

# Nightmare: The Prophecy Of George Lincoln Rockwell

*"In the next war the uniform will be the color of the skin."*

## George Lincoln Rockwell, American White Hero

It's hot. The night atmosphere is heavy and oppressive. All the windows are open. You can hear a siren a few blocks away, the kids screaming in the street, and even the drunken voices of the O'Malleys in their usual argument. But no breath of air comes through the windows. You lean back in your squeaky wicker chair, tee shirt wet with perspiration. Even the little fan oscillating back and forth just emphasises the brutal heat and sweatiness of the air when the fan's draught momentarily brushes you.

You turn on the TV and take a gulp of beer out of the cold can. It seems like any other hot August night – only somehow this one is different. You can feel it. There's an air of tension, expectancy, foreboding.

The news has been bad. But then it's been bad since the riots began way back in June. You've gotten used to the riots every summer, since 1963. Now it's 1978.

The summers are expected to be periods of almost open warfare between Blacks and Whites. Even the winters aren't real truces anymore as they used to be in the sixties. There are outbreaks of the Black-and-White war even in the coldest winter months. But always the harried authorities have managed to keep working and to keep up some pretence of civilised life.

But this year the riots have been almost constant. The TV in front of you has just shown dramatic pictures of what's going on in other American cities; the searchlights stabbing into the city night, highlighting black faces distorted with hate, fighting the police and the National Guard troops, the gunfire and the blazing buildings where hurled Molotov cocktails have set up whole apartment and retail blocks in flames.

However, it's been quiet in your city now for almost two weeks. The cops and the soldiers beat down the last uprising by the Blacks before it got out of the Negro area situated only a few blocks away.

The TV newscaster is telling how another boatload of black saboteurs, fresh from guerrilla training in Cuba, has been intercepted after a running gun-battle in the Caribbean. They have been prevented from landing in Florida.

You are sick of it! Sick to death of this eternal trouble with these coloured mobs and Communist agitators, raising hell, raping, killing, rising up and burning, looting and threatening whole cities.

You turn off the TV.

You gaze up at the ceiling in the growing darkness, wondering where in hell it will all end, how it will end? The heavy hot air of August is laden with sounds of automobile horns, kids shouting, neighbours hollering and somebody practicing the piano nearby. More sips of beer, getting warm as you reach the bottom of the can. You want to get your mind off the damn coloureds. For a change you turn on the light to read the Western paperback you bought on the way home. Then you hear it.

At first you think it's some kind of crowd cheering at a ball game. There's the sound of a tremendous number of people shouting, a long, long way off. But somehow it's different from any sports crowd and anyway there's no sports game on that you know of! There's a vicious, deadly sound to this roaring mob. You get up from the wicker chair and go over to the window. Over the black silhouetted brick apartments to the east, you see the familiar glow. Fires!

So, it's started again.

Why can't they kill all those black bastards, once and for all, and put an end to this crazy business?

To hell with it; you won't watch this time! You close the window, go back and turn the TV back on. Maybe you can get your mind off this everlasting nigger trouble by watching some movie or comedy show.

With the window shut it seems for a moment you've gotten away from the damnable riotous hell. With the TV on you can't hear the mob or the occasional bursts of gunfire.

You get another cold beer and try to relax in the glow of the TV tube.

Just as you get interested in the western the damned thing goes dead on you. You get up to wiggle the plug. Sometimes you can fix it that way. Then you notice that the fan is off too.

Must be a fuse so you go into the kitchen and look into the fuse box with your flashlight. No fuses are blown.

But by then you're already beginning to notice all the lights are off, even the street light which usually shines into the kitchen window. It's really black! You're not used to such total darkness, such absence of any glow or reflected light at all. It gives you an eerie feeling.

You stick your head out the kitchen window. Outside there is something new, something evil. You don't know what it is but it grips your heart with fingers of ice.

