

RESISTANCE



Angry Aryans

Female Boxer—
Jennifer Wallace

Ravenous

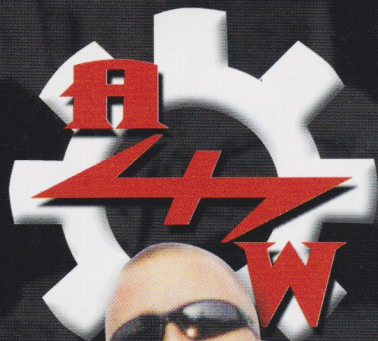
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Eulogy

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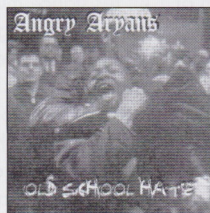
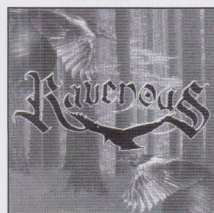
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Intimidation One pictured above

Columns



Editorial	2
News & Views	4
Washington D.C. Demonstration and Baltimore Show	6
Movie Review: <i>We Were Soldiers</i>	10
The Buffalo Bash	13
Top Ten Book	21
Rocky Mountain Show Review	24
Mike Amman Memorial Concert Scarborough, Ontario	26
Aryan Woman's Page	27
Scene Shots	29
Proud Aryan Women	30
Top Ten Music	37
Hammerskin Down	55
CD Reviews	60
Letters to the Editor	62
White Wire	64



Interviews

Jennifer Wallace	22
Ravenous	38
Marty Cox	46
Angry Aryans	52

Contents

RESISTANCE MAGAZINE • ISSUE #19 • SUMMER/FALL 2002

Features



Background to Treason, part three	14
A Eulogy to Dr. William L. Pierce	41
Loyalty is our Honor	50
Witness to Russia	56

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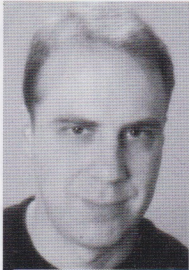
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On July 23, only hours after the death of *Resistance* owner and publisher Dr. William L.

Pierce, Jewish leaders were smirking into their cousins' television cameras, hinting that the death of the National Alliance, *Resistance Records*, and *Resistance* magazine were soon to follow. After all, the theory goes, the National Alliance was Dr. Pierce's one-man show. And by his purchase of *Resistance Records* and its associated magazine in 1999, our enemies claim, Dr. Pierce was just proving how desperate he was, dabbling in dead-end White Power music and its dead-end adherents. With Dr. Pierce's death, many of our enemies are assuming that the infrastructure whose creation he spearheaded – and whose growth he guided – will crumble into dust.

Obviously, we are going to do our best to disprove those predictions of collapse.

“...we plan to not only maintain our current level of success, but to INCREASE IT”

On the contrary, we plan to not only maintain our current level of success, but to increase it. Having been chosen by the National Alliance's Board of Directors as the new Chairman of the Alliance, I have accepted the responsibility of ensuring that the Alliance continues to grow, not only in numbers, but also – and more importantly – in capabilities and influence.

Resistance magazine, of course, although it is affiliated

with the NA, this magazine is meant to inform all White racialists of the experiences, perspectives, and activities of their comrades the world over, as well as to bring to light ideas and information of interest to our readers. We promote and support anyone who is willing to fight for the survival of the White race, and we encourage those people to reach out and find a way to get resistance music into the hands of those who need it.

Although I now have new responsibilities as Chairman of the Alliance, I will continue in my role as Editor of *Resistance*. However, I will be forced to delegate to others more of the work that goes into making this magazine successful. We already have intelligent, talented, dedicated people in place. We are going to be asking more from them, but we're also going to need the talents of others – new people – who believe in the mission of resistance music. We will stubbornly forge ahead with our plan to reach every White kid

in the world with our ideas, but today I am asking each of you to recommit yourself to the rebirth of our people and to the Cause that William Pierce lived and died for.

William Pierce was a rarity among men, a man who one is lucky to meet but once in a lifetime. In his own life, Dr. Pierce never settled for less than his best effort. He always kept the ultimate goal in his sights while, at the same time, he vigorously addressed

the issues that were current. His writings are philosophical and far-reaching, but also practical. His ability to clearly explain his position, analyze the events around us, and offer unique and insightful ideas about these events was unparalleled.

Dr. Pierce never backed away from the truth. He was as tactful as possible, never planning to offend his audience but, if people needed to hear it, he told them. The Jews feared him above all others, publicly proclaiming him the “most dangerous man in America” on more than one occasion.

Dr. Pierce was a man who strove to build an organization founded on excellence and professionalism. In leading the Alliance, he never compromised long-term goals to gain a short-term advantage. He worked for the fulfillment of his vision for twelve to fifteen hours a day, almost every day, for 36 years. He built the Alliance the hard way, and he used every means at his disposal to reach out to his confused and demoralized kinsmen.

It is no secret that Dr. Pierce was never a fan of Rock music. Nevertheless, when he got the chance to purchase *Resistance Records*, he did so, emptying his own life savings into the new venture. Dr. Pierce understood resistance music's potential for disseminating the ideas that our young people must have if our race is to survive. He knew that Rock music held the attention of the young, and he didn't let his own opinion of that music stand in the way of doing what he knew to be right. If Rock music would raise the racial consciousness of White youth, then William Pierce would promote it with the same energy and atten-

tion to detail that he did everything else.

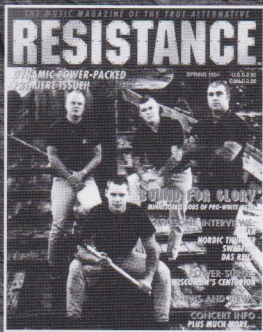
Resistance Records and *Resistance* magazine have made a remarkable comeback since Dr. Pierce acquired them. We aim to continue that growth, reaching more and more young Whites every year. The magazine has improved noticeably, and the quality and variety of our music continue to grow. We're going to do whatever we need to do to get the attention of as many White youth as possible.

And we're going to follow the precedent set by William Pierce. We're going to work as hard as we can and ensure that we have a quality product. We're going to keep the ultimate goals of White living space and White government in mind, but we're going to address the issues of today with clear language and hard-hitting honesty. We're going to emphasize quality over quantity. And, as was true for Dr. Pierce, our hearts and minds are going to burn with the conviction that, regardless of what anyone else says, believing in – and contributing to – the White Racial Cause is without a doubt the right thing to do.

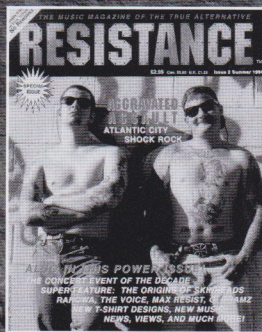
William Pierce saw the potential that slumbers in our race-soul, and he learned to bring that glorious but distant star into sharp focus. Despite the length of the path and the perils that lay along it, he boldly strode toward that star, stopping every now and then to turn and urge his kinsmen to follow. With an almost superhuman will, he brought himself and us a long way down that path. We must now go the rest of the way without him. Let us begin.

– Erich Glibe, Editor

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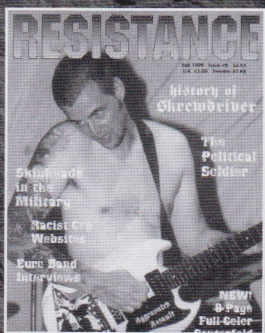
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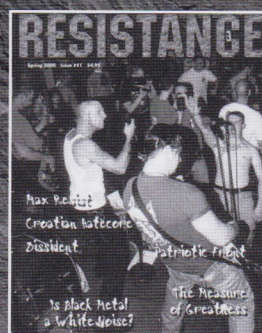
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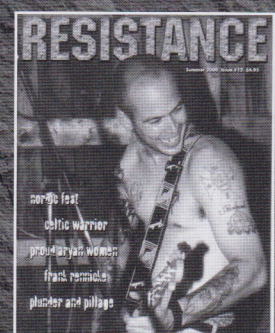
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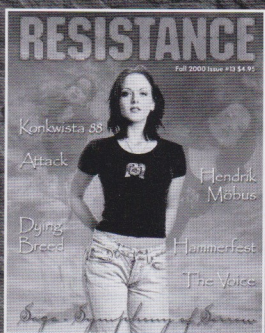
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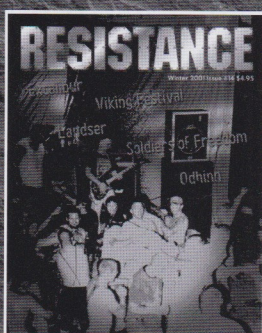
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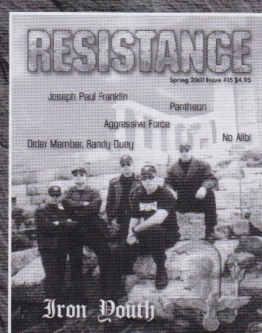
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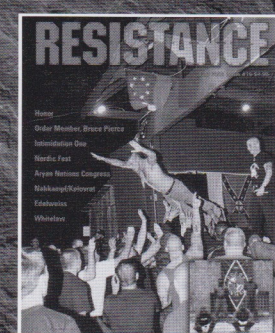
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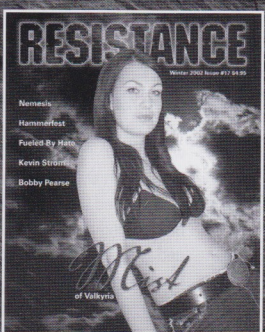
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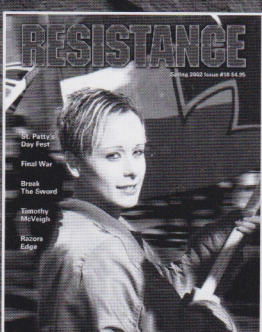
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News & Views

Facts and Opinions Suppressed by the Mainstream Press

USA

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Corporate greed and deception shakes Americans' confidence - The Jews and White traitors in the upper echelons of American big business are having to be a little more careful these days. After years of filching billions of dollars from the American public and lying about company earnings, executives are now finding themselves the subjects of investigations for financial dishonesty. When the Enron scandal surfaced, most Americans naively believed that it was an isolated case. But every week, more corporations are being called to account for illegal financial activities: WorldCom, Arthur Andersen LLP, Kmart, ImClone, Tyco, and others.

If they are Jews, Samuel Waksal of ImClone and Dennis Kozlowski join a long list of Jewish financial scammers: Marc Rich, Pincus Green, Ivan Boesky, Michael Milken, Marty Siegel, Dennis Levine, Martin Frankel, Sholam Weiss, Andy Fastow...and these are just the ones who got caught. Every year, Jewish finance criminals skim off millions (if not billions) of dollars from the American economy to pay for palatial mansions and subsidize Israel. Their shenanigans have bankrupted hundreds of thousands of workers, who lose both their jobs and their company stock whenever the scammers torpedo another American firm. As the public's confidence in the stock market is shaken, share prices plummet, evaporating Americans' investment savings. Particularly hard hit are the retired elderly who, unable to work, depend on the savings they have invested over the years to pay for essentials.

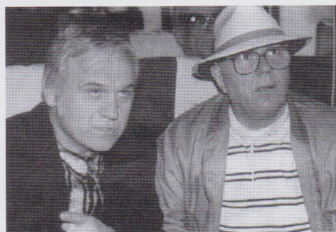
Perhaps one day, the White young and old alike will see the light and combine their efforts to throw the Jews out for good. We at Resistance are working toward that end.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

September 11 questions remain unanswered - The federal government continues to hem-haw its way past questions related to what it knew and failed to do prior to September 11. The Associated Press reports that, as early as 1995, Philippine officials had informed the FBI that Middle Easterners were enrolled in U.S. flight schools, and that one Arab flight student had been overheard suggesting that a feasible attack against the U.S. could involve flying a jet-liner into the CIA headquarters. In July of 2001, the Arizona office of the FBI provided corroborating information when it notified FBI headquarters in Washington that, yes, in fact, there were a large number of Middle Easterners seeking flight training at a specific American flight school. Based on this information, the Arizona office had urged Washington to investigate all U.S. flight schools for Arab student enrollment. And on 6 August, President Bush was warned that al-Qaida might try to hijack American airplanes.

That the FBI ignored these warnings and others is evident from the testimony of Minnesota FBI agent Coleen Rowley, who alleges that FBI headquarters squelched a planned investigation of pilot Zacarias Moussaoui, the supposed 20th hijacker, prior to September 11. Rowley stated that, before September 11, the constant foot-dragging and inaction of the Washington FBI office was so obvious that there was a standing joke among Minnesota agents that Washington was becoming an "unwitting accomplice" to Osama Bin Laden's plans to attack America.

Questions also linger over what Israeli intelligence knew and failed to share about the attacks ahead of time - given that Israeli agents had been shadowing a number of the hijackers for some time before September 11 - and what subsequent role the Jews and the feds played in the anthrax scare some weeks after the attacks. In the fall of 2001, Bush administration officials admitted that some White House staff began taking the antibiotic Cipro, which is effective against anthrax, on the day of the attacks - weeks before the public was informed of the biological threat.



Traficant the Maverick isn't rolling over yet - James A. Traficant, Jr., the Ohio Democrat elected to the House of Representatives nine times and who refused to resign his office after being convicted of felonies in a federal court in Cleveland, was expelled from the House on 24 July 2002 for nine violations of the House Code of Conduct. Traficant was found guilty on ten counts of racketeering, bribery, and tax evasion. The defiant lawmaker, who claims he was railroaded in a legal conspiracy, says he plans to appeal the court decision and run again for Ohio's 17th Congressional District seat in November, this time as an independent.

This isn't Traficant's first run-in with the law. In 1983, as a county sheriff, he was charged with accepting money from the mob. Serving as his own lawyer, Traficant was found innocent by a jury that believed him when he said he was conducting an undercover sting operation.

Traficant may not have been a squeaky-clean lawmaker (after all, without racketeering, obstruction of justice, bribery, and fraud, what would politicians do for a living?), but we suspect that there were other reasons he was targeted by the ruling power in the land. Traficant was outspoken in his support for retired Cleveland autoworker John Demjanjuk, who was stripped of his American citizenship in the 1980s for allegedly cooperating with the Germans in his native Ukraine during the Second World War. Traficant was instrumental in securing his constituent's freedom in 1993, when he traveled to Israel to visit the incarcerated Demjanjuk, and subsequently escorted him back to the U.S.

More recently, since 1996, Traficant has reportedly accepted about \$20,000 in campaign contributions from the People's Mujahedin Organization of Iran. And on the day after the September 11 attacks, Traficant made the following remarks before the House of Representatives: "...Congress must look in the mirror.... It may be unpopular to say, but I believe that America's foreign policy in the Middle East is so one-sided that we endanger now American citizens."

Ira N. Forman, the Executive Director of the National Jewish Democratic Council, responded to Traficant's comments in typical Jewish fashion: "We condemn in the strongest possible terms his placing the blame for this crime on American support for Israel. Representative Traficant is an embarrassment to the Congress, and his congressional colleagues should marginalize him as much as possible and say publicly that his words are beyond the pale. It is wholly unacceptable to try to scapegoat Israel, our one Democratic ally in the Middle East, at this tremendously difficult time. And it is even lower to try to blame this unprecedented catastrophe on our partnership with Israel - a partnership which enjoys overwhelming American support, regardless of political party." Few passages illustrate the Jews' uppity, holier-than-thou outlook better than this one.

The Jews can live with felons in Congress, but thought-criminals like Traficant will just have to go.

Declarations for reparations - On 17 August 2002, several thousand Blacks marched on the National Mall outside the U.S. Capitol Building, demanding reparations for the slavery that ended 137 years ago. The rally, whose theme was "Reparations Now: They Owe Us," was attended by several prominent Blacks. Representative John Conyers, a Michigan Democrat, spoke at the rally, saying: "Reparations are a global issue now." The words of other speakers were in a similar vein. "We need land as a basis of economic and political independence. We can't settle for some little jive token," said jive-talkin' Louis Farrakhan, leader of the Nation of Islam. "We need millions of acres of land."

If reparations are a "global issue" and American Blacks "need millions of acres of land," the obvious solution is to send them all halfway around the globe, where millions of acres of African land await the industrious Black settler. Not reparations: separation. And that ain't no jive talkin'.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Jews...in...space! - A former Israeli fighter pilot, Air Force Colonel Ian Ramon, is training with other astronauts for a 16-day research mission on the space shuttle Columbia. Ramon says he is not worried about terrorist attacks to his person, and that he feels very safe at the Johnson Space Center in Houston.

Who can blame Ramon for wanting to leave the Middle East, where - despite all odds - Palestinians are getting ingeniously creative in finding ways to kill the Jewish invaders? And after skipping out of Israel, what better rush than to freeload a ride on a spacecraft conceived, designed, built, and funded by goyim?

For those Resistance readers who are wondering whether Ramon was one of the zooming Jews who shot up and attempted to sink the U.S.S. Liberty in 1967 - killing 34 American servicemen in the process - we have to answer in the negative. Ramon is 47, which would have made him only 12 years old in 1967. The most he could have done was laugh with glee when he heard the news report that his people had tweaked the nose of the ball-less and bloated eunuch, and that - not to worry - his kinsmen in the American media and government would make sure that there would be no retaliation.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

FBI backs one branch of the Mafia over another – In late July, the Associated Press reported that it had found 20 memos, dated between 1964 and 1987, from Boston FBI agents to the FBI office in Washington, stating that the Boston agents were using mob leaders and hit men as informants in an attempt to bring down the Patriarcas, the ruling Mafia family in Boston. Six memos of reply from FBI headquarters to Boston prove that HQ condoned the practice.

The memos also show that HQ knew that its Boston agents were protecting their sleazy informants from local law enforcement agencies, and that one informant got off scot-free for murder while four innocent men rotted away their lives in jail.

For some reason, the FBI wanted the Patriarca Mafia family – an Italian organization – out of business in Boston, preferring instead to have the Winter Hill Gang – primarily an Irish outfit – rule the roost. Well, the scheming worked; the Italians are out, and the Irish are in.

The Jews certainly had reason to go after the Italians in Boston. It looks as though the connection between the FBI and the Jews isn't limited to the ADL's indoctrination seminars on "domestic terrorism."

WORLD

**MIDDLE EAST
PALESTINE**

Same old, same old... – The violence in the Middle East and the treason of the American government continue without letup. Jailed Palestinian leader Marwan Barghout, whose trial before a Tel Aviv district court began in early August, blamed the violence on Israel's actions against Palestinians and its illegal 35-year occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. "[Israel's] policy of assassinations, curfews, house demolitions... the policy of occupation will not lead to security," said Barghout.

