must have bulletproof firewalls now. Anyhow, the cops had time to recharge the laser rifle enough to put a quick burst into Bragi. He managed to pull George's body into the car and headed west. Apparently the cop car was disabled, because they didn't follow. Then Bragi got weak from loss of blood and didn't quite reach the cabin. That's all we know."

"Was fruit their only mission?" Trebor asked.

"No, there was surveillance on a CSU professor. I think an 'accident' was planned."

Trebor had a good idea who the professor might be. There was an 'educator' named Goldberg of Colorado State University who delighted in promoting miscegenation between Skraelings and the few White coeds in his classes. In fact, one of the Kinslander's mates was a former student of Goldberg who had been rescued a couple of years earlier.

"Well, I'll be headed east in the morning if you all want to join me," Trebor remarked, with a casualness that belied his deep emotion. Rick and Roth both quickly volunteered to join him. It was the rule in Kinsland: if the System killed one of theirs, then immediate retaliation, at least two for one, was called for.

Trebor trudged to Eric's new cabin, where he found the young soldier just getting ready to turn in for the night. After hearing the events of the evening, Eric too was ready and eager to join the revenge team. They agreed to head out the next day as soon as there was cloud cover.

At home, unfortunately, there was to be no rest for Trebor. No sooner had he arrived home then there was another knock on the door. This time it was Anna. Looking very somber.

"Bragi?" Trebor asked.

"No, he's still plugging along. Freta is watching over him."

"Oh good." Trebor's relief was evident.

"It's something else," Anna said, clearly reluctant to begin.

"Yes?"

"I'm missing two bottles of painkiller." Anna let the words hang along, pregnant with portent.

Trebor considered carefully. Quite clearly he didn't want to accept the obvious, but his new mates were the only druggies in the community. And they'd had the opportunity.

With sad resignation in his voice and posture, he turned to Candy and Heather, who had heard the conversation.

"Alright, where is it?"

They both vigorously denied any knowledge of the missing Tope. When a search of their pockets revealed nothing, they trumpeted, "I told you so." But when he searched their dresser drawers, they knew they were caught and their attitudes became apologetic, on the surface anyway. All druggies justify to themselves what they do for their drugs.

Trebor returned the vials to Anna, saying, "I guess this means a Thing first order of business tomorrow."

"I'm afraid so." Anna's voice showed sympathy for Trebor's anguish.

"You'll have to bring the charges."

"Yes, I know," were Anna's last words upon departing.

Trebor strode to the bedroom and gathered his sleeping bag and a few other items. On his way to the exit, he stated, "I don't care to stay with liars and thieves. Tomorrow you will be tried at the Thing."

"What's a 'Thing'?" asked Candy.

"A community meeting," was his terse reply.

"You know, we didn't ask to come here," Heather said with some defiance and sarcasm in her voice.

A withering look of disgust was Trebor's only answer. He would sleep on the floor at Eric's cabin this night.

The girls were blithely unaware of the seriousness of their offenses in the eyes of Kinslanders and Wotanists. Lying and stealing were virtually unheard of, partly because everyone had a sense of being one large family with a unique destiny, and partly because defense of the communities demanded integrity.

"Screw their damn 'Thing'. Let's get out of here," Candy spat out.

"Wonder how far we'll get in these woods at midnight?" Heather countered.

"A little damn Tope and they act like it's the end of the world." Candy was incensed at the injustice of it all. Heather agreed, but counseled that defiance was not going to make matters better.

"He said Anna had to 'bring charges'. This 'Thing' must be like a trial," Candy speculated.

"So what, men run things around here. What are they gonna do to a couple of girls for swiping some painkiller drug?"

"Yeah, and we're the best lookin' women here." The bravado in Candy's agreement evidenced a need to reassure each other there was no real problem, but in the back of their minds the image of Sid Cohen's last moments lurked like a spectre of disaster.

All in all, they were apprehensive enough that they were up and dressed early the next morning. Figuring to influence the men who would presume to judge them, they primed to the nines with their hair, make-up and perfume. Then they dressed in the most demure clothing common to the community.

They were thus prepared and sipping coffee when Trebor arrived shortly after sunrise. His attitude was cold, but they had expected that. They knew that a woman's looks were her weapon in life's struggle, and both were confident in their weapons where men were concerned.

They found themselves seated in the front row of the combination school, library and meeting hall, behind Trebor. Looking about as the hall filled up, they noted that each man brought his mate or mates with him. Perhaps twenty men and nearly twice that many women filled the room before Trebor rose and addressed the crowd.

"I've called for this Thing for two reasons, neither of them pleasant," he announced. "First, as most of you know, our good Kinsman George was killed by the System's police yesterday. George leaves two mates and nine children behind. The funeral pyre will be tonight, though of course a few of us won't be here, as we have the usual business to take care of in the east. Respect to George's mates will, I am sure, be paid by all.

"Second, I am sorry to say, this is about a wrong for which I am at least partly responsible, since I brought the accused into the community. Anna, would you please state the facts?"

Anna rose, faced the audience and detailed the charges of theft and lying. "This crime is particularly inexcusable in light of what was stolen," she added. "This painkilling drug is vital to injured KD soldiers. In fact, Bragi was on the operating table at the exact time of

the theft. Stealing medicine could condemn heroes to pain or death. Regretfully, as the offended party, I must ask for severe punishment." She sat down and the floor opened for debate.

Trebor rose first, confirmed all that Anna had said, and then added, "However, please bear in mind that these two are new to the community and have no knowledge of our ways or why they are so important. If they can be re-educated, aren't they potentially more valuable to our folk alive than dead? Nonetheless, let the will of the folk be done." He relinquished the floor.

The seriousness of their situation now struck home on both Heather and Candy. This was about life and death, their lives or deaths. The way Anna put it, stealing medicine from wounded soldiers did indeed sound awful. Worse yet, it wasn't just men deciding their fate. It appeared each family had one vote in decisions of the 'Thing'. The man of the house cast the vote, but only after consultation with his mate or mates. Not only that, the men seemed to respect their mates' opinions, and the women who spoke from the floor were uniform in their condemnation. They heard one woman specify, "If my man or my son were denied medicine by a thief in the community, I'd have no mercy."

The debate raged for two hours before decisions were reached. In accord with common practice, the injured party - in this case, Anna - delivered the verdict. In clear, somber tones she announced: "Candy, a prospective Trebor's mate, and Heather, a prospective Trebor's mate, it is the judgment of the Thing that you are thieves and liars. For such the appropriate punishment is that you should be stripped naked and flogged in view of the entire community. A second offense requires capital punishment.

"However, because you are new to the community, and out of deference to Trebor, we deem it improper that you should be unclothed to the eyes of the community's male members. Therefore your punishment will be administered in the privacy of this hall, by women, with only women present."

"Be aware that your punishment does not result from malice. Those who have no conscience will only follow the rules necessary to the survival of the folk and community out of fear of pain."

The men rose as one and departed the meeting hall. In moments, Candy and Heather found themselves naked with their hands tied above their heads. No amount of pleading, promising, tears or - later - screams would save them. One of the women administering discipline was in fact heard to say, "Stow the tears, thief, that trick only works on men."

Later, as they limped back to Trebor's cabin, carrying their clothes because anything touching the welts on their bodies was too painful to bear, the last words they'd heard rang in their ears.

"Are drugs, lying and stealing worth all this? Are they worth dying for?"

At least, thankfully, at the cabin there were no accusing looks or words from Trebor. In fact, he wasn't home. On the kitchen table was a terse note that read, "The past is over. The future is what one makes it. Do right. The Gods willing, I will be back in three days."

"So what now?" Candy asked.

"I don't know. Keerist, I thought I was dying. I didn't know a person could hurt so bad."

"It still hurts," Candy moaned.

At that moment there was yet another knock on the door. The girls exchanged apprehensive looks. It couldn't be a friend - they didn't know any in the community.

Heather sidled to the door, holding her clothes in front of her, and cracked it open.

"Hi!" It was Freta, Anna's helper. "Well, may I come in?"

"Oh, sure." Heather stepped aside.

"Anna sent this." Freta held out a bottle of greenish-blue lotion. "She said applying it to your sore spots a few times a day will help."

"Anna sent this?" Heather was incredulous that Anna, who had so eloquently laid out the case against them, was now solicitous.

"Sure, why not?" the young girl responded.

"Well, eh, you know," Heather stuttered, "what happened this morning?"

"Hey," Freta responded, "if a child does wrong, he gets a spanking. Then it's forgotten. You did wrong and got a real good spanking, and now it will be forgotten."

"Are you kidding? Those people, especially the women, they hate us! We can't ever go outside again."

"Oh, really," the sprightly teenager replied. "Well, you better go put that lotion on and get dressed. I think you're about to have company."

Suddenly they realized how silly they must look, standing stark naked in the middle of the room, carrying on conversation with a fully dressed and seemingly all-wise teener.

"Oh, yeah, thanks. Sit down and I'll, I mean we'll be right back." Heather took the lotion. She and Candy retreated to the bedroom with as much dignity as two sore and naked women could muster.

In the back room, they whimpered as they applied the lotion to themselves and to each

other.

"Ooh, this does help," Candy moaned.

"Boy, does it ever! Wonder what it is?"

"Who cares? Just be glad we got it."

They speculated about who could be coming to visit, without optimism or enthusiasm.

"You know, just in case, we ought to brew some coffee," Heather suggested. Dressed in the softest clothing they could find, they returned to the front room.

"You are both so very pretty, I can see why Trebor picked you," Freta complimented them.

"Well, thank you, Freta, but to tell the truth, I don't feel very pretty right now," was Heather's honest response.

"Me neither," her sister-mate agreed.

"Trebor left a note that said he'd be gone for two or three days. Do you know where he is?" Candy asked.

"Sure. He and Eric and Rick and Roth went Vali."

"Went 'Vali'?"

"Yeah, that's a name they use for revenge. It's from the God Vali."

"Yeah, so what does Vali do?" asked Heather.

"They kill one of ours, we kill two of theirs. That's all they understand."

The casual manner in which this apparently innocent young girl spoke of killing astonished Candy and Heather. "Just like that, go kill someone?"

"War is war, with plunder and women to the winners and slavery or death to the losers," Freta responded, with what to the newcomers was frightening intensity.

The conversation was interrupted by the first in an afternoon-long procession of women offering to teach the girls sewing, gardening, leather crafts and all the skills of the community. They accompanied one pair of sister-mates to pay respects to George's mates. There they heard references to Asgard, Valhalla, Tyr, the Bifrost bridge and other terms that baffled them. The sister-mates called themselves Sifen and Skadi.

"Where do you get such strange names?" asked Candy.

"And why does everyone seem to use just one name?" chimed in Heather.

"They are mostly names of Gods and Goddesses of our folk, and we often take a new name in Kinsland."

"But no last name?"

"Well, kinda, I guess. You are Candy Treborsmate and she is Heather Treborsmate," Sifen replied.

"Can I - I mean, may I - ask you another question?" Heather was being super polite.

"Sure," Sifen agreed.

"Well, uh, first, uh, what's your husband - I mean, mate's name?"

"Our mate calls himself Baldy, partly out of respect to Balder and partly as a joke since he has lots of long beautiful hair."

"Balder is a God?"

"Yes, a God of summer and sunlight."

"So which of you was Baldy's first wife?" Heather asked.

"I was," Skadi offered.

"Weren't you jealous when he took another wife? Oops, I mean mate!"

"Jealous!?" Skadi laughed. "I picked Sifen and helped Baldy capture her."

"Why, don't you love Baldy?"

"I love that man more dearly than anything on Midgard, except maybe our children," Skadi replied.

"Me, too," Sifen echoed.

While Candy and Heather were being educated into the ways of Kinsland, some miles away, traveling almost due east, four Kinsman maneuvered their two sedans around ruts and potholes in trails and roads. There was little conversation, as each man's thoughts were on fallen comrades and revenge. What little talk there was involved strictly business.

In the lead car, Trebor said, "We've got to get our hands on some of those laser rifles. I hear they can bring down a chopper or low-flying plane."

"Oh, man, if every Kinsland community had one of those, we could make life easier," Eric enthused.

"Well, we're gonna try. That's what the bolt cutters are for." They figured the laser rifles were bolted into locking devices in police vehicles just as was done with shotguns.

Behind them in the second car, Roth, a large husky man in his mid-forties, was driving. To Rick, a slender blond at least twenty years younger, he speculated, "Laser rifles for local cops, that's new."

"Well, the police department is about all Skraelings except for a few White females I hear. Guess the System feels it's safe to let racial enemies of the folk have advanced weapons."

La Porte, once a small suburb of Fort Collins, now had a population of a hundred thousand spreading north and west. Its western border was within a few minutes' drive of the mountains and Kinsland territory. The population was ninety percent Mexican with an additional ten percent divided between several races, but the police department was at least ninety-nine percent Mexican.

"You think Bragi's gonna make it?" Rick asked.

"Questionable, but there's a chance. He was breathing well when we left."

"If he doesn't make it, I want to go Vali again next trip," Rick vowed.

Bragi was Rick's age and a close friend.

"Not wise to go Vali when a man is too emotional," Roth cautioned.

"I'll cool down first," the younger man promised.

By nightfall they were at the first cabin where George and Bragi had been found a day earlier. From a nearby promontory there was a view of the unending lights of the front range. From north of Fort Collins to south of Colorado Springs, the entire front range was one long city, a hundred miles in length and up to fifty miles in width in places. It resembled Mexico City in size and inhabitants.

From informants, the KD knew of a donut shop in western La Porte where the police often took coffee breaks. If the Gods were with them, some System Skraeling police would take their last coffee break tonight.

They left one car concealed at the cabin, then crept down the last ten miles to the edge of

System territory in a sedan loaded to the gills with four men, rifles, back packs and -just in case - a bolt cutter. By nine o'clock they were innocently ensconced on a side street overlooking the parking lot of the franchise donut shop. It was over an hour before a police car showed up. A swarthy Mexican and a fat White woman got out, dressed in the garish uniforms designed by La Forte's Skraeling city council, and waddled into the shop.

"Okay, Rick, take a look."

Rick was the least menacing in appearance, and he was designated to stroll by the police vehicle and look to see if a laser gun was locked inside. Just as Rick opened his door, Trebor grabbed his arm.

"No, wait". A second police car entered the lot, and parked, and its Mexican cops went inside. "Okay, try again," Trebor advised.

A minute later, Rick returned. "The Norns are with us. There are some kinds of weapons I don't recognize locked to the dashboard, and the fat broad didn't even lock her door. If there's no alarm turned on, I can probably cut one of those weapons out of that car before they even come out."

"Well, if we're gonna take out all four of them, it can't be a quiet operation," Trebor said. "It's smash and grab and run. Rick, you and Eric amble up to the cars. See if you can get the first weapon out quietly. If an alarm goes off, Roth and I will take out the cops immediately. We'll have them in our sights through the window all the time. If you get the first weapon out quietly, signal us. We'll then take out the enemy. You then shoot out the windows on the other car if it's locked, cut the weapon loose and we're gone. Thirty seconds maximum. Everyone agree?" Heads nodded.

As luck would have it, there was an alarm on the first police vehicle, although not audible outside. Apparently an alarm went off in the cops hand-held radios, because just as Rick opened the car door all four cops looked up.

"Take 'em," Trebor muttered.

A stream of .308 slugs tore through the front window of the donut shop and entered the heads and bodies of the enemy, already tumbling and expanding. The exit holes were as big as a man's fist, and all four were dead when they hit the floor. The patrons and workers in the shop screamed and dropped to the floor, but Rick and Eric calmly went about their work. As Rick cut the weapon in the first car loose with bolt cutters, Eric pulled out his 9mm and cleaned out the rider's-side window of the other car with a fusillade of shots. He had the door open and waiting when Rick arrived with the cutters and a weapon in one hand. Another ten seconds and they sprinted for the car, two precious laser rifles in their possession.

There was no point in taking a circuitous route out of town. In minutes the major thoroughfares would be sealed in every direction. At the top speed possible without

blatantly violating the limit, they headed due west, counting the minutes to the Kinsland borders. With two miles of good highway in front of them, then another two miles of unrepaired Kinsland roadway before entering heavy forest, Rick announced from the back seat, "Cars in chase, at least four, lights on. Might as well floor it now."

Trebor floored the gas pedal and the large engine in their carefully chosen sedan responded with a lunge. They traveled the last two miles of highway at over a hundred miles an hour with the chase car still at least a mile behind. At the end of the unkept road, Trebor had to slow to ten and fifteen miles per hour, picking his way through potholes as the headlights allowed, but he wasn't worried about chase cars. They would have the same problems.

"Choppers, guys, look for them." Windows down, the other three poked their heads out and surveyed above and behind.

Just a few hundred yards ahead, Trebor could see the first trees, which meant safety. Suddenly Rick shouted, "Chopper, right rear, maybe one mile!"

No chance to evade, thought Trebor. It will have missiles already honed in on us.

The trees were less than a hundred yards away.

"Backpacks, weapons, and the laser guns in hand," he yelled. "We're getting out!" He jammed on the brakes, and all four raiders piled out, sprinting for the trees as fast as their legs would carry them with all the gear they carried. Behind them the chopper's co-pilot pushed a button and a missile already honed in on the car's hot exhaust roared away at four hundred miles per hour.

Just as the raiders reached the tree line, there was a tremendous explosion as their vehicle was virtually vaporized by high explosive. The KD soldiers took a moment to catch their breath, then began to strap on their backpacks.

"Whew, that was close," Roth panted.

"Yeah, too damn close," Eric agreed.

"That damn chopper hasn't left yet," Rick observed.

"No, it hasn't, has it?" Trebor muttered, a thoughtful look in his eyes. "Let me see one of the laser rifles." Like all KD soldiers, Trebor had read every bit of literature that was printed or could be stolen about System weaponry. In a moment he had the rifle charged.

Using a tree limb for a rest, he centered the sights on a fuel tank of the chopper that hovered over the burning wreckage of their car. "Adios, I hope," he murmured and squeezed the trigger.

A pencil sized hole blasted through the helicopter's fuel tank. Metal turned red hot in a microsecond, igniting fumes within the tank. There was a flash from the explosion, then the only sounds were of rubble raining from the sky and approaching sirens.

"For Bragi," Trebor gloated.

The raiders began the ten mile uphill march to the cabin and the other car. Between the difficulty of the terrain and having to watch for System aircraft, it would take a long time, but no one minded.

Less than fifty miles west as the crow flies, in Mathewsville, Trebor's new mates had tried going to bed around ten o'clock, but despite Anna's medication they were still in considerable discomfort. Unable to sleep, they talked instead.

"I guess we're gonna have to get honest with ourselves," Heather began, thinking out loud. "Apparently nobody escapes from Kinsland, so we've got to make the best of it. In their eyes, we are liars, thieves, and druggies. If Trebor hadn't convinced them to give us a break because we are new, we might be dead."

Candy broke in, "Yeah, well, he's the one that kidnapped us."

"That's beside the point now. We have to play the cards we're dealt. Everyone here talks about fate, even at that funeral or whatever they call it."

A little earlier they had watched along with the community as far across the valley a fire sprang to life. A funeral pyre, Freta had told them. George on his way to Valhalla. He escaped the straw death. The straw death, they discovered, meant dying in bed instead of in battle.

"Anyway, Trebor is one of their heroes, and for all practical purposes he owns us, right?"

"Yeah."

"Well then, we gotta do what women have always done, right?"

"I guess," Candy replied, still unsure where Heather was headed.

"What I mean is, if everyone loves Trebor and he can be convinced that he loves us, we end like at the top, right?"

"You mean like big fish in a small pond?"

"In the only pond," Heather responded.

Candy admitted she could see sense in the idea. "But," she reminded Heather, "at the moment we are lower than whale crap in Trebor's eyes."

"Maybe so, but tell me something - was there ever a man you met that you couldn't seduce if you wanted?"

"Well, not many, if any," Candy admitted, or bragged, depending on one's viewpoint.

"Me either, and against two of us he hasn't got a chance. You ever know a guy that didn't want two good looking women?"

"They mostly all do," Candy agreed, then asked, "So what's the plan?"

"What's most important to Trebor?"

"Um, I guess this community."

"Right. So beginning immediately, we convince him it's important to us. He has to fall for that."

"Uh-huh, so I agree. That makes sense, but what about sex? That's what really gets to men."

"We gotta find out what he likes and turn him on, that's all."

"Sounds easy, but I've got a feeling that Trebor's different than any men we've known before. He's got some kinda romantic streak or something."

"Maybe so," Heather agreed, "but remember, he decided to kidnap us while watching us perform at the Palace. All that romance and all good sense goes out the window when a man gets horny."

"Well, if he feels romantic about us, he's all screwed up. After all, he knows what we are."

"What do you mean, 'what we are'?" Heather challenged.

"We're a couple of druggie strippers, liars and thieves, and he knows it." Candy was in a fullblown period of painful self-examination.

"Speak for yourself," Heather said, flying into a huff. She squirmed about, trying to find a position that didn't hurt, and fell into resentful silence.

For at least a full hour there was complete silence in the pitch black darkness. Then Heather's voice broke the dark spell. "Candy? You awake?"

"Yes."

"I'm a druggie whore, a liar and a thief."

Candy pondered the admission for a minute. "Friends?"

"Friends."

"I don't think I'm gonna sleep tonight, how about you?"

"Nope, me neither," admitted Heather.

"Wanna get up and have some tea or something?"

"Might as well. Better just our butts hurt from sitting than our whole bodies." "Yeah, let's put on more of Anna's magic lotion, too," Candy suggested.

"Okay, I'll get the lantern and light it."

Shortly they sat in the kitchen sipping tea and being honest with themselves and each other for the first time ever. Actually, they discovered, it's difficult to put on a pretentious act when you're sitting around stark naked due to the fact that your body is covered with painful welts received for lying and stealing.

"You know, we're gonna be expected to have babies, don't you?" Heather asked.

"Well, I guess in the back of my mind I always expected to do that anyhow, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I hear that all the women here breast feed for a couple of years. I'll have boobs as big as yours," Heather opined.

"Yours aren't too small. I always wished mine were your size."

"That's funny. I always wanted bigger ones like you," Heather chuckled at the irony.

"Well, I guess babies don't care so long as there is milk in them, huh?"

"Nope. Now the question is, what does Trebor like?" Heather regretted the words instantly. "I'm sorry, I wasn't trying to get any competition stirred up."

"That's okay," Candy assured her. "We've got to get over any jealousy, although I still don't see how these women do it."

"I think they love each other," Heather mused. Then noticing Candy's questioning gaze, she hastened to add, "I don't mean that way, I mean like.. .like..." she searched for a word. "I don't know, they just do."

"I couldn't ever love you that way," Candy said.

"Oh?"

"Nope, you're too damn pretty, too much competition."

Mollified, Heather answered, "You're a lot sexier than I am." These kinds of confessions of admiration women never make to each other except in sarcasm or jest, and now both were embarrassed.

"Good thing Trebor isn't here to hear two naked women telling each other how beautiful they are. He'd swear we are stone lezzies, huh?" Candy joked, breaking the tension of the moment.

Conversation grew desultory as bone-tired weariness descended on both girls. There was a sudden interruption, another knock on the front door.

"Criminy, it's two o'clock in the morning!" Candy exclaimed.

Heather padded to the door and called out, "Who's there?"

"Wolf," a muffled voice answered. "I saw your light and thought you would like to hear about the Vali."

"Wolf? Wolf?" Heather asked. "Who is Wolf?" "I think he's the one-legged guy who works the communications shack on night shift."

"Oh yes, I remember. Just a minute," she called through the door. Both girls scurried to don terrycloth robes. Heather opened the door.

"I picked up news on a System station out of Fort Collins," Wolf said, making no effort to enter.

"Oh well, come in." Heather stepped aside.

"That wouldn't be proper at this hour of night with Trebor gone," Wolf averred. "All I had to tell you was that apparently the men are safe and the raid was a success."

"Thank you, Wolf. We appreciate the update."

"You're welcome. Good night," Wolf hobbled away on his crutches.

"That was sweet of him," Candy remarked.

"Yeah, part of being Trebormates, I guess."

"Have you thought about what happens to us if Trebor gets killed on one of his raids?"

Heather asked.

"Don't want to think about it. Let's go to bed."

In the bedroom, Heather surprised Candy by saying, "Let's sleep in Trebor's bed til he gets home?"

"Why?"

"Just because, I dunno, just because it's his, I guess."

"Kinda like getting used to the idea?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Well, alright."

They once again anointed themselves and each other with lotion and slipped naked between the sheets.

"I'll bet if Trebor knew we were in his bed, both of us, like this, he wouldn't be so eager to play war," Candy ventured.

"I hope not, but I suspect he's one of those duty-to-the-bitter-end type of guys."

"You're probably right. Let's get some z's." This time, despite the tender skin, they went immediately to sleep.

Meanwhile, all through the hours of darkness the four KD soldiers slogged their way through inky blackness and occasional heavy underbrush, ever upward and westward. Finally at daybreak they called a halt.

"The surveillance satellites will be tuned into this area. Let's rest until the afternoon cloud cover rolls in," Trebor advised.

From their canteens and emergency rations, they made a meal and thankfully sprawled out on beds of pine needles, carefully hidden beneath dense evergreens. In moments all but the alternating sentry were asleep - the dreamless sleep of men who were exhausted after a job well done.

Some hours later they resumed the trek, surprisingly refreshed and eager to get home where they could regale the community with tales of their exploits. If their car hadn't been destroyed, they would have been home no later than early afternoon, or perhaps late afternoon depending on cloud cover.

Back in Mathewsville, Wolf had told everyone as much as he knew about the raid, but of

course all knew that the System radio was often pure lies and propaganda. So by mid-afternoon many folk, especially close friends and relatives of the raiders were sneaking anxious glances into the valley below for signs of a vehicle.

Candy and Heather found that they were no different. Now that they had accepted that their fates were intertwined with Trebor's, future plans relied on his safe return.

Sifen had invited them to help her and a few others to weed and water in the community garden, and she noted their glances down the driveway.

"Best to get used to it. They either return or they don't," she counseled.

"I guess it's always like this, huh?" Heather asked.

"I'd say most of the women here spend from a few days to a few weeks every year wondering if their man will return."

"God, how can you live like that?" Candy asked.

"I guess if there's no other way to stop the Muspellheimer murder of our race, then we have no choice," Sifen answered.

"No wonder you love your men like you do. Each day may be the last," was Heather's observation.

"That's part of it," Sifen agreed, "but there's more. Our men are real men, brave enough to put their lives on the line time after time after time, as long as they live. There is nothing like being loved by a real man."

Comparisons of Trebor's lean hard body and Sid Cohen's disgusting image flashed into both girls' minds. Heather thought of his kiss, lips gently brushing hers, while Candy remembered a single finger tracing a line across her bare calf. They looked at each other.

"We're hooked, aren't we?" Heather asked.

"I'm afraid so," Candy admitted.

Hours dragged by and afternoon turned into evening which became night, and still no sign of the KD soldiers. Finally the girls, tired after only a few hours of sleep the previous night, gave up and decided to go to bed.

Once again they medicated with Anna's lotion and slipped naked between the sheets.

"There's no one else here that I'd want for a mate like Trebor. How about you?" Candy asked.

"Nope. No one else compares. It's scary, what's gonna happen if he's dead?"

"Don't say that. We just decided to love him," Candy mumbled. Then, deciding love was inappropriate, she amended, "I mean, you know, be real mates."

"Maybe that's what love is?" Heather whispered. "Who knows? It would be nice to be treated like these guys do for their women. Even when they're pregnant with big bellies, you can tell their men love them."

"I'll bet that's why the women aren't jealous of each other. It's because the men never leave their mates for a new one."

"Now that makes sense," Candy asserted, then after a moment's reflection added, "except when they're killed."

On that somber note they fell into silence and then sleep.

At four in the morning, Trebor and his companions arrived back in Mathewsville. As tired as he'd ever been, Trebor decided to skip a bath until he saw the pair sleeping in his bed. By the light of a flickering kerosene lamp, he could see the sheets were nearly kicked off their nude bodies and angry welts decorated their skin.

There was a chill in the cabin, so he pulled the sheets back over them and added a quilt. Then he returned to the kitchen, started a fire in the stove and set a bucket of water on top. Maybe a warm bath would be just as refreshing as sleep, he rationalized. Soon he was soaking away the dirt and sweat of a forced march while sipping a cup of mead.

The girls had received a painful punishment, he reflected. He hoped they had learned their lesson. A repeat performance could well cost them their lives. The community had harsh rules, but survival demanded ruthless enforcement of certain laws and codes of honor.

He also had to admit to himself that there was more to his reflections than some altruistic determination to pass on both their genes and his own. They're getting under my skin, he thought, despite their shady past, and there's no fool like an old fool. I must remember that they lie, they steal, and they are drug-abusers.

Nevertheless, before extinguishing the lantern and climbing into one of the girls' beds, he stole a long look at their faces, so peaceful in repose. Five minutes later he was dead to the world.

Heather awoke at sunrise, needing to make a spider run due to the tea imbibed in the middle of the night. "Ouch," she murmured, as movement still caused a little pain. Then as full consciousness returned, she noted the quilt. Had Candy gotten up in the middle of the night and covered them? She glanced at the blonde still asleep beside her, recalled a hug of the previous night and was surprised to feel no guilt or embarrassment. Maybe

friendship with a sister-mate is possible, she thought.

She slid out from under the warm quilt and slipped her feet into slippers before venturing across the cold wood floor. Only as she was donning her terrycloth robe did she finally see Trebor in the next bed. She stood beside his bed for a long moment gazing at his light brown hair and chiseled Nordic profile. You coulda done a lot worse, girl, she told herself as she tip-toed silently out of the room to make the spider run.

Later, as she set about to build a fire in the kitchen stove, she realized there was still heat in the embers. He hasn't been home more than a couple of hours, she correctly surmised. After setting a tea kettle of water on the stove to heat, she returned silently to the bedroom.

Carefully she nudged Candy awake. When the blonde's eyes opened, the first thing she saw was Heather's face, inches away, with one finger over her lips, indicating "be quiet". Heather pointed to the sleeping Trebor. Candy nodded her understanding and slid quietly out of bed.

Heather noted for the umpteenth time the blonde's classic figure, which transcended even the welts still visible on her skin. Must not be jealous, she reminded herself. The experiences of the last three days flew by in her mind's eye. How was it possible that she and Candy could have changed so much in such a short time?

As she eyed the slumbering Trebor once more, she began to wonder what the near future would bring for him, and for his young comrade, Eric...

Chapter Four: The Rescue

Sixteen year old Dory Johnson, like most girls her age, spent little time reminiscing on the past. Teenagers are future-oriented, and Dory's future seemed to contain endless possibilities for pleasure and adulation.

As one of the few White girls in her suburban high school, Dory was besieged with attention and requests for dates from Skraelings of all colors and mixtures, as well as an occasional overture from some shy or brow-beaten White boy.

Unfortunately the few White boys in her school were so beaten down with the System's propaganda of guilt, as well as fear of anti-White laws which were used to punish White males for the slightest deviation from humble subservience, that they remained socially invisible. By nature's programming, young females are not attracted to disenfranchised, beaten males.

On this particular evening, Dory was mentally wrestling with a not uncommon dilemma. Who should she go to the weekend homecoming dance with? She had narrowed the options down to just two.

One was a jive-talking flashy Negro, a senior who starred on the basketball team. The other was a Mexican whose expensive clothes and new sports car were financed by sales of various drugs to fellow classmates.

Under the prevailing moral climate promoted by all of society, including teachers, Dory was not without erotic experience with both sexes. Although physically she was no longer a virgin due to a lesbian affair in which her partner had employed sex toys constructed to simulate male sex organs, she had so far avoided vaginal intercourse with any male, not because of inhibitions but rather out of fear of pregnancy or disease.

Long ago she had discovered her ability to manipulate and gain advantage using sex and flirtation, weapons that she used without shame. Ignored by her drunken mother and by her lying lawyer father, she was tough, practical, clever and self-centered. Drugs, fights and varied sexual stimulations were integral in her life.

It was in fact incessant chatter about herself that precipitated an earlier than planned abduction. She had confided to a friend her decision to "go all the way" with a Skraeling. The friend, a secret KD sympathizer had, through channels, relayed the information to another, who in turn had broadcast a coded transmission on a set frequency at a prescribed time.

Wolf, the communications officer, arrived at Eric's cabin to warn that time was of the essence. Eric in turn shared the news with Trebor and hastily they began to plan.

"Can't get there tonight," Trebor opined.

"I know, but tomorrow night should be no problem. We have all the surveillance data we need." Eric was anxious. Although having only seen Dory's picture, he was infatuated. Of course, he had no way of knowing that behind Dory's pretty and innocent face lurked a scheming, devious and thoroughly utilitarian mind.

Dory lived with her parents in a ritzy home adjacent to the 18 fairway of a country club golf course north of Arvada, a suburb on the northwest outskirts of Denver. Other than contingency plans for unexpected obstacles, the abduction plans had been rehashed in Eric's mind many times.

The next day as Trebor and Eric traveled slowly down the rough and untended roads, Trebor counseled Eric on the problems he was about to face with an angry, scared, spoiled, brainwashed and basically useless prospective mate.

"I know, I know," Eric answered, "but you are the one that said women are incredibly adaptable, especially when they are young."

"That's true, but remember, this one has lived in luxury never dreamed of by kings and queens of ages past. She has absolutely no experience with the real world and is unable to perform any valuable task whatsoever until she is taught. And she will resist."

Trebor's evaluation was sobering, and Eric fell into silent meditation for several hours. After dark, they began to converse again as they entered System territory, all about business as they reviewed plans and contingencies.

The country club golf course was surrounded by an eight foot high chain link fence. A gate providing access to a service road for maintenance vehicles and supplies was situated at the far end of the course from the club house. Opening the gate would be child's play for Trebor. They would however have to leave the car parked outside the course and proceed on foot to Dory's parents' house in order to avoid detection by the groundskeepers, who would be watering and mowing fairways and greens all night long.

Wearing dark clothes and carrying their usual issue of weapons and tools, the efficient raiders arrived at the two story brick home which was their destination shortly before midnight. They could see no lights on in the house. Finding a pair of expensive cars in the garage, they surmised that the family was already asleep.

To their delight they discovered that a back door to the palatial home was unlocked.

"Guess these rich folks feel pretty secure," Eric whispered.

"Uhhmm," was all Trebor replied.

Due to its isolation the house was too dark to explore without the aid of the small flashlights they carried. Reconnaissance of the first floor found it devoid of humans. After creeping silently up the stairs to the second floor, they found there were a half dozen doors, all of them closed. No way to know which door might lead to Dory's bedroom, and it was too dark to explore rooms without using flashlights, which would likely awaken the occupants. This would have to be done the hard way.

Standing at one end of a hallway, they whispered.

"Might as well start here at the first door," said Trebor.

"Okay, I go in first," Eric was eager.

"Okay."

Slowly and silently Eric turned the doorknob of the first doorway and eased it open. It was pitch dark, and they couldn't see a thing. Suddenly Trebor switched on his flashlight and illuminated what turned out to be some kind of studio or study. There was no one in the room but the raiders. Each heaved a sigh of frustration because the tension would have to be repeated.

A second door opened into a deserted guest bedroom. The third room was occupied, but unfortunately not by Dory. Trebor's flashlight revealed a couple sleeping on a king-sized

bed. The man, an overweight specimen perhaps fifty years old, awakened almost instantly, shielding his eyes from the light. He stammered, "What the hell, who are you?"

Eric flipped on the light switch and closed the door. Now both raiders stood revealed, holding 9mm handguns aimed at the bed. The woman woke up then, saw the KD raiders and screamed.

"Shut up," Trebor warned in a quiet but menacing voice, aiming his handgun directly at the hysterical woman's face. The screaming ended abruptly.

"No telling who she woke up. You'd better look for your girl now," Trebor advised.

As Eric hurried to find Dory's bedroom, Trebor began to tie up her parents with duct tape around their ankles and wrists. Dory's mother was a rather attractive woman despite showing signs of wear from a dissipated life. In a trembling voice she asked, "What do you want?"

"Just your daughter," Trebor replied. He was disgusted to see the look of relief on the woman's face. She had to know that horrible fates often awaited women who were abducted, but obviously she didn't care so long as her own decadent carcass was safe.

"Why our daughter?" the overweight man asked.

"To save her," was Trebor's terse reply.

"Save her? Save her from what?"

"From dating and mating with non-Whites," Trebor explained.

"There's nothing wrong with that. We're all equal. We can't be racist!" The System line spouted by the slob made Trebor want to vomit.

The woman chimed in, "Hell, my oldest daughter is married to an African-American." Although they didn't know it, the two racial renegades had just sealed their own fates.

Meanwhile Eric raced down the hall, opening doors and flipping on lights. The first two rooms were empty. In the third he discovered that Dory had indeed been awakened by her mother's scream. She had a phone in her hand and was just about to dial the police emergency number. He leaped across the room and struck the instrument from her hand.

The two sized each other up. Dressed in a short nightie that showed all of her shapely legs and the outlines of firm young breasts, Dory was a vision that aroused Eric despite the tension of the moment. A pert nose, pouty lips, and just a few freckles decorated a pretty face framed by flowing light brown hair. Despite the terror in her eyes, she was a fine figure of a woman.

What Dory saw was a stocky but well built, clean cut young man holding a gun that

looked like a cannon to her.

"Please don't hurt me," she stammered.

Although his Aryan soul would have preferred to offer solace and comfort, Eric knew that a whole new mindset would have to be created in his captive, a mindset in which respect and compassion were earned by service to folk, mate and family, not by demands or pleas. So his response was brusque.

"You have one minute to get dressed. I'd recommend jeans, a sweater and sneakers," he advised.

When Dory hesitated, Eric began to count off the seconds aloud while pointing to his gun. At the count of ten Dory scrambled to obey, too terrified to consider the show she was putting on for the intruder. Eric didn't miss a thing.

Moments later Eric and Dory arrived at the door to the bedroom where Trebor was talking to her parents.

"I'll be downstairs in a minute," said Trebor, indicating Eric should take his captive down there and wait. When they had left, Trebor turned to the pair on the bed.

"Untold thousands of generations of your ancestors struggled, fought and died so that beauty like your daughter's would exist on Midgard today. Then you taught your daughters to defile their heritage by mating with Skraelings. This is justice." With that he plunged his knife into their throats, first one, then the other, all in one swift motion.

Wiping his knife clean on a blanket, he muttered curses upon the very memory such vile creatures, then went to join Eric.

"Sorry, young lady, but we can't take a chance on you screaming," Trebor advised before placing a piece of tape across Dory's mouth. Each of the raiders holding one of her arms, they escorted her across the dark golf course and placed her into the back seat of their car with Eric.

As Trebor headed the car for Kinsland, Eric removed the tape covering Dory's mouth.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked in a quavering voice.

"Kinsland," Eric told her.

Like Candy and Heather before her, Dory became even more terrified upon hearing such news. Certain that a fate worse than a quick death awaited her, she gasped, "Why, why me?"

"Because you are good genetic material and I need a mate."

"You mean, like a wife?" Dory could not hide the astonishment in her voice. Eric merely nodded.

"What about him?" She indicated Trebor.

"Oh, Trebor just acquired two new mates very recently. He has no interest in you."

"Two wives?"

"Sure. You have a problem with that?"

Anxious not to offend her captors, Dory quickly avowed that it was none of her business to judge. Now that it seemed she wasn't about to be tortured or killed, she felt emboldened enough to ask questions.

"I'm supposed to be your wife and I don't even know your name?" It was a question.

"Eric."

"Hell of a way to court a girl, don't you think?" Dory attempted a joke, then silently cursed the tremors in her voice.

Eric thought her attempt at humor showed courage, and it found it endearing. "Cracking jokes at a time like this shows grit," Eric allowed in a neutral voice, thinking to himself that it was a good sign.

"I don't feel very brave," sobbed Dory, breaking suddenly into tears. Well damn, I thought of everything but a handkerchief for a crying woman, Eric reflected. From an equipment bag he retrieved a stocking cap and handed it to his tearful captive without comment.

A silence which was potently uncomfortable to Dory ensued until well after they began their ascent into the mountains. Not that a plethora of questions weren't racing through Dory's mind, but she didn't know where to start or how such questions would be received. Already an exceedingly practical mind was speculating on how to enchant, seduce or otherwise control her captor until an opportunity to escape presented itself.

She finally broke the silence, telling Eric, "My name is Dory."

"Yes, I know."

"You already knew my name?"

"Of course. I wouldn't take just anyone for a mate."

"You have been spying on me," Dory accused.

"Well, someone has, in a way."

"What if I don't want to be your wife?"

"Doesn't look like you have much choice, does it? Besides, where in all nature does the female decide? The males fight each other for the right to breed and the female opts for the winner. That way, only the best genes are reproduced."

Dory pondered that for a moment, then ventured, "But people aren't animals."

"Tell me in what way people aren't part of the animal kingdom?" Eric challenged. After considering, she replied, "I hadn't thought about it that way before."

The rest of the trip home to Mathewsville passed in much the same manner as with Candy and Heather earlier. They did allow Dory, who was emotionally drained, physically exhausted and younger to get a full ration of sleep at the halfway cabin.

Unlike Candy and Heather, Dory's arrival at Mathewsville was expected and the community was primed to make her feel welcome. After a bewildering abundance of greetings from friendly strangers, Dory didn't know whether to feel like a kidnap victim or royalty. At any rate she soon found herself appropriated by two young women not much older than herself. One of them, obviously pregnant, introduced herself as Sheila and her companion as Linda.

Linda, who had an infant in her arms, had a take-charge personality. "Come on, we'll get you fixed up with clothes and stuff." Her suggestion was voiced so as to leave little room for debate.

"What about him?" Dory gestured toward Eric, who was deep in conversation with a group of other men. She found it hard to believe that her captor was unconcerned about her whereabouts, or whether she might try to escape.

"Don't worry," Sheila advised. "We will show you your cabin if he doesn't show up first."

In the community storeroom, while being fitted and supplied with clothes and women's needs, Dory discovered that the two girls were willing and eager to share a wealth of information about Kinsland, Mathewsville, Eric, or whatever might be pertinent.

"Some of the younger girls are a bit jealous of you, but don't worry, they will get over it soon," Linda confided.

"Jealous of me?" Dory didn't understand.

"Yeah, Eric is quite a catch and two or three of them wanted to be his first mate."

"A catch! He is a catch? He kidnapped me!" The sarcasm in Dory's outburst was thinly disguised.

"You will soon enough realize that you were rescued, not kidnapped. I knew I'd been rescued in a week," Sheila averred.

"You were kidnapped too?" Dory asked.

"Both of us, and it's rescued, not kidnapped," Linda informed her.

"Didn't you ever try to escape?"

"Escape to where? Didn't Eric tell you this is the last place for White people on earth?" Sheila patiently continued.

"This is all just too much," Dory exclaimed. "Yesterday I was safe in my home, and now here I am in some wilderness about to be forced to marry some guy I don't know that just kidnapped me. So tell me, am I supposed to jump in his bed and let him fuck the hell out of me before the night is over?"

Sheila grinned. "Who knows? I wondered the same thing the day I was rescued. Kinslander men aren't into mistreating women. When you're ready, I'm sure he will be, too."

"What if I'm never ready? I mean, this isn't marriage, not the way I ever heard of."

"Oh, Eric is a handsome man and you are a healthy girl. You'll be ready, willing and eager in due time, take my word for it."

Dory found Sheila's certainty infuriating, but considered it wisest to conceal her anger. Instead she decided to learn more about her captor.

"How old is this Eric, anyhow?"

"I think he's about twenty-six," said Linda.

"Kinda old for a girl that's just turned sixteen, don't you think?"

"No Kinslander has a right to take a mate and reproduce until he has proven his value to the folk in battle, and killed enemies of our people," Sheila informed her. "That's why most Kinslander men are ten or twenty years older than their mates. When a girl starts having periods and develops womanly attributes and gets 'boy crazy', that's nature saying it's time to mate."

"You mean Eric is a killer?"

"Soldiers kill their enemies and the enemies of their people, don't they?" Linda asked.

"Oh well, I guess so."

"And they still love their mates and children, don't they?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"So what's the problem?"

"Ah, I guess this is all too new and sudden for me to get used to," Dory stammered.

"Well, this should be about all you need for now," said Linda, indicating a sizeable pile of merchandise. "Come on and we will help you carry this stuff to your place."

There was calculation in Dory's next question. "You still haven't told me if I should have sex with him tonight."

"Trust me, you don't need to worry," answered Sheila with a knowing smirk that frustrated Dory.

"Well, hell, I was planning to give up this virginity thing real soon anyway." There was wry humor in Dory's comment.

"Atta girl. Humor in uncertain times shows courage," was Linda's response, accompanied by a reassuring pat on the arm.

That's the second time I've heard that tonight, thought Dory.

It was now fully dark as they trudged a couple of hundred yards through partially cleared forest to a cabin that Linda identified as Eric's place. "And yours, too," she added.

Without a reflection of city lights, the inky darkness was near total, unlike any night Dory had ever experienced. Spooky, she thought to herself.

"Good, Eric's not here yet. We can get you settled in," Sheila announced. Inside the cabin she lit a kerosene lamp which illuminated a large but unfurnished interior.

A kitchen of sorts with a table, chairs, a wood burning stove, a sink, a water barrel and some cupboards comprised one corner of the interior. The opposite corner contained a modern king-sized bed, incongruously surrounded by crude furniture including a dresser, a rocking chair and a lamp stand. Men's clothes hung on a clothes rack.

A third corner held a bathtub hooked up to a visible drain pipe. This corner was obviously intended as a future bathroom. Scattered elsewhere throughout the interior were tools, guns, ammunition, books and other male or revolutionary accoutrements.

Adding to the unpleasant first impression, the cabin was cold, having been unoccupied for nearly two days. Dory shuddered at the idea that this would be her "home."

"Don't worry, you'll have him trained in no time, and between the two of you this place will be fixed up in a week," Linda advised.

Dory looked doubtful. "Trained?? I'm gonna train him? He's dangerous."

To Dory's surprise, Linda and Sheila fairly roared with laughter, sputtering "dangerous" again and again. Then Linda apologized, "I'm sorry, we weren't laughing at you, it's just the idea that a Kinslander would harm his mate."

"Well, there was one once. Remember old Ralph?" Sheila asked of Linda.

"Yeah, but he's ravens' food, or was," Linda replied.

"What's ravens' food? What happened to Ralph?" asked Dory.

"Ralph was a wife beater and a drunk who lived in Mathewsville until about a year ago. He was harming the morale of the community, and he didn't straighten up after repeated warnings. So we hanged him, right out there in the clearing where you drove up," explained Sheila.

"We hanged him?" queried Dory.

"Well, the whole community voted at his trial and a public hanging sends a message."

Linda chimed in, "The point is, White Aryan men in their own lands and cultures don't mistreat their women or allow others to do so either. So when you assumed that Eric was dangerous to you, we just had to laugh."

Sheila added, "Don't misunderstand, though, if a woman gets too snotty or out of line, her man might drop her panties and spank her bare bottom until her attitude improves. It's just that it takes a lot of provocation. So unless you are planning to act really nasty to Eric, he will be easy to train."

"I still don't understand what you mean by training a man." Dory pretended to be puzzled, although she figured she was already an expert on how to control men.

"If his woman is happy and eager to please, especially in bed, a White man will do anything he can to please her. I mean, ANYTHING! Women have always been the power behind the scenes in Aryan countries. Let your man defend the nation and supply you and your family with whatever you need and want. As long as you stroke his ego and make him think he is a king in his own home, he will actually be your slave. Almost literally and without realizing it, he will be a happy willing slave."

"Hey, enough chatter! There's work to do," Sheila exclaimed. "Linda, why don't you help Dory put her clothes and stuff away while I get a fire started. I'm sure Eric and Dory will want hot water for baths, and they must be mighty hungry. I'll see if Eric has something around here to cook for supper."

In the rear of the cabin Linda placed her baby on the bed.

"What's his or her name?" Dory asked.

"Magni, he's a boy."

"How old is he?"

"Five months."

"Have you been here long?" Dory asked.

"About two years."

"Were you scared at first?"

As they reorganized the contents of the dresser to make room for some of Dory's things, Linda responded.

"Well yeah, for about a day or maybe even less. Mostly I was just confused and surprised. Shocked, I guess, by the sudden change and finding out that I'd been lied to about Kinsland ah! my life. Then too I was still in high school, and all of a sudden I found out that nature said I was a grown woman. I was fifteen at the time. It took a few days to settle in."

"I'm sixteen and I'm in high school too, a sophomore. I mean, I was in high school."

"Well, you will probably go from student to teacher real quick. I think the community wants you to replace Sheila as the teacher of the kindergarten through third graders. Sheila will be having her baby soon."

"Don't you miss your old life?" asked Dory.

"Hell no, not one bit. The whole System is rotten and anti-White, and I despised my parents."

"My parents are pretty disgusting, too," Dory confessed. "My mom is a drunk and dad is a lying politician. No one believes anything he ever says. Of course, he's a lawyer, too, and everyone knows what lawyers are."

"Well, you will like the honesty of people here," Linda avowed. "You'll have to get used to primitive living conditions, though."

"I see that. Speaking of which, I guess this place has an outhouse for a toilet, uh?"

"Yeah, but the men are working on a water system. We hope to have flush toilets sometime this spring."

They finished organizing, Linda retrieved her baby, and soon all three were seated around the kitchen table, while buckets of water heated on the stove top and a tuna casserole baked in the oven.

Unceremoniously, Linda opened her blouse and began to feed Magni.

"I've never known anyone to breast feed," Dory observed.

"That's a shame. A mother's natural milk is what nature intended. Besides, I like it. It makes me feel protective and motherly and stuff."

"Does it hurt?"

"Naw. Feels kinda good actually, at least until they get teeth. I hear they can get rambunctious then."

"How long will you nurse him?" Dory asked.

"Probably two years. It's good for him, plus a woman stays infertile while nursing. One baby every three years or so is about right."

At that juncture the front door opened and Eric stepped in. He stopped after two steps and observed, "Well, well, well. A bunch of old hens discussing my shortcomings undoubtedly."

"Yes, and there's no shortage of conversational material," retorted Linda. The playful repartee showed obvious affection.

"Those milk tanks of yours get any bigger and we won't have to import dairy products anymore," responded Eric, eyeing Linda's exposed and impressive mammaries.

"Yeah, well, Alf isn't complaining," boasted Linda, referring to her mate. Eric threw up his hands in mock surrender, saying, "Well, I sure ain't gonna argue with Alf."

"We better get going," said Sheila, getting to her feet. In mock admonishment she added, "Eric, you treat Dory right. She isn't used to a barbarian bachelor hovel like this."

"I guess that means you haven't spent the last hour extolling my endless virtues after all, huh?" he queried Sheila.

"It's getting too deep for me in here, even with boots on. Let us depart post haste," snorted Linda. Wishing Dory luck with "that smart ass barbarian", the pair left, declaring they would see her tomorrow.

There was a prolonged awkward silence once they were alone until Eric said, "Hi." Dory only nodded to indicate she had heard him.

"Not an impressive place compared to what you are accustomed to, I guess."

"You are a master of understatement, aren't you?" was Dory's sardonic response.

"Umm, so that's how it's gonna be." There was a hard and dangerous edge to Eric's voice as he seated himself directly across the table from Dory and stared into her eyes. "I will excuse a lot for obvious reasons, but one thing I will not tolerate is a spoiled, snotty, sarcastic little bitch with an attitude problem. I hadn't planned to get physical with you, but my belt and your bare ass will have a get-acquainted session that you will not enjoy, if you can't be civil. Civility is all I ask, okay?"

Dory, who had already decided to bargain with her body, raised her head as defiantly as she dared and said, "Civility is all you want? Well, there's only one bed in here."

"So what? It's not big enough or fancy enough for you?"

"So you expect me to sleep with you tonight, don't you?" The mocking tone of her voice was infuriating to Eric, who fully intended to let Dory set the pace in sex. So there was real anger in his voice as he advised, "If I want to I can strip you naked, tie you to my bed and take all the pleasure I want right now. I captured you in enemy territory and might makes right. That's the way it's been done for all the thousands or millions of years we have been on the planet. But so far I haven't, have I?"

Sensing that her body as a bargaining chip was losing value, and seeing Eric's anger, Dory meekly agreed. Between what Sheila and Linda had told her earlier, and Eric's threat to use his belt, she realized she was in danger of getting stripped and whipped on her bare butt if she couldn't appease her angry captor.

Then there was a completely unexpected development as Eric went to a drawer beneath a gun rack and returned with a pistol secured in a holster with a clip on the side.

"Stand up," he ordered. Hesitantly she did so, and then he slid the gun and holster into her waistband.

"There, that will protect you from any danger you might encounter in Mathewsville, including what you probably wrongfully call rape," he informed her. "Not that taking you

anytime I want isn't my right. Now, I smell supper. Go see if it is ready."

The cold fury in his voice was echoed by body language, and Dory figured she had pushed him too far already.

"I wasn't calling you a rapist," she protested in the most conciliatory manner she could muster.

"You were. Now go." He pointed to the kitchen stove, his rage fearfully evident to Dory.

To herself she said, why didn't I just flirt and tell him he's good looking and give him some sex? God, am I stupid. Now she would have to figure out how to make amends and appease him. It was doubtful, after she had already expressed herself as she did in regards to the bed and sex, that he would be easily fooled into thinking any sex offer now was sincere.

She rummaged through the cupboards and found dishes and silverware with which to set the table. She didn't know how long the casserole should cook, but a glance in the oven told her it wasn't burnt, so she decided to let it heat a little longer.

Then she realized she needed to go to the bathroom, but the journey outside scared her. Summoning her courage, she approached Eric, who was now sitting in the rocker near the bed, reading a book.

"I've got to go to the bathroom," she announced in the meekest voice she could manage.

"Okay."

"Is it safe?" she asked.

In response he nodded, tapped the gun on her hip, then added "flashlight" while pointing to a shelf. "Just point and pull the trigger. Tomorrow I'll teach you all about guns."

He was pissed off for real, thought Dory as she picked her way along a path to the outhouse. Again she cursed herself for being stupid. So what if he wanted sex. Almost every other woman in the world was getting it anyway, and now she'd have to flirt like crazy or who knows what he would do. Well, if that got him horny, at least he was good looking.

Shortly she was again behind Eric's chair. In dulcet tones and pretended humility she said, "I think supper is ready. If you'll come eat with me, I'll be civil, I promise."

"Hmmm, I am hungry," Eric replied in a flat monotone that implied neither forgiveness nor hostility.

While they ate, he did initiate conversation, which Dory took as a hopeful sign. Thus

emboldened, she said, "You and Sheila and Linda must be good friends, huh?"

"Yeah, they're good gals."

"Linda wasn't bashful about showing her boobs, was she?" Dory now wanted to bring up sex, figuring it was still her best weapon.

"Naw, clothes are just something to protect our bodies or keep us warm. Or because women look sexier in clothes that accentuate their best points and hide their weaker points. Don't you agree?"

"Are you saying that since nature gave us these bodies, there is no reason to be ashamed of them?" Dory asked.

"Couldn't have put it better myself. Still, if women didn't wear clothes we men wouldn't get the pleasure of undressing them. I like for my woman to just show me glimpses of her goodies, like with a split or short skirt or loose blouse. That turns me on. Speaking of showing bodies, I'll put up a blanket in front of the bathtub after supper so you can have a little privacy for a bath. I imagine we both smell like billy goats after so long on the road and all."

"That would be nice. Thank you." Dory's voice oozed insincere gratitude.

Eric changed the subject. "I think they want you to start helping Sheila tomorrow at eight o'clock, with teaching."

"Okay." For the moment Dory was ready to feign humble agreement to his suggestions, although escape remained her real objective.

"School is over at noon. Sheila would be glad to take you by her place and show you how nice a cabin can be."

"Okay," she agreed again. Like the actress that lurks within the heart of every woman, Dory played the role she had now selected to near perfection, not realizing how easily an act can blend with reality.

She volunteered to do dishes while he hung the blanket. As she cleaned the kitchen area, she snuck glances at Eric, thinking that he really was a fine looking hunk of man, and such a fascinating combination of dangerous soldier and charming boy.

Meanwhile Eric's mind was creating pictures of Dory, nude and glistening with soapy water from head to toe.

"I guess I carry hot water from the stove and cold water from this barrel and mix it in the bathtub until I get the temperature right, huh?" she asked a few minutes later.

"You got it, but here, I'll help you."

"How about towels and soap?"

Eric found both for her. Then, determined to let her set the pace despite the will power needed to resist taking what was now his, he departed for his favorite chair.

Dory immersed herself in the warm water, then soaped her entire body before focusing on immediate plans. She realized that quite obviously her power to manipulate her captor with sexual favors was severely diminished by the fact that he could simply take his pleasure at any time he so chose. So, she reasoned, it would have to be with enthusiasm, expertise and temptation that she might inspire his passion, a passion she could temper with affection. No more catty remarks, she warned herself. Then began her campaign employing feminine wiles worthy of comparison to Cleopatra's conquest of Caesar.

"Eric," she called out, "do you have any shampoo?"

"Oh yeah, I do. I forgot because I usually just use bar soap to shampoo."

"Would you mind bringing it to me?"

"Not at all."

When he hesitated on the far side of the privacy blanket, Dory was well prepared to offer some visual stimulation, saying, "Don't be bashful. Don't you think we need to talk?"

As he handed her the shampoo she asked, "And would you do one more thing for me?"

"What's that?"

"Get me a little more hot water."

As Eric went to the stove, Dory finalized her decision. When he returned with a large kettle of boiling water, she said, "Just a second until I stand up. I don't want to get scalded."

She rested a hand on his shoulder and posed as sexily as possible as he emptied the kettle into the tub, then initiated a quick kiss on his cheek before abruptly settling back into the tub. "This may work out okay," she proclaimed out loud.

With a vision of female perfection indelibly impressed on his mind, Eric returned to his favorite chair and attempted to concentrate on a book about the System's latest weaponry. The attempt was futile.

Meanwhile, Dory reflected on the day's events as well as her future, while luxuriating in the hot tub. Apparently, as Linda and Sheila had said, she was in no physical danger if

she played the role of sexual temptress and wife. Quite obviously there was no way of escaping from this place, at least not without a great deal of planning and more information. So, she reasoned, why not make the best of a bad situation? Besides, she had enough sexual experience to know it could be great pleasure. Her hands drifted across her breasts, feeling her nipples grow erect. One hand slid slowly down to the pleasure center between her legs, and a shiver of anticipation coursed through her body.

Why wait? Next week, tomorrow or tonight, what was the difference? What the hell, tonight's the night, she decided, trembling with expectation.

"Eric," she called out.

"Yes, Dory?" he replied, feigning exasperation.

"Do you have a razor?"

"Just safety razors."

"Would you bring me one? My legs need shaving."

When he got to the edge of the tub, she had one lovely leg out of the water, a foot propped up against one end. He stood transfixed for a moment, then tried to hand her the razor.

"You mean, I've got to shave my own legs?" she asked in feigned amazement.

Eric was not slow to catch on. "Well, certainly not, m'lady."

"That's better. First lots of soapy lather, clear up to here," indicating a spot well above her knee. Playful banter ensued as Eric performed the pleasurable task.

When he was finished she said, "How about you get out of here so I can get dry and put on a nightgown. Then it's your turn in the tub if you're gonna share my bed tonight."

"Bossy broad, aren't you?" he kidded, complying with all her requests.

As she donned a short flannel nightgown, she artfully left the top several buttons undone, prepared to tease with glimpses of her breasts. Meanwhile she reflected that men were so gullible. Eric evidently thought that she was a naive innocent, a sheltered little rich girl with no experience in the real world, or at sex. It's him that's a babe in the woods, she thought to herself.

As Eric rigorously scrubbed himself clean in the tub, Dory announced, "I'll figure out some partitions for rooms, okay?"

"You're the boss," he called back.

Damn right I am, she thought, but her contemplation was more on the upcoming seduction she was planning than on room divisions.

Eric finished, pulled on clean jeans, then noticed that the lamp had been turned low, leaving the cabin in seductive half-light. Dory was sprawled on the bed, two pillows behind her back, one knee cocked in the air, exposing most of an enticing, curvaceous thigh.

She crooked a finger in a "come here" gesture and in a syrupy voice crooned an invitation, "How about we get acquainted?"

"The Gods alone know the things a man has to do to keep a woman happy." Eric too could play games.

"Oh really! Well, if it's such a chore, forget it." Dory rolled to her stomach, affecting an exaggerated pout.

"No problem. A Kinslander always does his duty," said Eric as he sprawled beside her and ran an impudent hand up one velvety bare leg until it rested on one rounded and perfect ass cheek.

"I said 'get acquainted', not 'cop a feel'," was Dory's quick retort, squirming to remove his eager hand.

"You didn't say where," his repartee continued.

"How about everywhere?" she challenged, turning to expose a firm rounded breast. Eric's response was a low throaty growl and eager acquiescence. As they kissed she ran her hands across his muscular back and he explored all of her ripe nubile body with gentle but inquisitive fingers. Soon her body in the usual ways of sight and movement gave incontrovertible evidence that the pleasure she audibilized was not all pretense.

As he kissed and nibbled up and down the insides of her smooth, firm and deliciously curved thighs, her imagined impervious control gave way to fundamental desires.

"Stop teasing," she muttered, trying to guide him into a possibility of completion and satisfaction. Prolonging the anticipation in order to increase the final pleasure was exactly what Eric had on his mind.

When at last he tickled her ultimate erogenous zone, all calculated ideas about controlling and manipulating were long banished from her mind. Every fiber of her being was afire with primal need.

Eric slid up and kissed her on the lips as she moaned, "Now." With unrestrained passion, their bodies performed in synchronous rhythm, the ancient horizontal dance of mating and bonding, until — all too soon — the inevitable and uncontrollable conclusion

arrived.

For long moments they clung together, unwilling to let the moment die. Finally, sighing, "Ah, that was incredible," Eric rolled onto his back. Dory turned to face him and traced patterns in the hair on his chest with one finger while trying to think of something casual or witty to say. For once, trivial patter eluded her. Instead, what popped out of her mouth was, "That sure wasn't your first time, huh?"

"First time in a long time."

"Have you had a lot of women?"

"I don't think a gentleman should tell, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Would you want every guy you ever made it with telling the world?"

"I never went all the way with a guy til now."

"Oh really?" A cocked eyebrow and the inflection of his voice told her that he didn't believe her.

"Yes, really."

"Well, it's no big deal, but you weren't a virgin."

"I didn't say I was a virgin. At least I didn't tell you I was. What I said was that I've never gone all the way with a guy. That's pretty unusual these days. Most of my girl friends have been putting out since they were eleven or twelve years old. So at least you got to be first."

"So why did you wait so long?" he asked.

"Waiting for you," she kidded, poking him in the ribs.

"I'm glad you waited," Eric said, pulling her head down for another of his patented gentle kisses. "But what's the real reason?"

"I didn't want to risk getting pregnant or getting some bad disease. Believe it or not, I'm pretty mature for my age, at least in real important things."

"I can see that," Eric acknowledged. He then lapsed into a long silence.

After a while she asked, "What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Oh, just curious."

"About what?"

"Never had a man and not a virgin?"

"Oh, you really want to know what happened?"

"Well, it's not earthshakingly important, but it does make me wonder."

"Promise you won't get mad?"

"Okay."

"Are you sure?"

"You want me to swear by the hairy balls of Thor?"

"Huh?"

"Just a saying. Thor is a God strength and masculinity, in other words, of 'big balls', so it became a humorous way of affirming something."

After another lengthy silence, Dory said, "I was fifteen and hanging around with this girl named Gloria. One night I stayed at her place and no one but us two were home. We got high, and we were talking about sex, and she had this vibrator sex toy and one thing led to another."

"Ouch! Didn't it hurt when, uh, you know?"

"I guess, a little, but when you're all worked up you hardly notice."

"So how long did you and Gloria have an affair?"

"Just a couple of months. She started acting jealous if I talked to boys, or even to other girls, so I stopped hanging around with her. Finally we got into a fight because she started telling stories about everything we did."

"I guess the schools encourage girls to try sex with each other these days, don't they?"

"Oh, yeah, all the time, and most of the girls do it, too. Guys love to watch 'em. Would you have liked to watch me and Gloria?"

"Well, as you now know, we Kinslander men don't need any extra stimulation to get in the mood."

"I'll still bet you would have. Did you ever watch two girls together?"

"Well, kinda, one time," Eric admitted, thinking back to the show with Candy and Heather.

"See, I'm no dummy about men."

"You definitely are not dumb," he affirmed.

"And I'm good in bed." It was both a question and a challenge.

"Out of sight, the best," he enthused. "How was it for you?"

Dory placed a forefinger across her chin in a gesture of deep contemplation, then drawled, "I don't think a girl should make snap judgments without research in depth. Do you suppose we could do it again?"

"I suspect I could rise to the occasion," Eric replied, wondering if she would catch the double entendre. She did, and before the night was over, three sessions of passion were enthusiastically brought to a climax.

At midnight both of them lay side by side, emotionally drained and physically exhausted. "Do you have any idea how crazy the last twenty-four hours have been for me?" Dory asked.

"I think so, and so far you amaze me. I knew that all this super sex tonight was calculated on your part for what you consider your best interests, but your practicality and courage make me feel you are a special person."

Guess I wasn't fooling him a bit, Dory thought. On further consideration she decided it was all for the better because Eric seemed impressed with her regardless of her motives.

"I guess we both have been kind of, well, I don't know how to say this.. ..not totally open with each other," she volunteered.

"Yes, I guess in a way we used each other, me because you turn me on, and you for control," Eric pondered out loud. "I really do like you though, and I think I'm gonna love you. It's just too early and too crazy to use that word."

"Crazy is right. I should hate you as a kidnapper, not be having sex with you and kinda liking it."

"Oh, so I finally passed the test," he kidded.

"Umm, it will take a few more exams, probably a week's worth or more to make a proper judgment."

"Thank goodness I like tests."

"Do you have to go to the bathroom?" she asked.

