

**George Lincoln Rockwell**  
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# In Hoc Signo Vinces

by George Lincoln Rockwell

Long lasting success in any human endeavor is never the result of blind luck. The achievement of a clearly defined goal, whether it be the act of walking from point "X" to point "Y", the building of a house, or the organization of a business, is always the product of three things:

The intellectual ability to perceive the problem involved, the opposition which must be expected, and the best way to overcome that opposition to reach the goal.

The will and determination to do whatever may be necessary to reach the desired goal, regardless of opposition.

The physical means, strength, and courage to enforce and carry out the plan or fight conceived by the mind and determined by the will.

If any of these three elements be lacking on one's purpose, failure is the inevitable, predictable result.

A man who is too stupid to understand the various factors involved in trying to walk from point "X" to point "Y", where the path between us is a jungle infested with snakes, dangerous carnivores and fever, and who fails to arm himself with weapons and maps, medicine and other equipment will never arrive at "Y" no matter how dogged his determination or how mighty his muscles. Another man attempting the same journey, though he clearly perceives the dangers and prepares for them, and though he be mighty of muscle, will yet fail to reach "Y" if he is so irresolute and weak of will that he does not persevere at the struggle and ruthlessly use whatever force might be necessary to crush and destroy the forces opposing him. And a third man who has the intellect to perceive the dangers and to prepare for them, and the will and determination to fight his way through even with the utmost heroism, but who is frail of body and so physically weak that he cannot carry out the commands of his mind and his will cannot but succumb to the stronger adversaries he will meet.

It is with civilizations as it is with the struggles of individual men. Dozens of great civilizations have perished because of failure in one or more of these three elements necessary in the struggle for survival.

Savage societies usually perish, not so much from lack of vigorous will or lack of physical strength, as from lack of ability to perceive the real situation. Drowning in superstition and stumbling in the darkness of ignorance, they are overwhelmed by the physical forces of violent natural occurrences, catastrophes and diseases which more civilized societies have learned to overcome.

On the other hand, civilizations, for all their intellectual achievements and sciences, perish most often because of failure of the will, the diminishing of the savage and ruthless drive for survival and dominance which originally created society. They become "humanitarian", selfish, and soft. They become physically weak and dependent on paid armies and police to do their fighting. The fighting spirit of honor and self-sacrifice and heroism of their ancestors gives way to a growing love of ease and luxury and cowardice masquerading as "humanitarianism".

When a civilization reaches this effete stage in its decay, only a very rare historical occurrence can halt the final collapse of the society as the decadence grows daily more apparent. Only when the dying society still has enough life-energy to produce a spiritual giant, a godlike throwback to the ancient heroism of its people who is able to shock and drive the civilization out of its natural historical night of sleep and death, in spite of the suicidal opposition of the dying peoples who long only for "peace" and the slumber of death, can a society once again rise for a while.

Western, Aryan civilization passed the historical point of no return on its journey into limbo during the

nineteenth century, as was duly noted by Spengler, Chamberlain, and others. Were it not for the unbelievable, miraculous arrival of Adolf Hitler at the last possible moment, the only bearable course for an intelligent, perceptive, and sensitive man surrounded by a disgusting and suicide-bent civilization would have been resigned enjoyment of such momentary pleasures as provided escape from the soul-crushing reality of a Judaized, cannibalized and boob-ized civilization rushing headlong back to the jungle in the name of "humanitarianism".

But the appearance in history of Adolf Hitler is evidence that there still remains in White, Western civilization a sufficient spark of self-sacrificing, creative vigor to permit, perhaps, another thousand years or so of survival for the White man. This infinitely precious spark will remain just that, however, and quickly fade into darkness, so long as the tiny elite minority of humanity with the wit to see what Hitler did is too selfish, cowardly, and short-sighted to apply the lessons of history before it is too late forever, and fan the spark Hitler gave us into the roaring flame of creative civilization founded by our courageous ancestors.

So far, the fearful punishment meted out to Adolf Hitler's fighting heroes of civilization by Jewish forces of decay and destruction has so unnerved and terrified the world that even those able to see and understand the peril to humanity, and the way to salvation as shown by Adolf Hitler, are so pitifully attached to their lives and liberties and comforts that they dare not pick up the sacred spark of White survival and fan it with their own life's breath, which it must soon have---or go out forever.

Aryan, White humanity is on the precipice of darkness and oblivion. Strewn on the crags in the eternal blackness below are the bones of other know-it-all, pompous civilizations which were doubtless unable to imagine their own demise at the very time when they were surrounded by the outward power and magnificence of empire. They were unable to realize or face up to the TOTAL threat of a growing weakness and "humanitarianism", unable to muster the TOTAL will necessary to reverse the historical march to death and oblivion. They were too lazy and selfish, greedy and cowardly to heed the tiny few who have been burned, crucified, stoned, fed to the lions or handed the cup of hemlock.

If there is any history a thousand years hence, and any people able to study it, they will marvel in disbelief most of all at the stubborn refusal of the White man to use his overwhelming strength, his knowledge and the providential gift of Adolf Hitler's leadership to save himself from the most incredible and cringing slavery at the hands of a relatively tiny gang of disgusting, pathologically unbalanced, physically weak and cowardly, arrogant, tyrannical Jews.

Our problems today are not "American" problems, "British" problems, "French", "German" or "European" or "African" problems---they are problems of SURVIVAL FOR ALL WHITE MEN.

What, in the name of the most elementary reason, is the difference between whether Bartholomew Buckingham is born near the Thames, Hans Schmidt on the Rhine, Pierre Dubois on the Seine, Per Olafson in Stockholm, Eric Erasmus in Durban, Joe Doaks in Podunk, Ohio or John Smith in Auckland, New Zealand compared to the question of "Shall there BE any more Bartholomews, Hanses, Pierres, Pers, Erics, Joes or Johns?"

Our planet swarms with colored creatures who outnumber us by more than FOUR TO ONE---and in all of our nations these inferior beings, we are told, are our "equals", able to vote away our money, our liberties, our lives and our honor. By the old-fashioned notions of nationalism and democracy I, Lincoln Rockwell, am supposed to treasure and care for and be loyal to some of the lowest spawn of the jungle, providing only that their Black dam gave them to the world in some American ditch or filthy crib---because then, of course, they are "Americans", and aren't we all out for "America"?

Or am I to be loyal and die for these miserable and pitiable half-animals, my "fellow Americans", by slaughtering millions upon millions of the finest biological specimens of my own race, because a gang

of Hollywood Jews teaches us that Americans must hate Germans?

Or again, is it a certain piece of geography to which I am to be loyal, and for which I must kill my own people and perhaps die myself? Does my loyalty to this hunk of geography stop at the Canadian border?

But perhaps it is "Americanism" to which I am to be loyal and for which I must make war upon German men, women and children. When I examine what they tell me is "Americanism", however, I find that it consists primarily in being willing to submit meekly to Jewish direction of my culture, government, religion, entertainment, and even my sex life.

No, all this is nonsense.

The only thing to which I can be loyal with any deep conviction -- the only loyalty which makes any sense -- is my RACIAL, and therefore cultural, brotherhood with my own people, no matter where they happen to have been born! When that loyalty is challenged, and my people are in danger, it is monstrous to pretend that we must be suspicious of each other just because we live across imaginary geographical lines, and that, upon proper preparation and agitation by a gang of international Jews, we White men must march forth to kill each other and bomb each other to ashes and everlastingly hate each other because we are "trade rivals" or for "American democracy" or the "British Empire" or for anything else in the world.

I am a WHITE MAN, and a brother to all other White men, and I mean to stand with all of them and, if necessary, lead them in battle to survive against the unspeakable menace of the colored populations of the earth rising to slaughter and rapine against the White men -- and led by the scheming Jew!

But like the first man in the analogy of the walk through the snake-infested jungle, too many of our White "leaders" fail to perceive the cosmic proportions of the problem and imagine it is something which can be solved in "their" country, and by half measures.

The tiny few who do see the dreadful and total urgency of the White man's situation have, until our arrival on the scene, attempted to fight with less than the total weapons required in a total fight for survival. Most of the best leaders have imagined that small groups of beleaguered White men, gathered into little geographical huddles behind imaginary lines and waving different colored bits of cloth bravely in the breezes, can survive by themselves, and the hell with the other White men who have different bits of colored cloth.

The Jews have NEVER made the mistake of seriously dividing themselves into these phony geographical "teams". On the contrary, the Jews -- with their Bolshevism, Zionism, and mongrelism -- are attacking ALL White men, EVERYWHERE and ALL THE TIME. They are sending their black armies into all of our nations in an all-out attack against the White elite of the world, with absolutely no considerations of "national" boundaries or flags or languages or cultures. In the face of this total international threat of annihilation by RACE, millions of those who already see the danger are to be found babbling darkly of "Yankee imperialism", "British Empire", "dirty Catholics", "immoral atheists", "Republicans", "Laborites", "damned Yankees", "Germany first", etc., etc., ad nauseam.

Like little boys besieged by a mob of kidnapers and murderers, they cannot resist squabbling about who has the most marbles in the face of deadly danger they temporarily forget. The battle of our times -- if there is to be any battle -- is for the SURVIVAL OF THE WHITE RACE!

And to survive, the White man will have to RE-CONQUER the earth once conquered and civilized at the cost of so much blood by his ancestors. Under the banners of international Jewry, the colored masses are threatening to return civilization to savagery. Under the Swastika banner of Adolf Hitler, White men around the world will master the planet to save civilization.

The Jewish war against civilization has actually been a world-wide, gigantic REVOLUTION, in the course of which they got millions of us to murder each other shouting "Democracy!" "Gott mit uns!", "Free the slaves!", "Liberty, equality, fraternity!" And now they are preparing for the final bloodbath during which we will shout "Capitalism!" and "Communism!" respectively, as the two teams of White men slaughter each other with Jew-financed H-bombs.

In the course of these fratricidal and suicidal wars, the Jews have not been afraid to sacrifice thousands of their brethren in their devilish cause, as they did in the last monstrous slaughter in the 1940s. The Jews realize what WE must realize: that they are playing for the highest stakes in the knowledge of mankind---mastery of the whole earth---and they do not shrink from the inescapable conclusions of strategy and tactics dictated by knowledge of such stakes. If we are to survive then we too must have the wit and the strength of mind to face up to the deadly facts of the situation and act RUTHLESSLY, RAPIDLY, and EFFECTIVELY.

The Jews have almost won the final step in their 4,000-year revolution---OPEN world power. They now have total secret power to manipulate and control all world activities, and lack only a little more brainwashing and breaking of the will of the masses to make their world domination an acknowledged and formal power. They have fought and won their way to this incredible power by unsurpassed determination and iron will over forty centuries, and only a miracle can prevent the final victory of such fanatical warriors, tragically and viciously wrong as such a victory would be for humanity.

Even the atheist Jews---which is most of them---have an inexplicable belief in the ancient Jewish prophecies that when "the law comes forth from the hills of Zion" and Jerusalem, it will be the millennium for the Jews and they will own and rule the earth. THEY ARE IN JERUSALEM NOW, and lack only a few blocks of it for total possession! \*[NB. - Commander Rockwell was writing before the 1967 war wherein the Jews seized the rest of the city. - WS]\* They are experiencing a worldwide frenzy as they can already sense the total victory we are about to give them, and they are even now preparing their sacrificial orgy of victory in Tel Aviv!

In the face of this unspeakable threat, that the whole world and all of us will fall to the tyranny of a gang of criminal paranoiacs, the narrow chauvinism, conservatism, and regionalism of most right-wing leaders is the utmost stupidity! With the masters of mongrels, the Jews, leading MILLIONS of savages in a worldwide attack against the White-elite bearers of civilization, and with the end only moments away in terms of history, only the most short-sighted leaders can continue to keep our children divided and helpless into "teams" of Americans, Dixiecrats, Catholics, Germans, Yankees, atheists, Dutchmen, conservatives, Irishmen, etc. down through the whole pitiful, heartbreaking list. The Jew may be all of these things---but FIRST HE IS A JEW!

It is the first task of him who would save civilization---which requires saving the White man---to make White men supremely and totally conscious of RACE above all other allegiances. Our people can be Democrats or Germans or Catholics or Englishmen if they want to and if it suits their purposes, but FIRST THEY MUST BE WHITE MEN! Otherwise, the Jew will keep us divided and helpless and unconscious of our racial unity and strength, while they fanatically fight as Jews, no matter where they are, until it is all over.

The world of TV, rockets and jet transportation has become too small to permit any group of White men anywhere to enjoy the suicidal luxury of fighting each other on behalf of the Jew ever again, no matter what the reason which may be advanced in the propaganda. We simply cannot afford to fight each other when we are under such overwhelming and deadly attack by such endless hordes led by such a fanatical and devilish enemy as the Marxist, Zionist Jew. The reason that the White man has been losing for so long in the first place is that he has failed or refused to see the enormity and the pressing urgency of his problem. He has permitted himself to be distracted into a million little

squabbles over trifles, while his race has been driven almost to extinction.

Like the first man in the analogy, we haven't understood the path, the nature of the obstacles and, worst of all, we haven't even realized the goal we must win--or die. That goal is and must be MASTERY OF THE EARTH BY THE WHITE MAN, since civilization depends solely on such White mastery. Any lesser goal is utterly worthless, just as it would be worthless for a man scheduled to hang to take vitamins and attain perfect health.

And such a fantastically difficult and cosmic goal as world mastery cannot be won by luck, sneaking, half-measures, prayers, hopes, fine speeches, pamphlets, or sporadic violence. What we must aim at and achieve is a WORLD COUNTER REVOLUTION against the Jewish Marxist-Zionist revolution. And revolutions are never, never, NEVER the result of spontaneous and fortuitous uprisings, but ALWAYS the product of ruthless, scientific planning and fighting, based on the immutable laws of great social upheavals. Behind the pitchforks and the barricades there is always the story of the candle-lit conspiracies by the planners---otherwise the revolution would be over in a trice.

Not only have our handful of leaders so far failed to realize the unheard-of proportions of the goal at which we must aim, but they have singularly failed to face up to their terrifying responsibilities in planning. Time after time, would-be leaders have arisen and led us in pitiful efforts to nip the end of the tiger's tail, only to waste our substance and blood and heroism in a fruitless struggle which always ends in being crushed by a single, smashing blow from the paw of the beast.

The Jewish world revolution can only be broken and beaten by a counter world revolution.

Any revolution must be planned with care and precision in accordance with the iron laws governing human conduct in the mass. A world revolution, in the face of the international and staggering power of Jewry, must be planned and executed with a brilliance and ruthlessness unmatched in the history of the world.

The most fundamental rule of such a cataclysmic social upheaval as a revolution is: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church!" Perhaps it sounds cruel and brutal, but it is nevertheless true, that the greater the proportion of human upheaval aimed at, the greater quantity of blood and torrents of tears which must be poured out in vast quantities to gain the goal. The kind of unprecedented, colossal movement which can alone reverse the suicidal trend of the Western world, and usher in even another thousand years of survival for the White man, can never be launched--let alone won--in any safe, painless, or easy way. Even ordinary sufferings and martyrdom are too miniscule for the kind of movement we must set aflame to survive. Everything about the current deadly battle for world mastery is and must be Olympian, and we cannot shrink from Olympian AGONIES if we are to hope to win.

Mighty movements always require millions of people to immolate themselves in a passion of self-sacrificing devotion to the cause. And these enormous masses of people can never be moved to fling themselves into the flames of revolution with shouts of "Favorable trade balance!" or "States' rights!" etc. Only the FUNDAMENTAL drives from deep inside the human psyche can lift the slow-moving masses from their ignorant apathy to the wild pitch of emotion which carries them entirely away in the tidal wave of revolution. Nothing so affects these fundamental emotions of the masses as HEROISM, and only the utmost heroism can now save the White man from his lethargy and paralyzing fear of the Jews.

And there is no symbol other than the Swastika and no name other than Adolf Hitler which is so beautifully calculated to produce the persecution and consequent heroism which alone can unite and inflame the White man into an irresistible wave of anti-Jewish Marxist-Zionist revolution. Until the advent of Adolf Hitler, the White men of the world had nothing, absolutely NOTHING in the way of a common cause, common heroes, common martyrs, sacred shrines, names and symbols. But now, after

millions of young German White men heroically flung their precious lives away in the first real fight in history for the White elite, we finally have the blood-soaked shrines, symbols, and martyrs which are the most elementary stuff of revolution.

Millions of equally precious young White men on the opposing side, fighting for the devilish Communist-Zionist Jews, will have lost their lives for absolutely nothing unless we accept this stupendous blood-sacrifice, and use it to ensure that never again will precious White blood be spilled fighting for Jews and negroes.

Nevertheless, and unbelievably, the lucky heirs of all this self-sacrifice and heroism---the recipients of these precious bloodstained banners and sacred names---reject their heritage as "impractical".

"We can never win with open adherence to National Socialism and the Swastika," these gentlemen explain feebly. "The Jews have taught people to hate them too much," they add. "If we use the Swastika and praise Hitler too openly, they will throw us in prison or kill us!" And did they not throw ALL makers of revolutions, including the Jew makers of the Red revolution, in jail---and even kill some of them? Are we National Socialists to be more fearful and cowardly than a gang of Jews? The very persecution and bloodshed such irresolute characters seek to avoid is the *\*sine qua non\** of our victory!

These are not empty words. I have personally proved their truth here in America, the power center of world Jewry, by being beaten, by going to jail and the insane asylum, losing my dear family, and living like an animal. Twelve days from today, as I write this, I face jail again. These things are unpleasant and even heartbreaking---but they MUST BE!

I have risen in two years to a commanding position in the worldwide fight for the White man, starting as a penniless, unknown and unaided single individual like millions upon millions of others---simply and solely because I have gratefully and lovingly used the precious names and symbols which have been bathed and soaked in such oceans of blood and tears---the Swastika and the name of the Leader, Adolf Hitler.

Temporary and flashy political successes are always easy. It is always simpler and quicker to put pads in one's jacket than to build the human muscles to fill the coat by months or years of work and sweat. For fifty years now, there has been a steady rise and fall of "right-wing" or White movements built entirely of pads.