It's silent in your neighbourhood. No more kids shouting, no more piano practising, and no more quarrelling over at the O'Malleys –nothing – just silence. A dead, empty, heavy silence. The quiet lends impact to the distant sounds of the mob in the central part of the city. In the silent dark, in which you can see nothing, the sounds of the black mob down there are amplified and emphasised until they seem to be coming at you.

In the darkness outside your window, you can hear Jack Morgan, whose been drinking beer on his front steps, hollering to his wife upstairs. "Don't worry, honey. It's just a power failure. They'll have it on in a little while. Keep your shirt on."

A kid begins to cry – then another. Then there is an excited but hushed buzz outside as the neighbourhood tries to adjust to the total darkness.

Everybody is listening to the sound of that black mob in town, but reassuring each other that the authorities will soon put down the rebellion as they always do.

Then you hear Mrs Johnson calling to a neighbour for some water. "Something's wrong with mine." Mrs Johnson hollers. "I can't get any water to fix the baby's bottle."

Then from most of the neighbours all at once you hear that everybody's water is off.

Realising that something must be seriously wrong you pick up the phone to call the cops. At least you can report the water is off in your neighbourhood. The phone's dead!

Remembering your transistor radio you turn it on: ". . . the public is asked to remain calm until the National Guard can restore order. Stay in your homes and do no panic. There is nothing about the present emergency that is any different . . . . Oh, my God! Oh . . . – aghhh . . . ."

Over the tiny speaker in the radio comes the unmistakable gurgling sound of a man gasping his last breath. Just before the station goes off the air, you hear: "How do you like that, you white mother f . . . er?"

You lean out of the window: "Did you hear that?" you holler to the neighbourhood in general. "Hear what?" comes from a dozen throats.

"I just turned on my pocket radio and heard what sounded like an announcer getting killed, right on the air. Then they went off."

"Try another station." Somebody hollers.

"I already have." Comes from somebody else. "They're all off!"

"I'm getting my guns!" You holler.

"Better be careful." Shouts a neighbour, "you know the new laws on guns!"

"To hell with the new laws." You roar. "If those black bastards come messin' around here they're gonna get shot. I don't care if they throw me in gaol for it. I'm not going to let those filthy niggers shoot up and burn this place, and hurt our women."

But before you can grab your hidden guns and get out front, they are here.

A car comes screeching around the block, is revolutionary occupants tossing Molotov cocktails and firing automatic weapons. In the flare of the flaming airborne gasoline bombs you can see the white eyes in the black faces. But even if you couldn't see them, you'd know what they are by their filthy language! As usual they are drunk and roaring typical black curses on all white people – liberal, rich, poor, right wing, Klan – any whites; they're all 'white devils'.

As the carload of black terrorists disappears, still firing, you can hear the screams of the wounded and the dying, and the expressions of horror from the people whose loved ones have been shot.

You grab your old Marine Corps M1 and the .38 and take the flight of steps, even in the dark, three and four at a time.

Outside, in the flickering light of the fires, surrounded by moans and prayers of your neighbours, you find a little group of men who have had enough service experience not to panic. They have their guns ready and are trying to decide what to do.

You suggest that somebody be sent to the police station over on Grand. They all agree. A kid with two pistols volunteers and he disappears into the dark. You don't know the cops are all dead. Neither does he!

Just as you're discussing where each guy will be posted another carload of the bastards, high on drink, drugs and revolutionary hype, comes roaring back toward the small suburban town, blasting away.

You hit the deck, slam home the bolt of the old M1 and feel a surge of satisfaction when the old rifles rattles off each round at the black terrorists. You can hear one of the sons of a bitch scream as he's hit! It reminds you of the war. But then you remember this is home! This is the United States where your wife and kids live. And that brings a new and horrible thought.

The wife and kids are visiting across town. What's happening there?

Your heart stops for a moment. But then fury surges up within you. If they've touched Janie and those little kids . . . .

You begin to consider your position.

No lights, no water, no phone, no radio – few guns, fewer who know how to use them and have the guts to use them – no organization, and very little ammo.