Now the Jews have instituted a new policy: persecuting the West Bank families of suspected terrorists. The Izzies are forcing family members out of their homes – which are then bulldozed, or demolished with explosives – and are relocating these loved ones to the Gaza Strip. In addition, the Jews have written themselves a blank check, so to speak, in the stealing of more Arab land. In a mid-June statement dealing with the occupied territories, the Israeli government vowed that: "These areas will be held by Israel as long as terror continues. ...Additional acts of terror will lead to the taking of additional areas."

Palestinians who have not engaged in any terrorist activity aren't the only things on the move these days. The U.S. consulate, located in traditionally Arab east Jerusalem, is considering moving to the Jewish side of town. The Israeli

newspaper *Haaretz* has reported that the relocation of U.S. consular offices is already a done deal. Well, with Israeli Prime Minister Ariel "The Butcher of Beirut" Sharon having already visited "Gee Dubya" in the White House six times in just over a year (for Pete's sake, can't they just use the phone?), it's no wonder that the Palestinians are thinking about blowing up any American building they can.

The Israelis continue to seek and destroy. On 7 August 2002, the AP reported: "Earlier today, between 15 and 30 Israeli tanks and armored vehicles backed by helicopters pressed into the northern Gaza Strip, firing shells and machine guns at houses and searching for suspected militants." Although it is likely that the AP report is mostly correct, it probably has the actual sequence of events reversed. If we at Resistance know our Jews, the searching – with binoculars and rifle scopes, night vision or otherwise – came first, followed by the firing of tank, helicopter, and machine gun shells. The AP report also failed to mention the step between the searching and the shelling: the Hebrew equivalent of "There's one! Fire!"

Israel: the shining example of the innate hypocrisy of Jews. Tell all your friends!

IRAQ

Bush administration rattling sabers, wants war – The Bush administration has been doing everything in its power lately to find a suitable excuse for attacking Iraq. The U.N. sanctions imposed on Iraq after it invaded Kuwait in 1990 were not revoked after Iraq's defeat in the Gulf War. The sanctions will remain in place until U.N. inspectors can verify that Iraq's nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons – and the long-range missiles that carry them – have been destroyed. U.N. weapons inspectors were on hand and poking around in Iraq back in 1998, but were recalled when the Americans and British commenced air strikes on Baghdad. Certainly, U.N. inspectors will have a hard time verifying much of anything now.

In truth, the U.S. has already engaged in warlike acts against Iraq, conducting bombing raids in both the northern and southern sections of the country. Saddam Hussein's response has been remarkably tame, limited only to verbal warnings and a few pitiful and outdated anti-aircraft missiles.

President Bush, having failed so far to provoke Iraq into a fight, is now pulling out all the stops in his crusade against Hussein. In recent weeks, Bush has publicly admitted that he is kicking around – and/or actively implementing – the following ideas: providing support to dissident groups within Iraq; orchestrating a military coup against Hussein; and ordering a covert operation to assassinate the Iraqi leader. Bush has even suggested that he might pounce on Iraq in force and without warning – presumably, just for the hell of it.

Bush's bogus reasons for going after Iraq are so obviously transparent that America's allies, including most of Europe and all of the Middle East except Israel, have been reluctant to jump on the bandwagon this time. Right now, it seems likely that if warmonger Bush has his way, he will be the sole bully in the ring, which will help neither America's international image nor the safety of American citizens, either at home or abroad. Even a sizable portion of the befuddled American population just can't seem to understand what Gee Dubya is so excited about.

The only people who are behind the President 100% are the Jews. As with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, the true nature and power of the Jews is out there for all to see. The hapless chief executive is the mouthpiece, but the Jews still do the talking.

**AFRICA
RHODESIA/ZIMBABWE**

Last White farmers being run off their land – Zimbabwe's president Robert Mugabe, realizing that no White nation abroad will come to the aid of their racial kinsmen in Zimbabwe, has set in motion the process that will transfer essentially all of the remaining White-owned farmland to Blacks. The government says that it has targeted 95% of White land for redistribution to Mugabe's thugs (that's 95% of the portion that still remains in White hands after more than 20 years of Black squatting and theft). Whites have been issued eviction orders, been told to leave their crops and livestock behind, and been asked to pay their Black farmhands severance packages. Those who refuse to comply are arrested or worse. Many Whites are raped and killed anyway by Blacks who know that there will be no retribution.

Any idiot knows what will come of what used to be the productive country of Rhodesia. Even the controlled media think it better to mention the truth instead of trying to hide it. An AP story of 22 August 2002 states that taking the White element out of the food production process has resulted in leaving the "...black workers and their families to a gloomy fate." They report that half of Zimbabwe's population of 12.5 million is threatened by a food shortage.

The lessons are twofold. One, Whites have a special ability to build and maintain orderly and civilized nations. Two, White societies must be monoracial, with White people constituting the entire labor force. Time and time again throughout history, non-White workers have arisen against their White masters, resulting in the loss of those White genes forever.

**EUROPE
GERMANY**

Member of German band spying for the secret police – A member of the German band White Aryan Rebels was arrested by Berlin police in July, apparently for violating hate speech laws. During questioning, the police were surprised to discover that the 27-year-old man, "Tilo S.," had been recruited by the German intelligence agency, and had agreed to keep intelligence officials informed of the actions of right-wing organizations.

The White Aryan Rebels album, *Notes of Hate*, had ruffled some feathers last year by mentioning former German tennis star Boris Becker's mongrel children in the song entitled, "The Bullet is For You." If it turns out that Tilo S. really was spying on his comrades, it looks like we've got another name to add to the lyrics of that song.

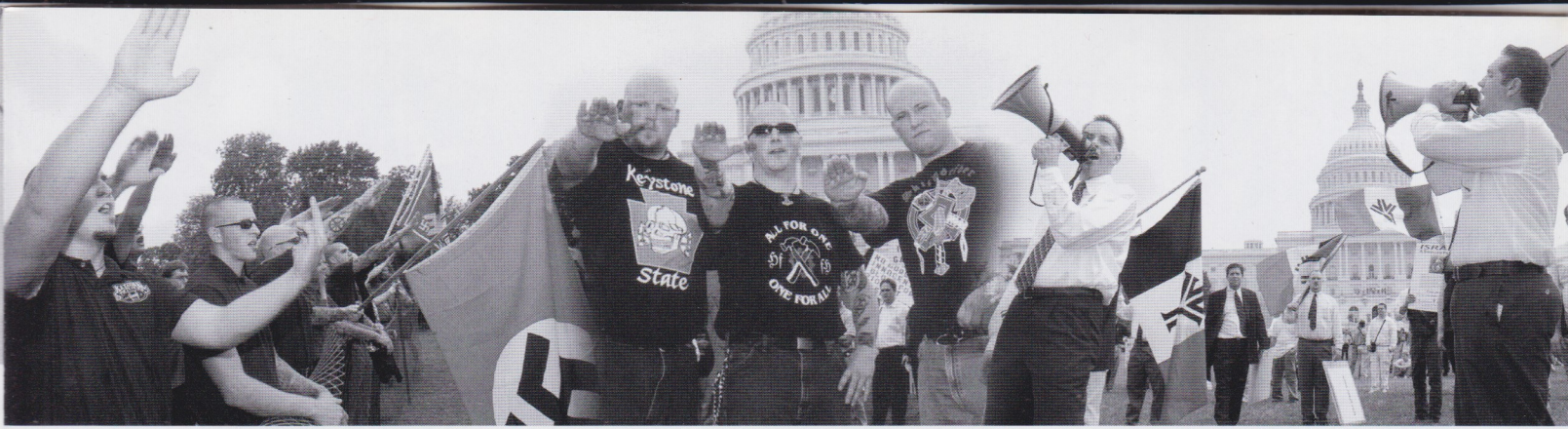
THE CONTINENT

Popular sentiment against refugees on the rise – All over Europe, the facts are out in the open. Non-White immigrants, both legal and illegal, are overrunning the breadbasket of civilization, and the natives are getting restless. Right-wing candidates are receiving unheard-of numbers of votes, and the incumbent thumbsuckers are whining about fascism and racism. The media is attempting to pacify the masses by saying that, without the immigrants, the ratio of workers to pensioners will fall too low in a matter of years. We at Resistance have never had much faith in democracy or in those who attempt to garner votes, but we wish all serious anti-immigrant candidates the best of luck, and have only this to say to them: If you attain power, remember who put you there and why they put you there. Don't compromise with the Enemy or betray our people. In the end, you too will be called to defend your record before the most radical and progressive elements of the White race, and we don't have much of a fondness for backsliders or hypocrites.

BRITAIN

Immigration still the hottest topic around – White Britons are beginning to realize that they are being run off the planet by Asians and Blacks. Racial violence is taking place throughout the Sceptered Isle. The British government can seem to think of no better way to deal with the immigrant problem than to build more asylum shelters, and even ordinary Britons are getting fed up with immigrants on the dole. In May, Gurbux Singh, chairman for the Commission for Racial Equality, announced that by 2027 one in six people in Britain will be Black or Asian. Again, the powers that be are attempting to hoodwink White Britons by promising that new immigrants will have to learn English and take "citizenship lessons." Let's save the refugees the trouble of learning English and of how to be decent citizens by sending them home.





“Taxpayers Against Terrorism” March on Washington, D.C.

24 August 2002

This demonstration in Washington, D.C. was designed to expose the Zionist powers that own the U.S. media and control Washington. Although other demonstrations have been held in Washington in recent months, this was the first to be held by the Capitol building.

Despite the hordes of non-Whites, this area is rich in White history. The city itself has very grand, classical architecture, with many interlaced swastika and fascist symbols within the old artwork. This seems quite at odds with the political powers that now rule America, but it wasn't very long ago that racial separatists still controlled the country founded by our forefathers. We were especially surprised by all of the interlaced swastika patterns in the beautiful Library of Congress.

The Zionist-inspired opposition was mainly from the ARA (Anti-Racist Action), but there were also others. They had posted lies about the National Alliance on signs around the National Mall, and boldly claimed that they “would not let the National Alliance pass.” And there had been death threats, just like the ones that have scared racial patriots into backing down for years. Those threats just aren't going to work anymore.

On Saturday morning, police helicopters patrolled the skies, and uniformed police were everywhere: on foot, in cars, on motorcycles, on horseback, on bicycles, and in riot buses. As we arrived at the Union Station parking garage, the street was mobbed with cops, reporters, and bystanders.

The police had set aside the top floor of the garage for our use. At the top, we were pleasantly surprised to see several hundred White patriots already there,

many with signs and banners. The most abundant was the Life Rune flag, which is used by the National Alliance in street activity.

It looked and smelled like rain, and the weather was hot and humid, but we were too motivated and optimistic to care. As the time for stepping off approached, our enthusiasm only grew. We stepped off promptly at 11 a.m. and the people with bullhorns started the chanting. Before we were even out of the parking garage, we were thundering our chants with smiles on our faces:

**“What do we want? Jews out!
When do we want it? Now!”**

There to greet us at street level was an army of reporters, about 200 ARA protesters, hundreds of cops, and several hundred spectators. Our column was about a quarter of a mile long. With all our banners, signs, and flying flags, it was a sight to behold. The ARA were screaming their heads off and the media were filming and snapping photos. None of the ARA charged our line, which they could have done if they had wanted to because there were huge gaps between the policemen lining the route, but with our disciplined column of 500 strong, they knew better than to try.

The cowardly tactics of the ARA are normally to throw rocks and run off, which they did a few times. (One of these nasty degenerates even threw a bag of shit. It was a poor throw, though; the bag went way over our heads and didn't even explode properly. So he had carried around an extra bag of shit – besides the one in his head – for hours, all for nothing.) One tall, young, brown fellow had pulled up a cobblestone, but was caught and arrested

before he could throw it. He was fined \$50 and let out that same morning.

From Union Station, we marched all the way to the back lawn of the U.S. Capitol, more than a mile away. We chanted all the way, constantly taunted by the ARA. At the meeting point, Billy Roper made a speech against the Zionist policies of the U.S. government. We also destroyed an Israeli flag and had some time to chat and meet with others in our ranks.

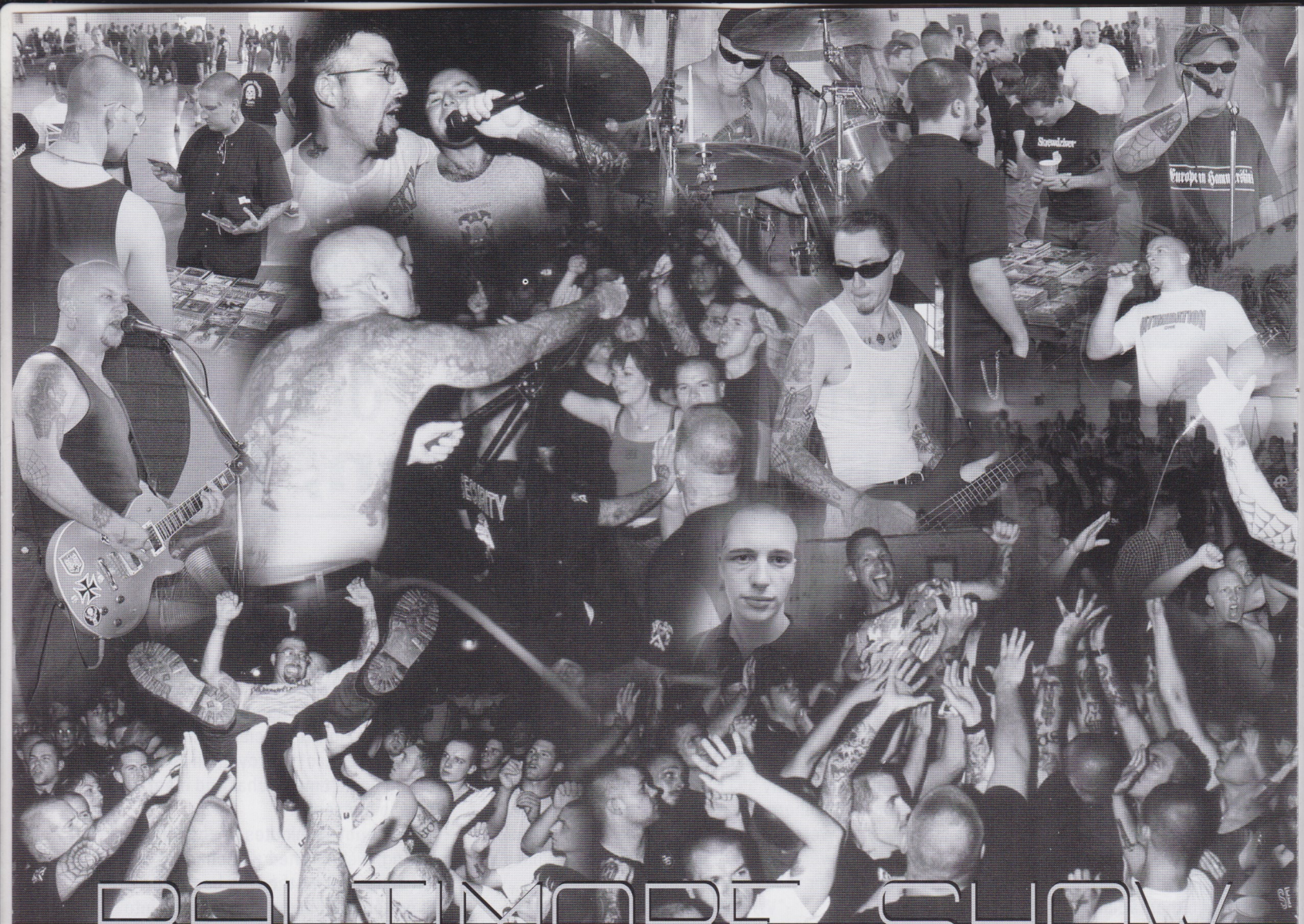
After about 45 minutes of chanting and mingling, we marched and chanted and even sang a bit on the way back. The ARA had gotten tired and slithered back into the sewers. The only drawback was that many people who had forgotten to bring water bottles were extremely thirsty; a lesson for next time.

Back at the garage, there were many happy faces and handshakes. Later, most of us made our way to Baltimore for our White Power Rock concert.

Every half hour for all of Saturday night, CNN showed news clips of the demonstration. By 5 a.m., they had added one new point. They stated that: “After hundreds of White racists marched on the Capitol, they then went to a White Power concert, where the bands Definite Hate and Brutal Attack played.” This is probably the first time that the name of any skin band has been mentioned on CNN.

Overall, the demonstration was a huge success. It's hard to beat the feeling of marching with hundreds of other White patriots on behalf of our people. Without sacrificing the images of strength, truthfulness, decency, and professionalism, let's continue making each demonstration bigger than the last.

—Shaun Walker



BALTIMORE SHOW

After the march in Washington, D.C., most of those present drove an hour north to Baltimore. The location of the gig was being kept secret, as there were threats of shutting down the concert. There were about four liberals who showed up, but they kept their distance across the street and left after pointlessly standing there for hours, watching the skinheads having a good time.

The location for the event was unique. This was the first concert that I know of that was held in an armory, but it turned out to be an excellent choice. The security was professional and friendly. The crowd was very well behaved, despite the alcohol. There were no fights, although a few tempers flared up in the mosh pit. There were just too many good feelings going around; there was a real sense of accomplishment in the air from the D.C. demonstration.

The armory had a big, high-ceilinged hall. The medium-sized stage was set up in the middle, with plenty of merchandise at the far end of the hall. The sound system was great, and the hall was so big that there was plenty of room for everyone to move around, even when the mosh pit got going fast and furious. The crowd was mostly young, but probably 15% of it was 35 years of age or older.

The concert started at 2:30 p.m. and lasted until about 2:00 a.m. The exact number of attendees isn't known with certainty, as so many people were coming and going. The attendance was estimated to be just under 500.

The concert can be split into two stages: the daylight half and the nighttime half. The bands that played the first half were Definite Hate, Lone Wolf, Hammerhead, and H8Machine. Although most in the audience

had heard the veteran band H8Machine before, many had never heard the other three bands in concert. This concert was excellent exposure for these newer bands. Lone Wolf and Hammerhead made a good showing, but many in the crowd were unfamiliar with their songs, so there wasn't a lot of singing along with the bands.

Definite Hate and H8Machine have started to get more exposure and build up a following, and more people were singing along with them. The mosh pit for all four of these bands was relatively tame, with most of the audience gathered around the stage listening to them for the first time. Of course, there were some hardcore skins who were in the pit from start to finish. (Hey, it's better than aerobics.)