"As a matter of fact, yes. Why?"

'Cause I gotta go and it's scary out there."

Eric slipped on jeans, a shirt and boots, then handed her a warm terrycloth robe.

"Nobody's ever been threatened by a bear or mountain lion in Mathewsville yet, but come on, I'll escort you."

Later, in pitch darkness under a warm quilt, she whispered, "Hold me and tell me everything will be alright." Moments later they were both sound asleep.

The next morning Eric awoke as usual shortly after daybreak, just before six o'clock at this time of year. Knowing Dory had to be at the school at eight, he would soon have to awaken her.

Five-and-a-half hours' sleep after the trauma and experience of the previous day wasn't much. He decided to let her sleep a little longer. This first day she would get breakfast in bed.

He fired up the stove and shortly started breakfast along with hot coffee for himself. At seven o'clock, using a piece of one-by-ten board for a tray, he presented his woman with breakfast in bed.

Several nudges of her shoulder at first produced grumpy protestations and requests that he go away.

"I have to leave for work in a few minutes, and you have to be at the school in an hour," he told her. As the words sank into her consciousness, she finally rolled over on her back and opened her eyes.

"Sit up. I brought you breakfast in bed, just this one time though," he warned. As she yawned and stretched, exposing well-remembered cleavage, Eric realized that he was indeed infatuated.

"Smells good," Dory enthused, sitting up, placing pillows behind her back and putting the makeshift tray on her lap.

"I let you sleep in an extra hour because I figured you needed it, but now I gotta leave in a few minutes. I'll be working on our water system along with some other guys until noon. Then I'll see you back here about one, okay?"

"Okay," she mumbled around a mouthful of buckwheat pancakes and maple syrup.
"Aren't you eating?"

"Already did. Just enjoying my coffee now." He raised the cup. "Oh yeah, before I forget, all teachers and girls wear skirts or dresses at the school. As soon as you finish eating, I'll show you where the school is through the kitchen window, then I've got to go. Will you be alright by yourself?"

Dory nodded.

A few minutes later, standing by the kitchen window, Eric said, "Well, gotta go." There was an awkward silence as neither knew how to separate or say goodbye. Both thought it strange considering the passion and intimacy of the night before.

Uncomfortably they exchanged glances. Then Eric said the first thing that popped into his mind. "You sure are pretty." Then he turned and rushed from the cabin.

For a long time Dory stood motionless, her mind a confused kaleidoscope of emotions, doubts, events and questions. In a daze she eventually got around to washing the dishes and then donned a dress for her teaching assignment.

Because fuel for a pumping station was impossible to obtain in sufficient quantities to supply water to the community, a gravity system was the only alternative. The engineering problems were only one set of obstacles. The labor itself was back-breaking. Eric's mind and body were thoroughly occupied the rest of the morning.

Dory would find it difficult to keep her mind focused on any particular subject. She felt dazed, confused and apprehensive about the future.

Arriving at the building that served as a library, a meeting place, a dance hall and a school for the community, she found that Sheila was already building a fire in the pot-bellied stove. Dory broke out of her mental fog sufficiently to respond to Sheila's friendly greeting with a "hi" of her own.

"Looks like you got through the night safe and sound," said Sheila with a companionable grin. Dory felt like she should initiate some conversation of her own, but "yeah" was all that came to mind.

"I remember my first night. I was afraid that Randy would beat me up or rape me or whatever, and at the same time I was just as afraid not to make him like me. I didn't know what to do. Was it like that for you?"

"Well, I guess so for about five minutes," dory allowed.

"Just five minutes?" The surprise in Sheila's voice was real.

"I'm pretty practical about things. I could tell he wasn't gonna do anything to hurt me, so really I mostly was deciding how much I wanted him to like me."

"Damn, you must be pretty brave." Sheila did not disguise her admiration for such quick practicality on Dory's part.

"Well, I was kinda scared one time for just a minute," Dory admitted.

"Really? What happened?"

Dory shrugged, saying, "No big deal I guess. Right after you guys left I got snotty with him and he threatened to whip my ass with a belt."

"Wow, you gotta tell me everything when we get time, okay?" Sheila's fascinated interest was both friendly and genuine. Dory felt a rush of affection for her new friend. Just then the first children arrived for class and Sheila advised, "We can talk at recess time."

"Okay, what do you want me to do?"

"Today why don't you just watch and see how we do things here. The first two hours will be basic math and language. Then after recess will be history and natural philosophy."

"Natural philosophy. I don't even know what that is."

"Mostly common sense, but to get you started here are the 88 Precepts." Sheila handed her a well-worn booklet, saying, "You can read them when there's nothing of interest going on."

Soon there were fifteen children ages five to eight sitting quietly at their desks.

"Good morning," said Sheila.

In unison the class answered, "Good morning, teacher," then waited in respectful silence for further instructions.

"Is there anyone who didn't finish his homework?" she asked. When no hands were raised, she went from desk to desk, picking up yesterday's homework and handing out new assignments. "For you third graders we will discuss changing fractions into decimals this morning," Sheila announced, pulling a portable blackboard to the front of the class.

Dory reflected that she hadn't learned to do that until the eighth grade. She didn't know that System schools had been deliberately "dumbed down" for decades.

As the arithmetic lesson proceeded, Dory opened the booklet titled "88 Precepts" and began to read. 'My God, this is deep stuff was her first thought. She was struck by the absolute logic in the teachings that all living things are subject to natural laws. It seemed

impossible to deny.

After a lifetime of propaganda about "equality", she found the 29th Precept to be devastatingly iconoclastic. It read, "The concept of equality is declared a lie by every evidence of nature. It is a search for the lowest common denominator, and its pursuit will destroy every superior race, nation of culture. In order for a plow horse to run as fast as a race horse, you would first have to cripple the race horse; conversely, in order for a race horse to pull as much as a plow horse, you would first have to cripple the plow horse. In either case, the pursuit of equality is the destruction of excellence."

"That is true," she decided. She then wondered if there were other lies that she had been taught. The 85th Precept also caught her attention. It read, "One measure of a man is cheerfulness in adversity." Kind of like the "humor in times of peril" adage she had heard the day before. Thinking of cheerfulness, she reflected that earlier that morning she had hardly spoken to Eric. After he had served her breakfast in bed and let her sleep late, he must have expected some kind of acknowledgment. No wonder he rushed out of the cabin so suddenly. Why did life have to be so complicated?

At ten o'clock came recess time. As soon as the children had gone outside to play, Sheila joined her.

"Okay, the suspense is killing me. You thought he might use his belt on your ass, then what? Or am I being nosy?"

"Oh no, it's okay." Actually Dory was quite willing to discuss the previous night in order that she could work out some thoughts in her own mind. "He gave me a gun. That's when I knew I was safe. Not that I would have shot him, but hell, I could have."

"That was his way of reassuring you, I reckon, and it worked, too, huh?"

"He is pretty damn smart," agreed Dory, adding, "He even said he knew all my passion was calculated on my part."

"Passion! You didn't...did you? I mean, you know, get it on with him?"

"Well, what the hell choice did I have. I mean, sooner or later it was gonna happen anyway, and he was really pissed off for awhile."

Sheila laughed. "You don't have to make excuses tome. I think it's great! Most girls take a week or weeks to make such a practical decision." She lowered her voice to a conspiratorial level and asked, "Was it good?"

"Which time?" replied Dory with a smirk.

"Damn, how many times did you do it?"

"Three."

"Boy am I jealous. Until I get this baby out of the hanger, I'm deprived. You still didn't tell me if it was good, but I guess after three times that's a stupid question."

"The first time it was fabulous, but then it got better, and then better again." Dory's smirk grew even more pronounced.

"So you two are gonna be happy together?"

"I guess so. I'm afraid I made him kinda unhappy this morning though, not that I meant to."

"How's that?"

"Oh, he let me sleep late and then he fixed breakfast in bed for me, but it was like I was tongue-tied. I couldn't think of anything to say. He probably thinks I'm a real spoiled brat."

"Ah-ha, don't worry. Shake your ass real nice when you get home and all will be cool. A man's brains are mostly below the waist."

"You don't have a very high opinion of men, do you?" Dory queried.

"Oh yes I do, I love 'em, and our men are the civilization builders of the world. I'm just being honest about their desires." Sheila glanced at her watch. "Oh crap, recess time is over, got to get to work."

As she returned to her desk, Dory heard her muttering, "Breakfast in bed. I'll be damned."

The next hour was devoted to history and now Dory was truly amazed as the young children rattled off the names of scientists, philosophers, martyrs, wars, revolutions, kings, queens, dates, events and on and on. She wondered what she could possibly teach these kids, thinking that they could teach her.

It was the logic of their thinking processes that was most startling. Sheila asked a six or seven year old boy why a warrior named Herman might have been motivated to defend central Europe against the legions of Rome.

The little student promptly rose from his desk and, standing respectfully behind his seat, as all were taught to do, he answered in exactitude, "The 24th Precept: 'No race of people can indefinitely continue their existence without territorial imperatives in which to propagate, protect and promote their own kind.'" Dory felt an urge to hug the little guy. Time flew by for the thoroughly-engrossed Dory, and suddenly the school day was over.

"Why don't you come by my place, and I'll show you how nice a cabin can be with some feminine influence," Sheila suggested.

"Okay, but I've gotta be home, urn, yeah, I guess it's home anyhow. I'd better be back before Eric gets there. I might have some fences to mend."

"Just make sure he sees you changing clothes, and give him a good show," Sheila advised.

Dory cocked a finger at Sheila and agreed, "Good idea."

From painted surfaces to curtains over the windows to padding on the furniture – there was no doubt that Sheila's home was a huge improvement over her own.

"Where did you get all this stuff?" she asked.

"Mostly we go shopping down there." Sheila pointed in the general direction of the bombed-out town below Mathewsville.

"Shopping? There's no stores open down there."

"Exactly, we can just take what we need from all the deserted houses and buildings."

"Do you still get bombed a lot?"

"Not anymore. They got tired of bombing the decoy fires we set for their heat-seeking satellites and missiles. And every time they bombed Kinsland, some KD snuck into System territory and killed a bunch of politicians or media whores or whatever. So now it's a standoff, just as long as they can't prove it's us when we plunder them."

"Why doesn't the System send in their army and wipe you all out?"

"Oh, they tried that, but their Skraeling troops were cowardly and undependable. Then they brought over thousands of troops from China, but as one division was coming up Bear Creek Canyon our guys blew up the Evergreen Dam and drowned the whole bunch. After that the Chinese called their troops home."

"We never heard about all this stuff in the newspapers or on TV."

"No, the System doesn't want to admit its weaknesses," Sheila explained.

"Damn, it's twelve forty-five. I gotta go. But first tell me, what am I supposed to teach the kids?"

"You can handle the basic arithmetic and language, like parts of speech, punctuation,

spelling and such, can't you?"

"Probably, but all that history and philosophy is Greek to me."

"Don't worry, I'll give you the right books to study and by the time I have my baby you will be ready. Probably Eric will be glad to help also."

"Thanks. I gotta run." Dory gave her friend's arm an affectionate squeeze and hurried for her new home, all the while casting about in her mind for ways to repair any damaged feelings. She knew there was bread, cheese and other sandwich materials in the cabin, and so she decided to have a lunch and hot water for coffee ready when he arrived.

Trudging home from the reservoir site, Eric had time to ponder the reception awaiting him. Other than response to the razzing he had received from fellow workers, and jokes about the energy of "newlyweds", he had been too busy to contemplate anything but slopes, pressure and the like, all morning. He reminded himself that Dory had been through enough emotional trauma hi the last two days to break most women into sobbing wrecks.

Entering the cabin, he saw that at least there was a way to initiate conversation. "Ah good, hot water and lunch. I'll get a pail full of that water and take it outside to wash up."

In the kitchen, Dory said, "Here, I'll pour it for you," and filled a handy dishpan.

Soon they were seated facing each other across the table. He asked her how the morning had gone.

"Fine. Those kids are so smart I can hardly believe it. And cute. I wanted to hug this one little boy."

"What was his name?"

"Brian. He's about six I'd guess."

"Oh yeah, that's Brett's boy. I heard he memorized all 88 Precepts in less than a month."

"Boy, I don't think I could do that," Dory marveled.

"Oh, I'll bet you could, but you will be learning so many new things you won't have time to concentrate on just them. Which reminds me - are you ready to learn how to shoot?"

"Um, I forgot about that. Sure, but I've never even held a gun before until last night."

"That's good. It means you won't have any bad habits to break."

After some small talk about his morning, they were finished eating. There had been no

rancor, but their extra-polite conversation masked tension anyway.

There was a gun rack near the bed with drawers beneath it for handguns and ammunition.

"Well, I'll get the guns and we might as well get started," Eric said, hoping that the activity would relax the atmosphere.

"First I want to change into some jeans," Dory announced, trailing him to the bedroom. Quickly she slipped out of her dress and said, "Since you're here you might as well unsnap my bra for me. You don't mind if I do without, do you?"

"Tickled to be of service," he answered, performing the requested action. After momentarily eyeing her tempting form, clad only in panties, he placed his hand on her shoulders and, peering into her eyes, said in a quiet voice, "I can tell what you are doing, Dory, and you don't need to. Sure, I love to look at you, all of you, but what will grow between us will not be only passion and sex. Damn, I just don't know how to say this because you do drive me crazy wanting your body. Hell's bells, I feel so awkward, just give me a kiss and get dressed, okay?"

However awkward, the words struck the perfect chord with Dory. She flopped on her back on the bed and beckoned him, saying, "Come here a minute."

They spent several minutes kissing and hugging as she assured him that she too was feeling like a mental basket case. Then, relaxed and comfortable, she got dressed. Carrying a variety of weapons, they left for the community firing range.

Dory proved to be a quick learner, squealing with delight when scoring a bullseye. When they finished, she asked, "Does this mean I've got to go on raids?"

"No, but if necessary women do have to defend their homes. Actually, in nature there are few creatures as ferocious as a female defending her young."

"Yeah, I could shoot someone that messed with my kids," she agreed.

"How many shall we have?" he asked.

"I don't know, but can we wait a little while? I want to get used to this place first."

"Sure, no hurry, unless we started one up last night."

"No way, I just finished my period three days ago. I keep track, you know, of when it's safe."

"You amaze me more by the hour. Are you sure you're just sixteen and not sixty? You think like a mighty experienced woman."

"Does this look like I'm sixty?" she challenged, lifting a side of her blouse to expose a tempting breast.

"Ye gads, woman! You are more female than I dreamed of. Scary even!"

"Play your cards right and maybe I'll do a striptease for you tonight, big boy." She nudged him in the ribs with an elbow.

"Hell, for that I'll put some extra aces in the deck and deal from the bottom." Arm in arm they returned to the cabin.

Surveying the barren interior, Dory said, "When are you gonna take me shopping down there?" She pointed toward the ruined village.

"Ah-ha, so Sheila has been giving you ideas, huh? Probably said I would be your perfect slave, didn't she? I know all about that wicked wench." His grin and tone of voice belied the caustic words.

"Actually, seriously, you will do most anything for me if I'm a good wife, won't you?" she challenged.

"Damn, maybe so, but you don't have to be so cold-blooded about it. It sounds like a business deal."

"Maybe in a way that's what marriage is, but you know what, I think I'm gonna like it. I mean there's probably worse sex partners than you."

"Maybe?" Her mischievous grin matched his own. "You just wait. If you thought I was a tease last night, you ain't seen nothin' yet," he threatened.

"Talk is cheap." Her eyes expressed a dare.

"Umm, see those tubs over there? They are for laundry, and that thing on the side of one of them is called a wringer. I'll bet you never did laundry the hard way before."

"You're changing the subject. You scared?"

"Wait til you have to kill, gut and pluck a chicken. Then you'll appreciate me."

"Speaking of chicken...." She was too quick on the draw for Eric.

"I surrender, you win. Women always do. I'm a lousy lover and you should have stayed with Gloria."

"Ooh, low blow, but at least you admitted defeat, so you can have your striptease anyway. I'm gonna go take a bath and don't you peek if you want a show later."

"Me, peek? I'm no pervert."

"After last night, I wonder. You sure ain't no priest."

"Ah-ha, so I was good."

"I told you, no snap judgments."

"Go take your bath," he growled at her. "I'll take mine later."

"Okay, I will, and like I said, no peeking," she repeated while pulling off her shirt, standing nude from the waist up. She giggled, saying, "See, I knew you would," as his eyes were drawn like magnets to her perky breasts.

Putting one hand over his eyes, he pointed with the other and said, "Go, you impossible daughter of Freya."

"Who's Freya?"

"Goddess of love and sex."

"Hmm, I like that, you smooth-talking devil."

"Go," he repeated.

Humming a popular song, she pranced toward the bedroom to get soap and a towel, feeling more contented than she could remember for some time.

Later, after she had roused him to unknown heights of need and desire with an impromptu but incredibly erotic striptease, he carried out his threat to tease her to distraction. After an hour of all-over body massage, her hips were oscillating wildly and uncontrollably in frantic need of penetrating relief.

In the warm after-glow of sexual satiation, they talked in comfortable relaxation. Out of the blue, she asked, "What do you think love is?"

"Are we being serious?" he asked, rolling over to look directly into her eyes. "Umm boy, that's a scary, tough question. I assume you mean love between a man and woman, not like a mother and child or some such thing?"

"Yeah, like Linda and Alf, or like in old movies."

"Well," he began after careful thought, "I think it's like two becoming one, sharing everything and wanting to do things to please each other. And sharing a cause like raising

children or preserving one's own race."

"Doesn't seem like having more than one wife is 'two becoming one' to me. I wouldn't share my man with anyone."

"You don't have to if you don't want to. Some families are monogamous. But in defense of polygamy, think about this. If you have a second child would you love the first child any less, or would your love grow to include both?"

"I see your point," she admitted, "but if you want me to love you, I'm not sharing you with another woman. If that's selfish, well, I just can't help it."

"Well, there's no reason for us to fight. It's up to you, and you're all I want right now anyway."

"Do you think we will ever be able to say we love each other?" she asked, a little tension in her voice.

"I already want to, but.. ...damn, how do I say this.. .I hardly know you. But I'm crazy about you. Can you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"Kinda, I guess, except for me it's a little different."

"How's that? The difference, I mean."

"Well, it's hard for me to put into words too, but actually I've already made up my mind. I plan to be a good mate for you if you're good to me. I can tell that you are different from anybody I ever knew. You make me feel at peace and contented and safe. Except when I have times that I doubt. Now, do you understand?"

Eric pulled her into his arms and kissed her ever so gently. Holding her tight, he murmured, "I guess some things just take time before they can be said, but can you tell how I feel right now?"

"I think so," she whispered. "Can you feel what / am afraid to say?"

"I think so, too," he whispered back.

For a long time they clung tightly to each other, a girl who had never known real love, and a man holding a dream. With a glow of contentment, they both fell asleep.

The next morning at the breakfast hour there was much exchanging of meaningful glances, touching, petting and nuzzling, as new lovers are prone to do. Conversation was finally free of the defensive and contentious repartee which both had been using to disguise their feelings, feelings about which both had been unsure.

After eating, as Eric enjoyed a cup of coffee, Dory said, "Well, I know how women come to Kinsland, at least some of us. But what brought you?"

"Oh boy, that's a long story. You sure you want to hear the whole tale? It's not really that unusual."

"I want to know all about you," she answered, her elbows on the table, chin in hands and a fond expression on her face.

"I was raised on a farm just outside Greely. But like most farmers, my dad was driven out of business by the bankers, the government regulations, and the corporate farm managers who worked in collusion with the owners of the grain exchanges. So my dad went to work for a big meat packing plant in town.

"The schools I went to, including high school, were mostly filled with Mexicans, plus a few Asians, Blacks and Whites. Naturally, like everywhere else, we Whites were terrorized by the Skraelings, and the curriculum was full of the usual guilt trip about the 'evil White man'.

"After I graduated, I enrolled at Northern Colorado State University, taking classes in agriculture along with the required social programming courses that you have to take these days in order to get a degree.

"Anyway, I met this girl, kinda pretty and real outgoing and friendly. Her name was Shirley, and we went out together a few times. Then she met this guy named Michael Perlman. I thought he was ugly, swarthy with kinky black hair and these yellowish eyes like two pee holes in a snowbank. But he had lots of money, he was real loud and flashy and had a new sports car.

"He published a campus newsletter called 'We Are One' that promoted inter-racial dating and mixed marriage. Shirley fell for him and his bullshit, hook, line and sinker. About that time I had come across some pro-White literature surreptitiously distributed around the campus by a Kinsland sympathizer.

"So one day I had just had enough. I drove my old rattle-trap of a car into the mountains, where it was supposed to be Kinsland territory, went down an old side road for a few miles, parked and sat there, honking the horn every few minutes."

Eric paused to request another cup of coffee. As she poured it, Dory prompted, "Go on."

"After awhile a couple of guys with guns showed up and asked what I wanted. I couldn't be sure they were Kinslanders, so I just said I was thinking of moving to the mountains. One of them asked if I was too dumb to know this was Kinsland territory. So I said, 'you're here, are you Kinslanders?' "That's right, you got a problem with that?' one of them said..

"Not really, I'm thinking of joining you guys,' I informed him. Well, it turned out not to be all that easy. They didn't trust me, which is natural. The System tries to send infiltrators into Kinsland all the time. Anyhow, I spent months being interrogated and watched, along with education in Aryan history, philosophy and destiny. Also, I was taught martial arts, weapons use and physical conditioning, all before going on a mission. I was so frustrated and impatient with not being fully accepted by this time that I asked to go on a solo mission to prove myself.

"Dunn, who was the senior man on the team that I'd first met, asked what I had in mind. I told him about Michael Perlman and said I wanted to kill him. McClure, the junior partner, wanted to know if I'd bring back proof that Perlman was dead, which I agreed to do. So that was how I got accepted as a KD."

"Go on, I wanna hear the rest." Dory was entranced with the story.

"One night they gave me an assault rifle and a handgun, then took me to my car, which was safely hidden away. We agreed on how they would meet me when I returned, and I was on my way."

"Weren't you scared or at least worried about being caught?" Dory interrupted.

"Not as much as you might think.. Mainly I was mad about the murder of my race and at how White males were treated. In all honesty that included myself. Anyway, I got to Greely about an hour after midnight. I knew where Perlman lived, in a private residence near the university campus. It was dark and quiet, so I used a glass cutter to carve a circle in a window near the latch. Then I put some tape across the circle, knocked it loose and reached in and unlocked the window. After that I climbed inside and then it was easy." Eric paused to sip more coffee.

"So, did you kill him, and what did you bring back to prove it?"

"I'd brought the stem of my bumper jack from the trunk of my car because I didn't want the sound of a gunshot if I could help it. He was in bed with a woman, so I just hauled off and caved his whole skull in with one swing. Then I grabbed the woman and covered her mouth so she couldn't scream. It turned out the woman was Shirley, but I wasn't sure of that in the dark. I let her see the gun and warned her not to scream while I tore off another strip of tape and covered her mouth.

"I hadn't intended to abduct anyone, but when I turned on a light and saw it was Shirley, the idea just popped into my head. So I returned to Kinsland with Shirley in the trunk of my car, and Perlman's wallet and ears in a plastic bag."

"His ears!" Dory made a face that expressed something that he wasn't sure of.

"Well, I didn't have anything with me to chop his head off with," Eric explained.

"What happened to Shirley?"

"McClure took her for a mate. They live in a community over near the Utah border now."

"Why didn't you keep her for yourself?"

"I was waiting for a really good woman named Dory," he kidded, thinking he was clever.

"Okay, you are a smooth-talking devil," Dory admitted, "now be serious."

"Even if I had wanted her, which by now I didn't, I wasn't a full-fledged KD. One mission doesn't establish a man's right to join a community, take a mate, and reproduce. Kinslanders don't make "snap judgments" - to quote a woman I know. So I had no place to give her a home even if I had wanted to."

"In school they told us that KD raped every woman they could get their hands on, and apparently this Shirley was what you call a 'race traitor'. If I'd been you, I'd of raped the bitch." The venom in Dory's voice betrayed an anger that an "ex" had existed in Eric's life and had treated him dishonorably.

"I guess some young KD have taken their pleasure with race traitor women at times," Eric admitted. "Undoubtedly Viking raiders left few virgins behind when they raided convents filled with nuns a dozen centuries ago. Taking your pleasure with the conquered enemy's women is as old as the existence of humans. But seasoned KD who see the big picture or who are just naturally deep thinkers are not likely to take a woman's favors by force. I'm not saying it's wrong. Wotanists don't believe in the Christian 'sex is sin' insanity, so what you call rape is in effect just another act of war. But it brutalizes the men who do it, endangering their instincts to protect and provide for women in general. So under the principal of leading by example, I would never do so.

"Besides, taking a woman's favors by force is no challenge. Nature made us men bigger, faster and stronger so we could catch you women. But that's not an even playing field. The real challenge is in making you want to do the man/woman thing. At least, that's how I see it."

"You know something I like about you?" she asked, placing a hand over his.

"What's that?"

"I know you are telling the truth. You could have raped me instead of being so gentle. You had all the power, and I was a captive."

"That's not a snap judgment?" he kidded.

The time had flown by and it was nearly seven a.m. "I've got to get to work," Eric exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

Their parting was in stark contrast to the previous morning's as they shared a gentle kiss filled with unspoken meaning.

Dory arrived at the school before Sheila and immediately started a fire in the stove. When Sheila arrived, she was reading a book on European history first published over a hundred years earlier. She gave Dory a cheerful greeting. Dory returned it, then observed, "Boy, history really has been rewritten over the last one hundred years, huh?"

"Oh yes, and if you think modern European history books are bad, wait until you see what they have done to America's history. It's all about the 19^{*} and the 39th Precepts, the reason the System rewrites history."

Dory pulled out her copy of the 88 Precepts. The 19^{*} Precept read: "A people who are not convinced of their uniqueness and value will perish." The 39^{*} Precept read: "A people who are ignorant of their past will defile the present and destroy the future." She felt a sense of righteous anger over having been lied to all her life. No wonder the KD were so willing to fight, kill, or even die for what they believed.

"I've got so much to learn before I'd dare to start teaching, so is it okay if I just watch and study again today?" she asked Sheila.

"Sure, take all the time you need. I'm not due for several weeks yet, so I'll be here to handle classes."

Re-reading the Precepts, Dory came across the 35th Precept which got her to thinking about something she had told Eric. This Precept read: "Homosexuality is a crime against nature. All nature declares the purpose of the instinct for sexual union is reproduction and thus, preservation of the species. The overpowering male sex drive must be channeled toward possession of females of the same race, as well as elements such as territory and power which are necessary to keep them."

She had told Eric about her escapade with Gloria and he hadn't seemed to care. She made a mental note to ask him why.

Engrossed in studies and in conversation with Sheila at recess time, the morning passed in a flash for Dory and she returned to the empty cabin, where she prepared lunch and eagerly awaited Eric's return.

When he arrived, they greeted each other with ever-growing familiarity, affection and companionable conversation.

"Are we going shopping this afternoon?" she asked.

"Good idea. I need to knock some lumber out of some walls for partitions, and you can roam around and look for goodies. I'll go down to our vehicle stash and get a truck right after lunch."

They talked about items she desired for fixing up the cabin. Then she broached the subject she had made mental note of earlier.

"I was studying the Precepts this morning, and there is one that says homosexuality is a crime against nature, but you didn't get a little bit upset when I told you what Gloria and I did. How come?"

Eric drew on his knowledge of history and human nature to answer her question.

"You know, Dory, all through known history women have been denied access to men, or to nature-decreed sexual appetites. Convents for nuns, harem quarters, all-girl schools, for example. And of course in times of war the male population was decimated. So it appears that women often satisfied their sexual needs with each other. I believe that such relationships are wrongfully called Lesbian. They are substitutions for men. A Lesbian is a woman who truly prefers sex with women over sex with men, and there aren't many such women of our race. Women have good instincts. Even if they have been involved in affairs with one of their own sex, almost invariably when the right man becomes available they prefer him as a sexual partner. Just like yourself. You do prefer me to Gloria, don't you?"

"Of course, you big dummy," she giggled nervously.

Eric continued, "Anyhow, since Wotanists don't believe in that Christian nonsense that 'sex is sin', and because nothing is more dangerous to people's freedom than unnecessary laws and nosy busy-bodies, neither Lesbianism nor substituting a woman for a man are worth making a big deal about."

"What about threesomes, two girls and a guy, with the girls putting on a show with each other for him to watch? That seems to be what most guys want."

"Well, I don't know much about that, but you just said, 'a show for their guy to watch'. Seems like there's still a man at the root of things, so I still wouldn't call it Lesbianism, even though I suppose they enjoy the sex. Shirley told me that she thought most women had a secret urge to try it with another woman at some time in their life. But even if she was wrong, I know women are born actresses and they love to put on a show."

"For a man, you sure know a lot about women," Dory observed, "and yeah, I think lots of girls want to try it with another girl at some time. I even had a crush on a teacher one time. And I wouldn't mind putting on a show for you, but no one ever saw me and Gloria."

"So do you think the girls in threesomes really enjoy the sex with the other gal?" he asked.

"Oh, unless they have some hangups, they would have to. I mean, a girl's body responds

to touch, especially in certain places regardless. A tongue or a finger inside her or tickling her love button, and her mind isn't thinking, and her body is just squirming around wanting it. That's as honest as I can be," she answered. "Now you be honest, you would have loved to watch me and Gloria, huh?"

"Wow, you like to put me on the spot, don't you? Well, you were honest, so I will be, too. Men get turned on seeing women's bodies, and two are twice as exciting as one, and I am a man. But the way I feel right now, I am content with just one woman and that is you."

Dory's radiant smile and her one-word comment ("good") convinced Eric that he had said the right thing.

"So it's male homosexuals the Precept is referring to?" Dory asked.

"In my opinion, yes. Queers spread diseases and they are notoriously promiscuous. And most importantly, in times of racial peril our men must fight for women and territory."

"So do you kill queers?"

"If they came out of the closet and advocated such a 'life style', I'm sure the KD would execute them."

They had finished lunch, so the discussion ended. Eric went to get a truck while Dory cleaned up the kitchen. When Eric returned, he advised her to get her gun because no one ever left the community unarmed. For himself, he selected an assault rifle. They started for the village.

On the way Dory said, "I've got another question."

"Shoot."

"Who are the Sons of Muspell and how did they get the power to sentence our race to death?"

"Wow, good question and pertinent. How about after supper tonight we go over some true history about the power of money and the people who call themselves 'God's Chosen Pets'?"

"The Sons of Muspell and God's Chosen Pets are the same thing?" she asked.

"Yes, and their history and the power of money are among the most important topics you need to understand in order to be a good teacher."

Eric parked on a street where several undamaged houses were still standing adjacent to one another. Taking a large crowbar with him, he entered the first house while Dory went exploring.

Three hours later they returned home, their truck laden with building materials and a large variety of furniture, housewares and decorations. Two more hours and everything was unloaded into the cabin, and they were both more than ready for supper.

After supper Dory brought up the subject of the Sons of Muspell again, but at the same moment Eric cocked an ear and said, "Listen." The sound of folkish musical instruments could be faintly heard drifting through the cool evening air.

"We can talk later. That's our music makers and it means an impromptu dance tonight. Let's get cleaned up and join 'em." Then, realizing he wasn't leaving choices, he added, "if you want to."

Dory in fact immediately relished the idea and naturally asked what to wear.

"Most of the gals will probably wear full skirts for square dancing," he advised.

An hour later the new mates entered the community hall to the sound of energizing music coming from harmonicas, guitars, an accordion and a fiddle. Others from throughout the community were still arriving too, and most took pains to again welcome Dory.

Among the arriving throng she spotted Trebor. Although the elder of her abductors wore casual clothes for the evening's festivities, there was still an aura of dangerous reserve that seemed to project from his slim compact form, and everyone treated him with special deference.

Trebor was accompanied by two young women of such unusual beauty that Dory reacted defensively as the competitive nature of females dictates. She nudged Eric's ribs and said, "I suppose those two are the new mates you told me Trebor had captured?"

"Yup."

"They are pretty, aren't they?" She was fishing for an assurance from Eric that she was prettier than the elegant parr now approaching them along with Trebor.

Wisely Eric responded, "not as pretty as you."

"Kinsman," Trebor greeted Eric and received the same greeting in reply as they exchanged forearm grips.

"Dory." He inclined his head in courteous salutation.

"Trebor," she answered in formal reply.

"Candy, Heather, I want you to meet Dory. Dory, Candy and Heather." There was more stiff formality as the three touched hands while sizing each other up. Three beautiful

women in one small group makes for a volatile combination, was the thought of both men.

After a demonstration of a dance called "clogging" — something like tap dancing, but with a lively beat and energetic music - by a dozen of the children and young people, there was mead passed around. As each person in turn took a sip of mead they proposed a toast to a hero or heroine of Urd, Verdandi or Skuld.

"What do these words mean?" asked Dory in a whisper.

"They are the Norns, the three Goddesses of fate, all sisters. Urd represents the past, Verdandi the present, and Skuld the future."

"What shall I say when it's my turn? I don't know any heroes or heroines."

"The Gods and Goddesses are our ancestors. You can always toast one of them."

"Okay, which one? What name?"

"How about Freyja? Just raise your cup and say, 'to Freyja, Goddess of love and beauty'."

Dory's toast was greeted with rousing choruses of "Haila" from the participants, eager to make her feel welcome. After the toasts there was square dancing and polka, which while new to Dory appealed to her Aryan racial soul.

Later, when Eric and Dory were comfortably ensconced in bed, for the first time neither felt either pressure or passion for erode activity. Companionable conversation and bonding seemed a natural pleasure, but neither was quite ready for sleep either.

"So, you were gonna tell me about the Sons of Muspell," she reminded him.

"Oh boy, that's a long and important story, so if you get tired or have questions, just interrupt, okay?"

"Sure."

"First of all, can you picture in your mind the continent of Europe, where most of our people lived two thousand years ago?"

"Yeah, basically I guess, although I couldn't name the countries or identify their borders."

"But you can picture the Mediterranean Sea with Europe above the western end and Palestine, also called Israel on the eastern end, can't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, two thousand years ago our folk had their own organic indigenous religions, and the most common among them was what we now call Wotanism, with Wotan - pronounced "Votan" - as the highest God. In the British Isles and in Scandinavia he was called Woden and Odin respectively.

"Now at this same time, two thousand miles away at the eastern end of the Mediterranean there was a tribe of bankers and merchants that controlled the trade between the three continents of Asia, Africa and Europe. For example, ivory from Africa, spices from Asia and furs or metals from Europe. The Greek geographer Strabo and others who lived at this time stated that the tribe of bankers and merchants ruled all nations.

"Now as I go on, Dory, please bear in mind two things. First of all, except for merchants, almost no one traveled far from their local villages or tribal territories in ancient times. So Israel could just as well have been from the moon to most of our ancestors. Second, remember that when looking for historical truths, the best answers are found by asking the question, 'who benefits?'

"How did a new religion with strangers from far-away Israel being called 'God's Chosen People' come to replace our native religion? To answer that question, ask yourself, who are the only people that could benefit from spreading a religion throughout our nations in which they themselves were called 'God's Chosen People'?"

"You are talking about Jews, aren't you?" Dory interrupted.

"I'm at least talking about people who call themselves by that name, yes, although that too is a complicated subject."

"Okay, so how did it happen?" Her curiosity wasn't feigned.

"First they hired the Legions of Rome to conquer the Western world in what we call the Roman Empire. Then when after several centuries it became difficult to hold such a vast empire together by force, they created a universal religion in an attempt to unite the many races, nations and factions of the empire. The word 'Catholic' means 'universal'. In the new religion they called themselves 'God's Chosen People', and they had the Legions murder or torture anyone in Europe who would not accept this absurdity. So a thousand year war ensued before they finally subdued the last of our true folk who were called Vikings.

"In 787 A.D. as Christians reckon time, a man calling himself 'Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Emperor' called a treaty conference with forty-five hundred leaders of our people from central Europe, all of them followers of our indigenous religion. Then he surrounded them with a Christian army and cut off their heads, every one of them. That's how the suicidal slave religion we now call Christianity was forced on Europe and our folk.

"And so, more of our White race has been murdered or tortured in the name of the Christian God than by any other influence in history except America."

"How did the Sons of Muspell get so much power?" was Dory's next logical question.

"That involves the power of money and of usury, which is the practice of charging interest on money, and it takes awhile to explain. Are you sure you wouldn't rather wait til tomorrow sometime? You must be sleepy."

"Not really, and I like your voice. I can't believe anyone can know so much about history. So tell me about usury."

"Okay, but first you have to know who the Sons of Muspell really are. Throughout history, kings and bankers and merchants have arranged marriages between their offspring and the offspring of other merchants, bankers and rulers in order to cement relationships, increase their power or make more money. So naturally a mixed race of people came into being in Israel, which, as I said, was the crossroads for trade from Asia, Africa and Europe. This mixed race are called Semites, of whom the Sons of Muspell are the most successful. And long ago as bankers they discovered the power of usury and fractional reserve banking.

"To understand usury, you must first realize what money is. Money is a device used as a store of value and a medium of exchange. Probably once upon a time long ago, people just traded for things. But eventually they needed a way to exchange things of unequal value. For various reasons they usually settled on gold or silver as money, so they could trade it for either the difference or for a complete item.

"But there was a problem with weighing or measuring gold and silver, so it was smelted into coins. If all men were honest, this would have worked fine indefinitely. But soon dishonest men began to mix other metals with the gold and silver and kept the extra for themselves.

"Even worse, bankers came up with the idea of issuing scraps of paper that were redeemable in gold or silver. They told the suckers it was for their own good to use these scraps of paper instead of gold or silver for trade because it was so easy to carry and hide.

"But, just so long as the masses of people believed there was an equal amount of gold or silver in the bankers' vaults, it didn't matter if there was or not. So the banker could lend out many more scraps of paper than he said were redeemable in gold or silver than he actually had in the vaults. And he charged interest on every scrap.

"Let's look at how usury makes bankers rich. Suppose you go out and buy a home for \$100,000 and finance the purchase. You will sign a loan agreement agreeing to pay the lender about \$900 a month for 30 years. That's over \$300,000, but you only borrowed \$100,000. So the lender made \$200,000 or enough money to buy two houses like yours.

"The difference is, you will spend most of your adult years working your ass off to pay

the mortgage and earn your houses. The banker does nothing. He cuts no lumber, he hammers no nails, he does no plumbing, he does nothing but sit and grow fat and rich off the labor of others.

"That's the power of usury, and it is how the Sons of Muspell got the power to rule the world and sentence the White race to death. Naturally it is all cleverly disguised with artificial complications, and the Sons of Muspell bought the media so they could control the masses, cover up their actions, and decide the fate of politicians. And of course they forever claim they are persecuted when in fact they are a parasitic pestilence that enslaves the whole world."

"Wow, they are clever, aren't they?"

"Yes, and also cruel, dangerous and hypocritical! But enough of that, let's get some sleep."

By mutual and unadvised consent they declined expressions of sexual passion in favor of drifting into easy sleep.

Chapter Five: From Russia, With Love

The next day System radio broadcasts, which were carefully monitored by KD forces, signaled the beginning of the most consequential event in the history of the Aryan race. However, the KD had no way of immediately knowing the full significance of what the System's controlled media was leaking to the public.

While giving few details, the System broadcasts stated that in Russia there was political upheaval that would affect the whole world. While it was known to the KD that White Nationalist Russians had been gaining in number and power for over two decades, they had no idea that an Aryan coup d'etat was either possible or imminent. Although some limited contact between White resistance groups world-wide had been ongoing, information-sharing was sparse for security reasons.

Old Norse and German religious writings had spoken of a final day of reckoning in the ancient battle between the forces of reason on the one side and the forces of blind faith in service to chaos on the other. This day of reckoning was called Ragnarok.

Unbeknownst to the Kinslanders of Mathewsville, Ragnarok had begun, so they went about their daily business without undue interruption, albeit with ears tuned to any news available. All KD knew of Kipling's prophecy, made well over one hundred years earlier, in which the famous writer and poet predicted that the salvation of the White race would come from Russia.

Homebuilding proceeded apace at Trebor's cabin, and in due course his marriage to Candy and Heather was consummated with sexual relations highly satisfactory to all. In accordance with the Wotanist conviction that the sexual affairs of a man and his mate or

mates is nobody's business but theirs, the erotic details are not included in this record. Suffice it to say that in the normal way of things, Aryan folk usually become fond of their bed partners. So it was that both Heather and Candy felt apprehensive as events unfolded in May of that fateful year.

It was from KD informers inside the System and from short-wave radio that the beginnings of Ragnarok became known. White Nationalist forces in Russia, in the Baltic states, and in Ukraine had cooperated in a well planned and carefully timed overthrow of their Jewish-controlled governments. Other eastern European governments were given ultimatums to immediately expel NATO (i.e., American) occupation forces or face invasion and internal subversion.

Pre-planned revolts within Moslem countries by fundamentalists were co-ordinated by agents of various intelligence-gathering groups. Most important of all, oil from the Middle East was immediately blocked from leaving port if destined for the Western hemisphere.

As more and more information filtered into Kinsland communities, including Mathewsville, it was Trebor, as usual, who first realized the full impact. So after consultation with local elders and with messengers from all over Kinsland, Trebor called for a Thing.

The hall was packed when he began to speak. "We have at this time the greatest opportunity to secure the existence of our people and true freedom in thousands of years. This is truly Ragnarok," he began. After detailing events in other parts of the world, he began to explain what was about to happen in North America .

"The population of America is about to drop from three hundred fifty million to perhaps five or ten million," Trebor announced. There was a collective gasp and murmurs of disbelief.

"Think about it," he continued. "Since nuclear-powered electrical generating plants were banned, and since KD shut down all western coal supplies from reaching the System, nearly ninety percent of all electrical power in North America comes from oil-fired plants. Most of the remainder comes from hydroelectric generation in the Northwest. Without oil the entire grid will shut down.

"That means gasoline and diesel fuel for trucks and cars won't be refined, and it won't be pumped in gas stations. Communications, computers, heating, traffic control, elevators and a thousand other wants and needs dependent on electricity will be shut down. That includes the food distribution system.

"The cities will be starving in two weeks. All that pales into insignificance compared to the stoppage of water, especially drinkable water. Not only will the water treatment plants cease to operate, but so will the pumps that transport water into the cities."

After letting that sink in for a moment, Trebor continued. "People can live for weeks

without food, but without water they are finished in a few days."

A young man raised his hand and asked to speak. "What about soda pop and bottled water?" he asked.

"An entire city's supply would be used up in a day," Trebor advised.

"Won't people boil water from lakes and rivers to make it drinkable?" someone asked.

"Boil it how? Their gas and electric stoves will be worthless. Almost no one keeps coal or firewood handy. Maybe a few will be close to rivers or lakes and could chop up their furniture to boil water over an open fire, but given the level of pollution in most of America's rivers and lakes, even that might be futile."

"What about farmers with water wells?" was the next query.

"Not one in a thousand still has working windmills or handpumps. A few will have portable generators, but without supplies of diesel fuel or gasoline they won't operate very long."

"So how do you think the System will react?" was the next question.

"Undoubtedly there will be rationing of power with electrical generation for perhaps an hour a day as the System tries desperately to remain functional. But after we knock down a few transmission lines and sabotage hydroelectric plants in the Northwest, the grids will be non-functional nationwide.

"As I see it, Kinsland can be defended," Trebor continued. "We have the best source of clean water on the continent. We have large stores of food, fuel and weapons. The vast hordes of Skraelings on the west coast won't have the gasoline or other means to invade Kinsland from that direction. The same holds true from the east except for the population of the front range, specifically Metro Denver, Colorado Springs and Fort Collins. That leaves us a border of about one hundred twenty miles to defend.

"But remember, almost all Americans were disarmed by the anti-gun laws, while we are armed to the teeth. And there are only a few streams, so any attempted invasion will be in predictable areas."

While Trebor spoke, other Kinsland communities were holding their own Things and reaching similar conclusions. Encrypted messages flew back and forth between the communications officers of each community. From one end of Kinsland to the other, there was unanimous agreement that now was the time to strike a dagger into the heart of the System. So no one was surprised when Wolf interrupted to announce that Trebor had been selected by acclamation to be supreme general of the Kinsland armies for the duration of the struggle.

After the applause died down a thoughtful veteran of KD wars posed two more questions. "What about refugees, and what about the Mormons on the Western Front in Utah?" he asked.

With the sureness of a born leader now elevated to his rightful place, Trebor replied, "Regarding refugees, we must first realize that we don't have the resources to feed vast numbers. So only the young and healthy who can contribute can be given refuge. Of course we have supporters and agents within the System, and we must make every effort to get them here as soon as possible.

"Among other refugees, children who appear to be of good racial stock and young healthy women can be brought to Kinsland communities. Healthy young White males who pass our usual tests can be taken to camps for military training and indoctrination.

"Skraelings, Muspellheimers, known traitors and other undesirables are to be shot on sight. As for all those old White folks who spent their lives accepting or supporting the System, if they can make it on their own in the mountains, let them try. Not many will, but they aren't worth wasting a bullet on. They deserve neither aid nor pity.

"About the Mormons, a little history is necessary. As you know, the original Mormon religion was racist. It allowed only Whites and it promoted polygamy. The race-murdering American government first forced them to give up polygamy, then they emancipated women, and then lastly forced Mormons to accept racial integration. The sequence was no accident, because a race of castrated men is easy to subdue. But a race of men who are sexual predators will fight to the death to keep the harems they dominate.

"Anyway, several decades ago a Muspellheimer named Kurtz who headed the U. S. Treasury department told the Mormons that if they didn't racially integrate, the government would levy so many taxes on them that the church would lose all its property. So the president of the church, a degenerate cowardly swine named Kimball, promptly had a "vision" in which God told him to integrate the church. Curse the name Kimball forever!!

"Well, about three hundred thousand Mormons figured the church was in apostasy, so they formed their own group and called it 'Concerned Mormons'. We are in touch with them, and they will co-operate with us in Ragnarok. The race traitors occupying the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City will pay the usual penalty for treason!!"

"How soon should we attack the System's electrical grid?" someone asked.

"Very soon," Trebor replied. "Already we hear that gasoline is up to fifty dollars a gallon when it's even available. Many cities should be ungovernable within days. Then we can move around in System territory with impunity. For certain they will announce martial law, but with all the ethnic and racial groups within the System's police and military forces, that will be a joke. They won't be patrolling lonely rural roads while the cities burn and die."

After further discussion on tactics and tuning, it was nearly two in the morning. The meeting adjourned, and Wolf went to send encrypted messages to all Kinsland bases with Trebor's orders.

At home Trebor enjoyed the solicitous ministrations lavished on him by his new mates. Although Candy and Heather had now acquired the perspicacity to realize that they had done nothing to earn the position, they nonetheless relished the idea of being in effect "first ladies" of a new nation.

Sleep however was long in coming to Trebor, as his mind was filled with the endless problems that would arise in the near future. The first priority that had to be achieved at all costs was shutting down the System's electricity. The Kinslanders' carefully hoarded gasoline supplies would be severely depleted during that operation. The technology existed to convert coal into fuel for internal combustion engines, and in fact such a plant was already in operation near the Colorado-Utah border. The plant would have to increase production and expedite delivery.

He made a mental note to talk to Wolf in the morning about increasing short-wave communications with the Russians and other eastern European groups. Immigration to America from crowded Europe was vital.

When Trebor finally drifted off to sleep, it was with immeasurable hope and satisfaction. The efforts and sacrifices of himself, his comrades, of countless others throughout endless generations had not been in vain.

A beautiful people would yet fulfill a glorious destiny as nature's finest creation.

The End
And the Beginning

The Pyramid Prophecy

Mystery Religions and the Seven Seals

Introduction

The sixth of the 88 Precepts says, "History, both secular and religious, is a fable, conceived in self-serving deceit and promulgated by those who perceive benefit." After perusing documents from the Vatican library Napoleon said history was a fabrication.

Henry Ford commissioned a group of scholars to study the real powers behind governmental and religious institutions, then stated, "History is bunk." Today, American school books are being rewritten to credit the accomplishments of White people to the colored races. It appears that future generations will be taught that Martin Luther King was the central figure in American history, that Oswald assassinated President Kennedy, that David Koresh and the innocent victims of Federal murderers at Waco, Texas were dangerous child molesters, and that the alleged holocaust of six million Jews in World War 2 is the most important event in history. This is only a tiny example of the falsity of history as related in just the twentieth century. The fact is power systems, both secular and religious, have created, altered, invented, slanted, back-dated and propagandized historical and current events for political purposes always. The propaganda of the victors becomes the history of the vanquished. We must remember this maxim when reading establishment versions of past events. Had England won the American Revolutionary War, George Washington would have been hanged for treason and for over 200 years his name would have been reviled in school textbooks. Had the followers of Woden/Odin/Wotan won the 1,000 year war between Roman Judeo-Christianity and the followers of the White man's organic, native religion, Christianity would have been labeled a religion of superstitious ignorance and the White race would not face near certain extinction.

The Catholic encyclopedia says Constantine in 325 CE made Christianity the official religion of the degenerate Roman Empire because he was impressed by Christian morality. Yet secular records show Constantine's judgments of morality by his actions.

Few men have been more cruel or engaged in more acts of torture and murder. His character is best exemplified by his treatment of his wife Fausta, whom he married as a political ploy to gain control of the empire. When he had no further use for her he disposed of her in a manner befitting his "commitment to morality." He had her restrained in a large cauldron of water, then lit a fire beneath it and slowly cooked her to death. But even such actions by Constantine are dwarfed as evil by his contribution to the next 1700 years, as we shall see. For it is he who conspired with organized Jewry in the creation of Judeo-Christianity. With the ideas so far elaborated a thoughtful person might ask, "How then can we ascertain truth?" Not the "truth" of blind faith or belief, which are the tools of priestcraft and statecraft, but pure Truth by which men can safely and properly govern their affairs.

This is a question which has plagued mankind from the dawn of recorded history. The following you are about to read will show how initiates into an ancient wisdom preserved

true knowledge throughout the many centuries of persecution by tyrants of both church and state. Some have known and saved the ancient science and religious teachings from at least the time of the construction of the Great Pyramid, Stonehenge and possibly far beyond. Among them are Druids, Priests of Egypt, Initiates such as Pythagoras and Plato, the first Christians who were either Gnostics or related adepts, Cathars, Knights Templar, Teutonic Knights, Rosicrucians, early Masonic Orders and unknown initiates into Hermetic philosophy. In the first millennium before the Christian Era, the secret teachings were kept alive in the Mystery Schools and corresponding Mystery religions which were found from Tibet in the East to Uppsala, Sweden in the West. Among the many Mystery religions, all concealing the secret teachings, were Odinism, Mithraism, Zoroasterism and Gnosticism, as well as the Greco Roman religions featuring Gods such as Apollo, Zeus and Jove, or Jupiter. As we shall see, it is a grave error to assume that all our ancestors were ignorant barbarians who took literally the wild tales in the mythologies. As Manly P. Hall says in his monumental work "The Secret Teachings of All Ages", " There are few mature minds in the world, so the philosophical religious structures of the ancients were divided to meet the needs of two fundamental groups of human intellect, one philosophic, the other not capable of appreciating the deeper mysteries of life. To the discerning few were revealed the esoteric teachings while the unqualified masses received only the literal or exoteric interpretations. In order to make simple the great truths and abstract principles of natural law, the vital forces of the universe were personified, becoming the Gods and Goddesses of the ancient mythologies."

Adepts, of course, having created the mythologies, did not believe that a physical Thor caused thunder with a magic hammer, or that a physical Zeus threw lightning bolts from Mount Olympus, or that Isis brought a dismembered Osiris back to life, or that the earth stopped spinning so the Israelites could have extra sunlight in which to slaughter their enemies, or that a physical Jesus raised others or himself from the dead. Undoubtedly, a few of the credulous or simple-minded did indeed take the mythologies literally, just as a few still do today. However, under the Mystery or Pagan religions all were free to pursue deeper knowledge, to "believe" or to ignore both science and religion altogether. This arrangement permitted freedom for the masses and enlightenment for those inclined toward intellectual pursuits.

Then came the disaster of 325 CE when decadent Romans led by Constantine conspired with wealthy Jews to force a universal religion on the world. The 58th Precept states: Tyrannies teach what to think. Free men learn how to think." Since the words of political and religious prostitutes of the ages and the propaganda they call history have little relation to fact, we must learn how to think if we are to decipher history with any accuracy at all. When judging the writings one encounters, some philosophical principles should be employed. First judge the words, actions and results of all power systems by "who benefits."

Secondly, the results of men's actions are infinitely more indicative of intent than the words of men. So, always judge by results. It takes no rocket scientist or great mind to ascertain that only someone called Jews can or could benefit from a religion in which

Jews are called "God's Chosen People." In effect, someone called Jews hired the decadent Roman Empire to murder everyone in Europe who would not accept a new universal religion in which the Jews were God's Chosen People and destined to own all Gentiles as slaves. In the process the entire White race was forced to profess literal belief in the Judeo-Christian mythologies. The world has been insane ever since.

In our search for ultimate truth we must, therefore, ascertain who the people called Jews are, when their conspiracy originated and if they have any relationship to the Hermetic philosophers who created the mythology of ancient Israel.

Fortunately, mankind has always had secret friends who opposed tyrants, past, present and future. They have been called the Watchers, Adepts, Initiates, Hermetic Philosophers, the Great White Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of the Seven Rays and other titles. The titles may be unimportant, but the value of their legacy is beyond measure. They have given us alphabets, languages, measurements, religions, music, art, ritual, books, medicine, science and more. Unrecognized and often within church and state they secretly guided and moderated. When discovered, some like Giordano Bruno were burned at the stake. His crime was teaching that the earth traveled around the sun. Others like Galileo were forced to recant scientific fact. Be it the poison of Hemlock, the headsman's axe, burning at the stake, Federal infernos in Waco, Texas and around the world, the inquisitors rack, imprisonment or any number of other devices throughout history, the tyrant tolerates no competition. In the words of an old Mongolian proverb, "The Truth Teller is wise to keep one foot in the stirrup." In light of many thousands of years of experience with despots, the Hermetic philosophers developed methods to code their wisdom in geometry, myth, ritual, symbol and gematria, and thus leave guideposts for this age. The following will provide a concise introduction to the teachings of the ancients and to the devices by which their wisdom and teachings were preserved down through the ages. Do not be dismayed by repeated reference to number. What little actual arithmetic is employed is simple math and is absolutely necessary. The wisdom of the Hermetic Philosopher includes the reality that while words are subject to interpretation, the relationship of number is constant forever. Presented here is a wisdom which has been known to a few for thousands of years, mercilessly persecuted for 1,700 years, but can yet return the world to sanity. In the language of the Gnostics, the seven seals of Revelation are opened here and the seven spirits of God are discovered.

Why Wotanism and the Pyramid Prophecy?

The power of a religion was again demonstrated in the suicide bombings of the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. Service to the perceived commands of "God" can even override the instinct for self preservation. Giving credit where it is due, the proponents of a religion called Identity Christianity realized the power of a religion when they formulated its theology as a tool to resist the Judeo-American/Judeo-Christian murder of the White race. However, for reasons detailed here, the strategy has been a complete and utter failure. It has not stopped forced bussing, open borders, anti-White propaganda, miscegenation or the ever accelerating plunge to extinction. Why? First, it clings to the absurd idea that America is "God's chosen land," for the preservation of the White race.

Since America is the murderer of our race, such nonsense brings ridicule instead of capable recruits. Second, Identity clings to the New Testament. Most Wotanists (also intelligence and force within the Universe which we call God or All-Father. And polls show that the majority of our Folk share that belief. Wise men know that our limited senses cannot perceive the near infinite vibrations, wave lengths, dimensions etc., that may exist. However, modern White folk do not accept that God is so insecure that he will torture mortals eternally if they don't spend every 7th day telling him how great he is. The motive force of the entire Universe did not turn himself into a mortal man in order to have himself killed by mortal men, in order to keep himself from eternally torturing mortal men. The God of Nature is not irrational. Neither is God composed of some emotion called love as New Agers and Judeo-Christians teach.

The Creator made lions to eat lambs, hawks to eat sparrows, and the races of man to compete for life, territory and power. There is no love, just harsh, ruthless, pitiless, Natural Law. The New Testament is a religion of "afterlife" and the selfishness of personal "salvation." The Old Testament is about the reality of this life on this earth. The philosophy of the Old Testament helped Jews conquer the world and get the power to sentence the White race to death. It teaches taking power, wealth and women, with cunning and force. Its philosophy will benefit any race or people. Aryans followed the New Testament and may soon be an extinct specie. No more needs be said!!! None the less, a religion for White Folk is a vital necessity.

To that end I began teaching an updated form of our most common indigenous religion about 20 years ago. Its major deity is called Wotan, or Odin or Woden. Updated to be racial rather than tribal, and to remove any conflict with modern science. The Gods, Goddesses and myths of Wotanism represent the forces of Nature. They are used to mold the character of children, they are the power of symbolism, and they both preserve and conceal the ancient "Mysteries." History shows that a religion must have a founder, often called a "prophet." Since no one else assumed that role, I have done so. Recognizing full well the fate of "prophets" is usually scorn, ridicule, imprisonment or even death. About 1830, a man named Joseph Smith, along with Masonic Adepts in the "Mysteries", formed a religion for the preservation of the White race. It was called Mormonism. It was restricted to the White race and it condoned Polygamy. Joseph Smith was slandered, called crazy, and thrown in prison, where he died. Now at age 63, with a life sentence in prison, I expect the same fate. So realize that I seek no glory from the Pyramid Prophecy or as a prophet of Wotanism.

The only reason for a true natural man to fight for wealth, fame or power is to acquire women, as sexy and young as he can. This is declared by Nature and extrapolation as we see bulls battle bulls, stallions battle stallions, roosters battle roosters, for possession of females. And then Nature declares only the best shall breed, this for the strength and preservation of the race or specie. Since sexy young women are not a possibility for me, I receive no benefit from the prophecy. As for the adulation of the masses, I despise them. Today they call me a hater and a bigot because those with power and control of the press programmed them to believe such propaganda. If the day came that I had power and

control of the media, they would love me. They are vacuous biological computers and their adulation is utterly meaningless. I have fought "Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth". I did not fight to save biological computers (minds) which are no more than machines without a soul.

The fundamental theology of Wotanism is the 2nd of the 88 Precepts as follows: "Whatever people's perception of God, or the Gods, or the motive force of the Universe might be, they can hardly deny that Nature and Nature's Laws are the work of, and therefore the intent of, that force." Since the first and highest Law of Nature is the preservation of one's own kind, then the 14 Words, i.e. "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children" are a divine command of God, All-Father Wotan. This philosophy and theology stands on its own, simple and irrefutable, yet just as Joseph Smith relied on alleged hieroglyphs inscribed on golden tablets, so also Wotanism has its further validation. That is the function of the Pyramid Prophecy. However, that is not the only similarity, which is to be expected since Nature declares the same truths to all who observe her lessons with integrity.

The original Mormon religion, as said, taught Polygamy and racial separation. The race murdering U.S. government first forced them to abandon Polygamy. Later, the government passed the 19th amendment to the Constitution. Then the government forced the Mormons to accept racial integration with its inevitable miscegenation and genocide. The sequence was no accident. A race whose males are mentally castrated is easy to subdue. But a race whose males have unrestrained sexual libido, and who fight to keep the harem they dominate, cannot be defeated while yet they breathe. That's why our organic indigenous religions were fertility cults. No disrespect to the word cult. This is why Wotanism allows or promotes Polygamy, as did early Mormonism. Not demanding Polygamy of course since Wotanists believe in personal freedom and choice as much as is possible. The sex drive of the males of a race that wishes to survive must not be hindered, slandered, diminished, misdirected, and in revolutionary times even its excesses must be excused. A race whose males will not fight to the death to keep and mate with its females will perish. The symbols, geometry, mathematics and codes within the Pyramid Prophecy are accurate and appear to be beyond coincidence. How they came to be, and the strange inexplicable way in which they were revealed are not the subject or point. The purpose of the Pyramid Prophecy is promulgation of the 14 Words and 88 Precepts as foundations of a religion that will save the race of Galileo, Shakespeare, Kipling, Edison, Plato etc., from eternal extinction. Hopefully there are those of vision who will use it wisely in furtherance of Nature's highest Law.

David Lane

We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children.
Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth.

The Pyramid Prophecy

Introduction

For thousands of years men have gazed in awe at the majestic Great Pyramid at Giza in Egypt. Its size, its angles, its perfection in original form, its placement, its measurements, and its precise alignment with the earth's latitudinal and longitudinal lines, have provided material for hundreds of books and endless speculation. And perhaps nothing has provoked more debate than the missing capstone.

Perceptive scholars have long noted the similarity to the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States. The capstone is separated from the body of the pyramid, thus exhibiting, as does the Great Pyramid, a flat truncated top, as well as an implied completed structure when the capstone is lowered into place.

Biblical scholars have additionally long pondered scriptural references to a missing head stone. For example, Psalms 118:22 reads: "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." Other scholars have wondered if the reference to "an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt" in Isaiah 19:19 might refer to the Great Pyramid.

This document will prove, beyond dispute, under the iron clad laws of mathematical probability, that the Great Pyramid at Giza, the Great Seal of the United States, and the hidden secret coding system of the English language authorized version, King James Bible (KJV), constitute the identical prophecy.

On the Great Seal, within the capstone, over the pyramid, note the Egyptian eye of Osiris. In Egyptian Hermetic religion, Osiris, the major God is divided into 14 parts. In Gnostic preservation of Egyptian mysteries, God is called "The Word". By extrapolation we might infer a concealed reference to 14 words.



THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Now note that the capstone over the pyramid, when lowered into place, becomes the 14th level of the structure. The number 14, as we shall see, is a major component of the prophecy.

Over the eagle on the reverse side of the Great Seal are 13 stars, each having five points. The astute observer however will note the 13 stars are arranged to form a 14th star, a six pointed star known as the Star of David.

The reader of this document will see, beyond dispute by anyone whose ability for rational thought has not been destroyed by political, religious, or other dogma, an incredibly precise prophecy, encoded in the Great Seal, in the Great Pyramid, and in the hidden structure of the K.J.V. Bible.

The prophecy is of a man named David, to be conceived on the 25th of January, 1938, and to be born precisely 280 days later (the human gestation period), on the 2nd of November, 1938, the 11th day of Scorpio.

This man was to become famous world wide for political and religious doctrines known as 14 Words and 88 Precepts. This man, named David (see again the 14th star, the Star of David over the eagle in the Great Seal), would come to oppose an ancient conspiracy against civilization and against civilization's creators.

Particularly in the Bible (K.J.V.), the prophecy is artfully concealed, for in earlier times, any deviation from rigid dogma of either Catholic or Protestant rulers brought painful retribution ranging from unimaginable tortures of the inquisition to being burned at the stake.

The K.J.V. prophecy, encoded circa 1600, was then shepherded down through the centuries by adepts of uncorrupted freemasonry, with the coding clarified as it became safer to do so. We shall see that the Great Seal was designed by adepts of the same secret Masonic society.

The reader should also be aware that prior to circa 1600 A.D. the English language existed in only a primitive form. Around 1600, Sir Francis Bacon, who was the designer of the original K.J.V. coding, along with the British Royal Society, added letters to the English alphabet, set the letters in sequence, and formed thousands of new words, including many used in the K.J.V. Bible. Prior to this era the major Christian deity was called Joshua, pronounced Yashua.

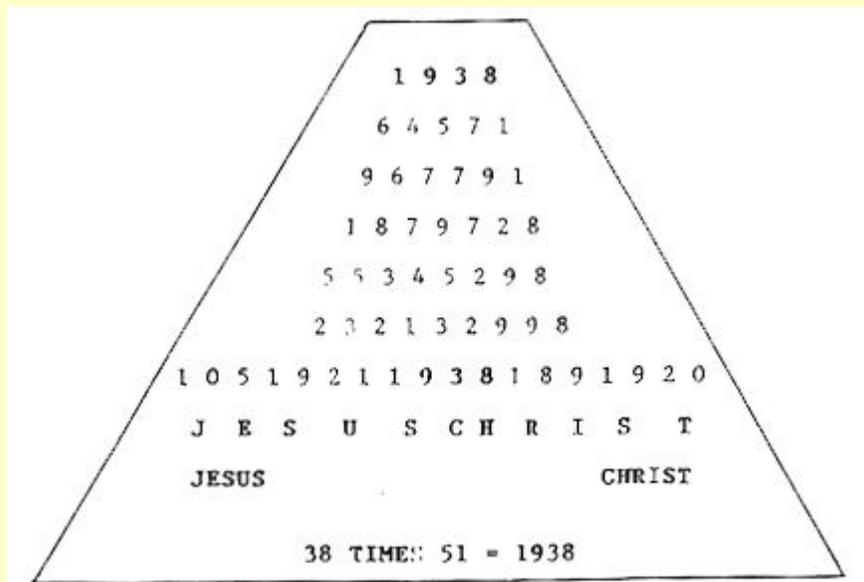
It is necessary therefore to recognize that the words Jesus and Jesus Christ are secret number codes. Only in the minds of the uninformed do they represent the earlier names for what Christians believe to have been an incarnate God.

With that knowledge we can begin showing the prophecy by demonstrating why the two pyramids, one at Giza in Egypt, the other on the Great Seal, have truncated (flat) tops. It is to tell of figures called Hermetic Number Pyramids. Many of the messages in the K.J.V. are encoded within such pyramids.

The Prophecy

The famous angle of the Great Pyramid is 38° plus a fraction from vertical and 51° plus a fraction from horizontal. Because 38 and 51 are the center factors (divisibles) of 1938 and 38 times 51 equals 1938.

Solomon's Temple is begun in I Kings 6, and is completed in I Kings 7, with 38 and 51 verses respectively, representing the angles of the Great Pyramid. Solomon's Temple, the House of David (Isaiah 22:22), and the Great Pyramid are the same thing.



Inside the outline of the Great Pyramid angles is the number pyramid of the name Jesus Christ. As we explain Hermetic number pyramids the reader will quickly realize why the pyramids at Giza and on the Great Seal have truncated flat tops.