By endorsing motherhood and virtue and patriotism, etc., and by avoiding brutal statements of the real purpose of such organizations---which must necessarily be the extermination of the Communist-Zionist enemies of humanity---great flocks of skittish "patriots", "conservatives", and even a few "tough" anti-Semites could be corralled. But these people are not attracted to such a movement because they are so inflamed with revolutionary zeal that they can hardly be restrained from attacking their tormentors in the streets. Rather they join the "patriot" society to relieve their guilty consciences by pretending to fight the Jews and their treason and terror by what they call "clever underground methods". They relieve themselves of their pent-up frustration at the tyranny of the Jews and negroes once a week at a "Rally" (private, of course) and then hurry home happily for another week of profits, parties and TV.

Such Mighty Mouses are horrified when it is suggested that perhaps they should hand out pamphlets in the street, or picket some outrageous example of Jewish-Communist arrogance. And if one exposes not only the Jews for what they are, but also exposes these political loafers who siphon off the support and energy for a real battle, these heroes reply by howling that one is an agent provocateur working to get them all crucified as a bunch of Nazis--which, except for their disgusting cowardice, they might otherwise be.

It is not the task of the world anti-Jewish revolution to attract and organize these contemptible sneaks, but to drive them out of the way and out of business, where they will be unable to milk the Movement

of the tiny bit of available support for useless "projects", as they have been doing for years. Nothing accomplishes that task like the Swastika. The political drones, profiteers, prostitutes and cowards scoot with their tails between their legs from this hooked cross, as the devil does from holy water.

On the other hand, the Swastika has an irresistible attraction for the kind of daring, bold, devil-may-care fighting YOUNG men we need. In America, most of them are simply nigger-haters because of their pure White man's instinct. When they learn the Jews' part in the disgraceful negro situation they become Nazis in minutes. Then it is the work of only months until they also understand the deeper significance, the idealism, and the true aims of the Movement.

But even more important than these advantages, the blood-soaked Swastika has a supernatural effect on Jews. It is after all only a few black lines---but it drives the Jews out of their usual sly and calculating frame of mind and makes them hysterical and foolish. To them, it is not just the lines, but the awful threat of ruthless exposure, swift justice, and terrible vengeance which their guilty consciences tell them they richly deserve. It is like a picture of the electric chair to a hunted murderer.

A calm, calculating Jew is the most dangerous beast on the face of the earth. By the exercise of his devilish, perverted but brilliant reason, the Jew has almost mastered all the rest of us. But a hysterical, screaming Jew, out of his mind with hate and fear of punishment for his crimes, is helpless putty in the hands of a calculating National Socialist.

We have proved this time and again---when Jewish councils have spent millions of dollars to spread the word among the Jews to ignore us. But the hordes of guilty little sinners can't do it! When they see that Swastika and hear us praising Adolf Hitler and describing the gas chambers for traitors, they become screaming, wild ghetto Jews who have eternally blown up their victories at the last moment by their insane passions of hate and revenge.

The result is the lifeblood of a political movement: PUBLICITY! In spite of the Jewish domination of all the media of public information, the parading of Swastikas and National Socialists in public streets cannot be hidden or ignored without giving the game away. They can suppress the news, to be sure. But then too many people realize their press power and censorship. And when the young Movement is able to force publication of its existence on the giant national TV networks, in magazines, the press, etc.---it serves as a clarion call to the frustrated millions who are looking for such a movement. It is only thus that we have been able to contact thousands of people all over the world who have never before been in any "patriot" outfit but couldn't resist the American Nazi Party and the World Union of National Socialists. [NOTE: Commander formally changed the name of his organization to the NATIONAL SOCIALIST WHITE PEOPLE'S PARTY during his last national staff conference in June of 1967.]

The Swastika and Hitler, far from being millstones, are actually the answer to the eternal problem of the right wing---money! When you don't have money for paper, meeting halls, etc.---as our side never does---you can go into the streets and march and distribute homemade handbills and picket---for nothing. The Jews go wild, attack---and you then have free use of millions of dollars worth of Jewish TV, newspapers, magazines, etc. Of course, you may get bloodied and have to sit in jail a while recuperating. But this is a small price to pay for the astonishing results.

In addition to the free publicity attendant on open operation as a Nazi, you also find that the very audacity of the thing will attract the young fighting men you need, even though they know nothing and care less about the politics of the business. They admire raw courage and daring. Later, when they have come to know the facts a little better, they will fight for ideals and the White man. But until then, these valuable protectors of your free speech will fight just for fun.

Above all, the Swastika will save you from the fundamental error of the right wing---that sweet reason will change the world and save us from the Jewish tyrants.

Reason is still an infant in human affairs, a precious and rare development found in the mutational brains of an infinitesimal minority of homo sapiens. And even the few geniuses able to exercise genuine, independent reason are almost entirely incapable of acting in accordance with the dictates of that reason---which is one of the reasons so many of them end up as failures in a world which does not appreciate them or their reason.

It is FORCE, POWER, STRENGTH which rules the world, from the ebb and flow of the tides to the decision of your neighbor to join the Rotary. Only a negligible fringe of oddball humans change their mind as a result of being convinced by a superior argument. The overwhelming masses, including the mass of today's "intellectuals", change their minds only in order to CONFORM. In other words, the minds of the vast majority ALWAYS bow to the strongest opinion---the opinion which brings rewards and avoids punishment.

The right wing examines its reasons and arguments and facts and finds them true and good---as they may be. They then become outraged which the slobs next door cannot see and appreciate this rightness and, very probably, throw them out of the house for preaching "hate." But this is only as things are. The slobs will hold whatever opinion seems to show the most strength and WILL TO POWER. They are completely, hopelessly female in their approach to reason and always, ALWAYS prefer strength to "rightness".

When they say "no" to our Swastika and National Socialism, they are only the eternal female saying "no" but meaning, "If you accept my no, then you are a weakling and have no right to my favors. Let us see if you have the manhood and the strength to MAKE me say yes!"

They hate us now because we are weak and powerless. All the reason in the world will never make them love us or our ideas in ANY guise, no matter how we try to sugar-coat them, until we COMMAND THEIR RESPECT AND ADMIRATION FOR OUR WILL, our guts, our force! As stupid as they are, their instincts in smelling force and strength are still pure, and the attempt to SNEAK National Socialist ideas in the guise of "patriot leagues" and other nice, safe groups very properly repulses them as being the actions of cowards and sneaks.

To HELL with the sneaky, safer approaches! They get us persecuted every bit as much as the direct, open approach, and they doom us to miserable, sneaking failure every time. If we are to be the last of the White men who conquered the world; if we are finally to be overwhelmed by a pack of rats, let us at least face the death of our race as our ancestors faced their death---like MEN. Let us not crawl down amongst the rats begging for mercy or trying to out-sneak them and pretend to be rats ourselves!

Let us stand on the scaffold of history---if hang we must---like the martyrs of Nuremberg, tall and proud! Is life so sweet, is comfort so precious and a job in a Jewish counting house so sacred that we are AFRAID to grasp the mighty hand of ADOLF HITLER reaching down to us out of our glorious past? Again, to HELL with sneaking and safety!

It is part of the Jews to be sneaky and sly. The genius of our people has ever been joyous strength, robust forcefulness, directness, manly courage, and flaming heroism. When the Jews, with their economic terrorism, jails, bullies and hangmen, scare the White man into laying down his cudgel and goad him into trying to out-sneak Jewish tyranny, the Jews have completely emasculated the once-strong White man, and doomed him to dishonor and defeat. The White man can NEVER win by sneaking!

In the dawn of Nordic civilization, lesser races used to cringe in their rude huts and pray, "Lord, save us from the fury of the men of the North!" It was THAT kind of man who built Western civilization. If civilization is now to be saved from the swarms of degenerate Jews, their cannibal accomplices and their unspeakably depraved liberal friends, it will be THAT kind of man who saves it, NEVER sneaks!

WHITE MAN! The same iron blood of your mighty ancestors flows in your veins! The towering figure of ADOLF HITLER reaches out a giant hand to lift you up to world-conquering POWER! You have cringed long enough before pygmies! Now RISE! Defy the rats and vermin at your feet! Let them feel the toe and heel of your boot! Stamp them out!

You have been sleeping. When you rise and stand up, and the masses once more see what a man of FORCE looks like, they will love you as they now imagine they hate you. With the spark of National Socialism, struck by Adolf Hitler, burning in your breast, you are unconquerable! IN HOC SIGNO VINCES! In the sign of the Swastika, YOU will conquer!

Join hands with the heroes in America, Britain, Iceland, Denmark and other White countries who have raised the holy Swastika banner and defended it with their blood. It has risen from the ashes of Berlin, and never shall it be hauled down again. Stand with us before the altar of Adolf Hitler and the world-conquering White race, and pledge your life as we have, to bring the order and justice of Western, White civilization once more into the world. Let us teach the traitors and rats and pygmies once more to cringe in terror in their huts and pray, *"Lord save us from the FURY OF THE MEN OF THE NORTH!"*

-Lincoln Rockwell

# **What We Stand For: Goals And Objectives Of The National Socialist White People's Party**

## **A WHITE AMERICA**

We must have an all-White America; an America in which our children and our grandchildren will play and go to school with other White children; an America in which they will date and marry other young people of our own race; an America in which all their offspring will be beautiful, healthy White babies—never raceless mongrels. We must have an America without swarming black filth in our schools, on our buses and in our places of work; an America in which our cultural, social, business and political life is free of alien, Jewish influence; an America in which White people are the sole masters of our own destiny.

## **WHITE WORLD SOLIDARITY**

We must have a foreign policy which is based only on the long-term interests of our race, not on the interest of other races or on economic considerations or anything else. We must never again let America be led into a fratricidal war like the last two world wars, for the sake of alien, minority interests. We must rid ourselves of the suicidal, anti-White insanity which has determined America's attitude towards the other nations of the world for so long. We must learn to look on White men around the world, in Australia, South Africa, Europe and elsewhere, as our racial kinsmen and natural allies.

## **A NEW SOCIAL ORDER**

We must build a new society based on racial values rather than monetary or materialistic values. In a real White man's society a man's worth, his social rank, his opportunity to contribute meaningfully to his people must not depend on his ability to adapt to an essentially Jewish system of values and to learn to play the economic game that leads to wealth today. We must have a new social order in which a man's esteem and position depend first of all upon the extent to which he applies his natural abilities to the service of his people, and plays a racially valuable role.

## **AN HONEST ECONOMY**

We must put an end to both economic freeloading and economic exploitation in America. There must be no place for parasites who draw their sustenance from society without giving anything in return. Those who thrive on usury, speculation, money-manipulation, and monopoly form a special class today whose primary interest is the maintenance of the system which allows their form of parasitism to flourish in the first place. We must have an economy based on the long-term interests of the man who works for a living, not the chronic loafer or the man who lives by renting out his capital.

## **WHITE SELF DEFENSE**

We must have an America in which White men and women can live and work, in their homes and in the streets of our cities, without fear. We must have a government which is not only a guarantor of public order and safety and which preserves the right of White citizens to keep and to bear arms, which is the ancient hallmark of a truly free people, but we must have government which maintains an eternal vigilance against the enemies, both internal and external, of a White America. Every tendency towards denegeracy and subversion, every threat to our racial integrity, every form of organized crime and vice, every element which threatens public terror or chaos must be weeded out and utterly destroyed.

## **GOVERNMENT BY LEADERS**

We must have a government by responsible leaders, not demagogues or political opportunists, in America. If we are to survive as a nation we must put an end to the catastrophic system of irresponsible misgovernment, incompetent leadership, and self-serving party politics which rules today—a system in which none but the hypocritical and the unscrupulous may rise to the top. Instead, we must build a system which selects, for every level of government, the best, the strongest, and the wisest men America has to offer.

## **A SPIRITUAL REBIRTH**

We must turn our people from their present path of materialism, cynicism, and egoism and inspire them with a new faith based on racial idealism. Only then can we replace the alienation and isolation of the individual which exist today with a sense of racial communion. Only through a spiritual rebirth of our people can we achieve the profound reorientation which is a prerequisite for building a healthy racial community.

## **AN ARYAN CULTURE**

We must encourage and promote every form of genuine White cultural endeavor—and at the same time we must break the alien monopoly which exists over our public opinion-forming media and flush down the drain the poisonous Jewish and negroid degeneracy which today passes for art and music and literature. We must instill in our youth the appreciation for beauty and order that characterize a genuine White man's culture. We must awaken a new understanding of our racial and cultural heritage, so that the creative instincts of our people can once again find expression in a direction which will continually renew and enrich that heritage instead of degrading and debasing it.

## **A HEALTHY ENVIRONMENT**

We must make it an imperative duty of our government to protect the gifts which Nature has bestowed on America and to insure the maintenance of a clean, healthy, wholesome environment for our people. We must not only eliminate pollution and conserve our resources, but we must gradually bring about a whole new mode of living in America, a mode with less emphasis on forcing man into a mold determined by a congested, neon-and-asphalt urban rat race and more emphasis on changing that mold to fit the racial propensities of Aryan man.

## **A BETTER RACE**

We must make it our most sacred task to ensure the betterment and safeguard the future of our race. We must learn to place a higher value on the quality of our people than of our gadgets. We must determine that each generation of our people will be of a higher quality than the one before. We must take measures to emphasize in our children and grandchildren the best qualities of our people today and to eliminate their flaws and their weaknesses. To accomplish this aim we must be willing to put our duties to future generations of our race ahead of the selfish whims of the present.

# White Self-Hate: Master-Stroke Of The Enemy

by Commander George Lincoln Rockwell

Last week I penetrated into the "South" for the first time in more than five years of speaking at colleges. I spoke at Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. It was a shocking - and unpleasant-experience!

Since last September, when I spoke at Harvard, I have been having such incredible success speaking all across the country, everywhere EXCEPT the South, that I was beginning to believe ALL America's college youth was waking up, especially to the nigger problem.

I had never penetrated the really "deep" South, for what reasons I am still not sure. I have had few invitations from South of Virginia - and all of them have been cancelled.

Around the rest of the country, this year has been one of immense gratification to me, speaking from Harvard and Brown in New England, across the nation through Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, North Dakota, Minnesota, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, California - just about everywhere EXCEPT the "deep South." The reaction to my speeches, as those who have heard the record or tapes of some of them will know, has been FANTASTIC! The violence has almost stopped, even the boos and the hisses have died down, and the audience reactions have been SO favorable that even the Jew papers in Minneapolis, for instance, reported I got "thunderous applause"!!!

Not only that, but the INDIVIDUAL reactions have been unbelievable!

Most remarkable of all is the tremendous change which has occurred since last summer in the reactions of these college kids to NEGROES.

For years, I was plagued by the ignorance of Northerners on the subject of niggers - and the same kind of ignorance by many Southerners about Jews. They have plenty of niggers in the South, so the Southerners know about them. But they have few Jews, and the ones they have down South are usually "tame" Jews, utterly unlike the wild and hateful Hebrews swarming in the streets of the North and West.

At the same time, the Jew-wise "Yankees" in North and West never got CLOSE to any "coloreds", and knew almost nothing about them. Until the riots began.

Back in those days, whenever I went to jail in the North, the cops would privately say "You're doing a great job on the damned Jews, but why do you go after the 'colored'?" - as they used to call them.

Down South, cops would say "God bless you for the way you're fighting the niggers, but what have you got against the Jews?"

This year, all across the Northern part of America, and all over the West and South West, I found the people are growing rapidly more alert not only to the Jewish problem, which they always sensed, but are thoroughly aware - and worried - about the "coloreds", because, of course, the "coloreds" have finally let the Northerners SEE what they are like, at first hand, in the dozens of riots and the endless horror of nigger crime and terrorism in the city streets.

The success of my speeches in colleges and universities across most of America has been gratifying - and spectacular - fantastic! If even the liberal KIDS in these colleges are waking up, you can IMAGINE the way the working masses are ready to FIGHT!

While I have been speaking sometimes as often as six and seven times per week all over the continent, I have naturally presumed that when I finally DID get a chance to speak in the real SOUTH - it would

be the best of all - a real triumph!

So I approached Wake Forest in North Carolina with my hopes up - and my guard down!

When I got there, things seemed SUPER relaxed. Usually, the campus where I am to speak is in a state just short of explosion - with threats, counter-threats, headlines, etc., etc. There are vast crowds outside the hall, hours before the address, and the hall is always packed to the point where the fire marshall often takes a hand.

But at Wake Forest, there was no crowd outside, when I came to the hall. And when I got inside, although they said it was the biggest crowd yet, there were several hundred empty seats!

Believe it or not, I HAVE NOT SEEN AN EMPTY SEAT IN THE LAST FOUR YEARS OF SPEAKING.

All of this got me "off balance" sufficiently so that I failed to follow my usual routine of insisting on only WRITTEN questions (to prevent emotional outbursts and speeches from the floor). But I figured that an audience of SOUTHERN kids would be wild with enthusiasm when I defended the great White Race and the history and traditions of their own grandparents.

What I ran into was something NEW!

In speeches everywhere else, there are always overtones of threat and violence, heckling and possibilities of mobs, etc.

All seemed quiet when I began to speak at Wake Forest.

But the minute I opened my mouth, the place busted wide open! American flags started to wave - HELD BY COONS! A Jew got up with a black armband and began marching up and down the aisles. Some of the kids acted like a bunch of kooks, whooping and cheering this disorder.

An old Jewess rose and began screaming at me in unintelligible "English". She got a huge round of cheers and applause!

In spite of all this, I managed to take control of the crowd as I have been forced to learn to do, and speak for about forty-five minutes. But I never did succeed in getting a train of thought started with the audience. Always, they managed to bust up any orderly presentation, and I had to keep using shouts and "tricks" to beat the heckling.

There was no applause at the end of my speech, although a few kids tried feebly, only to be squelched by their neighbors.

I made the mistake of taking live questions from the audience (being somewhat angered and frustrated by now, and hoping to beat these hellraisers). That did it!

One huge Negro walked up to the front of the hall just before my platform, held up his hands and signalled for silence. He got it!

The hall was hushed, FOR THE FIRST TIME, and I knew from experience what came next.

Had that Negro done nothing more than say "abracadabra", he would have been drowned in enthusiasm. He did a masterful job - whether planned or not, I don't know.