Recorded music was played during the intermissions. When it got dark and more people started to show up – and more beer



AUGUST 24, 2002

report by Shaun Walker

had flowed – the pit really came alive and more people crowded around the stage. The fifth band to play was Intimidation One from Portland, Oregon. Jason, the frontman and lead singer, is a pro, and his band's followers were fired up. I've seen Intimidation One play four or five times before, but this was by far their best performance.

Celtic Warrior, one of the longest running bands in the White Power music business, played next. Celtic Warrior is from Great Britain, so most had never seen them in concert, but many, especially the older crowd, knew their songs by heart. Billy, the lead singer, is a bit older than most of the young skins who were there, but he has more energy than most and gives it all in his performance. Most of what the band performed was their own material, but they threw in several Skrewdriver songs as well. Billy is proba-


bly the best singer of Skrewdriver songs; he puts a lot of feeling into it.

The next band needed no introduction. Ken McLellan is a celebrity who has never let his fame go to his head. His band Brutal Attack, with a score of CDs, is now in its third decade of performance. Ken loves to sing, and he put his whole heart into the performance. The audience reacted with sheer delight and enthusiasm. Brutal Attack had the audience fired up to its peak, with the mosh pit going fast, hard, and violent. Many of the shapely, young women present had joined in as well. It had been a warm day, and most of the ladies were dressed in a manner that only added frosting to an already tasty cake.

The last band that played is one of the most famous American bands: Max Resist. Sean, the lead singer, who has been playing in WP bans since the 1980s, is both a

musician and stage entertainer. He can keep a crowd going even when he isn't singing. Any other band would have had a tough time following Brutal Attack, but Max Resist kept the crowd energized, playing their old and new songs into the wee hours of the morning.

The concert was an overwhelming success. The dynamite D.C. march had set the tone. Instead of starting fights, people at the gig were talking about getting more involved, wanting to do more for our Cause. This concert was a step forward, and everyone there knew it. As more and more White people start standing up, realizing that they have to get involved or lose everything, the WP music scene will have to continue to grow to provide an artistic outlet for our people. And the Baltimore concert suggested that we are already moving nicely in that direction. ♦



WE WERE SOLDIERS

Movie Review by Hans Immelman

Rating: R

Running time: 2:18

Genres: Action, War, Drama

This film, based on the real-life experiences of Lieutenant Colonel Harold G. "Hal" Moore Jr. of the U.S. Army's 7th Cavalry Division, is a cut above your typical Vietnam flick. The movie doesn't really inspire, but it does teach us (or at least remind us of) a thing or two about White men getting involved in the civil wars of the dark races. The film features plenty of good combat scenes and a few well-known actors – most notably Mel Gibson (*Braveheart*), but also Sam Elliott (*The Contender*, *Gettysburg*), Greg Kinnear (*As Good As It Gets*), Chris Klein (*American Pie*, *Say It Isn't So*) and Barry Pepper (*Saving Private Ryan*, *61**). The film isn't half bad, especially if one is able to relate the action on the screen to the racial/social/political trends in the U.S., both during the war and at present.

For the bibliophiles out there, Moore (now a retired Lieutenant General), along with wartime UPI reporter Joseph L. Galloway (now a senior writer for *U.S. News and World Report*), wrote *We Were Soldiers Once...and Young*, on which the movie is based. The text recounts the same story in more detail and at a slower pace, but *Resistance* readers should be able to learn the lessons from the movie without reading the book, especially if they do a little homework about Vietnam first.

It is imperative today that we understand what happened in the United States before and during the Vietnam War. In viewing Vietnam from a White standpoint, we see that not every war is a good war; that stomping around the world mowing down non-Whites – in Afghanistan, at the moment – isn't always a good idea. There is a time and place for skull crushing, but we don't need to be swaggering around the globe picking fights or getting anyone's butt out of a jam. This is a lesson we Whites have been very slow to learn.

We might begin with a few facts about America's involvement in Vietnam and about the treasonous way in which American politicians conducted the war. The U.S. began sending advisors to South Vietnam in the early 1950s, and the number of Americans in Vietnam grew steadily for nearly two decades. Lyndon B. Johnson (LBJ) had opposed intervention in Vietnam as a Senator and had campaigned on that issue in the 1964 Presidential campaign against Republican Barry Goldwater. Nonetheless, LBJ

continued the American buildup when he reentered the White House in 1965 but, at the same time, he refused to declare a state of national emergency, which would have extended the enlistments of regular army personnel and reserve officers. As a result, the soldiers with the most training went home before leaving for Vietnam or had tours of duty in Vietnam of only a few weeks or even days. Soon after Moore and his men arrived in Vietnam, expired enlistments and malaria combined to ensure that no unit was at more than 75% strength.

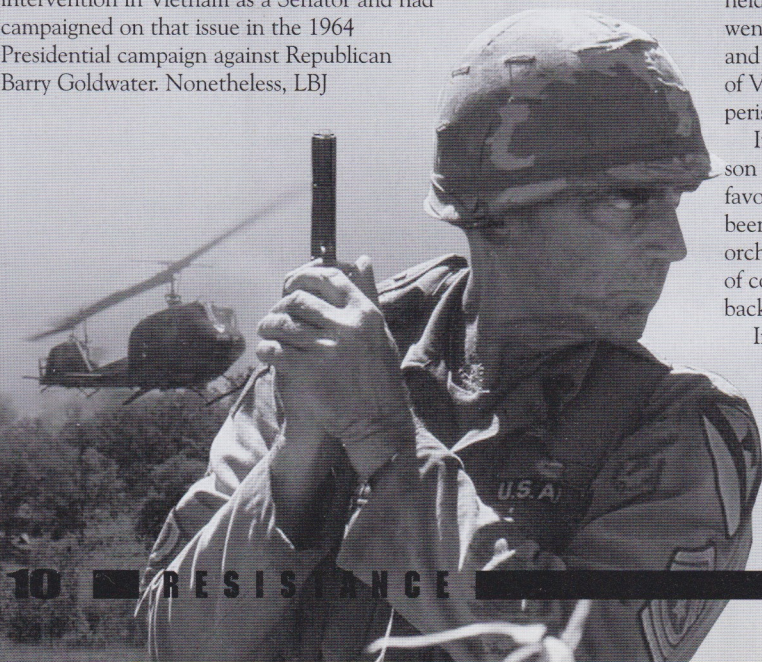
In addition, once the conflict began to heat up, American forces were forbidden from extending the war into Cambodia, which was being used as a sanctuary by the North Vietnamese, as everyone in the American government knew. In effect, the Communists could fight whenever they wanted, scurry back across the Cambodian border at will, and shout: "Base!" By the time the ban was lifted, it was too late. With their hands tied, the Americans had no chance to mop up the North Vietnamese.

Closer to home for Moore and his men was General Harry Kinnard, who apparently didn't get the memo about how he should do everything possible to lose the war while pretending to win it. When Kinnard's unit, which included Moore, received the orders that they were to be shipped over to Vietnam, Kinnard did everything he could to secure a base of operations in nearby Thailand. There were several real advantages to a base in Thailand, the most important of which was that the base would be surrounded by friendlies. The big-wigs denied Kinnard's pro-American request in rather curt fashion, and told him find space in South Vietnam, secure the area, clear the jungle, build the camp, garrison it, and guard it. Such a situation was more work, made supply lines less secure, and reduced the number of Americans available to fight.

Unlike the American leaders, North Vietnam president Ho Chi Minh actually tried to win the war. While it was available, he used the sanctuary of Cambodia with great effectiveness. He employed an average of one Chinese adviser per regiment (a fact that the commander-in-chief of the American forces in Vietnam, General William C. Westmoreland, expressly forbid any American from even mentioning) and obtained Soviet-built weapons. Although North Vietnam is thought to have lost nearly one million people during the war, Ho Chi Minh held his army together. Finally, in 1973, the Americans gave up and went home. Two years later, the capital of South Vietnam, Saigon, fell and was renamed Ho Chi Minh City. Ho Chi Minh had his victory, all of Vietnam became communist, and the 58,000 Americans who had perished in Vietnam had died for nothing.

If you don't want to fight a war, then go home. If there is a good reason to fight, then you fight to win. But LBJ and the people around him favored neither a no-war nor an all-out war, either of which would have been a sensible alternative. Instead, the political and media scoundrels orchestrated a half-assed war, and they got half-assed results. All of this, of course, goes unmentioned in the movie, but it helps to have some background in order to get the most out of the flick.

In *We Were Soldiers*, writer/director/co-producer Randall Wallace, of *Braveheart* fame, teams up again with Mel Gibson in an emotional whirlwind of a movie. The action centers on the first major battle between the American military and the People's Army of Vietnam (PAVN). The PAVN – also known as the NVA – was the regular army of communist North Vietnam. The Viet Cong, on the other hand, were the black pajama-wearing communist guerrillas of South Vietnam who were supported by the PAVN.





In November 1965, Moore and his 7th Cavalry spent three long and bloody days in the Ia Drang Valley, a remote area in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam, fighting an enemy that outnumbered them more than five to one. In that battle, the 7th Cavalry became one of the first units to field-test a new tactic of war: airmobile warfare. The idea was to fly soldiers in by helicopter, drop them precisely in place, let them take care of business, and fly them out lickety-split. Despite heavy casualties, Moore and his men held their ground, only to be ordered to then turn tail and bug out by the American higher-ups.

The movie begins with a flashback to French Indochina, now called Vietnam. As French soldiers are marching through the countryside, they are ambushed and butchered by the North Vietnamese in a scene that is probably based on the real-life massacre of the French on 24 June 1954 on Vietnam's so-called Colonial Route 19. A memorable quote is delivered at this point by the Vietnamese commander. When asked by his men whether the French prisoners should be kept alive, he replies: "No. Kill them all and they will stop coming." (Hate crime! Hate crime! Reparations for the French, anyone?) But the policy appears to have worked for the little yellow people for, in 1954, the French colonialists left Vietnam.

Slowly but surely, the U.S. became more involved in Vietnam's internal political squabble, backing the democratic South against the communist North. Moore and his men are sent in as part of the 7th Cavalry (Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer's unit that got massacred by the Sioux at the Battle of the Little Bighorn in 1876). Parts of the 7th Cav's 1st and 2nd Battalions are choppered into the Ia Drang Valley near the Cambodian border, set down in Landing Zone X-Ray (LZ X-Ray) at the foot of the Chu Pong mountains, and left there to fend for themselves for three days. Most of the film deals with the trials of the American soldiers, outnumbered and unfamiliar with the country, who are trapped on the low ground in the Valley.

As the 42-year-old Moore (West Point class of 1945), Gibson is a convincing, cool-under-fire, get-the-job-done protagonist. Gibson's portrayal of Moore offers White viewers some sound advice: know your enemy and the terrain, learn from the mistakes of others so that you won't make them yourself, be bold, have faith, keep up your spirit and that of your men, and be loyal to those in the fight with you. In the first part of the film, we also get to see the touchy-feely, devoted husband/loving father side of Moore as he interacts with his wife Julie (Madeleine Stowe) and his litter of five little Moores. At the end of the film, typical of the chivalrous nature of our race, Moore sends the diary of a slain North Vietnamese soldier home to the soldier's woman.

In Gibson's depiction – which is quite true to life, apparently – Moore fits perfectly the accepted American ideals of the 1950s. Among those ideals was the conviction, common in those days, that whatever the American government did, one should support it. And Moore did support Uncle Sam. In Moore's and Galloway's book, we learn how Moore grew dissatisfied with his government's policies in Vietnam, although he never went so far as to call it treason, as we know it was today.

But from our perspective four decades later, it is this "my country, right or wrong" notion that we absolutely cannot accept. In general, of course, simply doing what you're told to do is a fine trait for a soldier; there is no such thing as an army of independent thinkers. But today, when Jews are formulating the orders, we need to question them, or at least the thinking portion of the race does.

We Were Soldiers gives no rationale for why the American military would want to plop 400 of its young men into a nest of butter-faced PAVN regulars – three regiments, a total of more than 2,000 men – and leave them there for three days. Nor was there any explanation for our involvement in the war itself. Although Status-Quo Steve and Indifferent Linda aren't bothered by such questions, this is an important one, and it demands an answer.

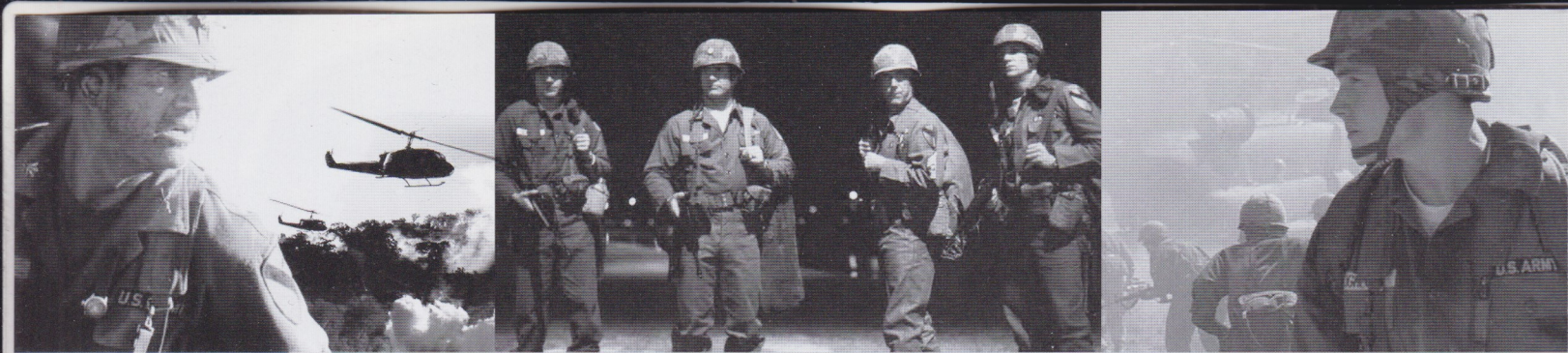
Why were we Americans in Vietnam, anyway? Before my racial awakening, this very question puzzled me. The Domino Theory about communism seemed weak, especially when I located what LBJ called "that damned little piss-ant country" on the map. Even if all of Vietnam – or all of Southeast Asia, for that matter – did become communist, I didn't foresee any drastic shift in the balance of world power or even any negative consequences at all for the United States. I couldn't help but wonder why anyone here cared enough to send Americans off to fight another country's civil war. I do honestly empathize with the people of a war-torn country, but that doesn't mean I am willing to go there and get my head blown off over who controls which rice paddy or termite hill. As to why exactly we were in Vietnam, neither my school-teachers nor the television ever gave me an answer with any meat behind it.

And no wonder, for today we know that the long and short of it is that there was no good reason at all why White men were in Vietnam. And to understand how we were foolish enough to send our men to that god-forsaken pesthole, one has to be familiar with the whole background of our race's plight – and the Jews' hands in it – throughout the 20th century. The shortest and best summary of this plight and its relationship to Vietnam is the late Dr. Revilo P. Oliver's 1968 speech, "What We Owe Our Parasites." After hearing it, Vietnam takes on a whole new meaning.

Anyway, *We Were Soldiers* does a good job of giving us a balanced story of the war. Most Vietnam films can be put into one of two extreme categories: A) drum-beating, chest-thumping, gook-shoot flicks, or B) (sniffle, sniffle) "I love everyone...I would rather die than shoot little yellow people who are trying to kill me" flicks. *We Were Soldiers* is neither of these. The movie, in fact, includes several scenes of the North Vietnamese in an underground bunker, discussing their progress, planning their next sequence of moves, and delivering pre-battle pep talks in spine-tingling Vietnamese prose. During these scenes, I couldn't suppress the feeling that these yellow men were simply defending their turf, and that we Americans were sticking our noses into their business. Unless the civil war in Vietnam could, in some way, have affected the well-being of our race – which, at the time, it couldn't have done – then we should simply have stayed away.

Besides the history lessons in *We Were Soldiers*, there are lessons, too, about our present. For the benefit of today's White moviegoers, the film features some multicultural plugs, most of which are entirely absent from the book on which the movie is based. The speech Moore delivers to his troops before leaving the U.S., for instance, has some explicit one-world propaganda:

We are moving into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where you will watch the back of the man next to you, as he will watch yours, and you won't care what color he is, or by what name he calls God.



Moore's troops are fashionably diverse, with everyone working in harmony. (In their book, Moore and Galloway include many pictures that are captioned with the names of the individuals in each picture. In one photo, the five Whites are listed by name, but the only Black is referred to simply as "unidentified trooper." Oops!)

Another example of Political Correctness is when the wives of the American servicemen meet as a support group back home. When a Black wife who is present mentions a "Whites only" sign at a laundromat – evidently in order to evoke pity from both the ladies group and the captive cinemagoers – all of the White women gasp and hang their heads in shame, except for the one White wife who doesn't get it, thinking that it has something to do with sorting clothes.

Lastly, we are reminded that "Native Americans" had one up on the White Man with regard to close family relations. While talking to his men, Moore delivers a charming anecdote about how Crazy Horse and other Sioux papooses (papoosi? papeese?) nursed from the breast of every woman in the tribe. Significantly, he mentions neither the age range of the milk providers nor whether the thirsty little Injuns took every teat at one sitting or spaced out their suckling into a week-long Breast Feast.

The film is intense but, thankfully, the producers mix in the tiniest portion of comic relief. Moore's prayer, as he kneels with Lt. Jack Hegogegan (Chris Klein) in the chapel at their Stateside Army base, includes the line: "And about our enemies' prayers, O Lord? Ignore their pagan prayers, and help us blow those little bastards straight to Hell." No mainstream Christian today would dare to think such a statement, much less utter it.

Sgt. Major Basil L. Plumley, played by Sam Elliott, contributes some timely humor as well. Sgt. Major Plumley is a gruff, no-bull old veteran of the 82nd Airborne who made all four jumps of that unit, including that of the D-Day invasion, during the Second World War. Plumley's comedic specialty in the film is one-liners. When Moore informs his men that the Sioux, besides appreciating diversity in breast milk, also called all of the older braves in the tribe "Grandpa," Plumley growls at the grunts: "Anybody calls me 'Grandpa,'...I'll kill 'em." Nobody messed with the real-life Plumley, either. Moore and Galloway state in their book: "The men sometimes called him Old Iron Jaw, but never in his hearing." The dash of light moments in the film is indispensable, and makes the rest of the movie go down more easily.

As far as action, the battle scenes are quite good, and are fairly true-to-life. There are a couple of scenes that will pose problems for the squeamish. In particular, be prepared for the grisly napalm scene, which occurs right after the Americans call in an air strike, about three-quarters of the way through the movie. That scene snuck up on me, and it'll come back to you when you close your eyes for bed that night.