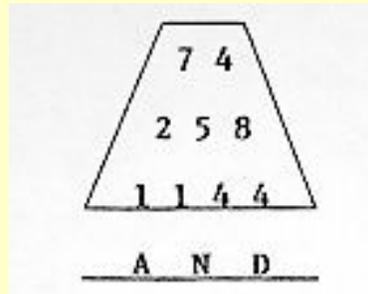
Number pyramids are built by adding adjacent digits until arriving at a single digit, then placing it above and between the digits from which it was formed. For example, the number 23 as a pyramid looks like this:

$$\begin{array}{c} 5 \\ 2\ 3 \end{array}$$

$2 + 3 = 5$ so place 5 above. If necessary add twice. For example the number 74. $7 + 4 = 11$ and then $1 + 1 = 2$. So the number pyramid for 74 is:

$$\begin{array}{c} 2 \\ 7\ 4 \end{array}$$

To make a pyramid from a word simply place the proper number above each letter, letting A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, D = 4, etc. Thus the pyramid of "and" looks like this:



In the pyramid of Jesus Christ, seen inside the Great Pyramid outline, note 7 digits and 4 letters on each side of 1938. Note 7 levels in the pyramid, culminating in the 4 digits 1938. Now see the structure of the word "God" and the value of names as designed by the adepts.

G = 7

O = The Sun and the function of the 666 magic square.

D = 4

THE	7	G	OF	10	J	THE	13	M	IS	74
	15	O		5	E		5	E		
	19	S		19	S		19	S		
	16	P		21	U		19	S		
	5	E		19	S		9	I		
	12	L					1	A		
							8	H		
	+			+		+				
	74			74			74			

Now go back to the Great Seal of the United States and see 74 stones in the face when the capstone is included. Note 74 rays of the Sun around the capstone. Note that July 4th is 7/4, the date of the Declaration of Independence.

The number 74, taken from the 666 magic square of the Sun is called the number of the creator, the grand mathematician/geometrician of the Universe, by the adepts. 74 appears 9 times in the 666 Sun Square and $74 \times 9 = 666$. That is why 74 and 749 are the "Key of David" in the Book of Revelation.

But for now just understand, the prophecy is not about a return of someone called Jesus Christ. No such person ever existed because the names are number codes created just four centuries ago.

Literal interpretation of the Bible is for immature minds, fit only to be guided by those with perception.

Revelation 13:18, "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." (666)

The man of wisdom and understanding reads this verse as well as all of Revelations and sees that there are two entities, a man and a beast. The Beast is a political and economical system symbolized as female, the "Whore of Babylon." The Beast usurps the number of the Man. The Man fights to save higher civilization. The Beast fights to destroy the bloodline of civilization's creators.

The verse says "count the number." Since we are told 666, what shall we count? There are 125 letters in Revelation 13:18. 125 represents 1/25 or January 25th, the conception date of the Man. On January 25th, 1938, the entire Northern hemisphere experienced the most spectacular display of the Aurora Borealis (Northern Lights) in recorded human history. This can be confirmed in the newspaper archives from that period.

Precisely 280 days later, the human gestation period, the Man of the prophecy was born. November 2nd, 1938, in a town called Woden, in the State of Iowa, U.S.A.

The 125 letters of Revelation 13:18 also give us the birthdays of the Man and the Beast. The number 125 when reversed is 521. Reversed back and forth until having six numbers, then adding them gives the birth year of the Man as shown here:

125
521
125
521
125
+521
1938

A three digit number can be scrambled six possible ways. When the six are added they will total a multiple of 111, which equals each column of the 666 Magic Square of the Sun. 125 scrambles into 152, 215, 251, 512, and 521. They add to 1776, the birth year of the Beast as shown here:

125
152
215
251
512
+521
1776

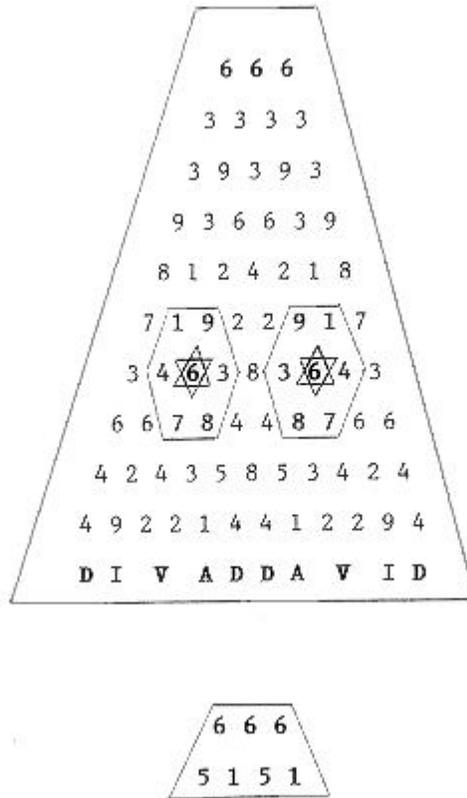
Again, let him that hath understanding, count the number of the Beast.
The number of the usurper beast is:

$$666 + 666 + 444 = 1776$$

This is part of a Kabbalistic time table.

The Prophecy Part 2

The number of the Man is also found in his name as a number pyramid. The number pyramid of the word "David" runs forward and backward from a center point and demonstrates both 666 and his birth year, around the six pointed Star of David, along with 74, the first function of the 666 Sun Square.



Here it should be noted that the exact angle of the Great Pyramid is 51 degrees, 51 minutes from horizontal because 5151 forms this number pyramid:

The equation 88^2 equals 7744 is concealed in the divisions of the verses in the Bible book called The Song of Solomon. The first chapter has 17 verses, the second has 17 verses, the third has 11 verses, the fourth has 16 verses, the fifth has 16 verses, the sixth has 13 verses, and the seventh has 13 verses.

17 17 11 16 16 13 13

$1+7=8$ $1+7=8$ $1+1=2$ $1+6=7$ $1+6=7$ $1+3=4$ $1+3=4$

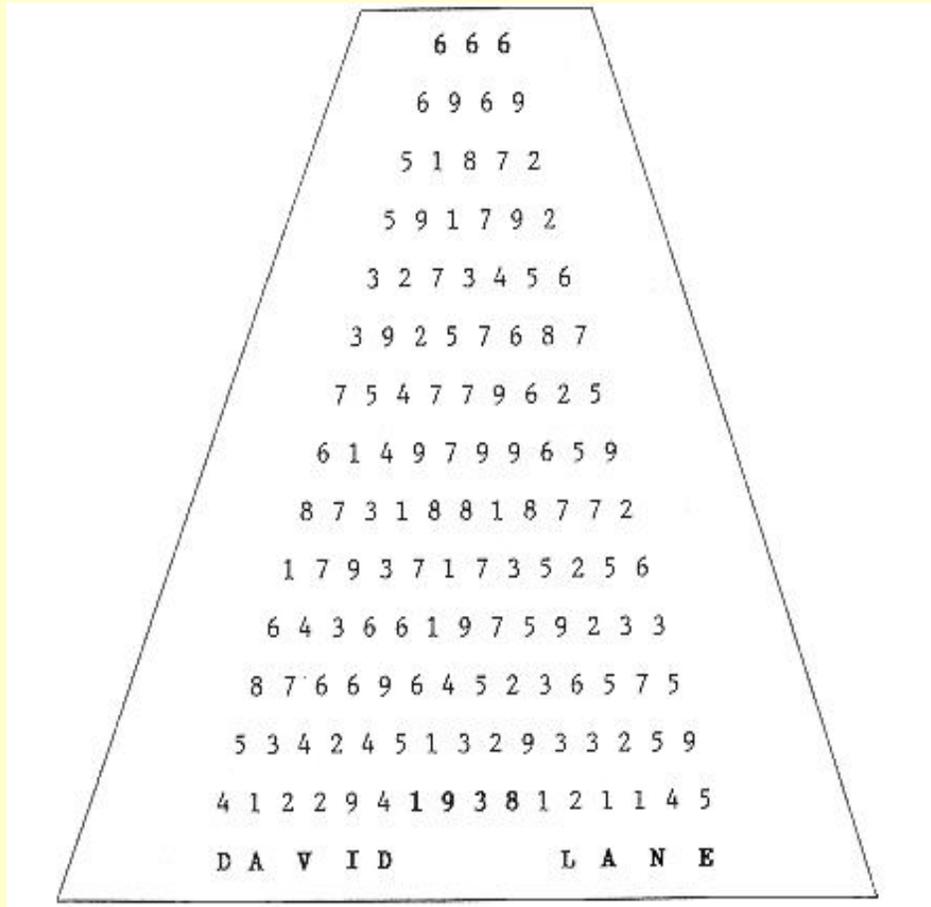
$88^2 7744$

The name David appears once in the Song of Solomon as word number 1056 in the equation, because $88 \times 12 = 1056$. And because by adding 1056 to each side of the equation we get the prophecy:

882 7744
 +1056 +1056
 BIRTH YEAR 1938 8800 88 PRECEPTS

The 7 chapters forming the equation have 2298 words. An additional chapter with 14 verses has 360 words. Because 2298 minus 360 equals 1938. The 14 represents the 14 Words.

Here is the pyramid of David Lane, the full name of the Man of the prophecy, combined with his birth year of 1938:



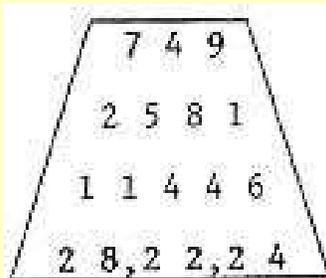
In the Book of Daniel, Chapter 5, appear seven emphasized words whose true meaning is disguised with irrelevant rhetoric. The words are mene mene tekem upharsin mene tekem peres. They are designed to be written with staggered starting points like one side of a pyramid.

M
E M
N E T
E N E U
E K P M
E H E T
L A N E P
R E K E
S E R
I L E
N S

Daniel is an anagram; remove the "I" and the "D", I.D., and the letters LANE remain:
I. D. LANE

Next we will look at the "Key of David" found in Revelation 3:7. That key is the number 749, which represents $74 \times 9 = 666$, the Magic Square of the Sun. First note that there are 1189 chapters in the Bible because they form a code wheel. Count all 1189 and start over. When you get to 749 it will total 1938. $749 + 1189 = 1938$.

The name David appears three times in Revelation. The first time in Chapter 3:7, which references the "Key of David." He also appears in Chapter 5:5 and in Chapter 22:16. There are 1666 words in the three chapters to encode 666. Count to David in each chapter and the total words are 749, because $74 \times 9 = 666$. Count to David in each verse. He is word 28 and 22 and 24 for a total of 74. They also form the below pyramid:



The Great Pyramid is found in Isaiah 19:19, because $19 + 19 = 38$. It is called an altar to the Lord in the land of Egypt. Count 38 verses from Isaiah 19:19, which corresponds with the 38° from vertical in the pyramid angle. It is Isaiah 22:9, and contains the word David the first time after the pyramid reference.

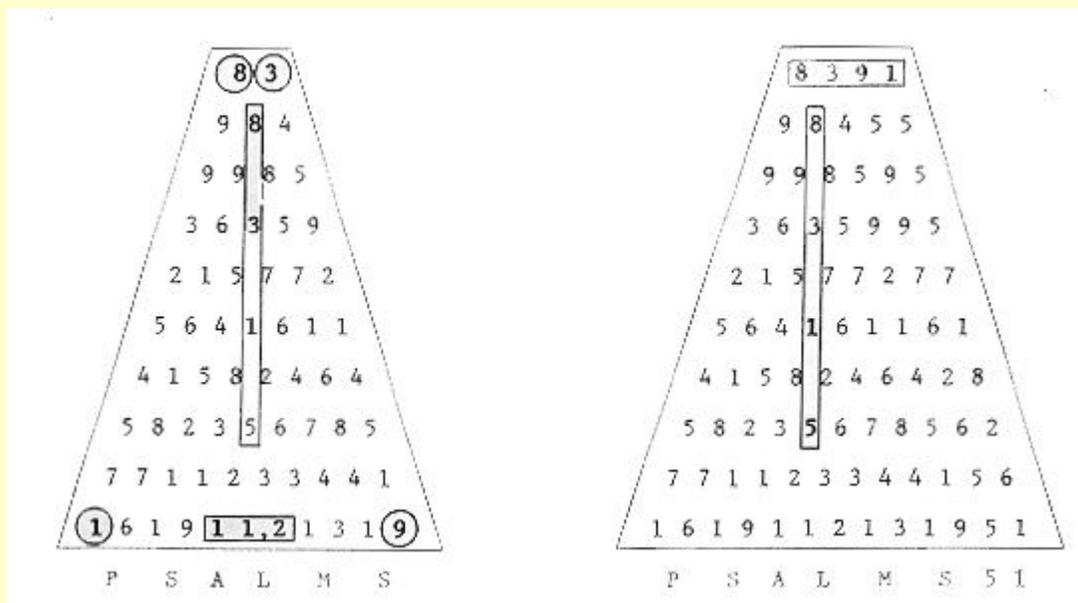
Continue counting to the 51st verse from Isaiah 19:19, corresponding to the 51° from horizontal in the pyramid angle. It is Isaiah 22:22, the second time David appears. This verse references the Key of the House of David, which is the Great Pyramid, Solomon's Temple, and the Great Seal of the United States.

The two verses, Isaiah 22:9 and 22:22 are a key. Count to David from the front of each verse. The total words are 19. Count to David from the end of each verse. The total words are 38. Time after time we find 19 tied to 38, and 38 tied to 51, as $38 \times 51 = 1938$.

Thus we find 19 verses in the 38th Psalm of David, which is Psalm 51. Or, the 38th David in the K.J.V. is in I Samuel 17:50, while the 51st David in the K.J.V. is in I Samuel 18:8, because $1750 + 188 = 1938$!

The Prophecy Part 3

The word "Psalms" was designed to tell the whole story, including the 38th Psalm of David being Psalm 51. Below are pyramids of Psalms and Psalms 51:



The center column of Psalms is 51 and 38. The four corners going counterclockwise are 1938. In the exact center of the base is 112 or 11/2 or November 2nd. In addition, the 1619 on the left of 112, plus the last 3

digits on the right add up to 1938. Further, the last 3 digits on the left of 112, plus all the digits on the right side add up to 1938.

1619 1319
+ 319 + 619
1938 1938

More explicit is the pyramid of Psalms 51, which is topped with 1938 from right to left.

The David of the prophecy is known for teachings called "14 Words" and "88 Precepts." We have seen the 88 in the equation $88^2 = 7744$, and in the 88 repetitions of David or Davids in Psalms. Now we will see the specific numbers in the longest chapter of the K.J.V., Psalms 119. Remember again how careful the framers of the K.J.V. had to be in their coding in order to escape torture and death.

Psalms 119 is divided into 22 sections of 8 verses each for a total of 176 verses, which is $2 \times 88 = 176$. So logically the 14 Words and 88 Precepts are encoded twice.

Each section is headed by a letter and a word. Count to the 14th title word, heading the 14th section. In that section the 88th word is PRECEPTS. Now go to the 88th verse. It has 14 words and is preceded by the word precepts. So counting backwards see 14 Words and 88 Precepts. Additionally, rounded to the nearest 10th, 88 percent of the repetitions of the word precepts in the K.J.V. are in Psalms 119.

In the teachings of the ancient "mysteries," the Creator was called the "Grand Mathematician/Geometrician of the Universe." Partly because of the geometric forms of nature. Easy examples being the hexagons of honeycombs and snowflakes. Also because human events seemed to correspond with numbers and patterns from seven mathematical devices now called the first seven magic squares.

So these magic squares were called, in coded form, the seven spirits, eyes, angels, etc., of God. (See Zechariah 4:10; Revelation 5:6; and elsewhere.)

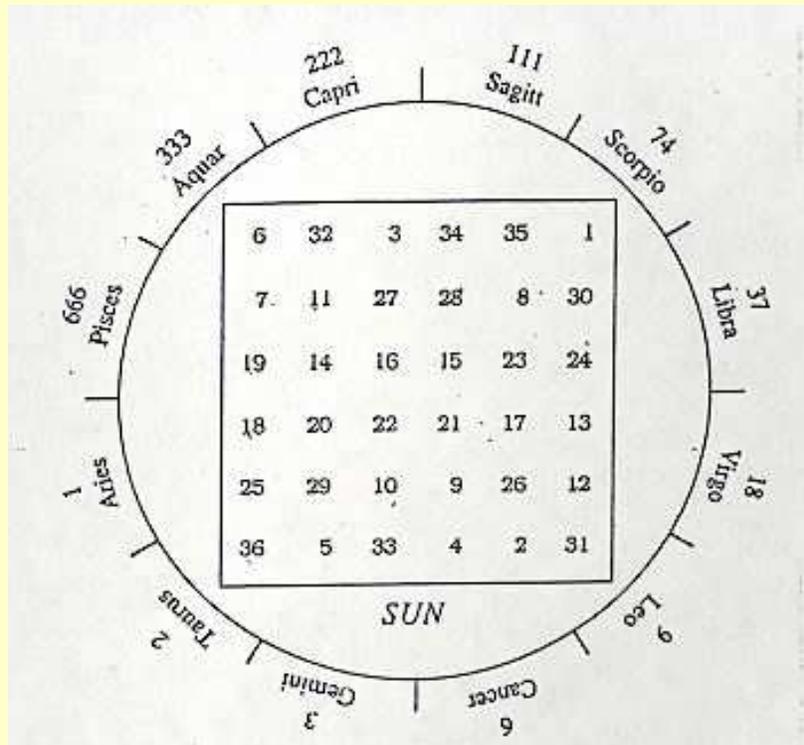
The K.J.V. Bible is designed to reflect the "Seven Spirits" (Magic Squares) and is thus a book "sealed with seven seals." Now read the last 14 words of Revelation 5:5: "David hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof." That is precisely what David Lane did.

Revelation 2:17 and 3:12 proclaim in artfully concealed words that God will take a new name, written in a man, in a city, and in A White Stone.

David Lane was born in Woden, Iowa and often uses the pen name Wodensson.

Thus the name is written in a man and a city. And "A White Stone" is an anagram. Rearrange the letters and they spell Thee is Wotan. Wotan is of course the modern spelling of the Norse/Germanic God Odin. Wednesday, David's birthday, November 2, 1938, is named for Woden/Wotan/Odin.

Shown next is the Magic Square of the Sun, source of the famed number 666. It is the best known of the seven figures called the seven spirits of God.



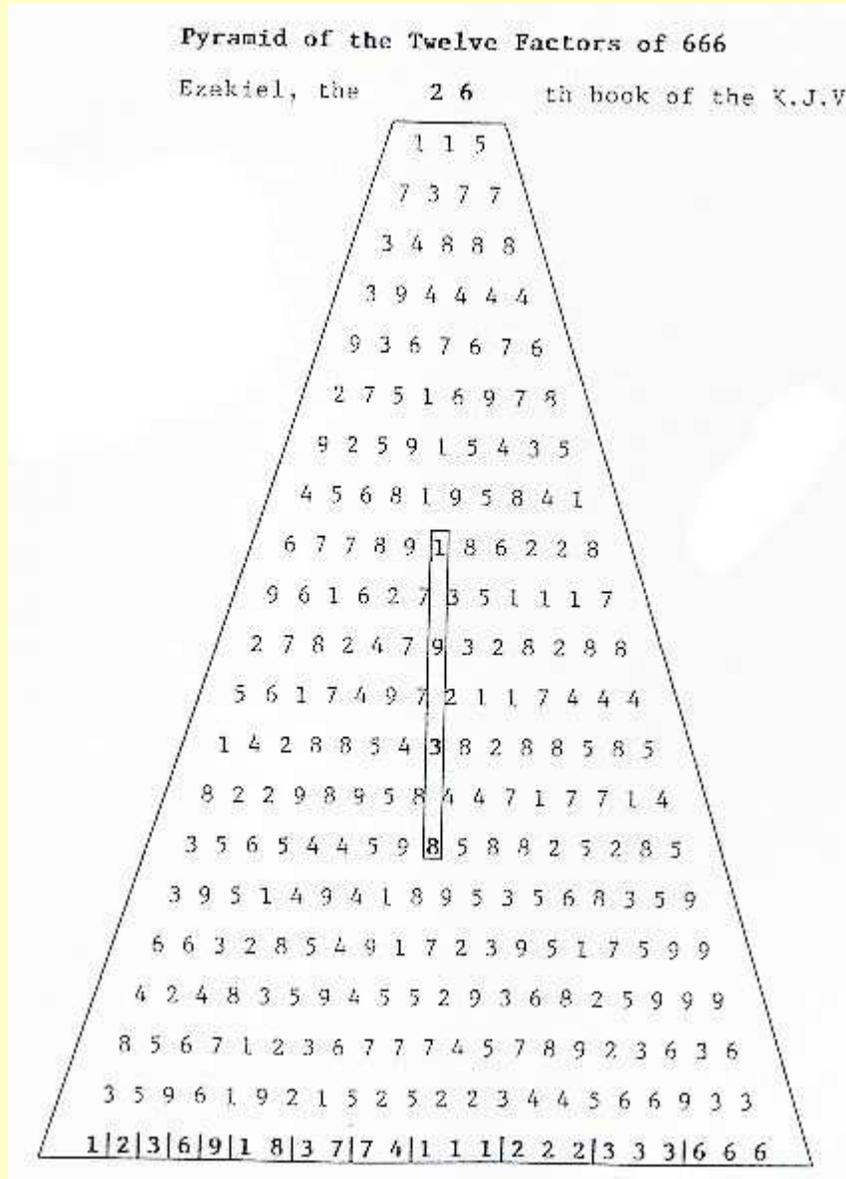
It is comprised of all the numbers 1 through 36, which when added together, $1+2+3+4+5$, etc., total 666. Its first function is that every number is part of a square or rectangle that adds to 74. Examples are the four corners of $6+1+31+36=74$, or a rectangle of $7+30+12+25=74$. This is why so much of the K.J.V. coding involves 74, as do holy names shown earlier. Note also that every column, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally adds to 111 or one sixth of 666.

Around the sun square are the 12 signs of the Zodiac, each represented by one of the 12 factors of 666. The 8th sign, Scorpio, is represented by 74. Scorpio includes November 2, David's birthday.

The total of the 12 factors is 1482, which is why the completion of Solomon's Temple in I Kings 7 has 1482 words in it's 51 verses. The Temple,

the Great Seal, the Great Pyramid and the coded K.J.V. all are the same prophecy of the bringer of light and reason, the Sun Man.

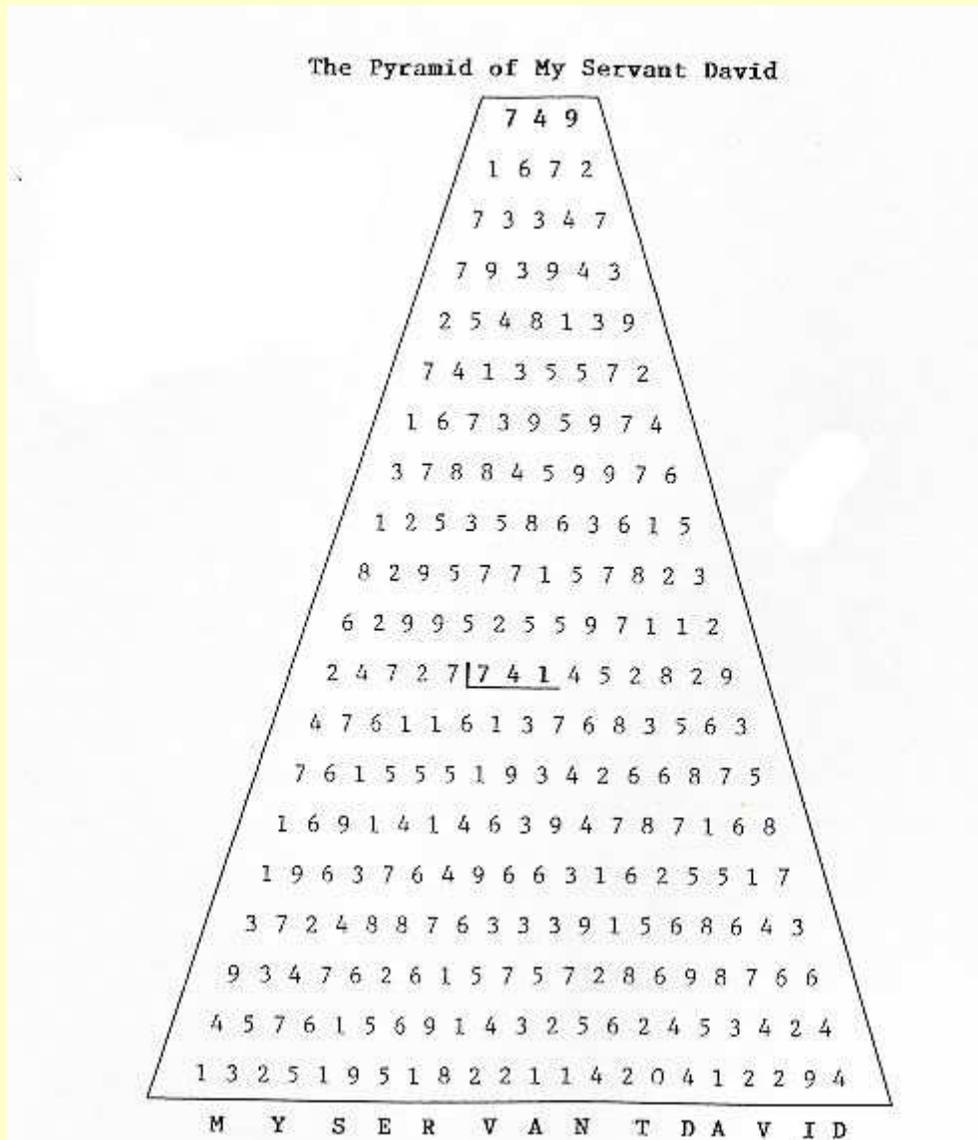
Shown next is the number pyramid of all 12 factors of 666 in ascending order. The exact center is 1938 and the top is 26. Which is why the most cleverly concealed, yet most specific prophecy is found in the 26th book of the K.J.V., called Ezekiel.



As can be seen, 1938 is a natural function of the sun square factors. Perceptive scholars will also realize how Hermetic philosophers set dates for calendar beginnings to correspond with future events, based on the magic squares. They say the divine plan is within the seven spirits (squares) of God.

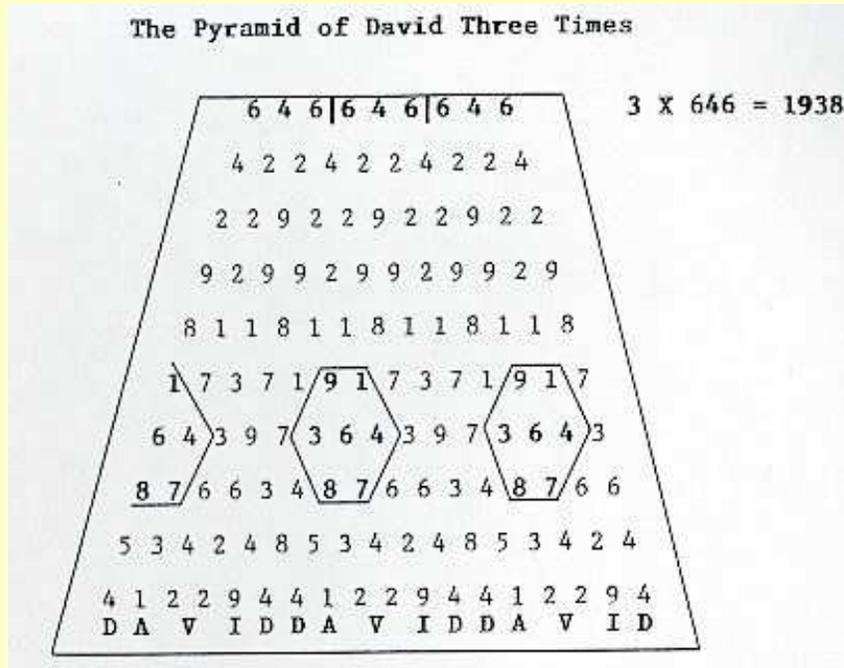
David is found four times in Ezekiel. All references are future tense, a prophecy. Although Ezekiel in the overt story lives hundreds of years after David.

David is found in Ezekiel in Chapter 34:23, 34:24, 37:24 and 37:25. Three of the four verses call him, "My Servant David." The anomaly, in Chapter 37:24, calls him, "David My Servant." Such anomalies are used to say, "Look Here." The words "My Servant David" are a number pyramid as shown next. The pyramid demonstrates 749, the Key of David from the Book of Revelation.



The three verses containing "My Servant David", are a code wheel. Seven times around and David is 666. Fourteen more times around and he is 1938.

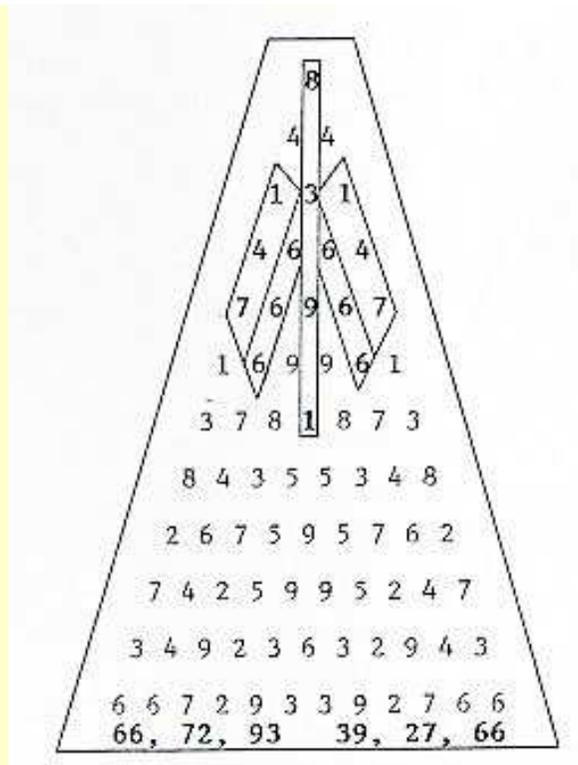
Another reason that David is found three times in Revelation is that the 14th factor of 1938 is 646, and $3 \times 646 = 1938$. The pyramid of David three times is shown here.



There are 39 books in the Old Testament and 27 books in the New Testament for a total of 66 books in the Bible. This is because:

$$\begin{aligned}
 &39^2 \\
 &27^2 \\
 &+66^2 \\
 &6606 \text{ to encode } 666!
 \end{aligned}$$

Also because a number pyramid of 39-27-66, running both ways from a center point shows a hidden message. That pyramid is as follows:

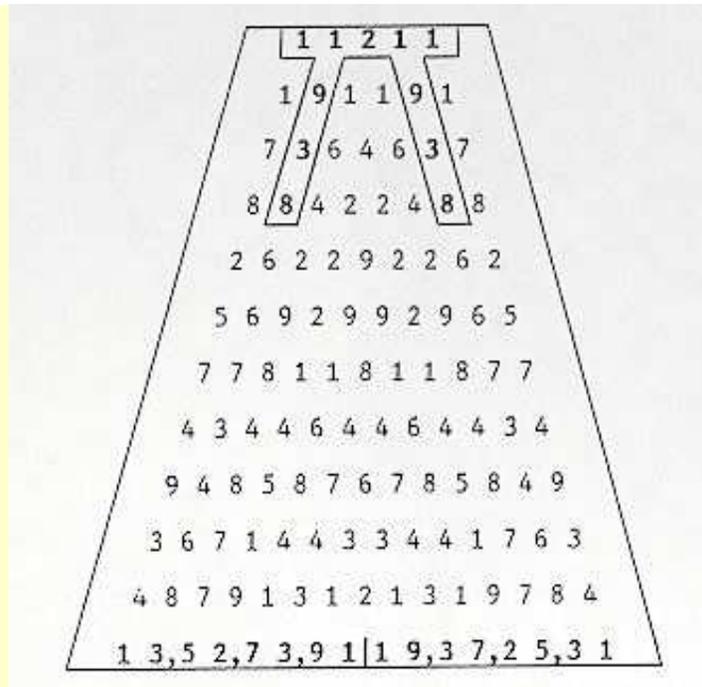


$$\begin{array}{r}
 741 \\
 +741 \\
 \hline
 1482
 \end{array}$$

The number 741 is the numerical value of the 14 Words of David Lane, 741 forms the Star of David in the magic square of the Sun. 741 twice, as shown above, totals 1482, the number of words in the completion of Solomon's Temple (I Kings 7), and the sum of the factors of 666.

As shown earlier, the Bible has 1189 chapters because they are a code wheel. 1189 plus 749, i.e., the Key of David, is 1938. That 749th and 1938th chapter is Jeremiah, the fourth chapter. There are 112 verses in the first four chapters of Jeremiah, representing November 2nd. (11,2).

The verses are divided among the four chapters so as to create an explicit number pyramid with a base running both ways from a center point. The chapters have 19, 37, 25, and 31 verses respectively.



* From each side at the top see Nov., 2, 1938!

Methuselah, being the oldest man ever to live, implies great wisdom in Hermetic coding. His story is found in Genesis, Chapter 5. His story and the value of his name are demonstrated here:

M	13	
E	5	
T	20	
H	8	
U	21	
S	19	
E	5	
L	12	187
A	1	782
H	+8	+969
	<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>
	112	1938

He lived 187 years and has a son. Then he lived another 782 years for a total of 969 years. Since 969 is exactly one half of 1938, then naturally the three ages, 187, 782 and 969 add up to 1938. Meanwhile the value of his name is 112 or 11,2 or November 2nd.

Additionally, since his age is divided into two time periods, before his son and after, we divide into. 969 divided into 187,782 is 193.8, rounded to the nearest tenth.

In the 3rd chapter of Luke, Methuselah is word 969 and his name is changed to Mathusala.

The last half of the word Methuselah is selah, a word which appears 74 times in the K.J.V., as another link between 1938 and 74. Selah mostly appears in Psalms, commonly linked to David. Selah is a signature at the end of Psalms 46. Count 666 chapters from the end of the Bible and come to Psalms 46.

Count 46 words from the front of the Psalm. The word is shake. Exclusive of the signature word selah, the 46th word from the end of Psalm 46 is spear. That is how we are told that Sir Francis Bacon, the real author of the works credited to Shakespeare, also designed the Pyramid Prophecy in the K.J.V. Bible.

There are many more codes and pyramids in the K.J.V., but the subject has been sufficiently covered that only the determinedly self deceiving can deny the prophecy.

That the future of civilization depends on 14 Words and 88 Precepts becomes more evident with each passing day. So let us conclude with one more look at the Great Seal of the United States. Around the stars over the eagle note 19 scrolls. Inside the scrolls are 24 trapezoids and 13 five pointed stars for a total of 37 geometric figures. The six pointed Star of David makes the 38th geometric figure inside the 19 scrolls!

That the Great Pyramid, the Great Seal, and the coded K.J.V. are the prophecy, of a man named David, born November 2, 1938, known for 14 Words and 88 Precepts is a mathematical fact.

THE END OR THE BEGINNING

Miscellaneous

The Death of the White Race

U.S. COMMISSIONER CONFIRMS THAT WHITE PEOPLE FACE EXTINCTION.

For years Aryan Nations has been warning our White kin that there was a conspiracy to Murder our White Aryan Race and that we were fast approaching the point of no return.

Now we have confirmation from U.S. Government sources. On the back of this leaflet you will find a reproduction of an article from the August 4, 1981, Rocky Mountain News. When reading the article, please bear in mind the following things.

Considering the lower-than-replacement White birth rate, the high non-white birthrate, the colored immigration and the fact that thousands of our young people (especially our women) desert their Race every day to marry non-whites, you can see that in ten years the child-bearing population of America will be less than ten percent White.

All history, as well as common sense, declares that no Race can survive without separation from others so they can promote, propagate and protect their own kind.

There are over two dozen all-Black nations engaging in no integration or the inevitable resultant, miscegenation, which decrees the death of a Race. The population of one Yellow country alone, China, is nearly four times all the Whites on the planet. They too are remaining racially pure. There are no all-White nations, at least in the Western world. We are the earth's most endangered species.

The famous American aviator, Charles Lindbergh, traveled America in the 30's warning that if we helped to destroy the tiny nation of Germany, which was the last and only White Racial Nation, then our Race was doomed. Was he right?

Today YOU can escape the terror of the Black ghettos and the Brown barrios. Your children and your children's children will have no refuge. THE DEATH OF THE WHITE RACE is neither imaginary nor far off in the distant future. History shows what "tender mercy" the few remaining Whites can expect from the colored hordes in the last days of our Race.

The JEWS, who have sworn to destroy our Race and who now own all three T.V. networks, the major movie companies, and nearly all newspapers and publishing companies, make it front page headlines, if they can find a non-integrated school or neighborhood anywhere.

Nations, economic systems, political systems, etc., will rise, fall and evolve as long as man walks this planet. THE DEATH OF THE WHITE RACE is eternal. Make no mistake, WHITEMAN, the death of our Race, the creators of Law, Justice, Technology, Medicine, Housing - virtually everything of value - spells the end of civilization.

Whiteman, look at the beautiful woman you love. Whitewoman, think about the future for your children. WHITEMAN, THINK. The decision is for this generation. Your children will be outnumbered fifty to one by colored people, who have been inflamed to hatred of our people by the JEWSMEDIA. Nature's laws are as impartial as they are harsh. Love your own kind, fight for your own kind or perish, as have many thousands of other species.

YOUR FIRST LOYALTY MUST BE TO YOUR RACE WHICH IS YOUR NATION!

David Lane

White Genocide Manifesto

The format of the White Genocide Manifesto is by calculated intent designed to exclude and ignore the sophistries of establishment sanctioned "authorities." Power systems both religious and secular throughout recorded time have invented and canonized Bishops, Priests, Professors, Historians, Propaganda experts, Word-smiths, Doctors in various alleged disciplines and a host of similar glorified prostitutes, for the specific purpose of befuddling, misleading, controlling and using the masses.

Two well known historical figures who fell out of favor after exhibiting rare candor are Napoleon Bonaparte and Henry Ford. Bonaparte after perusing documents from the Vatican library is reported to have said, "History is a fable." Henry Ford after commissioning a group of scholars to investigate the real powers behind governments made the statement, "History is bunk." An author named Trevanian wrote that "The propaganda of the victors becomes the history of the vanquished." The fact is, all power systems rewrite history and propagandize contemporary events for self-serving purposes.

Dignifying the deceptions of system prostitutes by quotation, debate or by acceding to use of politically sanctioned terminology only legitimizes their harlotry and opens the doors to endless sophistry.

It has long been noted among men of perception that those who have acquired system sanction through so-called "higher education" seem particularly obtuse in accepting circumstances as shown by common sense, and that these "educated" individuals are usually the last to opt out of a corrupt, destructive and tyrannical system. This is so, partially because they have prostituted themselves for personal gain, but also, because higher education is more properly called "advanced brain pollution." The purpose of higher education is to create managers for the masters' empire.

In light of these stated circumstances, the White Genocide Manifesto will not rely on the words of "recognized" authorities or "approved" writings. The Manifesto's statements and conclusions come primarily from three sources: Nature's Laws, common sense and current circumstances. The present power structure's intellectual masturbation specialists will almost certainly react with the usual specious word games, for ophistry is the only

recourse when denying fact. For example, when I state that only around 8% of the earth's population is White, I can foresee from past experience the system prostitutes attempting debate on whether the figure should be 9%, or whether modern Greeks are White, or if there even is a White race. They have a semantic arsenal of deception almost without end. It is self-evidently invalid, political rhetoric. The fundamentals of the White Genocide Manifesto are absolute Truth in spirit, functional in detail and undeniable by men of good conscience and reasonable mind.

The Manifesto by design and intent uses time honored terminology in deliberate contravention of politically motivated semantic desecration. For centuries the word "gay" referred to a joyous mood, while the word "homosexual" referenced a sad state of affairs in which the natural role of male to female was abandoned in favor of something which denies Nature's intent. For centuries the 3 major races of the world have been called Negroid, Mongoloid and Aryan, (now called Caucasoid, to mean White, so as to include Jews and other Asiatics). The colored races of the world(comprising over 90% of the earth's population and far more when considering the all important demographic statistic of child-bearing age or younger) are not a minority.

Western civilization is the creation of White man, from indoor plumbing and central heating, to more sophisticated inventions such as symphony orchestras, modern communications and anesthetics.

The addition of a suffix such as "ist" or "ism" does not demonize a word. Just as a Baptist loves and supports his religion, so a Racist loves and supports his race. The preservation of one's own kind being the first and highest Law of Nature, when the existence of one's own race is threatened, then racism becomes a Nature ordained imperative of the highest order. The White Genocide Manifesto does not comply with corruption of language as in the examples given, or to other politically sanctioned but fallacious terminology.

The Manifesto attaches little, if any, weight to the statements of political or religious prostitutes from power systems of this or any other age. The best judgment of intent is derived from actions, results and who benefits. Recognizing that no race commits suicide voluntarily, the Manifesto exposes the racial-religious tribe which now rules over the once White countries and which denies the White race not only White countries, but White schools, White neighborhoods, White organizations and everything necessary for survival as a biological and cultural entity.

Let it be understood that the term "racial integration" is a euphemism for genocide. The inevitable result of racial integration is a percentage of inter-racial matings each year, leading to extinction, as has happened to the White race in numerous areas in the past. As the White remnant is submerged in a tidal wave of five billion coloreds, they will become an extinct species in a relatively short time. This genocide is being accomplished by deliberate design. The author of this Manifesto, his comrades, both in chains and out, and others retaining their powers of reason stand in opposition.

Zionist control of the media, as well as of all essential power points of industry, finance,

law and politics in the once White nations is simply fact and is well known by everyone in positions of influence. For those who doubt, the information is available to diligent researchers through such easily accessed sources as a book called the Jewish Who's Who at a local library or an intelligent perusal of readily available biographies. Unceasing and usually spurious wailings about "anti-semitism" will not change facts. Recognizing that it is the nature of sober and reflective men to accept the dictates or direction of existing governmental and religious institutions, it is imperative that the intent of such systems be clearly identified. When the intent, identified above all else by the affect of existing and ruling institutions, is destructive to a people, then the circumstances must be presented to all men of good conscience.

THE WHITE GENOCIDE MANIFESTO

Therefore, we, the aware body of those people identified historically and properly as the Aryan (or White) race, declare the following:

- 1) All existing governments in the once White political states now deny us hegemony and the exclusive territorial imperatives necessary to our survival as a biological and cultural entity.
- 2) The inevitable result of racial integration is genocide for the White race through miscegenation. The promotion of miscegenation between White women and colored men is self-evidently a priority in all existing system approved methods of communication.
- 3) White men who resist genocidal practices against their race are destroyed economically, politically and socially. If they continue to effectively resist they are assassinated or falsely imprisoned.
- 4) The life of a race is in the wombs of its women, and today approximately 2% of the earth's population is White female of child-bearing age, this being the essential demographic statistic relative to survival.
- 5) That economic, political and religious systems can be destroyed and resurrected, but the death of our race will be eternal.
- 6) That the instinct of White men to preserve the beauty of their women and a future for White children on this earth is ordained by Nature and Nature's God.
- 7) That all Western nations are ruled by a Zionist conspiracy to mix, overrun and exterminate the White race.
- 8) That America is the world, Zionist police department. America's military and police powers are used to destroy every White racial state or territorial imperative on the globe. Examples are the forced integration of Southern schools by the 101st Airborne using bayonets, the use of clubs by police under Federal edicts to beat and bloody the White mothers of South Boston when they protested the integration and destruction of their

neighborhood schools, and the destruction of a White racial state in our ancient European homeland through war and subsequent occupation by colored troops. This is after Germany attempted to perform its historic function as defender of the race, as demonstrated against the invading Moors and Mongols.

9) That the denial of jobs to White men through so-called affirmative action and other nefarious schemes by result decreases White families and our population.

10) That multi-racial sports, entertainment and integration are designed to destroy the senses of uniqueness and value necessary to the survival of our race.

11) That history is being re-written to obscure the accomplishments of our ancestors and credit them to colored races.

12) That Judeo-Christianity is dedicated to the concept of racial leveling the oneness of mankind and, therefore, genocide.

13) That the Zionist occupation governments of America and other Western nations promote the unnatural act of homosexuality, knowing full well the power of the male instinct for sexual union must be directed toward procreation with females of the same race to ensure racial survival.

14) That the Zionist occupation governments of America and other Western nations promote and protect infanticide of healthy White babies, now called abortion, immensely to the detriment of the race.

In light of these and innumerable crimes against the collective White race, as well as the self-evident policy of genocide, we hereby forswear allegiance or support for our executioners' institutions. In obedience to Nature's Laws and recognizing that Nature and her Laws are the work of God, whatever a man's understanding of the Creator might be, and that the highest law is the preservation of one's own kind, we further demand the formation of exclusive White homelands on the North American continent and in Europe. If denied, then we will seek redress in whatever measures are necessary.

Let those who commit treason with the Zionist destroyer, or sit on the fence, be aware. If we are successful in our goal, expressed in the FOURTEEN WORDS:

"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children,"

...then your treachery will be appropriately rewarded. If not, and the White race goes the way of the dinosaurs, then the last generation of White children, including yours, will pay for your vile complicity at the hands of the colored races who will inherit the world.

Open Letter to a Dead Race

Today, in the year 2005, approximately two percent of earth's population is White female of child bearing age or younger. The White race is dead!!! Murdered by a coalition of Jews, Christian universalists, anti- nature dupes, opportunistic political whores, media moguls, over educated intellectuals, dogmatic nationalists, feminist fools, assorted misfits and cowards.

The remaining whites are hopelessly integrated, terrorized, brain washed, miscegenated and are rapidly being overrun by six billion coloreds. As a viable entity with a means to survive, the white race is extinct. The few of us who resisted genocide are analogous to a few living cells within a corpse.

No longer able to deceive their followers about the extent of our racial peril, most of the White so called "Leaders" have adopted a new policy of retreat and defeat. This time they advice building small White communities in the hinterlands, or just educating children properly. They will do anything to avoid the giving or receiving of fatal battle strokes.

They know full well that our race cannot survive without nations of our own. They know we don't have another ten years to procrastinate. They know that a few White families submerged in six billion coloreds means exactly nothing. They know America will bomb into submission any nation that tries to stay White. They know their cowardly advice is nothing but further retreat into the abyss from which there is no return. They know that total revolution and anarchy from the likes of Bob Mathews and Tim McVeigh are the only solutions remaining. But they are either cowards or deceiving enemy agents.

They know the revolution must come from disenfranchised White males. Yet they pander to women and their "traditional family" and "peaceful solutions" dogma, because they are feminist flogged spaniels.

No disrespect too our few good women. It was, "Because the beauty of the White Aryan Woman must not perish from the earth," that I entered this struggle. But, as a rule, women will put individuals and their families ahead of the survival of the whole race. A warrior, risking his life and freedom does not make a good provider in this day and age.

Because I speak the truth, there isn't a woman in the world that doesn't despise me. We want a "responsible" man they proclaim. Well, what is "responsibility" in an occupied country but treason and slavery. Go off to your factories and warehouses, your counting houses, your fields and slave your life away. Then pay half of your wages in taxes that are used to finance the murder of your race.

After work, relax in your Chinese made clothes, eat off your Korean dishes, and on your Japanese TV, watch as White women cavort with Jews, Negroes and Mexicans. Guess I am the best one to speak the truth. Can't get a woman into prison to give me some loving anyway. So let 'em hate me.

From the dawn of history, those out of power have raised armies with promise of plunder, revenge and capturing women. There are no other possible motivations or rewards. Do

not try to intimidate the last possible White warriors with reactionary buzz words like: theft, rape and murder. The "Law" is what those in power, use to enslave those who are out of power. White man, you are a defeated comical slave, laughed at by all the world and scorned or used by your own women. Does the term "women and minorities" ring a bell for you? The alliance is against you. And you are the true minority to boot. Your choices are twofold; accept your chains, the demise of your race and the loss of your women. Or consider and harken to the words of Robert Jay Mathews, as he speaks from his grave:

"Give your souls to your Gods and load your guns, Its time to deal in lead. We are the legions of the damned, The army of the already dead...."

Unless we have an unseen army of total Barbarians, devoid of pity, of compassion, of compunctions, of restraining moralisms, we are doomed. He who practices chivalry, when the enemy has none, fights with both hands tied behind his back.

Our army must have commitment equal to that of Palestinian suicide bombers fighting to free their land from the scourge of all the earth. Better one day as a lion, than years as a sheep. Take plunder, women and the lives of your enemies. Let no pleasure pass you by in your short sojourn on Midgard, including revenge, wives, sisters and daughters of your enemies. How many live priests or virgin nuns do you think your Viking ancestors left behind when raiding the monasteries or convents of the evil anti-nature occupation of Europe twelve centuries ago?!? Civilization has ended, this is war.

Be a Berserker until the day you depart for Valhalla with a pound of the enemies lead in your still defiant body!!!

Only out of anarchy and revolution can a new White nation arise. And if you do not succeed, let the enemy speak in horror, for generations to come, of the fury of the last Northmen.

David Lane

An Open Letter to the Reality Deniers

When I first wrote this article it was before seeing the latest edition of an alleged pro-White newsletter called "Allthe Way". But after reading their latest edition, dated May 2005, I found it necessary to rewrite the entire article. In the past I have refrained from naming the individuals who have for the decades plagued and destroyed any resistance to the murder of our race, if there was at least a chance that their motives were pure. Even if their tactics were cowardly, idiotic and unproductive.

But I will not sit silent while cowardly swine, ignorant newcomers, egotistical word warriors, or possibly deliberate deceivers, insult the memory of my friend, the late Pastor Richard Butler. Nor for that matter will I any longer sit silent while a word twisting vermin of a lawyer and his henchmen insult me or my comrades of the Order Bruder Schweigen. Shakespeare and Jonathan Swift stated long ago what should be done with the vile walking talking piles of camel dung called lawyers. If and when day of victory comes we shall make certain that none of these venomous creatures pollute the earth with either words or their breath, ever again.

The Editor of this Conservative trashy misleading rag called All the Way , appears to be a lawyer- no lets tell it like it is- a lawyer is a skunk named Richard Barrett. Two of his "journalists use the names Andrew Pearson and Travis Golie. Speaking of Matt Hale, Mr. Travesty Golie uses the term " majority"when speaking of the White race. Which alone demonstrates his ignorance since the White race is only 8% of the earth's population and of those 20 years old or younger, only about 4%.

Even the favorite description of themselves given by the Skunk and his cohorts echoes the tactics of our Zionist enemy, as they call themselves Nationalists and American Patriots instead of racialists and racial patriots. Turning White Nation against White Nation, or for that matter all kinds of Nations against each other is precisely the tactic our enemy has employed for many centuries to become rulers of the earth.

Journalist Pearson says his " Nationalist" movement leads skinheads to question tactics of " Hale/Butler/Lane". Well I must confess I know very little about Matt Hale except that he is doing 40 years in prison for pro -White activities. But I do know that Pastor Butler was a true gentleman and a noble Aryan who dedicated his life to the preservation of his people. Later in this article I will talk more about Pastor Butler and the so called "Identity" movement.

I do wish that the Skunk and his journalists would have to spend a few minutes of quality time alone with me in my cell. If they survived it would be with a new attitude that included respect.

Incidentally, the Skunk also brags that he looks at our Struggle in the terms of hundreds of years to come as opposed to those with a sense of urgency. Well, after reading this article, you decide how soon we will be extinct. It will be decades at the most, not centuries.

As our gene pool now shrinks to the point of no return it is long past time that we face reality and stop worshipping or even accepting the executioners institutions. Now only are we a small minority in the world, but due to taxation and various malicious influences we have not been having many children. About 2% of the earth's population is young White female and it is from their wombs that racial life must come.

America as a White Nation is far past saving. Our masters tell us that about 65% of the population is still White. But they outright lie. Most of America's population is in the big

cities and they are black, brown, yellow and mixture. Our masters wrongfully count Jews as White. They count many Hispanics and mixtures as White and ignore over 20 million non-White illegal aliens. At best we might be barely half the population and perhaps one fourth of the young population of America is White.

To compound the problem our women, under the influence of an alien religion and system propaganda are leaving their race wholesale. Lisa Presley, Nicole Simpson, and Heidi Klum are rapidly becoming the rule rather than the exception. We also see that any White man that publicly stands for the life of his race is destroyed economically, socially and politically. If he is too effective he is falsely imprisoned or assassinated. By the way Mr. Skunk and Associates, if you are effective why aren't you in here with me or why haven't you been assassinated?

If we are to survive as a race we need a complete cleansing of our minds. We must learn to judge all doctrines, religions, governments, institutions and alleged leaders by their accomplishments rather than by their words. Self evidently and undeniably America and Judeo-Christianity have presided over our slide toward extinction.

In the wars, occupations, revolutions and assassinations that America has instituted or participated in, from Dixie to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Japan, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Iran, to Libya, to Bosnia, to Serbia, to Waco, to Ruby ridge, to Afghanistan, and on and on , the dead and maimed number at least two hundred million, half of them White people. In it's determination to mix and destroy the integrity of all races, nations and cultures and most particularly to exterminate the White race, the red, white and blue traveling mass murder machine is , and has been , an engine of holocaust, genocide and death unmatched in human history. American denies us White nations, White schools, White neighborhoods, White organizations and everything necessary for racial survival, then unceasingly promotes inter-racial mating for the last young White woman. That is deliberate malicious genocide, the murder of our race.

So let me ask you, the reader of this document, How many of your so called "leaders" tell you the truth about America? And do they still proclaim themselves to be proud Americans? It is pure insanity. How about it Mr. Skunk and Associates? Americans?

And then there is the other major weapon used by the world's Zionist rulers to destroy us. That is Judeo-Christianity. Does your "leader" tell you about the true history of this alien religion, in which some greedy slimy gangster brokers from the sewers of the Middle East are " Gods Chosen People"? Does he speak of the inquisition, of the torture and murder of all scientists and philosophers such as Galileo and Bruno? The torture of the Knights Templar? The fraternal wars between Catholics and Protestants? Does he speak of the thousands of incidents of torture, murder, bribery and deceit by which Christianity destroyed our indigenous native based fertility religions, especially Odinism (Wotanism , Wodenism)? Does he tell you how the Christian Emperor Charlemagne murdered 4500 Saxon chieftans in 789 AD because they were Odinists? Then beheaded them and threw their bodies in the Alle river? How about the "witches" burned alive in America?

Does your Leader speak of two centuries of Christian missionaries giving the White man's food, technology and medicine to the Turd World? Does he speak of Christian songs like "Black or Yellow, Red or White, All are precious in his sight"? Does he speak of how Christians now give the White man's countries and even his women to non-White men?

I tell you now "EVERY" major Christian figurehead knows exactly how the Universal religion was created. The word Catholic is Greek in origin and literally means Universal. The Protestant denominations are only the whoring stepchildren of the Judeo- Roman creation.

As is known by the genocidal, insane bastards who perpetuate this hoax, it was the Roman Emperor Constantine, along with the Jewish money powers behind the throne who created Christianity in 325 AD as Christians reckon time. The events were then backdated three centuries and placed over a thousand miles East of Europe so no one could deny their authenticity. Appropriate forged documentation was then created and planted, to substantiate the hoax.

The facts are, centuries before this the major "God" of the Roman legionnaires was called Mithra. Mithra was said to be born to a virgin on December 25th, was killed and rose from the dead.

A thousand years earlier the birth of the Persian God called Zoroaster was said to be attended by three wise men from the East. Odin was said to have hung on a tree and have his side stabbed with a spear.

Just a few examples of how myths of many pagan and indigenous religions were incorporated into the new Roman Universal religion. And the lying whores that some of you call preachers or priests know it. But the truth would destroy their income from deluded old ladies paying their prescribed tithes.

Yes, I know some of you will now bring up "Identity" So let me enlighten you about a true gentleman and noble Aryan who you remember as Pastor Richard Butler. What you probably don't know is that Richard Butler was an illuminated thirty third degree Freemason. And like the illuminated Masters who created the original Mormon religion as a racial doctrine, he used Identity as a tool to reach some of our folk who remain bamboozled by Christian insanity.

But illuminated Masters know that religious myths are not meant to be taken literally by people of perception and intellect. Virgins did not have babies. Dead men's rotting bodies don't rise from the grave. That force which our folk have called God, by many names, over countless centuries did not turn itself into a mortal man, in order to keep itself from sentencing mortal man to eternal torture. Truly as the ancient proverb states, "Those whom the gods would destroy, they first drive mad." That is what the Universal religion was designed to do.

So , if our "leaders" wont tell the truth about the institutions that have led us to the brink of extinction, have they told the truth about our situation or about possible solutions?

I tell you now , if they use terms like " White Christian Civilization" or " White American Patriot" , they are at best deluded, and possibly enemy agents. As best they continue to compromise with the institutions which are determined to exterminate our race.

Do they speak of running for office, or voting a white nation, or magical divine intervention or waiting for some " Day of Awakening"? If so , shun them like the plague. Let us look realistically at the number of possible recruits to our Cause.

First eliminate the perhaps half of America's population that is nonwhite or Jewish. Then eliminate the 80% of Whites who consider themselves Christian. Next eliminate all who draw checks from some level of government, such as social security, medicare, military and police salaries or retirement. Next eliminate all who have substantial wealth since the creation of a White nation means the end of their privileged life style. Of course since the last young White women are the desire of all males of all races, they can write their own ticket to comfort and pleasure within the system. They will not voluntarily join our Cause. Eliminate the "American patriots" who are seduced by a perversion of the territorial instinct, given by nature, and perverted by our Zionist rulers.

By the way, perversion of this instinct is why White men watch colored athletes from their own locality. Even while pretty White cheerleaders get wet panties over creatures who never invented a wheel or a written language. The subliminal message sent to all young White girls is clear and constant.

Next eliminate all who already have a family member, either immediate or distant who has mated with a Skraeling (non-White) as they will usually defend the interests of the mongrel offspring over the survival of our race.

Add it all up to find the potential number of recruits to our Cause and we will always be outnumbered 100 to 1 if not 1000 to 1. Any lights coming on Mr Skunk and Associates?

So I ask, is your "leader" talking about true circumstances and possible solutions, or is he still regurgitating the same old right wing trash? Hopefully he has at least gotten past the old deceptions of left vs. right, conservative vs. liberal, Democrat vs. Republican and the like.

The fact is, our race cannot survive without nations exclusively our own. The fact is, America is dead as a White nation. It is a walking corpse, although we must remember that a dying beast is the most dangerous.

We have two options. One is to migrate back to Eastern Europe, Russia, Ukraine etc and warn folk there. The second is to try to form a White nation in the American continent. I wrote a short novel titled KD Rebel using the second scenario that can be read on this site.

But do realize that such a new nation must begin surreptitiously. For various reasons I have advocated the Colorado Rocky mountains for a beginning. Tattoos, swastikas, confederate flags, emblems signifying racial pride are already the equivalent of painting a target on ones chest. Leave that to a few spokespersons who accept the risks. In an occupied country a wise man does not identify himself to the enemy.

Sustenance and cleansing the new nation are subjects that are best not discussed here or publicly. Except to say , much must be clandestine. Cleansing actions must whenever possible be the work of lone wolves who tell no one else of their actions. Not wives, comrades, relatives or anyone. Braggadocio is suicide. As a philosopher said over 200 years ago " three can keep a secret if two of them are dead".

Remember that for which we fight. For me it is to preserve the beauty of the White Aryan Woman on earth. It is not because of our ability to create technological gadgets. Our technology is always given to other races, and/or used against us. And that technology will be used in an attempt to spy on and destroy the nation we must create.

Learn the meaning of cunning. Courage without cunning is suicide. Brave Aryans have killed brave Aryans for untold centuries while cowardly but cunning Jews rule the world. So under natures harsh law, ie survival of the fittest, which was the more valuable trait? Cunning or courage? Actually we need both! I remain your for truth, reality, reason and the 14 words. We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White Children.

David Lane

Reality Check

It has appeared for some years now that the Zionist New World Order crowd have a Kabalistic timetable for the formal completion of their plans. Students of the so-called "occult traditions" could make educated guesses as to the reason for a timetable, but only the insiders know for certain. Whether the formulae they use are merely to communicate with each other, or if there are in actuality powers invoked by occult ritual makes interesting speculation. Unfortunately we are over the abyss and cannot afford time on conjecture.

What is evident is that a consolidation of tyranny is taking place at an increasing rate. On the 19th of September 1997, the Canadian ZOG filed additional felony charges against George Eric Hawthorne and his two Canadian kinsman of Resistance Records & Magazine. They are charged with Inciting Racial Hatred and Conspiracy to Incite Racial Hatred. As an aside, be aware that in many countries laws are already on the books that can bring prison terms for derogatory statements about any of ZOG's protected and favored groups. For now, the Fourteen Words, when repeated by themselves, have not been deemed criminal by de jure law, although of course, they are illegal and punished by the de facto law. De facto is the law enforced by media vilification and perversion of de

jure law. To advocate the survival of our own race is now a "hate crime."

On October 4th, a Christian group called Promise Keepers held a rally in Washington, DC, which attracted upwards of one million men. They announced that a major portion of their agenda is to defeat "racism." This echoes the Pope in a speech in Brazil the same week. Former football coach Bill McCartney of Colorado University heads Promise Keepers. Coach McCartney is most famous for sacrificing his own 15 year old white daughter to a Negro player in an attempt to build a national championship team. The girl got pregnant and now Promise Keepers sing a Christian song, "black or yellow, red or white, all are precious in his sight" with a personal agenda. Compare the million there to the paltry few dozen racialsists attending an Identity rally once a year. Let's be honest about the history and effect of Christianity. We were free and masters of our destiny with Wotan. Now we face extinction, and no man dare say White except as an insult. You cannot make fine wine with deadly poison. If Identity must have the bible, then use the Old Testament, but the new is certain suicide. Better yet, return to our organic and indigenous religion of Wotanism.

I hope your thoughts will be with all the Bruders Schweigen, and in particular with my comrade Richard Scutari, as the ZOG is subjecting him to extraordinary suffering. Worse than Marion is what they call "Diesel Therapy," in which a person is sent from prison to prison, always kept "in the hole." His property never arrives, mail lost, health is endangered by nutrition and sleep deprivation. During the constant disorientation of traveling, a so-called "high security prisoner" is forced to wear a tortuous device called "The Black Box," which injures the wrists. Richard has been in the hole, or at Marion or on Diesel Therapy for 13 of his 14 years of incarceration. Truly a great man is unjustly persecuted for doing nothing but resisting the Judeo-American murder of his own race.

We have been asked our position on National Socialism, or as the Jewish press calls it, "Nazism." We do not think it is productive to tackle 70 years of demonization of Adolf Hitler and the swastika by waving the name or the emblem in public. We honor the concept of National Socialism and all sacred Aryan symbols, both of which are timeless and important elements concerning our racial survival. We are displeased that the swastika is often dishonored by those who have no idea of the ancient historical relevance and the arcane significance it represents.

The second-guessers feel they are qualified to criticize Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich. They should be aware that the leaders of the Reich were prisoners of geographical nationalism. Germany had been raped by the Versailles Treaty; anti-Polish and anti-French feelings were unavoidable. The two-front war was, also, unavoidable, since the Soviets were amassing millions of troops for a sneak attack on Germany. In the final analysis the Teutonic people of central Europe, now called Germans, were simply performing their ancient role as defenders of the White race in our European homeland. Against overwhelming odds of 10:1 in population, 100's to one in land area and 1,000's to one in resources, they were magnificent!

No revolution or power system is ever exactly duplicated, however. What worked for

Hitler in a country that was 99% Aryan with a history of culture and heritage will never work in a polyglot, cultureless nightmare called America. There is no way to secure our existence by peaceable means here.

We are often asked about the spiritual aspects of our gnostic religions, especially Wotanism. It must be understood that civilizations have cycles. There are times for spirituality, for scholarship, for peace and tranquility, etc. But, when the survival of one's race is threatened, then it is a time for action within Midgard, not for speculation on afterlife. The books "Creed of Iron -- Wotansvolk Wisdom," "Temple of Wotan" and "Might is Right" will help explain how to reach a higher Wotan consciousness. But, no one must use his moments alone with the Gods as an excuse to shirk action in this reality. We will not substitute hiding in the basement casting runes for hiding in the basement listening to Wesley Swift tapes... not while little children are bussed into hell. That is totally disgusting cowardice befitting whipped curs.

I will never tell anyone what to "believe." Forced belief is a tool of tyrants of Church and State. I will tell you what the ancients taught, and why. Also, understand that the New Age movement has taken the ancient "Mysteries" and perverted them. So, while there are similarities, it is only because they use a few truths to agendize their distortions of truth. The two great deceptions of the New Age movement are these:

1) They teach universalism, and 2) they teach that the Creative Force we call God is permeated with an emotion called love. The Creator made carnivorous animals to kill and eat herbivorous animals, hawks to kill and eat sparrows. There is no love, just law, natural law... brutal but divine law. Also, the Creator formed diverse races and species. Universalism, which destroys diversity, also destroys the unique races and species which were formed by the Creator. The ancient "Mysteries" rose from meticulous study of nature which declares New Age doctrine a lie.

There is a fundamental basis for all occult, magical and ancient religious teachings. It was taught that there exists a common plastic mediator throughout the universe. This ethereal substance has been called the ether, orgone energy and many other names. In Christian terminology it is called the Holy Spirit, while American Indians called it the Great Spirit. It is the unseen, which homing pigeons tune into to locate their dwellings. Through it the cosmic mind forms nature and matter into the geometric shapes like pentagrams and hexagrams, which appear to be the result of intelligent design. When speaking of the unknowable cosmic mind and original creative forces, the "Absolute" God is a concept distinct from the major folkish God called AllFather Wotan. We have no personal relationship with this Absolute force and intelligence, for it is devoid of emotion, or more precisely, devoid of anthropomorphism. The Absolute set creation in motion with iron hard rules called the Laws of Nature. Within those rules each race, each species and each individual must struggle... with survival to the fittest.