While you're thinking about all this, and a matter of only minutes since the first attack, here comes three more cars filled with whooping brigands taking full advantage of their unequal battlefield in which their most of their white enemy have already been disarmed!

You blast away with the M1. You hit another one. But the rest of the guys are firing away at nothing, wasting the few rounds of ammo you've got. You yell at them to cease-fire! It's too late; they're all out of ammo.

The groans and crying and the prayers of the people who have been hit have demoralized most of the rest of the people. Surprisingly, a lot of the women seem tougher than the men, and are doing their best using torn skirts and shirts for bandages and providing what comfort they can with words. Many of the men, especially the younger 'jive' generation with the long hair and stoop shoulders, are acting like a bunch of hysterical girls, screaming and screeching, begging somebody to 'help' them. Help them? You'd like to help them with a good kick up the ass.

Now it's no longer dark, the whole neighbourhood is blazing. The fires set by the flaming gasoline Molotov cocktails are burning viciously. There's nothing to stop them. No fire department – not even any water.

The night was already oppressively hot. With many houses now roaring infernos the heat makes your skin shrivel. Already, many others are moving on to a vacant lot, trying to get away from the heat, smoke and searing flames.

You can hear a man and his young wife screaming at each other, a few houses away. She is trying to run back into their home to get something, before it burns up. He is holding her while she struggles and screams. Their kids are scattered around some huddle around her, crying.

She never gets to go into the house.

A carload of blacks sees her in her nightgown as they go by. They shoot down her husband and kids. They grab her and drag her screaming into the car, laughing insanely and boasting to each other what they are going to do to her. And you can't do a damned thing with empty guns.

Within minutes two more carloads of the black devils roar into the neighbourhood. But these don't keep going – shooting – like the others. They get out to loot – and rape!

Most of the men around you have long since scrambled off to hide in terror. You can do little else yourself.

From under a bush on somebody's lawn, shaded from the worst of the blazing heat and light, you watch the gangs of looters grabbing everything they want – radios, TVs – and women. God! You never thought you would ever see a sight like this.

You had read about it happening far away in the Congo and other places, but always thought it was something you would never see here.

Now you are forced to watch helplessly from your hiding place, while six of Negroes rip the clothes off the little teenage O'Malley girl and rape her, one after another – after murdering her mother, father, and brothers.

At first she screams and struggles desperately. But after two or three of the lustful black beasts have beaten her and had their way, she lies whimpering. Then there's no more whimpering. She has ceased to exist as a human being.

All night the horror continues. The houses burn to black ruins. Carloads of mixed race revolutionaries roam at will through the neighbourhood, looting, murdering the wounded just for pleasure – and raping.

You are helpless, beaten.

Finally, about 3.00am things slow down a bit. You crawl out and call to some others still alive. "Where the hell is the National Guard?" you keep repeating to each other, stupidly, dazedly. "Where in hell is the God-damned Guard?"

You are the only one with enough experience and leadership to try and do anything at all. You suggest gathering the wounded and helpless and trying to get them all together, behind a pile of old bricks and stone in the vacant lot. The wounded are crying, really crying for water. But there is no water. Nobody thinks of food, yet. That will come later. But for now, everybody is just trying to survive. And every moment, you can hear the roar of the huge mob in the city centre moving out, getting nearer.

The others agree to try and get the wounded down behind the brick pile. But before you can finish the job you hear a new noise – the clanking familiar motor noises you remember from the war in which you fought to prevent Germany being exclusively German. Now you are in a war to keep America exclusively for the Americans, white Americans!

TANKS!

The Guard! At last!

"It's the National Guard." You shout to others. "I can hear the tanks."

They all listen. A feeble cheer goes up as they too hear the tanks.

Just in time too, because now the black mob is within blocks. You can imagine just what it would be like if the black swarm of bloodthirsty Africans get here to finish off the remaining scattered survivors.

Now the tanks are moving in to restore order at last! You feel for the first time that you will survive. And you resolve never to be caught like this again, never to be so disorganized and so poorly armed. If the bastards ever try to do it again, gun laws or no gun laws, you resolve to be ready!