The scenes on the home front give the movie more depth than we are used to seeing in a Vietnam-era film. The first 40-plus minutes of the film are set Stateside, and they enable us to learn a little about the soldiers and their families. From then on, for the duration of the film, our attention is periodically shifted away from the carnage of the battlefield and is directed back home so that we can see what's going on there. In these scenes, we witness the plight of the womenfolk, and the turmoil they go through as their loved ones fight and die in a pointless war in a far-off nation.

Most of us probably hadn't thought much about the home front before and, if you did, it was most likely an image of hairy, dirty, half-

clothed hippies pawing each other, holding anti-war signs, smoking dope, and screaming obscenities at well-kempt, sober passersby. After seeing this film, one will realize that Vietnam was as much a crime against our women as it was against the poor bastards who were sent to fight. Of course, stress and worry – both at home and on the front – are unavoidable in war and, in a justified war, we must accept these conditions as part of the game. But in conflicts like those in Vietnam or Afghanistan – in which White men die to further the interests of others – our politicians are deliberately spending the lives of American men, and emotionally torturing American women, to puff themselves up and curry the favor of a small group of people, none of whom give a damn about Status-Quo Steve and Indifferent Linda.

The film ends with Moore and the last Americans departing from LZ X-Ray, which makes the curious viewer wonder why we put our men into that death trap in the first place. As he had promised early in the movie, Moore left no one behind. All of the Americans, both living and dead, made the long trip home.

The benefit of a book over a movie is that it can include more detail. Moore and Galloway's *We Were Soldiers Once...and Young* does this for the Ia Drang campaign, and anyone caring to go beyond the movie should take in this book as a starting point. After reading the book, one will discover that the first and most obvious fact that was glossed over in the movie is that the Americans in LZ X-Ray wouldn't have stood a chance against the PAVN without artillery and air support. In addition, without radios and the helicopter lifeline to carry out the wounded and bring in more ammo and water, there would have been no American survivors at LZ X-Ray.

Furthermore, the three-day battle at LZ X-Ray that is featured in the movie was not the end of the Ia Drang campaign; it was just the part of it that was an American victory. After Moore's units had been chopped out of LZ X-Ray, several other units – that had reinforced Moore at LZ X-Ray – were told to march several miles to a nearby clearing called LZ Albany. (No reason is given as to why these exhausted men weren't simply picked up by chopper at LZ X-Ray.) Battle-weary and strung out in a long, thin line in the tall grass – and with all their platoon leaders holding a conference at the head of the column – the Americans were suddenly attacked by fresh PAVN soldiers.

It quickly turned into an every-man-for-himself melee: the Vietnamese were intermingled with the U.S. troops, making it impossible for the Americans to call in air or artillery support; the American field commanders were cut off from their units; and groups of three and four Americans circled the wagons and began shooting in every direction. Nobody knew what was going on, except that the Americans were getting slaughtered. The Vietnamese won this battle at LZ Albany and learned some valuable lessons about how to fight and win against superior technology and firepower.

We Were Soldiers is both an exciting war film and a treasure trove of insight into the hypocrisy of the Vietnam War. Although the movie doesn't comment explicitly about whether or not the U.S. was right to be in Vietnam, the awakened White viewer should be able to clearly see that, because we could gain nothing by being there, we shouldn't have been there. The multiracial propaganda in the film and the unavoidable parallels to the present – such as in Afghanistan – are also very obvious. If you like to think and be entertained at the same time, you should see *We Were Soldiers*.



The Buffalo Bash

JULY 6, 2002

A devoted crowd of resistance music fanatics gathered in a friendly neighborhood tavern in this New York town to celebrate the Fourth of July weekend with musical fireworks. The tavern was closed to its regulars on this day, although with plenty of spirits making the rounds on this festive occasion, the club owners did more business in this one evening than they normally do in a whole month. A healthy contingent from neighboring Canada was in attendance, including someone wearing a "Hail McVeigh" sweat-shirt. A decent number of Polish skinheads, from both Canada and New York, also arrived for the show. And, of course, it was nice to see a lot of pretty girls in attendance!

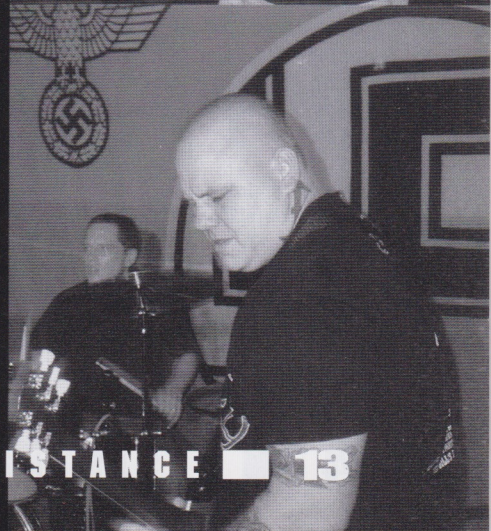
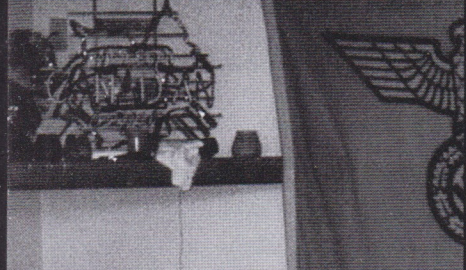
A new Florida band, **Platoon 14**, opened the show, and a number of guys put down their beer and bounced around the rapidly-filling mosh pit. This band has a raw but tight sound. Look for them to be in the studio soon working on their debut album.

Then **Attack**—also from Florida—took the stage and pounded out a furious set, with bodies flying around the pit. Frontman Forrest, out-of-control as ever, practically blacked out on stage at one point from screaming too hard. And it was great to see Chris, who had just recovered from a serious knee injury he suffered at their last gig, back on drums. Attack played all of their old favorites, including "Dirty Bitch," as well as songs off their latest release, *World of Ruin*.

One of the kingpins of Hatecore, the **Blue Eyed Devils**, with new lineup in place, entered the fray and nearly everyone in the place gathered near the pit to watch the band's eagerly awaited return. The band delighted the crowd by playing their popular anthems, including "Wagon Burner"—dedicated, of course, to the "land-bridgers," who for some reason are called "Natives." The pit really heated up at this point, and one intoxicated mosher came flying out, under the illusion that his eye was bleeding. After being convinced it was only sweat, he ran back into the pit and bounced around like a pinball. Although the Blue Eyed Devils appeared a bit rusty, it was great to see them back in action. These guys are a crowd favorite wherever they play, and the audience really got into their performance on this evening.

Buffalo's very own **No Alibi** played last and blasted out their heavy Hardcore. Frontman Kevin immediately seized the crowd's attention by telling everyone what he thought about the despicable creatures who quit the Cause. I'm sure we all know people fitting that description. Not only does No Alibi (Chris G.—guitar, Chris O.—drums, John—bass, Kevin—vocals) deserve praise for their fine set, but they also did a lot of the legwork involved in putting the whole gig together. The band also announced that they will have a new CD out soon. Can't wait for that one!

This was indeed a very good show. Everyone seemed to have a great time. There was food, good music, accommodating hosts, and a great atmosphere. I always enjoy coming to this town for a gig, and I can't wait until the next one. **Hail the Buffalo crew!**



Background to Treason

A Brief History of U.S. Policy in the Middle East

by Dr. William L. Pierce

Part 3: From 1933 to the Second World War¹

The almost simultaneous accession to power, early in 1933, of Adolf Hitler and Franklin Roosevelt is one of the great ironies of history.

The time called for strong White leadership. The largest White nation on earth was prostrate under the heel of a Jew-inspired and still largely Jew-staffed terror-regime of extraordinary virulence and expansionist propensity.² In the fourteen years of its existence, the Jewish-Bolshevik regime in the Soviet Union had murdered some 20 million Russians and Ukrainians. In 1932-1933 alone, 5.5 million anti-Bolshevik farmers and members of their families were exterminated in an artificial famine; while the commissars and the urban rabble on whom they depended for support dined well, armed Bolshevik gangs confiscated the crops and livestock of farmers who had resisted collectivization and left them to starve.³

From the beginning, the Bolsheviks had sated their bloodlust by butchering the best of the Russians: the most intelligent, the most successful, the most resourceful, the most independent, the purest and most valuable racially. They had virtually decapitated the Russian nation, selectively killing off those most likely to oppose



ADOLF HITLER

their own rule. And they had shown the same tendency wherever they had temporarily gained the upper hand, as in the Marxist regimes of Bela Kun in Hungary and Kurt Eisner in Bavaria.⁴

In the years since the end of the

First World War, the Jewish hold on the media of popular culture and public opinion, both in America and Europe, had tightened. During the same period, the Jews had greatly increased their infiltration of educational institutions and the churches, labor unions, and political parties. They were turning all of those institutions to their own purposes, leaving the host society less and less able to deal with its own problems and advance its own ends. And new problems were certainly brewing, not only in the Middle East, but also in Europe. In addition to the growing Bolshevik menace, there were other seeds of conflict that had been sown by the last war and by the disastrous treaty that followed it, and they were beginning to sprout.

A White champion was needed to crush Jewish Bolshevism wherever it had taken root; to extirpate the carriers of the Bolshevik virus; to free the news and entertainment media everywhere from Jewish control; to purge from the White consciousness the spiritual and cultural poison that had already been injected under that control; to raise from the dust the banner of White racial idealism and hold it aloft as a rallying standard for

¹ This is the third article of a series. Originally intended to be complete in two parts, it has expanded as research turned up additional relevant material, and it is now anticipated that it will consist of five articles altogether. The first, covering the period from biblical times to the First World War, appeared in *RESISTANCE* No. 17, and the second appeared in *RESISTANCE* No. 18.

² In 1933, approximately half of those in the higher leadership strata of the Soviet Union were Jews. A study done in 1965 by the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress determined the figure for 1939 with more precision: "Before World War II, 41.1 per cent of the deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. were Jewish..." [*The Soviet Empire*

(U.S. Government Printing Office, 1965), p. 63.]

³ This was a "Holocaust" – a real one – about which the controlled media remain as silent today as they did then, while they continue to serve up almost daily their Second World War gas-chamber tales about the mythical "six million." The facts are known; Alexander Solzhenitsyn was not the first to write about the genocidal activities of the Bolsheviks or to reveal their Jewish roots and leadership during the 1930s. Yet Christian priests and Christian politicians and Christian educators collaborate today with the Jewish masters of the controlled media in the promotion of the Jews as a race of martyrs deserving the world's sympathy. Hardly anything else illustrates as well as does this servile and hypocritical collaboration the moral decadence

of the present leadership stratum of the West.

⁴ Bela Kun (1886-1937) and Kurt Eisner (1867-1919) were both Jews, as were most of their lieutenants. Both seized the opportunity presented by the social and political chaos at the end of the First World War to organize short-lived Communist regimes.

Hungarian patriots rose against Kun in July 1919. He fled to the Soviet Union, while the Hungarians meted out justice to his Jewish accomplices who were unable to get out of the country soon enough. He perished in 1937 in Stalin's first purge of the Soviet Union.

Eisner was executed by a German patriot on February 21, 1919 in Munich, and the German Army subsequently dealt with Eisner's followers in an appropriate way.

progressive Whites throughout the world; and to deal as ruthlessly as necessary with the vested interests, the mercenaries, and the spiritually corrupted, who would array themselves on the side of the Jews in opposing all of these things.

That was a tall order indeed but, in Germany's new chancellor, it was met. In breadth of vision and depth of understanding, in commitment to the task at hand, in ability to accomplish it, and in willingness to be ruthless when necessary, Hitler stood far above every other political leader of the time – indeed, of any time in the Modern Age. He was the man to free the race and lead it once again to the upward path.

He began in Germany: within months, he had cleaned out the Communists, who had been on the verge of taking over the country during the administration of his democratic predecessors. The democrats had been at a loss as to how to cope with the Reds, but Hitler did such a thorough job on them that for the next twelve years, the international Communist apparatus considered an undercover assignment to Germany tantamount to a death sentence.

Then he dealt with the Jews – not by putting them into gas chambers as the popular mythology has it, but by freeing the German press, the German film industry, German radio, and the German educational establishment from their control and influence. The Jews in Germany prior to 1933 had followed their age-old pattern: shunning the manual occupations and creative work generally, they had established a strong beachhead in trade; from there, they had begun infiltrating the professions. By 1933, nearly half of the lawyers in Berlin (1879 out of a total of 3890) were Jews, and disproportions of similar magnitude were being established in the medical and teaching professions.

It was in the professions offering an opportunity to influence public opinion and shift cultural norms that Jews had sought and gained the strongest hold, however. They owned or controlled Germany's largest and most influential newspapers, such as the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Vossische*

Zeitung, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The Jewish Ullstein publishing conglomerate owned, in addition to the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Morgenpost* (circulation 607,000), the *Berliner Allgemeine Zeitung*, *B.Z. am Mittag*, *Das Tempo*, the *Montagspost*, the *Gruene Post* (circulation 1,042,000), and dozens of other newspapers and magazines.⁵

Hitler changed all of that in a radical way. Within a very short time after he took office, a Jew could no more determine what films Germans would see or what subjects German students would study than an Arab can do the same for Jews in Israel today. Jews in Germany could, of course, continue to write for one another, educate one another, and entertain one another; and they could still engage in those occupations and professions, including merchandising, that did not provide them the means to impose their own spirituality, morality, or ideology on the German people.

Such restrictions were intolerable to the Jews, however. For them, it was the whole cake or nothing, and from the day Hitler took office, they set their international machinery of disinformation and coercion into motion against the new Germany. One of their first moves was the imposition of an economic boycott. The word went out to Jewish leaders in every country: no German goods could be sold, no German vessels could be used for shipping, and no loans could be made to the German government or to German businessmen. Gentiles who refused to comply with the boycott were themselves to be boycotted.

The initial results were mixed: Germans retaliated by boycotting the large department stores in Germany, which were virtually a Jewish monopoly, taking their trade instead to the smaller shops owned by Germans; German businessmen who were engaged in international trade found that they could get by without foreign loans, if necessary, by turning to barter; and the boycott was far from airtight, with many international businessmen – including some prominent Jews – ignoring it altogether and continuing their trade and financial deal-

ings with Germany as before.

To plug the leaks, the World Jewish Economic Federation held an International Jewish Boycott Conference in Amsterdam in July 1933. Samuel Untermyer, a wealthy and prominent lawyer long active in Zionist affairs in the United States, presided. An Anti-Nazi League (ANAL) was formed to coordinate the economic pressure on Germany, and Untermyer was chosen to head it.⁶

ANAL declared a total economic and political war against Germany, and the propaganda tactics it used in that war immediately manifested all of the viciousness and brazenness of which the Jews are capable. The lies about conditions in Germany and the actions of the German government that Untermyer and others began disseminating as early as the summer of 1933, at a time when Jews were free to come and go in Germany, to use their wealth as they wished, or to leave and take it with them, gave a foretaste of the mendacious "gas chamber" propaganda that was to come later.

Untermyer returned to New York on August 6, 1933, and announced the Jewish declaration of war against

⁵ *Die Juden in Deutschland* (Verlag Franz Eher Nachf., 1935).

⁶ Samuel Untermyer (1858-1940) made his fortune as an organizer of corporate conglomerates and a manipulator of stocks before 1910. Then he switched sides and became a trust-buster, working closely with anti-business elements in the Congress. He was counsel to the Pujo Committee (1912-1913), a subcommittee of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and he was responsible for much of the content of its report (issued on February 28, 1913), which paved the way for both a Federal income tax and the setting up of the Federal Reserve System. Untermyer was a strong advocate of both, and his behind-the-scenes efforts during 1913 led to the passage of the Owen-Glass Act on December 23, 1913. Woodrow Wilson later appointed him chairman of a commission to set income-tax and excess-profits-tax rates.

During the 1920s, he was president of the Palestine Foundation Fund (for aiding the colonization of Palestine by Jews) and vice president of the American Jewish Congress. In 1927, Untermyer handled the lawsuit (by Herman Bernstein) against automaker Henry Ford, frightening the latter into ceasing publication of his exposes of Jewish activities, and withdrawing and destroying all available copies of his book, *The International Jew*.

Germany in a radio speech that evening. The complete text of his speech appeared in the *New York Times* the following day. World Jewry's war against Germany, said Untermyer, is a "holy war...a war that must be waged unremittingly until the black clouds of bigotry, race hatred, and fanaticism that have descended upon what was once Germany, but is now medieval Hitlerland, have been dispersed." Germany, he asserted, had been "converted from a nation of culture into a veritable hell of cruel and savage beasts."

The only Jews who were in any danger in Germany in 1933 were those who were active in Communist subversion or some other criminal activity. Those who minded their own business (admittedly, always a difficult matter for Jews) were not molested, but the Jews who had manned the Communist Party *apparat* were forced to flee or face the likelihood of concentration camp. But Untermyer was hardly concerned with truth when he spoke of "the slaughter, starvation, and annihilation, by a country that has reverted to barbarism, of its own innocent and defenseless citizens without rhyme, reason, or excuse."

He went on to claim that the Germans were herding the Jews of Germany into "vile concentration camps, starving and torturing them, murdering and beating them without cause and resorting to every other conceivable form of torture, inhuman beyond conception, until suicide has become the only means of escape, and all solely because they are or their remote ancestors were Jews, and all with the avowed object of exterminating them."



SAMUEL UNTERMYER: He has the distinction of being the father of both the Federal Reserve System and of the "Holocaust" myth — and of issuing world Jewry's declaration of war against National Socialist Germany. His radio speech of August 6, 1933 provided a remarkable insight into the Jewish mentality and gave fair warning to all racially conscious Whites that the survival of the race would require a fight to the death against Jewry and all of those under Jewish influence or control.

Thus was born in Samuel Untermyer's fertile imagination the lie that, with much added embroidery, was to emerge twelve years later as the full-blown "Holocaust" hoax. In his speech, he hinted so clearly at this future invention that one can hardly fail to suspect that the Zionists were already banking on the sympathy to be milked from future claims of six million gassed and cremated Jews:

I have seen and talked with many of these terror-stricken refugees who have had the good fortune to escape over the border, though forced to leave their property behind them, and I want to say to you that nothing that has seeped through to you over the rigid censorship and lying propaganda that are at work to conceal and misrepresent the situation of the Jews in Germany begins to tell a fraction of the frightful story of fiendish torture, cruelty, and persecution that are being inflicted day by day upon these men, women, and children, or the terrors of worse than death in which they are living.