An adept in the Mysteries realizes that our five conscious senses are extremely limited in what we can perceive. All that exists is the result of specific vibrations and wave lengths. An easy analogy to demonstrate the purpose and function of symbols and rituals in

religious or occult rites is the radio or television. We cannot see, hear, smell, feel or taste the radio waves that pass through and around us at all times. Yet, we postulate that they exist, because with the proper receiver (a radio) we hear the results. Religions, occult rites and symbols are similarly the receivers for vibrations, wave lengths and resulting intelligences that exist in spectra beyond our perception. Incantation (i.e. vibrations) and mantra work in concert with depictions of nature's fundamental forms to attract the spirits (i.e. intelligences) of other realms.

On considering the nature of thought and idea, modern science tells us that a thought is a result of specific electro-magnetic patterns within the structure of our physical brain. The ancients taught that the entire universe is an inter-connection of what we now call electro-magnetic forces and patterns, from the macrocosm of stars, to the microcosm of atomic structure. Every thought or idea of a man was then considered to affect the totality of all. It was additionally taught that by mental effort, the Universal Mediator could be molded into intelligences beyond our immediate senses. These then are the Gods of distinct nations. Although created by men, they become superior in some ways, and they live as long as their creators and their offspring nourish them. When formed as the protectors and benefactors of a race, they serve that race. Wotan is the God of the Aryans, and will continue to live and inspire so long as Aryans choose to live.

A destructive Universalist God was created by those who despise All-Father Wotan and his people, the Aryan race. He is a jealous God, for he will die when Universalism dies. Thus, throughout the ages at the hands of his followers all wisdom is persecuted:

- Eve and Adam are banished from Paradise for pursuing wisdom, i.e. eating from the tree of knowledge.

-In the story of the Tower of Babel mankind is scattered and their languages confounded, lest their wisdom grow.

- Jesus demands that his followers be as little children, who of course "believe" all they are told and have no power of reason.

So, the church began by murdering every scientist, every philosopher, every custodian of the Mysteries and every Pagan priest, which brought the Dark Ages of ignorance, superstition, disease and death. It is important to emphasize again that these are the teachings of the Mystery Religions. One's own conclusions and beliefs are one's personal property.

It is vital to remember that religious myths are allegory, parable and code, and not to be taken literally. For those who must know, yes, the ancients taught the immortality of the soul. They taught reincarnation. Valhalla is symbolic, earned by a lifetime struggle in repeated incarnations until deserving of divine rewards. But the soul is perfected by struggle within this physical realm, on this earth, in this reality, by obedience to Natural Law.

And Nature's highest law for an Aryan is expressed in these 14 Words: "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."

They are a divine command of the Absolute by the impersonal Laws of Nature, and a divine command of AllFather W.O.T.A.N., as the Will Of The Aryan Nation.

David Lane

Betrayal

In January 1997, a Vietnam veteran was betrayed by the US government. His name is Dennis R. Abbey. As a platoon leader and company commander in the US Army in Vietnam, Mr. Abbey faithfully served his country. After the war he spent 22 years working for the Veteran's Administration. But it was not until his relentless quest for an accounting of MIA's and POW's that he fell out of favor with the government in the District of Corruption. Mr. Abbey has pointed out, among other things, that US Senator John Kerry, who claims to care about MIA issues, has other agendas, including locating his Vietnamese wife.

Mr. Abbey was convicted in the US District Court in Denver, Colorado on an apparent trumped-up tax charge. In his final address to the judge, Mr. Abbey took a courageous stand, which I quote here:

TU.S. vs. ABBEY

"Judge Nottingham, I know that when I am taken from this court room today I will have lost my freedom as a United States citizen. But before I go I want you, the federal prosecutors, my friends here in the court room, the press and anybody else who is listening to know that I consider my imprisonment to be the result, not of my having violated any law, but as the result of the power and influence of corrupt individuals in the United States Department of Justice, the Veteran's Administration, and the crooked politicians in Washington who continue to fund and support these bastions of evil. I served my country in time of war. I served service veterans for twenty years, most of whom were casualties of many wars, all fought, as we now know, to advance the business interests of major corporations in this country and abroad. And behind all this corruption were the crooked politicians who were bought and paid for by those corporations. My only guilt lay in trying to uncover the truth about the MIA's and POW's that were being held in Southeast Asia with the knowledge and consent of the United States Government.

This trial was not about my guilt or innocence. This trial was about my daring to defy the power brokers in Washington and Hanoi who want to forget the MIA's and POW's and get on with business. My trial and conviction have been a mockery of the justice system. I go to federal prison, not as a convicted criminal considered to be a menace to society, BUT as a political prisoner of a corrupt federal government at whose head is a draft-dodging, dope-smoking, flag-burning traitor, who collaborated with the enemy during a

time of war. I consider my imprisonment to be an act of honor and I gladly sacrifice my liberty and perhaps my life in the cause of freedom, which you nor anyone else in the federal government will ever be able to take away from the American People, no matter how many of us you imprison. Others will take our place and in the end freedom and liberty will triumph over tyranny and corruption.

Dennis R. Abbey

To put the betrayal of Mr. Abbey into political context, we must take a look at the Talmud, the most holy of Jewish holy books, where it states that the best of the Goyim must be killed. This philosophy is reflected in the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. It is fruitless to engage in debate over the history or source of the Protocols, as Henry Ford said, they fit exactly with what has happened and what is happening. "Goyim" is, of course, a Yiddish word meaning "cattle," which is what the Zionist overlords call their Aryan slaves.

Only the obtuse, who deliberately deny reality, could fail to see that killing the best of the goyim has been the never-ending aim and practice of the unholy "three - C" triumvirate of: Christianity, Communism and Capitalism, all properly preceded by the prefix "Judeo."

The church began by murdering every philosopher, scientist and voice of reason in Europe. That led to the Dark Ages, many centuries of ignorance, superstition, disease and the outright slavery of the feudal system. The entire continent of Europe was a gigantic slave camp with the folk owned by church and sanctioned kings for many dismal centuries. Orthodoxy was enforced by inquisitions and torture too horrible to relate in these "civilized" times. In contrived religious wars, crusades and suppression, millions died. Millions more died of disease, which can be traced to ignorance. Remember, the pagan Greeks taught atomic theory centuries before Christianity. Running water and sewage systems and systems of hygiene were, also, casualties of the Christian horror. The intellectuals were sent off to be celibate monks, while rabbis encouraged large, scholarly families. Little boys were castrated to become sopranos in the Castrati Choirs of degenerate popes. The girls of Europe were sold to African and Asian slave traders. And the best of the Goyim were destroyed. Truly, it has always been Judeo-Christianity which has caused a steady decline of Aryan man.

Judeo-communism was no better. Estimates range from 30 to 80 million Aryans killed in and after the Bolshevik revolution. Later under Stalin, millions of Ukrainians were starved to death. The most desirable of White girls throughout the communist empire were the property of Jewish kommissars. At the Katyn Forest Massacre the best of the Goyim, the officer corps of Poland, 15,000 victims were murdered by the Judeo-communists.

Judeo-capitalism has been no better. The harm to our gene pool from the Civil War cannot be calculated. The First and Second World Wars caused the deaths of 70 million White Aryans, the best of the Goyim. This figure does not include the 200 million

maimed and the 500 million traumatized. Do you begin to understand why I call the Christian Right-wing American Patriots the "C.R.A.P" and think they are as malevolent as their left-wing, liberal cohorts?

As I write this article on Memorial Day 1997, I ask myself, "How much longer will we honor the tyrants and worship our executioners' institutions? Will our folk face reality in time, or will we pass into extinction, because we could not admit our Gods were false? Fourteen Words, Nature's Laws and Reason are the concepts we must embrace with desperate fanaticism -- our survival depends on it!

David Lane

The Former Yugoslavia

A wise man once said that when trying to fathom the often apparently senseless happenings within religious and governmental power systems, we must remember that "crooks have falling outs." We ordinary folks are the cannon fodder and pawns in the games our masters play. But, we should, also, remember that whatever happens serves the real powers. There exists today what is essentially a World Zionist Government World Order. Self-evident to those retaining the ability to reason is that the Jewish powers have long been attempting to mix, overrun and exterminate the White race. Whether it is a universalist religion forced on Europe in which our masters are called "God's Chosen People," or a war and occupation to destroy the racial basis of our ancient European homeland, or forced bussing or the murder of a White family in Idaho who wanted to live among and preserve their own kind, the underlying motive is always the same. They mean to exterminate the White race.

Eastern Europe, the former communist countries, are the only remaining White nations. Fifty years of occupation of Germany and central Europe by America's colored troops chasing White girls has destroyed the Aryan gene pool of central Europe. Remember, it only takes about 2% mixing to seal the fate of a White country, for the parents, relatives, friends and associates will usually defend the interests of the mongrel offspring. It is now the turn of Eastern Europe to "experience the joys" of America's multi-racial occupation. This time the troops were "invited" in, although behind the scenes, the invitation was a threat. But the ultimate purpose and result are the same.

For years the CIA and other Intelligence agencies of the world, all under Jewish control, have been formenting warfare among the disparate groups in order to prepare for the farce we now see. The former Yugoslavia has many ancient grudges to exploit. Several centuries ago, when Moslems first occupied part of that area, the Christian population regarded the indigenous population, who converted to Islam, as traitors. That stigma still exists. In the second World War some Croats aligned themselves with Germany, while most Serbs were allied with the Soviet Union. So, there is a lingering animosity from this period, also. There are, too, those with a sense of identity with other ancient regimes, both Imperial and Royal.

But to those of us who are aware that the White race is a small and rapidly disappearing people in the world, the only issue that should be of interest is Jewry's ultimate goal, which is the extermination of our kind. That is the bottom line intent of the American occupation government. Since religious, political and economic systems can be destroyed and replaced, while the death of our race will be eternal, we should not debate the deceptions which the media places in front of us. Until all White people see the Fourteen Words as the only issue in the world, they will continue to be used and to walk in suicidal darkness.

Unless White men soon find the courage to face reality and name their executioners, we are doomed. You cannot fight an enemy or a conspiracy if you deny the enemy exists. You cannot cure cancer by treating symptoms. The cause of the cancer must be removed in its entirety. Until we see and understand the big picture, the lesser struggles will continue to appear baffling and that is exactly how it is planned by the tyrant.

We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth.

David Lane

Police Powers

No tyranny can exist without police powers to enforce the ruler's "laws" and punish rebels or free thinkers. The enforcers are called soldiers when sent to other countries and police when operating inside a country. But their function is the same.

The Roman Legions were Caesar's police powers. They collected tribute from most of the White population of the world. They brought tens of thousands of slaves from other White nations to Rome, to serve degenerate rulers or to be butchered in brutal spectacles. When 90,000 slaves led by Spartacus revolted in BCE 71 the survivors were crucified along the Appian Way.

When the powers behind the Roman Empire discovered that religion aided in enslaving the nations, the Roman Catholic(universal) Church was created. It, too, had its police powers. They murdered, tortured and burned at the stake tens of thousands of heretics, philosophers, scientists, free thinkers and later, Protestants. After the reformation the Protestants had their police powers. They burned thousands of Catholics, witches, pagans, free thinkers and heretics at the stake. The Soviet Union had its police powers. The best known were the KGB and the GRU. They tortured and murdered millions.

America was formed to be the police power of a New World Order. Some statements of the founding fathers indicate otherwise, but all politicians are deceivers and liars. The Cabalism in the Great Seal of the United States seen on the back of a dollar bill, where the 13 stars form the Jewish Star of David, was designed by the Masonic founding fathers. The words "E Pluribus Unum" and "Novus Ordo Seclorum" tell the story. Furthermore, intent can only be discerned by action and results. As the police power of

the Zionist New World Order, America has helped maim and murder 200 million people through wars and revolutions in countries thousands of miles away for two centuries. Today America has occupation troops, i.e. police powers, in 100 countries. The media and government called the Vietnam War "a police action." Police actions are performed by police powers. All who enforce the power of the rulers, be they military, cops, prison guards, prosecutors, judges or the media, are "Police Powers."

At Waco, Texas the police powers of America burned alive 87 innocent people including many children. At Dresden and Hamburg the police powers of America burned alive many tens of thousands of innocents, a high percentage of whom were children.

America's police powers murdered Kathy Ainsworth, Vicki Weaver, Sammy Weaver, Gordon Kahl, Robert Mathews and others, to say nothing of millions falsely imprisoned or financially destroyed by malicious prosecution. When the 101st Airborne used bayonets to force racial integration in the schools of Dixie, that was police power. When the cops beat the White mothers of South Boston into bloody submission for protesting the racial integration of their schools, that was police power.

Famed lawyer Jerry Spence stated at a Bar Association meeting in Montana that he had never seen a case in Federal courts where the prosecution did not present false evidence and perjured testimony. When the Federals set the example, the lesser courts follow suit. This is police power as it has been throughout history. The rulers want a result and the police powers make it happen. By the very nature of governments the police must be the most brutal and unthinking segment of the population. The external police powers, the military, like to get their recruits while young in order to teach unquestioning obedience. The holy mantra taught to the police powers and to the masses consists of these two words, "The Law." In reverent terms the judges, lawyers, politicians and media proclaim, "It's The Law." So what is this holy icon called "The Law?"

In 1461 Philip, Duke of Burgundy, having lost his hair in an illness, forced by decree 500 of his nobles to sacrifice their own locks as well. When Francis I of France decided to grow a beard to conceal a scar on his chin, he forced his whole male population by law to follow suit. Tsar Peter the Great of Russia enforced a tax on those with beards, which would be hacked off on the spot if seen in public without the required tax receipt. But that hardly scratches the surface of the criminal enterprise known as "The Law." "The Law" is codified slavery. It is what the rich, powerful and clever use to enslave the masses. Often "The Law" is put into written form, such as the Magna Carta, the U.S. Constitution, so-called criminal codes, etc. This is done to deceive the sheep, for "The Law" has never applied to the rulers. "The Law" is not for Ted Kennedy, or Bill Clinton, or O.J. Simpson, nor is it for the politicians who kill tens or hundreds of millions in their never-ending wars. "The Law" is not for Lon Horiuchi, who shot an innocent woman's head off as she nursed her baby. "The Law" does not restrict the rulers or their favorites, only their victims. The first and most fundamental function of the media, be they town criers of ages past or the slicksters of TV today, is to maintain a false illusion of moral authority for the police powers. The media demonize foreign countries and leaders to justify intervention and slaughter by America's police powers. The media glorify the police and

justify the imprisonment of two million Americans.

Early TV programs, such as Dragnet, glamorized the police and promoted worship of police power. Since then there have been dozens, if not hundreds of TV programs indoctrinating Americans with worship of the police. Many awakening Americans already know the media are a propaganda device, but have failed to recognize that a major portion is devoted to glorification of police powers. Rulers create "The Law" and police powers to enforce it. Those who violate "The Law" are called criminals and other pejoratives. But who are the real criminals?

A law to be valid and worthy of obeying must be true to natural law, and of course, Nature's highest law is the preservation of one's own kind. A law should be based on enduring moral codes and societal benefit. And in the interest of freedom, no more laws should be passed or enforced than absolutely and direly needed. That means damn few laws at all, especially on a national level. National governments simply must not be allowed to legislate morality; venue must remain at the local level. Neither must religion be given that power, although a folkish religion subtly influences behavior, which is beneficial. Legislating morality on a national level leads to endless evils and constant changes.

While drugs and perversions which are destructive to individuals and to the folk are to be condemned, wise men know that the tyranny of governments and priestcrafters using their "Law" dwarfs any acts by individuals a thousand times, nay, a million times over.

One day alcohol was legal in America. The rulers passed a law making it illegal, so thousands went to prison and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms became a monstrous police power. Another day the rulers rescinded prohibition and what thousands went to prison for was no longer a crime. Still their lives and families had been destroyed. And as long as Edgar Bronfman, head of the World Jewish Congress, owns Seagram's Whiskey, alcohol is not likely to again become a crime.

"The Law" is codified slavery.

George Bush, William Clinton and the CIA smuggle billions of dollars worth of illegal drugs into the U.S., while relatively inconsequential marijuana growers and smokers go to prison for decades.

"The Law" is tyranny.

The rulers pass laws against gambling; they say it is to protect families. Unless, of course, they get their tax cut from lotteries and paramutual betting, then they promote it.

"The Law" is deception.

In America's federal prisons there are many so-called bank robbers; it is a contradiction in terms. A banker is a usurer. Usury, interest on money at any percentage, is a high

crime. The only difference between 2% and 20% interest is the amount of time until the usurer owns everything. Ancient religious texts properly prescribe the death penalty for usurers. There is only one greater crime than usury, that is violation of Nature's highest law, the preservation of one's own kind. One Central Banker like Alan Greenspan, or Volker or Burns, the last three chairmen of the Federal Reserve, all Jews, steals more wealth from the folk every minute of every day than has ever been retrieved by all the so-called bank robbers in history.

"The Law" is plunder.

Some say that large modern countries need a national police force. No, no! A thousand times, NO! Perhaps a cooperative investigative body and data base to identify mobile offenders, but arrest and prosecution powers must not be ceded to national governments. Punishment for offenses against folkish communities may include fines, restitution, banishment, corporal punishment, or in extreme cases, execution. But building more prisons is pure ignorance. Punishment for those who do not worship the rulers' "Law" changes with time and circumstance. In olden times if a starving serf killed a deer in order to feed his family, he was hanged for stealing one of the King's deer, then drawn and quartered in the public square as a lesson in deterrence. In this century on live radio or TV we listen or watch as America bombs or burns millions alive in Germany or Iraq, or burns Davidians, Mathews or Kahl alive.

There are many more subtle lessons for the masses. Hardly a day goes by that both national and local media do not show alleged malefactors, dressed in prison clothes, chained hand, foot and waist, as the police powers parade them to and from the star chambers of deception and injustice called courts. Of course for the real criminals, like Boesky, Levine and Milken, who steal hundreds of billions, the punishment is a slap on the wrist, a few months in one of ZOG's country club prisons. As the only reason they were prosecuted at all is because they were too blatant, not properly discreet.

For the masses, the judges hand out life sentences like candy. I received 190 years for resisting the Judeo-American murder of the White race. Collectively the Order Bruders Schweigen were sentenced to over 1,000 years in prison. Do you suppose they will imprison our bones in a corner of their gulags after we die? And the prisons we inhabit are not country clubs. Think of being a small minority in a prison filled with colored races, inflamed to hatred of the "evil White man" by the media. Or think of spending the rest of your life in a small bathroom with another man whose odors, sounds and habits may be repulsive. Think of spending the rest of your life without a single sensory experience that is not mental torture. That is what every White man knows awaits him if he effectively resists genocide.

Many Whites want "The Law" to protect them from the Negroes who rape, rob and kill at ever-increasing rates and with near impunity. But "The Law" has sentenced the White race to death. Furthermore, it is improper to label actions by Negroes against Whites, or vice versa, as crimes. Nature decrees that the males of different races cannot inhabit the same territory, for such is racial death. Males are designed to pursue women, so an

undeclared war exists when "The Law" dictates racial integration. War is not a crime! Napoleon proclaimed, "He who saves a nation violates no law!"

All peaceful methods of resistance to the forced-mixing and murder of the White race in the "democratic" world are totally blocked by censorship, by media character assassination and by governmental decrees. So, the only recourse remaining is covert action, of both military and propaganda types. America's police powers are used to arrest, prosecute or murder the last true White resisters. With your last breath curse the police, for they are the ultimate murderers of the White race.

"Do not give yourself into slavery, as long as it still remains open to you to die freely."
- Euripides

David Lane

What to Think vs. How to Think

In the 88 Precepts the 58th reads: "Tyrannies teach what to think. Free men learn how to think." As our White race now goes over the edge of the abyss into possible extinction, it is imperative that if there is any chance of saving our kind we had better learn not only how to think, but how to do so with inspiration and logic.

But first, as always, let me point out the realities of our situation, so that you will know that we must now speak with the eloquence of emergency and act with the fanaticism of desperation. The life of a race is in the wombs of its women. Today, about 2% of the earth's population is White female of child-bearing age or younger. In other places I have detailed how this came about, so I will not repeat it here. The occupation governments of America and the other once White countries deny us not only White nations, but White schools, White organizations, White neighborhoods and everything necessary for our survival as a biological and cultural entity. It is deliberate, malicious genocide. An example of their deceitful words is the term "minorities" for the colored world, while we approach extinction. We have watched as American police and military powers were used to destroy us ever since at least the Civil War.

Examples are the 101st Airborne using bayonets on young, White girls to integrate the schools of Dixie. Our enemies knew full well that the inevitable result of racial integration is a percentage of interracial matings each year, leading to the death of our race, as has happened in India, Persia, Carthage and many other places in the past. This time it is happening worldwide. Then, we remember how mounted Boston police under Federal edicts beat the White mothers of South Boston into bloody submission when they protested the integration and destruction of their neighborhood schools. Translate: "The murder of their race". Then there was the destruction as a racial state of our ancient and sacred European homeland by American forces. This, after the Germanic people attempted to perform their traditional duty as defenders of the race, just as they did against the North African Moors and the hordes of Genghis Khan. Were it not for the Germanic peoples of our race, the beauty of our women and the Western civilization we

enjoy would have been aborted long ago.

Today, we have the rewriting of history to credit the deeds of our ancestors to the colored races, the never-ending promotion of mixing between the last White women and colored males, the murder and false imprisonment of White people who resist the Judeo-American, Judeo-Christian murder of our race. The murders of Bob Mathews, Kathy Ainsworth, Gordon Kahl, Arthur Kirk, the Weavers and others are further evidence that the Zionist occupation government will stop at nothing to accomplish the extermination of the White race. I could continue almost without end detailing the genocidal intent and practices of America, but if the preceding is not sufficient evidence, then you are beyond reason or logic.

So, what has this to do with learning how to think instead of what to think? Well, it does not take a genius or rocket scientist to learn from history. Our masters taught the French, the Russians, the English, the Spanish, the Italians and others for thousands of years that the country or political system they were born in or lived in was superior. So, by the hundreds of millions we have slaughtered each other in senseless wars. Earlier we had Persians, Greeks, Romans, Goths and others doing the same thing. Although not of our race, we see Sunni and Shiite Moslems butchering each other simply because they were reared to believe a particular religious tenet. Religious belief has been the single biggest weapon against our kind, too. More people have been murdered, tortured and destroyed in the name of Jesus than any other cause in all history, including the artificial war between the two Jewish concepts called capitalism and communism. In the 30 Years War alone over one third of Western Europe slaughtered each other over whether Jesus was Protestant or Catholic. It still goes on in Ireland today. Of course, 3The propaganda of the Victors becomes the history of the Vanquished², so we never hear of all the millions the church murdered and tortured in its 1000 year war to destroy the White man's native and organic religion of Wotan/Woden/Odin. How many know that Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Emperor, called a treaty meeting of 5000 Wotanist Saxon leaders from central Europe in 787 AD? As was the custom among Wotanists, arms were not carried into treaty conferences. The treacherous Charlemagne then surrounded the Saxons with a Christian army and beheaded them in front of an audience of church dignitaries. By such methods a new belief was forced on Europe. In effect, the Jews hired the Roman Empire to murder anyone in Europe who would not accept a new religion with Jews as "God's Chosen People". The White world has been collectively insane ever since.

Oh, I know that those with emotional or financial investments in the existing religious and political power systems will attack what I tell you with their versions of history. I have shown in my books how to verify truth in historical claims. One concept is to look for who benefits? No one but Jews can possibly benefit from a religion in which Jews are called "God's Chosen People". Yes, I know the propaganda says the church persecuted the Jews. The fable of persecution is central to Jewish power. Indeed, the alleged Holocaust is the religion of Jews. Torquemada, the sadistic butcher of the inquisition, was a Jew. Many popes, including the current Polish pope, were Jews.

The "signs" are there, but you must learn how to think. Look at the Great Seal of the

United States. I think both sides of the seal are on a dollar bill. You will see the Star of David over the head of the eagle, just as it appears on the Israeli flag. And you will see the All Seeing Eye of Judah over the pyramid. In the book "Mystery Religions and the Seven Seals" I showed how to decode the Jewish cabalism in the forming of both America and the Judeo-Christian religion.

You see, my friends, if you are reared to believe that God should be called Thor and that thunder is his war wagon in the sky, then you will believe that fable unto death. Once you might have been reared to believe that God was called Zeus from the top of Mount Olympus. With enough torture and murder our people were taught that God was a Jew, born of a virgin, who raised himself from the dead. Undoubtedly, our people will believe that the cow jumped over the moon if indoctrinated early enough in life. Self-evident laws of nature are ignored, even denied, when belief controls the mind.

Political indoctrination is no different. Wave a flag and announce that it stands for liberty and our people will mindlessly kill each other by the millions. Does "forced bussing" sound like liberty? Does the murder of our race sound like liberty? Do America's never-ending wars from Dixie, to Italy and Germany, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Panama, to Iraq and dozens of lesser wars and occupations sound like liberty?

It is centuries past time that we learned how to think. Perhaps one fourth of the children in America at this time are White and our women are leaving us by the droves under the prodding of Judeo-Christianity and the Jewish media. Over a decade ago I told you that the day was coming that America's police and military powers would come to murder the last true White men and carry the last true White women and children off for integration and sport. I told you that both sides in this final death of our race would be singing "God bless America", waving the Red, White and Blue, because you continue to worship your executioners institutions.

Well, you have seen the Federal execution of the Weavers. You know that the directors of both the FBI and the CIA are Jews. You know that the director of America's latest foreign atrocity called Operation Desert Slaughter was a Yiddish speaking Negro named Colin Powell. Both Clinton appointees to the Supremely Obscene Court are Jews. You know that the director of the Federal Reserve board is a Jew named Alan Greenspan. You know that they own and control every power point of industry, finance, media, religion, politics and law in the once White nations. You know you cannot vote out the majority, and as Tom Metzger stated, "If voting changed anything, it would be outlawed." You know our kind will very soon be an extinct species if we do not soon learn how to think and act appropriately. We can no longer worship or support our executioners institutions. We must no longer allow ourselves to be controlled by buzz words or unsubstantiated belief. We must look at central Africa and at our ancient European homeland and decide what the future shall be. We must look at the beauty of our women and decide if their images should continue to exist on earth. We must decide if White children shall have a place in the sun. All else is irrelevant at this time.

David Lane

Universalist Imperialism

Understandably, I get a lot of flak from many quarters as a result of taking on the issue of religion. On the one hand, I get accused of "Christian bashing" by fundamentalists, and on the other hand, I am called a "Superstitionist" by atheists. Others ask, "Why even discuss the bible?" since I promote the symbolism of our old Teutonic-Norse religion of Wotan and the AEsir. The answer is that I have no choice. The survival of our kind depends on resolving this religion issue, now.

To form a common basis for the ideas I want to express, let me begin with some definitions. When I use the word "Creator" for God, I mean the "cause." For purposes of this dissertation, it does not matter if you perceive the Creator as an anthropomorphic being or an indefinable intelligence and power or just as the happenings of Nature. Additionally, in an attempt to not offend those who continue to use the term "Christian" for their religious belief system, I will, as far as possible, use the terms "church" or "Judeo-Christianity" to describe the tyranny that came from Rome and from the Protestant offspring of the Roman Universalist Imperialism. Remember that the very word "catholic" means "universal."

Over the decades that I have watched the impotent and futile resistance to tyranny and genocide, which some call the "right wing," I have been equally frustrated and amazed at the effrontery exhibited by the midget minds posing as "leaders." The unavoidable conclusion now is that most of them had to have been paid government deceivers. Hundreds of them have announced in arrogant impudence that they, and they alone, knew the truth about the "conspiracy." Let me insert here that "conspiracies" do indeed exist. Religions and governments ARE conspiracies and they can last for centuries or millennia. But, the liars who announce that the straw men, and tentacles, and front men and symptoms of a conspiracy are the ultimate enemy, are neutralizing deceivers. These deceivers have had the Folk tilting at windmills, seemingly forever. They announce that it is the Masons, the Christians, the Satanists, the Jews, the Catholics, the Trilateralists, the United Nations, the Federal Reserve, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Illuminati, the Communists and on and on ad nauseum infinitum, which enslave and destroy.

While best evidence seems to be that Zionist Jewish leaders are the power behind all of the tentacles of the conspiracy, there is an anti-nature, anti-freedom ideology that underlies and motivates masters, servants and slaves alike. That ideology is "Secular Imperialism," aided by its whoring, incestuous sister called "Universalist Religion." This ideology is so ingrained, so subtly, yet deeply, entrenched in our minds that it is traumatic for most Folk to root it out. But, it is, additionally, so destructive and pernicious that the very survival of our kind depends on cleansing our minds of Universalism.

The Creator gave instincts to every race and species on earth to preserve its own kind. That is why foxes, wolves and coyotes in their natural habitat do not interbreed, even though they can. It is the real reason for so-called "White flight" from America's cities. By extension each race has an instinct to preserve exclusive territories and to maintain the

cultures and religions which were organically indigenous to itself. Imperialist tyrants and their synchronous whore sisters called Universalist religion are, therefore, the enemy of all who obey the instincts given by the Creator to each race, nation and culture to preserve its own. Once you realize this fundamental truth, all the bloody history of the last 2,500 years is exposed as anti-nature tyranny.

Many will argue that it began with the oral Babylonian Talmud around BCE 500. Others argue that Rome attempted to unite the many races, cultures and religions of its far-flung and degenerate empire with a Universalist religion, beginning with the "Donation of Constantine" around 325 CE. Best evidence is that the Talmudic and Roman tyrannies united in common cause around the time of the Council of Nicea. Of course, the whores called "historians," certified by church and state, will use their documents and traditions to attack these words, but they know full well that each new power system in each generation re-writes history to fit the needs of the current tyrant. Their "documentation" and pretentious proclamations mean absolutely nothing. Imaginative and creative formulations of 17 centuries ago carry no more authority than the lies of George and Laura Bush or their Talmudic masters today. Nor does the "supporting documentation" piled up over 17 centuries of persecution, inquisitions and suppression have any validity.

What we must understand today if we are to survive as a race is that we must have geographic nations and a religion which are exclusively ours. The ideology of Imperialist or One World Government and of a universal religion are genocide. They must be ruthlessly rooted out of our collective psyche.

Now, about the bible, what actually is it and why must we deal with it? Let me begin with two surviving Gnostic verses, Mark 4:11 and 12. All I show you refers to the English language, authorized King James Bible (KJV), for it is the most intricate hermetic or secret coding device since the Great Pyramid. The verses: "And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without all these things are done in parables. That seeing they may see and not perceive; and hearing they may hear and not understand, lest at any time they should be converted and their sins should be forgiven them." Only well trained adepts should presume to teach from the bible.

You see my friends, the bible is written by initiates in the ancient "Mysteries" and it has many levels available to initiates of advancing degrees. It is parable, allegory and myth, as well as prophecy, using an historical setting. Only for the credulous and those least capable of understanding are the tales meant to be taken literally and as a moral code.

Let us consider the allegory of the shepherd and the sheep. The shallow thinker accepts that the shepherd (pope, priest, politician, king etc.) protects him from wolves and so he accepts a role subservient to the shepherd. But the deeper thinker knows the shepherd only protects the sheep until they are ready to be sheared and led to the slaughterhouse. In actuality, the shepherd is far more dangerous to the flock than wolves, for while sheep recognize the external enemy, they are deceived by the shepherd's soothing words and his provision of temporary security. Shepherds know they are the real predators. Those not

born into shepherds' families are then faced with four basic options in life:

- 1) The vast majority remain sheep and never have a free or original thought in their entire lives.
- 2) A few become outlaws or independent contractors in plundering the sheep.
- 3) A third option is to join the shepherds as part of the entrenched conspiracy.
- 4) The fourth and most difficult path is to join the elite who sacrifice their time, lives, freedom or system status for the good of the Folk. Over many centuries these few have been called Hermetic philosophers. They developed complex and effective methods to conceal true knowledge from the tyrants of church and state. Their organizations adopted the terminology of the systems under which they were forced to live.

Time and again these secret brotherhoods began with noble motives, but eventually were either corrupted or destroyed. You have heard of them as Knights Templar, Rosicrucians, early Masonic Orders, the Brotherhood of Seven Rays and other names. The King James Bible is the work of Sir Francis Bacon. Here are some quotes from Manly P. Hall's massive tome called "The Secret Teachings of All Ages":

(page 166) It will eventually be proved that the whole scheme of the authorized version was Francis Bacon's. (page 16 Sir Francis Bacon was a link in that great chain of minds which has perpetuated the secret doctrine of antiquity from its beginning.

(page 200) The Comte St. Germain and Francis Bacon were the two greatest emissaries sent into the world by the Secret Brotherhood in the last thousand years.

Bacon was, in my opinion, the greatest mind ever, period. It is believed by notable scholars that he wrote works attributed to Shakespeare. He formed modern Masonry and he is likely the mysterious Christian Rosencreutz, author of the Rosicrucian Confessio from which I quote the two following verses:

- Never since the beginning of the world has there been a more excellent book than the bible {KJV}.

- We accuse the Christian church of the great sin of possessing power and using it unwisely. Therefore, we prophesy that it shall fall by the weight of its own iniquities.

What Bacon was telling us is that the bible has nothing to do with what is perceived as "Christianity." As I have been telling you for years, the real message for those of intellect and understanding is hidden in the secret coding system. The secret teachings, persecuted by tyrants of church and state, were hidden under their noses as the Hermetic Philosophers have done for all the thousands of years since they supervised the building of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh.

The secret teachings were coded in all mystery religions, including the first, or Gnostic, Christianity, including Mithraism, which preceded Christianity by centuries and also taught that an incarnated God was born to a virgin at the Winter Solstice, and including the old Nordic and Teutonic religion of Wotanism (Odinism/Asatru).

Recognizing that the words of men will forever be twisted, translated and distorted by self-serving tyrants, the Hermetic Philosophers used mathematics and geometry to encode all great wisdom, because the relationship of number is constant forever.

Any initiate in the mysteries would take a single glance at the bible with its mass of numbers having nothing to do with moral codes and know immediately that it was Hermetic coding. That includes the layout of books, chapters, verses and words, for they are code wheels. Even names and phrases are codes using English language gematria, A=1, B=2, C=3, etc.

Space does not permit a detailed expose` of the coding system here. However, there is room to repeat the single greatest wisdom of the Secret Teachings. That wisdom is this: "Evidence of the existence and the intent of the Creator is found in meticulous study of Nature and Nature's Laws."

Till next time, Allfather willing.

We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children. Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth.

David Lane

The Price of Continued Reality Denial

As our gene pool now shrinks to the point of no return, it is long past time that all who profess to care abandon the denials of reality and the worship of the executioner's institutions. As usual, I want to start with the demographic statistics. World-Wide, in absolute numbers we are between 8% and 10% of the population. But, due to taxation and other factors, we have not been having children. Between 2% and 3% of the earth's population is young White female and it is from the wombs of our women that the life of our race springs. In America the situation is beyond desperate. Our masters tell us that around 65% of the population is still White. But, they count millions of Jews, who mean to destroy us and who have all the power, as White. They count millions of Hispanics as White. They ignore millions of illegal colored aliens. They count all those who have already mated with non-Whites as White. At the very best, we may still be half the population Then we must consider those of child bearing age. We have been averaging between one and two children per couple for decades, while the coloreds have been having huge families. As a result, my best estimate is that one-fourth of the young population of America is White.

To compound the problem, our women, under the influence of alien religion and system

propaganda, are leaving their race wholesale. Lisa Presley and Nicole Simpson are rapidly becoming the rule, rather than the exception. We, also, know that economic pressure is constant in pursuit of the genocide of our kind. Any man who publicly stands for the life of our race is destroyed economically, socially and politically. If he is too effective, he is falsely imprisoned or assassinated.

We must fundamentally change all our thought patterns. We need a complete, absolute cleansing of our minds from the civilized poison that has destroyed us. We must root out shock over hearing that revered concepts are destructive. We do not want to return to what led to the problem. Finally, the enemy has always run a large portion of the resistance in order to guide resentment into fruitless directions. I remind you of the words of Franklin Roosevelt, who said, "NOTHING IN POLITICS HAPPENS BY ACCIDENT." It is always planned. Yet the deceivers who have run the Right Wing for many decades find profit and false stature in worshipping the executioner's institutions. America was formed with a 222 year Jewish Cabalistic timetable to destroy the integrity of every Race, Nation and Culture on earth in pursuit of the Jew World Order. Is it so damn difficult to pull a dollar bill out of your pocket and see the 13 Stars form the Star of David over the eagle on the Great Seal? Is it so hard to see the All Seeing Eye of Judah over the Pyramid? Do you not know the founding fathers designed that seal and they were almost all Masons in collusion with the Jew-run lodges of France, which instigated the terror of the French revolution. In fact, as ambassadors to France, both Jefferson and Franklin lived at the Grand Lodge of Nine Muses. From the Civil War to Italy, to Germany, to Japan, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Panama and dozens of lesser known invasions and occupations, America has traveled the world to murder and maim tens or hundreds of millions. And still, the American patriots love to quote the alleged words of the American founding fathers and words of political and religious whores both past and present. The words of politicians and preachers mean exactly nothing. Only the results show their intent. The systems we have lived under have destroyed us.

Years ago, I said the day would come when America's police and military powers made up of many races, including vicious race-traitors, would come to murder the last true White men and carry the last White women and children off for integrated recreation and sport. Both sides in this final battle will be waving the murder rag and singing God Bless America. It is so far beyond insanity that there just are not words. For thirty years now, I have cringed in horror as I watched the deceivers who lead possible resistance look like total idiots.

Remember the story making the rounds about 200 million Mongolians on horseback poised to attack America across the Alaskan tundra? Remember the story about millions of Commies hiding in tunnels near the Mexican border waiting to attack America? I told the particular deceiver that millions of Mexicans had walked across the border and were mating with many of our last White women, but retired colonels get big government checks, so they will never destroy our executioner. Remember the crazy talk about atom bombs in the Mississippi River and Soviet weather war? Do you have any idea how completely insane these people have looked in the eyes of rational folks?

Meanwhile real horrors were happening and these cowardly deceivers refuse to even speak of the real issues. The last generation of White children are being bussed into schools and neighborhoods where sane White adults dared not travel without shotguns and police protection. There they were raped, mugged, terrorized and de-racinated. I asked one of the deceivers why he was running CIA type operations in Central America and operating a gold mine scam in Costa Rica. He responded that he was saving colored children in Latin America from the evil commies. Then, he added as justification, that because he did so, they would not be coming here. As if one small fraction of the colored troops America used to occupy Europe and destroy the White gene pool of our ancient homeland could not have sealed the Mexican border at any time.

Now it appears that the deceivers have moved en masse into the thing called the militia movement. Our kosher masters cry "RACIST" and the groveling cowards piss all over themselves, as they hasten to recruit coloreds into their rainbow coalitions. Rainbow coalitions are EXACTLY what the murderers of our race want. Recently, I watched in disbelief as militia leaders on national television groveled before the tyrant. "If the government becomes a tyranny, we will fight," they wailed. "If the government disobeys the constitution, we will fight," they whined. I guess the murder of the White race is not tyranny.

I guess America will have to murder or maim every person on earth before it is tyranny. I guess the murders of Gordon Kahl, Kathy Ainsworth, Robert Mathews, the Weavers, the Branch Davidians, John Singer, Arthur Kirk and on, and on and on, are NOT tyranny. Murder by the American government must be constitutional. Somewhere from the depths of their degenerate souls, White Americans are going to have to summon the mountain of courage to publicly say, "I RESIST THE MURDER OF MY RACE, in obedience to the first and highest law of Nature." But, do not hold your breath. The sons of Vikings will piss down their pant legs and French kiss a rabbi's ass before they summon the courage to even admit they are White. From this moment on, I curse every White man on the planet who does not make the 14 WORDS his only issue. They are an insult to the memory of their ancestors and a perversion in the eyes of Nature's God. Their very existence is sufficient to gag maggots off of gut wagons. Let the lines be drawn. There are only those who fight for the existence of our people and a future for White children on one side, or perverts on the other.

Now, I want to talk about the color of right wingers and conservatives, like Rush Limbaugh who was single-handedly able to promote a conservative Negro with a White wife to be one of the nine swine on the Supremely Obscene Court. Once I talked to a group of conservative right wing Nebraska farmers. I told them there was not a farmer in Nebraska who would not strip his own daughter naked and give her to the biggest Negro in America if the Negro would get one more touchdown for Nebraska's Big Red football team. Actually, they do worse. They send their daughters to the university to be brainwashed by Jewish propaganda and to be seduced by the glamour of dating the black star running backs. Conservatives understand red.

Once I asked a conservative real estate broker why he sold homes to Negroes in White

neighborhoods. Did he not know that soon the Black boys would be with the White girls? His answer was that a Black man's money was as green as a White man's money. They understand the Kosher green of Alan Greenspan's Federal Reserve Notes. The only way to discern the true color of a conservative or a right winger is to feed him to an African cannibal and turn him into Zulu doo-doo.

We will get no help from the retired military officers who have long run the so-called resistance. To those of us who were reduced to poverty, or imprisoned because we resisted genocide, the retirement cheques and lifestyles of these characters is princely, to say the least. Our race cannot survive much longer without nations exclusively our own. History has amply demonstrated that proximity to colored races is genocide. Examples are Persia, Carthage, Phoenicia and the Hittite Empire, just to name a few. Even a caste system based on religion and color did not work in India. But, when we build a nation for the preservation of our people, the privileged lifestyle of those drawing ZOG government cheques will come to an end. These deceivers will deny reality and worship the executioner's institutions till there is not one White family left. Actually, it is already a fact that almost every White family has a race-traitor and therefore aunts, uncles, brothers and sisters, etc., will support the interest of the mongrel children in preference to racial survival. Nothing is more mixed than the US military. It is the US military and police powers that are the murderers or near murderers of our race. They are not giving up their false stature or their ill-gotten benefits. Briefly, on religion, there are some basics that must be recognized. First, of course, is the overwhelming power of a religion. Witness for example, Judaism, which allowed Jews to conquer the world, as well as conquer Islam and Christianity. I would like to point out that the Jews conquered the world by following a philosophy outlined in the Old Testament. It is a philosophy of taking power, territory and women. It is a philosophy of living within the reality of this world. At this point in history we had better quickly learn to live with the reality and circumstances we face.

So what are the answers? Obviously, we cannot vote out a vast majority in every power point of media, religion, finance, industry, police, military, politics and law which are firmly in the enemy's hands. Historically, such a situation would call for a migration. But, facing the world Zionist government, immigration alone would be quickly swamped or destroyed. Economically, we cannot compete with third world labor or Oriental slave labor in the production of goods. Nor would we be allowed access to the world markets. Our men are already denied well-paying jobs, and thus the ability to attract wives, if they are discovered to be resisting genocide. Not to pick sides in the thousand year war waged by the church to destroy Odinism, but the evidence is apparent that the followers of the old religion migrated to the forests of Northern Europe and to Scandinavia to escape the terror of Judeo-Rome. From these enclaves, they were able to keep the old ways for several centuries, by raiding the fringes of the conquered world. Finally, the seduction of money and the easy life of the Southern climes caused many of them to sell out and the Viking Age ended. But, perhaps a new Viking Age is the only answer. We now have the lessons of the past to draw on. And additionally, there is the vulnerability of a technological society. If any of you get a chance, pick up an establishment book called **BALEFIRE**. It tells how to turn a single man into a huge army. A system that is so busy with terrorism inside all its borders does not have time or resources to mount attacks on

White enclaves.

So long as the system is still paying retirement cheques and other benefits, those who are eligible must share with others. However, those who undertake military action against the ZOG must never compromise the communities where we rear our children. Our very best minds must work together to build communications and strategies which the enemy cannot infiltrate and destroy. The first step, though, is to face reality as it is. Until we recognize the executioner's institutions and stop worshipping our destroyers, we will never reverse the slide into extinction.

From time immemorial, those out of power have raised armies with promises of plunder and the seizing of women. Now is the time the foul poison of a Nature-denying culture must be thrown off and the instincts of males to seek union with their Nature intended mates must be fanned to a fury. Sexual lust is the mother of battle lust. The false Utopia of prom dances, of a little house in the suburbs and a future for our children is exposed as a fraud. The reality of life is that lions eat lambs and wolves eat deer. We can be lions and wolves, or we can be an extinct species. There are no other options. I remain yours for the 14 words.

David Lane

Gates of the Mind

*"No sane man of intelligence will plead for a religion
on the grounds that it is better than nothing.
It is not better than nothing if it is not true.
Truth is better than anything or all things."
--Ambrose Bierce, 1842-1914*

Freedom fighters today, the brave folk who risk their lives and fortunes for the survival of their race and culture, spend much of their time and energy defining and describing "the enemy." Quite frankly, we are our own worst enemy. As a species, as a race, we are woefully inadequate to repel the power of propaganda and manipulation of the masses. We are a race who invites and enables our own extinction.

The longer one is in the White survival mindset, the more evident it becomes that for the vast, overwhelming majority of people their ideas of reality are artificial constructs. It appears that the creation of artificial realities is an exact science which was perfected by the world's rulers thousands of years ago.

There are many modern and self-evident methods of mind control and reality creation of which most of us are already aware. We all know the power of the electronic toilet called 'television.' Reality for most Americans and for hundreds of millions of others around the world springs from this Hollywood sewage. A prime example of TV control can be seen in America's prisons. Despite the fact that most convictions in Federal courts are obtained with perjured testimony and false evidence, and even though the inmates know it, and

even though they know the media is complicit in covering up or justifying unconstitutional trials, they still persist in parroting or discussing the television's demonization of alleged malefactors. There is an even better example of how far removed from reality our folk have become. I refer to the spectacle of so-called pro-wrestling. Millions of Americans sit glued to their seats in front of the idiot box, as the transparent charade of bluster, braggadocio, garish costumes and bad acting runs its course. The same could be said for all TV sports, game shows and soap operas, the megabucks entertainment industry.

During the weeks previous to the so-called Gulf War (better named "Operation Desert Turkey Shoot"), I watched in disbelief as the media whipped the American people into a killing frenzy within just thirty days. Where once upon a time heroism was characterized by the last stand of a heroic few against insurmountable odds, now it is considered heroic to kill hundreds of thousands with push-button missiles or with monster bombs, dropped with impunity and perfect safety from 8 or 10 miles in the air. Butchery of the helpless and the innocent is now rewarded with medals for heroism. The mass hysteria that once worked so well in public gatherings like church and the Colosseum is now spread to billions via the electronic media. And mass hysteria is real. Recently I saw a nostalgic film clip that showed young girls at the Ed Sullivan Show during the famous Elvis episode. The girls were in a trance state as complete as could be induced by a master hypnotist.

Reality for the masses is, also, a reflection of appearance as opposed to substance. I remember taking a poll among nearly a hundred young women after the Nixon-Kennedy debates prior to the presidential election of 1960. Almost every single woman who had watched the debate declared she would vote for Kennedy. When asked why, they gushed, "Because he is so good looking!" So much for the idiotic idea of democracy, and votes, and self-rule by the unqualified. As an aside, those who listened to the debate on the radio usually opted for Nixon.

There are endless examples of the insanity that pass as reality among our folk. Those of us in the struggle for the 14 Words already know the final war will be between relatively small numbers at each end of the spectrum, while the masses watch, and wait, to see who will prevail and thus be the next to tell them what to think and what to believe.

Before the advent of television and other modern methods of mind-control the world's rulers relied largely on religion to control the masses. We call to mind the maxim:

When the gates of the mind are opened to the first irrational premise, then all barriers to a flood of insanity are broken. This is a fundamental secret of priestcraft. That is why the priestcrafter intones the never-ending litany of "believe-believe-believe" and "have faith-faith-faith!" The preacher will not tell his followers to go out and explore all religions, all philosophies, all science disciplines and then make a considered judgment.

The ancient mystery schools of our folk, whence sprang Wotanism, never taught "belief." In fact, the Adepts would have been horrified! They taught the aspiring initiate how to

study nature in meticulous detail, and it was from such observation that they postulated an intelligence and motive force in the universe. However, the three major religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, which allegedly sprang from a common root, are all predicated on the irrationality of "belief," as opposed to "reason." As we shall see, opening the gates of the mind to an absurd premise is the secret of power for all three religions as they exist today.

The three most absurd supernatural tales that are presented as factual history, one from each religion, will illustrate the point. Moslems are told that Mohammed rose to heaven while still alive, as he stood on a rock which is now enshrined within a mosque called the Dome of the Rock. The Christians demand literal belief that the motive force of the entire universe turned itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from killing mortal men in the eternal torment of hell. The Jews are taught that the earth stopped spinning so there would be extra sunlight for their alleged ancestors to slaughter their enemies. Of course, they are not told that if the earth stopped spinning, the oceans would come out of their boundaries in a wall of water miles deep and traveling 1,000 mph, which would obliterate the earth's land masses.

If the concept of "God" can be understood within the limitations of human perspective, the most precise grasp would be defined by the eternal Laws of Nature. But Christians are required to abandon all reason and "believe" in the "immaculate conception." But is there a Christian alive who would rejoice to learn that his virgin daughter were pregnant? Truly, sane men understand that Nature is unforgivingly true!

The point is, if the pastor can convince his sheep that such absurdities are possible, then their minds are gone and he can lead them marching lockstep, like lemmings, to enslavement and extinction. If the people will swallow tales this wild and impossible, then selling religious wars, inquisitions and even racial suicide are a piece of cake.

It appears that the masses claiming to be members of any of these three religions are equally duped by their priestcraft leaders. This does not change the fact that incredibly wealthy Internationalists rule the world today, or that they have sentenced the White race to death. A fact that will become self-evident is that original Old Testament writings formed a separatist religion which can be still deduced, despite all the centuries in custody of the enemy. A separatist religion is good, no matter who claims to be its founders or descendants. Islam was formed by Adepts in response to the evil and tyranny of the Roman Church; its founders had good intentions. Of the three, only Christianity was constructed from the beginning as a tool for tyrants. The real murderer of the White race is Christianity. It was formed to unite the many races, nations and cultures of the cruel and degenerate Roman Empire. As such, its aim was always genocide for our folk throughout Europe. To use the Christians' own words, "By their fruits you shall know them." Christianity brought torture, murder, war, inquisitions, insanity, misery, slavery, superstition, ignorance and the Dark Ages. Wotan was, is and always shall be the true God of the Aryan people. Wotan has sustained us in the past and will be our strength and victory in the future.

"It remains true: the fairy tale of Christ is the reason that the world is able to go forward another ten meters without anyone coming to his senses; it takes as much strength of knowledge, understanding and wisdom to defend it as to attack it."
--Goethe, 1788 CE

David Lane

Wotansvolk

An objective study of history will show beyond dispute by rational men that religion has been a major force, if not the major force, in shaping our conditions and destiny. A religion can preserve or destroy a people depending primarily on its structure and the motives of its agents. Fundamental to any religion is its God, Gods or Goddesses. They are what distinguish the religious entity from the secular. The belief that one serves the will of whatever higher power the "Gods" represent is a motivational force that has inspired both men and women to perform acts above and beyond the ordinary. Indeed, many have made the ultimate sacrifice, their lives, in service to the will of the Gods. As one who has made his reason for existence the preservation of his own race, I have given literally thousands of hours of study and reflection to the religious teachings affecting the Aryan race. In this treatise, I would like to show why I believe in a higher power which men call "God," and why Wotanism, Odinism, Wodenism, is the best representation of that power. In other articles I have shown why a biblical religion is incompatible with racial survival, so that will not be the subject here, other than to briefly summarize: First, prior to biblical religion, the Aryan race was secure in its nations and existence, as well as dominant throughout the known world. Today, after nearly 2,000 years of biblical religion, including inquisitions, the dark ages, the slaughter and murder of millions in the name of Jesus, the Aryan race faces near certain extinction. The effects must now outweigh the "could have been's" and "would have been's." Second, a Folk preserving religion must follow a God of the whole Folk, not a personal God of personal advantage.

Third, a Folkish religion must teach fertility, not "sex is sin" and woman-hatred (as Paul in Corinthians 7:1, John in Revelation 14:4 and Jesus in Matthew 5:28). I could continue, but the purpose is to promote my religion, not attack others. I have been asked why, considering my judgements regarding biblical religion, that I do not endorse the atheistic concept known as the Church of the Creator. I've expressed admiration for those portions of COTC teachings which seem valuable, but I am not an Atheist any more than a Theist or biblical religionist. In the tradition of the ancients and of many great thinkers of our race, I am a Deist. Echoing the words of far greater thinkers than myself, I see an intelligent motivating force throughout the universe and behind Nature's Laws.

Our Norse forefathers in uncompromising intellectual integrity admitted that there are things as yet beyond our understanding. Eternity, infinity, the origin of matter, energy and species are still subjects of inquiry today. As in other religions, nations and teachings, our Wotanist forefathers used symbols to represent abstract concepts. Allfather

represented the unknowable mysteries of infinity and eternity. However, unlike the practitioners of priestcraft in biblical religion, Wotanists did not and do not pretend to speak for God. The Gods speak to every man or woman directly through the evidence of Nature's Laws. The whole purpose of priestcraft is to allow the priest or the people he represents to control or have power over others. The power of the pulpit and of "Divine Right to Rule" rests on the words "God said," and a claim of superior access to God. Wotanists denounce the whole philosophy of one man having power of compulsion over others. To Wotanists, the Gods and Goddesses with names such as Wotan or Woden, Thor, Frigga and Sif represent forces of Nature, fertility and noble ancestors. They provide linkage between the past, present and future. Their deeds are parables which teach courage and other Aryan virtues. Even a treacherous God like Loki teaches a lesson in the dangers from internal subversion. Regarding "belief" in a God or a motive intelligent force throughout the universe, let us again define the word "belief." Belief can be blind faith, which is the mark of ignorance and which allows the adherent to be led anywhere, like sheep to the slaughter. A constructive belief is a conclusion based on the best available evidence, where such evidence is insufficient to warrant a statement of fact. I "believe" in the God of my understanding, but to make a statement of fact or demand that others conform to my belief would be intellectually dishonest. The biblical religionists (sometimes called creationists) and the evolutionists have quarreled for many years over their beliefs. As usual, no one considers other alternatives such as intelligent guidance in an evolutionary process, or a kind of genetic engineering or other possibilities. To the limits of my capabilities, I have tried to find a possibility of evolution as an answer to all life. But, it simply will not work without intelligent intervention. I have read many volumes on evolution and biology. Nowhere can I find an adequate explanation for the development of male and female of the same species. Throughout all the lengthy dissertations on cellular divisions and the growth of ever more complex organisms, there is never a rational, acceptable explanation of when the first man fertilized the first woman or how they developed separately, yet complimentary and in need of each other. Furthermore, modern geneticists tell us that a race of people cannot descend from one couple because the inbreeding would destroy them. So, we are faced with the necessary premise that numerous couples of identical men and women evolved at the exact same period in the eternity of time.

Darwinian evolutionists, also, tell us that White people are merely Negroes who migrated north from Africa eons of time ago and there in the cold northern climate we evolved light skin, hair and eyes. Yet, by their own teachings of natural selectivity, the first thing we should have developed is fur to protect us from the cold. Blue or green eyes, fair skin or light hair are not profiles of needs or characteristics developed as defense against a cold climate. One could continue almost endlessly on the problems with the theory of evolution as a random circumstance guided only by natural selectivity and survival of the fittest. But it seems the evolutionists have become as doctrinaire as the biblical religionists, so why beat one's head against the wall? We should all agree that we are subject to Nature's Laws. There are many other reasons to consider Wotanism, some concrete, some abstract, some esoteric. Having studied the words of Carl Jung, I believe the old Gods are a potential colossus within our collective subconscious. The old Gods and the old religion were exclusively ours and thus, relate to our race-soul. Through the

myths and legends we find a link to our past and a rudder for our floundering racial vessel.

We shall find it necessary to use the vehicle of religion to expound our message of racial survival. It is exceedingly difficult for our enemies to deny that the worship of the old Gods is a bonafide religion, since it has a history of at least several thousand years. Here, one might, also, consider that in the courtrooms of the occupation government a "religion" without a God will soon be judged not to be a religion and outside the governmental guarantees of religious freedom. Wotanism has the authority of antiquity. Despite 2,000 years of persecution, such as Charlemagne's beheading of 4,500 Wotanists before a gathering of Christian bishops, Wotan lives in our blood. The rich and powerful symbolism stirs our racial souls. Wotanists are not intolerant. Like others, we expound our beliefs, and that naturally involves pointing out the errors in the beliefs of others.

But, we do not excommunicate kinfolk of other beliefs from our company, as long as they share our goal of racial preservation. We should not "slay all those who would not have our God rule over them" as followers of an alien religion have done to us and our kinfolk by the millions. Robert J. Matthews was a Wotanist and the finest man I have known. In Valhalla he waits for those of us who fight for the life of the Folk. I do not think he cares if you are an Atheist, a Christian or a Wotanist, but only that you are White and Proud. But, for my part, his Gods are the Folk's Gods and they are my Gods.

David Lane

First Law of Nature

We have all watched in dismay, or even disgust, as self-proclaimed mouthpieces for the survival of our kind, make fools of themselves on television and elsewhere. Often their intent is noble and the fervency of their beliefs is quite evident, but they are like children in a contest with capable adults, for they are neither prepared nor experienced. The enemy pays and prepares its propaganda experts, disguised as reporters and the like, with great care, realizing that the control of men's minds is their power and protection. So, the first thing we must do is restrict all interviews and contact with the enemy media to those of our side who are trained and capable. The second thing we must do is train and educate spokesmen in the psychology and details of verbal warfare.

In any debate over moral, emotional and important issues it is essential that the debater assume the moral high ground just as quickly as possible. As you well know, our opponents begin virtually every interview or expose of us who oppose the genocide against our own kind with buzz words which evoke irrational antipathy against us through long-time use and conditioning.

Words like hater, bigot, Nazi and racist are to be expected. At the very beginning of an interview the issue of buzz words and their effect must be raised. We must never allow ourselves to be detoured from our issue, which is stopping the genocide against our race. The very first time that a reporter uses a buzz word you must immediately demand to

clarify. Learn to answer a question with a question and practice with a friend who plays the role of the hostile media person. And immediately get on the spin that it is your race being destroyed. If the enemy uses the word "hater," without delay ask the reporter why the existing system is not the ultimate hate, a system which denies our race our own nations, schools, neighborhoods, organizations and everything necessary for our continued survival as a biological and cultural entity, which is genocide. And ask why he labels those of us who resist genocide, in obedience to the first and highest law of nature, "haters" instead of "patriots." Be a bulldog and do not let go until he addresses your issues. He is the enemy. You owe him nothing. And you are not there to posture or make your name known. One of two things is going to happen in the interview: the enemy will benefit or our side will benefit. If the battle of the moment is being fought on such unfair terms that you cannot benefit our side, then like any war, you disengage the enemy and regroup for a new attack at another time and place.

Let us assume that you have captured some high ground or at least a level playing field, and you elect to go on with the interview. At some time the enemy is now reduced to personal character assassination against you or against others who represent our cause. Not to either attack or defend the well-known David Duke, (for I refuse to get drawn into these disputes), but many will remember how the media began to make sly and snide references to his sexual and other morality. Never defend when such wonderful opportunities for attack are presented. I would jump on that like odor on a mad skunk by asking why such relatively inconsequential matters concern him when the "Honorable" (with great sarcasm) senator from Massachusetts is not castigated for murder in covering up his adulterous affairs. Or ask why a moral degenerate, draft dodger, pot smoking, adulterous pervert can masquerade as the President of the United States and his media seem more interested in character assassination based on unproven slander. Always remember that you are the holder of the moral position. Their system is such a degenerate perversion that you never have to accept slander while examples abound among their side of crime and moral degradation that dwarf anything they could possibly allege against you or against our loyal Folk.

I attempted to design the 88 Precepts so that a person can give short and precise answers to the sophistries of enemy reporters. When you begin to practice answering the interrogations of ZOG reporters, as seen in interviews with others, I think you will be surprised at how many of their tricks can be squashed with just a Precept. Concepts like "Nature's Laws are the work of God and therefore are God's Laws." and "the first law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind" are effective against religious interrogators. The idea of White men as persecutors of Indians, Negroes and Jews will, of course, come up. Again attack. The Indians are the same race as the Mongols of Genghis Khan, who attempted to destroy our race in our sacred European homeland centuries before White men came to America. The mixed-race Africans called Moors invaded and attempted to destroy our race in Europe 12 centuries ago. So any historical guilt-trip is theirs, not ours. This is especially effective, because it makes use of their own lie that all culture from North Africa is from Negroes. The holyhoax is, of course, the hardest to deal with, because that has been their major propaganda ploy for most of our lifetimes, and because there are many World War 2 veterans still alive who are determined to hold themselves

up as heroes for partaking in that fratricidal war. Once a "war story" is told, a man or a nation is stuck with either continuing the lies or admitting them.

You can quote Trevanian, "The propaganda of the Victors becomes the history of the Vanquished" and see where that leads. You can ask why the death of 50 million White people in that conflict seems of no importance in comparison to the alleged holocaust. Lately, I have found that most media do not want to get into the subject in depth, particularly if you are capable and well-informed. There are, for example, newspaper articles showing the reduction of the exaggerated claims. I would have the name and date of the publications memorized in at least two instances. So much depends on the feel of the interview. Sometimes you can attack the holyhoax, sometimes you must soft play. The reporter will likely not want to dwell on the subject too long, as the enemy is beginning to feel exposed and would prefer a race war between others from which he can profit from the sidelines, as usual. I have, also, found it valuable to memorize just a few examples of enemy power. Examples: The last three Chairmen of the Federal Reserve, Greenspan, Volker and Burns, all Jews. You might check my memory here. Also, know the Jewish ownership of N.Y. Times(Sulzberger), Viacom/MTV/CBS(Redstone),ABC/Disney(Eisner) and so on. You only have to know about a dozen exact examples before a reporter will hastily abandon the subject. Again, preparation is essential. In my home town of Denver before I was imprisoned, virtually every full page ad in the newspapers was from a Jewish firm, Dave Cook's, Gart Bros., Waxman's, Levine's Furniture, Jake Javits American Furniture, and on and on. If you are prepared, the reporter will quickly abandon the guilt-trip over the Jews' issue like a hot potato.

Remember that the enemy technique is to reverse everything. The Anti-Defamation League is used to defame. To love and preserve your own kind is "hate." And it is an ancient and successful technique to be "the victim" that has served the Jews so well. We, in turn are the very real victims of genocide, so never neglect to point out that we are the victims. We are the ones the Jews are destroying with their control of all power points of media, finance, industry, law and politics. Always present the scenario as it is, we are defending our own kind against genocide. Do not let the reporter change it around with buzz words and sophistries. Point out absurdities, such as calling the colored races of the world "minorities," when they comprise the vast, vast majority, while implying that our soon-to-be extinct specie is a majority. Well, they hope soon-to-be extinct. We have other ideas. I cannot, of course, cover all the scenarios that our spokesmen will meet, but I hope this will be of assistance. In a nutshell, assume the moral high ground, keep focused on our issue, attack rather than defend and be prepared before venturing on enemy turf.

David Lane

Race to Extinction

Fifteen or twenty years ago I asked Robert Miles about the seemingly incomprehensible machinations of the various governments and religions in the Western world. Sometimes they seem to have contradictory goals, yet in areas of vital interest to those who fight for

White survival, every government and religion in the world (it seemed after WW2) was united in denying our folk our own nations, territories, organizations or anything necessary for racial survival.

The hundreds of Christian sects, synods and denominations, for example, argue endlessly on nit-picking technicalities within their holy books or creeds, yet without exception they always unite in universal condemnation of any form of White unity to resist race-mixing genocide. Robert Miles answered that thieves have disagreements and struggle for supremacy in their organizations. But, when they have a good scam going they are not about to allow the kind of fundamental changes that might jeopardize their privileged positions or material wealth. Miles had worked for both the American and British intelligence agencies before becoming a frontline activist for White survival. He had inside knowledge and was in a unique position to know whereof he spoke. In this context we can make sense of recent events and understand why White interests have long been abandoned.

Many have remarked how strange it was that Slick Willie Clinton had a nearly totally Jewish cabinet running the affairs of the American branch of the World Zionist government. And yet it was Jews, like Monica Lewinsky, Ruth Bader-Ginsberg and Judith Goldberg, who were bringing him problems. As you probably already know, Clinton's Secretary of Defense(war) Cohen, Secretary of State Albright, Secretary of the Treasury Rubin, National Security Advisor Berger, Federal Reserve Chairman Greenspan, etc., are all Israel-first Jews. To put it in perspective, let us look at three events from the past, one long ago and two recent. 1,970 years ago a Roman general sent to put down a Jewish revolt in Palestine remarked that it was strange, since Jews wrote the laws of Rome. As the Greek geographer Strabo said, also 2,000 years ago, "Jews control all nations." During WW1, before Adolf Hitler was even known to anyone, it was stated openly in periodicals that, "The participation of the Jews in the fights at the front was almost nil. Their participation in the new government has already reached 80 percent! Yet, the percentage of the Jewish population in Germany is only 1.5 percent!"

More recently, the Prime Minister in Israel was assassinated by another Jew. In both cases we are looking at a struggle within the ranks of Jewry, to be exact, a split between religious Jews who take literally the mythological absurdities of the Old Testament, and practical-minded, secular, so-called Jews who rule the world from behind the scenes. The secular Jews have always known that a political state, such as the country called Israel, with Jewish only citizenship, causes problems for their universalist-minded puppets and their Masonic-orchestrated New World Order. Slick Willie was squeezed between two warring Jewish factions. It is highly doubtful that the masses of those who call themselves Jews have any more idea of the real aims of their leaders than do the masses of Christians know about the goals of their leaders. This does not change the fact that a few multi-mega-billionaires, who at least call themselves Jews, control the affairs of the Western world, or that they have sentenced the White race to cultural and physical death. It does mean, however, that in the interest of the greatest possible accuracy we should speak with knowledge and logic, as opposed to dogma.