I had pointed out in my speech that ghetto Negroes were often in good physical shape because they were forced to do menial physical work such as garbage men, etc. This was not to insult Negroes. (Actually, it makes a lot of my own people mad when I point this out). But it is part of the reason the blacks think they can whip us because they say we've gotten soft. The big black used my statement to make appear I had advocated making nothing but garbage men out of all Negroes.

"Maybe all we're good for is garbage men", he said, "but if being garbage men is all the contribution America will let us make, then we'll make it, we'll BE garbage men!"

The audience rose, first the rabid ones, then more and more, until finally the hall was a sea of hysterical cheering, as the Negro (who I later learned was the local football hero) led the rest of the football team in a "walk-out".

None DARED fail to rise for this mad scene, for fear of being branded a "hater", as the arc-lights and TV cameras swept the audience.

I did my best to plug on, and succeeded to some degree. I even managed to get a good round of applause at the end, myself.

But I was bitterly disappointed to see all this take place in my FIRST speech in part of the "deep South"!

I had been winning rabid, liberal "Yankees" over with a "Southern" speech in the North all year. Now here I was being swamped by a wave of wild, hysterical "nigger-loving" - by SOUTHERNERS! Or so I thought!

I spent more than ten more hours at banquets and seminars, cocktail parties, and the other usual accompaniments to these speeches, and then, after I finally got to bed at 2 a.m., I laid awake for two more hours before I reached any kind of conclusion as to what it was all about.

At the banquet, the speaker was none other than Dick Gregory. I had to sit up at the head table only two seats away from this coon comedian-turned-revolutionist. I wouldn't have put up with it, except I really wanted to hear this "cat" (as he calls everybody) and see how he would affect these kids in North Carolina! He did a pretty smooth job on these kids, and I learned a lot.

First, he told a series of "supper-club" jokes to "warm up" the kids - which he did.

Then he launched into his "You-gotta-give-us-the-country, Baby" approach of the black scum now risen to glory among us as a result of Yiddish money, Yiddish leadership and Yiddish press-agentry for these miserable Africans.

I could hardly believe what I saw there. I watched the racially fine faces of the young White boys and girls who were intently watching the ape-like face of Gregory. They were hypnotized!

He actually went so far as to BOAST to them that the only way they could PROVE they were not full of "racism" and "hate" was to give our White women to the Negroes, thus showing that we recognize that there's no difference except color.

He went so far as to use the fact of motherhood, and went into a physical description of the process of birth, and how you couldn't stop delivery of a baby by crossing a woman's legs, etc.,etc., ad nauseam - all to "prove" that delivery of our women to the blacks was "inevitable" - and standing in the way was like crossing the woman's legs, and trying to stop the birth of what he said was "Nature's insistence on equality"!!!

He got a STANDING OVATION - just as the earlier black ball player had in the audience!

Once more, I watched the fanatic few rise up applauding wildly the moment he was done speaking, then the guilty looks on the faces of more and more kids who rose up, until all (except me) were standing to give honor to a man who had just announced he was going to utterly DESTROY them - women and children and our whole RACE!

I had HEARD about this sort of thing happening - just last month as I was speaking at one college in Wisconsin, Stokely Carmichael was speaking only a few miles away at another. He got up and hollered,

"BLACK POWER!", and openly announced his intention of leading a "burn-baby-burn" ATTACK on White people, hollering "Get Whitey!" - and got the same "standing ovation", as I had just seen twice in one day, and in the "deep South"!! WHY?

In all of history, no people have ever sunk so low they have given cheers and ovations to their own executioners. Some people have become too rotten to resist, but no people ever before has sunk so low as have those of our people who stand and cheer when told by arrogant Negroes that the blacks fully intent to WIPE US OUT AS A RACE!

The blacks holler, "GET WHITEY!" - and WHITEY CHEERS AND APPLAUDS! Surely you, too, must have tried to figure it all out!

Lying there in bed in the Sheraton Motel in Winston-Salem, in the fancy room they always get for you on these visits, I think I found the answer: GUILT! - Self HATE!

The South has been BEATEN half to death, over a hundred years ago, now, and it has its psychological toll.

The approach of the second reconstruction, now under way, has acted precisely like the approach of the torturer, after a solid year of uninterrupted torture, in a Chinese brainwashing camp.

Sargent, in his magnificent, 'BATTLE FOR THE MIND', describes how the mind reverses itself when driven past the point of any further "bending" under the stress of physical privation, unbearable mental tensions and outright torture. He describes how the victim of endless torture, becomes a FANATICAL WORSHIPPER of his torturers! Like a whipped dog, he crawls up to lick the hand of the brutal master wielding the stick on him.

Before I turned in for the night, I spent several hours in the room with assorted interested groups who kept coming and going, once they knew my room number. Usually, I run them off because of the need to get some rest (I had to fly out next a.m. at 6:30 for the next speech), but in this case, I desperately wanted to learn as much as I could about these Southern kids who seemed so crazy about coons, and how they got that way.

First, I learned that MOST of the rabid ones were NOT Southerners. The first ones up in the "standing ovation" scenes were almost all Jews and similar "liberals" from the NORTH!

When they got into my room, in groups of ten or twenty, and away from the mob scenes, I found the Southern kids were mostly O.K.

ALMOST TO A MAN - AND GIRL - THEY APOLOGIZED TO ME FOR WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN THE AUDITORIUM THAT AFTERNOON!

Acting as though they, themselves, had not been part of that standing ovation scene, they all explained to me that the Negro was the local football hero, that the student body was not what it seemed, that they were NOT all crazy about coons there, etc., etc.

I asked each one of them why he or she thought it all happened, and most of them came up with the ANSWER I think is right. They used different terms, of course, but the upshot of it all is GUILT - self HATE - "embarrassment", etc.

They felt that the poor coons had been insulted when I stood up there and slammed home the list of horrors happening to our country and White Race as a result of the Black Revolution! Those coon football heroes were their "friends" - courtesy of our race-mixing politicians, and they all felt as if I had kicked a poor little dog. When we talked later in the room, many of them admitted that the negroes were no pitiful little dogs, but rather a pack of wild, savage WOLVES - and that I was telling the simple truth. Nevertheless, when the black ballplayer was up there, they were helpless in the grip of GUILT

FEELINGS for having participated in a meeting where the TRUTH about his race was mentioned!

Then, when the Northerners and liberals, Jews and race-mixers rose in the "ovation" scene, none of the rest had the nerve to remain seated, not out of love of the Negro - but FEAR! Fear of being branded a "bigot", a "hater" and finally a "Nazi".

What does all this mean in terms of the overall battle we must fight to survive as a race and regain command of our own Destiny as a nation? I think it shows that the battle is going to take place MOSTLY in the NON-Southern part of the nation.

The South has been so thoroughly beaten on and kicked and filled with guilt feelings that it is no longer - as an overall population group - capable of responding vigorously and ferociously. The Klan and various segments of the Southern population will still fight and even take risks to stand against the black hell closing over us. But today, many of their own fellow Southerners are turning, in fear and confusion, against the Klan and other fighters.

The AVERAGE Southerner has "had it", just like the average German I have met. The Jews and conspirators have consciously beaten much of the native fight out of ordinary Southerners and ordinary Germans, and left them filled with a crazy, suicidal "guilt" feeling for even THINKING about resistance.

The rest of the country hasn't experienced this terrible psychological reversal. Whites everywhere are somewhat frightened of the smear-words, "bigot", "hater", etc., but not to the point where they can be put entirely out of action with such Jewish psychological attack.

As an example of what I mean, take Cicero, in Chicago. There's no "Klan" in Cicero.

Instead, EVERY citizen of Cicero is ready, willing and EAGER to fight the FIRST nigger who tries to move in.

Remember the full color picture in LIFE last summer of the brave kid from Chicago who had been actually bayoneted, standing there bleeding, sticking out his chest in magnificent defiance of the Guardsman?

While they have been successful in ramming niggers in all over the South, I truly believe the whole Federal Government, the Army, Navy, Air Force and nuclear bombs won't get one nigger into Cicero. They haven't dared even TRY, yet. They might get ONE nigger into a house in Cicero, but he'd get right back OUT again - either with his black feet going as fast as they could - or not moving at all.

In the North, where they are relatively "fresh" in this fight, the little KIDS in every White working-class neighborhood are full of the most vigorous kind of FIGHT against the black invaders of their neighborhoods. The South, after battling and LOSING for more than a hundred years, is getting discouraged. But let the South take heart!

Remember Thomas Dixon's inspiring novel, "The Klansman", which was made into one of the world's all-time great pictures, "The Birth of a Nation"?

Captain Forbes, our Los Angeles leader, has a copy of that film at the headquarters there, and I was able to see most of it on my last visit a few months ago.

For those who may have forgotten, it is the story of how the Ku Klux Klan saved the South - and the White Race - from black terrorism after the Civil War.

The Klan did a heroic job. Had I been born one hundred years ago I would have been a Klansman. Terrorism WORKED beautifully, a hundred years ago. Today, it won't, because the politicians have available such total "legal" power to penetrate, capture and hound the few brave men who try to stop the black terrorism with counter terror.

But in the eighteen sixties and seventies, brave Klansmen were able to make a real start on saving the White South from the nigger beasts installed by carpetbaggers, scalawags and scum - most of them Jews and perverts.

They still couldn't REALLY save the South, however, because there was always the threat of FEDERAL TROOPS. Whenever the Klan began to get strong somewhere, heavily armed Federal troops would be sent in to protect and back up nigger-rule, and the Klan would have to shift operations elsewhere.

Remember the stirring scenes in "Birth of a Nation", when the White family in the little cabin is surrounded by nigger troops, and niggers have the old men, kids and women pinned down? Only a few more rounds of ammunition remain to protect the White women from the lust-filled black savages, when suddenly, at the last moment, the nigger troops are ROUTED - by FEDERAL TROOPS OF THE NORTH WHO HAVE FINALLY SEEN AND UNDERSTOOD THAT IT WAS THEIR OWN WHITE PEOPLE THEY WERE TURNING OVER TO THE BLACKS!

Today, the same thing is happening right before our eyes.

The South has been under siege year after year, for a CENTURY!

The defenses are crumbling everywhere in the South. Many good Southerners are losing heart, as they see one barrier after another fall before the terrible power of the Federal politicians.

"It's GOT to come" they rationalize. "We might as well try to accept it with a good grace and at least make it peaceful and prevent any more bloodshed."

Nobody can blame these good people too savagely for saying that today, any more than I can blame the Germans who put up THEIR fight for the White Race only to have fellow White Men (like me) come, at the behest of the Jews, and murder and torture them by the millions.

Last-minute rescue came in "Birth of a Nation" from White Federal troops who had been on the Jew-nigger Federal side, and switched when they understood, and finally stood shoulder-to-shoulder with their White brothers and sisters of the South against nigger terror - and it STOPPED.

Today, the SAME THING IS HAPPENING!

White Men and Women of the South, I can tell you surely and proudly, that my fellow "Yankees" are finally WAKING UP, like the Federal White troops in "Birth of a Nation", and are beginning to fight for you - for ALL of us! And when the White Men, North and South, have finally had ENOUGH of these arrogant niggers and their even more arrogant and vicious Jew leaders, we will put an END to the black horror and insanity, and the Jew Communist treason which spawned it in one hell of a hurry!

And this time, we will never again let them divide us against each other!

The Jews and race-mixing fanatics got the North hating the South, the South hating the North, so they could plunder and dominate both, as they have.

The moment White troops in the South refused to keep their White Southern brothers under nigger terrorism, the terrorism ended, and the carpetbaggers, scalawags and scum were DRIVEN OUT.

This time, the moment White men in all of the North and West are sufficiently disgusted with being used to impose nigger terror not only on the South, but the whole nation, the terror will STOP, and the nightmare army of black and white scum, led by the Jews will be seen and heard with their chants and insults no more!

But the re-unification of the White Race will not only be national, local and temporary, this time.

This time, there at last exists in this world an organization not dedicated to saving just one PART of the

White Race - as the Klan tried and succeeded for a time in saving the South, and the German Nazis tried and succeeded for a while in saving Germany - THIS TIME, the American Nazi Party and the World Union of National Socialists, of which the American Nazi Party is a part, will see to it that the White Race never again lays itself open to brainwashing and defeat by DIVIDING ITSELF and by being taught to HATE ITSELF and PARTS OF ITSELF - the way Yankees and "rebels" were taught to hate each other, and Americans and "Nazis" were taught to hate each other.

This time we'll hate, alright - but we'll hate the ENEMY - the vicious gang of colored scum attackers and Jewish-Communist traitors - rather than one part of our own people hating another part for the benefit of the Jews and their army of SCUM!

And the reason we'll "hate" and do such a bang-up job of it, is not that we are some kind of a monstrous "haters", "bigots", etc., but that WE LOVE OUR PEOPLE - the White Race of people given by the Great Spirit to civilize and dominate this earth and prevent it from becoming the filthy, crazy jungle of darkness and bloodshed which now threatens.

Last week, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, I had to watch the results of a hundred years of Jewish brainwashing on our beloved South. White kids, taught to hate "Yankees" first, "Nazis", and finally THEMSELVES, because of all the propoganda against the FACT that WHITES ARE, INDEED, A "MASTER RACE". I watched them stand up and give an ovation to an arrogant nigger who boasted he would take our lovely White girls for his nigger mobs!

Thank God, before this process can proceed much further, the White Men of the North will come "galloping" to the rescue of their hard-pressed Southern brothers and sisters and smash ANYbody or ANYthing which threatens ANY White man or woman, ANYWHERE whether he or she be called a "rebel", a "Yankee", a "Nazi", a "Christian", a "Britisher", a "Catholic" or even a "Russian".

We are living in the last days of the Great White Race, and cannot afford self-hate or division, regardless of the propoganda they pour on us as the reason.

WHITE MAN! If you are WHITE - you are my BROTHER!

I care not what religion, club, area or class you come from, nor what bit of colored cloth you wave as a flag. WE are ALL under deadly attack by colored hordes which outnumber us more than seven to one, led by a filthy Jewish, Communist conspiracy!

Stand with me and SMASH the enemy fist, TOGETHER!

Then, if you want to argue politics, economics, sociology, religion, nationality or other things with me, you can. I will even fight you, if I must.

But, FIRST, White Man, let us stand TOGETHER to secure the survival of your people and my people, for they are one and the same - they are our beloved, miraculous, wonderful, blessed and MASTERFUL WHITE RACE!

# From Ivory Tower To Privy Wall: On The Art Of Propaganda

by George Lincoln Rockwell (circa 1966)

If each of the men in the fable about the blind men and the elephant were required to construct a model of an elephant, there would be three very different models. The blind man who felt only the tail would build a model as he described an elephant in the fable -- as "a sort of rope." The blind man who felt the leg and said an elephant was like a tree would produce a tree-like "elephant," while the man who felt only the trunk would construct his "elephant" like a snake.

Most men I have met in politics consider themselves automatically experts in the field of propaganda. But almost all of them make the same type of basic error in their propaganda as did the blind men in describing and reconstructing an elephant; both suffer from insufficient experience with the subject. A right-wing businessman, when he gets sick, doesn't try to doctor himself, nor does he try to practice law himself, nor does he even try to do his own advertising. He hires professional experts to do these highly technical jobs for him. But when that same right-wing businessman wants to move the people of a whole nation to an understanding of our national peril, he doesn't hesitate to spend relatively huge sums trying to write and produce his own amateur propaganda. In almost every case he produces propaganda which he likes, completely forgetting in his political excitement that the art of propaganda (and advertising) is not in producing that which one likes and admires one's self, but that which will produce the effect desired -- sales in the case of advertising and political conviction in the case of propaganda. Because he is able to think, he presumes that his audience is also able to think -- a completely unwarranted assumption. Because he himself is repelled by crudeness and exaggeration, he makes his pitch factual, logical, and usually subtle. In addition to this foolishness, he also forgets that the average man in the street is emotionally assaulted during all his waking hours by advertising brilliantly designed by experts to capture attention through the most powerful kind of psychological impact. The average right wing piece, crowded onto a page, verbose, and dull, is not only not able to win the attention of the average man amid all this competition, but positively repels him.

Even worse propaganda mistakes are made by both those at the top and those at the bottom of the right-wing intellectual spectrum. Because they can't read and understand "them big words," the Klan types are "agin'" anything other than the crudest and most brutal of approaches. "Hit 'em 'longside the haid with a two-by-four," is the motto of these boys, and any attempt to produce anything else is likely to get you called a "Communist-Jew spy," or get you hit "'longside the haid" yourself. This type loves the American Nazi Party's "Boat Ticket to Africa" and the Stormtrooper, for instance, but rages that the Rockwell Report is too "long" and "dull."

At the other extreme is the Ph.D. right-winger who hurriedly claps his hand over his mouth and gulps in nausea when one shows him something like our all-time most popular propaganda piece, our "Boat Ticket to Africa," full of expressions such as "nigger-armpit stench" and the like. Because this refined gentleman prefers to read Spengler or Gobineau, he can't imagine that the ideas of these men might be gotten across to a semi-literate farmer better with a "boat ticket" than with a volume of Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

In the middle group are the Birch-type blind men who produce millions and millions of dollars worth of wasted propaganda; wasted because it is not designed to do the job they really want and need done, but is instead what they like to hear. These people have never yet stopped to reflect that in order to win they need not just the thinkers -- the right-wingers, the bourgeois, rich folks, and the rest of the elite minority -- but the vast masses of the people who support demagogues like Johnson, FDR, and Kennedy. Goldwater's catastrophe was the result of producing propaganda and campaigns designed to win thinkers instead of masses. The result was that twenty-seven million Goldwater thinkers were

swamped at the polls by some forty-three million Johnson wishers and hoppers, who can never, never, never be reached by "conservative" logic, facts, and boring, sissy tea parties.

The worst waste of money I have ever seen in the whole field of propaganda was the special Sunday supplement the Birch Society put out not so long ago in newspapers all over America. It cost as much as a quarter of a million dollars in some cities. Had it been designed to appeal to the mass, the "average man," the man who votes with his heart instead of his head, it could have been worth the millions it took to publish. But it was foolishly aimed at a relatively tiny minority. On the front cover, in full color, it showed a typical Birch Society meeting, in the home of a man obviously wealthy – in the kind of living room which would make the average, working-class, overalled American uncomfortable. The Birchers were sitting around sipping tea with their pinkies daintily extended, and the whole atmosphere was foreign, ridiculous, and even painful to the man in overalls -- to America's millions of "ordinary Joes." There might have been some sense in printing that piece in *Fortune*. But to spend money to put that advertisement (which could reach only the rich and the sophisticated) in a mass medium, at the cost of a mass medium, was the kind of thoughtlessness which keeps the right wing powerless, eternally defeated, and discouraged.