The noise of the tanks gets closer – closer. Now you can see them. Thank God!

The iron monsters are clanking along the streets, with infantry troops moving in behind them in full battle gear.

My God! What a beautiful, delicious, gorgeous sight!

Nothing ever looked so beautiful. Slowly, in a daze, those able to walk begin to move out from behind the brick pile.

The tanks and troops uncover a swarm of scores of mixed race insurgents hiding in a construction project. The infantry troops prepare to move in to round them up as the tanks stop.

But what's this? What the hell! What are the tanks doing now?

They're turning! They're not waiting for the infantry to round up and finish off the black terrorists in the construction project – they're turning back! My God! Don't they know there are hundreds of white people out here helpless?

But they're not just turning back!

The tanks have swivelled around their guns and are mowing down their own infantry troops! What the hell? While you're still stunned the tanks rake the infantrymen, mowing them down, hundreds of them.

Then the top of the lead tanks swings open – and you know why. A big black head comes out, grinning!

Now there is silence among the little band of men, women and children behind the bricks. They are too stunned even to curse. Nobody needs to explain. They realise now what has happened.

The great majority of the blacks in the armed forces and the National Guard have joined the black uprising.

Now the mighty technical weapons of the United States are in the hands of black savages, only a few generations removed from animal life in the jungle. Rockets, tanks, nuclear bombs – all that white genius has created to protect itself, stupidly and treasonably turned over to the enemy, fired up with anti-white propaganda, in the name of ‘brotherhood’ and ‘equality’.

You use the last reserves of your will and energy to herd the tiny band of your surviving neighbours down into an abandoned cellar under the bricks and wreckage. Now you are alone, against a world gone mad.

No water, no food, no ammunition, no communication, no medicines! Nothing! But you aren’t going to give up yet!

Maybe it’s only local. Maybe the Army or the Marine Corps, or somebody will be able to get control of this revolution. If only you can hold out, maybe help will come.

Swarms of insurgents from every race under the sun, stream out of the city, drunk with whisky and blood. They are following the tanks now. Every white soldier and National Guardsman in the area is dead, many mutilated – taken by complete surprise by their own black ‘comrades’.

Day dawns hot, more horrible than the night, filled with smoke and flames. Dozens of moaning wounded lie all around you, crowded down here under the rocks and bricks.

The cries for water, particularly from the kids, are endless – and heart breaking. But there is no water; you can do nothing.

About eight o’clock things have become fairly quiet in your neighbourhood. Only the crackling and snapping of the fires all around can be heard. Then you hear a wailing sobbing cry from the street.

You peek out – and see one of the Negroes you shot last night, now conscious, crawling, moaning, and crying out for help. You dare not move.

But suddenly one of the womenfolk, a woman who had been comforting and bandaging and helping the wounded and the dying all night long, dashes out from under the shelter. She runs towards the black man lying in the street and you watch with horror as she plunges a big kitchen knife, again and again and again, into the quivering black body.

You recognise her. It’s Mrs Moody – the *liberal*. She’s contributed hundreds of dollars to the ethnic minorities. She has helped them endlessly, marched in their picket lines, attended sit-ins with them and even went to Mississippi with them to help register them as voters. Now you watch her out there, finally asserting the animal wisdom God gave to her to protect her own! Last night her husband and kids were murdered. Mrs Moody is no more a liberal. Now she’s a member of the great white race – a fighter! But it’s too late.

At ten o'clock, you see more anti-white mobs roaming around the neighbourhood, picking over the ruins, kicking the dead, ripping the clothing off females and laughing insanely at their unspeakable atrocities.

For the whole day you manage to survive and keep the little group together. But several die, and thirst becomes unbearable for all of you.

About seven o'clock, when the summer night is still hot from the day's sunshine, you have to watch a little girl die in her mother's arms. She keeps crying for her 'Mommy,' and her mother keeps crooning 'Mommy's right here, darling, right here! I'm right here!' and sobbing softly, rocking the curly-haired kid back and forth, back and forth, until the little girl's head falls sideways in death.