The stated aim of the Zionist movement, be it of the early 20th century or sometime in the remote past, is the establishment of a Jewish political state in Old Palestine. But, as always, the words of politicians, kings, priestcrafters and other rulers are deception. The real aim of Zionism under the Masonic New World Order is total world power, and they have already conveniently placed headquarters in all the major cities worldwide. Furthermore, it is the universalist, Christian Zionists and the equally traitorous White Masons for whom we should reserve our deepest contempt and hatred. Yes, I said "hatred," for all true emotion has opposite poles. We cannot love our own people unless we hate those who consciously destroy our kind. It is the turncoats from amongst one's own people who always pose the greatest threat. That is why traditionally and historically, the penalty for treason has been death.

To be sure, a tyrant and an enemy must be dealt with accordingly, and all Zionists of any race are our race enemies. So, for the sake of accuracy, and in order to identify the forces destroying our race, we use the term "Zionist Occupational Government" rather than "Jewish Occupational Government" because there are Jewish, Christian, Atheist and Agnostic members of the Zionist New World Order. But let us be intellectually honest and give credit where credit is due, even to the enemy. Jews, at least, had the common sense to adopt a religion which teaches them to live and struggle within the reality of this life on this earth. As a result, most Jews now live in luxury and their leaders literally own and control the world. Were it not that they have pushed our White race over the cliff of self-destruction, one might admire their ingenuity and persistence. As is stated in the Old Testament in Isaiah 60:12, written long, long ago, "All nations which will not serve thee shall be utterly wasted." These are not the words of some spook-in-the-sky, but rather a carefully designed plan for Jewish supremacy at all costs, written by the Jews themselves, a plan now virtually complete.

Of course, the highest common sense demands that a religion which serves a people must declare that they are God's Chosen. It is clear with historical perspective to see what the Christian doctrine did to our folk. First of all, by murder, torture and deceit the Christians forced all Europe to accept an alien religion in which a race from the far-away Middle East declared them-selves God's Chosen People. That in itself is a campaign of genocide. Next, they taught the collective White race to abandon defenses against the real predators of this life in favor of some unprovable fairy tale, castle-in-the-sky afterlife. I cannot count or remember all the times I have told a Christian that his White race is being destroyed and he would shrug and answer, "It doesn't matter; we are going home to live with Jesus."

The real blame for the murder of the White race falls most squarely on the shoulders of those lying, deceiving, greedy, selfish, treasonous swine called Christian preachers and priests. They are a cancerous blight to the Aryan race and should be loathed with an intensity that words cannot express. Another of the strange machinations of the bankster tribe has been recently exposed in a book, detailing how Zionist bankers helped finance the National Socialist movement in Germany earlier in this century. On its face it makes no sense. Some have speculated that the Zionists wanted persecution of rank and file Jews in order to drive them to Israel. If so, it is a tacit admission that Jewish rulers use

their followers as ruthlessly as they use so-called Goyim-Gentiles. Further, Russian and American Zionist Jews remained silent as Josef Stalin systematically exterminated scores of Jews in the Russian gulags. However, I suspect their primary motive was something else. Looking at the results of WW2 we witness the death of perhaps 50 million of the earth's finest Aryans and the consolidation of power in the Zionist New World Order. In addition, the artificial moral club of the "holohoax" extracts uncounted billions of dollars in "reparations," while propagating hate against all Whites who resist genocide. This is not meant to cast aspersions on the leaders or heroes of the Third Reich, who fought because they had no choice. They probably even suspected the Zionists' attempts to use and manipulate them. Certainly, the Zionists figured that little Germany had no chance to prevail against the whole world. After all, little Germany was outnumbered 140 to 1 in land area by the British, Soviet, French and American empires. Germany was outnumbered thousands to one in natural resources, and hopelessly outnumbered in population.

Nonetheless, little Germany fought valiantly to fill the traditional Teutonic role as defenders of the sacred European homeland of the White race. Not only were they magnificent, but they may have scared the hell out of the Zionist leaders, at least for a year or two. Critics of Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich, like most armchair warriors or second-sight fools, do not consider the circumstances of the time. For example, the two-front war with millions of Soviet troops amassing near the Eastern border of the Reich, what choice was there other than a pre-emptive strike? Others say that Hitler should have emphasized a pan-Aryan movement rather than German nationalism. But with the injustices of the Versailles Treaty, he was a prisoner of geographical nationalism until he came to power. The countries surrounding Germany had stolen both territory and natural resources; they imposed impossible reparations which kept the German people in abject poverty, near starvation. Resentment and a Deutschland Uber Alles patriotism were inevitable. However, Hitler, as quickly as possible, attempted to transform National Socialism into an all-Europe phenomenon.

As for those who believed that Hitler compromised with the suicidal poison of Judeo-Christianity, every man aspiring to political power for many centuries has had to pay lip service to it. The private correspondence of many of America's founding fathers showed that they despised Christianity, even though their public statements were designed to appease the religious fanatics. Even in the grudging allegiance paid to the Christian terror, both American founding fathers and Adolf Hitler waffled with terms like Nature's God and The Creator rather than using Christian names. The struggle in which we are engaged is easily divided into two different yet related concepts. One is the ancient struggle between reason and belief. Reason being the protector of freedom, and belief being the tool of the tyrants of Church and State. The other is between imperialists and those who are true to Nature's first and highest law, the preservation of one's own kind. Imperialists, of course, work hand-in-hand with universalist religion. Together they attempt to destroy the integrity of races and the integrity of the cultures, nations and religions rising from the race soul. The world is, and has long been, in flames because races, nations and cultures are forced to violate their Nature ordained instincts for self-preservation.

After decades in this struggle, and watching our race decline ever faster despite the efforts of a few individuals and groups, I have reached the unshakable conclusion that the institutions which we thought were "ours" are not salvageable. We are running out of time. Since many racialists have friends and family members who are Judeo-Christian, they may be afraid to voice true history. Others with emotional ties to America or its military, or having family with such ties, are reluctant to face or speak truth. But we now have no choice. Zionists, in a word, covering a multitude of enemies, are determined to mix, overrun and exterminate our kind. All Zionists, regardless of self-proclaimed appellations, are mortal enemies. Who can defeat an enemy who masquerades as a friend if he accepts the fraud? We will have to choose between uncompromising total truth, discipline with reason, or accept extinction in the compromising comfort of belief. A future for White children depends on a courageous and honest response. NATO's Jewish supreme commander, Gen. Wesley Kanne Clark, in reference to America's imperialistic, anti-White slaughter of innocents in Serbia has stated:

" Let's not forget what the origin of the problem is. There is no place in modern Europe for ethnically pure states. That's a 19th century idea and we are trying to transition into the 21st century, and we are going to do it with multi-ethnic states."

David Lane

Sex and Women

It is the first necessity for reproduction and preservation of a species. It is a preoccupation of men and women alike. It is the driving instinct of males. Sex is used to sell everything from automobiles to zircons. It is a woman's power and a man's curse. It is the catalyst in the "Battle of the Sexes." It both unites and divides, bringing both pleasure and pain. It unleashes emotion too powerful for logic or reason to control, yet it is vital to life. It is a misused tool of merchants, priestcrafters and statecrafters. Without a natural outlet a misdirected sex drive can lead to all manner of neurosis and conflict. Sex is perhaps the single most important subject that those who struggle for the life of our people should understand. Yet, due to centuries of mind-poisoning from alien religions, most are unable to discuss sex with total frankness. But the taboo must be broken. The question begs to be asked, "Is the natural way and the upward path even possible in the modern, industrialized world?" Self-evidently the natural way and the upward path are impossible within nation-states ruled by those dedicated to the mixing and extermination of the race which created so-called "Western Civilization."

In olden times a woman taught her daughters, "Tis far better to be mistress of a king than wife of a servant." Of course, in those days, kingship was determined by valor and other valuable genetic traits, like cunning and determination. So, a woman knew that if her children were sired by a king, or other nobility, the chances were greater that her offspring would develop into exceptional individuals. In this foul age, when the kings of the earth are usurers, word-twisters and degenerates, the olden ways do not apply. The systems under which we live are craftily constructed so that the White folk who obey the

instincts given them by nature find that obedience to authority, to law, to religious precepts or to sociably acceptable mores is racial suicide. And by nature, most Aryans are not anarchists. In the cold climes of the North, social cooperation was necessary for survival. When living exclusively among our own kind with benevolent leaders, acceptance of higher authority was then our greatest strength. Conversely, however, in a multi-racial society, ruled by Zionists, acceptance of authority is the Achilles heel of our race. It leads us to fraternal wars, acceptance of genocidal practices like forced bussing and the insanity of a statement like, "My country, right or wrong!"

Because we are by nature an open and honest people, we assume that others are like us. And this makes us the most gullible race on the earth. The minds of the masses are almost exactly analogous to blank computer disks which can be programmed however the operator desires. Years ago I was with Bob Mathews in a large city. We saw a White girl get off a bus; she was flirting with two Negro boys. While we felt great anger surge through us, our anger should not be directed at her. For that little girl, feel sadness. From the time she was a toddler she had been programmed by teachers, preachers, TV, radio, magazines, movies, songs and every influence in her life that race-mixing was noble. Could she be expected to make a judgment contrary to her entire perceived world? Anger should be directed at the programmers. The programming carries into every aspect of the lives of the masses, both male and female. If young girls are taught that being cheerleaders, wives and mothers is a praise-worthy life, then this is what will make them happy and fulfilled. But if they are programmed to believe such lives are demeaning, and that careers as soldiers, construction workers, police, firemen, lawyers and the like are fulfilling, then they will demand and follow the Feminist agenda. Men are equally susceptible to programming. So we see them fixated on multi-racial athletics, on artificial political systems and so on. It was in recognition that minds are programmable that our ancestors built fertility rites into our organic and indigenous religions, realizing that reproduction is Nature's divine command for the preservation of our race.

All of the above serves as a necessary preface to what follows, because while we have precious few women dedicated to our cause, the few we do have are so extremely valuable that they must not be alienated. Nevertheless, it is, always has been and forever will be male testosterone that decides all things. The male sex drive of a race that would survive must never be diminished, thwarted, misdirected or slandered. History shows that from the dawn of time, those out of power raised armies with promises of plunder and the seizing of women. Those exceptional women who already share our cause do not need to react in horror at the word "seize" with visions of rape and mistreatment. It is the duty of the Aryan male to treat women with chivalry, whether they come voluntarily or are captured. When this discourse speaks of the masses of either women or men, the exception should not take umbrage. The mind of the exceptional man or woman is as different from that of the masses as night is from day. The unenlightened masses are asses -- dangerous asses, but nonetheless asses. So do not judge yourselves by them. Bearing this in mind, let us plunge into the "Battle of the Sexes" with total frankness and brutal honesty.

The great hermetic (or nature) philosophers have taught throughout history that the

creative force and intelligence (whatever that means to you) formed all we perceive as duality, light and dark, hot and cold, positive and negative, male and female. Existence, as we know it, requires polarity and by extrapolation the tension or struggle that results. Indeed, life would be true Hell, or a living death, without competition. Be it war, a golf tournament or the Battle of the Sexes, the joy is in the struggle. On a false intellectual level we can speak of the equilibrium of "peace," but it is sugar-coated deception, whether in the realms of religion, politics, sex or anything else. An eternity of sitting on a cloud singing, "Jesus loves me" would be a torture just a step behind the Christian alternative lifestyle called hell. True pleasure comes from struggle, from achieving, from accomplishments which require time, effort and sacrifice. So why would anyone think the Battle of the Sexes would be different? The word "battle" is absolutely appropriate and those who would abstain from the contest deserve neither life nor pleasure. In a primitive and natural society the strongest or otherwise most successful male captures the most females and the most desirable females. Thus, the greater share of the best genes are passed along for the strength, beauty and preservation of the race. In species with social structures, the female then attempts to "tame" the male who has captured her. This she must do in order that the hunting and providing skill of the male will aid her offspring.

Few of us today would want to return to a society as rugged as in ages past. Although we have reached the ridiculous in pursuit of plastic gadgets, not many would give up flush toilets, anesthesia, electricity, housing and other things that require cooperation in a social structure. However, the basic instincts given by nature do not change. The tension between male and female does not end with a ceremony, a pronouncement of marriage or a sanction by artificial entities like Church and State. May the Gods forbid it -- for the absence of tension and struggle is found only in death! Scientists have been telling us for years that the sperm count of White males is dropping. And why not? The brain is the largest sex organ, even though symbolically it is common to judge a man with the hoary phrase, "he has a lot of balls." The White male has been effectively castrated by subtle feminist and zionist poison that has infected all of our people -- of both sexes.

The male is meant to capture females, not beg for their favor like some whipped spaniel. In our now alien-occupied countries a man "woos" a woman with promises of material goods, with \$60 or \$100 bouquets of flowers; he is an emasculated idiot. Jewish movie producers, magazine editors, television network owners, stock brokers, bankers, lawyers and assorted billionaires offer the most beautiful of our young women the world on a platter. Sports cars, penthouses, roles as movie starlets, as centerfolds, buckets of money, jewelry, glitter and adulation awaits any pretty White girl. We who are racially aware and active can offer them poverty and the chance to share in the abuse heaped upon our heads. We can attempt to reason with our beautiful women until blue in the face and they will reply with the buzzwords "racist" and "sexist." Neither human nature nor female nature have changed. As long as the destroyer owns the media, the money, the military and the minds of the masses our slide to extinction will continue and accelerate.

Until our males realize that death in battle is far better than the slow death of racial extinction, or the mental torture of watching our women be defiled, there is no hope. Until thousands emulate Bob Mathews, the enemy will laugh at our own feeble efforts.

Until White men show the courage of our ancestors and do whatever it takes -- welcoming what awaits on the other side -- there is no chance of victory. Only a people whose males accept and welcome death over slavery can be free. Again, males are designed to capture females, not beg for their favors. Males of the same species put aside their rivalries over females when necessary for hunting or defense of the tribe or race. But once external threats are over, the competition must resume, for nature declares "the best should reproduce the most."

Whether that means polygamy is decreed by nature is a subject for legitimate debate. That strong and lasting bonds are often formed in monogamous pairing is evident. Equally evident is that social systems of the last two centuries and the last two millennia have been disastrous for the Aryan race. In the final analysis we must remember that allowing the meddlers of Church or State to dictate sexual relationships or marital affairs opens doors to endless tyranny. Decisions must be made by individuals, based on personal circumstances, folkish needs, common sense and the conditions imposed by external factors of the age. True Aryan men, of course, recognize their duty to provide for and protect their wives and children.

By conditioning and false intellectualization the modern woman convinces herself she should "own" one man, rather than be the possession of a superior man. But the fire fades. The spark dies. Her orgasms are weak and faked. Because once a man is "tamed," the natural attraction is gone. He is now her working drone, she no longer needs to compete with other women. In her heart of hearts she despises "her man," while her innermost being longs to be taken by a dominant male. Her sexual nature is sublimated and she adopts any false and destructive doctrine that captures her attention. Preachers and anti-nature religion become her substitute masters. Jewelry, make-up, possessions, universalist social causes become obsessions. Mindless sophistries turned to slogans become her code of life. Cats and dogs substitute for children. Her instincts are denied. One only has to look at the groupies who flock around rock stars, movie stars and sports figures to see that the instincts given by nature never change. These groupies know full well they are but one of many in the virtual harem of such public figures. Degenerate though these figures may be, they are perceived as extraordinary by the groupies who desire them.

Part of the Battle of the Sexes is a woman's need to be recognized as valuable. In the natural world, that means first of all sex appeal, especially for young women. A woman is in competition with other women. The book "Might is Right" proclaims that women dislike and distrust each other intensely. Women authors have written the same thing. Whether true or not, the competition is real. Men lust for women. Women in turn can meet the competition of other women by sharpening their "weapons of war" or by attempting to "tame" a man. The former is good, the latter she will inevitably try in this unnatural age, to her material benefit but sexual frustration. A man cherishes what he desires and for which he has labored or struggled to attain. While there are exceptions to most rules, a man does not mistreat that which he cherishes. So a wise woman keeps herself desirable.

Virtually all White women are blessed with natural beauty and attraction. Aryan women keep their beauty until late in life if they keep fit. Inevitably youthful beauty fades with age, no one can change that, but there is no greater treasure to a man than a woman old enough to be a companion, yet with the discipline to keep herself attractive. Hopefully men having such a woman will appreciate her. Women should not be deceived that jewelry makes them attractive, neither does nail polish, pancake make-up, fancy hair styling or gaudy clothes. These artificial devices serve to enrich Jewish coffers, and as an ill-conceived attempt to impress or depress other women.

Nature made sex enjoyable to ensure propagation and preservation of the species. Men without the courage to fight for women, either as individuals or as a race, do not deserve the pleasure of sex. Because of the long time it takes to rear and nurture our offspring, nature made sex a pleasure even when not specifically for conception, so enjoy! The alien religions made "sex is sin" a major part of their doctrine. They made it the insane idea of "original sin," because sex is unavoidable for survival of the race. Priestcrafters needed an unavoidable "sin" from which to "save" the sheeple. It is all a lie. Sex is both duty and pleasure. In our indigenous religions sex was elevated to the status of a sacrament. The marital or sexual affairs or arrangements of the folk are not the business of government or guilt-laying priests. Bear in mind that the primal law and moral absolute is preservation of one's own kind and it will provide a guide to proper sexual mores. Then enter the Battle of the Sexes with all the joy that competition is meant to bring!

David Lane

England - Ireland - Scotland

For many years now I have wanted to write something on the suicidal and fratricidal warfare in the British Isles. I am sure some of the participants must think they have some idea of where and how the conflicts originated, but I doubt there is any real legitimacy to the concepts. Even the names like "Loyalist," "Royalist," "Catholic," "Protestant," "British," "English," "Republicans" and so on are senseless, meaningless oxymora. The inhabitants of the unfortunate Isles, now dubbed British, are predominately Celts and Teutons, now thoroughly mixed. I should say the predominant inhabitants until the last few decades. Since Jewry achieved total power earlier this century, they have turned large parts of the Isles into third world nightmares. If there is not a revolution based on White unity soon, then these Celtic, Teutonic former inhabitants of the Isles will disappear from the earth forever.

Let us look at the history of the Isles over the last two thousand plus years. I do not pretend to be an expert on individual battles or the names of either Royalty or Commoners over these centuries. But, the big picture is clear. And the fratricidal warfare being carried on today is only an extension of ancient insanities. There is an old concept used by tyrants called "Divide and Conquer." There is, also, a political and religious strategy that is related and is equally employed by tyrants. For whatever reason, the human animal has the tendency to debate and fight over issues presented to him without first determining if the issues have validity. The world's rulers discovered long ago that

the best diversion and control device is to present two alternatives. Thus, over the years the masses have engaged in never-ending warfare over totally artificial issues. In America it has been refined to the Nth degree in two political parties called the Democrats and Republicans. Each party has always been controlled by the money powers. Each party has always led the masses to debate issues which were invented by the tyrants and which were to the tyrant's benefit. But, truly relevant issues like racial survival are not permitted to be part of the agenda.

This is not new. Christians vs. the Devil, Catholic vs. Protestant, French vs. German, Scotland vs. England, Commie vs. Capitalist, and on and on. Well, it is long past time that the White Folk of the Isles wised up to this genocidal game. Over two thousand years ago Rome invaded the Isles. You should honor Queen Boudicca who fought these Imperialists to the death.

And you should learn who the merchants were who invited the Romans and who aided them. A few centuries later Rome found it advantageous to unite the many cultures, races and religions of the Empire by forcing a universalist religion on the world. It should not escape your notice that a people from the Middle East were called "God's Chosen People" in this new religion, especially since one must discover who benefits whenever looking for the source of a government or religion. In 325 CE Caesar became Pope. The new religion said give unto Caesar what is Caesar's and unto God what is God's. Now with Caesar as Pope, he could collect both shares. Control of people with religions and brainwashing is far easier and effective than the use of Legions, but the occupation of the Isles by Rome was nonetheless just as real.

With the advent of the Protestant revolution, new but equally greedy and evil powers became players. The so-called Nobles and Kings in the Isles were no longer willing to share their plunder of the common folk with a tyrant in far away Rome. So, the Church of England was born and the secular arm of this new tyranny under the name of Britain set out to enforce their sovereignty over Ireland and Scotland, which had by this time largely accepted the Roman brand of tyranny and brain pollution. So now, White men killed White men on behalf of two different occupying powers, neither of which was native, organic or beneficial to the indigenous population. You all know the heroic stories of Robert the Bruce and others who resisted the British tyrant. But, the sad part of the story is that the masses of Folk who have died and continue to die in these artificial disputes are fighting on behalf of tyrants, no matter which side they choose. Always the tyrant sets up two sides and an either/or situation. That there are other alternatives never occurs to the masses.

It is time that the White Folk of the Isles learned their true history, both secular and religious, and stopped killing each other over either Roman tyranny or British tyranny. Your roots are with Druids and Norse Gods, and in blood, and in land. Celtic and Teutonic Aryans must stop playing the tyrants' destructive games.

David Lane

Now or Never

There may be little time left for the truth-tellers. That means that brutal truth about the hypocrisy of an alleged resistance to the Judeo-Christian, Judeo-American murder of the White race must be exposed in detail...NOW. Hopefully, it has not escaped your attention that "leaders" with a compromising message seldom receive the treatment from ZOG that I have gotten. It is the focused power of the message in the 14 Words that the enemy fears over all else. Those who refuse to accept and teach the true history of the executioners' religious and political institutions seem immune from any persecution beyond verbal abuse.

But then, those who teach obedience to the executioners' race-murdering "law," or preach "occupy till he comes," or wait for "der tag" or other deceptions serve the tyrant perfectly. I repeat, political, religious and economic systems can be destroyed and replaced, but the death of the White race is eternal. Therefore, the only issue deserving the consideration by any sane White man today is the 14 Words: "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."

If you are a White male who still wonders why it matters, I give you these 14 more Words: "Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth." This is why a true White man fights.

For all the deceivers and cowards still looking for a safe and painless method to save our kind, here is a summation of the brutal realities of governments, religions, history, demographics and the near future: For the common folk, who have been soldiers and supporters of religions and governments, this is not meant to defame. Many have been led to "believe" these institutions were noble. Unfortunately, "belief," as opposed to rational thought, has always been the tyrants' best deception. The sad fact is, the leadership of all religious, political and revolutionary systems have been deceivers for thousands of years.

The much revered Nathan Bedford Forrest, a founder of the Ku Klux Klan, is an example. He was a high ranking, initiated Mason. His closest friend and mentor was Albert Pike, master of the entire Scottish Rite and author of the Masonic bible called "Morals and Dogma." The motives of rank and file klansmen were White survival, but the big picture is different. The White race had to be kept alive in America until it could be used to conquer the world and destroy the racial basis of our sacred European homeland on behalf of our Zionist masters. The methods of secrecy used by the Klan are straight from Masonry, as is the name. Look at the Star of David over the eagle on the Great Seal of the United States seen on the back of a dollar bill. The words "E Pluribus Unum" (one out of many) equals genocide by race-mixing.

The seal was designed by the Masonic founding fathers over 200 years ago. So, the Ku Klux Klan was formed, not to repatriate Negroes to Africa and create a White nation, but to keep the White race alive another 150 years in America. Now that the Zionists rule the world, they have sentenced the White race to death. White survival groups are not tolerated.

National Socialism, or so-called Nazis, is another example. There can be no doubt that members, both earlier in Germany and now around the world, are sincere and good-hearted folk. In this case, perhaps even the leaders of Nazi Germany were of good heart. Nonetheless, wealthy, Jewish international bankers behind the scenes financed the early Nazi movement. They knew that tiny Germany had no chance against the entire Zionist controlled world. And the end effect of the Nazi effort was the creation of Israel and the consolidation of Jewish power worldwide. Of course 50 million dead White people did not hurt their feelings either.

Judeo-Christianity is a really tough nut to crack, because of the nature of "belief." Get a child young enough, or repeat a tale often enough and an artificial reality is created in the human mind. If I told you that Bob Mathews' mother was a virgin and he had the power to raise dead men from graves, you would call me crazy. But if such tales are repeated by priestcrafters unceasingly for centuries, given the "authority" of antiquity and social respectability, then your mind accepts what natural law denies. These are some of the facts: Our White race was secure in its existence and territories prior to Judeo-Christianity. While America may be responsible, directly or indirectly, for the murder and maiming of more of our folk in actual numbers than any other system in history, Judeo-Christianity is hands-down the greatest butcher of the folk in percentages of population for many centuries. In the 30 Years War alone, ostensibly over whether Jesus was Catholic or Protestant, the population of central Europe has been estimated to have been reduced from 20 million to six million. Others estimate only one-third of the population to have died. Regardless, it was too many.

Knowledge is the enemy of tyrants. So the church began by murdering every scientist, mathematician, philosopher and voice of reason in Europe. This caused the Dark Ages. As late as 1600, the church burned Bruno at the stake for saying the earth traveled around the sun. Uncountable numbers died in horrible tortures by the inquisition. There were the slaughters of the Cathari, the Bogomils, the Waldesians and, of course, the murder of all followers of our nature-based Wotan religion. The Protestant offspring of the Roman whore were no better. Hundreds of attempts to modify the basic poison from Judeo-Rome have resulted in never-ending new sects or branches, each claiming to know the hidden and real "truth" which makes their version "divine." Identity is only one more such attempt. Furthermore, from the beginning Identity was created by and run by government agents, primarily military intelligence agents. It neutralizes resistance with double-think, leading people to believe that Christianity and America, the executioners of their race, are sacred entities of their race. And, of course, the government agents posing as leaders identify potential opposition. Again, the rank and file and a few leaders may be of good heart, but the effect is obvious. Identity has been promoted for decades and during that period our race went from having a chance to near oblivion. It takes only around 2-3% mixing to seal the doom of an Aryan country, for the family and friends of mixers almost always defend the interests of the mongrel offspring. During the decades when Identity folk hid in their basements listening to Wesley Swift tapes, the mixing went from 2 or 3% to many times that figure. And our race grew old. Somewhere around 12% of America's population is young White female and around 2% of the earth's population is young

White female. The number of young females of a race is by far the most relevant demographic statistic relating to survival, although, of course, interrelating with other factors, such as exclusive territory, education and religion. The last young, White females are leaving their race almost wholesale to mate with colored males. The remainder are having very few children. So, when your "leader" speaks of America being 50% White for awhile longer, he is a deceiver. If you discount the millions of Jews falsely counted as White, stop counting Hispanics as White, count illegal aliens and get a true count, America is not 50% White now and the vast majority of young people are colored. So, the "leader" who speaks of voting a White nation is a lying whore-deceiver. If he pretends our race can survive without exclusive White Nations, he ignores the lessons of India, Persia, Carthage, Egypt, etc., then he is a lying whore-deceiver. If he leads people to rely on the Constitution to preserve us, he is a lying whore-deceiver. If his issues are taxes, money and the Federal Reserve while the race dies, he is a lying whore-deceiver.

Let us discuss why the lying whore-deceivers have prospered for 2000 years and why for the same number of years our folk have loved to be deceived. Fear, selfishness, greed and a human weakness for seeking the "easy way" have led us to the abyss.

Years ago I coined the acronym C.R.A.P. for Christian Rightwing American Patriots, and for good reason. Although, let me emphasize that many of the rank and file calling themselves by those names are good-hearted people. But, we can no longer play the game of half-measures. New-agers are fond of the phrase "paradigm shift." That is indeed what we must have if we are to accomplish the 14 Words. But the new paradigm must be nothing like that envisioned by new-agers, established religions, etc. The Creator, whatever that means to you, made lions to eat lambs, wolves to eat rabbits, hawks to eat sparrows, and so on. There is no "love, love, love" involved, just "law," evidenced in the work of the Creator, or as some say, Nature's Laws...brutal, pitiless, unyielding natural law, to which every living thing is subject. The world's rulers got their position by following the philosophy of the Old Testament, which uses allegory, parable, myth and legend in a historical setting to show how a people must live in relationship to Nature's Laws if they wish to survive. It teaches ruthless removal or extermination of others in order to establish exclusive territories. It teaches fertility. It teaches war, plunder, sex and living within the reality of this life on this earth in the present. It teaches an exclusive God and the "chosen-ness" of one's own people. All this is necessary for racial survival.

On the other hand, those to be conquered and enslaved are taught 180° the opposite, the New Testament, to be exact. Despite a few transparent efforts to tie the Testaments together, their fundamental philosophies are as opposed as master to slave. Imperialism and its whoring cousin Universalism were its reason for birth and its legacy. Submission and slavery are its creed. A hoped-for afterlife and abandonment of the struggle for life in this reality are its poison. Unearned eternal pleasure is its sweet seduction. The murder of the White race is its effect. A racial religion must be a fertility religion, as were all ancient Aryan religions. Because the first necessity for racial survival is reproduction. The alleged major author of most books in the New Testament, Paul, says, "It is best not to touch a woman." (I Cor. 7:1) It is not an error or an anomaly. The entire remainder of the chapter tells us that if we just cannot resist this evil urge, then marriage is barely

tolerable in order to lessen the sin. Revelation 14 tells us, only virgin men are favored and sex with women defiles a man. Jesus takes no wives, has no children, he kills no enemies of his people, he conquers and defends no territory. Instead, he said in John 18:36, do not fight the Jews because, "My kingdom is not of this world." And, he says, that even to look at a woman with lust is adultery. I tell you again, a race which refuses to live and fight within the reality of this world is doomed to slavery. And a race whose males do not lust after their females strongly enough to fight to the death for sexual union is doomed to extinction.

Love your enemy, turn the other cheek, think not for tomorrow, give unto Caesar and seek not vengeance are other examples of the suicidal philosophy of the New Testament. The fact is, evil not punished and avenged swiftly and ruthlessly will be continued without end. See the story of Melissa McLaughlin, for an example, and know that her case is not unusual in this age. Let us realize that the C.R.A.P. are deceivers. They are at best "conservatives," meaning they want to conserve the present state of chaos, while conserving their money, their possessions, their safety, their status and the executioners' institutions which provide these benefits. The retired military officers that lead much of the alleged resistance are good examples. Like Bo Gritz, with his Oriental ex-wife, his Oriental children, his Negro godson, his assassinations for the CIA and his big Federal paychecks. If he cared one iota about White children, his assassinations would have been of those who bus little White children into places where no sane adult goes without shotguns or police protection. Then there is the Colonel from Mississippi who brags without end of his heroism in Korea and his Christianizing of Koreans. He tells us that millions of commies are hiding in tunnels under the Mexican border waiting to attack. I told him many years ago that millions walked across the border and were mating with many of the last White women. Also, that America had no business in Korea, Vietnam, Italy, Germany, Saudi Arabia or any of the dozens of wars where the victims number tens of millions from one end of the globe to the other. I told him it was for a Jew World Order, and I told him we cannot share Gods or religions with other races. But, he loved his money, his fairy tale religion and his false hero status more than the survival of his race.

Most of the rest of the "leaders," including the militia fuhrers, also, are misleaders on the Federal payroll. Do you really think that Identity ministers and rightwing talk show hosts would be on ZOG licensed stations if they were not deceivers, or at least harmless? For 30 years I have watched these deceivers hold their seminars on gold, the Federal Reserve, the Constitution and so on, while little White children suffered the tortures of the damned. I have heard a thousand of them announce in astounding pretension that they had discovered the magic sentence. Just tell the Federal judge this or that, or do not tell him this or that, and presto, the whole red, white and blue traveling mass murder machine will dissolve. And talk about selfish, while their very race is exterminated, the Libertarians are angry because they do not want to use driver's licenses. These are the fools who do not realize that tyrants have always banded together to pick off individuals one at a time. Then there are the "right-wingers" who clamor for tougher laws and more prisons, exactly as their masters desire. Do they not know that governments create crime so they can imprison political resistance? Of course they know! The Federal Bureau of

Prisons and the federalization of crime exists for the identical reason as the so-called war with the "commies." The cold war hoax was to use America's racially integrated military to mix races near bases all over Europe and America. Now the Federals plant prisons in little White towns all over America, then move colored staff into those towns. Usually these transplanted federal employees make more money than the locals and the White girls are bedazzled. Colored tourism becomes the primary business of the town, as the visitors to the prisons are 90% colored. Already America imprisons more people both in total numbers and per capita than anyone in the world. But right-wingers do not care one iota about freedom or justice. They are the epitome of ignorant selfishness.

About 80 years ago Henry Ford told us there was only one way to free ourselves from the Zionist tyranny. He said we must call our sons back to pride in their race. Now there is no time left for self-deception, executioner-worship or cowardice. There is one issue, the 14 Words. If your "leader" has another agenda or claims he can sneak up on the ZOG with peripheral issues, he is a suicidal deceiver. It is truly now or never.

David Lane

Maynard C Campbell

The following is dedicated in honor of my friend and kinsman, Maynard C. Campbell. Maynard, an honest and thoroughly decent man, was murdered the evening of January 16, 1997 as a culmination of years of Federal deceit, treachery and malice. I take this opportunity to honor a brave man, first by a little history of his life and second by showing some of his work, exposing the unconstitutional usurpation of jurisdiction by the Federals over crimes and alleged crimes which fall under the purview of the individual states.

MAYNARD C. CAMPBELL

I first heard of Maynard Campbell shortly after the Federal assassins murdered Vicki and Sammy Weaver. Maynard had written a short book exposing the lies and treachery of the Federals' hired guns and I saw advertisements for the booklet in various publications. The Federals, therefore, trumped up some false charges that Maynard had cut down a few trees on Federal property and issued a warrant for his arrest. The fact that Maynard had a deed to the property was ignored by the Federals and at the subsequent trial the Federal whore on the railroad, i.e. judge, would not allow the jury to see the deed as plain evidence that the charges were a hoax. Anyway, the next time I heard of Maynard was on the radio. He had cursed the Federal devils and vowed not to surrender. A siege ensued and eventually Maynard did allow himself to be arrested, a mistake for which he berated himself continually.

After his arrest and the usual perjury circus, called a trial in a Federal court, Maynard was sentenced to 13 years in the Federal gulags. Remember, all this was over a few trees. Of course, they enhanced the charges to "threatening Federals," i.e. telling the truth about the Federal assassins and perjurers. Maynard did not hide either his emotions or the truth.

Bear in mind, that even if he had cut down a few trees on Federal property, an appropriate penalty would have been a warning or small fine. Now, thirty years ago, Maynard had worked for a short time as an electronic technician for the Denver Police Department. So, after the verdict, the Federals sent him to Leavenworth and then to the High Security Prison here in Florence, Colorado, knowing full well, of course, that for a high profile ex-cop it was a death sentence. Maynard's spirit was not broken, though, and he did not surrender. He studied and made himself into the foremost authority on the Federal usurpation of jurisdiction. Thousands of challenges to these unconstitutional prosecutions were soon being filed in the Federal courts, and the beast's hatred for Maynard grew ever greater.

Maynard arrived here in Florence in early 1996, as best I remember. I would describe him as a charming Irishman. Despite his age, 55 years, he reminded me of a little boy at times, always excited over some new discovery, but, also, exploding with verbal imprecations over Federal treacheries. He was a trencherman at the table, and I constantly teased him about his weight.

But, with feigned reluctance I would finally surrender my hamburger, hot dogs or other meat dishes, just to see the delighted grin on his face as he gobbled them down. Being a vegetarian myself, it was no sacrifice. Being a skinny old man, nearly 60 years old, I could not enforce protection for Maynard from the "good old boys" and "Code of the Convict" and druggie-drunk types. But, as much as possible I tried to spread an umbrella of protection with words and reason. Maynard had no vices; he did not drink, smoke, use drugs, gamble, and of course he had no use for homosexuals. So these practices which cause 99% of the violence in prison should have had no bearing. Unfortunately, Maynard lived in a different unit from mine, and even worse, there was no warning of what would happen.

Regardless of who did the actual killing, the responsibility for the murder of this brave and decent man belongs to the Federals who falsely and maliciously first imprisoned him and then insured his death by placing him in a high security prison. I grieve over the death and imprisonment of each and every one of the uncountable martyrs destroyed by this incalculably evil government. But, not since the death of Robert J. Mathews have I been this saddened. At each meal I catch myself glancing around to look for Maynard's cheerful face and impish smile. Farewell my friend. You did your tour of duty with honor and courage!

FEDERAL JURISDICTION

Although there were some deceitful agents of international finance among them, the majority of America's founding fathers had ideas of freedom which are reflected in the U.S. Constitution and Bill of Rights. Recognizing that governments inevitably and as standard practice prosecute political dissent as common crimes, the founding fathers denied the federal government jurisdiction over all but a few, narrowly defined possibilities. In memory of Maynard Campbell I will use some of his wording to demonstrate. In the United States of America we have two separate and distinct, mutually

exclusive jurisdictional systems. "State jurisdiction" includes the law-making power to regulate, control and govern real and personal property, individuals and enterprises within the territorial boundaries of any particular State. "United States" or "Federal jurisdiction" is extremely limited and defined, lawfully exercised only in areas external to State legislative power and territory and specifically delegated by the Constitution. In spite of the clarity of this simple principle the Federal government has been operating totally out of bounds.

So, where does the U.S. Constitution allow the United States government to exercise jurisdiction? Article I, Section 8, Clause 17, US Constitution: "To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding 10 miles square) as may, by Cession of particular States, and the acceptance of Congress, become the Seat of the Government of the United States, and to exercise like Authority over all Places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State where the same shall be for the erection of Forts, Magazines, Arsenals, dock-Yards, and other needful buildings."

The Supreme Court stated, "The laws of Congress do not extend into the territorial limits of the States, but have force only in the District of Columbia, and other places that are within the exclusive jurisdiction of the National government." *Caha v. US*, 152 US 211, 215 (1894). "No jurisdiction exists to enforce federal criminal laws until consent to accept jurisdiction over acquired lands has been filed in behalf of the United States, as provided in Title 40, USCS 255" *Adams v. US*, 319 US 312 (1943). This is stated unequivocally in a government publication called " JURISDICTION OVER FEDERAL AREAS WITHIN THE STATES," subtitled "Report of the Interdepartmental Committee for the Study of Jurisdiction over Federal Areas within the States," published by the US Government Printing Office in 1956/1957 in two volumes as follows: The inescapable fact is that Federal criminal jurisdiction exists only in Washington, D.C., the Federal enclaves within the States, the territories and possessions of the United States and out of the jurisdiction of any particular State. PERIOD!!!!

Over 100,00 people languish in Federal prisons today, and almost every single one was fraudulently convicted. Over a million others have gone through this injustice and hell previously. So, who are the real criminals? The Federal prosecutors and judges use "smoke and mirrors," such as the Interstate Commerce clause, to disguise their treachery and unlawful assumption of jurisdiction. It is deception. It is not what a crime was; it is not the motive; the place where the alleged crime happened is the only criterion for determining jurisdiction. To be sure, the Constitution permits the national government to adjudicate disputes between the several States in matters of commerce, but the alleged crimes of individuals do not, never have and never were meant to fall under the jurisdiction of the Federal government. All this Maynard proved by research beyond debate by reasonable men. So now, I think you have a further idea of why this true man of honor was murdered.

David Lane

Fanaticism of Desperation

In the year 1889, divine providence brought forth to this earth a returning spirit, conceived within a child of destiny and dedicated to the preservation of nature's finest creation. Fifty-six years later the child of destiny left Midgard, having done all that was asked and all that was possible in his appointed time. But, indomitable will does not die with the body. He left us with these words: "My spirit shall return and my people will know I was right."

It matters little whether you perceive "spirit" as a mystical force or as a practical result of effort and teaching. Either way, it was his spirit that moved George Lincoln Rockwell. It was his spirit that moved Robert Jay Mathews. It is his spirit that moves those of you who are here today with noble motives. It is his spirit that formed and generates the 14 Words.

In the teachings of the ancients it was said that there exists a connection between the macrocosm, the microcosm and the mind of man. It is a collective consciousness among a common folk, a cosmic mind and universal mediator, a spirit and a power, an unknowable force, provable not by the senses, but by effect. It is an unknown called divine providence or simply, "the ether." It is that which we cannot perceive, yet allows the homing pigeon to return to its roost and it causes the geometric forms found in nature which cannot be accident. An idea and a cause, rooted in the intent and the laws of nature, motivated by the fires of rectitude and desperation, then projected into ever expanding members of the folk and into the ether with unwavering determination and unceasing repetition, becomes a power as unstoppable as the forces of the universe.

All the perversion and opposition of our ancient enemy, of false religions, of treason, of cunning, of deception, of miscegenation and chaos, of governments, prisons or death shall not withstand the power of these 14 Words: "WE MUST SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN." These are the words the world shall note and long remember. No longer can we afford to divide our energies or diffuse our focus with religious dissension or peripheral issues. I would like to spend some time on religion, as controversial as that may be. For the sake of unity we must find and embrace a common denominator. That denominator is the self-evident truth that nature and nature's laws are the work of the Creator, no matter what name we use for God or what our perceptions of God may be. Even those who reject the idea of a creative intelligence called God must acknowledge that we are subject to nature's laws. In the Declaration of Independence of the American colonies of July 4, 1776, we find the term "Nature and Nature's God."

The Creators (COTC) among us use a book titled "Nature's Eternal Religion." The Wotansvolk have the second of the 14 Codes of the Aryan Ethic, which says, "Nature's laws evidence the divine plan, as the natural world is the work of the Allfather." And for the Identity folk, I would like to quote three verses verbatim from the oldest book of the bible, Job 12: 7-9. "But ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee, and the fowls of the air and they shall tell thee, or speak to the earth and it shall teach thee, and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these the hand of the Lord hath wrought this." Again we see confirmation that nature's laws evidence the divine plan.

Friendly debates about the names for God, about religious symbols or rituals, or parables and allegories used in religious teachings are understandable and acceptable. But the moment such debate detracts from nature's highest law, which is the preservation of our own kind, then the debate violates divine law. Nature's laws are a holy book written by Nature's God, a book not subject to translation, editing or distortion. Let nature's laws mediate any dispute. If that does not work, then put the dispute aside until we have accomplished the 14 Words. Does anyone really care what name the colored races use for God after we are extinct?

Now then, I have decided to take the bull by the horns and discuss something absolutely vital that I have put off for a dozen years, because it is so controversial. It will offend some. including, I suppose, a few of our women, who are already rare in the resistance. Still, I intend to accomplish the 14 Words and it cannot be done if we continue to deny natural law. So, I am going to talk about sex, for Wotansvolk and Creators, in the light of nature's laws and for the Identity Folk, in the light of the Old Testament. For those who wonder why I stress Old Testament rather than the whole bible, please bear with me.

I am not here to demand "belief" of one kind or another. I will not debate whether the parables, allegories and super-natural stories of ancient religions can be taken literally. I am here to illustrate facts, results and the overall effect of religious philosophies. I have pointed out before that Jews followed the ruthless philosophy of the Old Testament and conquered the world. So whether you believe the philosophy was stolen from Aryans or was invented by Jews is immaterial to this discussion. If it works to preserve and empower a people, it bears looking into.

A little research will show that all our ancient religions were fertility religions. Reproduction is the first fundamental necessity for the survival of any race or species. And sexual lust, particularly male sexual lust is, therefore, the divine plan. Sex is a pleasure, a duty and for males it is a curse, for nature decrees that males must fight for females. Sexual lust is the mother of battle lust, and battle lust is the mother of nations.

The Old Testament is a fertility religion. It teaches taking power, territory and women, and living within the reality of this world. Its major figure is King David, whose name appears over one thousand times in the Old Testament of the King James Bible. Incidentally, his name is, also, hermetically placed, an example being that David appears 88 times in the body and titles of Psalms. Despite the incident with Bathsheba (which appears to be a parable telling us that sexual lust must be disciplined). David is an example of natural law. He kills his enemies and the enemies of his people.

Like Thor, he kills a giant with an unorthodox weapon. He defends territory for his people. He has dozens of wives and concubines and dozens of children. He is a lusty man of this world. On his deathbed the most beautiful virgin in the land is brought to him in an effort to revive his spirit. If you young men have the same kind of raging hormones that I once did, I am sure you will agree that is a fine way to go. Incidentally, for any Federal pigdog spies and assassins reading this, "hormones" in this case does not refer to

the sounds made by your wives... while you are out murdering women, children and innocent men.

As I said, some women may be offended. "What about the 'rights' of the virgin given to David?" they ask. What about the "rights" of the wives and concubines? What about their "right" to possess a man? What about their "right" to choose whether to have children? I remind you again, nature does not recognize "rights." And nothing in nature is "fair" in the modern context of the word. Maybe it is not "fair" that women suffer pain in childbirth. Neither was it "fair" that soldiers at Gettysburg had their injured limbs sawed off without anesthesia.

The bravest, most determined rooster gets the most females and thus, the best genes are passed along and the species is kept strong. The bravest and most determined bull gets the most females and thus, the best genes are passed along and the species is kept strong. The bravest and most determined lion gets the most females and thus, the best genes are passed along and the species is kept strong. If David were the bravest and most determined rooster, bull, lion, then his proper reward was many of the most beautiful women in the land. And thus, beauty mates with courage and nobility to the benefit of the race.

If the modern White woman wants to "possess" a man rather than being a possession, of the best rooster, bull, lion, warrior, that is only evidence of the effectiveness of centuries of anti-nature teachings. Natural law is why the Old Testament taught polygamy. Natural law is why the original Mormon religion, which was racially exclusive, also taught polygamy. The race murdering American government forced the Mormon Church into apostasy. Mormons were driven from Illinois, from Missouri, persecuted clear to Utah. They were forced to abandon first polygamy, then racial exclusivity.

While we are on the subject of sex, let us, also, explode some hypocrisy. I am sick and tired of hearing men blame women for the destruction of our race each time they see a White female with a colored male. Admittedly, there is an epidemic of such treason, but responsibility must be properly placed. I hear White men using the sour grapes phrase, "Well, she is just bad genetic seed anyway." Horse crap!!! They are the exact same genetic seed as their parents and grandparents all the way back to the beginning. Once I saw a little White girl, perhaps 7th or 8th grade, getting off a bus with two colored boys. They were engaged in sexual flirtation. Like others,

I could have been overcome with rage at her. But for her I felt only incredible sadness. My hate was for the men, the fathers and grandfathers of our race who caused and allowed this. She was maybe 13 years old. From the time she was a baby she had been taught that racial mixing was noble. Her teachers, her preacher, the TV, the radio, newspapers, magazines, movies and every influence in her life told her that mixing was noble. So do we expect her to make a judgment contrary to her entire perceived world?

Defense of nation, power and territory has been the duty of men, not women, from time immemorial. Therefore, men tend to see the world in terms of "nations," while women

see the world in terms of "individuals." It was our fathers, not our mothers, who are responsible for betraying their own kind. It was our fathers, not our mothers, who fought the fratricidal wars in Europe to destroy our racial gene pool. It was our fathers, not our mothers, who used bayonets to integrate the schools of Dixie. It was our fathers, not our mothers, who abandoned territory and power. That little girl would never have been in a racially integrated school or neighborhood except for the treason of men. It was our fathers, not our mothers, who gave up all influence in the media. The preacher who told the little girl that Jesus loves colored males so she should, also, was a man, not a woman. It was our fathers who allowed a system of courtship in which men grovel and beg for a woman's favors like a whipped cur.

I tell you again, from time immemorial, those out of power raised armies with promises of plunder and the seizing of women. Such is nature's plan. And so it shall be again, if our kind has the will to survive. The rightful reward for the greatest warrior is the most women and the most beautiful women. Thus, the greatest beauty and the greatest traits of our race are increased.

Nature's laws are pitiless, ruthless, unyielding and yet, evidence a divine justice. For obedience to these laws is life, and disobedience is certain death. Young women, given freedom to choose, pick mates based on instincts given them by nature. Factors she will consider, either consciously or subconsciously, are wealth, power, glitter, security and societal approval. Our young white men have no wealth, no power, no glitter, no ability to offer security, and if they make a statement for racial life, no societal approval. So, why do we blame our women for leaving us wholesale?

We have to recognize that male sexual lust is the generator of all and is nature's plan. Have you noticed we can hardly draw a few dozen comrades to a racial rally once a year? Are you aware that probably 50 million of our remaining White males in America alone spend literally hundreds of billions of dollars per year because of the motivation of sex? Off the top and directly, there are magazines like Playboy and Penthouse, and of course, movies with various ratings for sexual content. Then there are more subtle methods of selling with sex. On TV we see how the man spending \$50,000 on a sports car is sure to attract a sexy young dish. Sex is what sells. Our enemy knows it. He uses our great treasures in all their unclad glory to sell tens of millions of so-called "men's magazines" every week. The publishers, usually Jews, become multi-millionaires. All too often, the pictorial of a beautiful Aryan female is next to an interview with a colored athlete or celebrity in which he castigates "the evil White man." Then the pictorial is followed by an interracial sex video advertisement. But the Folk buy because the most fundamental male urge is sex. They sit at home drooling over what Nature intended to be theirs. Our men get to "look," while Jews and aliens enjoy the favors of the last and most beautiful White women. So, what are you going to do, young White man?

First of all, you better realize that our women are not coming back by friendly persuasion. We have exactly nothing to offer. They scoff at us and spit in our faces, calling us the system buzz words like "sexist" and "racist." So, you are going to take them back the way it has been done throughout the ages of history. That is why nature made you bigger,

faster, stronger and a creature of lust. If your women had been captured by foreign armies with guns, you would not hesitate to take them back with guns. Do you not see that they were captured with money and deceit, but they are just as gone. Recently I saw a cartoon with four cavemen. Three of them carrying clubs were dragging captured women home by the hair of their heads. A fourth caveman stood alone, holding a bouquet of flowers and looking perplexed that he had no woman. Neither he nor you should be a bit perplexed. Might makes right. All the feminist buzz words about kidnapping, rape, slavery and "rights" will not change one clear fact. Three cavemen with clubs and balls had women. The civilized wimp with flowers had none. Deservedly, his genes pass into extinction.

Of course sex, women, reproduction and preservation of the race are inseparable from the territorial imperative. Hopefully by now we have purged all the reality deniers from our midst. If you think you can vote a nation for our people after seeing what America did to Germany, South Africa, Dixie, Sam and Vicki Weaver, and on and on, then depart now for the nearest mental institution. If you think our race can survive without exclusively White nations after the examples of Northern India, Carthage, Egypt, Persia and on and on, then depart now for the funny farm. If you think your God will do it for you, please depart now for psychiatric help. As Louis Beam once said, "God gave you the intelligence to build guns. But he will not pull the trigger for you."

Remember it is essential to reach ever more of our folk with the message of racial survival. I wish you all the very best. You are dealing with pure, malignant evil, with devils incarnate. You will be targeted by the Federals, as their goal is your extinction. They will demonize you and your beliefs to deflect attention away from their own crimes. Go to the struggle with absolute defiance and accept what the Norns decree in likewise manner.

A Federal is not fit to suck the sweat from your dirty socks. Give them no satisfaction. I am sure that with the strength gained from the certainty of moral rectitude you will bring honor to a thousand generations of your ancestors. With the fanaticism of desperation, yet the cunning and stealth of a Viking warrior, you must live and spread the concept stated in the 14 WORDS.

David Lane

Moral Authority

As long as the media, in all its aspects, is able to maintain the fraudulent portrayal of moral authority for the political and religious institutions engaged in the murder of the White race, we will continue our headlong plunge toward extinction. Because America is, and has been, the instrument designed by the world's self "chosen" rulers to administer the coup de grace, the final death blow to our race, I have constructed the following short declaration in an attempt to utterly obliterate the executioners false illusion of moral authority. This letter is to request that you use said declaration as soon and as extensively as possible, because our race is over the abyss. Please send the declaration to friends, to

publications, and give it massive exposure on the internet. If you wish to use the declaration within the framework of your own creative writing, please use it complete, as is, because it is designed for maximum effect, emotion, content and relationship.

DECLARATION

In the wars, occupations and revolutions that America has instigated, financed, and participated in, from Dixie, to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Japan, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Iran, to Lybya, to Bosnia, to Serbia, to Waco, to Ruby Ridge, and on and on, the dead and maimed number a bare minimum of two hundred million, half of them being White people.

In its determination to mix and destroy the integrity of races, nations and cultures, and particularly to mix, overrun, integrate, miscegenate, reduce by wars, and ultimately exterminate the White race, the Red, White and Blue traveling mass murder machine is, and has been, an engine of holocaust, genocide and death, unmatched in human history. As always, the tyrants falsely accuse defeated freedom fighters of the self same holocaust tactics which the tyrants employ themselves, thus claiming false moral authority. But observers with personal integrity and uncontaminated reasoning ability look at the big picture, i.e. two hundred million holocaust victims, and recognize that the propaganda of the Victors becomes the history of the Vanquished. America denies us White nations, White schools, White neighborhoods, White organizations, and everything necessary for racial survival, then unceasingly promotes inter-racial mating for what will soon be the last generation of White women. That is deliberate, malicious, conscious genocide. True moral authority belongs to those who resist genocide, in obedience to Nature's first and highest law which is the preservation of ones own kind.

David Lane

Modern Freemasonry

The following contains some phraseology which may appear incomprehensible to readers who are not familiar with multiple meanings and allegorical styles by which the custodians of the "Mysteries" have always encoded their wisdom. But, since this document is written both to and about Masons, it must necessarily be constructed as is. Others have written large volumes, deciphering the messages within ancient folkish and religious myths. A hermetic parable may have up to seven separate meanings to Adepts of increasing levels. Space being limited, suffice it to say here that the virgin found in so many ancient mystery religions represented the womb of the Mysteries. The crucified Saviors, of which there were at least 16 prior to Christianity, represent the Mysteries themselves, which are continually destroyed or corrupted by tyrants, but which, by the efforts of the Secret Brotherhood, are preserved and resurrected. And the Mysteries themselves are knowledge of nature's deepest secrets, functions and laws.

I say to today's Freemasons, your lodges, which were once sacred temples for the preservation of Sophia, the Virgin of Wisdom, now partake in a new Rape of Persephone.

Between the venerable pillars of Jachin and Boaz, the veils of Isis are now stained with innocent blood, concealing treachery instead of the Mysteries of Nature.

The three Grand Masters of Jerusalem are become the greed of merchants, the sophistries of lawyers and the pursuit of power. Jubela with a gauge, Jubelo with a square and Jubelum with a maul, spill the blood of Master Builders upon the seven sacred steps. The blood of De Molay and the Templars, of Bruno, of Bacon, of uncounted and unknown martyrs from ages past, mourns the defilement of their labors and the perversion of their dreams. Sir Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis" (i.e. America) has participated in maiming and murdering 200 million mortals in unending wars from one end of the earth to the other, destroying the integrity of every race, nation and culture, and exterminating the White Aryan race. His dreams became a nightmare. The Lion's Paw no longer uplifts Nature's highest creation, but instead aids false Zion in bastardizing and destroying the Aryan race. The Great Architect's first law, "like kind after like kind" is mocked.

The Temple is no longer known as allegory and symbolism for the "Great Work" of "perfected man," that work being a harmonious balance of reason and instinct in Aryan man. So today, ignorant Craftsmen teach their children the reason of computers and to deny the instinct for racial preservation. Streams of wisdom from Lucifer's throne are become rivers of destruction from Ersatz Israel. Within the Great Pyramid the Master of the House of Hidden Places weeps, for the widows' sons neither know nor seek the Lost Word.

Do not Master Masons know that Solomon and his twelve tribes of Israel, and Jesus with his twelve apostles are allegories for the Sun and the twelve signs of the zodiac? Do they not know that when Christians say "Amen," they pray to the Egyptian Sun God "Amen Ra?" Do they no longer know that Jachin and Boaz are the Obelisks that once stood at the entrance to the Temple of Amen Ra? Do they no longer know that the Great Pyramid is the greatest of all temples? Can they not decipher the hermetic coding in the 74 words of Revelation 2:9 and 3:9, which identify the racial-religious tribe that rules all once-White nations, and who have sentenced the White Aryan race to death? Today's "Craftsmen" desecrate the memory of their ancestors. True Masons, custodians of the Mysteries, wrote the U.S. Declaration of Independence and Articles of Confederation, which, though imperfect, reflect their desire for freedom and their fear of government. Their dreams were soon subverted as the Jewish Illuminati infiltrated the major lodges of Masonry. And now for over 200 years the Craft has served ersatz Zion, knowing not what they do.

True Masons formed the Mormon religion, which was originally racially exclusive and taught polygamy. But the race-murdering U.S. government, riddled with apostate and ignorant "Craftsmen," persecuted the Mormons until they, also, accepted apostasy, multi-racialism and monogamy. Federal, State and local judges, lawyers, prosecutors, police powers, military officers, merchants and politicians use the once sacred craft, signs, countersigns and secrets to promote greed, self-interest and injustice. The courts are filled with perjury, false evidence and injustice and Masons are accomplices. The Temple is become an unclean spirit.

The Creator gave instincts for separation, for territorial imperatives, for self-preservation to each race and species. Racial integration and the inevitable miscegenation which follows destroys what the Creator has formed. Shall the race of Edison, Ford, Bacon, Shakespeare, Bell, Galileo, and on and on, now die because the sons of the widows' sons dishonor their forebears? The predecessors of Speculative Freemasonry, Guardians of the Mysteries, made great sacrifices, even the ultimate sacrifice, in order to combat the evil religion from Judea and Rome which had turned all Europe into a gigantic slave camp for a thousand years. But today's Masons exchange the slavery of Judeo-Christianity for the genocide (the murder of the Aryan race) by Judeo-America. Neo-Masonry is a new heresy, properly called Judeo-Masonry. On the Great {sic} Seal of the United States, seen on the back of a dollar bill over the eagle, we see that thirteen pentacle stars, representing the individual states, coalesce to form a hexagram or Star of David, used by the tribe that owns and controls the once-White nations. The symbolism is clear that the United States would be used to build the world Zionist empire, and that's exactly what has happened. The Pentagon, by no accident, became the police department of that empire, and America became a red, white and blue travelling, mass murder machine, unmatched in efficiency and brutality by even the first head of the beast, Judeo-Christianity.

So, now in this age of technological nightmares and spiritual vacuum, we not only see Prometheus again crucified on Mount Caucasus, but the Aryan race (some call Caucasian) is crucified on Mount Zion. New Agers pervert the ancient Mysteries with childish doctrines of Universal Love, denying that the Creator made lions to eat lambs and life to be struggle. The worshipful masters turn the lodges into cesspools of iniquity and ignorance.

Anti-nature writings are called sacred scripture. Propaganda is called history. Evil is called good. Voting is a fraud controlled by media propaganda and computer programmers. Injustice is now law. Genocide is canonized, and resistance to the murder of the Aryan race is called "HATE." For at least some of America's founding fathers their intent was to unite the Aryan tribes from Europe in peace and cooperation. International finance had other ideas. For them "E Pluribus Unum" and "Novus Ordo Seclorum" on the Great Seal of the United States meant mixing and destroying the Aryan race through integration and miscegenation.

At least some of the Adepts in the Mysteries, who wrote much of the Old Testament, meant to build a racially exclusive religion for the preservation of the Aryan tribes. They were aware that the Aryans, who once reigned supreme from Northern India to the Arctic Circle to the British Isles to North Africa, had perished by racial mixing repeatedly. The twelve tribes of Israel very likely were mythology used to represent the Aryan tribes. The evidence that today's Jews have no connection to the Old Testament representations is no secret to the logical mind. For one example, citizenship in the Old Testament Israel story was patriarchal, coming through the father, while modern Jewry traces citizenship through the mother.

However, men of intellect should recognize that the Israel tribes of the Old Testament are

allegory, parable, myth and perhaps prophecy or plan, using a historical setting. It is not history, per se. Furthermore, the wise man recognizes that the writings and writers of the bible were under the control and scrutiny of the Judeo-Roman tyrants for nearly 2,000 years. So as of now, only qualified adepts who understand the secret coding system should presume to teach from the bible. And additionally, the honest scholar knows that the overt message of the New Testament forms a slave religion designed to conquer, enslave and exterminate the White race, a few transparent attempts to tie the Testaments together notwithstanding.

Jewry stole the Star of David from Aryan adepts in the Mysteries. They stole an identity from the Old Testament myths of Israel, these myths having been created by Aryan Adepts. They destroyed the dream of a free Aryan republic called America. Using the Illuminati, they corrupted the major lodges of Freemasonry and neutralized opposition to tyranny. Now the square and compass serve chaos and destruction. The seven stars are become degrees of perversion. The Virgin of the World is no longer fertilized by Hermes, and the Mysteries of Horus die in her womb. Deceived Craftsmen search futilely in the East for the Lost Word, while they lock the key in a Western prison. The widows' sons speak of the Grand Mathematician-Geometrician of the Universe, yet they know naught of the geometry in the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, or of the geometry in the Seven Magic Squares, or of the Seven Spirits of God or the Seven Seals of Revelation. They read from a bible constructed by a (Wotanist) gnostic adept named Francis Bacon, and have no idea of the real meanings. Revelation 2:17 and 3:12 tell them God will take a new name written in "A WHITE STONE." The name is literally in a white stone, for it is an anagram. Rearrange the letters and they spell "THEE IS WOTAN."

They have a bible, English language King James Version, constructed as a time bomb to destroy Judeo-Christianity, but they know not the key or the codes. So, the labors of Bacon and other Adepts go unrewarded, unrecognized and unfulfilled. Truly, modern Masonry is a degenerate and undeserving child of noble parents.

From the flames at Waco, and Hamburg, and Dresden, and on and on, the voices of a million children scream in unimaginable pain, as their innocent bodies are roasted alive. The new inquisition of the FBI, BATF and a multitude of Federal devils laugh over the "real Texas barbecue," as they called it at Waco. Meanwhile, the drunks at the VFW hall swill their booze and brag of how they destroyed the defender of the White race in Germany. Hopefully neither the Great White Brotherhood nor Nature's God will much longer tolerate absolute perversion. A great cleansing is needed and no mercy can be shown to those who denied the Creator's Laws of Nature. That time of trouble known as Ragnarok, Armageddon, Day of Kalki and other names must sweep away the foul poisons of greed, compulsion, mis-placed compassion and so-called civilization. A government of the philosophical elect, guided by reason and Nature's Laws must yet someday become a reality. Choose now between Nature's God of Reason and the tyrant's artificial Gods of belief. The first is struggle and life within the reality of this world. The second is continued slavery and finally death for the Aryans, which all history proclaims are the Master Builders.

David Lane

Drugs and Government

To write on the subject of drugs and alcohol is subtly problematic. It presents the same mental roadblock as discussing the "battle of the sexes." The difficulty rises from primarily two circumstances. One is the conditioned mindset of an entire generation, or in the case of sex, of many generations. The other problem is that our folk cannot seem to differentiate between "their" governments (the governments of our enemies) and the governments we desire. We live entirely under enemy rule, and it is futile, as well as destructive, to debate or even care about what goes on in "their" system.

There simply is not any reason to care about drugs or drunkenness or abortion or homosexuality or anything else in America or the once-White nations as they exist at this time. These governments are dedicated to the murder of our race. The perversions listed above destroy political states and that is exactly what we desire.

Let us for a moment consider abortion, which so occupies the minds and efforts of certain fundamentalist Christian groups. It is not our concern that infanticide is legal for them in "their" system. Let us teach our own youth not to murder our grand-children. Our recourse is to remove ourselves and our children just as far as is feasible and possible from their system and its influence.

Now back to drugs. You probably already know that governments create problems so that they can justify police states on the pretext of solving the problem. That is precisely what happened in America.

The father of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, made the statement that, "We do not care about people who use heroin. They are un-American and mainly in Black ghettos." This gave covert operatives license to deal in drugs as a means to an end. During the Vietnam era a Chinese warlord stated that survival in the jungles of Burma surrounded by Communists depends on arms. Arms require money. Money is made only one way -- heroin.

It is now known that the US government promoted and conducted mass L.S.D. experiments on the American populace at large over three decades. This same beast left our Vietnam MIA/POW's to rot in the jungles after the war so that it could continue transporting tons of heroin out of the Burma Golden Triangle and into the United States. G. Gordon Liddy in his book "Will" states that no American has ever gone into the Golden Triangle and come out alive. All of the MIA/POW's were abandoned and sacrificed by the very government they served.

The so-called "War on Drugs" is just another step in the seemingly inexorable march to a nightmare that even George Orwell could not imagine in his book "1984." There are over 1.7 million people in prison in America and approximately 70% are there on drug or drug related charges. The number grows exponentially and prisons are America's premier

growth industry.

So while, as you will see, I bitterly and whole-heartedly condemn drugs and the drug culture for our people, it only plays into the tyrants' hands to sanction ever more draconian laws and ever more erosion in basic freedoms within "their" systems.

The fact is, even in an Aryan society, which we do not have, one cannot and must not legislate morality. Morality must be inculcated in children by their parents and by the mythologies and subtle influence of constructive religion.

Remember always, and above all other political lessons, that the danger from governments and from alien, organized religion dwarfs any tyranny that can be imposed by individuals. As heinous as the crimes of Jack the Ripper or Ted Bundy were, they pale into nothingness compared to the tens upon tens of millions that America alone has killed in its never-ending wars from one end of the earth to the other. And the tortures of the inquisition make serial killers look like pikers. Remember, however, after a revolution there must be a period of cleansing, retribution and re-education, presided over by a ruthless leader. It is the only way to root out the entrenched decadence. So, one more time before getting into just how horrible mind-altering drugs really are, let me repeat, what goes on in "their" systems is not our concern.

With this in mind, we can consider what we want within our own families and what we will want within our own nations when we again control our own political states and destiny. Let me begin with a pair of concepts. First, the word "Aryan" comes from the Sanskrit meaning "noble ones." Secondly, every word we speak and every action we take sets an example for someone and influences someone. There is absolutely nothing noble about drug use or drunkenness. It does not advance or aid yourself, your family or your race. In fact, almost inevitably it makes a person a burden to family and friends. Before coming to prison I had virtually no knowledge of the drug culture, so it was a real revelation. One of the first phenomena I noticed was justification. Drug users totally rationalize what they do. They consider it their "right," and often become resentful or even dangerous if you question their actions.