Does this mean that the Birch Society's high-level appeal is a total waste? Should all their propaganda be like that of the Klan? An elephant is neither all leg nor all tail nor all trunk. A complete, whole elephant needs all of these parts to live. The Jews, masters of the art of propaganda that they are (unlike the right wing), have understood this fundamental truth and have organized their "pitch" to appeal to all levels.

For the kids and the primitives -- for the "masses" -- the Jews produce comic books and comic strips; crude, apparently "obvious" television programs, movies, and radio presentations; and the sort of printed material one can find in *True Confessions* and similar magazines - or on privy walls.

For the lower-middle classes, they provide pseudo-"objective" and thoughtful television "documentaries," which flatter the unthinking bourgeois into imagining that they are participating in a scholarly and high-level "study" of a controversial subject, while actually the Jews are pumping into their smug, ego-blinded minds massive doses of raw lies and hatred. They also provide this kind of "intellectual" pap in *Look*, *Life*, and other mass-circulation periodicals.

For the upper-middle classes -- the college graduates, professionals, and business executives -- the Jews produce their *Harper's Magazine* and *Atlantic Monthly* "think-pieces," which are genuinely intellectual but nevertheless so subtly poisoned by false basic assumptions and misdirections that all the thinking in the world is bound to lead only to error. This is the sort of thing one finds among the sincere race-mixers and liberals, who have been taught, as religious dogmata, that anything other than democracy is unthinkable, that black men are only white men with dark skins, and that all opponents of liberalism are "fascists" who seek to murder almost everybody and who have no ideas other than bloodshed and tyranny. Starting with these as unquestionable premises, the most sincere and well-intentioned "thinking" in the world can produce nothing but the race-mixers, liberals, beatniks, rebels, and lost souls who are swarming like maggots in every intellectual center of our civilization.

Finally, there is the devilishly clever, ivory-tower propaganda designed for the truly intellectual and highly sophisticated academic community, which actually does examine even basic premises. For this latter, elite class, even though it is tiny, the Jews spare no effort or money. For were the intellectual leaders of a nation to see through all the propaganda on the lower levels, it would sooner or later be disastrous to the Jews, when the elite had warned the masses. For this minute, top group, the Jews actually produce manufactured "facts" of the most basic nature.

To give an example of this incredible process, let me cite the method they have used to make it a dogmatic "fact" that there are no measurable, scientific differences between races and, therefore, no

racism at all! The Jews first got a few of their boys into top university spots (Columbia University being an outstanding, but by no means unique, example) with the express purpose of giving academic respectability to their "there-is-no-such-thing-as-race" lie. One of the first and most important of these was Franz Boas, a Jew heavily involved in communist causes, who sent congratulations to Stalin on his birthdays {Jewish Voice, January, 1942} and whose red record cannot be doubted by any objective observer. This communistic Jew began teaching anthropology at Columbia University in 1896 and dominated the anthropology department there until his death in 1942. Meanwhile he produced one book after another "proving" that there were no such things as racial differences among men {Kultur und Rasse (Leipzig, 1914); Anthropology and Modern Life (New York, 1928); Aryans and non-Aryans (New York, 1934); General Anthropology (Boston, 1938), The Question of Race: Aryans and non-Aryans. Are They Distinctive Types? (New York, 1940); Race, Language, and Culture (New York, 1940); Race and Democratic Society, a post-mortem collection of his writings (New York, 1945), to name but a few.} The whole of Jewry pitched in to boost their boy. Boas was praised in every Jewish-owned newspaper and periodical and given every academic prize they could promote. Little by little, Boas gained such "stature" by this Jewish mutual-admiration society technique that he became an "acknowledged authority" in social anthropology and ethnology. His students and colleagues at Columbia -- Herskovits, Klineberg, Ashley Montagu, Weltfish -- as unsavory a collection of left-wing Jews as one might hope for -- spread his doctrines far and wide, deliberately poisoning the minds of two generations of American students at many of our largest universities {Carleton Putnam, Race and Reason (Washington, 1961), pp. 18, 47}.

Meanwhile, honest race researchers were given the opposite treatment, full use being made of economic boycott and unlimited intellectual smear. Honest anthropologists couldn't get their books published or, if published, distributed {Ibid., pp. 19, 49}. As just one instance, at the time when Boas was at the height of his destructive activity, Madison Grant, president of the New York Zoological Society and a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, wrote a study of the racial situation in America, entitled *The Conquest of a Continent, or the Expansion of Races in America* (New York, 1933). The book was flatly contradictory to the Boas-Jewish racial propaganda and sounded a clear warning of the impending danger of serious racial degeneration in the United States. Whereupon the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith issued a circular letter to publishers, dated December 13, 1933, in which they blatantly stated that Grant's book was "antagonistic to Jewish interests" and demanded that it be "stifled" - as it has been! Copies of this book -- and any honest book about race -- are very hard to find. They are almost nonexistent in the university community -- in such places as college bookstores and all but a few of the largest university libraries.

This whole intellectual fraud would never work if our side had sense enough to understand it and courage enough to stand up to it. But our side can never understand, let alone fight, this vicious Jewish perversion of our people and their minds as long as our side, like the aforementioned blind men, remains utterly mulish in its insistence on amateur and one-level propaganda efforts. The left wing has its organizations and its propaganda at all levels. And the whole left aims the same way -- right at your heart! They have their Dean Achesons, their Harvard professors, their White House presidential aides. But they also have their brutal goon squads in the streets of the steel towns, ready to crack the legs of their opponents over a curbstone, as is their quaint custom. In between, they have their "soldiers" at all levels, and they are all part of the same army of hate against the white man and Western civilization.

Let one of my supercilious, intellectual critics just spend an evening watching television or reading a teenage magazine -- not for pleasure, but to analyze the masterful methods of the Jewish brainwashers, and he will see that they do not use intellectual propaganda exclusively to do their devilish work, but also the most stupid, obvious, and brutal anti-intellectual stuff imaginable. At the same time, let him examine the explosion of scatology on any big newsstand and see just what primitive, rough

propaganda the Jew produces for the mass mind. Even the pornographic, illegal "comic books" smuggled from kid to kid and man to man are loaded with propaganda for race-mixing and degeneracy. And there is nothing subtle about the disgusting magazines openly sold for queers.

The Jews do not confine their attack on us only to gutter propaganda or only to goon squads; God knows, they certainly have flooded America with their filthy and degenerate "literature," "art," and "poetry," with their "comedians," their warped stage plays, and their savage, jungle "music," while there are still plenty of communist muscle squads to break your head open if they can't pervert it. In short the enemy has brought about a "black miracle" of subversion of our people with his multi-level propaganda, while the reply of the leaders of our people has been almost entirely an attempt to "prove," with facts and arguments, that all this is "wrong." Right and wrong in propaganda have no meaning. There are only effective and ineffective. Jewish propaganda couldn't be more wrong, objectively speaking, but it is almost always right, psychologically. It is carefully aimed; it is designed for a specific audience; it is not concerned with what the producers think and feel, but with what the audience thinks and feels; and it is uniformly excellent and successful in doing the job for which it is intended.

Right-wing propaganda, to choose a contrary example, is almost always wrong. It is invariable, single-level material -- usually aimed at the upper middle class. It is utterly disdainful of the audience and endlessly insists that "the truth will make us free," if we just get out enough "literature" (almost none of which is read by prospective converts). Almost all right-wing literature is read by other right-wingers who do not need it. It is basically reactionary, concerned almost wholly with money, taxes, and protection of wealth and vested interests (masked, of course, with "deep concern" for the Constitution, "our American way of life," and the like). It is incredibly snobbish and contemptuous toward the kind of horny-handed, working, hard-pressed "ordinary Joe" who, in his millions, makes up the masses which have kept FDR, Truman, Ike, JFK, and now LBJ in office.

Surely we need the truth and facts and arguments -- but only to win over the officers and noncoms of our counter-revolutionary forces and then to educate and train them for intellectual combat with the well-trained forces of the enemy, not to convert the masses. To try to use the "facts and arguments" method with the masses of the people is the eternal stumbling block of the right wing. By insisting on only this method, in its pure (and dull) form, not only the right wing, but any movement of national regeneration, insures that its material is read only by itself and the few Jews whose professional job it is to study and neutralize its material.

Hitler's National Socialist movement not only did not make that stupid mistake, but brilliantly exploited every field of propaganda with inspired material, scientifically designed not only to appeal to a few stuffy professors -- but to move people, to move millions of people in the direction desired. Hitler had Julius Streicher's *Der Stuermer*, full of the wildest and wooliest sensationalism, designed to smash its way into the consciousness of the masses, as it did. He also had the regular party press, designed to reach and convince the great middle class. And, for the university community, he had the esoteric material of Alfred Rosenberg, Gottfried Feder, et al.

Again I stress that, whereas the academic scholar is most powerfully influenced by a logical, heavily footnoted dissertation at the highest intellectual level, the simple farmer or worker is utterly perplexed and repelled by "them big words" and is moved most effectively by a brutal and earthy presentation of a thoroughly subjective, grossly exaggerated picture of any situation. Only the latter class of propaganda can yield the sheer weight of numbers of persuaded people needed to sweep into legal political office. The major propaganda of a mass movement, therefore, must be of the elementary, direct, and emotional kind which alone can win honest hearts (and empty heads) -- "boat tickets" and the Stormtrooper.

When I began, I purposely made my propaganda as brutal and shockingly rough as I could, simply to force attention. And I have kept everlastingly at the business of building a simple and direct image of all-out hostility to "Jews and niggers" in the minds of millions of Americans, regardless of the costs in other respects. (And when I have the rare opportunity to use some mass medium, as was recently the case when I gave a long interview to Playboy, I am forced to walk a careful line between what I should like to say and what the enemy would like to hear me say. Unless I deliberately sound at least halfway like a raving illiterate with three loose screws, such an interview would never be printed. This is another thing that most people fail to understand about my "Nazi" technique.) After I had become known to most Americans, I published the Rockwell Report at a somewhat higher level than my previous material to begin to recruit some of the brains and funds we needed to proceed. When this had begun to bear fruit, I used the talents obtained with the Rockwell Report to get back down to the people's level and produce a publication designed for the masses, for the "average" man, the comic book reader, kids: the Stormtrooper. As planned, this is now our most popular and largest-circulation publication. And were it not for the Jewish ownership of the news distribution business, we could sell Stormtroopers literally by the millions.

My Ph.D. critics regularly berate me for the vulgar and brutal material in the Stormtrooper. Because these gentlemen don't like to see the word "nigger" in print, or crude drawings of Jews, they often insist that I am a damned fool, a hoodlum, or an agent provocateur, trying to ruin the whole movement by printing such rough stuff. These sincere but pitifully blind men are going to have to understand that one can't win elections with Ph.D. votes. As Goldwater proved, one can't win elections even with all the upper classes. It is the vast masses of the lower classes, the beer-and-dirty-joke-loving workers, on whom we must depend finally for survival. The Stormtrooper with its pages full of cartoons, violence, insults, jokes, and general hell is exciting and readable to men who would never, in a million years, pick up and read a right-wing tract.

With a base of operations established and with successful publications directed at both the lowest and the middle-class levels, the movement is finally in a position to afford the relative luxury of a publication directed exclusively at the academic intellectual-professional class. The National Socialist World, now in your hands, is designed not only to reach but to move people in that category. Perhaps our material is not what you, personally, enjoy most. But our aim, and the aim of the World Union of National Socialists, is not to produce material to please our friends -- but to win over millions of those who are now our enemies or who are oblivious to both sides. The years of success with the Stormtrooper and the Rockwell Report give me confidence that the new National Socialist World will also do what it has been carefully designed to do -- that National Socialist World will beat its way into the highest intellectual circles just as the Stormtrooper smashed its way into the minds of the juveniles and working folks.

Finally, if you'll permit me, I'd like to drive my principal point home with one more analogy. If you own a grocery store, and a man comes in from a painter's truck in overalls to buy groceries, you don't try to sell him a one-ounce jar of Russian caviar at two bucks a throw. You offer him beef, potatoes, and bread. If a French diplomat comes in, you don't offer him hawg jowl; you might try the caviar. It is the same with propaganda. If you wish to win the "trade" of all potential "customers," as we must do if we are to survive, you must have in stock a complete line of goods, especially the kind of goods most desired by the majority of your potential customers -- and that means bread, potatoes, and beef, not caviar and truffles. If you can open a special store to peddle only caviar and truffles, do it in the silk-stocking district. Conversely, if you want to open another branch to sell only chitterlings, hawg jowls, and the like, then do it in the "nigger" section of town. And if you want a mass grocery business, in the name of sanity, stock up on something besides caviar and truffles. We intend to win enough "customers" to become masters of the grocery business, against the competition of the greatest and

most complete "chain" operation the world has ever seen: "The Sheeney Supermarket," which stocks something for everybody. To do it, we have designed some great products to appeal to specific customers: the "hawg-jowl" Stormtrooper, the "Delmonico steak" Rockwell Report -- and now the "Cherries Jubilee" which you hold in your hand – National Socialist World.

# The Fable Of The Ducks And Hens

by George Lincoln Rockwell

Many, many years ago,  
When animals could speak.  
A wondrous thing the ducks befell,  
Their tale is quite unique.  
Down by a pond dwelt all these ducks,  
Ten thousand at the least.  
Their duckish joys were undisturbed  
By any man or any beast.  
One day down near the entrance gate,  
There was an awful din.  
A hundred hens all out of breath  
Were begging to come in.  
Oh let us in! these poor birds cried,  
Before we do expire!  
Tis only by the merest inch  
That we escaped the fire!  
Their feathers burned, their combs a droop,  
They were the saddest sight.  
They'd run a hundred miles or more,  
All day and then all night.  
Come, come in! the ducks all quacked,  
For you our hearts do bleed!  
We'll share our happy lot with you,  
Just tell us what you need!  
And so these poor bedraggled hens  
Amongst the ducks moved in.  
For, after all, the ducks declared,  
We're sisters 'neath the skin.  
Before too many months had passed,  
The hens were good as new.  
They sent for all their rooster friends,

And these were welcomed too.  
To please their host, these chickens tried  
To waddle and to quack.  
To simulate the duckish ways  
They quickly learned the knack.  
This pleased the flock of ducks because  
It gratified their pride.  
...But hear my tale and learn how they  
Got taken for a ride.  
The ducks, it seemed, spent all their time  
In fixing up their place,  
In growing food and building homes  
And cleaning every space.  
They asked the hens what they would do  
To earn their daily bread.  
We'll teach and write and entertain,  
And buy and sell, they said.  
And so these hens began to teach  
The baby ducks and chicks.  
They traded food and eggs and things,  
With many clever tricks.  
They wrote great books & put on shows,  
Of genius they'd no lack.  
It wasn't long till chickens owned  
The Duckville Daily Quack.  
One day a mother duck who took  
Her ducklings to the lake,  
Was flabbergasted when one said,  
A swim I will not take!  
Why ducklings always swim! she gasped,  
It's what you're built to do!  
Like bunnies hop, and crickets chirp,  
And cows most always moo!  
Your just old fashioned, a fuddy duck,

That stuff is all old hat!  
It's wrong for birds to swim; ...besides,  
It's too cold on my little pratt!  
Oh fie! the mother duck exclaimed,  
You're talking like a fool!  
Up quacked the other ducks and said,  
He's right! Ms. Hen taught us that in school!  
Such things must stop! the mother cried,  
Those hens can't teach such lies!  
For sheer ingratitude and nerve,  
I'm sure this takes the prize!  
....But she was wrong, for even then  
The hens did thump the tub.  
Demanding they be let into,  
The Duckville Swimming Club.  
But you don't swim! the ducks all cried,  
To join, why should you care?  
That's not the point! the hens replied,  
To exclude us isn't fair!  
The younger ducks, who'd been to school,  
Agreed right there and then,  
To keep them out is bigotry!  
T'would just be ANTI-HEN...!  
Outnumbered by the younger ducks,  
The old ducks soon did loose;  
They agreed to let the hens all in,  
If they would pay the dues.  
That night the Duckville Daily Quack  
Contained this banner spread:  
Reactionary Ducks Are Licked!  
DUCKVILLE MOVES AHEAD!  
Down at the Duckville Gaiety,  
The younger set laughed with glee,  
At cracks about Old Fuddy' Ducks

In burlesque repartee.  
Next day the hens were at the club,  
A petition they'd sent around.  
They objected to the swimming fund  
With fury and with sound.  
You use our dues to fix the pond,  
to keep it neat and trim.  
And this is wrong, they said, Because  
You know we do not swim!  
God help us! cried a wise old duck,  
These chickens have gone mad!  
We'll take this to the court, by George,  
And justice will be had!  
But when they went up to the judge,  
Imagine their dismay!  
A CHICKEN-JUDGE decreed that they  
Had a heavy fine to pay!  
Minorities must have their rights!  
The judge declared right then.  
To use hen's dues to fix the pond  
Is very ANTI-HEN...!  
Once more the Duckville Daily Quack  
Emblazoned across the page:  
Old Foggy Ducks Refuse to See  
The Great New Coming Age!  
In Duckville church on Sunday morn,  
The preacher spoke these words,  
Discrimination's got to stop!  
Remember we're all birds!  
The wisest duck in all the town  
Sat down in black despair.  
I'll write a book, he thought, and then  
This madness I will bare!  
Let Swimmers Swim, let Hoppers Hop,

Let Each One Go His Way.  
Let No One Coerce a Fellow Bird!  
Was what he had to say.  
Twas wrong to force the hens to swim  
So here's the problem's crux;  
It's just as bad for hens to try  
To chicken-ize our ducks!  
I can't print that, the printer said,  
Twill put me in a mess!  
My shop is mortgaged to the hens,  
The chickens own my press!  
This worried duck then tried to warn  
His friends by speech and pen.  
Young ducks fresh from school just jeered  
He's one of those vicious Anti-Hens...!  
Now up the stream a little way  
Was Gooseville, on the lake.  
The hens had come to Gooseville too,  
But the Geese were more awake.  
When the hens began to spoil the young  
And Gooseville's laws to flout,  
The Geese Rose Up in Righteous Wrath  
And Simply Threw Them Out...!!!  
Of course, you know where they all ran;  
On Duckville they converged.  
We've got to take these refugees.  
Was all Duckville's hens had urged.  
The Duckville Daily Quack declared:  
These Geese Will Stop at Naught!  
They Plan to Conquer all the World!  
Atrocities They've Wrought!  
That's right! the young ducks agreed,  
We'll help our fellow birds!  
These Geese have plans to conquer us!