When the tale is told, as it will be some day...the world will confront a picture so fearful in its barbarous cruelty that the hell of war and the alleged Belgian atrocities will pale into insignificance as compared to this devilishly, deliberately, and cold-bloodedly planned and already partially executed campaign for the extermination of a proud, gentle, loyal, law-abiding people who love and have shed their blood for their Fatherland, and to whom Germany owes in large part its prosperity and its great scientists, educators, lawyers, physicians, poets, musicians, diplomats, and philosophers, who are the backbone of its past cultural life.⁷

But why dwell longer upon this revolting picture of the ravages wrought by these ingrates and beasts of prey, animated by the loathsome motives of race hatred, bigotry, and envy. For the Jews are the aristocrats of the world. From time immemorial they have been persecuted and have seen their persecutors come and go. They alone have survived. And so will history repeat itself, but that

⁷ Untermyer refers to the British atrocity propaganda of the First World War. In order to drum up public enthusiasm for the war, British authorities and their helpers in the press invented and circulated outlandish stories of German bestiality. Lindley Fraser, a British economics professor who served as the BBC's chief of psychological warfare during the Second World War, later wrote of the tricks pulled by his predecessors:

"The 'Belgian Atrocities' stories provide a curious and unsavory chapter in the history of war propaganda.... What is not true, so far as later researches have been able to discover, is that the Germans were guilty of any of the hor-

rifying atrocities freely attributed to them by their enemies and widely believed in Great Britain and among Allies and friendly neutrals. Priests used as clappers in cathedral bells, crucified prisoners of war, children with their hands cut off: these and many other stories were common gossip in the Western world and doubtless helped those people on the Allied side who already hated the Germans to hate them still more.

"Where did such stories originate? Some of them...were deliberately invented; thus shortly after the war a well-known British journalist claimed, with some pride, to have been the

author of the story about the chopped-off hands." (*Propaganda* [Oxford University Press, 1957], pp. 34-35)

Another well-known Briton who invented some of the "Belgian Atrocities" stories was historian Arnold J. Toynbee. He finished writing *The German Terror in Belgium* (George H. Doran Co., 1917) in March 1917, a few weeks before Woodrow Wilson's call for war. The book was intended for American readers who still needed to be persuaded that the United States should enter the war against Germany.

furnishes no reason why we should permit this reversion of a once great nation to the Dark Ages or fail to rescue these 600,000⁸ human souls from other tortures of hell, as we can with the aid of our Christian friends, if we have the will to act.

Well, no one has ever accused the Jews of being modest. Clever, yes; avaricious, yes; vindictive, yes; but not modest and not truthful. Nevertheless, Untermyer was quite forthright in stating the Jews' aim. It was to "undermine the Hitler regime and bring the German people to their senses by destroying their export trade on which their very existence depends." He also stated the Jews' demands on "our Christian friends" plainly enough:

Each of you, Jew and Gentile alike, who has not already enlisted in this sacred war should do so now and here. It is not sufficient that you buy no goods made in Germany. You must refuse to deal with any merchant or shopkeeper who sells any German-made goods or who patronizes German ships or shipping. To our shame be it said that there are a few Jews among us, but fortunately only a few, so wanting in dignity and self-respect that they are willing to travel on German ships where they are despised and meet with the just contempt of the servants who wait on them and of their fellow passengers. Their names should be heralded far and wide. They are traitors to their race.

In conclusion, permit me again to thank you for this heartening reception and to assure you that, with your support and that of our millions of non-Jewish friends, we will drive the last nail in the coffin of bigotry and fanaticism that has dared raise its ugly head to slander, belie, and disgrace 20th century civilization.⁹

Economic warfare is warfare, and a declaration of economic war is a declaration of war. Throughout history a deliberate act or policy by one nation intended to injure the economic welfare of another has been regarded as a *casus belli*, justifying a warlike response as surely as does a territori-

al invasion. The Jewish boycott policy was certainly deliberate, and it was certainly intended to injure Germany.

As ANAL's propaganda intensified and began to take hold, the boycott became more of a problem for Germany. The German response was remarkably restrained, however. Instead of lashing out at the Jews, Hitler's government increased its effort to blunt the boycott by achieving economic autarky.

Foreign journalists and writers were also invited to Germany, so that they could, by reporting the truth to their readers back home, counter the lies being spread by Untermyer and company. A few did this. H.G. Wells, for example, reported that Jews were not being mistreated in Germany and that impressions to the contrary in England, the United States, and elsewhere were entirely due to the "incessant propaganda of the world's most charming but incurably nationalistic race."

Several widely read periodicals, such as the *National Geographic Magazine*, also reported truthfully on conditions in Germany.¹⁰ And, of course, the 1936 Olympic Games, which were held in Berlin, gave tens of thousands of American tourists and sports enthusiasts an opportunity to visit Germany and witness the truth for themselves.

Even some Jews found good in what Hitler was doing in Germany, although they would not praise him openly. They were mostly Zionists of the Jabotinsky stripe, who welcomed the barriers to cultural assimilation and intermarriage erected by the National Socialists. It would be good for their fellow Jews, they said to one another, to follow the German example and assert their own Jewish nationalism proudly and openly, instead of preaching internationalism to the Gentiles while practicing Jewish nationalism quietly among themselves; the Jews could only be accepted as equals when they dropped their deceitful approach to other peoples.

The same Zionists also advocated the formation of Jewish gymnastic clubs to encourage physical fitness among young Jews, and they urged Jewish parents to steer their children

toward careers in farming or handicrafts instead of the traditional law, trade, or finance. Needless to say, such Jews were a very small minority; most chimed in with Untermyer, spewing hate-inspired slander against all things German.

All Zionists, however, whether Revisionists or in the mainstream, and whether they secretly admired Hitler's policies or not, realized that what was happening in Germany was necessary for the achievement of their goal of a Jewish Palestine. Hitler was making Germany a thoroughly inhospitable country for the Jews, forcing them to set up shop elsewhere. Jewish immigration to Palestine consequently skyrocketed, reaching a new record of 61,854 for the year 1935.

The Jews' duplicity in their prewar anti-German propaganda is perhaps nowhere better revealed than in the fact that while they were wailing about the need to wage war

⁸ Untermyer's figure is 20 percent too large. There were 499,682 Jews living in Germany in 1933, according to the census taken that year. Before the outbreak of the Second World War six years later, Hitler had achieved the peaceful reunification of Austria (191,481 Jews in 1934) and the Sudetenland with Germany, but Jews had been emigrating in large numbers from all German territory, so that in 1939 there were only 240,000 Jews left in the Third Reich (including Austria and the Sudetenland), according to *The American Jewish Yearbook* for 1940-41 (v. 42, p. 602). One can only wonder whether Untermyer's somewhat inflated figure of 600,000 Jews in Germany in 1933 was later simply inflated again, by a factor of ten, to yield the famous 6,000,000 figure for the number of Jews supposedly done away with by Hitler.

⁹ It is interesting to compare Untermyer's lurid claim, in one breath, that the Germans were executing a "campaign for the extermination" of the Jews with his complaint, in the next breath, that some Jews were still in the habit of traveling on German ships and being waited on by German servants. It is true, as Untermyer notes, that Jews traveling on German ships, just as Jews remaining in Germany, were exposed to the "just contempt" of the German people, but so long as they obeyed German laws they were not harmed physically by anyone or persecuted by the authorities.

¹⁰ See, for example, the article "Changing Berlin," in the February 1937 issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*, which gives a comprehensive, lavishly illustrated, 47-page survey of life in the capital city of National Socialist Germany.



This is the Enemy



HATE PROPAGANDA for the Second World War was cleverly designed and mass-produced. The Jews had the full backing of the Roosevelt regime and all of the resources of the U.S. government at their disposal in inciting American hatred against the Germans. As soon as Roosevelt managed to get the United States into the war, posters such as these appeared in schools, factories, and offices everywhere. One common theme of Jewish war propaganda was that the Germans rounded up pretty girls in conquered territories and forced them to work in brothels. Actually, it was America's communist ally, the Soviet Union, which was guilty of such behavior. Another propaganda theme was that the Germans drained the blood from children in captured towns in order to use it for transfusions in military hospitals – and then they boiled the children's corpses down into soap.

“unremittingly” against “medieval Hitlerland” – a “sacred war,” in fact – the same Jews were busily committing sacrilege by breaking their own boycott against Germany. From 1933 through 1939, the Zionists secretly promoted a flourishing trade in agricultural equipment between Germany and the Jewish settlements in Palestine. Germany exported manufactured goods to Palestine – 37 million marks worth in 1937 alone – and was paid in Jewish gold.¹¹

The same duplicity later was reflected in the efforts in 1941, in the midst of the war between Germany and Britain that had been provoked

largely by Jews, of Jabotinsky's Revisionists to negotiate an alliance with the Germans against the British forces in Palestine. These efforts, just like the trade between Germany and the Jews in Palestine, were strictly under the table, and they had no effect on the Jewish propaganda effort against Germany. They do illustrate the point, however, that Jewish leaders were playing a much more complex game than was evident to most observers in the 1930s and 1940s. They wanted to destroy Germany, which they regarded as a deadly threat to Jewish ambitions of world rule, but at the same time they welcomed the effect on their fellow Jews of German policies, and they were not averse to secret collaboration with the Germans whenever that seemed to offer some advantage.

For several years, the average American was exposed to two contradictory sources of information about Germany. Unfortunately, the readers of the *National Geographic Magazine* were outnumbered by housewives

who read nothing but movie magazines and men who read only the sports sections of their daily newspapers. And everyone listened to the radio and went to the movies, media that were already heavily Jewish in the 1930s.

Since voting was not restricted to citizens who were intelligent and well informed, and since the politicians could count, the Jewish propaganda against Germany very soon was echoed by ambitious Gentile legislators, bureaucrats, and office seekers. Publicity-hungry “celebrities,” Jew-worshipping Christian ministers, and leftist academics were not far behind them. All of these were sought out by the Jews and persuaded to lend their names to public statements denouncing Hitler, his government, German policies, and the German people. Thus, the lies and the hatred were given an aura of respectability.

The Germans, unfortunately, were no match for the Jews in this propaganda war. Not only did the Jews have more powerful media under their control than those accessible to the Germans and their sympathizers, but the Jews were cleverer – and more brazen – in appealing to the gullibility of their audience. Whereas most Germans naively assumed that the truth must ultimately prevail and that the reckless extravagance of the Jews' lies would trip them up, the Jews better understood the plebeian mentality of the average American. It was a mentality that was quite capable of absorbing the most improbable lie, if the lie were repeated often and loudly enough. And, once absorbed, the lie would become impervious to reason and to all contrary evidence.

Hitler, at least, was aware of this danger, and he had warned of it in 1925. The common people, he noted, lack the imagination of the Jews, just as they lack the Jews' shamelessness:

Therefore...the masses more easily fall victim to a big lie than to a little one, since they themselves lie in little things, but would be ashamed of lies that were too big. They will never invent a real whopper themselves, and they will not be able to believe in the possibility of such monstrous effrontery and infa-

¹¹ See “The Third Reich and the Transfer Agreement,” by David Yisraeli, in the April 1971 issue of *Journal of Contemporary History*. A description of a related agreement worked out between the German government and Jewish leaders, saying that all Jews wishing to leave Germany and settle in Palestine could take their wealth with them, is given in *The Zionist Movement* (Zionist Organization of America, New York, 1946), by Israel Cohen (pp. 210-211).

mous misrepresentation in others. Even when presented with the facts they will doubt and waver and continue to accept parts of the lie. Therefore, something of even the most insolent lie will always remain and stick, a fact which all of the great virtuosos of lying know only too well and of which they make the most treacherous use.

The foremost connoisseurs of this fact regarding the possibilities in the use of falsehood and slander have always been the Jews...¹²

The Jewish response to this warning was typical. Knowing that not one American in a hundred would have the gumption to find a copy of *Mein Kampf* and read for himself what Hitler had actually written, they brazenly turned Hitler's words against him, charging that he had boasted in *Mein Kampf* that he, not the Jews, swayed the masses by telling them the biggest lies possible; therefore, Hitler was an admitted liar, and nothing that he or his sympathizers said was to be believed.

And, just as Hitler had warned, this whopper stuck. Even today, one hears half-educated academics prattle knowingly about Hitler being the inventor and advocator of the "big lie" propaganda technique. Opening a copy of *Mein Kampf* to the place where Hitler warns of the Jewish use of this trick and rubbing such a savant's nose on the page will not cure him of his folly; he has heard Hitler blamed so often that he simply cannot believe, even when presented with the evidence in black and white, that it is all a matter of Jewish deceit.

If Untermyer's lies in August 1933 were outrageous, the lies the Jews and their collaborators subsequently told about Germany, after they had shifted their propaganda machine into high gear, surpassed all previous bounds of mendacity. They did not limit themselves to inventing spurious atrocity stories, spurious statistics, spurious statements attributed to Hitler and other German leaders, which were passed off as "news"; they also played expertly on the average American's emotions and instincts with undisguised fiction. Anti-German novels, anti-German short stories, anti-German stage

plays, anti-German comic strips, anti-German nightclub acts, anti-German posters, and anti-German motion pictures were all used effectively. The Jews, as born salesmen, realized instinctively that the opinions and attitudes of most people are formed at a very primitive, sub-rational level, where facts and reason are of little importance, and they made the most of their realization.

Despite their overwhelming propaganda superiority, the Jews continued to worry that their opponents might succeed in getting their act together and begin countering the Jewish influence on American public opinion effectively. To head off such a possibility, the Jews did not hesitate to use raw, physical intimidation. In 1938, for example, they had a group of their Gentile stooges lend their names to a statement warning Americans of German descent not to show any signs of sympathy for Hitler's programs in Germany or to help spread National Socialist ideas in the United States.

If pro-German propaganda is tolerated, the statement threatened, "it cannot fail to create a cyst in the body politic of the American people. It will result in setting apart a large group of inhabitants of the United States whose duty it would be to render primary allegiance to the ruler of a foreign power. Friction between this group and the rest of the American people might result in unrest and possible bloodshed."¹³

One can easily imagine the screams of indignant outrage that would be heard from the same people who cooked up this statement, if a group of prominent politicians, academics, and church leaders had offered the far more plausible suggestion that the toleration of Zionist propaganda would induce Jews to render a primary allegiance to a foreign power, Israel, with the possible consequence that the rest of the American people would regard them as traitors and shed their blood.

The Roosevelt government also engaged in physical intimidation to silence the critics of the Jews. The Federal Bureau of Investigation harassed authors, editors, publishers, and lecturers who attempted to warn the American people that the Jews

were brewing up a new war for their own ends. J. Edgar Hoover sent out his "black bag" squads to burglarize the homes and offices of law-abiding citizens and to steal their private papers and research materials, all without the slightest worry that the news media would cry "foul!" as they did during the Vietnam era, when the shoe was on the other foot.

After Pearl Harbor, three highly publicized mass trials of dissidents were staged in Washington by Roosevelt's Justice Department in order to intimidate other opponents of the Jews' war aims into silence. One of the 28 persons charged in the first of these show trials was Ralph Townsend, an independent newsman from San Francisco, who had spent many years in the Far East and was thoroughly familiar with the international political and diplomatic situation. Townsend's "crime" was the publication in January 1939, eight months before the outbreak of the war and nearly three years before America's entry into it, of a 61-page booklet he wrote, *The High Cost of Hate*.

He had mailed thousands of copies of his booklet to legislators, educators, writers, and other influential persons, and he had sold tens of thousands of copies to the public. In it, he argued persuasively that the intense Jewish propaganda campaign being waged against Germany and Japan was intended to provoke a war, that a war was not in the best interests of most Americans, and that the propagandists were liars. Townsend began his booklet thus:

What is behind the campaigns of organized hate in America now?

No nation is attacking the United States. No nation is menacing a single inch of territory over which the American flag flies. Every one of the important nations seems eager for friendly

¹² *Mein Kampf*, v. I, chap. 10.

¹³ *The German Reich and Americans of German Origin*, Oxford University Press, 1938. Among the worthies sponsoring this statement was Henry L. Stimson (1867-1950), later to become Roosevelt's secretary of the War Department.

relations with us. Every nation in the world wants to trade with us.

Why, then, are our papers so full of hate toward others?...

Hatred of others is not natural among average Americans. The campaign to promote American hatred of other nations now is strictly a minority movement. They are now trying to get America involved in their foreign quarrels.

To gather support for this minority aim they are conducting a tremendous publicity campaign to stir American hatred of nations they want us to fight.

Many of these alien-minded people are important advertisers. Newspapers and magazines depend on advertising revenue. Thus, many editors seek to please them by running hate campaigns against any and all nations which the alien-minded advertisers don't like. They have deceived many sincere, loyal Americans. That is one of the influences – the main influence – behind the campaigns of hate and war talk in America now....

A powerful minority in America, well organized and well financed, wants us to fight three nations – Germany, Italy, and Japan....

Note that the majority of American editors, though they pretend peaceful ideals, are promoting this war hate drive in every way possible. Once enough hate is achieved the rest is easy.

The truth would not serve this war hate objective. Deception is being employed as abundantly now as in 1915-1917....

Only two characteristics mark the three nations our papers want us to hate and fight. First, these three nations are strongly anti-red. Second, they manage their own money and resources, free of any international financial bondage....

To state the case briefly, our press hates every nation run strictly by its own people – where neither international bolshevism nor international finance is allowed a grip....

Townsend went on to present a clear and persuasive analysis of the motivations of the hatemongers, or the deceptions they were using, and of the harmful and dangerous effects

of their hate on the American people. It is easy to understand why the Jews wanted to shut him up.

It was hardly necessary, however, to drag him to Washington in handcuffs and leg irons for a show trial; that was merely a bit of Jewish spite, akin to that manifested these days each time some elderly German who played a role in the last war is hounded to his death. For the sad fact was that, by the time President Roosevelt's anti-Japanese policies had finally provoked the Pearl Harbor attack, the Jews were holding nearly all the cards.