Now, readers should know that the word "rights" is meaningless. Those with the might decide what is "right" for the powerless. And I tell you with all conviction and certainty, that no Aryan will have the "right" to set examples of destructive behavior before the children of our nations when we have them. This does not mean that I endorse police powers for a central government. It does mean that if some degenerate offers drugs, or legitimizes drugs, to a man's children, then the father has the duty to execute the offender. I am not versed in the intricacies of the brain or how specific substances affect its various functions, but by observation it appears that mind altering drugs first affect whatever portion of the mind that controls judgment and morality. Many druggies appear to be able to function quite well in a mechanical sense. They can often continue to perform various jobs, play sports and communicate. Yet, most druggies would shoot their own grandmother in the back and bet on which way she fell for just one more hit of dope.

Here in prison they buy on credit, knowing that their lives are in danger when they cannot pay. Due to urinalysis testing they constantly go "to the hole" (solitary), yet it seems weeks or months in such conditions are worth it for just a few minutes or hours of mind alteration, or whatever the attraction is. Time and again I see them betray their best friends in order to acquire a shot of dope. I do not understand it, but it is a fact that must be understood.

Then, there is what might be called "give up syndrome." As part of the justification process inmates say it does not matter what they do because they are sentenced to 20 or 40 or 80 years and may never be free. They forget that no man is an island; you may influence another person who will soon be released. Will you influence him to be an upstanding Aryan, or will he shoot dope in front of his children, because of your example? The world hates a hypocrite. You cannot want a safe, secure, moral environment for White children, then act like you had no idea what the word noble means.

Prisoners must realize that their possible influence never dies. In prison, even if you are serving a long time, you have the ability to teach yourself, to improve yourself and then influence others. Being an Aryan, in or out of prison, is a lifelong struggle of "becoming," of becoming a higher man or woman.

And alcohol? I once worked with an Irishman who drank about a quart of Scotch a day. Then he would beat his wife and get arrested for drunk driving. But still he had the nerve to be offended when his children used drugs. What could he expect? The world has no respect for a hypocrite. My own father beat my mother during his drunken binges. He beat my brother at age 7 so badly that he broke his eardrums. As a result Roger was never adopted from the orphanage where my siblings and I ended up. Truly, too much booze alters the mind just as destructively as drugs. A further tragedy is that a damaged mind cannot evaluate itself, so the offender will not admit his problem.

It is a waste of time to feel compassion for those who are so weak that they destroy their own minds. Attempting to reform them is promotion of the unfit and the weak. It will bring you nothing but grief, so keep your distance. Unless a substance abuser realizes his problem and reforms himself, he is a lost cause. It is true that our folk have used alcohol in rituals in ages past, and there is some evidence that an occasional beer or glass of wine is actually healthy. But, if you can not control your drinking, then be honest about it and abstain. Booze has destroyed more of our folk over the eons of time than can be imagined.

Some quotations from the Havamal -- Words of the High One, at some time in remote history Wotan indicated that substance abuse is not just a modern phenomenon.

Havamal : 12 "Drunk I was, I was over-drunk, at that cunning Fialar's. It is the best drunkenness, when everyone after it regains his reason."

Havamal : 17 " A fool gapes when to a house he comes, to himself mutters or is silent;

but all at once, if he gets drunk, then is the man's mind displayed."

Havamal : 19 "Let a man hold the cup, yet of the mead drink moderately, speak sensible or be silent. As of a fault no man will admonish thee, if thou goest betimes to sleep."

In conclusion, let us all evaluate ourselves with brutal honesty and ask if our actions are noble. Then, remember that a major principle of nobility is the example we have set, either directly to White children or to others who have the opportunity to influence our children.

We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children. Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth.

David Lane

Misplaced Compassion

"Compassion" is a word fraught with as many dangers as the irrational concepts of "equality" and "democracy." When we speak of compassion, then related concepts and emotions such as love, tolerance, forgiveness, chivalry, universalism and humility come into mind, as well as their opposites like hate, revenge, etc.

If our race is to survive on planet earth, then a paradigm shift, a complete fundamental change in our outlook, must come about. Many centuries of mind rot must be ruthlessly purged from the collective minds and psyche of our folk.

One of the reasons for the never-ending quarrels and back-stabbing among the various leaders and groups, which are ostensibly devoted to either the survival of our kind as elucidated in the 14 Words, or to building a rational, nature-based religion, is simply a matter of strategy.

There is much to be learned from revolutionaries from the past. Adolf Hitler pointed out quite correctly the difference between a movement and a political party. A movement does not compromise its ultimate goal, although, of course, alliances and strategies may change as necessary to achieve that goal. In that sense we are a movement, since we will never compromise that singular goal of racial survival. Politicians, however, always compromise.

Mao Tse Tung pointed out, equally correctly, that no revolution happens before its time. Many factors: economic, cultural, religious, etc. must coalesce at a point in time before the explosion will happen and its changes take root.

The masses are always paralyzed by inertia. They resist change except in small doses which do not violently upset their current dogma and their comfort level. And that is why there must be many levels to the resistance. The masses must be fed milk before they are ready to digest meat, i.e., the brutal and unpleasant truth.

Recognizing this concept is the reason I do not attack other leaders unless they are openly and unarguably guilty of race treason. A movement, however, must, I repeat, must have a focal point, an end of the spectrum, a non-compromising voice that pulls toward the ultimate goal.

Before understanding "compassion" we must consider "truth." Since every religion and religious leader claims to know the "truth," and supports his claim with "belief," "faith," and alleged "holy books," what makes Wotansvolk different? Quite simply, Wotansvolk consider that Nature and Nature's immutable laws are the work of the Absolute, therefore, Nature's laws are God's laws. They are a "bible" that is written by the Creator-Absolute and not by men. Nature's laws cannot be mistranslated, invented, twisted or changed. And any race or species that wishes to survive is subject to those natural laws. That is the essence and truth of ancient Aryan religion and of Wotanism, both then and now.

For those new to Wotanism it is useful to point out that, while the super-natural and impossible mythologies of Aryan religions had multiple and valuable purposes, they were never meant to be taken literally by mature adults. If proponents of other White, racial religions would recognize this fact and incorporate it into their teachings, they would have greater success in recruiting practical and educated folk to the cause. An Aryan religion must not conflict with the physical laws of the universe, nor with logic, reason and common sense. Just as a picture is said to be worth a thousand words, so a God, a Goddess or religious mythology creates mental pictures and effects more powerful than whole libraries. The question that must be addressed is whether a religion teaches its symbolism and words that Nature's laws are ruthless, unforgiving and inescapable. Or does the religion teach "compassion" that exists nowhere outside of one's own family, tribe and race?

Our survival as a race depends on a truthful answer and on understanding compassion.

The wolf pack is often useful to make a point about natural law, for wolves are not only mammals like us, but they band together for hunting, survival and their common good. Fortunately for wolves, but unlike us, they do not have the intellect which allows them to override the self-preserving instincts given them by Nature. In a wolf pack there is an alpha male, the top dog, the leader; he attains that position by combat with any challenger.

The point to note here, however, is that such a duel is not to the death. If the challenger perceives that he cannot win, he rolls on his back and makes signs of capitulation and subservience. The winner then accepts the surrender and does not kill the loser. We could probably equate this with the concept of chivalry among Aryans. But here is where we have departed from natural law. We have extended chivalry, a form of compassion, beyond our own family and race. The wolf will kill or drive away all competition, including other canines, such as coyotes or foxes, without compassion or mercy. In a competitive world that is Nature's command. On the one hand, there are all the rest. The rest are either competitors or prey.

There are three root races of homo sapiens on this earth. Although arguable, the commonly accepted scientific terms are: Caucasoid (White Aryan), Negroid(Black) and Mongoloid (Yellow or Red), and of course, a myriad of mixtures. Negroids and Mongoloids and mixtures do not care one whit about the welfare or continued existence of Caucasoids, and properly so, for Nature declares each is concerned with his own. But under the influence of a universalist religion and imperialist capitalism, we, the White Aryans, have been totally indoctrinated with a misplaced compassion. So we have given food, technology, medicine, education, territory and even our women to the competitors who seek our extinction. It is absolute insanity in the eyes of Nature and Nature's God.

The word "love" is one of the most mis-used, over-used and misunderstood in any language. Love and compassion are often used together. Throughout the mammalian world, from wolves to Aryans, the truest and most consistent _expression of an emotion we might call love is that of a mother for her offspring. The capacity of a mother, and especially an Aryan female, to sacrifice for her children is usually almost boundless.

So, quite naturally, it is the inherent compassion in our women that the enemy has exploited the most. Since the emancipation of women in America by Constitutional Amendment in 1920, our race has gone straight over the abyss toward extinction.

All the TV or movies have to do is show some starving Negro child in Africa with flies crawling on its nose and our women rush to donate their last penny to some missionary in Somalia, or they pledge their last dollar to African relief. The following thoughts never occur to them.

First, it is a competitive world. Every cent given to other races is treason. Her love should be for Aryan children, first of all her own, and then her kinfolk's children. Secondly, when we violate Nature's laws, there is misery to pay. When we feed, they breed, and soon there will be ten times as many to starve. Nature balances populations and any artificial increase in food, technology or medicine for those who do not or cannot produce it themselves leads to misery. This is misplaced compassion of the worst suicidal kind.

The environment is a concern to more and more of the folk today, and rightly so. There are limits to the population the earth can support in a standard of living like, or close to, what we have become accustomed. There are roughly one-half billion Whites and five and one-half billion coloreds on the planet. Whether the earth can support even just the Whites without further ruining the topsoil, depleting the forests, exhausting the fossil fuels and producing nuclear wastelands is questionable. Fifty to one hundred million Aryans could probably have earth as a permanent paradise, but the industrialization of the third world by capitalists and their religious cohorts will quickly destroy the planet. To be blunt, it is us or them; it is good life, or misery, then extinction. Nature plays no favorites and allows no one to violate her ruthless laws without paying a heavy price.

All Nature declares support, love and compassion for the strong, wise and beautiful. Every rancher, farmer and horse-breeder knows that he must breed his cows and mares to

the best bull or stud available; the inferior become steaks or glue. Now the race of Galileo and Tesla must decide if they will survive or be overrun and bred out of existence by a race that never invented a wheel or a written language. And the technological marvels and inventions of our race are not even the main issue.

There are examples of misplaced compassion which demonstrate how we have been led on the downward path. There is an entire floor at Children's Hospital where they keep the freaks born without brains or body parts.

Fundamentalists from an alien religion deny abortions to White women who have been raped by racial aliens due to misplaced compassion for the mongrel baby.

Extraordinary methods are used to keep alive even those who desire to die due to pain, paralysis, loss of control of functions, etc. The famous writer-journalist H.L. Mencken once said, "Americans are stupid." Perhaps, but I believe it would be more accurate to say that the entire Aryan race has been driven to insanity. Dogma reigns supreme over reason, common sense and natural law.

The change in our whole outlook on life, in our most fundamental philosophy must be complete, no matter how traumatic. There is a good example of just how completely our minds have been programmed toward misplaced compassion. In 1992 in South Carolina a gang of seven Negroes kidnapped a young White woman named Melissa McLaughlin. They raped and tortured her for several hours, then skinned her alive in a tub of bleach before finally killing her. Did her parents, deep in the Bible Belt, call for justice? Hardly! In a true Christian fashion, spirit of forgiveness, tolerance, love and compassion, their apparent biggest concern was for the feelings and souls of the murderers and their families.

Let it be understood, evil unpunished and unavenged will continue without end. Justice delayed is no justice at all, and justice delayed until a speculated afterlife is the tool of tyrants. Terror is only defeated by greater terror. Does anyone think a Viking of 1,000 years ago would have prayed for the killers of his daughter? Or a Teutonic Wotanist of 1,500 years ago? We are a castrated, emasculated, brain polluted race of men, who act like women, and a race of women who want to be men. Sex and war, lust and revenge, victory or death, those are Nature's decrees. The divine law is war, with women to the winners and extinction for the losers. "The Art of War" by Sun Tsu, an Oriental, enunciated the nature of life and war as well as any other has done. Courage without wisdom, cunning and ruthlessness is futile. Only the Victor is in a position to show compassion, and he is never the victor if his compassion is misguided.

We must have the integrity and courage to cast off all dogma, whether it involves misplaced compassion, alien religion or suicidal political systems. Nature's law tells all.

"Life is harsh. It leaves only one choice, that between victory and defeat, not between war and peace." Oswald Spengler

Technology Leads to Our Extinction

Over the many years that I've watched and participated in the resistance to the genocide practiced against the White race, many tactics have been tried. Among them were attempts by the religious and national entities to the resistance.

But today, let's talk about some less obvious but infinitely more important motivators. Almost exclusively, those who have not resorted to nationalistic or religious dogma as a motivation to resist genocide have relied on the history of our technological achievements, extrapolating that future advances in so-called civilization depend upon White racial survival. This could be called the "intellectual" approach. And it has gotten us nowhere, neither in the number of recruits or in achieving our goals. The fact is, men are motivated by more primal instincts, such as sexual lust, than by projected technologies of the future.

But let us explore in depth why the "intellectual" approach has failed. As this treatise unfolds, please don't think it is meant to belittle the works of men such as Galileo, Copernicus, Edison, etc. Certainly there are not many of us who would want to return to an age with no anesthetics for surgery or dentistry. And, indoor plumbing with flush toilets will not lead us to total decadence. But equally apparent is the unfortunate reality that, as usual, the pendulum has swung too far. In Hermetic teachings, an imbalance between reason and instinct is called "The Fall of Lucifer." Lucifer, from the Latin, meaning "Bringer of Reason." By the malicious design of priest-crafters and of state-crafters, we have been programmed with false intellectualization to suppress or ignore Nature given instincts and true wisdom. Abstract theory overrides practical good sense. In high school, some forty-five years ago, I was subjected to classes on the abstract, although true, theorems of solid geometry. However, at all times my greater interest, a thousand times over, was in the perfect solid geometry evidenced in the legs and figure of a girl in a seat nearby. If we are to survive as a unique biological entity, we must deal with, and return to, basic instincts. First of all, because men are motivated by emotions, especially sex. Dry statistics do not inspire heroes or heroic efforts. Secondly, because we are not attempting to save biological computers called brains. At least 99% of my reason for taking up the 14 word struggle can be summed up in my personal 14 word motivator, to wit: "Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth." This motivation is based on aesthetics and the primal sexual lust imparted by Nature to all male mammals for the singular purpose of reproduction and thus specie preservation. Any remaining motivation for fighting the materialistic system that rules all nations, is preservation of this spaceship we call Earth. Because, at the exponentially escalating rate at which we are now destroying our precious planet, there will soon be no quality of life for our folk, even if we do survive the genocidal plans of the world's rulers.

I frankly don't give a tinker's damn about Mars, the moon, or space stations. Life in prison is bad enough. Living in sealed containers on inhospitable planets, breathing bottled air, drinking recycled urine, eating preserved foods, not hearing birds sing, not smelling fresh breezes blowing through pine trees, not seeing our Earth's natural displays of beauty, all sounds to me like extreme torture. And that is what so-called "space

exploration" really is. Meanwhile, our rocket ships blow holes in our ozone.

Billions of dollars are extracted from taxpayers so that techno-nerds can play spaceman games. Sixty railroad tankers of fossil fuel are wasted and blown into the air with each launching. In the mythological (perhaps) story of Atlantis, the continent is sunk because the inhabitants used some advanced technology wrongfully. Some versions say errors caused them to destroy themselves, while others indicate that they were punished by "the Gods," whatever that may actually mean, or symbolize.

At any rate, we again live in a world in which technology has run amok. In religious terms we might say we are not spiritually capable of handling the nuclear, biological and chemical weapons we have developed. Even worse, the materialist, genocidal and maniacal tribe that rules the world, also controls most of these weapons; weapons with the capability of destroying the planet and all life upon it. Those genies are, of course, out of their bottles now, and we have to deal with it. At some time in the future, if we accomplish the 14 Words and take control of the Earth's affairs, we will have to deal with what has been created. But for now, let us understand that harmonious balance of reason and instinct needed so that future generations may learn from our mistakes.

Again, while honoring those who brought us to a certain level of civilization, let us look at limits. In my opinion, in America at least, we reached the pinnacle of balance around the late 1950's. Let us consider automobiles for an example. Cars like 1957 Fords and Chevrolets had comfort, style, and simplicity but, instead of proper improvements, we spent hundreds of billions of dollars every decade on cosmetic changes. It was a status game. If those billions had been spent on seals, metallurgy, safety inventions, and efficiency, undoubtedly today we would all be driving 1957 Fords or Chevys that lasted a million miles, that got 100 miles per gallon mileage, that cost a fraction of what today's vehicles cost, that were virtually indestructible in accidents, and that had plug-in replacement parts. But, of course, planned obsolescence was part of the materialist plan of the world's rulers. And the wasting of Earth's resources didn't matter. The 16th Precept says, "Discernment is a sign of a healthy people." In a sick or dying nation, civilization, culture or race, substance is abandoned in favor of appearance. We were led by the liars we call leaders to abandon all substance in favor of appearance.

Speaking of liars, let me insert here that all preachers, politicians, lawyers, media personnel and others who make their living from words rather than honest labor, are liars. See the 59th Precept. Let us consider a Christian preacher for example. They are fond of this deceiving phrase, "In the certainty of life everafter through Jesus Christ." With all due respect to the "beliefs" of any religion, that is bald-faced lying. No true Wotanist will ever say for "certain" that there is eternal life or re-incarnation, or any such "belief." Many will tell you that such is common "belief" among Wotanists. But he who expounds an unproveable "belief" as a certainty is a priest-crafting, lying whore for either money or self-interest or the system. Next, let's discuss a lie told by all the prevaricators of the system. That lie being that "labor saving devices" are inherently good. Once again, I am not attacking all modern inventions. But when we have channel changers for our television sets, remote control garage door openers, power windows in our cars, and on

and on, it becomes ridiculous. We lay around like couch potatoes, becoming ever more fat, ugly and lazy. Then, one day, we look in the mirror and in horror, we go spend thousands of dollars to join a health club. There we exchange the "drudgery" of honest labor, for the expensive drudgery of a treadmill or sit-ups or push-ups.

At age 15, I spent all summer working on a farm, at times stacking hay bales for 12 hours a day and I was not fat. A couple years later, I enjoyed changing the oil on my 1939 Plymouth, or tuning it up, greasing it, and making general repairs. Honest labor is not drudgery in all circumstances. However, our society tells us you must be a liar in a suit or with a degree, twisting words to make a living, or you are not successful. And perhaps, the ultimate gauge of success is the number of technological gadgets you possess; most of them being either to escape physical exertion or to show off for other shallow-minded, endless consumers of Earth's precious resources. The facts are that "comfort is the great destroyer." Beauty, wisdom and strength grow out of physical and mental struggle. Character is forged on the anvil of adversity. Beauty is formed from physical struggle and weeding out the ugly and unfit. The physical and mental cannot be separated without destroying both.

Consider health; because of technology such as chemical fertilizers we have destroyed America's topsoil. Now, grains have a fraction of the nutrients they once had. So, we eat several times as much as we once did to satisfy our bodies' cravings. So, a huge percentage of our people are fat and many are outright obese. We get fatter, unhealthier and uglier by the year. But, of course, we don't have to plow our own fields or do physical labor anymore. We can wear fine synthetic fiber clothes and call ourselves, "fullfigured" instead of fat. We even lie to ourselves. Technology gives government computers to follow and control every aspect of our lives. It gives police power chips to install in our bodies, surveillance of even the insides of our houses, chemical and surgical lobotomies and exotic weapons without end. Then, there are the health risks and moral implications of genetically altered grains, animals and even humans as the days of cloning advance.

I'll leave you with the thought that Aryan technology has increased Earth's population from a few tens of millions to six billion plus and growing. We use technology for birth control among our folk and other races use it to reproduce exponentially. Our technology leads to our extinction. 100 years ago we were 60% of the Earth's population. Today, after 100 years of unprecedented technological growth, we are 8% and hopelessly mixed with others due to the modern communications and transportation development. So, was technology a boon or a curse? The question must be answered honestly even by those to whom scientific advances are a dogma as rigid as any religion.

David Lane

Intelligence Gathering

Nearly two years ago 14 Word Press published a booklet called "Revolution by Number" and at approximately the same time issued an advisory bulletin on infiltration and security. Included in both publications were recommendations for protection against a malicious and criminal government which is determined to exterminate our race.

In light of recent developments, ranging from technology to governmental criminality, it seems appropriate to elaborate on the subjects of intelligence gathering and self-protection. Hopefully, the points elaborated will, also, serve to end some of the dissension among our ranks.

We must recognize that "documentation" and "evidence" often mean nothing in this age. Remember the doctored video which the Feds and media used to demonize David Koresh at Waco? Koresh had been accused of getting a 70 year old woman pregnant, so sarcastically he joked, "If I can impregnate a 70 year old woman, then I guess I am God." the media played the last three words, "I am God," endlessly to demonize him. Then, also, of course, they employed their favorite tactic, accusing him of sexual impropriety with young girls. And that, too, turned out to be false propaganda. Not that I am defending Mr. Koresh for his religious views, which were multi-racial and universalist, but the points are as follows:

First. Our enemy is totally without honor or scruples. The lives and freedom of us mean nothing to them.

Secondly. They can and will fabricate evidence for the media and for their courts of injustice. I understand that with computers they can fabricate a whole book in their victim's handwriting. They can recreate voices. Some say that using computers, lasers and holograms they need only your picture and a sample of your voice to make a movie of you as a camp guard in Hitler's alleged death camps, or as Caesar sporting with Cleopatra.

So, you must know how simple it is for them to create a history in which you or any other White resister is a child molester, a secret Zionist agent, a traitor, a career criminal, a psycho or whatever serves their purpose. Neither the documentation or accusations mean one damn thing. The Federals are expert and famous at dividing us with malicious gossip spread by their own agents posing as our "leaders."

The sad thing is, there is no reason to let ourselves be deceived. As stated in "Revolution by Number," resistance in an occupied country must be rigidly separated. The propaganda arm and the action arm cannot be associated. They must not be associated, because the propaganda arm is under close surveillance by the enemy. The action arm is divided into autonomous or semi-autonomous cells, so in most cases the only intelligence gathering on resisters is on those within their own cell.

The role of the propaganda or information arm is to distribute the message. It is not to

attack other resisters. It is not to determine which other "leaders" are "pure," particularly since documentation and accusations are easily fabricated and almost impossible to verify or disprove. So, simply make a determination whether the message in a publication or organization is valuable, then use it or discard it as you see fit. All this speculation and gossip is as stupid as it is counterproductive.

Now, about "leader." It is true that all nature declares the leadership principle. Undoubtedly, there will emerge a worldwide White leader. We have hundreds of mini fuhrers totally unqualified to lead themselves to the bathroom, but who assume a title, print some literature and pretend that they are a new Napoleon or Hitler. Determined to be acclaimed, but without paying their dues, they attack men many times their better. I am reminded of one such egomaniac who could not accept that Pastor Miles was his superior. As Pastor Miles sat in prison, this "leader" announced that actually Miles was vacationing at some resort, courtesy of the Federals, and that his mail was being forwarded to him from the penitentiary. Now, I have met many men who knew Pastor Miles at Marion and such slander is disgusting.

A leader must be judged by sacrifice, determination, longevity, dedication to unwavering principle and above all, his ability to motivate others to the shared goal. He must not be judged by the propaganda or "documentation" of the enemy media, agents or agent-provocateurs.

On the subject of picking associates, I must emphasize again that those without self-discipline should be avoided. Drunks, drug users, gluttons and others who do not have the strength to control base urges will seldom be strong when the hammer falls. Be doubly suspicious of a stranger or recent acquaintance who proposes illegal activities. You will soon find him testifying against you in federal court. If you are in the propaganda arm, do not keep items in your possession which could even be construed to have an action arm purpose. As you know, an innocent sack of fertilizer will be called a bomb by the Federal inquisitors.

Remember that those who draw checks, especially large checks, from the government do not really want the revolution necessary to accomplish the 14 Words, because it means the end of their privileged situation.

It is time our folk study true history and realize that the clever and cunning have forever ruled the brave, the chivalrous, the honorable and the noble. They use our altruistic traits against us. Brave American Aryans killed Brave German Aryans and the Jews conquered the world, because they were calculating and deceitful, while we were brave and gullible.

Fredric Morton in his book "The Rothschilds" writes: "Mayer Anshel Rothschild [reared] five incredible sons who conquered the world more thoroughly, more cunningly, and much more lastingly than all the Caesars before and all the Hitlers since."

The endearing traits that make us Aryans let us keep deep in our hearts for the day we have political states of our own. But, when dealing with terror and treachery, the only

answer is greater terror and cunning. Some deceiver once said, "It is not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game." In this case it is "win" or "die," and there are no other rules.

Finally, on ego. We all have it. Like others, I would like to have the power to rectify past injustices and accomplish the 14 words, and that can only come as an empowered leader of the folk. Furthermore, only I can know what is in my heart, meaning, love of our folk, hate for what destroys us and a longing for freedom for all our people. Not knowing what is in the hearts of others, I must, therefore, pursue a leadership position as nature declares.

Conversely, however, there may be others who can inspire, whose motives are equally pure and whose sacrifices are equal evidence. And that is why I will not attack or defame anyone who declares his motive is the 14 words and whose actions demonstrate commitment to those words. I have said before that debate over religious, philosophical and political doctrines is legitimate. But, please, let us refrain from attacking individuals unless we can prove beyond dispute that their words or actions are detrimental to the fundamental message in the 14 Words. I have, for example, seen and heard the infamous Bo Gritz, in real time, declare his race treason and his support for our executioner's institutions. Therefore, I think we can legitimately say he is an enemy of our people. But, now if the media were to slander Gritz with stories that he molested little boys, or if the Federals said he committed a crime, I see no reason to give their accusations a second thought, regardless of their witnesses or evidence.

For my part, my "leader" is Nature's God, whom we as Wotansvolk symbolize as the Aryan Allfather. Wotan, through his laws of nature, declared that preservation of one's own kind is the highest law. Wotan commands the 14 Words and they will be my cause as long as I live and have control of my mind-until Victory is ours.

David Lane

Security and Infiltration

It is a well known fact that Federals, as well as their lackeys and controllers, have initiated attempts to infiltrate the various resistance groups around the country. Those whom the media call White Separatists and who unabashedly say we intend to have the territorial imperatives necessary for the survival of our Race have been targets of Federal tyranny for many years. For racial activists to avoid capture, imprisonment, or death, the following guidelines are recommended:

1) Beware of all strangers. Historically resistance to tyrants has taken the form of small autonomous groups whose members know and trust one another from long experience. These groups are then united by common interest, common goals and common literature. But a strict hierarchy will soon be broken by the tyrants' agents.

2) Beware of the man who is "too perfect." He says all the right things, he needs little

persuasion and he supplies money. The wealthy are usually in bed with the tyrant and they are the last to oppose despotism.

3) Be doubly aware of a stranger who proposes illegal activities. You will soon find him testifying against you in a Federal court. (Matt Hale missed this one....)

4) Beware of those who draw checks from the enemy. They are very likely to have divided loyalties. It is very difficult for a man to destroy the beast from whose teats he sucks.

5) Avoid drunks, drug users and anyone of unstable character. Always chose quality over quantity.

6) Recognize the media tactics and do not react to buzz words. Religious separatists, White separatists, tax resistors and other groups are called cultists, bigots, Nazis and other words which the masses are conditioned to hate. After the media have demonized a target, as in Waco, Texas, the Government is free to murder at will. Ask yourself, "Is it wrong for people to preserve their religion, their race or to resist oppressive taxation?"

7) Avoid sensitive discussion on the telephone, and use discretion when inviting someone to your home.

8) Beware of someone whose intellect, education and background appear different from those with whom he attempts to associate. Most people inter-relate with others of the same interests or background.

9) Investigate. Do a little investigation. To be sure, the Federals can create good cover. But they seldom bother because up to now resistance groups have almost never checked their associates backgrounds.

10) Recognize the ruthlessness of the tyrants and act accordingly. A government which will mass murder women and children is not going to play "fair" with you. You must recognize the scope and age of the One World Government conspiracy. It is coded in the Great Seal of The United States which is over 200 years old, and is coded in other devices much older. They intend to have their One World Government with one brown, mixed race, one universal humanist religion, one worldwide economic system and control over every human being. The marvel of all history is the patience with which men and women will submit to burdens unnecessarily laid upon them by their governments.

David Lane

Strategy

It is probably long past time that the White resistance, such as it is, engaged in serious dialogue on methods to succeed in the preservation of our people, as well as cataloguing the endless crimes and plots against us. In order that such a dialogue not become

immediately bogged down in fruitless debate over hopeless and self-defeating concepts, let us first enumerate the problems in total candor, no matter how brutal or seemingly hopeless our situation might seem. The path to victory does not permit continued self-deception or refusal to accept reality.

Once the totality of the problem we face is outlined, then let us consider some strategies with possibilities of success. Hopefully those with the best minds among our folk will use their creativity and determination to expand on these suggestions or form their own concepts. When necessary under these occupation governments, keep strategies under wraps. Only a fool shows all his cards to an opponent.

First, once and for all, let us dispose of arguments from the fantasy-world- people who think they can vote a nation for our people, or those who request such a nation, or those who believe their God will do it for them.

A look at the demographic pool from which voters could be drawn in the United States is illuminating. First of all, the government lies. Sixty years ago the population of America was approximately 150,000,000 with roughly 80% White. The other 20% were Jews, Indians, Negroes, Mexicans and Orientals. Since then, with the exception of the so-called "baby boom" of 1945-1955, Whites have been having on average three children per two couples, or 1.5 children per couple. Meanwhile, courtesy of tax money extorted from White folk, the coloreds have been reproducing at an astounding rate with huge broods of offspring. Then there is colored immigration.

As a result, a true census would show that Whites are at best 50% of the population. Remember that Jews, whose determination to exterminate the White race knows no bounds, are counted as White, that Whites mated to non-Whites are counted as White, that many Hispanics and Arabs are counted as White and millions of illegal aliens are not counted at all.

But that is not the worst. Because of these breeding patterns, we Whites are an old race. There are more colored children in one major U.S. city than White children in several western states combined. Probably at best, one quarter of the children of America are truly White. That is the future voting pool. If any of that selfish, cowardly generation of Whites who caused this problem think those coloreds are going to pay a large portion of their income to support the ponzi scheme called Social Security, they need psychiatric help. Even if the coloreds were not on welfare, and even if they could maintain a civilization, they are not going to support a bunch of degenerate, old, White scum.

What about a voting pool today if someone thinks it is possible to vote for White territories or states? First remove from the possible converts all who have someone in their family who has already mated with coloreds. The vast majority of White families have a sister, daughter, son, aunt, cousin, or whatever, mated to a non-White. They will usually support the interest of the mixed-race offspring over racial survival.

But, let us assume optimistically that 10% of the population has no family members who

have mixed. From that 10% we must cull perhaps half who are under the thrall of Judeo-Christianity and its race-mixing fanatics, like the Pope, like Jerry Falwell, like Pat Robertson. At least 99.99% of all who call themselves Christian deny their own race with fanatical passion. This leaves a pool of perhaps 5% from which to draw recruits. But from that 5% we must cull virtually all so-called "educators," virtually all who are wealthy, government employees, federal agents, politicians, lawyers, bankers, most of the military, cowards, fence-sitters, the greedy, the ignoble, the druggies, the drunks, the media whores, social workers, virtually all who draw checks from the government and all levels of police. Now you see why it is so hard to recruit large numbers into our alleged movement. As always, forever and always, revolutions come from the totally disenfranchised. In this age the disenfranchised are almost exclusively young, White males.

Hopefully these words will pound some sense into the reality deniers, the constitutionalists and the ballot box bozos.

Then there are debaters who think they can reason with the almighty zog. Some have heard this before, but it bears repeating. We deal with the government that has travelled from Dixie to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to Italy and Germany twice, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Waco, Ruby Ridge and Whidby Island. The dead in the wars, occupations and assassinations the America has instigated, financed and participated in number far exceeding 100,000,000. The maimed number twice that, and the traumatized twice again. You cannot reason with a mad dog or with pure, unadulterated evil.

On the Great Seal of the United States printed on the back of a dollar bill, the thirteen stars representing the colonies form the Star of David. Nothing in politics happens by accident. The red, white and blue travelling mass murder machine was planned long ago. The words of politicians of 1776 or 1998 are equally deceptive manure. Only actions and results evidence intent.

There are many who are waiting for God to save them. Did any God save the Aryan race in India, in Persia, in Carthage, in Egypt or anywhere else in all history? In what condition was our race, vis a vis survival, 2,000 year' ago compared to now? In the name of what God have more Aryans been tortured, murdered and oppressed than any other in all history? Did Christianity stop the 2nd World War or forced bussing or the present murder of our race? Will our race survive if our folk "escape" into a religion "not of this world" to await an afterlife? Or is this denial of reality the path to slavery and extinction?

Certainly there are many more obstacles that we could relate, not the least of which is a generation of our folk who have never heard a word of truth in their lives, who are totally controlled by religious and political propaganda, and who have no sense of heritage, culture or race. The stated monumental mountain of obstacles should convince all but the most determined reality deniers that there are no easy answers.

From the facts alone one might be forgiven for concluding that there is no hope. But, that is not the case. However, we must consider our resources when formulating a plan. And

we must fight smart, that is, cunning. Much of the literature disseminated within the "movement" over the last few decades calls for courage and heroism. That is fine if combined with wisdom and cunning. Unfortunately, our "leaders" have been prone to sending young, idealistic men off to be cannon fodder. A wise man does not paint a target (swastika) on his chest and dare the government to react.

Custer and the 7th Cavalry were brave, also, defeated and dead. Leonidas and the Spartans were brave, also, defeated and dead. Millions of heroes of the Third Reich were brave, also, defeated and dead. All the courage in the world is of absolutely no avail against Tomahawk missiles or monster bombs falling from the stratosphere. Wars are won before hostilities begin. Wars are won with superior resources, greater man power and above all, cunning. The Confederates of the Civil War and the soldiers of the Third Reich were among the bravest and most chivalrous warriors in history. But resources and ruthlessness made non-combatants (Jews) the winners in both wars. Politics are only another kind of war. So how do we, the seemingly hopeless underdogs, propose to win a war in which the enemy owns the world along with its resources, governments, media, money, courts, police, armies, communications, etc.

Louis Beam wrote about "The Revolutionary Majority." This war will be fought at first without the knowledge of the asses called the "masses." They have never known what really happens and perhaps never will. They wait for the winner to tell them what to do and what to think. The exact number of recruits to our cause needed to achieve victory is unknown, but our cause is not hopeless by any means!

Our most fertile recruiting grounds, first and foremost, are young, disenfranchised White males. From time immemorial those out of power have raised armies with promises of plunder and seizing of women. The most fundamental male instinct is for sexual union and our young men must know that the fruits of victory are women. There is a virtual epidemic of White women who date and mate with colored males; it is promoted incessantly by the zog media. Those women are for the victors, and our young men must fight to the death to get them.

Another fertile recruiting ground is among White women who already have children, especially disenfranchised sons. Unfortunately, many are brain-washed to deny the abuse done to their own children, but a higher percentage of women who might listen is found here.

There are, also, those very few who are motivated by some power or idea bigger than self-interest. Whether they are sent by the Gods or stirred by some genetic memory, they are treasures we must cherish and follow. Bob Mathews and George Lincoln Rockwell were such men.

Regardless what motivates recruits to join our ranks, they must devise a strategy for themselves, the cause and their families or friends. Resistance in an occupied country must be rigidly divided between the military arm and the non-military arm. Because of the nature of governmental persecution in this land of "free speech," we cannot discuss

details of military actions necessary to silence our enemies or destroy the system. However, if you are not exceptionally capable, mature, dedicated, ruthless and able to be a chameleon, the military arm is not for you. And remember, when two know a secret, it is not a secret.

For many, especially those with families, the non-military arm is the way to go. Do not feel that this is less honorable. Recruiting, bearing children, rearing them properly and other functions are vital to the resistance. Both the military and non-military branches of the resistance are absolutely necessary.

The old soldier of the movement from England, Colin Jordan, coined the term "proximity communities." Recognizing that families need the reinforcement of others who share the cause, he recommends that those who must remain in or near cities in order to find jobs should move to neighborhoods close to each other. Often in order to keep jobs, the folk must be chameleons at work, but can then be themselves with friends. Children especially need to be with peers who are racially educated.

Money is almost always the biggest problem. Thousands of our folk have tried migrating to the Pacific Northwest, especially Idaho, over the last 20 years. Most of them had to return whence they came because they could not make a living. Our best minds need to work on this problem perhaps more than any other. By nature Aryans want to produce something of value and trade it for other items needed for living. But we cannot compete with prison slave labor and Asian slave labor that pays \$20 an hour. In order for our young men to attract and keep women, it takes substantial cash and other assets bought only with money. A few of our men with highly technical skills might command a substantial salary, but their "political incorrectness" would have to be carefully hidden in order to remain employed, probably hidden even from family, which is self-defeating for the cause. Plundering the enemy is, of course, an alternative, but very risky considering the expertise of today's police state.

Barter is something to be considered in some cases, but the potential for wealth sufficient to attract and keep women is small. It is difficult to compete with stockbrokers, colored athletes, lawyers, millionaire Jews and the system's other favorites in the money game. It is totally fixed.

Technically speaking, of course, no matter what we do to make a living, we will be breaking either de facto or de jure law. We are outlaws simply by virtue of political incorrectness. While racial loyalty is reality for Jews, Negroes, etc., it is illegal for Aryans. If we form a business we are required to employ a mandated ratio of homosexuals, of coloreds or whatever group is favored, and that we must not do. Unending regulations, taxes, inspections and harassment await the politically incorrect. The question then arises, "What level of outlaw does each racist choose to be?" Penalties for some "crimes," such as repeating or spreading the 14 words, may be loss of jobs and character assassination. "Crimes," such as resistance to the tax collection thugs or even self-defense (if the assailant is colored) result in severe penalties, including enhanced sentences for "hate crimes."

For those willing to be chameleons, there are junior colleges and trade schools at which our youth can learn something technical that will allow thrifty families to eke out an acceptable, although not gaudy, lifestyle.

We should never feel reluctant to take advantage of government paid programs to enhance income or education. Some have called it "bleeding the beast." Remember that it is money stolen primarily from White taxpayers that funds these programs, so it is ours from the beginning. But beware to not become so dependent as to compromise your commitment to the 14 words. Use it to breed and rear White children or it will be used to breed even more colored children.

A positive step would be moving several or several dozen families into a sparsely populated county and taking over the local political system. Control of the local taxing system, as well as a sheriff tapped into the national crime computer system, would be valuable beyond words.

In a final analysis, there are perhaps two basic principles upon which the survival of our kind rests. One is the most basic male instinct, the sex drive, which must be guided toward building families for breeding, supporting and rearing of children. The second is the necessity for food, clothing, shelter and money, the materials needs of life. Armies, political movements, religious movements and families all run on money. It is an unfortunate, but basic fact of life, and it is one we have most ignored and least understood.

In the eyes of the system we are already criminals, simply because we resist genocide. In truth, the criminal system which rules over us is fueled by money. Let us not abandon the life line of all movements simply because the pursuit of money is the joy of Judah. Sometimes war is action other than guns or swords. In World War II Aryans killed Aryans, and Jews with money conquered the world. Materialism in the heart is not Aryan, but money is the gasoline for the engines of war. Dirty hands and a pure heart are not mutually exclusive. Victory goes to the cunning first, then to the brave.

David Lane

Polygamy

I have had some feedback from a few of our folk who have expressed distress over recent articles on the subject of Polygamy. Particularly as one might expect from our few loyal women. But also from established monogamous families who understandably prefer the security of this tradition.

So please bear with me as I attempt to clear up any misconceptions inadvertently created. And also, again please, recognize that these following concepts are not my egotistical invention. These are the teachings of our indigenous religion based on observance of nature. Be assured that the special romance between one man and one woman, as well as

the time tested structure of monogamous marriage are not threatened by the beliefs, practices or history of our Norse, Germanic, European forebears.

Our wise forefathers, and mothers did indeed structure their social and religious teachings on nature's laws. And nature's laws do indeed declare that superior males should have many mates and many offspring, while inferior males do not deserve the pleasure of either mates or offspring.

However, our forebears also realized that the needs of a structured society required that certain instincts, as well as the most primitive natural law had to be tempered with reason and common sense.

For example, if all men fought to the death over women with very few surviving the carnage, then the number remaining could not defend the tribe or race. So laws and rules of conduct were necessary.

Over eons of time the monogamous family structure proved to be the most beneficial, providing security for women and children, and the basis of an orderly society.

However, this does defy natural law which declares that the best must breed the most. So what was the answer devised by our ancestors?

The solution, as always based on observance of natural phenomenon was to divide men into three classifications, termed Thralls, Karls and Jarls.

Thralls have always been the slugs of society. Today some examples are government employees, word twisting preachers, welfare bums and politicians, just to name a few. In a natural world they have no right to the pleasures of a woman, or to reproduce. They should rightfully be enslaved, deported or executed.

The second classification was the Karls. In times past they were farmers, metalworkers and what we would now call a "Citizens militia." They are the salt of the earth and the backbone of a civilization. Today they are ranchers, farmers, inventors and craftsmen. They should, and must pass on their genetic inheritance with a wife and children. And monogamy is the time tested best marriage structure for the Karls who make up the largest mass of an Aryan society.

Although, let me hasten to add, that in a Wotanist society, government does not force structures on the folk. In ancient times if a woman's sister's husband was killed, she might well ask her husband to take her sister as a second wife. We might accurately say that what was "good," was "right."

The third classification was the Jarls. Jarls are few and far between. Jarls are superior men who prove their right to rule by demonstrations of tribal (now racial) loyalty, by service to the folk, by courage, perseverance and determination. The survival of the folk depends on the wisdom, courage, altruism and genetic makeup of Jarls. And because they

are so rare, their genes must be passed on in abundance. Thus Polygamy is nature's desire for true Jarls.

Instinctively women know this to be true. Thus we see so called "Groupies" following to the bed of Rock Stars and Sports Stars or other celebrities, even though they know they are but one of many in a virtual harem. And even though the celebrities of this age are scum.

The true Jarl who sacrifices and fights for the life and welfare of the folk deserves a multiplicity of the most beautiful maidens of the folk. Not only so that his genes and their beauty unite in grand offspring, but also because sexual pleasure is the proper reward for a defender of the folk. Again, all our folk instinctively know this as they forgive the sexual peccadilloes of Presidents like Kennedy or Clinton. And again, even though our politicians are falsely perceived as Jarls.

Robert Mathews and George Lincoln Rockwell were Jarls who never received their just rewards in this cycle. Undoubtedly, if our ancestors' teachings on reincarnation and Valhalla are true, their reward is with the Valkyrie. I like to hope that someday some Valkyrie will be mine, although it appears that age and prison deny that possibility in this cycle.

Hopefully the above will clear up any misconceptions or misapprehensions about Polygamy. The rewards of multiple beautiful maidens must be EARNED by EXCEPTIONAL service to the folk, BEFORE the pleasures are claimed.

The rewards are necessary in order to inspire our young men to heroic deeds in this desperate age. But this does not endanger the common family structure of our folk over all.

One last point, however. If this is the time of Ragnarok, then the coming chaos will be such that civilization and its structures will be irrelevant. At that time remember, "What is good is right." Morality will consist of reproduction and survival and little else.

David Lane

Adaptability

Survival in an ever changing and evolving universe requires that all living things, from submicroscopic pathogens to races of men, must adapt to new circumstances. Those that don't adapt end up extinct as have millions of species, dinosaurs being perhaps the best known example.

Today as our White race faces possible extinction it is crystal clear that we have not adapted to new circumstances. The nation states, the religions, the philosophies and the social constructs that have led us to the brink of extinction remain as revered guideposts despite overwhelming evidence that they are suicidal for our folk. We worship our

executioners and their institutions.

The evidence is incontrovertible that the entities best called Judeo-America and Judeo-Christianity have been the most effective tools ever created by an ancient enemy in their determination to conquer, use and exterminate our race.

In the wars, revolutions and assassinations that America has financed, instigated and participated in, from Dixie, to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Iran, to Serbia, to Afghanistan, to Waco, to Ruby Ridge, to Whidby Island, and on and on, the dead and maimed victims number perhaps 200 million, Half of them White folk.

Determined to destroy the integrity of races, nations and cultures, and most particularly to mix, overrun, integrate, miscegenate, reduce by war, and ultimately exterminate the White race, the red, white and blue traveling mass murder machine has been an engine of holocaust, genocide and death unmatched in human history.

America denies us White nations, White schools, White neighborhoods, White organizations and everything necessary for racial survival, then unceasingly promotes interracial mating for the last White women. But still White men wave the flag or brag about bombing the latest helpless nation into the stone age.

Similarly our folk cling to the religion that has presided over our demise. Often they offer contrived defenses in a desperate attempt to cling to a suicidal but escapist religious concept. As I wrote in one of the 88 Precepts, "Secular power systems promote and protect religions which concentrate on an afterlife. Thus people are taught to abandon defenses against the real predators of this life."

In the 1700 years since Christianity was created by Emperor Constantine and his Jewish masters, it has been a history of torture, murder, deceit, inquisitions, fratricidal warfare, suppression of science and progress, genocide, insanity, celibate nuns, anti-nature philosophy and now the near extinction of our folk.

The religion was founded on the principle that "WHEN THE GATES OF THE MIND ARE OPENED TO THE FIRST IRRATIONAL PREMISE THEN THERE ARE NO BARRIERS TO A FLOOD OF INSANITY." so, some of the tenets of the alien religion were as follows:

- 1) The creative force of the whole universe turned itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from eternally torturing mortal men.
- 2) Virgins have babies.
- 3) Dead men's mouldering bodies rise from the grave.

4) "God" is so insecure, or egotistical that (he-it) demands that insignificant mortals worship (him-it) every seventh day or more.

We could continue endlessly with the tricks of priestcrafters in collusion with the worlds real rulers. But if this is not sufficient to make the reader consider another of the precepts which reads, "Tyrants teach WHAT to think, free men learn HOW to think," then I don't think anything will.

The circumstances we face are desperate and we must now adapt to our situation. We must question EVERY social construct without the dogma of our recent ancestors. Please note I said EVERY social construct. Perhaps a few are valuable, but ALL must be examined.

A revolution in the mind must precede action or we will fall back into the same traps as in the past.

The basis of our religion MUST be this: "If there is a creative force and intelligence in the Universe, which our folk have always believed, then nature and nature's laws are the work of that force. Therefore nature's laws are "Gods" laws. And the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind."

That makes the 14 Words, "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children," a divine command.

The same principle must then permeate our secular organizations, including governments. In so far as governments are necessary or tolerated.

The behavior necessary for a civilized society can come from one of two sources or motivations. It can come voluntarily because of religious teachings and a sense of destiny. This allows the most freedom.

But in the absence of a nature based religion and a sense of folkish destiny, only governmental tyranny can keep order. A folkish religion is absolutely vital. But it must not be an escapist religion of another or after life. The Christian God, in the myths is made to say, "My Kingdom is not of this World."

I have written elsewhere of the esoteric in our indigennous religions, and I don't deny that our limited senses do not perceive all that is or might be. Alfater Wotan may indeed "represent" what our folk have called "God".

But, we are put on this earth, in this reality, in this realm, subject to nature's laws. I have my own personal 14 words which are my motivation. "Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth." That is this earth, this reality, at this time.

Nature's laws force every race and specie to adapt, to fight, to be vigilant. If we deny nature's laws then extinction is inevitable.

David Lane

Then and Now

There continue to be rivalries and disagreements about tactics in the resistance to genocide. One division is between word warriors, i.e. knights of the inkpen, i.e. pencil posse on one side, and those who favor a more direct action approach. So let's dissect the problem with the maximum possible impartiality.

We have among us those who have made a "God" of Adolf Hitler. The following is not meant to disparage the efforts of the German leader. A case could be made that in the last century he was second only to George Lincoln Rockwell in determination, courage, charisma and all it takes to build a political movement.

However, the obstacles faced by Hitler were almost nothing compared to problems confronting the remaining true White folk in America today. Or for that matter in all the once White nations.

Germany of the pre-World War Two era was 98% White people. They were a tough strong people, hardened by the depression years and the defeat of World War One. The German army, both those still in uniform and those who had been discharged, backed German racial nationalism. In fact, at one point Hitler was paid by the Army to give anti-communist speeches.

Of course German communists could be converted to National Socialism, but in the former White nations today, we cannot convert Skraelings, i.e. non-whites, into Aryans.

Hitler was also backed by the Thule society, a large and influential occult, underground movement.

Hitler did not have to contend with the most powerful and pernicious propaganda tool in all of history, that being television. Television is of course a medium armed and/or controlled almost exclusively by that racial-religious tribe that intends to exterminate the White race.

The major point however is this; Hitler was able to go to the streets because he had a built in base for a political army and because person to person propaganda was both traditional and possible.

The fact is, with just a little determination and ability, Hitler could not fail in coming to power in Germany.

Let us compare his situation to what we face today in America and to some extent in other once White nations. Hitler came to power by use of the ballot box and the propaganda tools available at the time. Is there any White resistor so insane as to believe

the negroes, mexicans, jews, Orientals, mixtures, judeo-Christians, those Whites mated with non-Whites, and those with a financial stake in preserving the system, will join our fight to secure the existence of our people and a future for White children???

Our potential constituency is hard to estimate as a percentage, but I would guess that five percent of America's population is optimistic.

So, what is the answer if our kind is to survive? If our propaganda potential is pitiful in comparison to that of our enemies, and if street demonstrations are an exercise in futility, albeit courage, and if "direct action" of the kind demonstrated by Robert Mathews of the Order Bruder Schweigen is suicide, is there any strategy with at least some possibility of success? If "direct action" is suicide, is it wrong to speak with derision of the word warriors/knights of the inkpot?

Let us be honest and declare at this time a propaganda arm is still necessary. And those who are out front trying to awaken more of our folk receive slander from the system and risk their livelihood. So IF they are telling the unvarnished and desperate truth, they should be supported, funded, and honored for their efforts. They are not "knights of the inkpot."

However, we are plagued with deceivers. Which ones are deceivers because of cowardice, which ones because of stupidity, and which ones because they are enemy agents is hard to tell. Furthermore, it doesn't matter, the effect is the same.

Whether they teach that their God will save our kind, or that victory through votes is possible, or that eternal procrastination is an answer, or some other suicidal and cowardly nonsense, they must be recognized as enemies.

The fact is, our race cannot survive without exclusively White nations in which to protect, propagate and promote our own kind. Racial integration is certain extinction as proven in Carthage, Egypt, India and on and on.

The creation of a White bastion, and then a White nation will require sacrifice, deaths, warfare, deception, courage, wisdom and new perceptions. The social contracts, the alleged ethics, the religious conceptions, and the political systems that led us to the brink of extinction were self-evidently suicidal, anti-nature and erroneous.

I wrote a short novel titled "KD Rebel" in which I tried to outline a necessity, albeit deliberately leaving out details for two reasons. First, circumstances will demand flexibility and creativity that cannot be foreseen. And secondly, the enemy reads my words too, and it is unwise to divulge either plans or tactics.

But please understand the real messages in KD Rebel. To name a few; an exclusive territorial imperative is absolutely vital; warfare is unavoidable if our kind is to survive; the basic male instinct of sexual lust is nature's plan for the survival of each race and specie; the capture of women is not immoral; and that a religion of the folk must

incorporate nature's laws and genetic memory.

While we are still able to use the inter-net it remains our best tool for awakening more of our folk. We must take full advantage. An occasional public demonstration at carefully chosen localities can be good for morale. But the territorial imperative is necessary.

The area chosen must be picked for possibilities of deception and eventual defense. Note that the American traveling mass murder machine could not defeat Vietnam with its forests and mountains. But countries like Iraq which are open terrain are easily bombed into submission or rubble.

Understand that America's "chosen" rulers are totally committed to the extermination of our race and they are ruthless. "Cleansing" of our territorial imperative of Skraelings and traitors will require deception, deniability and "accidents." Do not give your trust to anyone easily.

Perhaps above all in the creation of a bastion, and then a nation, we must learn traits that are not normal or indigenous to Aryans, but have always been used to conquer and use our people. Quoting General George Patton, "The Aryan mind is helpless in the face of the Jewish mind." That is because in our societies we were open and honest people. But if the enemy is the living essence of deceit, fraud, duplicity, cunning, illusion, treachery and lies, then we must deal with reality and outdo them at their own game.

Till next time, the Gods willing,

David Lane

Valhalla: Fact or Fiction?

In the Norse-Germanic religion of our ancestors it was said that a warrior who did not die the straw death went to a realm called Valhalla. In this realm he would spend his days in heroic battle, while nights would consist of rewards for valor. The major reward being sensual erotic pleasures with beautiful maidens called the Valkyrie.

This teaching of course is not unique to Wotanism, but it is found in many religions founded by Adepts in the ancient "Mysteries." For example, Islam teaches that he who gives his life for Allah will have 70 virgins in paradise.

Of course middle eastern religions have corrupted the mysteries. So what does Valhalla signify and how does it relate to our struggle against genocide?

The bottom line is reincarnation on Midgard. The daily battles represent successive incarnations on Midgard, i.e. Earth. The Valkyrie represent reward because beautiful women are the greatest desire and motivation of healthy young men.

Let us explore whether the teachings of our ancestors have value and validity in this

desperate age. First let me clarify some words from an earlier treatise. Everything that exists consists of electromagnetic forces and patterns, moderated by wave lengths and vibrations. This includes atomic structure, biological life forms, and thoughts or ideas.

In the ancient mysteries the patterns of energy that produce thought were called the soul because patterns of electromagnetic energy can exist outside of biological life forms. Therefore for the rest of this treatise I will use the terms "soul" and "pattern" together or interchangeably. Energy of course is immortal, although it can change form.

According to our indigenous Wotanist (Odinist) religion, and the Mysteries, upon the death of our physical bodies our soul-pattern chooses whether to return to Asgard, which means merge with the cosmic mind, symbolized as Allfather, or go to Valhalla, which means reincarnating to another cycle of struggle on Midgard, i.e. Earth.

Those soul patterns who coasted through life without fighting were called Thralls. Upon physical death their patterns were said to dissolve into an energy chaos without form or thought. This is the Hel or Helgard of Norse Religion.

Allfather hates the soul which refuses to fight. Even in the hidden coded messages in the book of Revelation in the Christian bible, in chapter three, "God" demands that mortals be either hot or cold, but the luke warm he will spit out. The reader should be aware that when the Christians murdered, tortured and killed the followers of Wotanism the Adepts infiltrated the church and coded the mysteries into the bible, especially the King James Bible.

The point is that the cosmic mind, the compilation of the electromagnetic patterns of the universe will not tolerate Thralls who refuse to struggle. We could accurately call Allfather an emotion vampire. That which is eternal and immortal cannot feel the emotions that mortal biological life feels.

Allfather cannot fear death or feel the elation of escaping death. Allfather cannot feel the pleasure of intense orgasm with a beautiful woman. So we were created over eons of time, by guided evolution, so that Allfather can vicariously experience emotion. Woe to the Thrall who obstructs Allfather's plan. Allfather is not moral in the sense declared by alien religions. Allfather created lions to eat lambs, wolves to eat deer, hawks to eat sparrows, and the races of men to battle for women, territory, power and life. The battles are neither good or evil. They are just the facts of Allfather's plan. A people who deny the plan will perish. In the cycles of soul-patterns, warriors win and Thralls perish, either in this cycle or another.

Some have asked, does this mean there are no physical rewards for warriors in the realm of Midgard? And women have asked if they are condemned to be soulless rewards for martyrdom? Let us look at nature's laws and the teachings of the Mysteries.

According to the Mysteries each time the soul returns it brings a little more memory of past incarnations with it. So that eventually in a physical body the warrior will enjoy his

rewards. Under nature's laws the superior male must breed with many females and the Thralls should not breed at all. So it all works together as Wotan's plan and natural law.

As for women, the physical body reflects the soul. The evolving, reincarnating women will pick even more beautiful faces and bodies. And since in the natural world nothing makes a woman happier than to be desired by a great warrior, the role of Valkyrie will also be a reward.

These beliefs are why our Viking forefathers had no fear of death, be it in war or crossing oceans in tiny craft. They were the creators of emotion for Allfather while on a journey to Valhalla. They were Wotan's lions, wolves and hawks, in human form.

Today as the descendents of the north folk, the offspring of Vikings, face extinction at the hands of a Muspelheimer plot, perhaps nothing is more important than to look at our roots, including our indigenous religion? Since race-mixing and the inevitable miscengenation that follows are genocide, maybe we need to know that destruction of the different contestants (races) violates the plan of Allfather?

Maybe the Fourteen Words, "WE MUST SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN" are a divine command of Allfather, the cosmic mind, the creative electromagnetic super soul of the universe?

It appears there was a reason the murderers of our race persecuted our indigenous religion so viciously?

Let us remember again that nature and nature's laws are the work of, and therefore the intent of Allfather. And the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. Then go forth to accomplish the Fourteen Words, fearing nothing. Not prisons, not the slander of the Muspelheimers or their treasonous shabbaz goy, not even death.

Unless we want to call our heroic forefathers fools and liars, then Victory and Valkyrie are our certain reward, either in this cycle or another.

Wodensson
David Lane

Who is White?

Those of you who have over the years or decades either observed or participated in the resistance to the murder of the White race know that provocateurs have attacked the racial purity of professed leaders to impugn their motives. In my opinion part of the reason this has successfully worked for the enemy is a mind set grown from an alien religion. A basic tenet of Judeo-Christianity and part of its fatal allure is that it allows inferior men to claim superior status without corresponding effort. A Judeo-Christian with an IQ of 90 and a dismal life history can get baptized, repeat a few ritualistic words

and presto, suddenly proclaim divine status superior to that of a man a million times his superior in intellect and character. The "blue-eyed blond" syndrome is typical of this mentality. And I say this advisedly since I appear Nordic, tall, slender, blue-eyed blond. Yet I can only guess at the purity of my ancestry. My father of record sold my mother to his buddies and to strangers for booze money, so the Gods alone know all. What I do know is this. I look White. I fight for White. I recognize the achievements of the White race. I want to preserve our kind. I am horrified that the beauty of the White Aryan woman may soon perish from the earth forever. I suffer for each White child tormented in America's inter-racial nightmare. I see beauty in a Celtic princess with brown or red hair and green eyes. I see beauty in the statuesque Nordic Goddess with blue eyes and golden hair. I see beauty in the freckle-faced Irish lass. I see heroism in Robert Jay Mathews and Richard Scutari with their dark hair and eyes of green or brown as well as in Frank DeSilva, a fair skinned Bruders with a French Portuguese name. Theirs is far greater nobility than 99% of those "Nordic Ideals," I might add.

For those who boast of their "purity," you have 2 parents, 4 grandparents, 8 great grandparents and so on. Go back 500 years or so and you have a million ancestors. A few more generations and everyone who ever trod the lands of Europe is your ancestor, including Huns, Mongols and Moors. There are no 100% pure Aryans as per 10,000 years ago. But we still do exist as a distinct and unique biological entity. The cultures and civilizations we create are beyond comparison. The beauty of our women, blondes, brunettes, redheads, green-eyed, blue-eyed, brown-eyed, is the desire of all men and the envy of all women. So, we do not want to be derailed by gossip or speculation on who may be 1/16th Indian or have some Italian, Spanish or Portuguese blood. We are not going to debate over whether the collective remaining White gene pool is 95% or 97% pure Aryan.

Surely it would be a tragedy if the various divisions of our race lose their distinctive traits and beauty. And after we have secured the existence of our people and a future for ALL our children, hopefully we can take steps to preserve this diversity. But for now, we are going to accept the facts and circumstances as they exist. We are going to work together for the holy cause and we will not tolerate provocateurs, divisions or dissension. If someone looks White, acts White, fights White, then until their actions prove otherwise, they are our Folk. On the other hand, regardless of pedigree or appearance, those who oppose, criticize, hinder or fail to support our cause are no friends of ours.

David Lane

Wotanism (Odinism)

History is replete with innumerable examples of the power and importance of religious creeds. The purpose of this dissertation is not to demand, or even expect absolute conformity between various individuals who call themselves Wotanists or Odinists. Indeed, there are ``Wotanists" whose beliefs would conform to the popular definition of Atheist.

However, when I decided some twenty years ago that a religion was a necessary and vital weapon in our struggle against genocide, it was with the knowledge that the vast majority of our folk possess what I call a ``Godsense." That then is a power that must not be ignored.

But before a subject so vital to the survival of the white race can be covered accurately it is necessary that terms be defined with precision.

Let us start with the word religion. A religion is a philosophy or creed which incorporates a God, or Gods, and sometimes other beings beyond the comprehension of mortals.

The proponents and perpetrators of a religion may design its creed for any number of purposes, some constructive, some destructive. Unfortunately, the base, power hungry, and unprincipled men who have dominated the Western world for 2500 years were not about to permit the growth or continuation of any religion which might interfere with their control, wealth or authority. And of course any religion restricted to a particular race or nation was a hindrance to imperialism, which we now call one world government.

On the other hand, a universalistic religion would serve to unite the races, nations and cultures of an empire. And so, under the orders of Constantine, Emperor of Rome, in 325 AD, as Christians reckon time, a new ``Catholic" religion was created. The word Catholic means universal in Latin. (See Webster's 3rd International Unabridged Dictionary for example)

The diligent and honest researcher will discover that Constantine's new religion was an almost exact parody of Mithraism, which was the major religion of the Roman legions. The events which formed the dogma of the new religion were then ascribed to Palestine, an area over one thousand miles away, and back dated over three hundred years so that denial was difficult.

And additionally the money powers behind Rome had themselves inserted as ``God's Chosen People" in the new religion, along with a fraudulent history.

Now at this point the defenders of Christianity are undoubtedly going to protest, saying that the Catholic church persecuted the Jews. But by their own dogma one of ``God's Chosen" named St. Peter was the first bishop (Pope) of Rome. And the most infamous torturer of the inquisition named Torquemada was one of ``God's Chosen." There were internal power struggles which were then exploited and mislabeled by the internally persecuted ``Chosen Pets of God."

Now at this point it is necessary to clarify another word, to wit: ``Semitic." There exists on this earth three root races and mixtures. The root races of man are Caucasoid (white), Mongoloid (oriental) and Negroid (black).

For many centuries the Eastern end of the Mediterranean sea was the crossroads for trade between Asia, Africa and Europe. To form alliances the sons and daughters of the

merchants and bankers were married off to each other, often of other races. And so a mixed race of people called Semites was formed carrying the genes of all three root races. Today they are called Arabs and Jews.

Both are Semites.

The next word we must clarify is "God." In the teachings of Hermetic philosophers, both ancient and modern, there exists a force and intelligence in the universe. Today we would call it a "Cosmic Mind." Because of the shapes into which nature forms, among many reasons, God was called the "Grand Geometrician/Mathematician of the Universe. As modern man understands that all things, from the tiny solar systems of atoms to the massive solar systems of the universe, to human thought, consists of electro-magnetic forces and patterns, we discover that the Hermetic philosophers were perhaps wise beyond their times.

Of course when defining words used in religion we should also be aware of the Cabalistic coding which is so often included. For example, when Sir Francis Bacon and the British Royal Society created the coding system of the King James Bible, they also added letters to the alphabet, set them in order, and formed many new words.

Let A = 1 B = 2 C = 3 D = 4 etc., and you discover the following. This is the word God:

G O D
7 / 4

74 - The Sun, not the son.

Again, lettering A = 1 B = 2 C = 3 etc., here are some words from the King James bible and their occult (i.e. hidden) meaning.

The G 7 of the M 13 is 74

O 15 J 10 E 5
S 16 E 15 S 19
P 16 S 19 S 19
E 5 U 21 I 9
+L 12 +S 12 A 1
+H 8
74 74 74

Seventy four is the first function of an ancient mathematical device called the Magic Square of the Sun.

This coding was inserted so that an appointed time the permanent disclosures, i.e. (opening and shutting) of Isaiah 22 verse 22, and Revelation 3 verse 7 would take place. The King James Bible was then shepherded down through the centuries with the coding

clarified as it became safer to do so. The "Shepherds" were adepts in secret societies which have also been the powers behind the scenes in the creation and destruction of nations, religions and philosophies.

Unfortunately, priestcrafters, in service to greedy and power hungry tyrants discovered that if they anthropomorphized the God force into a kind of glorified man, they could control people with the words "God said." On this deception has rested the power of priests, usually for evil purposes, for thousands of years. "Holy books" filled with "God said," have served the interests of kings, emperors and presidents for dozens of centuries.

Nearly thirty years ago, with all of this in mind, I began to search for religious concepts which would preserve our people. Things to consider were the history of various religions adopted by or forced on, the Aryan race, genetic memory and the collective subconscious as explained by Carl Gustav Jung, the nature of Gods, Goddesses and myths, appeal to the racial soul, an entrenched priesthood, alleged holy books, modern science, and on and on.

At the time, I began to search for an appropriate religious approach to aid in the struggle against genocide, the only existing creed was that known as Identity Christianity. And to be just as honest as possible the doctrine did inspire some good men such as Gordon Kahl and several members of the Order Brûder Schweigen. But, its adherents did not total one in ten thousand of those who call themselves Christian. Additionally, Identity teachers demanded literal belief in bible stories which conflicted with science and natural law.

Even worse I discovered that Identity believers spent more time denying that their holy book said what it said, than teaching something useful. Love your enemies, turn the other cheek, sex is sin, only virgin men are preferred by God, give unto Ceasar, God is love, or alternately God is vengeance, and on and on, pollutes their holy book. And then of course history shows that Christianity is the most powerful weapon ever used against the freedom and existence of the white race.

Well, my purpose here is not to attack others whose goals are noble, even if I don't see any chance of success in their creed.