...We've read the Quack's own words!  
They let the hens from Gooseville in,  
The whole bedraggled pack.  
.... And every hen took up a job  
on the Duckville Daily Quack!!  
When the Duckville mayor's term was up,  
The Quack put up it's Duck;  
A vain and stupid duck was he,  
A veritable ... cluck!  
But when he praised the wild young ducks,  
And cursed the evil Geese,  
The Quack declared he was all wise,  
His praise would never cease.  
The hens chipped in to help this cluck  
Give grain away for free.  
The old ducks sadly shook their heads,  
The writing they could see.  
And sure enough, this stupid duck,  
He was elected mayor.  
From this point on, The Duckville ducks,  
They never had a prayer.  
The Mayor said, Gooseville must GO!  
We'll wipe them off the map!  
While Duckville slept, the scheming hens  
For Gooseville set the trap.  
They called the Geese by filthy names;  
They filled their pond with sticks.  
They helped the weasels catch the Geese,  
and other hennish tricks.  
The Geese got mad and threw the sticks,  
It's WAR! the Quack announced.  
We ducks must Fight those evil Geese,  
Till they've been soundly trounced!  
The ducks (who knew not of the tricks

Indulged in by the mayor),  
Were filled with patriotic zeal,  
And pitched right in for fair!  
So when the ducks whipped the Geese,  
The Mayor called Retreat!!  
Our HENVILLE friends should really take  
Gooseville's big main street!  
The hens were back in Gooseville now;  
They starved and beat the Geese.  
They prayed for Peace — but organized  
The HENVILLE ARMED POLICE!!!  
They drained the Geese's swimming pond,  
They De-Goose-ified their schools;  
They wrung the Gooseville mayor's neck  
On lately made-up rules.  
They formed a council of the hens;  
UNITED BIRDS the name.  
The other birds who joined the thing  
Did not perceive the game.  
No sooner had they set this up,  
Than they announced their hennish plan:  
To seize up Swanville as a home  
For all their hennish clan.  
They took a vote among the hens,  
And everyone approved!  
Swanville was for HENS! they said,  
Way back, before we moved,  
And so they kicked the swans all out,  
With Duckville's help and power  
And Duckville couldn't understand  
Why swans, on them turned sour.  
By this time, Duckville was a mess,  
The young ducks had all gone mad.  
They stole and laughed at Truth and Law;

They went completely bad.  
The hens were selling Loco Weed  
in every nasty den.  
But ducks who dared to mention this,  
Were labeled ANTI-HEN...!  
The hens all preached of Tolerance,  
They invoked the Golden Rule,  
But they subsidized the indigent,  
The greedy and the fool.  
At last the very dumbest ducks  
Began to smell a rat.  
This mayor is no good! they cried,  
And we will soon fix that!  
But the hens had planned for even this  
A candidate they had,  
Whom even wise old ducks believed  
Just never could be bad.  
This Hen-tool duck whipped the Geese,  
A soldier Duck was he.  
Although the hens had set him up,  
The Ducks all thought him free.  
This Hen-tool got elected,  
Through ignorance and greed,  
Through hennish lies in Press & Speech,  
Through Bribes of Chicken Feed.  
The hens now kicked the ducks around  
Without a blush of shame,  
Until the mayor ran the town  
In nothing else but name.  
They pumped the Duck's pond all dry;  
They taught the ducks to crow,  
While duckish numbers dwindled,  
The hens began to grow.  
The hens stirred up the happy crows

From out of the piney wood,  
To Fight to Mix and Marry ducks  
in the name of Brotherhood.  
Things got so bad that fifty ducks,  
Who knew the days gone by;  
Took up their wives and children  
And decided that they'd fly.  
They flew through storms and tempest;  
They froze, and many died.  
But on they drove, until, at last,  
A lovely lake they spied.  
They settle down exhausted,  
But soon went straight to work;  
To build and clear and cultivate,  
No danger did they shirk.  
Now after many years of toil,  
This little band had grown.  
The fields around were full of grain  
From seeds that they had sown.  
The first ducks were long since dead;  
Their struggles long had ceased.  
Through hard work and suffering,  
Their joys had been increased.  
One day down near the entrance gate  
There was an awful din;  
A hundred hens, all out of breath,  
Were begging to come in.  
Oh, let us in! these poor birds cried,  
Before we do expire!  
Tis only by the merest inch....

.....

....This epic really has no end,  
Because No matter how you fight em,  
Those HENS'll show up Every Time.

And So, ...Ad Infinitum ...!!!

# Battle Song

by George Lincoln Rockwell

We march and fight, to death or on to victory  
Our might is right, no traitors shall prevail  
Our hearts are steeled against the fiery gates of hell  
No shot or shell, can still our mighty song.

Our sword is truth, our shield is faith and honor  
In age or youth, our hearts and minds we pledge  
Though we may die, to save our people and our land  
This cause will stand, our millions marching on.

We close our ranks, in loyalty and courage  
To god our thanks, for comrades tried and true  
Let traitors quail, and fear the wrath of honest men  
Who rise again, to smash the devil's throng.

We march and fight, to death or on to victory  
Our might is right, no traitors shall prevail  
Our hearts are steeled against the fiery gates of hell  
No shot or shell, can still our mighty song.

# Rockwell: A National Socialist Life

by Dr. William Pierce

George Lincoln Rockwell was born on March 9, 1918, in Bloomington, a small coal-mining and farming town in central Illinois. Both his parents were theatrical performers. His father, George Lovejoy Rockwell, was a twenty-eight-year-old vaudeville comedian of English and Scotch ancestry. His mother, born Claire Schade, was a young German-French toe-dancer, part of a family dance team. His parents were divorced when he was six years old, and he and a younger brother and sister lived alternately with their mother and their father during the next few years.

The young Rockwell passed the greater part of his boyhood days in Maine, Rhode Island, and New Jersey. His father settled in a small coastal town in Maine, and Rockwell spent his summers there; attending school in Atlantic City and, later, in Providence during the winters. Some of his fondest memories in later years were of summer days spent on the Maine beaches, or hiking in the Maine woods, or exploring the coves and inlets of the Maine coast in his sailboat, which he built himself, starting from an old skiff. Rockwell acquired what was to be a lifelong love of sailing and the sea during those early years spent with his father in Maine.

Aside from a bit more traveling about than the average child, it is difficult to find anything extraordinary in his childhood environment. He lived in the midst neither great poverty nor great wealth; he had an affectionate relationship with both his parents, despite their divorce; he was a sound and healthy child, and there seems to be no evidence of prolonged unhappiness or turmoil in his childhood. If he later recalled with greater pleasure the times spent with his father than those spent with his mother, this can be attributed either to the greater opportunities to satisfy his youthful longing for adventure that life on the Maine coast offered relative to that in the city, or to the fact that his mother lived with a domineering sister of whom young Rockwell was not fond.

And yet, even as a boy he displayed those qualities of character which were later to set him off from the common run of men. His most remarkable quality was his responsiveness to challenge. To tell the boy Rockwell that a thing was impossible, that it simply could not be done, was to awaken in him the irresistible determination to do it. He has described an experience he had at the age of ten which illustrates this aspect of his character.

A juvenile gang of some of the tougher elements at the grammar school he was attending in an Atlantic City coastal suburb had singled him out for hazing. He was informed that he was to be given a cold dunking in the ocean, and that he should relax and submit gracefully, as resistance would be futile. Instead of submitting, he ferociously fought off the entire gang of his attackers on the beach, wildly striking out with his fists and feet, clawing, biting, and gouging until the other boys finally abandoned their aim of throwing him in the water and retire to nurse their wounds.

Later, as a teenager, he found that the challenge of a stormy sea affected him in much the same way as had the challenge of the juvenile gang. When other boys brought their boats into dock because the water was too rough, young Rockwell found his greatest pleasure in sailing. He loved nothing better than to pit his strength and his skill against the wild elements. As the wind and the waves rose so did his spirits. Wrestling with tiller and rigging in a tossing boat, drenched with spray and blasted by fierce gusts, he would howl back at the wind in sheer animal joy.

This peculiar stubbornness of his nature—call it a combative spirit, if you will—coupled with an absolute physical fearlessness, which led him into many a dangerous and harebrained escapade as a boy, gave him the willpower as a man to undertake without hesitation ventures at which ordinary men quailed; throughout his life it led him to choose the course of action which his reason and his sensibility told

him to be the right course regardless of the course those about him were taking; ultimately it provided the driving force which led him to issue a challenge and stand alone against a whole world, when it became apparent to him that that world was on the wrong course. This trait provides the key to the man.

Two other characteristics he displayed as a boy were an omnivorous curiosity and a stark objectivity. He attributed his curiosity, as well as the artistic talents which he early displayed, to his father, who also exhibited these traits, but the source of his rebellious spirit and his indomitable will is harder to assign. They seem to have been the product of a rare and fortuitous combination of genes, giving rise to a nature markedly different from that of his immediate forebears.

He entered Brown University in the fall of 1938, as a freshman. His major course of study was philosophy, but he was also very interested in the sciences. He used the opportunity of staff work on student periodicals to exercise his talents in drawing and creative writing. In addition to his curricular, journalistic, and artistic activities, he also found time for a substantial amount of skirt chasing and other collegiate sports, including skiing and fencing; he became a member of the Brown University fencing team.

While at Brown he had his first head-on encounter with modern liberalism. He enrolled in a sociology course with the naive expectation that, just as in his geology and psychology courses he would learn the scientific principles underlying those two areas of human knowledge, so in sociology would he learn some of the basic principles underlying human social behavior.

He was disappointed and confused, however, when it gradually became apparent to him that there was a profound difference in the attitudes of sociologists and, say, geologists toward their subjects. Whereas the authors of his geology textbooks were careful to point out there were many things about the history and the structure of the earth which were as yet unknown, or only imperfectly known, it was clear that there were indeed fundamental ideas and well-established facts upon which the science was based and that both his geology professor and the authors of geology textbooks were sincerely interested in presenting these ideas and facts to the student in an orderly manner, with the hope that he would thereby gain a better understanding of the nature of the planet on which he lived.

In sociology, he found the basic principles far more elusive. What was particularly disturbing to him, though, was not so much the complexity of the concepts as the gnawing suspicion the waters had been deliberately muddied. He redoubled his efforts to get to the roots of the subject or, at least, to understand where the hints, innuendoes, and roundabout promptings led: "I buried myself in my sociology books, absolutely determined to find why I was missing the kernel of the thing."

The equalitarian idea that the manifest differences between the capabilities of individuals and between the evolutionary development of various races can be accounted for almost wholly by contemporary environmental effects—that there really are no inborn differences in quality worth mentioning among human beings—was certainly one of the places his sociology textbooks were leading:

I was bold enough to ask Professor Bucklin if this were the idea, and he turned red in anger. I was told it was impossible to make any generalizations, although all I was asking for was the fundamental idea, if any, of sociology. I began to see that sociology was different from any other course I had ever taken. Certain ideas produced apoplexy in the teacher, particularly the suggestion that perhaps some people were no-good biological slobbs from the day they were born. Certain other ideas, although they were never formulated and stated frankly, were fostered and encouraged—and these were always ideas revolving around the total power of environment.

Although he did not clearly recognize it for what it was at that time, young Rockwell had partially

uncovered one of the most widely used tactics of the modern liberals. When the clever liberal has as his goal miscegenation, say, he certainly does not just blurt this right out. Instead he will write novels, produce television shows, and film motion pictures which, subtly at first and then more and more boldly, suggest that those who engage in sexual affairs with Negroes are braver, better, more attractive people than those who don't; and that opposition to miscegenation is a vulgar and loutish perversion, certain evidence of being a ridiculous square at best and a drooling, violent redneck at worst. But if one tries to pin him down and asks him why he is in favor of miscegenation, he will reply in a huff that that is not what he is aiming at all, but only "justice, or fairness," or "better understanding between the races."

And so when Rockwell naively went right to the heart of the matter in Professor Bucklin's sociology class, he got an angry reprimand. The racial equalitarians have gotten much bolder in the last thirty years, but at that time Rockwell was merely aware that they wanted him to accept certain ideas without actually those ideas out into the open arena of free discussion where they would be subject to attack:

I still knew little or nothing about communism or its pimping little sister, liberalism, but I could not avoid the steady pressure, everywhere in the University, to accept the ideas of massive human equality and the supremacy of environment.

Typically, this pressure resulted not in acquiescence but in his determination to stand up for what seemed to him to be reasonable and natural. He satirized the equalitarian point of view, not only in his column in the student newspaper, but also in one of his sociology examination papers! The nearly catastrophic consequences of this bit of insolence taught him the prudence of holding his tongue under certain circumstances.

As he began his junior year at Brown, the alien conspiracy to use America as a tool to make the world safe for Jewry was shifting its propaganda machine into high gear. National Socialist Germany was portrayed as a nation of depraved criminals whose goal was the enslavement of the world-including America. Hollywood, the big newspapers, and his liberal professors — always the most noisily vocal faction at any university — all pushed the same line, unabashedly appealing to the naive idealism of their audience: "Hitler must be stopped!"

And, like millions of other American patriots, Lincoln Rockwell fell for the smooth lies and the clever swindle, backed as they were by the authority of the head of the American government. Neither he nor his millions of compatriots realized that the conspiracy had reached into the White House, and that its occupant had sold his services to the conspirators:

It is typical of my political naivete of that time that when the propaganda about Hitler began to be pushed upon us in large doses, I swallowed it all, unable even to suspect that somebody might have an interest in all this, and that it might not be the interest of the United States or our people. . . . It became obvious that we would have to get into the war to stop this 'horrible ogre' who planned to conquer America so we were told, and so I believed.

Thus, in March, 1941, convinced that America was in mortal danger from "the Nazi aggressors," Rockwell left his comfortable life at the university and offered his services to his country's armed forces. Shortly after enlisting in the United States Navy, he received an appointment as an Aviation Cadet and began flight training at Squantum, Massachusetts. He received his first naval commission, as an ensign, on December 9, 1941 — two days after the Pearl Harbor attack. He served as a naval aviator throughout World War II, advancing from the rank of ensign to lieutenant and winning several decorations. He commanded the naval air support during the American invasion of Guam, in July and August, 1944. He was promoted to lieutenant commander in October, 1945, and shortly thereafter returned to civilian life, where he hoped to make a career for himself as an artist.

While still in the navy, he had married a girl he had known as a student at Brown University. The marriage was not a particularly happy one, although it was destined to last more than ten years.

The first five years after leaving the navy were spent as an art student, a commercial photographer, a painter, an advertising executive, and a publisher, in Maine and in New York. Then in 1950, with the outbreak of war in Korea, Lieutenant Commander Rockwell returned to active duty with the United States Navy and was assigned to train fighter pilots in southern California. There almost by chance, the political education of thirty-two-year-old Lincoln Rockwell began.

It was in 1950 that Senator Joseph McCarthy's investigations into subversive activities and treasonous behavior on the part of a number of United States government employees and officials began to receive wide public notice. Rockwell, like every honest citizen, was horrified and angered by these disclosures of treachery. But he was puzzled as much as he was shocked by the violent, hysterical, and vicious reaction to these disclosures which came from a certain segment of the population. Why were so many persons — and, especially, so many in the public-opinion-forming media — frantically determined to silence McCarthy and, failing that, to smear and discredit him?

McCarthy was an American with a distinguished record. A war hero, like Rockwell he had entered his country's armed forces as an enlisted man and emerged as a much-decorated officer. He had won the Distinguished Flying Cross for his combat performance in World War II. Now that he was flushing from cover the rats who had sold out the vital interests of the country for which he had fought, Rockwell could not understand why any responsible and loyal citizen should seek to defame the man or block his courageous efforts:

I began to pay attention, in my spare time, to what it was all about. I read McCarthy speeches and pamphlets and found them factual, instead of the wild nonsense which the papers charged was his stock-in-trade. I became aware of a terrific slant in all the papers against Joe McCarthy, although I still couldn't imagine why.

At this time an acquaintance gave Rockwell some anti-Communist tracts to read. One of the things he immediately noticed about them was their strongly anti-Semitic tone. Although manifest public evidence obliged him to agree with some of the charges made by the authors of these tracts — for example, that there were extraordinarily disproportionate numbers of Jews both among McCarthy's attackers and among the subversives his investigations were unearthing — he found many of their claims too far-fetched to be credible. In particular, the charge that communism was a Jewish, not a Russian, movement seemed ridiculous when Rockwell considered the fact that Jews were so firmly entrenched in capitalistic enterprises and always had been; capitalism, supposedly the deadly enemy of communism, was the traditional Jewish sphere of influence.

One anti-Communist tabloid went so far as to cite various items of documentary evidence in support of its seemingly wild claims, and Rockwell decided to call its bluff by looking into this "evidence" for himself. On his next off-duty day he went to the public library in San Diego, and what he found there changed the course of his life-and will yet change the course of world history. In his own words: "Down there in the dark stacks of the San Diego Public Library, I got my awakening from thirty years of stupid political sleep...."

Rockwell was staggered by the evidence he uncovered in the library; it left no doubt, for instance, that what had been described in his school textbooks as the "Russian" Revolution was instead a Jewish orgy of genocide against the Russian people. He even found that in their own books and periodicals the Jews boasted more-or-less openly of the fact! In a Jewish biographical reference work entitled *Who's Who in American Jewry* he found a number of prominent Bolsheviks proudly listed, although by no stretch of the imagination could they be considered Americans. Among them were Lazar Kaganovitch, the Butcher of the Ukraine, and Leon Trotsky (Lev Bronstein), the bloodthirsty Commissar of the Red

Army, who was given credit in the book for liquidating “counter-revolutionary forces” in Russia.