Your eyes fill with tears and your heart fills with rage, at the idiots and political rats that brought the greatest nation on earth to this – and all in the name of 'brotherhood' and 'progress'. Progress?

At about eight you can hear a sound truck in the distance. For a long time it cruises around but you can't figure out what the message is. Then it begins to move into your neighbourhood, and you can now hear the message rasping from the loudspeakers:

"This is the new Socialist Democratic People's Government of the United States. We have overthrown the racist 'hate' government of the United States. United Nations Ambassador Alfred Goldberg has already recognised the new People's Democracy. The Armed Forces and the National Guard are now in our hands. United Nations Chinese and Cuban troops are now landing at all airports to assist the freedom-loving People's liberation army in restoring order.

Resistance is useless. Nothing can move without our permission in the entire nation. You are ordered to come out of hiding and report to the nearest registration point for movement to prepared refugee area where you will be fed and put to work. After nine o'clock tonight all those who have not checked in to registration centres will; be shot . . . This is the new Socialist Democratic People's Government of the United States. The Armed Forces and the National Guard of the United . . . and the truck went out of the neighbourhood, playing its message of doom for the American nation, over and over again.

Your eyes blurred with tears, you watch most of the people stumble up out of the hiding place and begin to wander around looking for the 'registration points'. You have found one round to put in your .38.

You point it at your head . . . then you notice a pretty young girl looking up at you; a silent prayer in her eyes. You hand her the pistol and stumble out of the hole before you hear the explosion. George Lincoln Rockwell

**Note:** The preceding is not the hysterical pipe dream of an alarmist. Those who despise the White race, Christianity, white order, and envy its privileges, plan precisely these tactics and in a myriad of ways; sometimes in isolation, these events are already taking place.

To say that ‘it can’t happen here’ or that ‘it can’t happen to me’ does not change the historical fact that it has happened to hundreds of peoples and nations in the past.

In defeated Germany the victorious French Armies sent in black Senegalese troops specifically to demoralise, terrorise, rape and murder among the defeated population. US General Dwight Eisenhower did likewise, herding thousands of German females, even children, into subways, before ordering Negro troops down among them to do their worst. The victorious Red Army was responsible (with Winston Churchill’s assistance and blessing) for the ethnic cleansing of four million German civilians in northern Germany alone.

Relatively stable former eastern bloc countries, East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania etc, fell to similar revolution in just a few days. The accounts given here are now a fact of every day life in South Africa, Sierra Leone and of course Zimbabwe. These events are now recognisable in many of Europe’s inner city areas and of course, the United States.

The rate of alien immigration (and the crime wave accompanying it) in northern Europe has reached such a pitch that the alarmed indigenous population has already declared open war on the intruders.

Throughout these landmasses, treacherous politicians who have organised ‘Trojan Horse’ immigration, aided and abetted by civil servants and palace lickspittles who organised integration, and protected by the police, have reacted brutally against dissenters.

Modern day racial revolutionary anti-white activity as described here in the United States has already been put into bloody action in other countries wherever the black population has risen against what they see as White privilege’ Portuguese Angola, Haiti, The Congo, Kenya, all serve as examples. (Since then Rhodesia, South Africa, Mozambique, Tanganyika, Israel/Palestine and many others – ed).

‘*Nightmare*’ was written in the middle sixties, and many of its predictions are now coming true. The steady inter-racial and ‘revolutionising’ of the armed forces is certainly a reality today. Over half the American armed forces are now coloured and well over half are of non-European stock. In an increasing number of states the white population is now officially a ethnic minority, ripe for ‘ethnic cleansing’ by a disenfranchised embittered alien majority who have been nurtured on the belief that the White race is their enemy and owes a debt in blood.

*This Article is dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of Europe*

*Wherever They Reside:  
"In the end all will be forgiven except treachery to the race."*