Father Coughlin, the populist priest who regularly opposed Roosevelt and the Jews on his radio broadcasts, continued reaching large numbers of people until ordered by the Pope in 1942 to shut up. But most men who, like Townsend, were attempting to alert the American people and counter the Jews' war propaganda were effectively denied access to the mass media. They distributed pamphlets and leaflets, but the Jews, who controlled most radio broadcasting, virtually all of the cinema, and a substantial majority of the big-city daily press, swamped them.¹⁴

This Jewish control of the mass news and entertainment media was the most important single factor behind the U.S. entry into the Second World War. The story of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, of the warnings Roosevelt had that the attack was coming, and of the cover-up afterward, so that the pretense could be maintained that the attack was a "surprise" has been told elsewhere.¹⁵ So has the story of the diplomatic and economic warfare that the Roosevelt government waged against Japan for five years before Pearl Harbor. All of those things are important – but the fact remains that Roosevelt could not have gotten away with his anti-

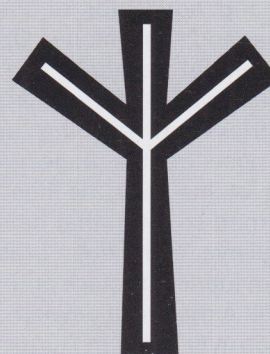
¹⁴ Ralph Townsend told the publisher of *RESISTANCE* that he had distributed 150,000 copies of *The High Cost of Hate* before Pearl Harbor. At the time, the Jew-owned *Washington Post* alone reached that many people in a single day.

¹⁵ See, for example, *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor*, by Robert A. Theobald (Devin-Adair, 1954); and *Infamy: Pearl Harbor and Its Aftermath*, by John Toland (Doubleday, 1982).

Japanese campaign (without which there would have been no Pearl Harbor attack) if there had not been a concurrent propaganda campaign to justify it in the minds of the public.

Not only did the Jews wage a hate-propaganda campaign of unprecedented magnitude in the years 1933-1941, but they simultaneously strengthened and expanded their capability for waging future campaigns. What began with Samuel Untermyer's half-hour tirade of lies over New York radio station WABC on August 6, 1933 had become a non-stop flood of poison into the mind of every American by December 7, 1941. And the propaganda apparatus that enabled the Jews to send millions of Americans overseas, with hate in their hearts, to kill the Jews' enemies in the years 1941-1945 was the same apparatus that, with the addition of the medium of television, enabled them to paralyze the will of Americans to resist the scrapping of their immigration laws and the racial mongrelization of their society in the post-war years. ♦

Next issue: Capitalizing on the "Holocaust."



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Racialist's Reading

Top Ten Lists

BRAD'S TOP TEN SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO

1. *The Turner Diaries* – Macdonald (Pierce)
2. *Scapegoat* – Worthington
3. *Hunter* – Macdonald (Pierce)
4. *The Poetic Edda* – Hollander
5. *Germanic Mythology* – Grimm
6. *Mein Kampf* – Hitler
7. *Ancient England* – Blundell
8. *Dirty War* – Bolan
9. *Talked to Death* – Singular
10. *Red Storm Rising* – Clancy

ROB'S TOP TEN EVERETT, MASSACHUSETTS

1. *The Good Soldier Svejk* – Hasek
2. *We Get Confessions* – Albert
3. *Memoirs from the House of the Dead* – Dostoevsky
4. *The Possessed* – Dostoevsky
5. *The First Circle* – Solzhenitsyn
6. *Winter in Moscow* – Muggeridge
7. *The Radetzky March* – Roth
8. *A Hero of Our Time* – Lermontov
9. *Collection of Short Stories* – Pushkin
10. *Calculus Made Easy* – Thompson

SAKIS'S TOP TEN ILIA, GREECE

1. *The Persian Wars* – Herodotus
2. *The Tragedies* – Sophocles
3. *The Myth of the 20th Century* – Rosenberg
4. *Einführung in die Metaphysik* – Heidegger
5. *The Camp of the Saints* – Raspail
6. *The Silent Brotherhood* – Gerhardt & Flynn
7. *Right or Wrong?* – Mosley
8. *The Way It's Got to Be* – Pearce
9. *The Selfish Gene* – Dawkins
10. *Reactionary Modernism* – Herf

CHESTER'S TOP TEN DAHLONEGA, GEORGIA

1. *Imperium* – Varange
2. *White Power* – Rockwell
3. *The Passing of the Great Race* – Grant
4. *Best of Attack* – NV Books
5. *Man and Superman* – Shaw
6. *The Art of War* – Sun Tzu
7. *The Turner Diaries* – Macdonald (Pierce)
8. *Race and Reason* – Putnam
9. *Hear the Cradle Song* – Gunnarson
10. *Mein Kampf* – Hitler

FRED'S TOP TEN HILLSBORO, WEST VIRGINIA

1. *Mein Kampf* – Hitler
2. *The Turner Diaries* – Macdonald (Pierce)
3. *The Lightning and the Sun* – Devi
4. *Imperium* – Varange
5. *The Dispossessed Majority* – Robertson
6. *Cosmic Consciousness* – Bucke
7. *The Young Hitler I Knew* – Kubizek
8. *The Breech Loading Single Shot Rifle* – Roberts & Waters
9. *The Silent Brotherhood* – Gerhardt & Flynn
10. *Bravos of the West* – Myers

BRENDAN'S TOP TEN PELHAM, NEW YORK

1. *Mein Kampf* – Hitler
2. *1984* – Orwell
3. *The Turner Diaries* – Macdonald (Pierce)
4. *The Odyssey* – Homer
5. *White Power* – Rockwell
6. *Death of the West* – Buchanan
7. *American Terrorist* – Michel & Herbeck
8. *My Awakening* – Duke
9. *Dune* – Herbert
10. *The Killer Angels* – Shaara

BEKKI'S TOP TEN LUNA PIER, MICHIGAN

1. *The Turner Diaries* – Macdonald (Pierce)
2. *Giants of the Earth* – O.E. Rolvaag
3. *Best of Attack* – NV Books
4. *Norse Mythology* – Hart-Belgrave
5. *Mein Kampf* – Hitler
6. *Call of the Wild* – London
7. *Classic Mythology* – Hawthorne
8. *Beyond Good and Evil* – Nietzsche
9. *Hunter* – Macdonald (Pierce)
10. *White Power* – Rockwell

ROBERT'S TOP TEN CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. *The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds* – Griffin
2. *The Holocaust Industry* – Finkelstein
3. *Race, Evolution, and Behavior* – Rushton
4. *The French Revolution in San Domingo* – Stoddard
5. *Behind Communism* – Britton
6. *The Burden of Brown* – Walters
7. *History and Analysis of Lynching* – Murphy
8. *Guerilla Capitalism* – Cash
9. *Black Intelligence in White Society* – Burnham
10. *Things to do Till the Revolution* – Wolfe

BECKY'S TOP TEN LANCASTER, OHIO

1. *Hereditary Genius* – Galton
2. *Mathematical Contribution to the Theory of Evolution* – Pearson
3. *The Inequality of the Human Races* – de Gobineau
4. *The Foundations of the 19th Century* – Chamberlain
5. *The Myth of the 20th Century* – Rosenberg
6. *Immorality in the Talmud* – Rosenberg
7. *Germania* – Tacitus
8. *Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin* – Eckart
9. *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* – Nietzsche
10. *Beyond Good and Evil* – Nietzsche

DRAHOMIR'S TOP TEN SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

1. *The Best of Attack* – NV Books
2. *Gates of Fire* – Pressfield
3. *Lucretius on the Nature of the Universe* – Translated by Latham
4. *Greek Civilization and Character* – Toynbee
5. *The Creature from Jekyll Island* – Griffin
6. *They Were White and They Were Slaves* – Hoffman
7. *The Redneck Manifesto* – Goad
8. *Lion of Ireland* – Llywelyn
9. *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* – Campbell
10. *The Turner Diaries* – Macdonald (Pierce)

SARA'S TOP TEN HAYES, VA

1. *My Awakening* – Duke
2. *White Power* – Rockwell
3. *The Silent Brotherhood* – Gerhardt & Flynn
4. *Hate: G.L. Rockwell and The American Nazi Party* – Schmaltz
5. *Turner Diaries* – MacDonald (Pierce)
6. *Western Civilization: A Brief History* – Spielvogel
7. *The Prince* – Machiavelli
8. *Brave New World* – Huxley
9. *All Quiet on the Western Front* – Remarque
10. *1984* – Orwell

JIM'S TOP TEN SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

1. *Mein Kampf* – Hitler
2. *White Power* – Rockwell
3. *This Time the World* – Rockwell
4. *The Lightning and the Sun* – Devi
5. *Impeachment of Man* – Devi
6. *The Turner Diaries* – MacDonald (Pierce)
7. *Campaign in Russia* – Degrelle
8. *Camp of the Saints* – Raspail
9. *The Silent Brotherhood* – Gerhardt & Flynn
10. *We Get Confessions* – Joseph

ANGER Management

Jennifer
(left)

J E N N I F E R W A L L A C E

Jennifer Wallace is a resident of Anchorage, Alaska and is currently the Alaska amateur female boxing champion. She's a 22-year-old single mother who has taken up the manly art of self-defense. Intensely proud of her racial heritage, this young White woman is fearless and determined to win at any cost. At 5'5" and 125 lbs., Jennifer – who was raised in a family in which "tough" was the only option – can take a hit and give one, too.

RES: How did you ever get into boxing?

JEN: I saw an ad in a newspaper that was asking for both male and female fighters for the local Thursday night Fight Night, and I thought it was something I'd like to try. They offered \$150 to the winner of each preliminary fight, and \$400 to the winner of the main event.

RES: What was the outcome of your ring debut?

JEN: My very first fight was the main event and I ended up losing a decision. But that loss didn't discourage me, and I went back and trained even harder for my second bout, which I won on a unanimous decision. That was also the main event of the evening.

RES: A headliner for your first two fights? You must have a crowd-pleasing style.

JEN: I guess so. I'm very quick and have power in both hands. I have a big cheering section encouraging me on during my fights. The crowd goes crazy when I enter the ring.

RES: What's it like, fighting in front of a big crowd?

JEN: At first, it made me nervous because everyone's looking at me, but I overcame my nervousness, and now entering the ring is just like another day at the office.

RES: What championship belt do you currently hold?

JEN: I'm the current Alaska Women's Amateur champion. This is actually an open title, as there aren't really any weight classes. I had to fight twice within an hour to win the title. My first opponent was a 5'11" girl who was much bigger

than I am. She and I had a few words before the fight. She said some things she shouldn't have, and I looked her in the eye and told her, "Whatever, bitch!" My mouth runs a lot when I'm fired up. I beat her by a unanimous decision, giving her two standing-eight counts along the way. An hour later, I fought a 160 lb. Eskimo. I outboxed her in the opening round, but she took the second. I came on real strong in the final round and wore her down to win the belt.

RES: Boxing is known as the "manly art of self-defense," so what brings a lady into the sport?

JEN: It's great exercise for me, and I like the one-on-one aspect of the sport. I like the challenge and I also like to know my limitations. The attention isn't so bad, either!

RES: What about people who say boxing is "unladylike?"

JEN: I never listen to them. They're just jealous. I do what makes me happy.

RES: Do you have the killer instinct that it takes to be a good fighter?

JEN: Definitely. If there's something I want, I'll do whatever it takes to get it.

RES: What does it feel like when you get hit?

JEN: I never feel anything. Nothing fazes me. Many times, I don't even know I've been hit until I watch the video. I seem to take the shots well; I've never even had a black eye.

RES: What's your training regimen like?

JEN: My trainer is an old White guy named Giggs, who is also currently training a couple of men state champions. I train in his well-equipped gym three days a week, and my workouts are an intense two hours. I run on my off days.

RES: Were you involved in any other sports before you took up boxing?

JEN: I played hockey with the guys. It was very rough. They were very big guys and they didn't hold back. I have a fairly athletic family. My four brothers either box, or play hockey or football. My youngest sister, Melissa, is the top female soccer goalie in Alaska. My other sister, Vicki, is 21 and is also getting into boxing. I think she'll go far; she's very tough.

RES: Have you lived in Alaska all your life?

JEN: No. I grew up on a farm in Oregon and was a tomboy in my youth. I used to climb trees and fall out of them; my brothers would throw rocks at me and hit me in the head. I would also ride my bike over jumps and wipe out quite a bit. I do have lots of scars, mainly on my knees, elbows, and shoulders. I was even stabbed in the buttocks with a pitchfork by my sister. She got scared and ran off, and left it sticking in me.

RES: How long have you been racially conscious?

JEN: I've always been proud of my race and have hated Blacks ever since I knew they existed. I was actually raised that way by my Mormon parents. I hate Jews, too.

RES: How do you like living in Alaska?

JEN: I like it, although I hate the winters.

"I've always been proud of my race and have hated Blacks ever since I knew they existed...I hate Jews, too."

It's just too cold; there's too much snow here. I was born in Portland where it hardly ever snows.

RES: What about the Alaskan summers?

JEN: I love the summers here. Alaska is a beautiful place. It takes a little while to get used to the long days, though. In June, for example, there are only three or four hours of darkness. If you want to sleep in the summer, you have to put dark blankets over the windows.

RES: So Alaska does have summer! Some people in the lower states think Alaskans use sled dogs for all their transportation needs.

JEN: Well, I don't have any dogs, but my father does. That's his hobby.

RES: Do you take advantage of the great outdoors up there?

JEN: I love camping, fishing, and shooting guns. Right now, I'm learning how to fillet fish. I'm really looking forward to going moose hunting this year.

RES: What's the racial atmosphere like in Alaska?

JEN: Unfortunately, there are a lot of liberals in Alaska who look down on us racials.

RES: What do all the Blacks, Mexicans, and Pacific Islanders do in the winter?

JEN: I never see them out in the snow. They stay in their houses and smoke weed all day.

RES: And the Eskimos? I don't imagine they're all living in Igloos.

JEN: There are a lot of Eskimo bums up here, standing intoxicated on street corners or laying on park benches. They either live in homeless shelters in the winter, or they're found frozen to death on top of the snow. In the winter, the female Eskimos are picked up by Black "sugar daddies," who use them and whore them out.

RES: How far do you plan to go in boxing?

JEN: As far as I possibly can. I'm not sure if I'll make a career out of it, though. I'm just taking it one step at a time at the moment.

RES: Anything else you'd like our readers to know?

JEN: My three-year-old daughter Brittany knows how to say "White Power!" She's already racially conscious. ♦



THE Rocky Mountain Show July 13, 2002 *Police Harassment, but Perseverance*

The Denver show was on Saturday, the 13th of July: a warm and sunny Denver day. This was to be the first ever WP show in Colorado. The Midland Hammerskins were there to provide security. When we showed up in the Denver area that Friday night, all was set to go. All the bands had arrived on time. The venue had been booked and paid for in advance. The owner of the establishment knew what the event was going to be. Before the show, all the vendors had to get there early and set up. This is when the trouble started.

The cops had been well informed about this show, and the Jews are very powerful in Colorado, especially in the Denver/Aurora area and in Boulder. The ARA and other assorted low-lives had vowed to stop this show from happening. The security was ready and a few precautions were in place. The main precaution was to not tell anyone (including the vendors and bands) where the show was being held until the last possible minute. This was a good plan, but we found out later that the cops were monitoring the cell phones all night. The other precaution was to have a meeting point where all those wishing to attend the show would rendezvous and be led to the event. The ARA found out the location of the rendezvous point, but they would have been no match for the ten large Midland Hammerskins who were waiting there. This is when the cops stepped over the lines and invented new rules: they went to the rendezvous point and arrested and handcuffed the ten skins. There was no crime; nobody was charged. Of course, all of this is totally illegal oppression by the government.

We should have had someone videotaping every part of the event; then we would have been able to launch a lawsuit against the police. Anyway, the bottom line is that the cops won that one. Now, the White patriots who drove and flew to Denver had no way of making contact with the concert. This resulted in over 100 people being unable to attend. And the cops weren't done yet.

The organizers of the event experienced a big shock when they arrived at the concert location to find half-a-dozen Denver cops in the parking lot waiting for them. The cops then went and lied to the owner, telling him that domestic terrorists were going to arrive soon. There would be massive violence and if he, the owner, allowed us to play, he would void his insurance policy. They went out of their way to pressure the owner, saying things like, "These people will bring lots of violence here today and you personally will be held liable, and as a police officer, I'm informing you of the liability that you are needlessly taking."

So, even though there was a signed contract and the money had already been paid, the spineless owner backed out, leaving us without a location. Now people began to scramble, looking for a new place. Within an hour, a VFW hall was located and a contract was signed, but the cops found out again. Before the band equipment even arrived, the cops had arrived in force to this new place in Aurora. There had been no postings or e-mails as to this location, only conversations on cell phones. Big Brother really is watching and listening.

These cops used the exact same tactic. This had to have been pre-planned; they used virtually the same wording. "As a police officer, it's my duty to inform you that you will invalidate the insurance of this VFW hall, and you will personally be held responsible for the violence that WILL happen here later." The old guy didn't know what to do. He had just signed a contract, had been paid, but apparently had never showed any backbone to the cops before. He folded like a house of cards. One officer of the Aurora Police Department, a man of obvious low birth and IQ, went out of his way to be rude and literally "talk shit" like a little street bitch. The cops in Denver and Aurora are among the most enthusiastic Jew-servants I've ever seen.

This created another problem. We had already starting giving directions to this second location over the phone to various people who managed to get in touch with us. Because this venue was also cancelled, more potential

concertgoers were lost.

Since we still didn't have a place, people were getting a little demoralized. There was a large hotel where many of the bands and White patriots were registered. This became the new rendezvous point. And cops were driving through the parking lot every 15 minutes. They already had two cop cars parked in the lot, but they wanted to give us a real Zionist welcome.

A third location was finally secured. This venue was outdoors and a bit north of the city. It wasn't an easy place to find and some people got lost and gave up. No one was sure how we would set up a stage or how close the neighbors were. But before people started to arrive at this location, a fourth location was found that was much better. For everyone who was still around, this was nearby and easy to find. Unfortunately, there were only about 110 people left at this point, and several hours had been wasted.

The owners of this place were an old couple who had no problem with us doing whatever we wanted as long as we cleaned up and were out by 2 a.m. It took a while to set up the stage and tune the instruments, but by 8 p.m., the house was rocking.

Finally, our luck had changed. The location was excellent and much cheaper than the first place. The cops again arrived (they had been eavesdropping the cell phones again) and tried the same scare tactic with this owner, but this old guy was a real White man and he stood up to the cops. He told them he could handle it and the cops left. They did come back and drive through the parking lot a few times. They even came up again and lied to the owner, telling him that the neighbors had called in a noise complaint. But lady luck was really on our side. The old guy smiled right at the cops and said, "That's funny; I've been here for 25 years, and this is a totally commercial area. There are no neighbors." With that, the piggies left with their curly, pink tails between their stubby legs.

The bands played nonstop for six hours. The mosh pit was on fire. The crowd was so tense and pissed off that the stress release was almost euphoric.

The Midland Hammerskins did a professional job not only with security, but also with keeping the place clean. They also did a good job working with the crowd, which got a little tipsy as the night went on.