Another book, written by a prominent “English” Jew, boasted that “the Jews to a greater degree than . . . any other ethnic group . . . have been the artisans of the Revolution of 1917.” An estimate was given in the book that “80% of the revolutionaries in Russia were Jews.”

Musty back issues of Jewish newspapers told the same story, and they were backed up by official U.S. government records. One volume of such records, which had been published twenty years previously, contained ministerial reports from Russia of brutal frankness. Typical of the material in these records was the following sentence written by the Dutch diplomatic official, Oudendyk, in a 1918 report to his government from Russia:

I consider that the immediate suppression of Bolshevism is the greatest issue now before the World, not even excluding the war which is still raging, and unless as above stated Bolshevism is nipped in the bud immediately it is bound to spread in one form or another over Europe and the whole world as it is organized and worked by Jews who have no nationality; and whose one object is to destroy for their own ends the existing order of things.

Shocking as were these revelations, Rockwell was even more disturbed by the fact that the general public was oblivious to them. Why were these things not in school history text? Why was he told over and over again by the radio and newspapers and magazines of Adolf Hitler’s “awful crime” in killing so many Jews, but never told that the Jews in Russia were responsible for the murder of a vastly larger number of Gentiles?

Other questions presented themselves. He had been told that England’s attack on Germany was justified by Hitler’s attack on Poland. But what of the Soviet Union, which had invaded Poland at the same time? Why no English declaration of war against the Soviet Union? Could it be because the government there was in Jewish hands? Who was responsible for the conspiracy of silence on these and other questions? He grimly resolved to find out. And, later, as the facts gradually fitted into place and the whole, sordid picture began to emerge, he saw before him an inescapable obligation.

An honest man, when he becomes aware that some dirty work is afoot in his community, will speak out against it and attempt to rouse his neighbors into doing the same. What if he finds, though, that most of his neighbors do not want to be bothered; that many of his neighbors are already aware of what is afoot but prefer to ignore it because to oppose it might jeopardize their private affairs; that some of his neighbors — some of his wealthiest and most influential neighbors, the leaders of the community — are themselves engaged in the dirty work? If he is an ordinary man, he may grumble for a while about such a sorry state of affairs, but he will adapt himself as best he can to it. He will soon see there is nothing to be gained by sticking his neck out, and he will go on about his business.

Human nature being what it is, he will very likely ease his conscience by trying to forget as rapidly as possible what he has learned; perhaps he will even convince himself eventually that there is really nothing wrong after all, that his initial judgement was in error, and that the dirty work was really not dirty work but merely “progress.” If, on the other hand, he is an extraordinary man with a particularly strong sense of duty, he will continue to oppose what he knows to be wrong and bound to work evil for the community in the long run. He may continue to point out to his neighbors, even after they have made it clear that they are not interested, that the dirty work should be stopped; he may write pamphlets and deliver speeches; he may even run for public office on a “reform” ticket.

But even so, being a reasonable man and no “extremist,” he will feel himself obliged to give the malefactors the benefit of the doubt which must surely exist as to their motives. And perhaps their position is, indeed, not wholly wrong? Surely, some sort of reasonable compromise which will be fair

to all concerned is the best solution. If the evildoer had been working alone when discovered, hanging would, of course, be the only admissible solution to the problem: a fitting and total repudiation by the community of his evil deeds. But when so many criminals, with so many accomplices, have been engaged for so long in such an extensive undertaking and have already done such profound damage, surely the most reasonable solution must be just to admonish the criminals — if, indeed, it is fair to call them criminals — try to install a few safeguards against their renewed activity — safeguards which, to be sure, would not be too grossly inconsistent with the “progress” (or was it damage?) already wrought — and then, letting bygones be bygones, try to live with things as they are.

But, it is only one man out of tens of millions — the rare and lonely world-historical figure — who has, first, the objectivity to evaluate such a situation in terms of absolute and timeless standards and, unswayed by popular and contemporary considerations of “reasonableness,” to draw the ultimate conclusions which those standards dictate; and who then has the strength of will and character to insist that there must be no compromise with evil, that it must be rooted out and utterly destroyed, that right and health and sanity must again prevail, regardless of the commotion and temporary unpleasantness involved in restoring them.

Rockwell had seen the facts. To him, it was unthinkable to attempt to wriggle away from the conclusion they implied. And, as he realized the frightening magnitude of the task before him, instead of attempting to excuse himself from the responsibility which his new knowledge carried with it, he felt rising within him his characteristic response to a seemingly impossible challenge.

It was a straightforward sense of commitment which had led him to volunteer for military service in March, 1941, as soon as he had been tricked into believing that Adolf Hitler was a threat to his country, instead of waiting for Pearl Harbor. And in early 1951, when he began to understand that he had been tricked in 1941 and when he began to see who had tricked him and what they were up to and the terrible damage they had done to his people and were yet planning to do, that same sense of commitment left only one course open to him, namely, to fight! He did not stop to ask whether others were also willing to shoulder their responsibility; his own was perfectly clear to him.

But how to fight? Where to begin? What to do? The name of one man who had done something naturally came to his mind: Adolf Hitler. Rockwell has described what happened next:

I hunted around the San Diego bookshops and finally found a copy of *Mein Kampf* hidden away in the rear. I bought it, took it home, and sat down to read. And that was the end of one Lincoln Rockwell . . . and the beginning of an entirely different person.

He had not, of course, spent nearly thirty-three years completely oblivious to world events. Many things had bothered him deeply, and he had spent years of frustrating effort trying to fathom the apparently meaningless chaos into which the world seemed to be descending. It seemed to him that there must be some logical relationship between the events of the preceding few decades, but he could not find the key to the puzzle:

I simply suffered from the vague, unhappy feeling that things were wrong — I didn't know exactly how — and that there must be a way of diagnosing the disease and its causes and making intelligent, organized efforts to correct that something wrong.

Adolf Hitler's message in *Mein Kampf* gave him the key he had been seeking, and more:

In *Mein Kampf* I found abundant mental sunshine, which bathed all the gray world suddenly in the clear light of reason and understanding. Word after word, sentence after sentence stabbed into the darkness like thunderclaps and lightning bolts of revelation, tearing and ripping away the cobwebs of more than thirty years of darkness, brilliantly illuminating the mysteries of the heretofore impenetrable murk in a world gone mad.

I was transfixed, hypnotized. I could not lay the book down without agonies of impatience to get back to it. I read it walking to the squadron; I took it into the air and read it lying on the chart board while I automatically gave the instructions to the other planes circling over the desert. I read it crossing the Coronado ferry. I read it into the night and the next morning. When I had finished I started again and reread every word, underlining and marking especially magnificent passages. I studied it; I thought about it; I wondered at the utter, indescribable genius of it . . .

I reread and studied it some more. Slowly, bit by bit, I began to understand. I realized that National Socialism, the iconoclastic world view of Adolf Hitler; was the doctrine of scientific racial idealism—actually a new religion. . . .

And thus Lincoln Rockwell became a National Socialist. But his conversion to the new religion still did not answer his question, “What can be done?” Eight long years of struggle and defeat lay ahead of him before he would gain the knowledge he needed to effectively translate his new faith into action and begin to carry on Adolf Hitler’s great work once again. While he still lacked the wisdom that could only come in the years ahead, he lacked nothing in energy and determination. For a year he continued to explore the ramifications of the new world view he had adopted and also continued his self-education in several other areas, including the Jewish question.

Then, in November, 1952, the Navy assigned him to a year of duty at the American base at Keflavik in Iceland, where he was executive officer and, later, commanding officer of the Fleet Aircraft Service Squadron there, “Fasron” 107. His promotion to commander came in October, 1953, after he had requested an extension of his Icelandic assignment for another year. He also met and fell in love with an Icelandic girl, who became his second wife in the same month he was promoted. This marriage was far happier than his first. The relative isolation and solitude he enjoyed in Iceland gave him a further opportunity to consolidate his thoughts and to plan a campaign of political action based on his National Socialist philosophy. Feeling that his most urgent need was some medium for the dissemination of his political message, he considered various ways in which he might enter the publishing business. He needed to establish a bridgehead in this industry which would provide him with operational funds and living expenses as well as give him a vehicle for political expression.

He finally decided to begin his career with the publication of a monthly magazine for the wives of American servicemen, primarily because the complete absence of any competing publication in the field seemed to offer an excellent business advantage. He felt that he could not only capture this market, thus assuring himself a steady income, but that service families would provide a particularly receptive audience for his political ideas. His idea was to employ the utmost subtlety, disguising his propaganda so carefully that he would not jeopardize any Jewish advertising accounts the magazine might acquire. He naively thought that he would deceive the Jews and move the hearts and minds of his readers in the desired direction simultaneously.

Rough plans had been laid by the time his service in Iceland was over. His return to civilian life came on December 15, 1954. Nine months of more planning, hard work, fund-raising, and promotion led to the realization of his ideas with the publication of his new magazine, for which he chose the name *U.S. Lady*, in Washington, in September, 1955.

At the same time he was getting his magazine underway, he began making personal contacts in right-wing circles in the Washington area. He attended the meetings of various groups and then began to organize meetings of his own. Before he could put his magazine to use as a medium for disguised propaganda, however, he found himself in serious financial difficulties, due to his lack of capital, and he was forced to sell the magazine in order to avoid bankruptcy.

With undiminished enthusiasm, he continued his organizing efforts among the right wing. Making the same mistake that nearly every other beginner makes, he assumed that the proper way to proceed lay in

coordinating the numerous right-wing and conservative organizations and individuals—bringing them together into a right-wing superstructure where they could work effectively for their common goals. He felt that such a coordination could make an almost miraculous transformation in the strength of the right-wing position in America.

To this end he bought radio advertisements, spoke at dozens of meetings, wrote numberless letters, and devoted every waking hour to the promotion of his plan for unity. He created a paper organization, the American Federation of Conservative Organizations, and continued his tireless efforts to inspire and mobilize even a few of the hundreds of right-wing groups and individuals with whom he had established contact, but to no avail: “Our meetings were better and better attended, but there was no result at all — nothing accomplished.”

He sadly learned that all the right-wing groups had one weakness in common: their members loved to talk but were incapable of action. A substantial portion of them were hobbyists — escapists obsessed with various pet projects and absolutely invulnerable to reason, or masochists who delighted in moaning endlessly about treason and decay but who were shocked at the suggestion that they should help put an end to it. Many were so neurotic that the idea of engaging them in any prolonged cooperative effort was untenable. Some were simply insane. Virtually all were cowards. Years of inaction or ineffectiveness had drained the ranks of the right-wing of the type of human material essential for any serious undertaking. Very little was left but the sort of dregs with which nothing could be done.

Unfortunately, he had failed to heed the Leader’s warning that eight cripples who join arms do not yield even one gladiator as a result:

And if there were indeed one healthy man among the cripples, he would expend all his strength just keeping the others on their feet and in this way become a cripple himself.

By the formation of a federation, weak organizations are never transformed into strong ones, but a strong organization can and often will be weakened. The opinion that strength must result from the association of weak groups is incorrect. . . .

. . . Great, truly world-shaking revolutions of a spiritual nature are not even conceivable and realizable except as the titanic struggles of individual formations, never as the undertakings of coalitions.

It has been said that experience keeps a dear school, and in Rockwell’s case it was dear indeed. He had exhausted all the money left from the sale of *U.S. Lady* by the time the last meeting of his American Federation of Conservative Organizations, on July 4, 1956, failed to produce any concrete results. He had to find a new source of income and considered himself fortunate to obtain a temporary position as a television scriptwriter.

This lasted only a few months, however, and then he took a position on the staff of the New York-based conservative magazine, *American Mercury*, as assistant to the publisher. He had learned the futility of trying to achieve effective cooperation between the various right-wing groups and had resigned himself to forming a new organization.

Rockwell still had two bitter lessons to learn in the school of experience, however — lessons which the Leader had set forth clearly in his immortal book, but which Rockwell, for all his careful study, had failed to take to heart, just as with the admonition against hoping to gain strength by uniting weaknesses. He still believed that the enemies of our people could be fought effectively by the “respectable” means to which conservatives have always restricted themselves. He thought to avoid the “stigma” of anti-Semitism by working silently and indirectly against treason and racial subversion. This method had the great advantage of not provoking the enemy, so that one could proceed peacefully and

safely with one's "silent" work.

Thus, while working at *American Mercury* he began to formulate plans for an underground, "hard-core" National Socialist organization, with a right-wing front and financing by wealthy conservatives. Since the organization was to be, in effect, National Socialist, with National Socialists at the helm and carrying out the significant activities, and the conservative front only a disguise, he happily thought he had a plan which would not be subject to all the flaws of those of his conservative efforts of the past.

His new project rapidly foundered on the shoals of reality, however. First he found that wealthy conservatives suffered from most of the character defects that he had already observed in not-so-wealthy conservatives. Money could be gotten from them for "pet" projects — but not for any serious effort which smacked of danger, particularly danger of exposure. A more fundamental weakness of the "secret" approach, however, lay in the fact that it is the surface disguise, the front — not the hidden core — which determines the quality of the personnel attracted to an organization. Thus, when his anticipated source of funds balked and his one National Socialist recruit became discouraged and left, Rockwell was faced with the prospect of scrapping his new idea and starting again from nothing.

Sadly he re-read the words the Leader had written more than thirty years previously: "A man who knows a thing, recognizes a given danger, and sees with his own eyes the possibility of a remedy, damned well has the duty and the obligation not to work 'silently', but to stand up openly against the evil and for its cure. If he does not do so then he is a faithless, miserable weakling who fails either from cowardice or from laziness and incompetence. . . . Every last agitator who possesses the courage to defend his opinions with manly forth-rightness, standing on a tavern table among his adversaries, accomplishes more than a thousand of these lying, treacherous sneaks."

It had taken two years of repeated discouragements and failures to bring this lesson home to him, but now he understood it. He had finally seen the fallacy underlying the conservative premise. In his own words:

Although it is made to appear so, the battle between the conservatives and liberals is not a battle of ideas or even of Political organizations. It is a battle of terror, and power. The Jews and their accomplices and dupes are not running our country and its people because of the excellence of their ideas or the merit of their work or the genuine majority of people behind them. They are in power in spite of the lack of these things, and only because they have driven their way into power by daring minority tactics. They can stay in power only because people are afraid to oppose them — afraid they will be socially ostracized, afraid they will be smeared in the press, afraid they will lose their jobs, afraid they will not be able to run their businesses, afraid they will lose political offices. It is fear and fear alone, which keeps these filthy left-wing sneaks in power — not ignorance on the part of the American people, as the conservatives keep telling each other.

Beyond this however, he was coming to an even more fundamental conclusion: Not only were conservatives wrong in their evaluation of the nature of the conflict between themselves and liberals and wrong in their choice of tactics, but their motives were also wrong; at least, he was beginning to see that their motives differed fundamentally from his own. Basically, the conservatives are aracial. Their primary concerns are economic: taxes, government spending, fiscal responsibility; and social: law and order, honest government, morality. At worst, their sole interest is the protection of their standard of living from the encroachments of the welfare state; at best, they are genuinely concerned about the general decay of standards and the trend toward mobocracy and chaos. But, as a whole, they show very little concern for the biological problem of which all these other problems are only manifestations.

Certainly the right wing was preferable to the left wing in this respect. At least conservatives tended to

have a healthy anti-Semitic instinct. But as long as their inner orientation was economic-materialistic rather than racial-idealistic, they would remain primarily interested in the defense of a system rather than a race, they would continue to look for easy and superficial solutions rather than fundamental ones, and they would continue to lack that spirit of selfless idealism essential to ultimate victory. Thus, as the year 1956 drew to a close, Rockwell was certain of one thing: Conservatives would never, by any stretch of the imagination, be able to offer any effective opposition to the forces of degeneration and death. As he wrote later, anyone, when he first discovers what is going on, might be forgiven a certain period of nourishing the delusion and hope that there is a safe, easy, and “nice” solution to the problem. But to pursue the same fruitless tactics year after year is evidence of something else: Conservatives are the world’s champion ostriches, muttering to each other down under the sand “in secret”, while their plumed bottoms wave in the breeze for the Jews to kick at their leisure. They are fooling nobody but themselves.

The answer would have to be found elsewhere-but where, how?

The years 1957 and 1958 were difficult ones. As a representative of a New York management-consultant firm, he spent most of 1957 traveling in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, writing and consolidating his thoughts whenever he could find time. The winter of 1957–58 saw a brief interlude in Atlanta, where he sold advertising.

During this period, Rockwell had an experience about which he has never written and which he related to only a few people. Always a skeptic where the supernatural was concerned, he was certainly not a man to be easily influenced by omens. Yet there can be no doubt that he attached special significance to a series of dreams that he had then. The dreams — actually all variations of a single dream — occurred nearly every night for a period of several weeks and were of such intensity that he could recall them vividly upon waking. In each dream he saw himself in some everyday situation: sitting in a crowded theater, eating at a counter in a diner, walking through the busy lobby of an office building, or inspecting the airplanes of his squadron at an airfield hangar.

And in each dream a man would approach him — theater usher, diner cook, office clerk, or mechanic — and say something to the effect, “Mr. Rockwell, there is someone to see you.” And then he would be led off to some back room or side office in the building or hangar, as the case may have been. He would open the door and find waiting for him inside, always alone — Adolf Hitler. Then the dream would end.

One can most easily interpret these dreams as a case of autosuggestion, but in the light of later developments Rockwell considered them as a symbolic summons, a beckoning onto the path for which he was then still groping, whether that beckoning was the consequence of an internal or an external stimulus.

Early in 1958 he returned to Virginia. His first effort there was in Newport News, where he produced political cartoons in collaboration with the publisher of a small racist magazine which shortly went bankrupt. In Newport News, however, he met a man who was to play a critical role in changing the course of his political career: Harold N. Arrowsmith, Jr.

Arrowsmith was a wealthy conservative with a “pet” project — but he was not like any other wealthy conservative Rockwell had met. Independently wealthy as the result of an inheritance, he had formerly been a physical anthropologist. He had stumbled into politics rather by accident when a friend on the research staff of a Congressional investigating committee had asked him for some help with some library research connected with a case under investigation. In the course of this work he had, to his surprise, come upon some of the documentary material that had so startled Rockwell a few years earlier in San Diego.