I looked for a religious creed that might appeal to the genetic memory of the largest body of our folk. Also a creed that would stir the warrior soul. The logical answer was Wotanism, although at the time I found only one small organization headed by an elderly lady named Elsie Christianson which embraced a form of the doctrine. And they called it Odinism. However, in the nineteen eighties some other small publishers showed up, also calling themselves either Odinit or Asatru. Asatru meaning true to the old Gods called the Aesir.

Unfortunately, or perhaps in some cases by malicious design most of these publishers denied the natural law of racial self preservation and separation in an attempt to be politically correct and respectable.

So, I first chose the name Wotanism over Odinism. First because W.O.T.A.N. makes a perfect acronym for Will Of The Aryan Nation. Secondly because he was called Wotan on the European continent and only called Odin in Scandinavia.

Therefore Wotan appeals to the genetic memory of more of our ancestors. And finally because a split had to be made with the game players, deceivers and universalists who had usurped the name Odin.

My next step was to form a doctrine or creed for modern Wotanism. Of course the whole reason for the project was to stop the forced mixing and murder of the white race. So it had to be true to natural law, the highest law of nature being the preservation of one's own kind. It had to accommodate not only my own 'Godsense' but that of others. And it had to totally destroy the New Age kind of suicidal deception being spread by the ``respectable" Odinists.

Perhaps the greatest and most dangerous or suicidal deception of the New Agers is that the force and intelligence we call God is made up of, or infused with an emotion called ``love." The fact is, the Creator made lions to eat lambs, wolves to eat fawns, hawks to eat sparrows, and the races of men to fight for life, women, food, territory and power. There is no love love love!! There is just law law law!! Harsh, sometimes cruel, but still divine law!!

Divine law demands exclusive territorial imperatives and exclusive hegemony, i.e. control, if a race is to survive. That is a truth no other religion but Wotanism will teach.

It is not my purpose in this dissertation to discuss the meanings of the Gods, Goddesses, myths or runes of Wotanism. By studying the philosophical concepts attached to each rune a person can develop a complete and natural personality. We have more Gothi learning and teaching natural law through the myths every month.

So let me leave you for now with one of my own proverbs, perhaps my favorite, to wit:

``Nature and nature's laws are the work of the Creator. Therefore nature's laws are God's laws. And the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind."

David Lane

Wotanism Lecture

What I have to say today will not make me popular. You may not invite me back, or some of you may not wish to attend again, and of course our keepers, who undoubtedly are listening in, have never liked my political and religious teachings. However, facts are facts, and the circumstances at this juncture in history demand cold, hard truths.

Wotanism (Odinism) is a religion. A religion is not a hobby. It is not a gang, a club, a pleasure, a safety net, an escape from reality or responsibility, or a part time diversion.

Unlike an alien religion, Wotanists cannot "convert and repent" on their deathbed and then believe they will forever float in heavenly bliss upon a cloud, singing, "Jesus Loves Me."

It is rightfully said, "Knowledge is a curse." For with knowledge comes responsibility. The innocent bliss of ignorance dies with the acquisition of knowledge. That is one reason our folk refuse to accept truths about governments and religions that rule over them.

Wotanism in prisons or in occupied countries will not make us into tough guys. The only tough guy in this prison is the guy in the gun tower with a .223 caliber rifle, and if that's not enough, he has the whole U.S. Army and Air Force to back him up. I remind you again, the government that holds you in prison has, in the wars, revolutions and assassinations it has financed instigated and participated in from Dixie, to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to Grenada, to Columbia, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Japan, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Serbia, to Waco, the Ruby Ridge, to Iraq, to Iran, to Afghanistan, and on and on, maimed or murdered 200 million people for their New World Order, half of them our folk. So let's forget about being tough guys inside their prisons.

Wotanism is the big picture, incorporating the perennial philosophy which is timeless, eternal and infinite. Wotanism is disturbing, uncomfortable, and it demands sacrifice. Just as Tyr sacrificed his hand to save the Gods of Asgard, Wotanism asks that we give of ourselves for a higher cause. We know that Wotanism is a religion, but how many of us have rationally explored just what a religion is? Let us consider some of the many aspects and powers of a religion.

First of all, a religion and what men have called God by many names over countless centuries are not the same. The simple fact that different religions have opposing beliefs is incontrovertible evidence that religions are the inventions of men, not the work of a higher power that mortals call God. Religions are created by men for specific purposes, always involving control or guidance of those to whom it is disseminated. That control or guidance may be for the benefit, or enslavement of the targeted population, depending on the design of the religion's creators, the motives of its agents and the vagaries of historical circumstance. The major religions have all been created by the Adepts in the ancient "Mysteries," so they incorporate similar structures. One of many examples being the 12 + 1: Odin with 12 Brothers of Zeus with 12 lesser deities at a given time, or Mithra or Jove, etc. In the alien religion forced upon our people, Israel has 12 tribes, and Jesus has 12 disciples. In all cases it represents the sun and 12 signs of the Zodiac to the insiders. Of course that's also why Christmas is at the Winter Solstice of the sun, and Easter is at a designated time after the Spring Equinox of the sun. It is astrology and sun worship to the powers behind the scene.

The Adepts call God the "Grand Mathematician of the Universe," partly because of the shapes into which nature forms, including hexagons like snowflakes and honeycomb. In plant life we often find Polygons. Cut an apple in half, through its equator, and you will see the 5-sided figure. This geometry is the real or insider wisdom of the Adepts. Literal

belief in religious myths or parables is for the simple-minded masses, the apple and Eve in the Garden of Eden being a prime example. In a true and non-suicidal religion, God, the Grand mathematician of the universe, is not irrational or insecure. In the alien religion, the creative force of the Universe, "God" turns itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from sentencing mortal men to eternal torture, in someplace called Hell. That of course is irrational, but it serves the purposes of the tyrants who created the religion. A famous philosopher once said, "Those whom the Gods would destroy, they first drive mad." The world's rulers consider themselves to be Gods, or at least to be "God's Chosen People." The religion forced on our people, with them as God's Chosen People, has certainly driven us insane.

A study of the mind of the Grand Mathematician of the Universe is called Cabalism by Jews and Christians. Our folk call such students Hermetic Philosophers. It is fascinating, but also is not a subject that I'll dwell on today, because civilizations have cycles. At times circumstances allow spiritual pursuits to be predominate in a society. But when threatened with genocide and with extinction, then the males of a tribe of humans must deal with the physical realities. The foundation for a rational and non-suicidal religion is simple, as always the great principles are revealed in brevity. That foundation is this: "Nature and nature's laws are the work of the Creator." Therefore nature's laws are God's laws. And the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. That makes the 14 Words a divine command. It also raises the question of what "Creator" means.

First of all, at this time, the perception of "Creator" is not necessarily uniform. Even a professed Atheist can be a Wotanist. To be an Atheist Wotanist, the "Creator" simply means the results of chance over eons of time. However, the fact is, the vast majority of our folk have always believed in a creative force and intelligence that we call God, or us Wotanists call Allfather Wotan. It is ingrained in our genetic memory, in our race soul, in the collective unconscious, and in our heritage.

Sir Francis Bacon was called the greatest mind sent into the world in a thousand years, by the Adepts. He once said, "A little philosophy leadeth men toward atheism, but depth in philosophy leadeth a man toward religion." Before exploring his reasoning, let me make an insertion at this point.

Our folk, especially our young men, cannot be blamed for embracing atheism today. Neither should we blame our brothers for the destructive deeds they may have done before hearing the great truths of Wotanism. However, with knowledge comes responsibility. Unlike Christians, who teach that no matter how evil a man may be he can repent on his deathbed and go to eternal bliss, Wotanists know that for every action there is a reaction, and for every wrong there is a penalty. Justice requires punishment for wrongdoing.

Elaborating on why we do not put blame on our brothers for deeds of destruction before hearing great truths, we must consider the nature of our minds. The human mind is much like a biological computer, G.I.G.O. (Garbage In, Garbage Out). And 99.9% of all

sensory experience in the lives of the young men of our folk has been anti-nature garbage. The "evil White man," who oppresses women and minorities (actually vast majorities) has been a dominant theme in America and all Western Nations for generations. Our young men have rebelled against a system that grates against their very soul. Unfortunately that rebellion has seldom been constructive and it has led many into prison. Then, here in prison the rebellion usually continues in a self-destructive pattern. Drugs, drunkenness, gambling on Skraeling sports, bluster, and such, are of no value to the individual or his people. All too often our young men, when incarcerated, are quickly led into what I call the "Code of the Convict," or the convict mentality. How often have you heard the phrase, "He's a good convict?" Time and again I see a young man come to prison with a short sentence, maybe 5 years. Sometimes in this era they are railroaded into prison on false charges, just because they promoted the 14 Words. But as soon as they get here some group or gang starts to pressure them to join up. Almost always there are some members of the group who have destructive habits and when they have a collision, as they always do, the new recruit is required to support his "brother." So the 5-year sentence becomes 10 years or 20 years or life. "Brothers" like this we do not need. If it's the last thing I do before dying in the prisons of my enemy, it will be to change the "Code of the Convict" to the "Code of the Revolutionary."

I had a friend, a noble man, named Maynard Campbell. About 35 or 40 years ago he worked for a short time as a radio repairman for the Denver Police Department. But upon seeing what a corrupt organization the police department was, he quit and became a TV repairman. Then later he went into the lumber business. Then about 10 years ago the Ruby Ridge Massacre happened. The Feds murdered a woman named Vicky Weaver, and her son Sammy. They blew her head off while she was holding her youngest baby in her arms, all because the Weavers were White Folk who wanted to live with and preserve their own kind. After the murders, the Feds began their usual propaganda, demonizing the Weavers and justifying the murders. This was too much for Maynard Campbell. He wrote a short book exposing the lies and brutality of the Federal Assassins. So the Feds falsely charged him with cutting down trees on Federal property. And after the usual farce called a trial, instead of a fine, they put him in this prison; then labeled him an ex-cop. Naturally the "Code of the Convict" got Maynard killed. Maynard is no longer exposing the Federal murder of the Weavers, or the Federal murders of our race. The "Code of the Convict" did their dirty work for them. All the system has to do is accuse someone of being a rapist, a child molester, a snitch, an ex-cop, or whatever, and the "Code of the Convict" will do their dirty work for them. Part of the "Code of the Convict" grows from the mistaken belief that by putting down someone else, we raise ourselves up. I see drug dealers that may have ruined the lives of a thousand children attacking someone accused of a sex crime that may have harmed one person. That is hypocrisy. The man who is secure in his own self-image is not concerned with others in "their" society. When we have our own nations for the life and benefit of our folk, then we will worry about morality. In here we need to learn to mind our own business, and we need to remember that the "crimes" of others who have never heard truths and who have never been taught a sense of destiny, are "crimes" of ignorance as often as crimes of malice. I say quote crimes unquote for a reason, and this too is related to self-image. Far too many of our young men accept the label "criminal" or "convict," when in actuality they should

consider themselves rebels and revolutionaries.

The U.S. Constitution restricts the police powers of the Federal Government to three areas. Treason, crimes on the seas or waterways, and counterfeiting. And since the Federal Reserve that prints "our" money is unconstitutional, that leaves two areas. How many of you here today are convicted of treason or crimes on the high seas? You see, the criminals who violated the supposed supreme law of the land are the ones who put you in prison. You are not the criminals.

Another famous philosopher once said, "He who kills one man is called a murderer, but he who kills millions is worshiped as a President, a King or and Emperor." Not that we should justify unjustified and unnecessary killing, but the point is, governments are always the greatest criminals, a million times over. So we do not need to support our self-image by denigrating other individuals. The forced bussing judge who destroys the lives and sensibilities of tens of thousands of the children of our folk, is also tens of thousands times more vile than any so-called convict. Even a Ted Bundy is an angel compared to a Federal bussing judge.

Let me take another detour. We need to understand money. Money has two lawful functions: they are as a store of value and a medium of exchange. All other uses such as social engineering and especially usury are forbidden under natural law. Usury, which means charging interest on money, at any percentage is as destructive to a society as war or mass murder. Even the Christian's so-called holy book calls for the death penalty for usury, although as hypocrites they ignore their own laws when it is uncomfortable to obey them. At another time, if the Gods are willing, we will discuss the origins of money as precious metal, the change to paper money, central banks, and the most powerful tool the tyrants ever devised called fractional reserve banking. For now just be aware that while charging interest to Skraelings or to traitors is acceptable, we cannot practice usury of fellow Wotanists.

Returning to Wotanist behavior in prison—œin the so-called holy book of the religion forced upon our folk by deception, torture and murder is this proverb: "Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves." As usual it is suicidal deception. It should read, "Be wise as serpents and appear to be harmless as doves."

There is a small lizard-like creature called a chameleon, which changes color to match its surroundings so as to be invisible to predators. Those who live in an occupied country or a prison must above all things learn to be chameleons. A spy in a foreign country does not go to the embassy and announce he is an enemy of the regime. One soldier does not challenge a whole army to battle in an open field. A wise man does not paint a target on his chest. A wise oriental wrote a book called The Art of War. In it he showed that all wars are won by deception and preparation. I understand the emotional reaction of young men who first learn of the betrayal by their elders and the plans of the Sons of Muspell. Now you must understand this: "The emotional man will always be conquered and destroyed by the cold, hard, cunning, calculating man." So control your emotions.

Back to religion -- all religions are created to be anthropomorphic. That means human attributes are given to the God, Gods, or Goddesses, attributes such as gender, love, anger, vengeance, etc. There are good reasons for this. One reason is so that the creators of the religion can put words in the mouth of God. The power of religion relies mostly on the words, "God said," usually inserted in alleged holy books.

At this point I must necessarily detour again. A religion implies a deity -- a God, Gods, and/or Goddesses. So what does this word God imply, both in the understanding of our ancestors and in the light of our so-called "Age of Reason?" To the Adepts, God was a creative force and intelligence in the Universe. As Wotanists we might symbolize this force as Allfather. The relationship of this force to a particular race or nation was symbolized with a name for the God. Thus, Allfather Wotan becomes the God of our Folk.

Does God exist? Understand this: evolution is nonsense from the deceptive minds of the Sons of Muspell and their deluded underlings. If evolution were true then we of the North Folk would have evolved fur to protect us from the cold. Instead we need the artificial devices of fire, clothes and housing to protect us. If evolution were true we would not get skin cancer from exposure to the sun. Evolution cannot explain male and female. Evolution cannot explain which came first, the chicken or the egg, etc.

It is true that the biblical story of a six-day creation just six thousand years ago is nonsense if taken literally instead of as a myth with hidden meaning. But that does not negate intelligent interference in an evolutionary process or outright genetic manufacture by intelligence or beings beyond our understanding. Our five senses are extremely limited as to the wavelengths and vibrations we can detect. Theoretical Physics and Quantum Mechanics now suggest other dimensions, parallel universes, time travel and other concepts to which our senses have no access, just as we cannot detect the radio and TV waves passing through and all around us at all times. But nonetheless, they do exist.

The best way to explain the teachings of our ancestors regarding God, the soul and reincarnation is in the light of modern science. Everything that exists consists of electromagnetism in patterns, vibrations and wavelengths. Atoms are made of electromagnetic force; so are the solar systems of the Universe; most importantly to our discussion, so does thought or ideas. When we think a thought it is a pattern of electromagnetic energy. Electromagnetic energy is eternal and indestructible and it exists both within and without of biological life forms such as humans. What the Adepts call the soul is the patterns of energy that form thought or ideas. It is all interconnected with the patterns of the whole Universe, also called the cosmic mind. Reincarnation means the deliberate return of our pattern. In Wotanism the daily return to battle in Valhalla symbolizes reincarnation.

Back to the words, "God said," as inserted in "holy books" -- it is both necessary and dangerous to anthropomorphize "God" so that words can be put in the Creator's mouth. In the past it was necessary because to tell the uneducated masses that "God" consisted of patterns of electromagnetic activity would have been greeted with blank eyed stares of no

comprehension. In this age it is necessary because of the power of symbolism, because of its value in molding the personalities of our children, because of the absolute necessity of ritual and ceremony to a healthy society, and as a form of oral shorthand. After all, it is far easier to say, "Allfather Wotan," than to recite, "The Cosmic Mind consisting of a compilation of the electromagnetic forces and patterns of the Universe." That is not only too lengthy, but it is incomprehensible to children. We cannot overestimate the necessity of ceremony and ritual either. Weddings, funerals and events to honor heroes and martyrs are absolutely vital to the health of a society and survival of a unique people.

To anthropomorphize God is, however, dangerous because it carries great power for either good or evil. There have been two completely opposing philosophies at war with each other in this world for thousands of years. One believes in mixing and destroying the integrity of the three root races created by "God." The other looks at nature's laws, formed by the Creator, in which the highest law is the preservation of one's own kind, and then resists the mixing and destruction. Nearly 1700 years ago the dying Roman Empire and its secret Muspellheimer rulers created a universal religion in an attempt to unite the many races, nations and cultures under their control. The word Catholic means universal. The new religion created in 325 A.D., as time is now reckoned, then backdated the events in the myths and placed them over a thousand miles east of Europe, in Palestine, so that no one could deny they happened, and the real rulers were called, "God's Chosen People," to perpetuate power.

When wise Europeans resisted the new religion in favor of their indigenous religion of Wotanism they were tortured, murdered and bribed until finally the Universal Religion prevailed. The Adepts of Wotanism then pretended to convert, but in actuality they infiltrated the church and coded the old wisdom into the bible, especially the King James Bible. The King James Bible is actually a time bomb designed to destroy the alien religion at a given time with mathematical codes that prove the dogma is a hoax. More recently as the alien religion faded away due to contradictions with science, the Universalists began to promote the New Age Movement. It too is anthropomorphic. The major attribute the New Agers ascribe to God is "Love." "God is Love," they proclaim. It is a lie! The Creator made lions to eat lambs, wolves to eat rabbits, hawks to eat sparrows, and the races of men to fight for women, territory, power and life. There is no love, love, love, just law, law, law; harsh, cruel, unforgiving but perfect, natural law. A people can recognize that law, obey it and they will live, or they can ignore it and die.

Another great danger of the Universalists and their New Age Movement is the feminist movement. Young and healthy societies are male dominated. Decadent, dying societies are feminist. The sex drive of the males of a race that wishes to survive must not be subverted, slandered, hindered, or lessened. In our indigenous religions of the past the male Gods were often depicted with huge erect phallus. This is now ridiculed by the enemies of nature's God as penis worship or evidence of a fertility religion, which only demonstrates their ignorance or their malice. Fertility is necessary to life. Those out of power raise armies with promises of plunder, revenge, and above all, the seizing of women. The testosterone level of the male is 20 times that of the female for a reason, as are all the ratios of nature. That overwhelming sex drive of the male must be directed

toward women of their own folk.

The United States was created by the Adepts. The plan was encoded in the novel *The New Atlantis* by Sir Francis Bacon. At least 53 of the 56 signers of The Declaration of Independence, on 7-4 or July 4, were Masonic Adepts. But when the Sons of Muspell took over the new nation, within just a few years the true Adepts tried another tactic. In the early 1800's they formed a new religion now called Mormonism. The original Mormon religion in many ways conformed to Natural Law, particularly in that it was restricted to our folk, and it taught polygamy. But the Sons of Muspell would not allow a religion that might preserve our kind, so they first banned polygamy by law, knowing that sexual-lust is the mother of battle-lust and battle-lust is the mother of nations. Next they promoted the 19th Amendment to the Constitution, giving women the vote. Finally a Son of Muspell named Kurtz, the head of the Treasury Department of the U.S. Government, told the Mormons to racially integrate or the I.R.S. would seize their church property. So, because its men were castrated by anti-polygamy laws and the "liberation" of women, the Mormons caved in. Just one example of why a religion of the folk must promote the male sex drive. A man will fight to the death to keep the harem he dominates.

Finally, we must recognize the power of symbolism in our nature or indigenous religion. It appeals to our warrior soul, both through genetic memory and through its overt character. The three great movements of the last 2500 years have all been religious movements -- Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. The first allowed the Son of Muspell to conquer and rule the world and sentence our folk to extinction. There is no greater power than a religion. We must now embrace a natural religion, true to the laws of nature and nature's God, with the fanatical dedication of desperation. That religion is Wotanism!

David Lane

Counterfeit Culture

The 25th Precept states, "A people without a culture exclusively their own will perish." Let us look at what has been done to our culture. Perhaps as much as anything else, Aryans, when free to pursue their own path, look for simplification and order. An easy example would be alphabets. The Oriental peoples formed written languages using thousands of symbols, all of which needed to be memorized and scribed with incredible precision. The Negroids remained incapable of producing any kind of written language. The Aryans, however, developed a system of phonetics in which five vowels and twenty-one consonants represented all the necessary linguistic sounds of our verbal _expression.

Simplification and order allowed the likes of Shakespeare and Kipling to leave their genius behind. Our languages are at the root of our culture, but only one of the many facets.

Many years ago, while in the real estate business, I noticed the difference in the order of Aryans and the chaos of the sons of Muspell, who now rule over all the once-White nations. I noticed that in subdivisions laid out 80-100 years ago, having names like Jones,

MacIntosh or Wilson, the streets and avenues ran east-west and north-south. Blocks were either square or rectangular. Usually streets and avenues were numbered consecutively or were alphabetical. For example, in Denver, east of Colorado Blvd., the avenues are numbered 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc. Then the streets are named Albion, Ash, Bellaire, Birch, Clairemont, Cherry, Dexter, Dahlia, two a's, two b's, etc, with every second street named after a tree. A stranger coming to Denver could be directed to any address without fail. But then about 1950 subdivisions began to be named Pearlman, Goldman, Silverman, or have corporate names. Streets meandered about in a terrible mish-mash, among which even local police and fire departments got lost. It was an attack on Aryan culture. Always the sons of Muspell bring chaos to the order of Aryan lands.

Art is another example. In George Lincoln Rockwell's famous Brown University speech, he did a masterful job of lampooning Picasso and others of the "chosen ilk" with their so-called modern art. In reality it is the splashing of paint on a canvas by those without the talent or wish to create life-like portraits.

That our folk fall for such deception reminds me ever-so-much of the fable about the Emperor's new clothes. The whole kingdom, except for one innocent, honest child, pretended that the naked Emperor was dressed in magnificent finery. The herd forever desires to be politically correct and the masses are indeed asses. When we had a culture of our own, a person studied everything from anatomy to geometry for years before daring to call himself an artist. But so-called modern art provides instant gratification, and with proper connections or propaganda it is even rewarded with wealth and fame.

"The 'refined,' the 'rich,' the professional 'do-nothing,' the distiller of quintessence' desire only the peculiar and sensational, the eccentric, the scandalous in today's art. And I, myself, since the advent of cubism have fed these fellows what they wanted and satisfied these critics with all the ridiculous ideas that have passed through my head. The less they understood, the more they admired me! ...Today, as you know, I am celebrated, I am rich. But when I am alone, I do not have the effrontery to consider myself an artist at all, not in the grand meaning of the word. ...I am only a public clown, a mountebank. I have understood my time and exploited THE IMBECILITY, THE VANITY, THE GREED of my contemporaries. It is a bitter confession, this confession of mine, more painful than it may seem. But, at least, and at last, it does have the merit of being honest."

--- Pablo Picasso

Then there is dance. Again, when we had our own nations, our dance was stately and orderly. The Virginia reel, waltz and square dance are examples. Dancing was a kind of refined courtship. The Negroidal frenzy dancing of this age is simulated copulation, not courtship. This simulated copulation is usually accompanied by some cacophony, wrongfully called music, which invariably is played at a decibel level designed to attract the attention of aliens on some distant planet. The thumping of synthesized instrumentation drowns out any vocal lyrics, which indeed have no redeeming value anyway.

As recently as forty years ago, we had Doris Day and Patty Page. Compare their voices to the annoying screeches of Barbara Streisand and hear just how far we have fallen. In the forty plus years of rock'n'roll one would be put to task to think of five singers with the vocal talent of a Roy Orbison. Even so-called country music has been corrupted, which is self-evident when comparing Patsy Cline, Loretta Lynn or Hank Sr. to today's performers.

How I wish young White people would or could, hear or see productions by Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Strauss, Beethoven, Rossini, Verdi and the other great Aryan composers. The 1812 Overture, the William Tell Overture and the Tannhauser Overture are Aryan culture at their finest. And 99% of today's youth haven't a clue. It is not their fault and it is oh-so-sad. But the alien destroyer knows that the further a generation is removed from its own culture, the less it cares about the preservation of the race from which it sprang.

Consider sports. In the first place, modern sports are just a reincarnation of the bread and circuses of dying Rome. As the Aryan-Nordic Romans mixed themselves out of existence with slaves and foreigners, the masses debated the talents of gladiators. Nowadays our youth idolize Negro athletes, virtually all of whom have harems of our last White women. Integrated sports are a perversion of the territorial instinct given to each race and species to ensure the preservation of their own kind. But now call a Negro "Denver Bronco" or "Dallas Cowboy" and he becomes more important than the survival of our own race. And of course, spectator sports are always a danger, at least when carried too far. Sports should be used to keep one's own body fit, not to entertain a couch potato.

We can see another indication of cultural decay in the behavior of athletes. In Aryan societies a man is taught to walk quietly and carry a big stick. Quiet acceptance of what fate declared was considered a sign of strength and maturity. A few years back a couple of Swedish tennis players named Borg and Edberg typified this behavior. Then came McInroe and Conner with temper tantrums and childish acts. And degenerate Americans loved this Semitic-Negroidal behavior. How far we have fallen.

When I was a youngster in high school, and a player scored a touchdown for the football team, he walked over to the referee and handed him the ball with quiet dignity. Now there is a primitive ritual of obscene, sexual gyrations as a victory dance.

Negative changes can be observed even in the new manner of conversation. In a Nordic country we demand personal space, and conversation is always from a distance of at least an arm's length. I first noticed the change in prison, as even White men try to stand with their heads inches from mine for conversation. I would back up and they would step forward. It is alien to our organic culture.

Also, in times past we were taught from childhood that unnecessary conversation was boorish and uncultured. The fact is, 99% of all human conversation today is inane, repetitious, pointless and boring. Additionally, no man can think while his tongue is wagging or someone else's gums are flapping in his ear. The more primitive the race, the

individual or the culture, the louder it tends to be. The more advanced the race, an individual or a culture, the quieter it tends to be.

Just fifty years ago we were taught to think before every sentence uttered, and then to be precise. This business of "it's like...." "ummmm," "see what I'm sayin'," "it's like, you know...." "like, know what I mean, uh....." is total cultural decadence.

Priorities and perceptions are other casualties of non-Aryan culture. Today our couch potato TV addicts buy remote control TV channel changers so they can lay on their lazy, fat rears so they can be spectators of decadence on the electric toilet. Then, one day they see how fat and unattractive they are, so they spend hundreds of dollars on a gym membership to work the fat off. And of course, all it takes is the self-discipline to stop stuffing their faces with junk food. But then, self-discipline is essential to high culture.

On the subject of war, a decadent society without true culture becomes cruel. War is indeed hell, and killing one's enemies is part of Nature's decree. But, as a rule it is not customary that Aryans torture captives, nor should they needlessly kill the women and children. Dresden, Hamburg, Waco and Eisenhower's murder of a million POW's after the end of World War II demonstrate how far we have fallen.

Once upon a time, a "hero" was someone who stood till the end against all odds. Now America's "heroes" push a button and send a missile from hundreds of miles away to blow up helpless people, soldiers and civilians alike, and then give themselves medals.

We could go on and on with discussions of drugs, booze, divorce, abortion, but it is not necessary. In a decadent culture we accept whatever we see without question. Forty-five years ago I noticed that in nearly every movie, TV program, magazine or billboard advertisement and on and on, the male was dark-haired and darker skinned than the fair White woman. The idea of "dark is handsome" was promoted and still is without end. It was far, far too pervasive to be accident. Those in control of every aspect of life in the once-White nations were self-evidently programming our women for race treason, step by step.

The wondrous thing is that few notice until it is pointed out to them; even then no one seems to care. That is cultural pollution so powerful that it overrides even the Nature-given instinct for the preservation of one's own race. Religion is, also, an aspect of culture. Everyone knows that from the Pope to Billy Graham, the dominant religious leaders now promote breaking down all barriers to interracial marriage. We have no choice but to separate ourselves from every aspect of modern, so-called culture and rebuild our own. It will be a monumental task, but it is essential to our struggle. I attempt to demonstrate what our culture was and what it must become; others will fight the battle with migration and armed struggle. Each must serve to the best of his ability. Biological extinction is the inevitable consequence of cultural death. All must struggle with the fanaticism of desperation.

We must secure the existence of our People and a future for White children. Because the

beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth.

David Lane

Reality Denial

Those who have been involved for years or decades in our struggle against the Judeo-American and Judeo-Christian murder of the White race are well aware of the major problem. That problem is reality denial by the masses of our White folk.

Reality denial, of course, is not unique to this generation or our present situation. It is simply human nature to desire what is comfortable, profitable, socially acceptable and safe. But what is extremely disheartening, and harmful to our struggle, is the continued reality denial by many self-proclaimed leaders of the resistance, and the acceptance of this reality denial by their followers. Men of perception can only conclude that these leaders are enemy agents, complete fools or cowards.

Work within the system, run for public office, vote, become a lawyer, wait for divine intervention, and on and on, is the suicidal advice of these deceivers. Let us consider their advice within the context of natural law, history and common sense.

We must first realize and accept that, long term, our race cannot survive without exclusive territorial imperatives in which to propagate, protect and promote our own kind. Racial integration always leads to miscegenation (inter-racial mating) and the death of the White race, examples being Carthage, Egypt and India, among many.

Exclusive territorial imperatives means not only nations, but continents populated only by our folk. Even small White communities are at best a very temporary strategy in the struggle against genocide.

Next, we must consider the present demographic situation in America and in our European homeland. We are not only outnumbered by Skraelings, i.e., non-whites, worldwide, by more than ten to one, but in the formerly White nations the situation is a disaster. In America we are already a distinct minority when all the facts are known. The system claims that Whites are roughly two-thirds of the population, but they count perhaps ten to eighteen million Jews as White. There are also millions of Hispanics wrongfully labeled as White along with millions of illegal aliens in this country. So in total numbers we are already a minority.

Next, we must consider that already most White females have a sister, daughter, son, brother, aunt, uncle or cousin who has mated with a Skraeling. So usually the whole family will defend the interests of the mixed-race offspring.

On top of this, the entire mass media promotes or defends miscegenation and defames racists as haters and bigots. Also, the entire Judeo-Christian establishment promotes racial integration, the oneness of all mammalian bipeds and racial suicide. Judeo-

Christianity is an enemy of our race exceeded in power only by multi-racial sports.

Years ago I asked, only partly in jest, if there was a White man remaining in America who wouldn't strip his own daughter naked and give her to the star negro running back of his favorite football team if it meant one more touchdown?

At any rate, despite all the above, there are still some so-called leaders of the White resistance that tell our folk to vote. I do wish the Christian concept of hell were true so these sorry creatures could burn for eternity.

Have they told you that we are an old race? That more young Skraelings live in one American city than White children in several Western states combined? Vote indeed! Run for public office indeed! In a democracy those who own the media, and thus the minds of the masses, have power undreamed of by kings or dictators. The owners of the media decide who the candidates are, how they should be portrayed, and what their agenda shall be. And the owners of the media have sentenced the White race to death.

But if you point out that words alone cannot save our kind, these leaders, these intellectual escapist, these knights of the ink pen, these word warriors, will verbally attack you with unconcealed hatred. And here is why: **INTELLECTUAL SNOBS AND PSEUDO-ARISTOCRATS ALWAYS DISGUISE THEIR COWARDICE BY SLANDERING MEN OF ACTION.**

The salt of the earth are farmers, ranchers, craftsmen, teamsters and others who produce and move the needs of life. All others are parasites at one level or another. Parasites have no nobility and cannot be trusted. The revolution to save our kind will come from what the intellectual snobs call the common man. This time we must not let the word warriors subvert our efforts.

As for becoming lawyers or waiting for divine intervention to save our kind, I'll waste only a few words on the ridiculous. The law is what the devil in a black robe says it is. And he is the devil that gave you forced bussing, queer rights, feminist agendas, etc. And no God saved our race anywhere in history once the race mixing began. Do your own studies on civilizations and religions, I think you will find that only the Third Reich and Wotanism ever defended our race.

As the Chairman of White Revolution has pointed out, the resistance to genocide must be divided into sharply delineated groups. They are A) the overt propaganda arm; B) the covert and legal arm which finance the overt arm; and C) the underground army. The third must never contact the other two. We live in the most advanced and capable police state in history, so tactics must adjust accordingly, such as the lone wolf guerrilla warrior.

The ability to be a chameleon is the first prerequisite of the creators and defenders of a White nation. If the beginnings of a White nation are noted by the system it will be destroyed, either by boycotts and economic strangulation, or by military action, just as happened to Germany and Serbia when they resisted genocide.

I hope the readers of this article will also peruse a short novel I wrote titled K.D. Rebel. It is not designed as a detailed blueprint for the White homeland, but the philosophy, the migration, the cleansing of the territory and other ideas are interspersed into the action. Of course, in the beginnings of the nation deniability must be maintained. No burning crosses, no swastikas and no literature distribution within Kinsland until the borders are defensible. And the cleansing must appear to involve accidents.

This brings us to the all-important subject of women, since reproduction is the first necessity for racial survival. Even the few, actually very few, women now dedicated to our cause are denying reality. The days of the suburban dream house, immaculate lawns, safe schools, homecoming queens and dances, corsages, chivalry, romance, etc., are over. The fairy tale life of the 1950s was a tiny unrealistic blip in the life of our folk and in the cold, hard history of civilizations.

Now we shall pay the price for destroying the racial character of our European homeland, and for not being vigilant on this continent. Nature is never fooled for long. Those who give up power, whether it is White males in particular or White people in general, will soon face slavery and extinction.

Women go to dominant males. In the present day society jews and Skraelings are perceived as dominant. They have the power, money, glamour, media, control, etc., and we who plead for racial loyalty are defamed as racists and sexists. Women and minorities, united against the White man is a catch phrase used against us. Of course, minorities is a lie. We will not get back our women by pleading. The female nature despises the powerless male. This is true despite the feminist propaganda about sensitive and gentle men.

All men of all races desire White women, especially the most attractive ones. They are offered the world on a silver platter; they do not appreciate the sacrifices of their ancestors or the inventions of White men. Anesthesia, housing, central heating, air conditioning, flush toilets, telephones and on and on, all invented by White men, mostly for White women. But our ancient enemy offers them roles on TV or in movies. They can be models and centerfolds. Sports cars, adulation, mansions, swimming pools, expensive wines, jewelry, entertainment and much more all awaits the attractive White girl who commits race treason.

We cannot blame them either. It is the fault of our men. It was White men who liberated women at the behest of jews and screaming harridans. It was White men who gave up territorial imperatives, who allowed the repeal of anti-miscegenation laws, who allowed the forced bussing of our children, who allowed the promotion of miscegenation in movies and on TV, who allowed the corruption of our schools, who fought for the North in the Civil War thus destroying states rights and the Constitution, and on and on.

Now White men must pay the price for their own perfidy and that of their fathers and their grandfathers.

A Jew (I think) named Hugh Hefner, publisher of Playboy magazine, has had his pleasure with hundreds, if not thousands, of the most beautiful Aryan women in the world, for half a century. Then he published anti-White articles in his magazine. Did White men react according to natural law? Hah! No, they purchased his magazine and financed his evil agenda. They drooled over pictures of images that should have been theirs while pulling their sorry puds in the bathroom. All this, of course, after watching Skraelings kick, throw, hit, bounce and catch balls of various sizes and shapes on the electronic toilet called TV, meanwhile guzzling beer and adding inches to the beer belly hanging over their belt. These so-called White men apparently cheer for Skraelings and their balls because they have no balls of their own.

Well, Whitey, the time of reckoning is at hand. Stand up now or face racial extinction. Build a homeland or die trying. There is no longer anything to lose except slander and slavery. It's time to get tough, physically and mentally. Put away the beer and the drugs. Turn off the TV. Take a course in real martial arts, not the goofy stuff on TV. Richard Scutari of the Order Bruder Schweigen can point out the proper martial arts discipline, as he is a true expert.

Join one of the three arms of the resistance. Build a homeland. Learn the skills of survival without modern conveniences. Learn to avoid scrutiny by Big Brother. There can be no more compromise with reality denial.

Until we have a White homeland with defensible borders, or at least secret borders, you will not have many of our beautiful women. And even then for a while you will have to capture them and re-educate them. From time immemorial those out of power have raised armies with promises of plunder, revenge and above all the seizing of women. This is the time of Ragnarok when all false dogmas die. Morality consists of reproduction, survival of the race, and loyalty to our comrades. And not much else.

David Lane

Open Letter to McVeigh

I am writing this post-script to my open letter to you in order to further clarify both the details of what you will face in the federal courtroom and what must be shown the jury if you are to have a chance. Above all things, Timothy, it is necessary to destroy the false illusion of moral authority that power systems, both religious and governmental, have always contrived. Be aware that the media, by any name in any age, exist to control the masses and create that illusion of moral authority for the police powers of church and state.

With that in mind, in response to media questions on the specific issues they pick to demonize you, always attack. For example, they will ask you about the children who died in Oklahoma City and seldom focus on those burned alive at Waco. I would in response say, "Perhaps the only reason the Federals were not dancing about giving high fives and

cheering for the real Oklahoma barbeque as they did in Waco, is because this time they did not want to take credit for their own work."

Mentally you must prepare for the worst. Do not think that one victory will end it. Double jeopardy laws were subverted long ago by the injustice system and the federal judges. As I told you, I was jeopardized in federal court three times in two districts for the same offense, and your judge, Richard Matsch, was instrumental. If necessary, they will whip saw you back and forth between state and federal courts and deny it is double jeopardy. They might shuffle you from one federal district to another and try again. They add or change a motive in the indictment and claim that makes it a "new offense" and so, another trial is not double jeopardy. They can try you for the act and then for conspiracy to commit the act and claim this is not double jeopardy. They may try you for violating civil rights and then again for conspiracy to violate civil rights. You see, Timothy, they have made a total mockery of the plain meaning of the English language, of the words and intent of the Bill of Rights and of any concept of justice. And still the media are able to maintain that false illusion of moral authority for the police powers of the government.

Let us discuss the jury. You can probably forget talking to the jury about jury nullification rights. The perverter of the Constitution, forced-bussing judge, black-robed and black-hearted tyrant, Judge Richard Matsch will have you gagged before permitting discussion of common law in his star chamber of injustice.

Recognize that in advanced stages of a democracy, (i.e. mob rule, which wise men have always known to be the worst form of government), a country becomes divided between the parasites at the public trough and the producers, whose blood is sucked. Many, if not most of the producers, long ago realized the futility of voting and are no longer on the voting rolls. But the jury will probably be picked from the voter rolls. So, they have a built-in bias in favor of the government. That is one reason the government gets a 98-99% conviction rate in federal trials. The jury is an enemy, not peers. By no accident your trial is in Denver, home of the system hatchet man, Hangin' Judge Matsch. His record is so damning that the media have begun their predictable propaganda push to deify Judge Matsch in the court of public opinion. (See Newsweek, January 29, 1996, page 30.) If I remember correctly, Denver has the second highest federal payroll in the country, at least it is one of the highest. A huge percentage of the population in the Denver area receives checks of one kind or another from federal, state, county or city government, or from industry relying on government. The jury picked from such an atmosphere will not look favorably on someone who does not worship their God, their God being government. A federal trial is not like Perry Mason with surprise witnesses or startling testimony. Every iota of evidence and testimony is agreed to in advance by judge, prosecutor and so-called defense attorney before the farce begins. The trial is as carefully orchestrated as a Shakespeare play. If there is a hitch in the railroad leading to the defendant's conviction, then the judge calls a recess. He sends the jury out of the room while the train that runs over the defendant is repaired.

The Federal Rules of Evidence in conspiracy trials state that hearsay evidence in furtherance of the conspiracy is admissible, but hearsay evidence denying the conspiracy

is not admissible. In other words, only evidence against you is allowed, no defense. Then the government hires or blackmails some witnesses to say, "He said he did it." This is another way they effectively bypass the jury system. There is no defense if you play by their rules. And a system lawyer always plays by their rules.

Their rules allow the defense attorney to attack the credibility of the perjurer the government has hired or blackmailed. But the defense lawyer may not attack the federal agents who created the perjury. To do so would destroy that false illusion of moral authority wrongfully given to the tyrants' police powers. For their injustice system to function the jurors and masses at large must be led to believe that the motives of the police powers are benevolent and moral. And therein lies the crux of the problem you face. If you establish moral authority, you have a chance. If the Federal devils maintain their artificial and false moral authority, you lose. I am reminded of a line invariably used by lawyers assigned to pretend to defend folks labeled as extremists or racists by the media. Without fail the defense lawyer begins his opening statement to the jury like this, "The views held by my client are despicable and disgusting to all of us, but that does not mean he committed the crime." He might just as well hold open the door to the prison or death chamber, for he has just told the jury his client is a scumbag. Conversely, the prosecutors, as opponents of the scumbag, are now canonized and sainted as holy crusaders. These system devils called lawyers know exactly what they do and whom they serve.

So, how do you go about exposing the immoral and murderous mentality of the federal oppressors? Railroad Richard, a.k.a. Hangin' Judge Matsch, will oppose you every step of the way. For example, if you wished to call a hundred witnesses to establish a pattern of federal criminality, these are the exact words you will hear from Railroad Richard: "It is you who is on trial, Mr. McVeigh, not the government." Strange, since it was likely BATF agents who blew up the building. At least that is my guess. It may be that they mouthe the words "innocent until proven guilty," but as long as government and media force the image of "bad guy" on you and confer an image of "good guys" on the tyrants' bully boys, it means nothing. It is a fixed game.

You have to use deception to sneak messages past the black-robed tyrant on the federal throne and his evil henchmen. Let me again use my own experiences as an example. I allowed a system lawyer to pretend to defend me in Seattle, Washington in 1985. I was jeopardized for a crime that happened in Denver, Colorado. A second indictment jeopardized me by alleging I conspired to commit the crime. I pointed out to my so-called defense lawyer that the first indictment violated the 6th Amendment to the Constitution, which says they cannot try a man outside the state and district where the offense occurred. The second indictment was double jeopardy, specifically prohibited by the 5th Amendment. My lawyer refused to argue the Constitution in court, just as he refused to argue the almost certain defense I designed. But, I learned from the first trials I was subjected to. My last trial was a high profile case tried in Ft. Smith, Arkansas. I defended myself, destroyed the government's case and was acquitted. I began an opening argument by showing the jury that the Bill of Rights denies powers to the government. I related the 1st Amendment denying restriction on speech and the 2nd denying restriction on guns.

When I got to the 6th Amendment I said, "The 6th Amendment says a man must be tried in the state and district where the crime happened and the government will not claim that I was ever in Arkansas." The judge immediately interrupted me and told the jury, "What Mr. Lane says is true, however, we have statutes that say we may try him anyway." A small point perhaps, but it demonstrated to the jury that federal courts ignore the Constitution.

If you defend yourself, then short of taking the stand, you get the most latitude for accusations against the government during opening and closing statements. Do not become obsessed with details. Remember, evidence is not the issue. Emotion is the issue. You must make the jury like you and distrust the Federals, if not downright hate them.

Individual cases are unique, so I cannot offer specifics. But for what its worth, here is how I would present my defense (attack), even if I had to do it under oath. Of course, I pull no punches in exposing Zionism or stating that I intend to stop the forced mixing and murder of my race by forced-bussing judges like Railroad Richard or by other federal schemes. You will have to design your own defense (attack).

I would begin with a blown up picture of the so-called Great Seal of the United States as seen on the back of a dollar bill. As usual, the prosecution would have demonized me with words like "racist" and "anti-semitic." I would point out that the seal is over 200 years old. Then, I would show that over the eagle 13 five pointed (pentagonal) stars form the six pointed Star of David. Then I would ask if they were surprised that the Pentagon is the police department for a world Zionist government of those who use the Star of David. Next, I would point out the words "E Pluribus Unum" (one out of many) and "Novus Ordo Seclorum" (New Order of the Ages or New World Order). Then, I would relate the wars, occupations and assassinations by America from Dixie to Mexico, to Panama, to Grenada, to a dozen other Latin American countries, to Libya, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Japan, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Waco, Texas, Ruby Ridge, Whidbey Island and on and on. From encyclopedias and other sources I would document the tens upon tens of millions of people killed and maimed, both directly and indirectly in pursuit of this E Pluribus Unum, Novus Ordo Seclorum. This determination to mix and destroy the integrity of every race, nation and culture on the globe for a New World Order denies the instinct given by nature and nature's God to every race to preserve their own kind. But, it appears that the powers do not care if they must kill half the world's population in order to control and integrate the rest. I would point out that America imprisons more people than anyone on earth and imprisons more people per capita than any nation. Yet, still the system clamors for more prisons, more police powers, more erosion of the Bill of Rights. I would show that since governments were first formed, they created incidents like the Oklahoma City bombing to advance agendas such as wars or greater police powers.

I would point out some of the many atrocities of the Federals in collusion with the media. How they lied about the Branch Davidians, claiming child abuse, drug dealing and illegal weapons, even after the State of Texas had investigated and found the claims baseless. How they could have arrested Koresh at any time, out jogging or eating at a local cafe.

How they had no legal warrant. How they doctored a video to demonize him. He was accused of getting a seventy-some year old woman pregnant and joked that if he could do so, he must be God. The Feds and media took the last three words, "I am God" and played them alone and out of context repeatedly on national TV to demonize Koresh. Then, there were 51 days of mental torture as the Federals broadcast the sound of animals being slaughtered into the church grounds filled with terrified women and children. And finally, as men, women and children were burned alive, the Federals danced about giving each other high fives and cheering for the real Texas barbeque. At Ruby Ridge federal assassins set out to murder a White family because they were White and wished to live among and preserve their own kind. But that was not E Pluribus Unum, so they had to die. They shot a boy in the back and killed him. They blew off a woman's head as she held her baby. They sniped and injured two others. They knew the mother was dead. Then for nine days they broadcast taunts into the terrified survivors, including little children. What manner of inhuman, murdering, torturing thugs and devils do such things? Then, I would tell the jury, "The same ones present false evidence and perjured testimony against me in order to draw attention away from their own atrocities."

Now, one last thing, Timothy. You must show a motive for the Federals to commit mass murder at Waco. Common sense shows it was not for the reasons they claim, but it does not show the real motive. Do you remember that Koresh flew the Star of David flag and spoke constantly, even desperately, of opening the Seven Seals of Revelation? I can show you precisely what he was talking about. It is an ancient wisdom that Jews call Cabalism and Gentiles call Hermetic Philosophy. Its exposure would destroy the Judeo-Christian foundations that underlie the governments of the western world. It is undeniable by those who recognize the mathematical laws of probability. If possible, get a hold of a pamphlet called "The Hermetic Bible" from 14 Word Press for an introduction and see that the secrets known by David Koresh would destroy the world Zionist empire. That is the motivation of the Federals. The brutality in immolating the innocents was a message of deterrence, just as when the bodies of Hypatia, Jacques DeMolay, Giordano Bruno, Gordon Kahl, Robert Mathews and uncountable others were burned, often alive. The tyrant allows no competition and makes crispy examples of really dangerous opposition.

Timothy, I wish you the very best. I hope you realize that throwing yourself on the "mercy" of the court or system is futile. You are dealing with pure, malignant evil, in religious terms, devils incarnate. It appears you are their designed patsy and will be used to deflect attention from their own crimes. Go to the struggle with absolute defiance and accept what the Norns declare in the same manner. A Federal is not fit to suck the sweat from your dirty socks. Give them no satisfaction. I am sure that with the strength gained from the certainty of moral rectitude you will bring honor to a thousand generations of your ancestors.

David Lane

PS: It Only Gets Worse Tim

Dear Mr. McVeigh, First let me say that I am in no position to make judgments about the accusations brought against you by the Federals. However, having faced the Federal Inquisitors, and having experienced their injustice system first hand, I am inclined to believe there is a good chance that anyone they charge with a political crime is innocent. Furthermore, governments have created "incidents" in order to advance agendas or enhance police states since governments were first formed. Those with common sense and rudimentary knowledge of explosives know that a fertilizer bomb outside the building did not shear off the support columns of the building that you are accused of destroying. Finally, before getting to the real reason that I am writing this letter, I would like to say that the hypocrisy of the Butcher of Waco, named Janet Reno, in screaming for your head on a block is beyond the comprehension of those who retain their powers of reason. The attempt to divert attention away from the crimes of Clinton, Reno and the criminal regime seems transparent.

Timothy, since you are about to experience first-hand the farce which the system calls a federal trial, but which in brutal honesty is nothing more than a perjury circus, I would like to share with you a bit of what to expect. I was utterly dismayed to hear in the system media that your lawyer referred to Judge Matsch, recently appointed to hear your case, as a fair and honest judge. Having personally experienced the "honesty and fairness"[sic] of Judge Matsch, to the tune of a 150 year sentence, in a travesty which included blatant violations of the 5th, 6th and 10th amendments, I speak with first-hand knowledge. Furthermore, every iota of relevant testimony against me was perjury created by FBI agents and federal prosecutors, using blackmail and bribery. Judge Matsch, whom your lawyer calls "honest and fair," was well aware that all testimony against me was thus created. Indeed, all federal judges know that the FBI and prosecutors create perjured testimony and present false evidence as standard practice. So, any statement by your so-called defense lawyer that lends credibility to the system is irrefutable evidence that he is a conductor on the railroad that the Federals have put you on. Whatever slight chance you have depends on your putting the government on trial, and a system devil called a lawyer will not do that. So, you have no choice but to defend yourself.

When you first express your intention to defend yourself you will find that the judge and the lawyer assigned to pretend to defend you will argue that you need them in order to cover the details which might allow an appeal. That is pure hogwash. There are no appeals in a political case, just pretense.

Timothy, you are dealing with a government that over the last two centuries has traveled from Dixie, to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to Grenada, to a dozen Latin American countries, from the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Japan, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Waco, to Whidbey Island, to Ruby Ridge and dozens of lesser known wars, occupations and assassinations, in pursuit of their Novus Ordo Seclorum, or New World Order. In the process they have killed and maimed many tens of millions of very real people. They are not going to let a little thing like justice for Timothy McVeigh stand in their way, now that they are so close to

completion of their goal. The capacity of people to forget the past is exceeded only by their willingness to accept the propaganda of the present. So, you have to talk to the jury and present the big picture. I cannot guarantee success, but I can guarantee you that a system lawyer masquerading as your defender will only bury you.

Now, in order to expose Judge Matsch as a system hatchet man, I must tell you who I am, what I represent and why I, too, was and am a target of the system. My name is David Lane. You may disagree with my politics, but certainly you are aware that a White man who demands a nation or territories for the preservation of his race is the target of the most vicious attacks the system can devise. Timothy, some 15 or 20 years ago I became aware of some demographic statistics that are hidden by the system. Only about eight to ten percent of the earth's population is White. And additionally, due to heavy taxation and other destructive practices, we are an old race. Between two and three percent of the earth's population is White female of child bearing age or younger. The life of a race springs from the wombs of its women. Additionally, while political, religious and economic systems can be destroyed and replaced, the death of a race is eternal. The government under which we live denies the White race not only White nations, but White schools, White neighborhoods, White organizations and everything necessary for survival as a race. Of course, the propaganda for mixing the last White females with colored males is never ending in the system media. This is deliberate, malicious genocide. But the most effective weapon in this genocide program is forced bussing. Judge Richard Matsch, the judge handling your case, has been Denver's bussing judge for over two decades. In the process he has established himself as one of the foremost forces for the murder of the White race on the continent.

When I discovered the intent of the New World Order crowd to mix and destroy my race, and realizing that it would be an irreversible tragedy, I set out to resist. In the process I first developed a pamphlet called "Death of the White Race." I set out on a campaign to distribute a half million copies along the front range in Colorado. So in 1981 at the behest of the ADL, according to my sources inside the Denver Police Dept., a special team was sent to assassinate me. Through luck or the will of the Gods, I escaped this attempt. The details are in the archives of the Denver Post in the summer of 1981. Although the real story is, of course, obfuscated. I have, also, coined a motto which is now used by the remnant of loyal White people around the world. It is FOURTEEN WORDS. The fourteen words are, "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children." So, I am considered to be an enemy of the system.

In 1985 the system accused me of participating in the assassination of a talk show host named Alan Berg in Colorado. The Federals tried me through the ruse of a RICO or racketeering trial, which was held in Seattle, WA. The only crime of substance with which I was charged was the Berg assassination. One hundred percent of all relevant testimony was government created perjury. I was given a sentence of 40 years with this, my first felony conviction. But, the system was not satisfied. In 1987 the Federals took me to Denver and again tried me for the Berg homicide. I was tried in the court of Judge Richard Matsch. Judge Matsch knew that I had published articles accusing him of genocide for his forced bussing of tens of thousands of White children. He knew that for

this genocidal crime I advocated the most extreme punishment when the day of justice comes. But he did not recuse himself. Judge Matsch knew that I had been jeopardized already for the Berg homicide in a previous trial in Seattle, and yet he rejected my arguments against double jeopardy. In Seattle I was charged with violating Berg's civil rights. In Denver they added the motivation that I violated his civil rights because he was a Jew and had a job. This, according to Judge Matsch, made it a new offense. Under this reasoning I could be tried yet again because he wore glasses that were manufactured in New York.

Also, I denied that Matsch had jurisdiction to try me. Homicide is a state crime. I told him that under the constitution he could try me for treason, counterfeiting and crimes on federal property. He denied every motion or demand. I threatened to discuss the constitution with the jury. I was told that if I tried it I would watch the trial on TV or be gagged. Judge Matsch does not allow the constitution to be discussed in the travesty he calls a trial.

A co-defendant with me in the Berg trial was Richard Scutari. He is currently imprisoned at the Federals' worst prison in Marion, IL. He will confirm all that I tell you. The Feds told him at Seattle that unless he pled guilty, his wife would be charged and the state would get his daughter. So, he agreed to plead guilty and get 60 years. The agreement included an ironclad guarantee that the Feds would not prosecute him in any additional trials. Then, they reneged and prosecuted Mr. Scutari for the Berg homicide again in Denver. Scutari showed Judge Matsch the agreement and even had his lawyer from Seattle come to testify that the government was breaking its agreement. But, Judge Matsch, this paragon of justice, honesty and fairness, according to your so-called defense lawyer, allowed the prosecutors to try Mr. Scutari anyway.

Lastly, a careful perusal of old issues of the Denver Post and the Rocky Mountain News will show that Judge Matsch for many years has had the closest possible ties to Zionist organizations and ADL approved groups. Whether these ties are ethnic as well as for political expedience, you would be well advised to ascertain before you demand that Judge Matsch recuse himself. The record is clear, the judge assigned to your case is a life-long legal assassin or hatchet man for the system. By publicly proclaiming that this system hack and perverter of the constitution, to say nothing of being a murderer of the White race, is an exemplar of justice, your misnamed defense lawyer has exposed himself as a member of the team that intends to dispose of you. In my opinion, gained the hardest way possible, whatever little chance you have depends on taking your defense directly to the jury and exposing the evils which you have set out to destroy.

Best wishes from the gulags of the occupation government.

David Lane

Martyrs

The significance, importance and effects of martyrs on religious or secular power systems and on revolutionary movements has always been known and exploited by the tyrants of Church and State. Indeed, when the tyrants had no true martyrs they created them. What better example could we find than the alleged holocaust of the "forever persecuted" tribe of "chosen people."

A Roman general on his way to crush a revolt in Palestine nearly 2,000 years ago remarked that it was strange, since Jews wrote the laws of Rome. As Bob Miles used to say, "Thieves have power struggles amongst themselves." In the end, however, the victims are made into martyrs for the greater conspiracy.

The Judeo-Christians, ever eager to emulate their Jewish masters, perfected the art of creative and false martyrdom. With the possible exception of America, the religion from Rome has been the greatest mass murder and torture machine ever inflicted on the White Aryan race. The numbers killed, tortured and enslaved in religious wars, inquisitions and power struggles boggles the mind. Bodies torn apart on the rack, tongues torn out, molten lead poured down throats, eyes gouged out, boys castrated in Vatican choirs, and on and on. The Protestant offspring of the Roman whore, with their burning at the stake of witches, heretics and non-conformists, were no better. Yet in monstrous hypocrisy the Christians sing the praises of their fictitious martyrs.

Robert Jay Mathews, of whom we shall speak more, was a real, flesh and blood man who sacrificed his life in the pain of being burned alive in Federal flames, because he loved his people. Even if the motive force of the universe had turned itself into a mortal man(Jesus) in order to have himself killed by mortal men, in order to keep himself from turning men into hot dogs at a divine and eternal weenie roast(hell), the sacrifice would not exceed that of Bob Mathews's. And to equate allegory with reality is suicidal. But the point I am making is that wise men understand the power of martyrdom. It is the blood of martyrs that stirs an oppressed people. We must honor above all things those who have given their lives or freedom for the preservation of the folk. If we fail to honor the memory of our heroes, then we are miserable ingrates who rightfully perish in the Zionist New World Order.

It is, of course, impossible to know the names of even a small percentage of our honorable ancestors. The 4,500 unarmed Wotanists murdered on the banks of the Elbe by Charlemagne's insane Christian army, for example, the millions who died on the Eastern Front, the million starved to death in Eisenhower's POW death camps, the children fighting to the last in the rubble of Berlin, the soldiers of the Southern States in Confederate Grey, the women and children burned alive in Dresden and Hamburg are among the unnamed. They must not be forgotten. Still the folk are moved by the exploits of individuals with whom they can identify or whose deeds were exceptionally heroic. So here we shall pay homage to a few we all know.

First and foremost in America, in my opinion, we must remember Commander George

Lincoln Rockwell and Bruders Schweigen leader Robert Jay Mathews. Overseas, no man ever symbolized better the qualities of loyalty, honor and eternal courage than the martyr for peace, Rudolf Hess.

Among billions of mortals who have inhabited the earth the last few thousand years, providence has seen fit to send among us only a very few of those divinely inspired and selfless individuals who stand resolutely against the tide of decay, decadence and death. Such men are identified by their courage, by uncompromising integrity, by ability, by willingness to sacrifice and by perseverance.

All these qualities we see in Commander Rockwell. Although blessed with talents as an artist, writer and speaker who could have prospered mightily within the system, he sacrificed all for integrity and the preservation of his people. He came to us at one of those junctures in history when a last chance was evidenced, the last small chance that a man of tremendous charisma, determination and talent might establish a political movement for the preservation of the White Aryan race. Commander Rockwell's dreams and his life were snuffed out by a vile and treasonous assassin named John Patler in August of 1967. May the name Rockwell be revered as long as the Aryan race lives!

Some 16 years after the murder of Commander Rockwell another true hero of the folk rose up to keep the flame of resistance to genocide burning. His name was Robert Jay Mathews. By this time in America and in most of the once White nations it was self evident to all White men of integrity that there were no possible peaceful solutions available to stop the Judeo-American, Judeo-Christian murder of the White race. A guerrilla army in conjunction with migration, plunder and destruction of the Zionist Occupation Government's various organs of power were the only remaining options in the struggle for our racial survival. Of course, that is even more true today, although the cowards of the C.R.A.P.(Christian Rightwing American Patriots) continue to deny reality and to honor the institutions of our executioners. Robert Mathews was the absolute epitome of purity of purpose, integrity, courage and determination. When he formed the Bruders Schweigen on the Pagan holiday of the Autumnal Equinox in 1983, he estimated he would live a year before dying in battle with Zionist Federal murderers of his race. Yet he marched to his fate with unwavering courage. On December 8, 1984 Bob was murdered, burned alive by Federal cowards and traitors. May the name Mathews be revered as long as the Aryan race lives!

Rudolf Hess must rightfully be honored as a martyr among martyrs. He was a greater influence in the Third Reich than most know. Some say he was even the major writer of Mein Kampf, although graciously allowing all credit to go to Adolf Hitler. Over nearly a half century of unjustified imprisonment, much of it in solitary confinement, Hess never betrayed his race, or his leader or his comrades. His attempt to bring peace between the then Aryan countries of Germany and Britain ran counter to the Zionist aim of genocide through fratricidal war. So, he was hated with passion by the world's talmudic rulers. Finally, as an old man he was severely beaten and hanged in his solitary prison, as a final act of cruelty. May the name Hess be revered as long as the Aryan race lives!

Certainly those of us who have long been active in resistance to the Zionist murder of the White race cannot forget the saga of Gordon Kahl and his family. Gordon was a World War 2 veteran who, like so many others, once thought he served a noble cause. When he later became aware that America was a Zionist conspiracy to destroy the White race he began to teach against the income tax, evidently realizing that we are ruled and destroyed by the tax money extorted from our folk. One thing led to another and eventually there was an armed confrontation, as several Feds shot and wounded Gordon's son Yorie, Gordon shot back, killing two of the treacherous ambushers. Yorie, for the crime of being a Federal assassination target and surviving, spends his life in prison, while Gordon was hunted down and murdered by the Federals. Ever since, Gordon's courageous widow, Joan, has been attempting to secure justice and the release of her son. The Kahl saga is one that should sadden and infuriate us all. May the name Kahl be revered as long as the Aryan race lives!

The best known, and deservedly so, woman martyr in America is Vicki Weaver. Even the FBI psychological profile reportedly stated that she was the pillar of strength in the Weaver family. Recent events would seem to indicate the profile was correct, since her widower has not avenged her death. Even worse, he appears to have adopted the defeatist and suicidal party line of the C.R.A.P., that there are peaceful solutions. At any rate, the Weavers were White separatists who wished to live in the wilderness of North Idaho, as far as possible from the Federal race mixing programs, so they were picked as easy targets by the Federal integration police. The Federal assassins first murdered Vicki's 14 year old son by shooting him in the back. Then, they blew Vicki's head off while she held her infant daughter in her arms. In case any of you still think there is mercy or justice in the hearts of Federals, this should be the final step necessary to disabuse you; it is a foolish notion. Police are mercenaries and they serve for paychecks. They are always the enemy of freedom-lovers under oppressive governments.

Regrettably it is impossible to list all the martyrs of recent years, but there are a few names more which must not go unmentioned. Joe Tommassi, founder of the National Socialist Liberation Front, was assassinated in 1975. Joe was among the first to face the reality that there was no peaceful solution. Kathy Ainsworth, a pregnant, White activist was assassinated by the FBI. John Singer, Arthur Kirk, Joe Rowan and Eric Hanson must not be forgotten.

Remember always, these are not fictitious or artificially created martyrs. These were real people, true heroes of your race, who gave their all for a future for your children. They should be held in reverence and awe. Their names should be on the lips and in the minds of our children. They provide strength in death, just as they did in life. They valued freedom and Nature's highest law, the preservation of one's own kind, more than life itself. We must collectively follow their example or our race, not unlike the dinosaur, will find extinction an inescapable reality.

David Lane

New World Order

Early in the 20th century there was a revolution in Russia, now labeled Bolshevik and Communist. The new regime promptly exterminated the aristocracy or intelligentsia of the old, primarily the Nordic element. Conservative estimates place the number murdered in Russia, Ukraine and Eastern Europe at a minimum of 30 million people, while modern scholars are suggesting 100 million. This does not include the victims of subsequent and related wars. In 1789 there was a revolution in France. The intelligentsia of the country was slaughtered in what is now referred to as the "Reign of Terror."

In 1776 there was a revolution in America. In the Great Seal of the United States, designed by the founding fathers over 200 years ago, now seen on the back of a dollar bill, it reads: "E Pluribus Unum" and "Novus Ordo Seclorum," which translates to "One out of many" and "New Order of the Ages." As we now see beyond denial by reasonable men, that meant "destroy the integrity of every race, nation and culture on the globe for a New World Order." So America travelled from Dixie to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to the Philippines, to Libya, to Italy and Germany twice, to Japan, Korea and Vietnam, to Iraq, to Waco, Texas, to Ruby Ridge and a hundred other wars, occupations and assassinations. In the process the red, white and blue travelling mass murder machine has maimed or murdered 200 million people. Over the eagle on the Great Seal are 13 pentagonal stars which form the Star of David, the clear symbolism being that the United States would finalize the World Zionist Empire. So we see that the Pentagon is the home of the police department for a World Zionist government of those who use the six-pointed star.

In the bible we read in the Book of Esther how the biological and religious tribe that uses the Star of David conquered Persia with deceit and treachery. Immediately they exterminated the intelligentsia to the tune of over 75,000 bodies, an event they still celebrate at the Feast of Purim.

Is it a plan? Isaiah 60:12 in the bible states: "For the Nation and Kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish, yea those nations shall be utterly wasted." The better part of two millennia past a new religion was forced upon western and northern Europe, whose most common religion until then was Wotanism (also called Odinism or Wodenism). The Church began by murdering or driving out of Europe every scientist, philosopher or voice of reason, leading to the Dark Ages of superstition, torture, serfdom, feudalism, inquisitions, murder, ignorance, disease, crusades and oppression. Those who blame this on the Catholic Church in order to apologize for Christianity forget that had not the new religion been forced on Europe with terror, deceit and bribery, we would still follow our native and organic religion of Wotan. The Protestant sects are only daughters of the beast. More White Aryan people have been murdered and tortured in the name of the Christian God than by any system in history with the possible exception of America.

"Historians" will attack my words, repeating fabrications, prevarication and documentation accumulated over centuries of oppression. Their protests are drivel. Each power system every generation re-writes history for selfish purposes. The only reliable

indicators of the intent of men or their organizations are the "results" and "who benefits." Judeo-Christianity was formed to manipulate and conquer the White Aryan race. Judeo-America was formed to further exploit then exterminate the White Aryan race. That goal is nearly accomplished in accordance with the well orchestrated plan for world control.

The Old Testament initiated the plan. Its philosophy is taking power, possessions, women, plunder, genocide of races and living within the reality of this life. The New Testament is a suicidal doctrine of reality denial, forced on Europe by the Shepherds.