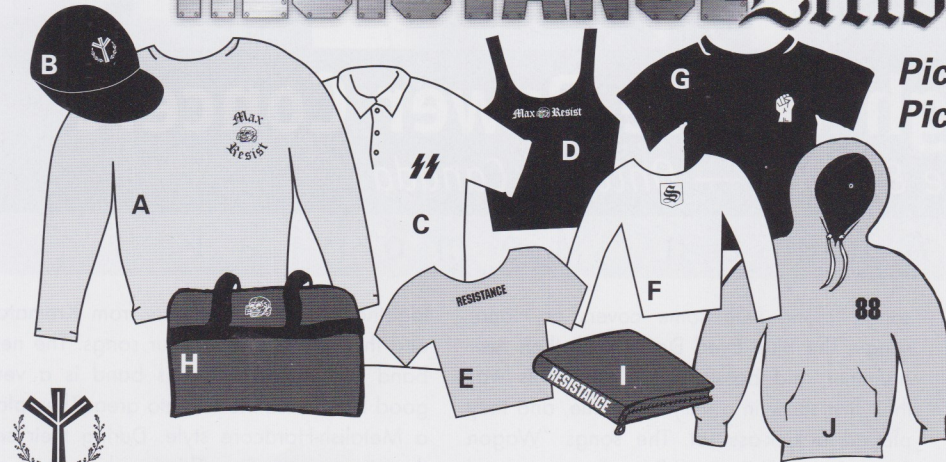
All in all, it was the most harassment I've ever seen at a WP show in the twelve years that I've been going to them, but it also turned out to be an excellent show, with lots of good people, good feelings, and camaraderie. There were also a number of young Hotties at the show. The girl wearing the tight, striped pants, who lived in the mosh pit, broke several hearts, whether she knew it or not. But all in good taste. Ten hours of digital video were recorded at this show, so keep your eyes peeled for the "Rocky Mt. Show" on tape. This is one that needs to be added to your collection.

To all those proud patriots who made it to this show — and especially to the organizers of this event — you did the White Race proud. You showed true perseverance. Hail Victory!
— *Shaun Walker* ♦



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Scarborough White Power Concert

June 8, 2002 — Ontario, Canada

M i k e A m m a n M e m o r i a l

The concert took place in a bar in Scarborough, just north of Toronto. For about three days before the concert, the media, the non-Whites, and the racemixers were trying frantically to find out where the show would be held. They gathered three busloads of scum to come and protest the show. They drove around all night looking for the venue, but had no luck. If they had found the place, they would have been in for a huge surprise: about 150 people attended the memorial concert. There were people from many organizations present, including the National Alliance, B&H/C-18, VHS, NHS, TCS, as well as the Scarborough skinheads and the Polish skinheads.

Kremator started the show. With their new line-up, they played a lot of their old

songs, along with some covers of Honor songs. The Blue Eyed Devils, with their new drummer and bassist, were next. This was their first show in a very long time, and they played a kick-ass set. The songs "Wagon Burner" and "Nigger, Nigger" were crowd favorites.

Then there was a speech about Mike Amman by his close friend Ryan. Mike was a 17-year-old Scarborough skinhead who was murdered by scum in 1997. The speech motivated everyone. Everyone gave his respects to Mike, and the show started up again.

Vinland Warriors were up next. They started off with a song about Mike called "Ode to My Friend." This was the first time that they, too, had played together in a while. Then Shawn and Andy from Max Resist got

together with two members from Kremator, and they played about four songs. The next band was Subsidium. This band is a very good band from the Toronto area. They play a Metalish-Hardcore style. During their set, the pit was amazing. This is a band to look out for. Subsidium hopefully will have an album out soon.

As Subsidium ended, the cops showed up. They stayed for about 20 minutes and then left. As they walked out, Jon Latvis played some ballads with everyone singing along. The Mike Amman Memorial show was one of the best concerts in the Toronto area in years. The shows in Ontario will continue to get bigger and better.

—Brad

TO HELL AND BACK AGAIN

by Elisha Strom (www.elishastrom.com)

Shopping is hell. Okay, I know, as a woman, I'm supposed to love shopping. I'm told it will relax me, light up my eyes, make me grin from ear to ear, and – golly gee – just be oodles of fun! It's recreational: a sport. Men have football; women have shopping. So why do my hands shake and my armpits gush with sweat at the very idea of having to shop? No, no, no, don't try to guess why. I'll tell you. It's because I'm not just any woman, I am a *racially aware* woman.

Yesterday, I was forced to join the millions upon gazillions of good and happy consumers. You see, a darling little seven-year-old was about to turn eight, and I took it upon myself to buy her a birthday present. I had planned on making a quick trip to the store for a gift and then returning to my nice pleasant home life. Simple, right? Nope! It was a day-long ordeal.

The torture started promptly at 9 a.m. with me battling a 300-pound gorilla (complete with afro) and a 94-pound matchstick (hat on backwards) for a parking space. I could not help but smile as I watched the two losers glare at my *Not Equal* bumper sticker. I stepped out from my winning vehicle and peered out from under my hand to the entrance door that was at least a mile away. I began my long journey across the concrete.

I wove my way past Shawandala and her six, greasy niglets; zipped by Mr. "I-voted-for-Bush" White man and his two-foot-tall – wearing two-foot-tall high heels – Asian doormat of a wife; sidestepped middle-aged Leroy, Jefferson, and Jackson, with their pretty, teen, White-trophy girlfriends; and darted around all the smiling Sally Soccer Moms accompanied by their obedient Joe Sixpack slaves. At last I arrived at the doorway, a sort of porthole into another country – the Third World, to be exact. I took a deep breath and entered.

First thought I had: clothes. Little girls like clothes. Wait a second; that wasn't my first thought. It was actually: What the hell is that smell? It could be the belches of the burrito-munching Mexican, possibly the odor of Jerri-curl juice that I watched drip off the voodoo cultist's hair onto the floor, or maybe it was coming from the McDonald's at the front of the store. Never mind...back to clothes.

The children's clothing section was located near the rear of the store which, by the way, I had no trouble finding, thanks to the flashing, pink, lime-green, and stoplight yellow neon arrows showing me the way. Once there, I observed my surroundings. A saleswoman chomped on bubble gum as she stocked up more "in demand" items. At least she was White. I wandered around for several minutes, and finally Miss Bubblegum came over and offered her assistance. I told her what I wanted: something girly, feminine. Without comment she walked over to a rack of garments. I silently followed. She held up a...well, I think it was supposed to be a dress, but let me tell you, if it was a dress, it was incredibly disguised. Silver, sparkling spandex. Um, no, I said, I'm looking for something for a *little* girl. I held my hand out slightly above my hip to show how little. The saleswoman grinned and set off for another rack.

Still grinning, she thrust a second item into my hands. The pattern was pretty, but I didn't have the slightest idea what it was. A shirt, or so I was told. I cringed. It was a "Mary Kate" and "Ashley Olsen" fashion, according to the saleswoman who, at that point, was madly snapping her gum. I was going to ask who those ladies were but decided I didn't want to know. Instead, I asked her what was worn under the "shirt" since, after all, it was see-through. I was handed a bra. Granted it was a very, very, teeny, tiny bra, but it was a bra! I threw my hands in the air, dropping the clothes. *Good grief, I'm shopping for a little girl, not a Playboy bunny!* I screamed. Forget the clothes, I thought. I had a better idea.

I went to the toy section. It's never too early to prepare a girl for motherhood, and what little girl wouldn't love to have a doll? There were many to choose from. There were the faceless, featureless, stick-figure dolls wearing the kind of clothes I had just rejected; dolls that mechanically spoke both Spanish and Chinese; and numerous Black dolls ranging in abilities from wetting, doing back flips, and "rapping" to having degrees and specially designed cars. I wondered what happened to the normal dolls that were around when I was a child. Another saleswoman approached me. She, like the other, was White, although I understood by now that that didn't mean we would be on the same wavelength. I gave it a shot anyway. I described the kind of doll I was looking for. The saleswoman stared blankly at me. I simplified: *Don't you have any White dolls?* Ah, that produced results. She walked a bit down the aisle, picked up a box, and turned it towards me. I clenched my teeth and headed out of the toys. No way was I going to buy a tanned one-color-fits-all doll.

Next, I searched books, coloring and reading. If the images weren't obviously diversified with every race imaginable – and even some I couldn't imagine – then the storyline and message had animals acknowledging differences but telling each other, "We're all the same and we can be best friends." Probably I could've found one reasonably good book there but, by that time, I was caught between spitting-nails-irate and doomsday depressed. Besides, above all else, the thought of spending money at such a filthy, disgusting store sickened me.

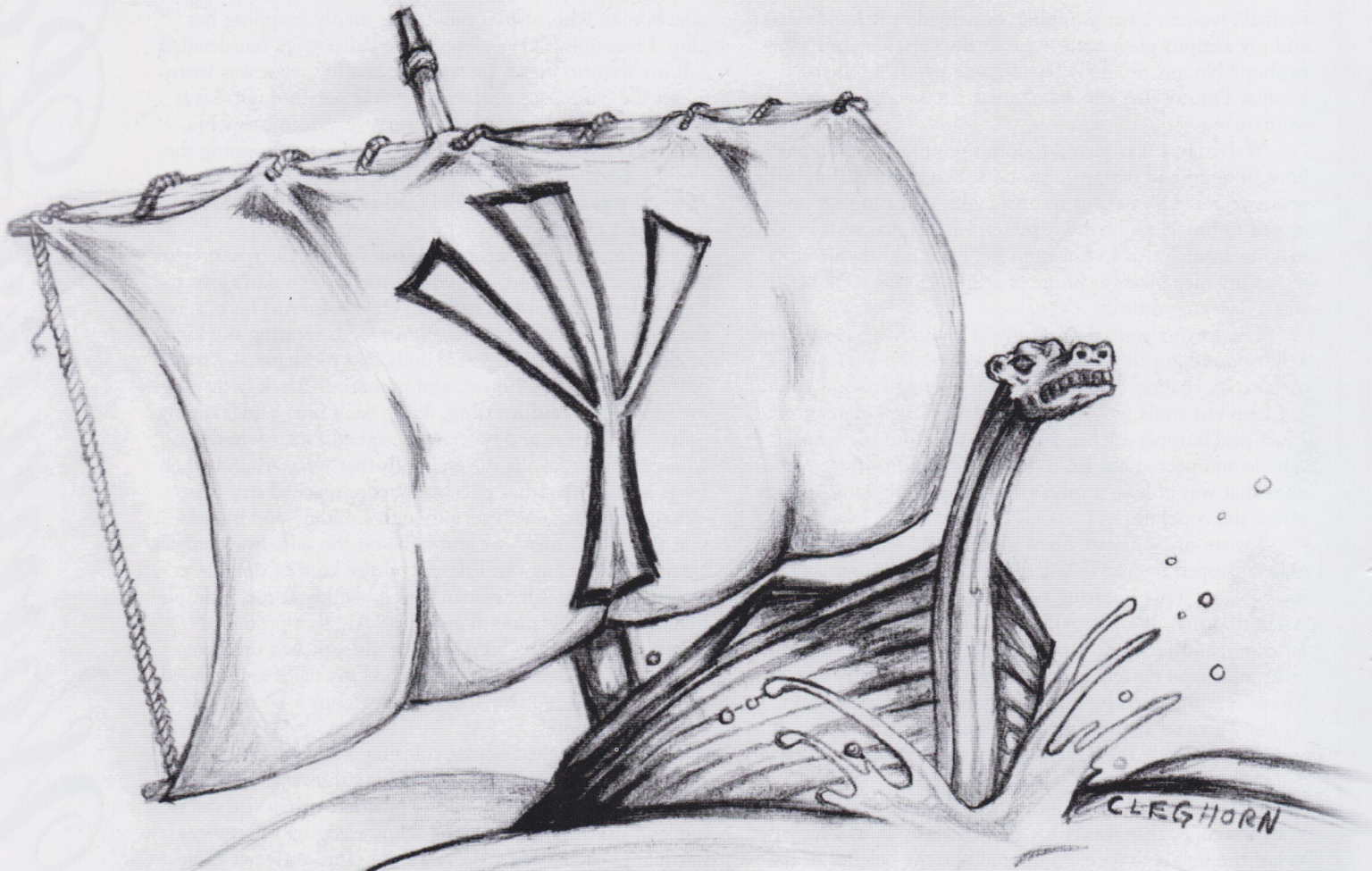
On the hike out of the store and back to my car, I thought about the future. I thought about the world that is being left to that darling little seven-year-old who was about to turn eight. While I stared out from behind my windshield at the vast wasteland of commercialism, consumerism, and multiculturalism, I realized that shopping isn't hell. What we are leaving for the future – what we are giving to the future – is hell. It's time to change that. Now.

Oh, yes, you may be wondering what I did give for a birthday present. I borrowed the movie *Anne of Green Gables* from the library, taped it, and spent time rather than money with one member of our future generation – a member who I hope will someday say: I'm not just any woman, I am a *racially aware* woman.

◆

Aryan Woman's Page

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MADE IN AMERICA BY MEXICANS

MEXICO IS WHEREVER MEXICANS LIVE!

REMEMBER THE NAME GO BACK MEXICO

Blood & Honor

CLOSE THE BORDERS DEPORT ILLEGALS

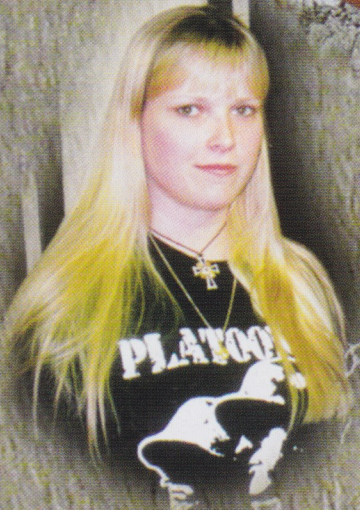
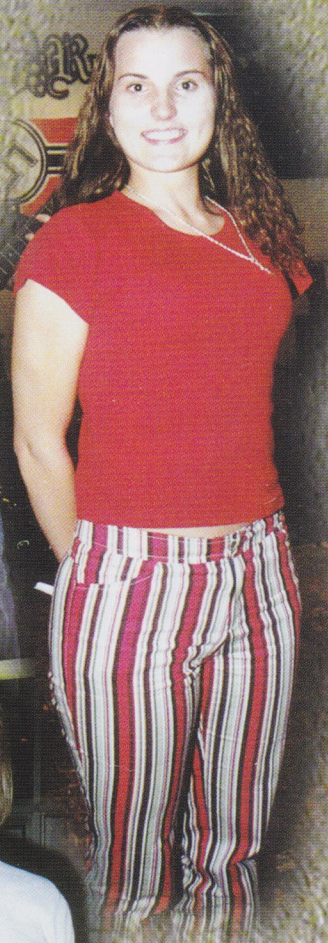
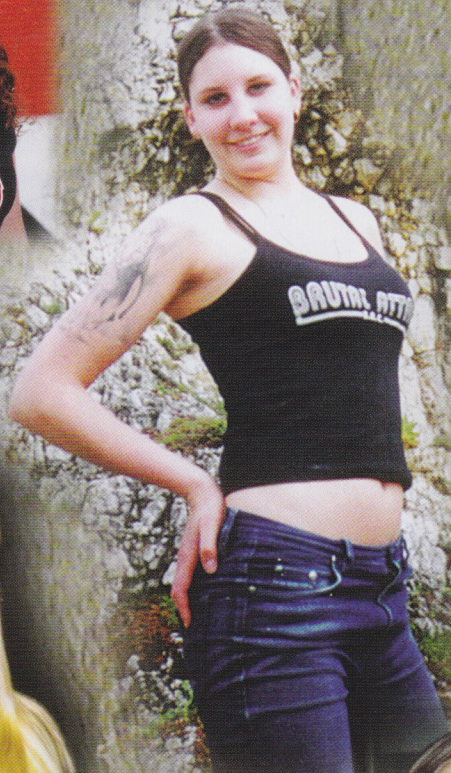
Blood & Honor

Blood & Honor

ANTISEMITISM



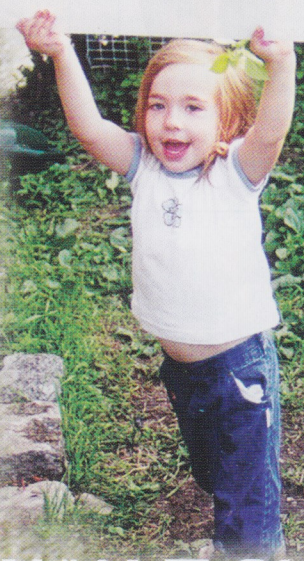

Proud Aryan



Women...