Being a trained scholar, a linguist with a dozen languages at his disposal, having access to all the major libraries and archives of the Western world — and with unlimited time and money — he was able to follow up his initial discoveries and soon had unearthed literally thousands of items of evidence. The story they told was a shocking and frightening one: world wars and revolutions, famines and massacres — not the caprices of history, but the results of deliberate and cold-blooded scheming.

Although he had filing cabinets bulging with military intelligence reports, court records, photostats of diplomatic correspondence, and other material, he had not been able to publicize any of his finds. Scholarly journals returned his carefully written and documented papers with rejection slips, and it soon became apparent that no publisher of general periodicals would accept them either. He approached Rockwell with the proposition of printing, publishing, and distributing some of his documentary material, with full financial backing.

They formed the “National Committee to Free America from Jewish Domination,” and Rockwell moved to Arlington, Virginia, where Arrowsmith provided him with a house and printing equipment.

Rockwell had already reached the conclusion that if any progress were to be made, it was necessary to break out of the right-wing milieu into fresh territory. Right-wingers had been exchanging and reading one another’s pamphlets for years, with no noticeable results. They always used the same mailing lists and sent their propaganda to people who, for the most part, had already heard at least a dozen variations on the same theme. What was needed was mass publicity, so that some fresh blood could be attracted into the Movement.

As the normal channels of mass propaganda were closed to most right-wingers — and certainly to anyone whose propaganda might prove distressing to Jews — Rockwell had decided that radical means must be used to force open those channels. He placed this objective before all others. For, he reasoned, if one is to mobilize men into an organization — secret or otherwise — for the purpose of gaining political power, one must first let those men know of one’s existence and communicate to them at least a bare outline of one’s program. Until a mass of new raw material — potential recruits — could be stirred up by making a really significant impact on the public consciousness, there was simply no sense in proceeding further; he had already spent too much time doing things the old way. He was, in fact, prepared to take the next-to-last step in his progress from just another *goy* to the heir to Adolf Hitler’s mighty legacy. He decided on public agitation of the most provocative sort — agitation of such a blatant and revolutionary sort that the mass media could not ignore it.

In May, 1958, Eisenhower had sent U.S. marines to Lebanon to help maintain the government of President Chamoun in power, against the wishes of the Arab citizens of that country. The Lebanese Arabs desired closer cooperation with the other Arab states, but Chamoun, much to the pleasure of the Jews, did not. The threat of the overthrow of Chamoun and of a pro-Arab government coming into power in Lebanon, thus adding another member to the Arab bloc opposing the illegal Jewish occupation of Palestine, led U.S. Jews to press the course of U.S. intervention upon Eisenhower, always their willing tool. The issue was much in the public eye during the summer of 1958, and Rockwell decided to use it as the basis of his first public demonstration — a picket of the White House. Calling on many of the contacts he had made around the country during the past few years, he was able to arrange for a busload of young demonstrators to come to Washington and also to organize protest groups in both Atlanta, Georgia, and Louisville, Kentucky.

Then on Sunday morning, July 29, 1958, Rockwell led his group of pickets to the White House, while the groups in Atlanta and Louisville began their demonstrations simultaneously. Carrying large signs which Rockwell had designed and printed himself, these three groups made the first public protest against Jewish control of the U.S. government since the Jews had silenced their critics in 1941. It was indeed a momentous occasion: not yet an open National Socialist demonstration, but a vigorous slap in

the face for the enemy — a slap which could not be ignored, as all the “secret” right-wing activity had been for years.

Ten weeks later, on October 12, a synagogue in Atlanta was mysteriously blown up. Police immediately swooped on Rockwell’s men in Atlanta who had demonstrated in July. Newspapers around the world carried front-page stories implicating Rockwell and Arrowsmith in the bombing. Arrowsmith, who felt he was getting more involved in politics than was comfortable, retrieved his printing equipment and withdrew Rockwell’s financial support. For the first time, Rockwell began to get a taste of the difficult times which lay ahead. Hoodlums, instigated by the newspaper publicity, attacked his home. Windows were broken, and stones and firecrackers were thrown at his house late at night. Both by day and by night he and his wife received obscene and threatening telephone calls. Finally, for the sake of their safety, he felt obliged to send his family to Iceland.

With its financial backing gone, the “National Committee to Free America from Jewish Control” was no more. The last of Rockwell’s conservative friends evaporated in the harsh glare of newspaper hate propaganda which was heaped upon him. As the new year, 1959, came in, he found himself alone in an empty house, without friends or money or prospects for the future. He had dared to seize the dragon by the tail and had survived. Yet, in the bleak, cold days of January and February, 1959, this gave him little comfort as he faced an uncertain and unpromising future.

. . . As I sat alone in that empty house or lay alone in that even emptier bed in the silent, hollow darkness, the full realization of what I was about bore in upon me with fearful urgency. I realized there was no turning back; as long as I lived I was marked with the stigma of anti-Jewishness . . . I could never again hope to earn a normal living. The Jews could not survive unless they made an example of me the rest of my life, else too many others might be tempted to follow my example. My Rubicon had been crossed, and it was fight and win — or die.

And then something happened which, in its way, was to be as decisive in his life as had been his finding Adolf Hitler’s message in *Mein Kampf*, eight years before, in San Diego. Again, it was like a guiding hand reaching to him from the twilight of the past — from a charred, rubble-filled bunker in Berlin — and showing him the way. Waiting for him at the post office one morning at the beginning of March was a large carton. In it, carefully folded, was a huge swastika banner, which had been sent by a young admirer.

Deeply moved, he carried the banner home and hung it across one end of his living room, completely covering the wall. He found a small, bronze plaque with a relief bust of Adolf Hitler, which had been given to him earlier, and mounted it in the center of the swastika. Then he found three candles and candle holders, which he placed on a small book-case he had arranged just below the bronze plaque. He closed the blinds and lit the candles:

I stood there in the flickering candlelight, not a sound in the house, not a soul near me or aware of what I was doing — or caring.

On that cold, March morning, alone before the dimly lit altar, Lincoln Rockwell underwent an experience of a sort shared by few men in the long history of our race — an experience which comes seldom to this world but which may radically alter the course of that world when it does. Nearly fifty-three years before, a similar experience had befallen a man — that time on a cold, November night, on a hilltop overlooking the Austrian town of Linz.

It was a religious experience that was more than religious. As he stood there he felt an indescribable torrent of emotions surging through his being, reaching higher and higher in a crescendo with a peak of unbearable intensity. He felt the awe-inspiring awareness for a few moments, or a few minutes, of

being more than himself, of being in communion with that which is beyond description and beyond comprehension. Something with the cool, vast feeling of eternity and of infinity — of long ages spanning the birth and death of suns, and of immense, starry vistas-filled his soul to the bursting point. One may call that Something by different names — the Great Spirit, perhaps, or Destiny, or the Soul of the Universe, or God — but once it has brushed the soul of a man, that man can never again be wholly what he was before. It changes him spiritually in the same way that a mighty earthquake or a cataclysmic eruption, the subsidence of a continent or the bursting forth of a new mountain range, changes forever the face of the earth.

Slowly the storm subsided, and Lincoln Rockwell — a new Lincoln Rockwell — became aware once again of the room about him and of his own thoughts. He has described for us his feeling then:

. . . Where before I had wanted to fight the forces of tyranny and regression, now I HAD to fight them. But even more, I felt within me the power to prevail — strength beyond my own strength — the ability to do the right thing even when I was personally overwhelmed by events. And that strength has not yet failed me. Nor will it fail. . . . I knew with calm certainty exactly what to do, and I knew, in a hard-to-explain sense, what was ahead. It was something like looking at a road from the air after seeing only the curve ahead from the ground. . . . Hitler had shown the way to survival. It would be my task on this earth to carry his ideas . . . to total, world-wide victory. I knew I would not live to see the victory which I would make possible. But I would not die before I had made that victory certain.

And just as Adolf Hitler had said of his experience on the Freinberg, “In that hour it began,” so in that hour it began for Lincoln Rockwell also. He did not realize it then, of course, but this climactic event had come almost exactly in the middle of his political life; he had run just half the course from that fall day in 1950, in the San Diego Public Library, to a martyr’s death in Arlington in the late summer of 1967.

Before, he had been a right-winger, a conservative, albeit a more and more openly anti-Jewish one; before, he had felt the need to keep his National Socialism concealed; before, while he had admired Adolf Hitler as the greatest thinker in the history of the race and *Mein Kampf* as the most important book ever written, they had not been wholly real to him — and this attitude had resulted in his failure so often to apply the Leader’s teachings to his own political efforts. Now, however, he was no longer a conservative, but a National Socialist, and he would bear witness for his faith before the whole world; now, at last, he recognized in Adolf Hitler not just an extraordinarily great mind and spirit, but something immortal, transcendental, more than human; now he saw the Leader as an embodiment, in a way, of that Universal Soul with which he had briefly communed; now he was prepared to follow the Leader’s teachings without reservation, in all things.

At the same time that these fundamental changes in his outlook took place, he saw the need for a fundamental change in his political tactics. He recalled the Leader’s words:

Any man who is not attacked in the Jewish newspapers, not slandered and vilified, is no true National Socialist. The best measure of the value of his will is the hostility he receives from the mortal enemy of our people . . .

Every Jewish slander and every Jewish lie is a scar of honor on the body of our warriors.

The man they have most reviled stands closest to us, and the man they hate worst is our best friend.

Anyone who picks up a Jewish newspaper in the morning and does not see himself slandered in it has not made profitable use of the previous day; for if he had, he would be persecuted, reviled, slandered, abused, befouled. And only the man who combats this

mortal enemy of our nation and of all Aryan humanity and culture most effectively may expect to see the slanders of this race and the efforts of this people directed against him.

And further:

It makes no difference whatever whether they laugh at us or revile us, whether they represent us as clowns or criminals; the main thing is that they mention us, that they concern themselves with us again and again, and that we gradually appear to be the only power that anyone reckons with at the moment. What we really are and what we really want, we will show the Jewish journalistic rabble when the day comes.

Rockwell had already recognized the need for gaining mass publicity by radical means, but he had flinched at the thought of the slander and vilification, the misrepresentation and ridicule which must inevitably accompany any publicity he received through the alien-dominated mass media. He had been living in the conservative dream world and had shared with other right-wingers the comfortable illusion that one can keep the enemy fooled — even make him think one is his friend — and fight him effectively at the same time.

Even as he gradually became more forthright in his statements with respect to the Jewish question, he retained the feeling that to speak out openly for Adolf Hitler's National Socialist world view would be nothing short of suicide.

Thus he had fallen between two stools after his demonstration of July 29, 1958. He had been numbed by the virulence of the hatred unleashed against him, and at the same time found himself crippled by self-imposed limitations in his own campaign.

Now, however, he had decided that not only would he never again flinch under the torrent of abuse and slander which his activities were sure to bring down on him, but he would provoke such attacks by the enemy, looking upon each one as a "scar of honor" and also as another small step toward his eventual general recognition as the opponent of everything the enemy stood for, as "the only power with which [that enemy] reckoned." And he saw that an open avowal of his National Socialism was not only the strongest irritant he could bring to bear against his enemy, but it was the only realistic basis for gathering around himself those elements of the population needed to build a viable and lasting movement with which eventually to destroy that enemy and restore his own race to the position of strength and health and honor from which it had abdicated.

Actually, he carried the Leader's counsel about the use of the enemy's own propaganda to its logical extreme. Looking at the task before him realistically for the first time, he saw that the problems he faced were so severe that, in order to make any progress against them, he would be obliged to concentrate all his energies upon one aspect of those problems at a time.

The first step was general recognition. His earlier conviction that that goal must be attained at the expense of every other consideration was now stronger than ever. Thus, instead of following the natural urge to dissociate National Socialism from the Hollywood image that Jewry had been building for it for more than three decades, he temporarily threw all hopes of "respectability" — even among other National Socialists — aside and set about turning to his own advantage all the Jews' previous efforts.

Toward this end he deliberately pinned on himself the label "Nazi," rather than "National Socialist," using this bit of journalistic jargon which had been coined by the enemy during the early days of struggle in Germany, a term looked upon by National Socialists with about the same feeling that convinced Marxists must look upon the designation "commie," or "pinko." Behind this step — one which was to cause much misunderstanding and suspicion in days to come — was the cold-blooded realization that a strutting, shouting uniform-wearing, Hollywood-style "Nazi" was vastly more newsworthy, had vastly more "shock value," than any mere National Socialist.

As he pondered over his soul-stirring experience and began to lay new plans for the future during the next few days, events began flowing in the new channel marked out for them by the finger of Destiny. Three men, a right-wing acquaintance and two other men who were strangers to Rockwell, dropped in to see him one evening. Initially shocked and repelled by the swastika banner in his living room, they were soon won over by his passionate exposition of the new cause. Two of the three remained to become his first disciples.

Then he opened the blinds on his windows, making his swastika banner visible from the street. He issued swastika armbands to his two recruits, and the three of them swaggered about the house wearing holstered pistols. Later he mounted an illuminated swastika on the roof.

The crowds came to laugh and jeer and throw rocks-but a few remained to listen. His “stormtroopers” grew in number from two, to four, to ten.

These March days in 1959, which witnessed the first genuine rebirth of National Socialist activity after nearly fourteen years of terror and total suppression, marked the beginning of the stormiest and most difficult times Rockwell faced. Harassed by the police with illegal searches and confiscation of his property and materials, assaulted by thugs and vandals whom the police made no efforts to apprehend, he and his small group of followers printed and distributed tens of thousands of leaflets and talked to throngs of curious and hostile visitors who came to see the “American Fuehrer,” as the newspapers laughingly called him. He first chose the name “American Party” for his embryonic organization, but soon changed the name to “American Nazi Party.”

Keeping his initial objective foremost in his mind, he concentrated the activities of his small group primarily on the distribution of inflammatory leaflets, on creating public incidents, on haranguing crowds under circumstances especially chosen to provoke violent opposition — anything and everything, in other words, to gain mass publicity, to become generally recognized as the opponent of the Jews and everything they represented, from Marxism to unprincipled capitalism, from racial degeneration to cultural Bolshevism.

His first soapbox-style public address was delivered on the Mall, in Washington, on Sunday, April 3, 1960, and became a regular occurrence for some time thereafter.

A letter he wrote to his mother during this early period of public speaking gives an idea of a few of the difficulties he faced:

7 July, 1960

Dear Mother:

Thank you for the letter and the help. It is much appreciated. . . . Don't pay too much attention to what the papers say, Mother they lie unbelievably. Last week they tried to murder us again on the Mall here and almost killed Major Morgan, whom you met, when they dragged him out — ten of them — and stomped him and left him for dead. But we prevailed, and even though the police, much against their will, were forced to arrest us for “disorderly conduct” (for being attacked by a murderous mob!), the people are with us. This sort of thing is inevitable, and it will get worse. Now they have tried — yesterday — to have me heaved in an insane asylum to shut me up, but they were surprised, as I was relieved, when people rushed forward to offer the huge cash bond they set for me and I will have a psychiatrist of my own choosing deliver a report, instead of the two Jews they planned for me. Do not worry about all this. It is dangerous, painful, and bitter when our own people do not understand what we are doing and suffering for them, but I am sure that the Lord will not permit liars and villains to win in the end. You will yet be mighty proud. . . .

Love,

Link

In May, 1960, the *National Socialist Bulletin* made its appearance as the first periodical published by the American Nazi Party. It evolved into the *Stormtrooper* magazine after eight issues. Meanwhile, on February 5, 1960, the United States Navy, under pressure from Jewish groups, forced Rockwell to accept a discharge from the Naval Reserve.

Despite the news quarantine imposed on him, despite beatings and jailings, despite a chronic lack of funds, despite serious personnel problems, and despite a thousand other troubles and difficulties, his campaign to gain public recognition made steady progress. Newspapers found it impossible to completely avoid mentioning his brash and daring exploits; editors and columnists found irresistible the temptation to denounce or “expose” him. Even radio and television emcees, ever on the prowl for sensation, yielded to temptation and defied the ban on publicity for Rockwell.

The image of George Lincoln Rockwell and the America Nazi Party created by the mass media for public consumption was, of course, a grossly distorted one. Rockwell had succeeded in forcing the media, more or less against their will, to give him publicity. Unfortunately, he could not force them to be impartial in their treatment, or even to be truthful. An interview with him published in the popular magazine, *Playboy*, was prefaced with such editorial remarks as: “Unlike controversial past interviewees Rockwell could not be called a spokesman for any socially or politically significant minority. But we felt that the very virulence of Rockwell’s messianic master-racism could transform a really searching conversation with the 48-year-old Fuehrer into a revealing portrait of both rampant racism and the pathology of fascism.”

Another commented: “The question of George Lincoln Rockwell boils down, then, to the question of how far can America let the hate-mongers go. Will an unsound branch on the tree of American democracy fall off or will it poison the organism?”

The really ambitious writers, editors, and reporters did not restrict themselves to such mildly prejudicial remarks but vied with one another in concocting outrageous lies about Rockwell. He was accused of cowardice, sadism, selfish gormandizing, kidnapping: “Like the late Adolf Schickelgruber, on whom he models himself, he believes in leading from behind — as far behind as possible.” In one magazine, he was “quoted” as boasting that he had once castrated a heckler with his bare hands,” and another reported: “George Rockwell’s hysterical raving has already whipped up the lunatic fringe to the breaking point. Last summer three of his stormtroopers decided to please the Fuehrer by kidnapping a small Jewish child in Washington, D.C., and holding him at the Party Headquarters for several hours. How many more innocent citizens will be subjected to harassment before Robert F. Kennedy and the Justice Department move in?”

Topping them all was the story that “Like a true Nazi top dog, he avails himself of top-dog privileges and orders private meals served in his room. He partakes of such fancy fare as turtle soup, lobster, and steak while the men eat hash. Between meals he enjoys sucking kumquats.” This last flight of fancy is reminiscent of articles published in the German press (before 1933) which portrayed Adolf Hitler as a drunken profligate (Hitler only drank once in his entire life: the night of his High School Graduation) and lecher who dissipated the contributions of his followers in high living, champagne parties, and whoring.