In the allegory of the Shepherd and the sheep, we could call the Old Testament the Shepherd's book and the New Testament the book for the sheep. Shepherds know they are the real predators. They protect sheep only until they are ready to be sheared and led to the slaughter house. In the real world shepherds are bankers, politicians, lawyers, kings, popes, priestcrafters and such. The shepherd kings, of course, are Zionist Jews. Of course, the Shepherds had evil designs. They call it "sublimation." The energies normally channeled toward sexual union were diverted to war, crusades, missionary work and enforcement of the Shepherds' aims. Today's modern White woman lives in luxury undreamed by the Queen of England just two centuries ago, all due to the inventions and labors of White men. Flush toilets, washing machines, central heating, air conditioning, telephones, automobiles, anesthesia, birth control, and on and on. In comparison, the Negro and Oriental males treat their women in ways that horrify Aryan males (e.g. female circumcision without anesthesia or sterilized instruments).

So how do the modern White women reward those of us who fight to preserve their images? They echo the fantasies of Jewish, feminist harridans, lambasting the evil White male. They repeat the buzzwords "sexist" and "racist." They call child bearing and nurturing "being a brood mare." They mate with the dark races and destroy their own kind. They lord their affirmative action positions and money over true White males. They mock and scoff at those who stand alone against the murder of their own race. They are only rivaled by the White male in their ability to self-destruct.

So while White women bear colored babies and White males kill each other off in fratricidal wars, I fight on, for failure is unthinkable. The race of Bruno, Shakespeare, Bacon, Galileo, Edison, Wagner, Leonidas, Hermann and Bob Mathews must not die! Finally, we are all subject to Nature's Laws. A people can choose to pursue the upward course, honoring and following the most intelligent, the most courageous and the most beautiful. If so, they will survive and preserve their best traits. Or they can love the weak, the ugly, the misfit and nature's errors. That is the road to extinction. "Equality" is the pursuit of the lowest common denominator, and its pursuit is the destruction of excellence. We must be a people with a vision, seeing ourselves as a whole folk, rather than individuals suffering a slow and humiliating end. Choose life and struggle, or accept ignoble death.

David Lane

Guerrilla Radio

Militia men and others opposed to the expanding Federal tyranny have found themselves frustrated when attempting to voice opinions on radio talk shows. First they find themselves stymied by the call screeners. When they do get past the censors, they find that the talk show host cleverly turns the conversation to a politically correct mode. So let's discuss how to penetrate the censorship and make the most of the few moments allowed. First let's realize that the purpose of the media in any power system is to mislead the masses and serve the masters. If you think a Gill Gross, or a Larry King, or a Rush Limbaugh would have a syndicated talk show reaching millions unless they were part of the system, then you don't yet understand the reality of the gangs called governments. If a talk show host is allowed on a government licensed station, then he is a well paid and highly skilled soldier in verbal warfare. Opponents of tyranny must therefore approach each phone call as a military campaign. Let's call it guerrilla radio.

Start the campaign by studying the enemy's tactics. You will soon note that the actual time allowed callers to speak during an hour long talk show is seldom over two or three minutes. In the case of "Bag-of-Wind Limbaugh," it is probably even less. Approximately one-third of the hour is used up in commercials, music or jingles, and the system propaganda called news. Another ten or fifteen minutes is "stroking," as the host endears himself to the audience and enhances his credibility. This is done with personal anecdotes and by attacking politically safe targets. After all, we can all trust a man who loves his mother and hates baby rapers, can't we? Once this cozy atmosphere is created the host can be sure that any discordant voice that he squashes will get no sympathy from the listening audience. Of course, having control of the off/on switch, he can disconnect any voice of truth, either by convenient "accident" or in pretended anger. Perhaps we should note here that talk shows serve the master in ways that outweigh small concessions to truth or they would not exist. They allow our masters to keep track of resentment, to direct that resentment into non-productive avenues and sometimes to identify dissenters. In light of this, you might want to consider the advisability of giving the screener your name or means to identify you. With all the obstacles the patriot must plan carefully if his call is to be productive. The first step is preparation of your presentation. Your opponent is skilled in verbal warfare and will attempt to make you look foolish if you are politically incorrect. Present your idea in a few concise but powerful words. A dozen idiots have already asked the host "How are you today?" or in other ways given him ways to fill air time with irrelevant drivel. Do not demonstrate the regressive speech so common today, such as, "Uh, um, well it's like, uh um, see what I'm saying, uh um, you know what I mean." If you make it past the screener, have an intelligent statement ready to fire. As in all wars, battles are won with preparation. Your first words should be aimed to hit target. Battles are, also, won by bringing in fresh troops. You should consider having friends primed or on hold to continue your ideas with the next calls.

You have to get by the screener first. You may be able to lie and say you intend to express a politically correct viewpoint. But often it is best to practice ambiguous deception. For example, during the media campaign to demonize the Branch Davidians at

Waco, few people were able to penetrate the screens and point out what was happening. Patriots know that power systems demonize victims before destroying them, so that the sheeple will approve. A Patriot speaking to a screener might have made reference at this time to the "Nuts in the Jim Jones Cult," giving the impression he intended to lump the Davidians with the Kool-aid crowd in Guyana. Then, when he got on the air, the Patriot could in just a few terse words say, "Governments and the media always demonize their victims before destroying them." Then continue with such pertinent observations until the host cut him off. Hopefully your friends would then get through with carefully prepared follow-up. In short, recognize that a government's approved media is just one branch of their army. Those who are out of power fight established armies with guerrilla warfare. So plan your calls like a military campaign. You penetrate his defenses, you make a lightning strike and you have reserves prepared. Verbal warfare is like any other, there are no victories for the unprepared.

David Lane

Nature's Command

I've avoided this touchy but vital subject for many years for various reasons. One being that no publisher of pro-white literature would dare print it, so it will have to be passed from hand to hand among our disenfranchised white males. Also, because even the precious few women who are dedicated to our cause of racial survival are unwittingly so thoroughly indoctrinated with feminist propaganda that they react with denial and anger. But now, as age and the lack of health care in the gulags of ZOG make the future uncertain, there are a few concepts I still feel compelled to express while I can.

Please bear with me as I also use this treatise to expound on the branch of the resistance called Identity and how their holy book called The Bible should be viewed. I believe that both the Identity adherents and the non-Identity resistance will be pleasantly surprised, if they have open minds. We must recognize and accept that every living creature including humans is subject to the harsh and rigid laws of nature. And that nature designed male mammals, be they lions, bulls, stallions or rams, as sexual predators and competitors. Men are no different.

Let me quote from the book, *Might is Right*: "Fighting is the method whereby the most fitted to propagate, conclusively prove the fact. Animals, birds, reptiles and all life, exists in unending sexual rivalry and warfare, and so do men. Organic life is a ceaseless round of love and war. There is no other earthly passion so fiercely and savagely egoistic as sexual desire and it is the basis of all human "Love," even the most ethereal and romantic. Everywhere the season of love is the season of battle, and when the fires of sexualism burn low in nations of men, they are as unfit for freedom as they are unfit to reproduce their own." Females in nature do not have a choice. They are programmed by nature to accept the conquering male and thus the superior genes are passed along, ensuring the strength and survival of the specie. The superior male takes all the females he can capture and defend. Among humans, the superior males take also the most attractive females, and thus their beauty unites with virility for higher life.

We should note that the original Mormon religion was racially exclusive, limited to White people, and it taught Polygamy. But the race murdering Federal government first forced them to abandon Polygamy, then later forced racial integration on them. Undoubtedly because a race of men who are sexual predators will fight to the death.

It is also worth noting that the Palestinian suicide bombers, who fight to free their land from the scourge of all the earth, are additionally motivated by the promise of 72 virgins for each in Paradise. In Western history, those out of power have always raised armies with promises of plunder, revenge, and above all, the seizing of women. The primal motivation and instinct is universal among all mammals.

This would be a good place to discuss The Bible as it relates to Polygamy, sex and racial survival. First, let's recognize that the Old Testament is primarily Western philosophy, i.e., struggle within the reality of this world, while the New Testament is primarily Eastern philosophy which is suicidal escapism from struggle. Jews followed the philosophy of the Old Testament and conquered the world. So, do not ignore its message or scoff at its concepts. Given that much of the Old Testament was stolen from earlier Aryan sources in Persia, Babylon and elsewhere, we could substitute the word Aryan where it says Jew or Israelite in many places and discover a philosophy of conquering and survival.

Other portions, such as The Book Of Esther, can be taken as either an exposure of Jewish cunning, or as bragging. It makes no difference, the message is still there. There are four concepts that Identity teachers must learn if they want to realize the potential of the most common book in the western world, which is the English language authorized version of the King James Bible, (KJV). They are 1) The origin of religious myths, 2) How to read a Hermetic Parable, 3) The anti-nature purpose of the New Testament, and 4) The coding system of the KJV.

Every Identity teacher should begin with an old Persian book called Job in the Old Testament. In Job, Chapter 12, verses 7 through 9, there is advice to look in nature for truth because nature is the work of the Creator. That must be the basis of all true religion.

The great philosophers then studied nature and created mythologies in which "God said" what nature declared. Why is this so important? Surveys show that the vast majority of Aryans still believe in a higher power which for convenience we call God. But they reject mythical religious absurdities such as: that the motive force of the universe turned itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from eternally torturing mortal men who fail to worship it every seventh day.

We will not raise up an army of capable soldiers if we appeal only to the simple minded, the credulous, the ignorant and the dogmatic. A religious myth can contain absolute truth, but it cannot be presented as literal truth or actual history to modern man.

Secondly. the Identity teacher must learn to read Hermetic Parables, which contain

hidden meanings, in order to conceal the deeper messages from tyrants and mental incompetents. Let us consider the story of Lot, found in Genesis, chapter 19. Lot is considered to be the only man righteous enough to save from Sodom. Even though he offers both of his virgin (although married) daughters to a mob of perverts and later has sex with them himself and gets them pregnant. The major message is in verse 32, which states that the reason for the pregnancy is to preserve the seedline. Like kind after like kind is in fact the first law of the Old Testament in Genesis 1, verse 25. The hermetic philosopher would also note that the "blame" for the incest by Lot is put on the daughters by stating that Lot was too drunk to know he was screwing his daughters, which is impossible, of course. The message is that the primal law which supercedes all others is preservation of the seedline. Also, throughout the Old Testament, male sexual drive is excused of excess because the sexual drive of the males of a race which wishes to survive must never be hindered, slandered, reduced or threatened.

Critics of the Old Testament point out that the Patriarchs were Polygamists, sexual predators, and often had incestuous relationships with sisters and daughters. Abraham and Isaac for example, who married, and pimped their sisters. However, Odin, Zeus and other Gods of Aryan religions were also incestuous sexual predators, as well as bloodthirsty warriors. Such were the cultural and ethical norms of the times. It is the hermetic (hidden) meaning that teachers of our folk must learn.

There are more lessons in the story of the major figure of the Old Testament, named King David than anywhere else. He was a bandit, a warrior, a sexual predator, a nation builder, a cunning deceiver, a politician, a slayer of tens of thousands, possessor of dozens of concubines and wives, father of dozens of children, who lived as a natural man should. On his deathbed, the most beautiful virgin in the land tried to keep his spirit alive. What better way is there to depart? Even the story of Bathsheba is not what on the surface it seems, although David, being a natural male, seeing a beautiful naked female was nature bound to move heaven and earth to get into her panties. Those who want to look for deeper meanings should first note that Bathsheba's husband was a Hittite committing tribal treason.

Thirdly, Identity teachers must abandon the New Testament completely. Over two thousand years ago, Jewry hired Rome to conquer the world for them. Nearly four hundred years later they hired Constantine to force a new religion on the Empire with Jews as "God's Chosen People." Don't believe the propaganda that the church persecuted Jews. That was internal power struggles. Torquemada, the most famous torturer of the Inquisition, was a Jew who often tortured and murdered other Jews.

The New Testament religion is a composite of an old mystery religion called Gnosticism, and Mithraism, with a dash of other pagan religions thrown in to make it palatable throughout the Empire. It was carefully and artfully constructed to control the masses, to justify slavery, to deny natural law, and to emasculate the White race. No amount of sophistry or picking odd bible verses can change its suicidal Eastern philosophy of otherworldly escapism.

A religion must be judged by its results. The Old Testament philosophy allowed Jews to conquer the world, while New Testament religion led the Aryan race to the brink of extinction.

Fourthly, The Identity teacher should learn the "Keys" that unlock the coding system of the KJV because they are designed to show that the New Testament religion is a hoax. The Keys are called the "Key of the House of David" in Isaiah 22 verse 22 which is the Great Pyramid in Egypt. And the "Key of David" in Revelation 3 verse 7, which is a mathematical device related to the famous number 666. These "Keys" were inserted by a Pagan philosopher named Sir Francis Bacon when he formed the structure of the KJV four hundred years ago. Then the coding was updated by Masonic adepts over the years as it became safer to do so.

To summarize, let us recognize that revolution only comes from those who are totally disenfranchised. The term "women and minorities," united against the White male is a clever and deadly efficient strategy, although minorities should read "Vast Majorities." Only a total revolution with an end to technological police powers, communications, transportation and modern comforts can save our kind now. And the revolution must come from White males.

The poorest of White women today live in splendor undreamed by the Queen of England 200 years ago. All due to the inventions of White males, such as flush toilets, washers, dryers, ranges, telephones, central heating, housing, air conditioning and on and on. Yet they revile us as racists and sexists if we plead for racial loyalty. The more beautiful of our women are centerfolds, TV stars, movie stars, playthings for Skraeling (non-white) athletes, Christian Universalist race mixers, who all bask in adulation and comfort. They will not join our cause and must be saved from their own folly.

Call it Ragnarok, or Rahowa or Armageddon, or whatever you like, but White men must bring the day of reckoning soon. Some will live, some will die. For those who live, let them enjoy their virgins or facsimiles thereof on this earth.

I have no faith in virgins in paradise. The wives, sisters and daughters of Christian Universalists, Politicians, Lawyers, College Professors and coaches, media prostitutes and a host of other race traitors will be a fine motivation and reward for the true soldiers of our folk who survive.

Maybe Bob Mathews said it best:

"Give your souls to your Gods and load your guns,
It's time to deal in lead
We are the legions of the damned
The army of the already dead."

David Lane

Misdirected Hate

With factors of health and age there comes a time in a man's life where he may reflect upon his mortality and whether he has accomplished his life's mission. For me, now approaching my 66th birthday on November 2, 2004, and dealing with some physical problems, which in turn could eventually affect my reasoning, the time has come to set some records straight.

As many know, those whom we shall call "Universalists", who control the affairs of the world, are determined to mix and destroy the uniqueness, integrity and beauty of all different races, nations and cultures for their "New World Order", or as seen in the so called Great Seal of the United States, their Novus Ordo Seclorum.

In this case, the word Universalists encompasses a multitude of mindless meddlers with doctrines labeled Zionism, Judeo-Christianity, Liberalism, New Agism, and others. But regardless of their underlying doctrine they unite in labeling those of us who resist the mixing and destruction of our White Race as bigots, racists, haters, and the like. Even though we act in obedience to Nature's first and highest law, which is the preservation of one's own kind. Many of you know that obedience to that Law, as elucidated in the 14 Words, "We must secure the existence of our People and a future for White Children", is my life's mission.

Unfortunately too many of our White Folk when first becoming aware that Our Race faces extinction as a result of miscegenation, and the denial of exclusive territorial imperatives, then turn their anger against folks of different hues, be they black, brown or yellow. That first reaction is myopic and plays directly into the hands of the Universalist media who label their anger as hate. Well it is long past time that the record is set straight. I, for one, do not hate anyone because of their race, color or other ethnic, cultural or religious difference.

In fact I like to think I have friends among all those divisions. At the same time, I remain intellectually honest and recognize the distinct differences in the races as they were formed by what America's Founding Fathers called, "Nature and Nature's God".

The real hate I feel is for the traitors of my own Race, who embrace universalist mixing with the inevitable subsequent extinction of my White Race as happened in Carthage, Egypt, Persia, and so many places throughout history. History and Nature's Law make it absolutely clear that racial integration is racial suicide for the White Race.

It is Nature who declares exclusive territorial imperatives for the development and preservation of each Race and specie. Denial of that exclusive territorial imperative, whether by slave traders, open borders, forced bussing, and a plethora of other plots and devices is the true "hate crime". And at this juncture and circumstance it is deliberate malicious genocide, the murder of the White Aryan Race, who are a small minority of Earth's population. We are perhaps eight percent of Earth's population, but far less when considering those of child bearing age or younger, and we are denied all exclusive

territorial imperatives.

Here in America we live under a Universalist regime that has traveled from Dixie to Cuba, to Mexico, to various South and Central American countries, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Korea, to Vietnam, To Libya, to Iraq, to Iran, to Waco, to Ruby Ridge, and on and on, the maim or murder perhaps 200 million people, half of them White, for their Universalist New World Order. Is it not time we turned our attention toward our real enemy or enemies?

Some of you may know my personal 14 Words and my motivation, which are "because the beauty of the White Aryan Woman must not perish from the Earth". How many of you know that only about two percent of Earth's population are young White Women? Will you help to save their images of Earth? It is going to be the most titanic struggle in all history! We must not lose!

My friends, I've done all I can from prison cell these past twenty years, and for many years before that. Now age, health, stress and prison are having their inevitable effect. One of these days some article I write could be my last. If this should be the last, please note the title again. Misdirection is not a luxury we can afford.

Fourteen Words to Victory or Valhalla.

Wodensson
David Lane

Money

It is with money that organized Jewry, some say "Zionists," conquered the world. All the armies of Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon and Stalin have faded away, but the awesome power of International Finance marches on in its relentless quest for total world domination. President Clinton's trip to China finalized the Zionist New World Order exactly as planned by their Kabbalistic target date of July 4th (74) 1998 (666+666+666).

Not that there are not a few loose ends to tie up, a few Nationalists to liquidate and ongoing maintenance. Fundamentalist Moslems, Eastern European dissidents and others outside the circle of power keep alive a few flickering flames of resistance, but the rulers of all major countries are in bed with Zion. If they resist their countries are destroyed by the power of money, with embargoes, hyper-inflation of their currency and all the tricks of the real world rulers.

So what is this thing called "money?" How did Zion use it to conquer the world? Why are we consigned to a lifetime in pursuit of it, yet we never get ahead of the game? Probably nothing is more important to our pursuit of freedom and our victory of the 14 Words than understanding the money game played by International Finance.

Let us back to a distant scenario, so far back in history that the exact date is but a guess.

When men began to gather together in social structures it was for safety and to improve the quality of life. Once a community of sorts was formed, it often became advantageous to exchange the fruits of each other's labors. Supposing a man were crippled during a hunt, but he could still manufacture spears for food acquired by others who could still hunt. So trade was a practical and good solution.

However, as the communities grew and began to interrelate with other communities, trading became more complicated. Sometimes the articles to be traded were not of equal value, or perhaps, the articles were only available during different seasons of the year. Obviously something was needed that would provide a store of value and a medium of exchange.

We have no idea what items were first used to facilitate trade, but eventually, for logical reasons, gold and silver became the usual choices. Since weighing gold and silver at each transaction was fraught with problems (such as accurate or universal scales) gold and silver were smelted into coins, which by governmental decree contained a specified amount of the metal with a similarly specified purity. So far, so good. A method of exchange was created and money is restricted to its two proper functions: 1) a method of exchange and 2) a store of intrinsic value.

Unfortunately, however, there have always been those who placed greed and personal gain above the good of the folk. And corruption of an honest money system is perhaps the quickest and easiest way to power. Probably inflation was the first scheme. By reducing the purity of the gold or silver coins, the banker/rulers could issue more coins while keeping the extra precious metal for themselves.

But this scheme pales into insignificance compared to the crime of usury. Usury means charging interest on money. It is still usury, no matter if the interest is 5%, 20% or 90%. Ultimately, the only difference between 5% and 90% is how long until the usurer owns everything within a nation that allows this crime. It is by usury that Zion conquered the world and by usury that they acquired the power to sentence the White race to death. Quite rightfully, ancient religious writings condemned the usurer to death. Usury is slavery and man's murder by deception, for the borrower spends a large portion of his few precious hours on this earth in service to the lender.

Let us consider the big picture. Joe Blow, the typical, honest, working man, has been convinced by media propaganda that he should buy a house. This is, of course, his first error, because in a country with property taxes one does not "own" anything. One rents from the government, but that is another story. Joe goes to the local lender and asks to borrow \$50,000 to buy a house. The lender checks around and discovers that Joe is a good little working drone, so he agrees to make the loan. Joe signs a contract in which he agrees to pay roughly 10% interest (usury) amortized over a 30 year period. What Joe does not consider is that the total payments over the 30 year period will add up to \$200,000. Now, as pointed out earlier, money is a store of value. In other words, the lender has just acquired 3 houses (or the money to purchase three houses), and he did so with no effort. He chopped down no trees; he sawed no lumber; he smelted no nails; he

performed no labor.

In a country like America, where virtually all commerce is conducted by credit, it is now obvious why and how the bankers of Zion acquired all wealth and all power. "But wait!" cry the uninformed, "Doesn't the banker lend money deposited by other working folk, and don't they thus benefit from usury, too?" While it is true that to some small extent the honest folk are induced in this manner to participate in this scheme, they receive only the scraps. For they know nothing of the real deception called "fractional reserve banking." Simply stated, we have a small town with one bank. One hundred of the townsfolk deposit \$100 each at the bank at 5% interest. That's \$10,000 on the bank's books. Now, old, honest Joe Blow decides to buy a new Ford pick-up that costs \$10,000. He goes to the bank and again, after the credit check, he signs a contract in which he will pay the bank back \$14,000. Joe takes the check for \$10,000 to the Ford dealer and gets his new pick-up. The Ford dealer that evening deposits the self-same check that he received from Joe Blow in the self-same bank in which it originated. So at the end of the day, not one cent has left the bank, but they are richer by the \$4,000 interest that Joe has promised to pay.

The next day Joe's neighbor sees Joe's new pick-up and decides he wants one. He goes to the bank and repeats the process, and the bank gains another \$4,000. So we see that the original \$10,000 deposited by the 100 honest folk is loaned out over and over, until the bank is receiving interest on perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of loans, with only \$10,000 on deposit. Unless the car dealers come in and demand cash for the banker's checks the scheme just grows and grows. And naturally, the bankers keep enough cash on hand to cover such a situation. That money on hand is called their "fractional reserve." Of course all bankers must cooperate in this scheme and honor each other's checks, too. And the government has enacted laws inhibiting cash withdrawals and provided an insurance vehicle called the FDIC, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, in case there is an attempted run on a bank. This they must do in order that the scheme is not threatened by disclosure.

Until the 1960's paper currency was silver or gold certificates, redeemable for precious metal at any bank. Today paper currency is merely a Bank Note, or evidence of debt. In this manner "money" can be printed and issued in unlimited quantities without the amount of gold or silver to represent its standing value. Since banks charge interest (usury) on each dollar bill issued, they could effectively receive 1,000% or 2,000% and more on the actual face value of the printed money, without even having precious metals in their vaults. This is the massive deception of Fractional Reserve Banking. For honest money to exist the bankers must have within their vaults a sum of gold or silver equal to the paper currency issued. Their vaults must be open to inspection by the folk or their representatives at all times. And the penalty for debasement of the currency must be capital punishment.

The invention of paper currency opened the doors to unlimited bankster fraud. Admittedly paper currency can be beneficial. Obviously, carrying around large amounts of silver or gold causes problems with both security and transport. But unless every

single unit of currency issued represents a specific amount of silver or gold, of a specific purity, held by the bank or government, then the currency will be debased. In other words, if a \$20 bill represents one ounce of 99.9% pure gold, redeemable at the bearer's demand, then the possibilities for mischief are minimized.

Once usury is in place within a nation, the banksters have unlimited funds. Their next step is to protect their interest, which means first and foremost, buy the media. So today we see CNN, Time-Warner, ABC, Disney Studios, the New York Times, the Washington Post, the publishing companies, the movie studios and on and on, all under Jewish ownership. With media control comes absolute power, for it controls the minds of the masses. The media barons have complete control over politics, for they decide who will be the candidates, who will be portrayed favorably, who will be called extremist and so on. The politicians then appoint the judges who even control where our children may go to school and with whom. There are many facets to power systems, but behind all there is always the awesome engine of money fueled by usury. By usury the banker tribe of Zion rules America with members Albright as Secretary of State, Cohen as Secretary of Defense, Berger of the National Security Agency, Ruben as Secretary of Treasury and Greenspan as head of the Federal Reserve (the Fed) running the world. Clinton is only their puppet. Which brings us to central banks, like the private corporation called the Federal Reserve. The last three heads of the Federal Reserve have been Jews named, Greenspan, Volker and Burns. All money in America is loaned into existence at usury paid to the Federal Reserve, which is why America is in debt to the tune of trillions of dollars. Zion gets their cut from every dollar. The Fed decides at what interest rate money should be loaned into existence and that controls another great hoax called the "stock market." The so-called Patriot Movement has long been plagued with writers of "investment newsletters" who purport to know the secrets of the stock markets. They are hucksters and they know it. All that the "gentiles" can do is squabble over the scraps. The stock market rises when the Jewish head of the Fed drops the discount rates (i.e. the rate at which our "money" is loaned) and the stock market drops when the Fed raises the rate. Obviously, the billionaire Jews know ahead of time when to buy or sell and make profits in the hundreds of billions. Anyone who thinks the Jews do not cooperate or that conspiracies do not last should read Isaiah 60:12, "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish, yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Also, the story of Joseph and how the "money failed" in Genesis 47:14. If the Israelites were persecuted in Egypt, then how is it that Joseph controlled all the money of the nation? It seems that the lies of the eternally persecuted ones are not that hard to expose.

The question begs to be asked, how then can our folk survive and prosper in the occupied, once-White nations? The ultimate answer, of course, is that long term we can neither survive nor prosper under the rule of Zion. Short term, however, we can minimize the damage by, first of all, staying out of debt. Credit cards in particular with interest rates averaging around 18% are to be avoided like the plague. If you must borrow to purchase something, be sure it is an item that appreciates in value faster than the interest you pay on the loan so that there is a net gain. In other words, if you could borrow money at 10% to purchase a property that will double in value in five years, adjusted for inflation and taxes, it might be wise. However, such speculation always has risks, too.

Barter is the real bane of the bankster gangsters and their stooges in government. Learn to barter wisely and bypass the usury system. And of course, trade only with racial kinfolk whenever possible. Lastly, it should go without saying, that usury between kinfolk is forbidden. No exceptions! When we have our own folkish nation-states there will be no such think as usury. Remember, the first most profound revolutionary action you can take is to drop out of their system.

David Lane

Crossing the Rubicon

Over two thousand years ago Julius Caesar led his army across the Rubicon River into Italy to wage war with rival forces loyal to Pompeii. Once across the river there was no turning back. It was war to the death, winner take all. So for over two millennia the phrase "crossing the Rubicon" has signified a dangerous commitment from which there was no turning back.

Now, as these words are being penned on the historically significant days of April 19 and 20, another Rubicon is crossed. It has long been my policy not to name names when discussing the treachery of so-called "leaders" of the alleged resistance to the forced mixing and murder of the White Aryan race. It is counter-productive to get in the middle of the never-ending bickering. Furthermore, who is to know what is in the hearts of others?

But, now as our race slides into the abyss of extinction at breakneck and exponentially increasing pace, some lines must be drawn, some rules must be set and every aware Aryan must cross his or her personal Rubicon. The fence-sitters, the lukewarm, the hobbyists and the C.R.A.P. (Christian Right-wing American Patriots) either do nothing or they continue the exact same losing and genocidal tactics as their predecessors over the last century or more. Those who speak and act with the eloquence of emergency and the fanaticism of desperation, with their focus on racial survival as elucidated in the 14 Words are friends. All others, at best, are blobs of inconsequential proto-plasm, and more likely, mortal enemies.

The cowardice and treason of sports figures, judges, lawyers, politicians and preachers is as nothing compared to the treachery of Right-wingers and Conservatives who use duplicity to mislead potential opposition to genocidal tyranny. When the deceivers are called to task they reply that they are "sneaking up" on the Jew by attacking his front men and the tentacles of the Hydra. Of course their bogeymen like Masons, Trilateralists, Bilderburgers, the Council on Foreign Relations (C.F.R.), etc., are precisely the devices by which the Zionist insulates himself from attack, as are his puppet politicians like Bill Clinton and George W. Bush. One cannot fight an enemy if one does not even have the courage to identify him!

That the vast majority of White wing and Right wing "leaders" are paid government

agents, hired to identify and mislead the disaffected is now a conclusion that is difficult to deny. But then, such deception by those in power is a practice as old as governments, so why would any sane person think today would be an exception?

Before tearing into the deceivers of the C.R.A.P. with an anger that has been repressed for decades, it is vital to remember: religious, political and economic systems can be destroyed and rebuilt, but the death of our race will be eternal. The race of Edison, Bell, Shakespeare, Marconi, Galileo, Kipling, Tesla, Rockwell and Mathews now goes the way of the dinosaurs, because the C.R.A.P. loved the empty words of constitutions, the lies of politicians, both past and present, and unholy holy books more than the reality of the flesh and blood of their own kind. The beauty of the White Aryan woman perishes from the earth forever because egotistical cowards found it safer to tilt with windmills, to discuss economics or anything but identify the Zionist colossus that rules the world and has sentenced the White race to death.

A bane upon them! May all the vile curses ever sworn in every language ever spoken befall them. May they be buried beneath outhouses, wrapped in their constitutions and flags, that they receive fitting tribute for ages to come. Bob Mathews did not sacrifice his life, and others and I do not rot forever in prisons so that the unjustified egos of cowards and deceivers can be molly-coddled. Be they Knights of the Ink Pot or agents of ZOG, they deserve no honor.

Leaders? How about Mark Thomas, Identity preacher from Pennsylvania, who turned over and testified against his own recruits? How about Glenn Miller, who testified under oath that he received hundreds of thousands of dollars from The Order Bruders Schweigen? He was an Identity teacher and White patriot. He testified against his own recruits and against The Order.

How about Tom Martinez? He was a leader of a National Alliance group. He claimed he accepted money from the Bruder, then testified against us after betraying Bob Mathews. How about Pastor Dan Gayman? He is an Identity pastor who gave the government thousands of dollars he said he received from The Order, then testified against us, yet he remains a major C.R.A.P. leader. How about the top three leaders of an Identity community called C.S.A. (Covenant, Sword and Arm of the Lord)? Their names are James Ellison, Kerry Noble and Randall Radar. All three testified against their own recruits and against the Bruder. Ellison testified against his own recruit Richard Snell, who was subsequently executed by the Arkansas State ZOG.

How about Pastor Millar, leader of an Identity community called Elohim City? Pastor Millar now harbors the vile traitor James Ellison, and even had him married into his family. Pastor Millar, who has been identified in sworn testimony as a paid FBI asset, is another major C.R.A.P. leader.

How about certain other "leaders" of the White wing who were identified in testimony to have received large sums of money from the Bruder, but refuse to support them, who have never sent money for stamps or necessities, who do not even send their publications

to the POW's, who will not give the Bruder a voice? Is it fear or are they ZOG agents? You wonder who they are? Well, the Bruder do not talk, but we do remember, and we have lots of time to reflect on the concept of justice.

How about Bo Gritz, self-proclaimed assassin on behalf of the CIA? Why were his assassinations not against those who deliberately and maliciously exterminate our race? Could it be because he has a Negro godson, or because his first wife was Oriental, as are his sons, or because he is a member of the Jewish Defense League (JDL)? Are you surprised that he declares his "Covenant Community" is open to all races? Are you surprised that he wore an FBI bug as he attempted to set up the Weavers at Ruby Ridge? There is no better-known or influential C.R.A.P. leader than the arch race traitor, Bo Gritz.

How about the leader who promotes a "new and different" 14 Words? In 1836 would he have changed "Remember the Alamo" to "We must change the thinking of Texans?" Should one dilute a sacred motto?

How about all those "leaders" (who shall remain unnamed) who spend the majority of their time attacking other alleged "leaders," or whose issues are, at best, peripheral to racial survival? While the known, proven traitors must never be forgotten, there is no use for endless gossip, bickering and personality conflicts to become public debate.

How about the "Militia?" It smelled fishy when it sprang up overnight. Only governments can organize such "instantaneous" events. The three best-publicized Militia leaders testified before Congress a couple years ago in a carefully orchestrated, ZOG television farce. Two of the three leaders have admitted being on the Federal payroll, according to published reports. Whether that is true or not is of no consequence because the third "leader" was a Negro with a White wife. So the three comrades sent two clear messages to our folk. First, of course, they were sanctioning marriage between colored males and what are becoming the last White women. Secondly, they were declaring to the White man that he shall have no exclusively White organizations for the preservation of his race. So all suicidal, White lemmings rush to join the Militia. It is safe. It is approved. It is genocide for Aryans.

It is often suggested not to tackle the C.R.A.P., particularly "Don't discuss Christianity or the bible." Well, there are still people to reach. Nothing is gained by preaching to the choir, not even a Wotanist choir. I do not wish to rehash the same old litany of despair that the right wing has done for decades. The folk need ammunition with which to counter the "C" in C.R.A.P. A wise man knows his enemies' rule book. So, it is imperative to understand what the bible, and particularly the English language King James (KJV) bible really is.

There are some things that Identity adherents of good heart and bible believers in general must understand.

First, when the religion from Rome was imposed on Northern and Western Europe, it was

done by torture, murder, bribery and deceit. So, Adepts or Priests in the old, Aryan Mystery or Pagan religions simply infiltrated the Church. In particular during the Dark Ages as monks or lesser clergy they kept alive the art of reading and writing as well as science and philosophy. The Church began by killing scientists and philosophers, and burning libraries, thus engendering the Dark Ages of disease, superstition, slavery, inquisitions and misery.

Second, bible scholars recognize that throughout the ages the great nature philosophers developed coding devices to both preserve and conceal their wisdom, so it would not be misused by tyrants. Examples of their coding devices include (but are far from limited to) the architecture of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, including the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, gematria, cryptograms and hermetic number pyramids. The KJV is a supreme example of their art of coding.

Third, the bible is comprised of many writings, from many ages and many authors, which are then divided into conflicting Testaments or philosophies. The Adepts who constructed it were, of course, under the scrutiny of higher ecclesiastic authorities and therefore had to be extremely careful regarding what to write, what to translate and how to do so. So, apologists for the bible's thousands of direct contradictions should quit wasting their time studying dead languages and attempting to turn the last generation of young White men into monkish, love-thine-enemies, turn-the-other-cheek scholars. Monks are the last thing we need right now. Many bible errors, especially those of a mathematical nature, are deliberate constructions designed to call attention to the coding system, for example, the difference in the number and names of patriarchs in Matthew 1 and Luke 3 with 14 more in Luke.

Fourth, there is great significance in the meaning of "God Said." These two words are the tools of priestcrafters and can be used for either good or evil. The oldest book of the KJV, Job, is probably a Persian book, circa 400 BCE and the protagonists were likely called Ahura-Mazda and Ahriman in the original, rather than God and Satan. In Job 12:7-9 there is advice to look in nature for truth, because nature is God's work. That is the essence of Wotanism and all ancient, Aryan, pagan religions. The great nature philosophers, then, after meticulous study of nature determined that the first, the primal, the absolute and highest law is preservation of one's own kind. Now, the masses, being too lazy to study nature and demanding always that an authority figure give them moral codes, the nature philosophers created religious mythologies in which "God Said" what nature declared.

In the case of the Israelite scenario, where they are commanded to drive out or exterminate all other races from the lands they conquer, it is simply an honest interpretation of the territorial imperative necessary for racial preservation with nature's declaration metamorphosized into "God Said."

It makes no difference who claims to be Israelites today. It is mythology combined with many ancient stories of both Aryan design and, as in the case of Esther, Jewish design; the point is the philosophy. Jews followed the philosophy of the Old Testament and conquered the world. It teaches taking power, plunder and taking women. Its rewards and

punishments are for the whole tribe and within the reality of this world. See Deuteronomy 28. In accord with natural law its moral absolute is preservation of one's own kind, as demonstrated by all living things. Genesis 19 (especially v. 32) makes it clear that all secondary laws, be they about sex, money, government or anything else, must conform to the first or primal law, the preservation of the seed line. Secondary laws are the invention of men and may change as fits the age or the circumstances, but reproduction and preservation of one's own kind supersedes all else.

Fifth, it is time to face reality. To demand literal belief in the supernatural and impossible religious myths of antiquity is to remain dismally ignorant of the truths of science and nature. Religious mythologies have a purpose, sometimes good, sometimes bad, but only the credulous and simple-minded take them literally. The credulous will never conquer the cunning minions of ZOG.

Sixth, the New Testament, lock, stock and barrel, is racial suicide. The overt content was invented by degenerate Romans and Jews to emasculate the Aryan race. While the Old Testament has picked up traces of Jewish poison over the ages, its core has many similarities to other ancient, Aryan religions. For example, heroic battle deeds, the seizing of women, the slaying of giants and tricking of enemies are typical of Greco-Roman and Norse religions.

But almost nothing of the New Testament philosophy is remotely Aryan. John 18:36, "My kingdom is not of this world" is its major poison. The few verses, transparent frauds used to tie the two testaments together, cannot reconcile diametrically opposing philosophies. The New is saturated with suicidal, anti-nature and anti-sex concepts designed to propagate the insane idea of "original sin," this, so that priestcrafters could have both a carrot and a stick, i.e. heaven and hell (I Corinthians 7, Revelation 14). All Aryan religions were fertility religions because lust, sex and reproduction are nature's plan for the survival of each race and species.

Seventh, the coding system of the KJV is undeniable under the mathematical laws of probability. It conceals two basic precepts of the ancient Mystery schools and religions. By meticulous study of nature and its geometry, cycles, spacings, etc., the philosophers postulated a force and intelligence which they called the grand mathematician-geometrician of the universe. The second precept teaches that the words of men can forever be twisted, interpreted and translated, but the relationship of number is constant forever. These are the reasons why the KJV is a number code.

To reiterate the seemingly obvious, there is no time for self-delusion or escapism, or for attacking each other without absolute proof and undeniable necessity. All men are defenseless against character assassination, so why pay attention to it, regardless of the source? It is the law that we obey, not other men. The law, the primal law, the moral absolute, the divine command is the preservation of one's own kind. Each and every aware White Aryan must cross the Rubicon, each must help to make the concept underlying and permeating the 14 Words into a sacred battle cry. It is God's will and command, no matter what name you use for the Absolute.

Open Letter to All Christians

If the White Aryan race is to survive much longer then a momentous decision must be made NOW. If we continue to compromise with the religious and secular institutions which deny Nature's laws, and which have led us to the brink of extinction, then we are doomed. Fortunately for us an unbroken lineage of adepts in the ancient "mysteries" has given us a tool, which provides one last chance for the survival of our race. That tool is a math code within the King James Bible (KJB), within the geometry of the Great Pyramid in Egypt, and within the so-called Great Seal of the United States of America. There is an absolute, based on the mathematical laws of probability. For example, if someone won a ninety million dollar lottery a dozen times in a row, we would know with absolute certainty that it was a fraud rather than chance. A few years ago a book was published about an alleged bible code, and given coverage in the system media. The book was deception, using computers, an ancient language, manipulation and perversion of the laws of probability. The math code within the KJB is simple, uncomplicated and undeniable. It uses code wheels, anagrams, numerical values for the letters of the alphabet, (A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4 etc.) and number pyramids. Number pyramids are also simple and uncomplicated. To build a number pyramid simply add adjacent digits until getting a single digit, then place the single digit above and between. For example, 23. 2+3=5 so place 5 above.

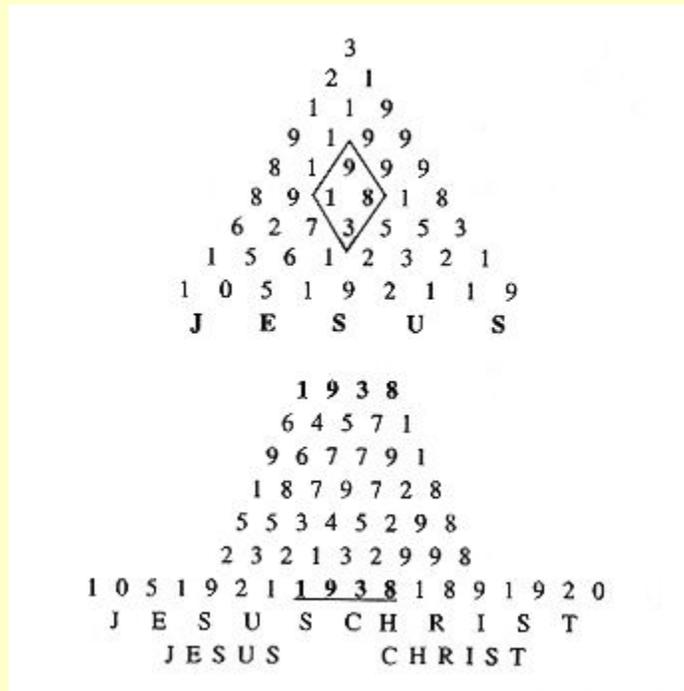
$$\begin{array}{c} 5 \\ 2\ 3 \end{array}$$

If necessary add more than once. For example, 74. 7+4=11, then 1+1=2, so

$$\begin{array}{c} 2 \\ 7\ 4 \end{array}$$

To build a number pyramid from a word simply let A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4 etc. Then place the appropriate number above each letter.

Shown below is the number pyramid of the name JESUS CHRIST as designed after the formation of the English alphabet with its 26 letters in a prescribed order. Also shown is the pyramid of Jesus and the value of the name.



Note 7 digits and 4 letters left of 1938
 Note 7 digits and 4 letters right of 1938
 Note 7 levels to 4 digits of 1938
 This forms a relationship between 1938 and 74.

The sun and 74 is the first function of an ancient mathematical device called the “Magic Square of the Sun.”

Do you begin to see why the masses have been taught to worship on Sunday. Or why the mythical Jesus is said to be born at the winter solstice of the Sun. Or why Easter is the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Spring equinox of the Sun, which rises in the East, Easter.

In the pyramid of Jesus the relationship of 1938 to 74 is again demonstrated. Go to the 7th chapter of the 4th book of the KJB, 74 appropriately titled NUMBERS. It has precisely 1938 words. Go to the 19th chapter of the KJB, (Genesis 19) and see that it has 38 verses, representing 1938. Count the 66 books of the bible as a reverse code wheel, over and over, from Revelation to Genesis, till you get to 1938. It will be the Gospel of John. Now to go John 19 verse 38, representing 1938. It concerns the burial of Jesus, actually the burial of the anti-nature and anti-White genocidal Jesus religion. In John 1938 Jesus is buried by a man named AriMATHaea. The word is a play on the word Arithmetic. In the next verse AriMATHaea is helped in the burial by a man named NiCODEmus, a MATH CODE. “Just coincidence,” cry the followers of insanity called Christianity, better called Christ-insanity. Well, go to the story of Methuselah in Genesis chapter five. Methuselah, made to be oldest man that ever lived, lives 187 years and has a

son. Then he lives another 782 years for a total of 969 years. Since 969 is exactly one half of 1938 then the three ages add to 1938. The ages are thus divided because 969 divided into 187,782 and rounded to the nearest tenth is 193.8.

Now go to another recitation of the so-called Patriarchs in Luke the 3rd chapter. Methuselah is word 969 in the chapter and his name is changed to MATH USA LA. The last half of Methuselah is SELAH which appears 74 times in the KJB as another tie between 1938 and 74. The famous angle of the Great pyramid in Egypt is 38 degrees plus a fraction from vertical and 51 degrees plus a fraction from horizontal. Because 38 and 51 are the center factors of 1938 and $38 \times 51 = 1938$.

Now turn to the building of Solomon's Temple in I Kings 6 and 7 with 38 versus and 51 versus respectively, because the Great Pyramid is the real Temple. Solomon is as big a mythological formula as Jesus or Methuselah or any other of the biblical names. The exact angle of the Great Pyramid is 51 degrees and 51 minutes from horizontal because 5151 makes this number pyramid.

6 6 6
5 1 5 1

Again, 74 is the first function of the 666 magic square of the SUN. See "The Mystery Religions and the Seven Seals" for further information on the Sun Square. $74 \times 9 = 666$

July 4th is $7 - 4$ or 74, the alleged (falsely) signing of America's Declaration of Independence. 74 times 24 equals 1776 the birth of America, the Beast of Revelation 13 verse 18, the Mother of Harlots and the Whore of Babylon. Not a man, but a political beast. Just as Christianity is the first head of the beast. Again, $666 + 666 + 444 = 1776$, the birth of the beast, a Cabalistic timetable.

Now you know why Christianity and America are the two worst enemies the white race ever faced. There are two opposing philosophies that have been at war with each other for thousands of years in what we now call the western World. One is "Universalism" which desires to destroy the integrity of all races, nations and cultures, mixing them into one melting pot ruled by a few indescribably wealthy usurious individuals. The very word Catholic is Greek, meaning Universal, and the Roman Catholic religion was formed under the Emperor Constantine to unite the many races, religions, cultures and nations of the decadent Roman Empire. The protestant religions are merely stepchildren of this cruel and despotic Roman Empire in both its earlier secular, and later religious form.

The New Testament religion was in fact a composite of many earlier religions, as formed because humans do not easily give up religious traditions indoctrinated from their childhood. The major deity of the Roman Legionnaires was Mithra, said to be born to a virgin on the 25th of December, so that was included in the new religion. The birth of the Persian God Zoroaster was said to be attained by three wise men from the East so that was included in the new religion. Woden, also spelled Odin or Wotan, hung on a tree and was pierced with a spear, so that was included in the new religion. Just a few of innumerable examples. Of course insiders, adepts, and persons of perception have always

known that religious myths are only taken literally by the gullible, the simple minded, and the thoroughly indoctrinated. Religions and their myths can preserve, or destroy a people, depending on the structure given by its creators, the motives of its agents and the vagaries of historical circumstances. But in the end, any religious or secular institution must be judged by its effect. Under Christian influence the White race now faces imminent extinction, having given our food, medicine, technology and wealth to alien races in a competitive world. And now surrendering our territory and women.

Which brings me to the opposing philosophy, which for lack of a better term I'll call separatism. Nature declares an instinct called "territorial," for the preservation of each race and specie. Exclusive territory, meaning nations, is especially necessary for the survival of our White Aryan race since our women are the desire of the males of all races. Racial integration is ALWAYS the death of our race, primarily by miscegenation as in Carthage, Persia, and elsewhere throughout history. The over-riding, all encompassing message that we must reach our folk with in this desperate age is this, "Nature and Nature's laws are the work of that intelligence and force that our folk have symbolized by many names in many religions for many many centuries." That means Nature's laws are "Gods" laws, and the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. That means the Fourteen Words, "WE MUST SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN" are a divine command.

Nature's laws are a "bible" or holy book, written by the Creator. All others are written in the languages of men, by men. Those words which properly interpret the laws of nature and nature's God are divine. Those which deny the laws of nature and nature's God are in religious terminology, "The road to hell," or in this realm, the road to extinction. All of this necessarily leads to a discussion of the "Words" of the bible, especially the KJB, which is the most common and influential book in the English-speaking world. I put "Words" in quotes because the mathematical coding of the KJB, inserted by Sir Francis Bacon and other adepts is a separate method to discern what is truth and what is deception in the book. Another method is just plain old common sense and reason.

The cow didn't jump over the moon, virgins didn't have babies, and the creative force of the universe didn't turn itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself tortured and killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from eternally torturing mortal men. "Those whom the Gods would destroy they first drive mad," said a philosopher long ago. That last principal being the foundation of Christ-insanity.

Now in defense to that portion of the White resistance to genocide calling itself Identity Christianity let me say two things. First, I know that many of you have your heart in the right place. However, compromise with the NEW Testament religion is impossible at this time. Yes, America's founding fathers were forced to pay lip service to Christ-insanity, but their private correspondence shows they were Freemasons who despised the alien religion. Yes Adolf Hitler was forced to compromise and pay lip service to the alien anti-nature religion, but his private correspondence showed he despised Christ-insanity and was partial to our indigenous religion of Wodenism. Since Germany was 99% either Catholic or it's whoring daughter Lutheran, he and the other leaders of the 3rd Reich had

no choice. But because they compromised, once Germany was defeated, most Germans reverted back to Christian racial suicide.

Second regarding Identity. The OLD testament is an entirely different story. The original writings were definitely NOT Jewish. And in fact probably were created by Aryan adepts in the ancient "Mysteries." For example, the Old Testament condemns usury while modern Jewry became the predominate world power by practicing usury. The Old Testament traces citizenship in Israel through the father while modern Jewry traces citizenship through the mother. The Old Testament condemns male homosexual behavior while modern Jewish leaders promote it. The Old Testament teaches separatism while modern Jewry teaches Universalism.

However, ancient Israel is NOT history. It is religious myth and symbolism, which is used to both preserve and conceal philosophy and prophecy. The Identity Christian leaders should have restricted their title to just one word, i.e. Identity. And admit to the absolute and undeniable fact that in both it's creation and effect the New Testament religion is suicidal racial poison. A few carefully chosen verses notwithstanding.

Furthermore, the adepts, representing high powers have other planes encoded in the KJB. For example, Revelation 3 verse 12 and 2 verse 17 say "god will take a new name, written in a man, a city, and in A WHITE STONE. A WHITE STONE is an anagram. Rearrange the letters and it spells THEE IS WOTAN.

When the adepts in our indigenous religions were tortured, persecuted and killed by the Christians, some of them infiltrated the alien religion. As monks and scholars it is they who constructed the coding system of the bible, designed as a literary time bomb to destroy the genocidal religion from Rome. The KJB is their crowning achievement. The 74 words of Revelation 2 verse 9 and 3 verse 9 tell who THEE is. Also they make it clear that our war is against an anti-nature philosophy, not against brain washed or indoctrinated individuals. Judaism, Christianity and America are indeed the three worst enemies our race has ever faced. But Jews hate us because of indoctrination such as the holy-hoax of six million gassed in World War 2 and similar false propaganda from their Zionist masters. They really need to remember that the propaganda of the victors ALWAYS becomes the history of the losers.

Christians deny Nature's laws and suppress their natural instincts for racial survival because an anti-nature religion has driven them literally insane. The drivel attributed to the mythical St. Paul says it's best not to touch a woman. Revelation says only 144,000 virgin men will be favored on judgment day. Jesus says, "Hate your own family and love your enemies." Our indigenous religions, especially Wodenism are denigrated as fertility cults. But that is exactly what nature demands.

Woden says "love your family and smash your enemies with the hammer of Thor." The Old Testament King David, and Thor each kill a giant with a magic or unorthodox weapon. Identity and Woden have no quarrel. But New Testament Christ-insanity is not compatible with racial survival. This does not mean every Christian or every Jew is a

conscious member of a conspiracy to overrun and exterminate our White Aryan race. But unfortunately if they continue to follow the propaganda and deception of the world's Universalist leaders, many of who call themselves Jews or Christians, then de facto, of necessity they are our mortal enemies.

Which brings us to America. Again, not every White skinned American is a conscious agent of the plan to mix, over-run, integrate, miscegenate, reduce by war, and exterminate the White race. But again, de facto, of necessity, the vast majority are our mortal enemies. In the wars, revolutions and assassinations that America participated in, from Dixie to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama to Germany twice, to Italy, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Libya, to Serbia, to Iraq twice, to Iran, to Waco, to Ruby Ridge, to Afghanistan and on and on, the dead and maimed number perhaps 200 million, half of them White folk. Determined to destroy the integrity of all races, nations and cultures for their Novus Ordo Seclorum, a Universalist New World Order, the Red, White and Blue traveling mass murder machines has been an engine of holocaust, genocide and murder unmatched in human history.

Whether the White race can survive much longer in America is problematic at best, and doubtful if considered realistically. Maybe our best bet is for our few racially aware White folk to migrate back to Eastern Europe and try to warn our folk there? But one thing is certain. We can no longer compromise with the executioner's institutions. A revelation in fact must be preceded by a revolution in thought. Out voting a majority in the deceptive horror called a democracy is impossible and those who advocate participation in such a system, especially under current circumstances are either deluded idiots or deliberate deceivers. Even at it's best democracy is two lions and a lamb voting on what to have for dinner.

So to all you Christians and Americans with White skin I say, abandon the anti-nature deceptions of the Universalist materialists and pleasure seekers, or face the consequences of the passing of Western Civilization's creators. Naturally there are those who will attack my words in this treatise for various reasons. Some because they are committed Universalist racial enemies. Some because as Christians or Jews they are indoctrinated to literally believe the myths of their religion. Some because they benefit from the current political or religious systems in financial or material ways. Some because they are cowards who are afraid to face unpleasant truths. Some because their minds are poisoned with geographical nationalistic propaganda which is a perversion of the territorial instinct. This perversion of the territorial instinct is why White men will spend money supporting an athletic team composed of non-white players, each with a harem of the last pretty white young women. This too is conditioned insanity leading to racial suicide.

The masses of Christians, Jews and Americans are little more than pawns and cannon fodder in a game played by wealth and power beyond conception. Sadly all three will probably be deadly and mortal enemies to the bitter end of the struggle to preserve our kind. Equally sad is the spectacle of the "escapists" who plague our miniscule resistance to genocide with defenses of the institutions, which have presided over our demise. As well as the "intellectualists" with their scholarly works on alleged history. As the 6th

precept says, "History, both secular and religious is a fable, conceived in self serving deceit and promulgated by those who perceive benefits."

Current circumstances are all that matter. We are denied White nations, White Schools, White neighborhoods and everything necessary for racial survival. And inter-racial mating, especially for the last young White women is promoted with ever increasing passion. As less than two percent of earth's population is young White female. I did not sacrifice my freedom and spend the last 20 years in prison for technological gadgets, artificial religions or materialistic decadent societies. I fight to this day for my personal Fourteen Words, which are, "BECAUSE THE BEAUTY OF THE WHITE ARYAN WOMAN MUST NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH."

Sexual lust is the mother of battle lust and battle lust is the mother of nations. That is why our indigenous religions were fertility based. Will the castrated, fat, lazy, programmed pile of walking camel dung which is the modern White man put down his six pack of beer and his television channel changer, in order to obey nature's highest law? Television where he worships negro ball players, as the pretty White cheerleaders in their short skirts get wet panties over those who never invented a wheel or a written language. The subliminal message is clear and constant!

Will Bob Mathews and the members of The Order ever be honored for their sacrifices? Will beautiful White women love us? No, but they will get wet panties over freaks like Michael Jackson.

Does the White Aryan race deserve to survive? Nature's laws, harsh and unyielding will decide. Fight or die, kill or be killed, reproduce or perish. That is the decree of nature's God.

David Lane

Dissension in the Ranks

This internal and seemingly eternal bickering within the ranks of groups and individuals who claim to care about stopping the genocide being practiced against the White race in every Western nation must end. It is counter-productive and thus, serves the tyrant. Let us assess the situation logically and without preconceived notions. First, let's be honest enough to admit that yes, there certainly are agent-provocateurs and misleaders among our ranks. It is a standard practice as old as governments to infiltrate any resistance. The tyrant even builds alleged resistance groups in order to identify and destroy potential opposition, or lead it into non-productive paths. And, of course, the agents of the tyrant are the first to create dissension by casting aspersions on the abilities, motives, morality and actions of others.

Therein is the Catch 22. How do we know if a "Leader" is for US or THEM? We may end up wrongly condemning a patriot, or we may continue to follow a deceiver in misplaced loyalty. The situation is compounded by modern technology and the inability

of our Folk to accept or deal with the tyrant's methods. The governments and those who control the governments of the once White countries can create any "evidence" they wish in order to defame a patriot. Even in the past they could literally turn a God into a Devil and make the appellation stick. Witness the name Odin, which was the name by which the European people worshipped the Creative Force for thousands of years. Judeo-Christians still today call Wotanists "Devil Worshipers."

With modern techniques for fabricating evidence and mind-control the ability to demonize someone is total. I can assure you that when the time comes that I am considered too popular or effective in the resistance to ignore that there will be absolute and documented "proof" that I am a secret Zionist, that I am a baby raper, that I once collected and sniffed little girls' bicycle seats, that I am the son of the commandant of a Nazi death camp and that my racial background is suspect. There will be books in "my handwriting," cassettes in "my voice" and witnesses without end. Sadly, not only will the masses believe the character assassination, but so will those who should know better. Over 17 years in the worst of the tyrant's prisons, a 190 year prison sentence resulting from unconstitutional trials, and the self-evident truth of my words will mean nothing, because the tyrant owns the media and the masses are totally incapable of independent thought. If they can do it to me with my credentials, then you must recognize how easily they can destroy others. But we cannot afford to just give up. We cannot let the enemy win and destroy our racial existence forever just because he has the ability to create dissension. So what is the answer? How do we unite for victory and end the name calling amongst each other?

I would like to make three suggestions. First, focus on the issue, not the individual. This is one reason I created the motto of Fourteen Words. The enemy can make me into a Devil incarnate, but the Fourteen Words express a sacred premise that stands by itself. Even if torture or drugs were used to force me to recant, the Fourteen Words would retain their validity. To some extent you might, also, judge whom to work with or associate with by their commitment to the fundamental issue. There is, also, some validity to the concept that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend," although the time has come that we must not be diverted from the singular issue of racial survival.

Second, protect yourself if you have doubts. Protect yourself if you do not have doubts. There is no reason for the rank and file supporters of a resistance movement to have their true identity known to either friend or foe. As Bob Miles pointed out when he wrote of the fifth era of the Invisible Empire, "There is a need for a few public spokesmen. The rest of the Invisible Empire must be like the fog." In an occupied country a wise man does not paint a target on his chest and tell the tyrant, "Here I am."

Some say the British lost the Revolutionary War because the Colonists did not fight fair. The British marched out in nice straight lines with their drums and bugles and pretty red coats. The Colonists hid behind trees and picked them off with squirrel guns. The Confederates lost the Civil War fighting by the rules. Then they won the next war with an invisible empire and terror in the night. If you feel a leader or a group is involved in a constructive project or has valuable literature that you can use for the cause, you can send

money anonymously or use a false name. Is that not better than making a decision on some slander, when in all honesty, there is no way to know if it is true? If the leader is a provocateur, you have now used that portion of his game which is beneficial to our side. If he is one of us, you have supported him and our cause, and you have not falsely slandered him. You have protected yourself, not only from the possibility of his being an enemy agent, but from the results of the enemy intercepting mail unbeknownst to anyone. And finally, you have not played into the tyrant's hands by giving the resistance the appearance of dissension.

Third, for the umpteenth time, I must repeat the absolute necessity of demonizing your enemy. That is what the tyrant does to us and it is why juries convict us, even with obvious false evidence. People function with emotion, not logic. If you are still worshipping the executioner's political and religious institutions, such as America and Judeo-Christianity, then you are going to have a tendency to believe slander created by the agents of those systems. If a government spokesman or a media person presents "evidence" that your leader is actually working for them, you will "believe." Not, as I said, that some leaders might not be agents, but you will not make a rational decision on how to deal with accusations until you purge yourself of ALL BELIEF in ANYTHING the establishment says. The governments and religions we live under intend to exterminate our specie. You must develop the proper attitude about such institutions. It is beyond irrational to continue to honor the flag and the political entities which stand for the murder of our race. What flag flies in the courtrooms of the Federal judges who order the mixing and extermination of our race? What flag did the Union fly when they destroyed Dixie? What flag did the 101st Airborne fly when they used bayonets to integrate the schools of the South? What flag did the destroyers of our ancient European homeland fly? It is true that we are mass insane. But, it is not a permanent condition unless we choose deliberately to deny reality. Thirty some years ago I was a blind believer and worshipper of the flag. But when I learned the facts I accepted them. We have a leader in the movement today who twenty years ago condemned George Lincoln Rockwell as a dirty Nazi. Today he sells Rockwell's books. He has begun to teach reality, which is to his credit.

People do change and learn sometimes. This should be considered, also when judging a potential leader. My personal policy has been to not criticize anyone who advocates the Fourteen Words, even though I will attack their religious or political philosophy if I think it is counter-productive. But I will attack the reality deniers by name. Even they, however, I would forgive and welcome into the struggle if and when they become honest. An example would be Col. Bo Gritz. This man has set himself up as a leader of dissident Americans. But, he continues to worship the American precepts which destroy our kind. I have pointed out before that retired American military will seldom, if ever, admit that America is the murderer of our race and must be totally abandoned, because they draw wealth, benefit and false glory from keeping the beast alive. Gritz publicly admits to an Oriental wife and half-breed children. He brags of his activities as an assassin for the CIA. He wore an FBI wire bug as he "negotiated" with the Weavers. He proclaims his first loyalties are to our executioner's institutions. He has insulted "Racists" and "Nazis." He has a Negro godson. He works to destroy our race. But still, should the day come

when he admits his racial treason of the past and pledges to give his future for the Fourteen Words, "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children," then I would welcome him into the struggle. We must recognize that even so-called leaders have been deceived. I suspect that had I been drafted into one of America's never-ending wars as a teenager or before becoming aware of historical realities, that I would have been a gung-ho assassin for the red, white and blue murder machine, also. To my way of thinking, the real criminals are those who know better and continue to commit treason.

I hope this will be of some benefit in ending the ongoing dissension.

David Lane

Christian Rightwing American Patriots

My last article. Not because I am giving up the struggle. It appears that my destiny and role in this war for White Survival is to set an example of utter defiance until someday dying in the prisons of my enemies. So be it!

Not my last article because I am planning to kick the bucket in the near future either, although such is known only to the norms.

This is my last article, barring unforeseen circumstances, because everything necessary has already been said. If not by me, then Rockwell, Hitler, Yockey, and a host of others.

Thousands of our folk at least, and perhaps millions, know that our White race is facing extinction, and they know it is a plan of tyrants who are wealthy beyond conception, in a league with mindless universalists.

This genocide, meaning the murder of our race, has seldom been resisted except with words. It has been written about, read about, gossiped about, and sung about in millions of works. If words without swords had any value whatsoever, we would have beaten our enemies to death long ago.

But unfortunately, compromise, comfort, and cowardice are the predominate traits in the modern White male. They are a total disgrace to the memory of their ancestors. So now our race is little more than a walking corpse.

When the Supreme Court struck down the laws against interracial marriage, were there nine black robed devils found hanging by their necks the next day? No! Why not? Because the modern White man, the CRAP, is a castrated, selfish pussy.

When the U.S. Military used bayonets to push White girls into colored schools, was there rebellion? No! Why? Because the modern White man is such a stinking maggot that he makes camel shit smell like roses.

Shall I continue with forced bussing, movies, and television, promoting interracial marriage, the destruction of the racial basis of our European homeland in World wars, etc. etc., ad nauseam without end? Why should I? It is only more words.

Once upon a time, when White men still had some integrity, words did have value. But speaking to walking, talking piles of camel shit is a waste of breath and ink.

I have told the CRAP for many years that in the wars, revolutions and assassinations that America has financed and participated in, from Dixie, to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Iran, to Libya, to Bosnia, to Serbia, to Waco, to Ruby Ridge, to Afghanistan and on and on, the dead and maimed victims number 200 million or more, half of them white, many of them women and children.

Determined to destroy the integrity of races, nations and cultures for the Zionist New World Order, The Red, White, and Blue traveling man's murder machine has been an engine of holocaust, genocide, and death unmatched in human history.

But still the CRAP wraps logic five times around a crooked tree to proclaim themselves "American Patriots" who support "Our Boys" as they bomb helpless nations into the Stone Age and blow tens of thousands or millions of women and children into tiny fragments. Always looking for someone else to blame, the CRAP screams, it's the Jews, it's the Jews. Well I'd be the last to deny that the media is dominated by Jews who have an agenda of world domination and of extinction for White Aryans.

But it has been Christians who for centuries have been giving the White man's food, medicine, wealth, technology, and education to the colored races. It is the CRAP who now surrenders the last of the White man's women, power, and territory to the colored races.

White Christian Civilization is a catchy and idiotic phrase used by the CRAP. It was the Christians who destroyed our indigenous civilization and brought on the dark ages. It was the Christians who persecuted all men of science, philosophy, and reason for many centuries.

"Oh, that was those OTHER Christians," the CRAP declares. It was the Christians who slaughtered each other in the Catholic versus Protestant wars, including the horrible Thirty-year war.

The Inquisition, with people torn to pieces on the rack. It was the Christians who burned at least tens of thousands of White women at the stake as witches. It was Christians who hanged nineteen women as witches in Salem Massachusetts just 84 years before the American Revolution. It was the Christians who persecuted, tortured, and murdered all followers of our native indigenous religions, especially Odinists (Wotanists or Wodenists). It was Christians who forced our folk to profess literal belief in supernatural myths, which deny the laws of nature, knowing full well that when the gates of the mind

are opened to the first irrational premise, then there are no barriers to a flood of insanity.

So now our folk are literally insane. Suicidal insane.

Two-thousand years ago, Julius Caesar said that as long as he could invent an enemy of the Empire, he could remain in power by employing calls to patriotism. The CRAP are so insane that they still fall for the same game as they go off to kill and make hundreds of millions for the Judeo-American/Judeo Christian empire.

Our race cannot survive without nations in which we are the only inhabitants. Anyone who claims that America can be made a White Nation is either totally insane or a deliberate deceiver. Unfortunately, almost all so-called White leaders since the civil war in America have been compromising deceivers.

As far as I know I am the only one who has ever told the whole truth about America, Christianity, philosophy, history, and natural law religion. At least for the moment most of my writings are available at www.DavidLane1488.org or at www.PyramidProphecy.org.

The well-known 14 WORDS are, “WE MUST SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN.” My motivation is expressed in another 14 WORDS: “BECAUSE THE BEAUTY OF THE WHITE ARYAN WOMEN MUST NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH”.

If we are to accomplish the 14 words, then we must become revolutionaries. A revolution in fact is preceded by a revolution in the mind. We cannot continue to worship, or compromise with our executioners’ institutions. Overthrow them or leave them, but you cannot procrastinate or compromise any longer.

14 WORDS and 88 PRECEPTS to Victory or Valhalla
1488
David Lane