Rockwell accepted these lies and slanders philosophically, for the alternative to this Jew-designed public image even was no public image at all. As a matter of fact, the Jews-and non-Jewish publicists anxious to demonstrate their affection for the Jews — cannot be given all the blame for this poor image. Rockwell himself lent a conscious hand to its creation, as he admitted when he said, “. . . When

I have the rare opportunity to use some mass medium, as was recently the case when I gave an interview to *Playboy*, I am forced to walk a careful line between what I should like to say and what the enemy would like to hear me say. Unless I deliberately sound at least halfway like a raving illiterate with three loose screws, such an interview would never be printed.”

The price he paid for becoming generally recognized as “Mr. Nazi” was a high one indeed. Other men with sound racial instincts but without Rockwell’s understanding of political realities were, naturally enough, appalled by what seemed to be Rockwell’s ridiculous antics. Most people, even relatively sophisticated ones who talk knowingly about “managed news,” simply find incomprehensible the Jewish Big Lie technique.

These sound but simple citizens all too often jumped to the not-implausible conclusion that Rockwell was a kind of *agent provocateur*, a traitor hired by the enemy to discredit honest racists and patriots. His correspondence with some of them displays a mixture of impatience with their inability to perceive the essence of the real problems facing our race, and a sincere desire to evoke understanding. The following extracts from a letter to a member of a snobbish racist group calling itself the “European Liberation Front” are typical:

Dear Mr. . . . :

I realize that I am only a stupid, silly American, but I do love this country, in spite of your denunciation of it. What you hate about it is what the Jews have done to it, and you are like a man who permits his wife to be debauched by rapists and then tosses her in the garbage can for it. Shame on you! “American” influence on Europe is not American at all, and you damned sure should know it. The real American influence was Henry Ford, our West, and the like.

Europe is a tired old man—more like a tired old lady — and if Western culture is to be saved, it will be saved by the last Western barbarians, the American barbarians I love. Men like you, suave, polished, educated, supercilious, and “above” nasty physical violence, cannot save themselves, let alone a nation, a culture, or a race. You people with your “European Liberation Front” are going at it backwards. You can’t liberate Europe any more with Europeans. Hitler gave that effort every bit of holy genius within him, and he was mashed by the American barbarians. You and your egghead gang of dandies are in love with what is gone and insist on ignoring what is here. Rome is no more. You keep trying to resurrect it, and you can’t, because there are no more noble Romans over there, at least not enough to make a real fight of it, Europe is like one big France — all empty shell, fine words, pretty songs, and dead men. We helped kill Europe. If you did liberate it, like France was “liberated,” it would sink into degeneracy again in a century..

There are, of course, good, vigorous fighting men in Europe, but they are swamped by the human garbage left in the wreckage of two wars promoted by Jews and fought by Americans. I am building National Socialism here, by such expedients and methods as may be possible, and I am succeeding, in spite of your looking down your nose at me . . .

Whenever I can get some or the other of you to ditch the “We’re-the-real-National Socialists” game and start being National Socialists, I give strength to the cause to which I have given my life, my family, my comfort, and everything else I have to give, no matter what you may have been told. . . .

Frankness, not diplomacy, was his strong point.

In order to allay hostility and suspicion as much as he could, he was soon obliged to divert some of his energies from agitation and publicity garnering to a more sober exposition of his ideas. His first major

effort in that direction was the publication of his political autobiography, *This Time the World*. Written hastily in the fall of 1960 between speaking engagements, court appearances, street brawls, and desperate attempts to raise money to sustain his small group, he was not able to publish it until a year later. The printing and binding of the book were done entirely by his untrained stormtroopers, and their only machinery was a tiny, office-style duplicator. The absolute sincerity of its tone failed to convince few of its readers, but the difficulties of distribution, due to the Jewish “quarantine,” limited its circulation to a few thousand copies.

In October, 1961, the first of his *Rockwell Reports* appeared. Varying in length from four to thirty-six pages, the *Rockwell Report* appeared semi-monthly at first, then monthly, occasionally lapsing into bi-monthly publication during particularly difficult periods. The *Rockwell Reports* contained a lively mixture of National Socialist ideology, current political analysis, prognostication, political cartoons and drawings, reproductions of pertinent news clippings, and photographs of Party activities. They all bore his unique stamp and, more than any other one thing, were responsible for drawing to him the idealistic young men who formed the cadre of the growing movement.

From the beginning, Rockwell had understood the necessity for the National Socialist movement eventually to operate from a worldwide basis. For the ultimate political goal of the Movement was the establishment of an Aryan world order, a *pax Aryana*, as a prerequisite for the attainment of the long-term racial goals of the Movement. From the spring of 1959, this concept had existed on paper as the “World Union of Free-Enterprise National Socialists,” but until the summer of 1962 it was not implemented beyond an exchange of letters with individual National Socialists in Europe. In early August, 1962, Rockwell met with National Socialist representatives from four other nations in the Cotswold Hills, near Cotswold, England, and the World Union of National Socialists formally came into existence. On the fifth of August the protocol now known as the Cotswold Agreements was drawn up, pledging the National Socialist movements of the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany (including Austria), and Belgium to a common effort. Annual meetings of the World Union of National Socialists were originally envisaged, but Fate and circumstances prevented this. Rockwell was under increasing pressure in America during the next five years, as the situation there grew steadily more turbulent.

Rockwell’s original program was divided into three phases. The first phase, beginning in March, 1959, was to be a phase of provocative but essentially non-constructive activity, intended to generate publicity and build a public image, no matter how distorted. The second phase was to be a cadre-building phase, during which a strong, disciplined, effective, professional National Socialist organization was to be built and capabilities in propaganda and organizing developed to a high degree. The third phase was to be one of mass organization.

Phase one was masterfully executed. Rockwell proved himself an outstanding tactician in the rough-and-tumble game of smashing through the Jewish blackout barrier. With cool objectivity, he watched the press heap bucket after bucket of lies and filth on his image, provoking them to renewed activity whenever they tired. With keen insight he analyzed the Jewish situation. He understood that though they occupied the key positions of control in the public-opinion-forming networks, they were constrained to a large extent by the fact that that control must remain hidden from the public.

Furthermore, he understood the fact that a very substantial portion of the reporters, editors, columnists, newscasters, and even many individual newspaper and broadcast-station owners are not Jews, and, barring direct and categorical orders to the contrary from the key Jews, these people can be counted upon to react in a more-or-less predictable way to a given stimulus. Thus, by taking a position and making statements which seemed extreme and even ridiculous to the “average citizen,” he could entice publicists to quote him widely, thinking thus to discredit both the man and the philosophy with these average citizens. What they failed to understand was that before the Movement could profit from any

mass appeal, it had to appeal to a large number of very un-average citizens — fearless idealists who could form the National Socialist cadre.

And these men responded in a very different way to Rockwell's message than did the liberal publicists or their average audience. They saw beyond the superficial "ridiculousness" of his message to the kernel of deep truth that it contained. While the average citizen, incapable of thinking beyond the immediate problems of the day, found Rockwell's message "too extreme," just as the publicists intended, those who could extrapolate in their minds the developments of the present to the consequences of tomorrow-and of a century hence-saw the compelling necessity of his demands. But such men are rather sparsely distributed throughout the population, and to reach them Rockwell needed to cast his net very wide; this the publicists helped him do while they thought to smear him. Rockwell also understood that the image of him being erected in the minds of the masses, while a liability now, had a value for the future, when conditions had ripened so that at least some of those masses were ready for an "extremist."

Phase two — cadre building and organizational development — in a sense was co-extant with phase one, for from the very beginning Rockwell's publicity began to attract a few of the idealists needed for phase two, and these men began to constitute the skeleton of the organizational structure which was later to be filled out. Even a bit of phase three entered the picture during the first phase, when Rockwell conducted a campaign to become governor of the state of Virginia in 1965.

This election campaign proved to be a period of extremely valuable training not only for Rockwell but for the leadership personnel of his entire Party. Realizing the eventual need to develop proficiency at mass campaigning, Rockwell decided to begin acquiring experience in that direction soon rather than late. As he later admitted, after winning less than 1.5% of the votes cast, the campaign also provided a more fundamental lesson and helped him to realistically re-evaluate the entire status of the Movement. Before, he had taken overly optimistic view that the Movement would begin to pick up substantial mass following as soon as it had gained sufficient publicity through his phase-one activities; that is, he believed that phases two and three would be largely concurrent.

After the Virginia campaign, having been reminded once again of the stupendous inertia of public opinion, he realized that phase two would be much longer than originally anticipated, and that the beginning of any substantial success from phase-three activity would have to await two things: a considerable internal strengthening of the Movement and a considerable worsening of the general racial-social-economic situation.

With this first thing in mind, he made the decision in 1966 to inaugurate a general activity. As mentioned before, the first two phases of Party activity overlapped to a large extent, and the transition between the two was marked primarily by a shift of emphasis. Phase one was the "Nazi" era of the Movement. Phase two is the beginning of the National Socialist era. In line with this re-emphasis, the American Nazi Party officially became the National Socialist White People's Party on January 1, 1967, and that date can reasonably be considered to mark the transition. Six months earlier, the appearance of National Socialist World was a major step in this direction. And six months after that date — in June, 1967 — a historic re-organizational conference of the Party leadership was held in Arlington. There Rockwell set the Movement on its new course, explaining the need for a total professionalization of every activity, from fund raising to propaganda writing, in order to meet the severe demands to be expected during the long period of growth and struggle ahead.

He was now forty-nine years old. For the past eight years he had been working an average sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. The strain on his physical and spiritual resources had been severe. Usually he was obliged to concentrate on the several tasks simultaneously. There was always a demonstration to be planned, a speech to be prepared, propaganda to be written, a court case to be

fought, money to be raised, and everything to be done under nearly impossible working conditions, with incessant interruptions. Only the immense vitality of his rugged, six-foot-four-inch frame and a deep reserve of spiritual strength had sustained him in the past.

The course that lay ahead would certainly be no easier; on the contrary, in addition to the old tasks connected with agitation and publicity, there would be many new problems to be faced as the Movement continued into its new phase of activity.

Other men — strong men — might have yielded to the temptation to remain with a prescription to which they had become accustomed and not venture from a beaten path into strange and difficult territory. The slightest trace of subjectivity would allow them to ring forth a hundred reasons for not changing a *modus operandi* which they had found successful in the past. And yet it was characteristic of Rockwell that he did not hesitate for an instant. When he saw that the time had come for the Movement to change its tactics and accept a different set of challenges, he set himself to the new task with the same determination that he had shown throughout the first phase.

Now it was necessary to build up a whole new public image for the Party, or, rather, gradually to transform the grossly distorted image he had induced the enemy to build for him to one closer to the truth. It was a demanding task, and he spent the summer of 1967 in laying plans for the future and in finishing his new book, *White Power*.

In one of his last letters, written in August to two faithful Party comrades, man and wife, he reveals a little of the introspection which occupied his mind at this decisive time:

Dear

By no means do I get the solid feeling that [you] are clear in your own minds on what has been done, what should be done now, and what might be done (or not done) in the future. For this reason, after much of my favorite recent hobby — tossing and turning — I have arisen as dawn is creeping over this benighted city to set forth on paper some thoughts which might help. (And often I find that such efforts to help others, help me in the process.) There is no plan or overall approach in this letter; it's just jewels, pearls, and clinkers from a mind which seems to be in a state of near-collapse and rebellion. First let me present an insoluble problem within me. Doing my best to learn from history, I am aware of a fact of all great struggles. There have been millions of causes, battles, and so on, almost all of them lost. History rarely records the losers, except when they get hacked up in a particularly interesting and dramatic manner. But there are some winners, who do get recorded in history and I have examined these pretty carefully (wishing someday to join their exalted ranks) to see if there is any common pattern to their activity on this planet which might be a key to why they won, when almost everybody loses. There is absolutely no doubt about it; there is such a pattern, even though the causes and struggles vary in content or aim from Lenin's Bolshevism to Adolf Hitler's National Socialism, from a little old lady set on running her neighbor out of town to Genghis Khan and his human hamburger machine. The winners in every case have been more determined, more fanatical in their ruthless refusal to quit, than their competitors. This would seem to indicate that victory is given to him who is most persevering. But this has not been true, either. History abounds with persevering nuts who have repeatedly hopped off hills and buildings wearing "wings" and just as repeatedly landed on their behinds until there was nothing left. . . .

The conclusion I reach from all this is that it takes three things to make a winner: a good cause, i.e., a cause which is in time, in phase, and needed; a leader who is unshakeable in his determination to fight as long as he has a couple of stumps for legs and who can inspire that same will in his troops; and some plain good luck. As I examine my own cause,

leadership, and luck, I find that it is absolutely impossible for me to make a detached judgment on whether I am one of the fanatics hopping off a hill with a pair of Woolworth, glue-and-feathers wings, or whether I am one of the guys who gets modeled into stone images for the benefit of pigeons. . . . I do not think either of you knows the answer to that one, either. However, I have the advantage over both of you in that I long, long ago made up my mind that the best thing I can do with my life — what's left of it — is to take aim, do my best to control the inevitable shaking, and never take my eye and heart off the target until it goes down . . .

ON THE 25th OF AUGUST, 1967, a Friday, at two minutes before noon, near his Arlington headquarters, an assassin's bullet struck him down.

The murderer, a man whom Rockwell had expelled from the Party a few months earlier for his repeated attempts to inject Marxist ideas subtly into Party publications and for publicly expounding a doctrine of racial Bolshevism, had lain in ambush atop a nearby building and fired into Rockwell's car as it drove by. Ironically, Rockwell had rescued this puffed-up little Bolshevik from the gutters of New York City eight years before, and he had taken an almost fatherly interest in him ever since. He had never given up his repeated attempts to instill a little decency and sense of honor into him, despite overwhelming evidence that the man was a compulsive liar and thief and an incurable conspirator. All his well-meant efforts in this direction were rewarded only with heartache after heartache over the years — and finally with death, when the vicious little punk he thought he could make into a man found a chance to “get even” for being expelled from the Party.

Following a denial by the United States government of Commander Rockwell's right to burial in a national cemetery, his Party comrades had his body cremated, and a National Socialist memorial service was held in Arlington on the afternoon of August 30. His eulogy was short but moving.

National Socialist comrades! Fellow White Americans! Today we take upon ourselves the sorrowful task of laying to rest the mortal remains of our beloved Commander, Lincoln Rockwell, martyred by the bullet of a cowardly assassin. To those of us who worked with him every day, to those Party comrades all over America, and to dedicated National Socialists throughout the world the staggering loss imposed by his death will only be fully felt in the days and years of struggle which lie ahead of us all. His inspiration and his will, the depth of his wisdom and the heroism of his spirit — these are the things which gave us the motivation and the guidance we sorely needed to keep up the fight on so many dark days in years past.

The stunning suddenness of his departure and the ensuing turmoil of the last few days have kept us from yet assessing the magnitude of our loss. But even harder to bear than this, perhaps, has been utterly shabby — the despicably shameful — treatment of our fallen Commander by a government of the nation he served so faithfully throughout all the years of his manhood. George Lincoln Rockwell gave his life in the struggle against Bolshevism at a time when thousands of other American fighting men on the other side of the world are also falling victims to that same Bolshevism — and yet an American government has denied his request to be laid to rest in the place of his choice.

George Lincoln Rockwell served America for twenty years and through two wars, risking his life again and again in defense of the land and the people he loved so well. He was no armchair soldier, but he chose of his own will that soldierly profession demanding the very highest order of courage and skill: he was a fighter pilot. His dedication to duty, his daring, his proficiency led him from the rank of Seaman to that of full Commander, gave him the leadership of three squadrons, and earned him nine decorations. And an American

government does not hold him fit to be buried beside his fellow fighting men.

George Lincoln Rockwell has sacrificed more and fought harder for the things he held dear — his native land, his fellow countrymen, and above all his race — than any man now living. He saw his duty and unflinchingly did it, even when that duty led him into opposition to nearly all those around him. He saw further than other men, and he fought harder. Indeed, in this latter regard he cherished the maxim of the great Leader whose philosophy moulded his own thoughts: Those who want to live, let them fight; and those who do not want to fight in this world of eternal struggle do not deserve to live.

He fought, and he died. And yet Lincoln Rockwell is not really dead, for he built a Movement and he spread an idea, and that Movement was not destroyed nor that idea silenced by the bullet that struck him down. And so long as that Movement remains and that idea continues to fill the hearts and minds of men, the spirit of Lincoln Rockwell lives on.

The ashes of the martyr lie here before us, and we cannot help but be filled with a solemn sense of tragedy. Yet we are not really here to mourn him, but to honor him and to rededicate ourselves to the Cause which he served. In the times ahead we must redouble our efforts, so that he will not have died in vain. We must let his great sacrifice serve to inspire us onward in our struggle toward victory — the victory of our people, of our great White race, over the disease which now afflicts it and the enemies who now oppress it. Indeed at this moment we must bear in mind that old saying which the Commander paraphrased for us: ‘The stones and mortar of our Movement are the bones and blood of its martyrs.’ It is this aspect of his death that he would now want us to keep uppermost in mind, forgetting our sorrow and filling ourselves with pride at the knowledge we followed such a leader.

For it was he, Lincoln Rockwell, who again picked up the torch which fell to earth twenty-two years ago. Adolf Hitler founded our great Movement and will forever fill a unique position in the saga of our race; but had it not been for Lincoln Rockwell, Adolf Hitler’s mighty work might well have been in vain. It was Lincoln Rockwell who set us once again on the upward path when we had faltered and wanted to go back again. It was his example which inspired us to do what we knew we should do rather than that which was easiest to do. It was his hand which led us out of the maze of defeat and degeneration and despair, and pointed the way toward higher things; and his voice which reminded us over and over again that we must continue the struggle for our race.

As we lay to rest the mortal remains of Lincoln Rockwell, it is appropriate to read once again that passage from the Leader’s book which he loved best. I shall read from chapter twelve of the first volume of the Commander’s personal copy of *Mein Kampf*:

When human hearts break and human souls despair, the great vanquishers of distress and care, of shame and misery, of spiritual slavery and physical duress look down upon them from the twilight of the past and hold out their eternal hands to faint-hearted mortals. Woe to the people that is ashamed to grasp them!