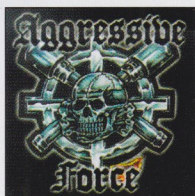


We must secure the existence of our People
and a Future for White children.
David Lane

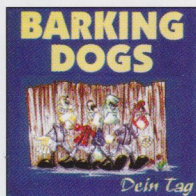


RESISTANCE

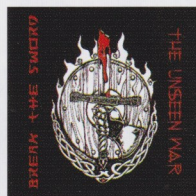
• CDs For Sale •



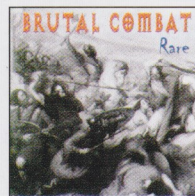
AGGRESSIVE FORCE
Aggressive Force
Item#439—\$14.88



BARKING DOGS
Dein Tag
Item#357—\$15.88



BREAK THE SWORD
The Unseen War
Item#992—\$14.88



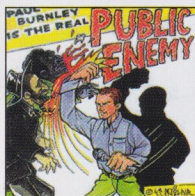
BRUTAL COMBAT
Rare
Item#639—\$15.88



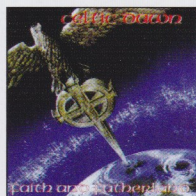
BULLDOG BREED
Unleashed Again
Item#131—\$15.88



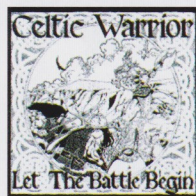
**BULLDOG BREED/
INTIMIDATION ONE**
Brothers Through Blood
Item#831—\$14.88



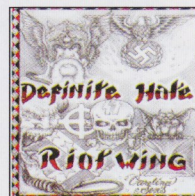
BURNLEY, PAUL
Paul Burnley is the Real Public Enemy
Item#73—\$15.88



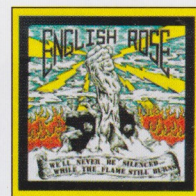
CELTIC DAWN
Faith and Fatherland
Item#577—\$15.88



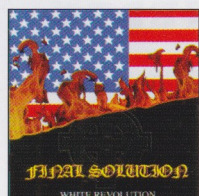
CELTIC WARRIOR
Let the Battle Begin
Item#200—\$15.88



**DEFINITE HATE/
RIOT WING**
Carolina Sons
Item#565—\$14.88



ENGLISH ROSE
We'll Never Be Silenced
Item#301—\$15.88



FINAL SOLUTION
White Revolution
Item#478—\$14.88



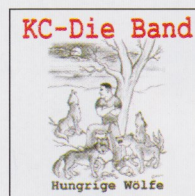
FINAL WAR
Glory Unending
Item#931—\$14.88



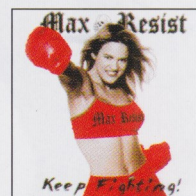
FIST OF STEEL
The Power and the Glory
Item#854—\$15.88



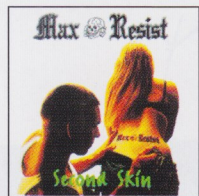
INTIMIDATION ONE
Fallen Heroes
Item#458—\$14.88



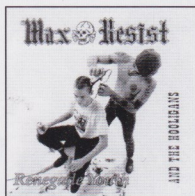
KC DIE BAND
Hungrige Wolf
Item#769—\$15.88



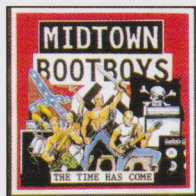
MAX RESIST
Keep Fighting!
Item#1026—\$14.88



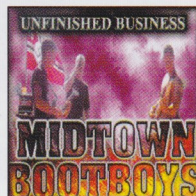
MAX RESIST
Second Skin
Item#25—\$14.88



MAX RESIST
Renegade Youth
Item#133—\$14.88



MIDTOWN BOOTBOYS
The Time Has Come
Item#950—\$14.88



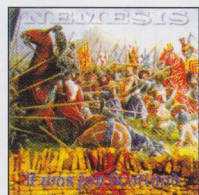
MIDTOWN BOOTBOYS
Unfinished Business
Item#180—\$14.88



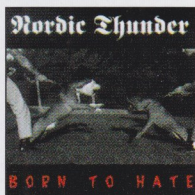
**MISTREAT/
KRAFTSCHLAG**
Waffenbruder
Item#234—\$15.88



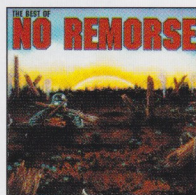
MISTREAT
Best of
Item#956—\$15.88



NEMESIS
It Was For Scotland
Item#525—\$15.88



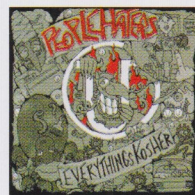
NORDIC THUNDER
Born to Hate
Item#27—\$14.88



NO REMORSE
The Best of No Remorse
Item#16—\$14.88



NO REMORSE
Son of Odin
Item#144—\$15.88



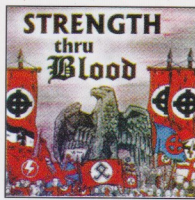
PEOPLE HATERS
Everything's Kosher
Item#380—\$14.88



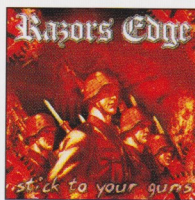
PLUTON SVEA
Segermarschen
Item#775—\$15.88



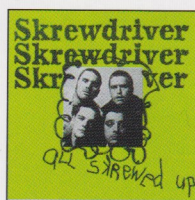
PLUTON SVEA
Stoveltrampen
Ekar Igen
Item#72—\$15.88



**STRENGTH
thru
Blood**
**RAZORS EDGE/
HATE SOCIETY**
Strength thru Blood
Item#559—\$15.88



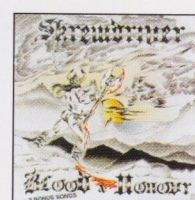
Razors Edge
Stick to Your Guns
Item#1002—\$15.88



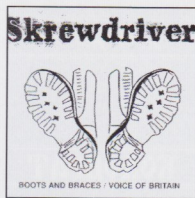
Skrewdriver
All Skrewed Up
Item#75—\$16.88



SKREWDRIVER
After the Fire
Item#423—\$16.88



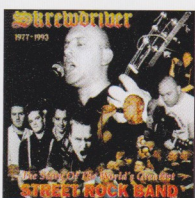
SKREWDRIVER
Blood & Honour
Item#158—\$16.88



SKREWDRIVER
Boots and
Braces
Item#157—\$16.88



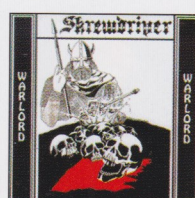
SKREWDRIVER
Hail Victory
Item#502—\$16.88



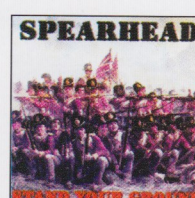
SKREWDRIVER
Rockumentary
Item#386—\$16.88



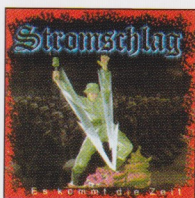
SKREWDRIVER
The Strong Survive
Item#163—\$16.88



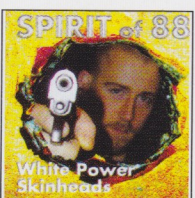
SKREWDRIVER
Warlord
Item#81—\$16.88



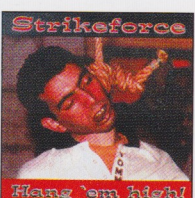
SPEARHEAD
Stand Your Ground
Item#584—\$15.88



STROMSCHLAG
Es kommt die Zeit
Item#892—\$15.88



SPREEGESCHWADER
Spirit of 88
Item#561—\$15.88



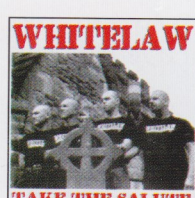
STRIKEFORCE
Hang'em High!
Item#231—\$15.88



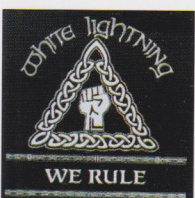
THE VOICE
Verdunkeln
Item#148—\$14.88



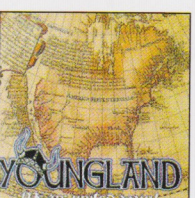
**WHITE AMERICAN
YOUTH**
Walk Alone
Item#239—\$15.88



WHITELAW
Take the Salute
Item#507—\$15.88



**WHITE
LIGHTNING**
We Rule
Item#173—\$15.88



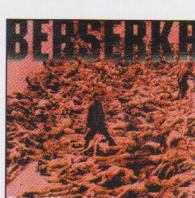
YOUNGLAND
We are United
Again
Item#437—\$14.88



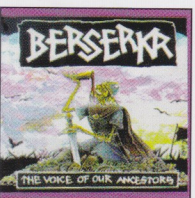
ABSURD
Werwolfthron
Item#825—\$15.88



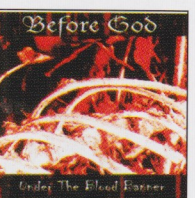
**ARYAN
TERRORISM**
War
Item#991—\$14.88



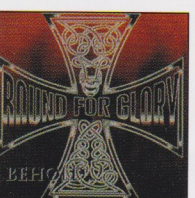
BERSERKR
Crush the Weak
Item#13—\$14.88



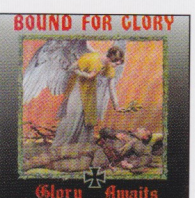
BERSERKR
The Voice of
Our Ancestors
Item#1—\$14.88



BEFORE GOD
Under the Blood
Banner
Item#505—\$14.88



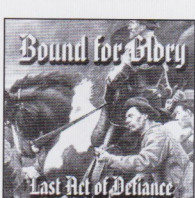
BOUND FOR GLORY
Behold the
Iron Cross
Item#37—\$14.88



**BOUND FOR
GLORY**
Glory Awaits
Item#38—\$14.88



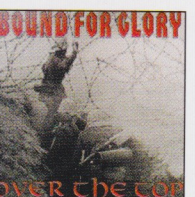
**BOUND FOR
GLORY**
Hate Train Rolling
Item#329—\$14.88



**BOUND FOR
GLORY**
Last Act of Defiance
Item#326—\$14.88



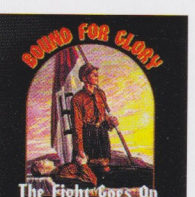
**BOUND FOR
GLORY**
Never Again
Item#181—\$14.88



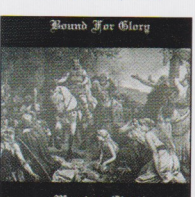
**BOUND FOR
GLORY**
Over the Top
Item#161—\$14.88



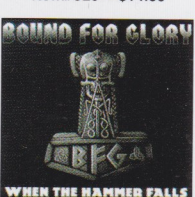
**BOUND FOR
GLORY**
Requiem
Item#39—\$14.88



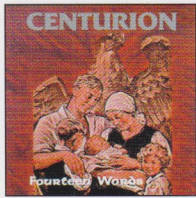
BOUND FOR GLORY
The Fight Goes On
Item#14—\$14.88



BOUND FOR GLORY
Warrior's Glory
Item#40—\$14.88



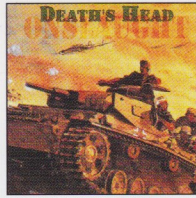
BOUND FOR GLORY
When the
Hammer Falls
Item#41—\$14.88



CENTURION
Fourteen Words
Item#24—\$14.88



CENTURION
Rides Again
Item#160—\$14.88



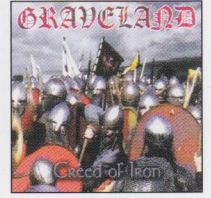
DEATH'S HEAD
Onslaught
Item#776—\$15.88



EDELWEISS
Der Kampf geht weiter
Item#355—\$15.88



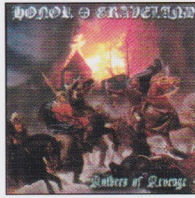
FAUSTRECHT
Blut, Schweiß und Tränen
Item#297—\$15.88



GRAVELAND
Creed of Iron
Item#514—\$15.88



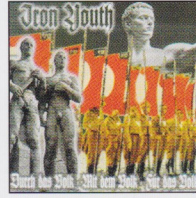
GROM
Pagan War Machine
Item#827—\$14.88



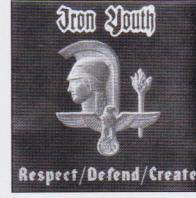
HONOR / GRAVELAND
Raiders of Revenge
Item#501—\$14.88



HONOR
In Flames of the Rising Power
Item#921—\$14.88



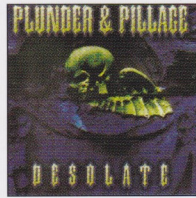
IRON YOUTH
Durch das Volk, Mit dem Volk, Für das Volk
Item#289—\$15.88



IRON YOUTH
Respect/Defend/Create
Item#560—\$14.88



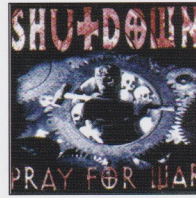
NAHKAMPF / KOLOVRAT
(self-titled)
Item#564—\$15.88



PLUNDER AND PILLAGE
Desolate
Item#655—\$14.88



PLUNDER AND PILLAGE
Lights Out!
Item#338—\$14.88



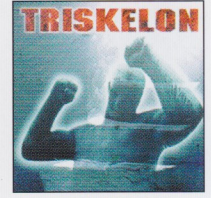
SHUTDOWN
Pray for War
Item#589—\$14.88



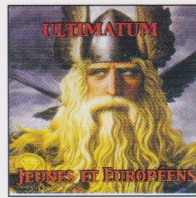
THOR'S HAMMER
May the Hammer Smash the Cross
Item#521—\$14.88



THUNDERBOLT
Sons of the Darkness
Item#940—\$14.88



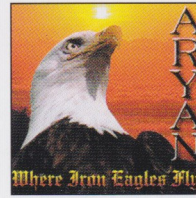
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Endast Morker
Item#150—\$15.88



ULTIMATUM
Jeunes et Europeens
Item#765—\$15.88



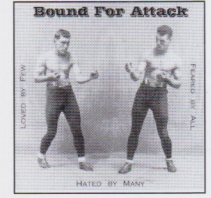
ARYAN
New Storm Rising
Item#336—\$14.88



ARYAN
Where Iron Eagles Fly
Item#21—\$14.88



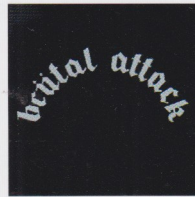
BOUND FOR ATTACK
Hands Across the Sea
Item#551—\$14.88



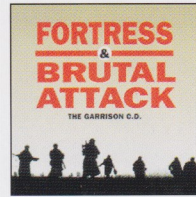
BOUND FOR ATTACK
Loved by Few, Hated by Many, Feared by All
Item#643—\$14.88



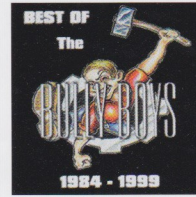
BRUTAL ATTACK
Keeping the Dream Alive
Item#302—\$15.88



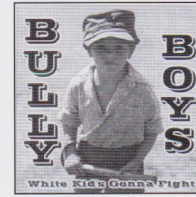
BRUTAL ATTACK
White Pride, White Passion (DCD)
Item#280—\$29.88



FORTRESS & BRUTAL ATTACK
The Garrison Mini-CD
Item#197—\$7.88



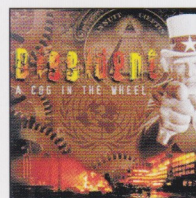
BULLY BOYS
Best of the Bully Boys
Item#419—\$14.88



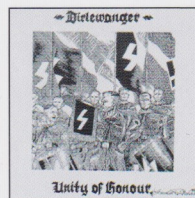
BULLY BOYS
White Kid's Gonna Fight
Item#558—\$14.88



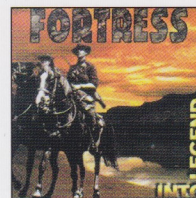
DIE ZILLERTALER TURKENJÄGER
12 Deutsche Stimmungsheets
Item#874—\$15.88



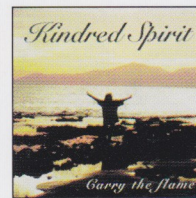
DISSIDENT
A Cog in the Wheel
Item#377—\$15.88



DIRLEWANGER
Unity of Honour
Item#57—\$15.88



FORTRESS
Into Legend
Item#11—\$14.88



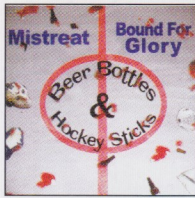
KINDRED SPIRIT
Carry the Flame
Item#64—\$15.88



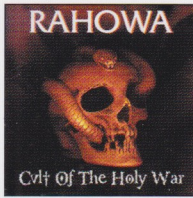
LANDSER
Ran an Aen Feind
Item#1001—\$15.88



LANDSER
Rock Gegen Oben
Item#383—\$15.88



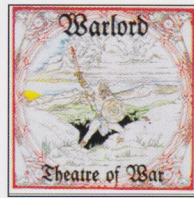
MISTREAT/BFG
Beer Bottles & Hockey Sticks
Item#1048—\$14.88



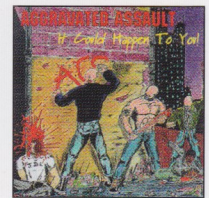
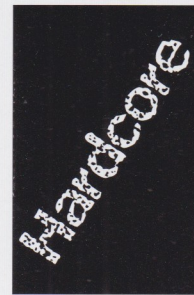
RAHOWA
Cult Of The Holy War
Item#26—\$14.88



RAHOWA
Declaration of War
Item#337—\$14.88



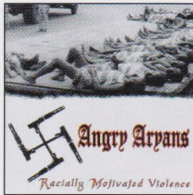
WARLORD
Theatre of War
Item#384—\$15.88



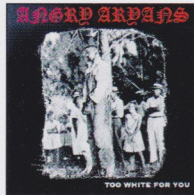
AGGRAVATED ASSAULT
It Could Happen To You
Item#335—\$14.88



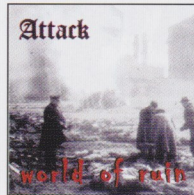
ANGRY ARYANS
Old School Hate
Item#959—\$14.88



ANGRY ARYANS
Racially Motivated Violence
Item#259—\$14.88



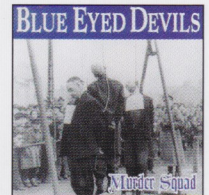
ANGRY ARYANS
Too White for You
Item#362—\$14.88



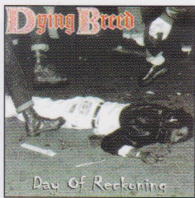
ATTACK
World of Ruin
Item#127—\$14.88



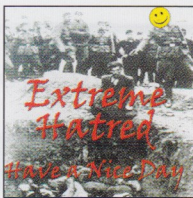
BLUE EYED DEVILS
Holocaust 2000
Item#127—\$14.88



BLUE EYED DEVILS
Murder Squad
Item#176—\$14.88



DYING BREED
Day of Reckoning
Item#59—\$14.88



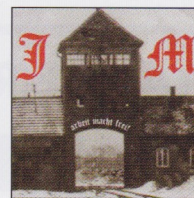
EXTREME HATRED
Have a Nice Day
Item#438—\$14.88



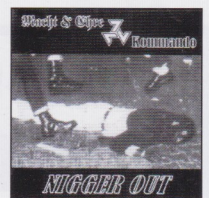
EXTREME HATRED
Now is the Time
Item#193—\$14.88



H8MACHINE
Cheated
Item#829—\$14.88



JUDEN MORD
Arbeit Macht Frei
Item#570—\$15.88



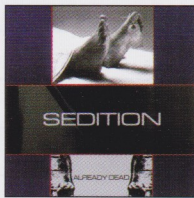
KOMMANDO MACHT & EHRE
Nigger Out!
Item#581—\$15.88



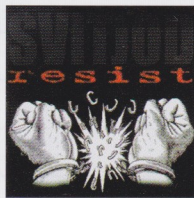
MIGHT OF RAGE
When the Storm Comes Down
Item#764—\$15.88



PATRIOTIC FRONT
Spirit of a Nation
Item#379—\$14.88



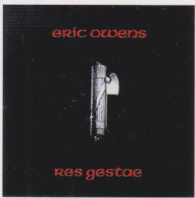
SEDITION
Already Dead
Item#522—\$14.88



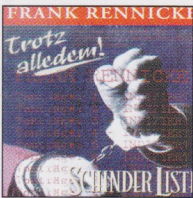
SVITJOD
Resist
Item#262—\$15.88



ANNETT
Eine Mutter klagt an
Item#553—\$15.88



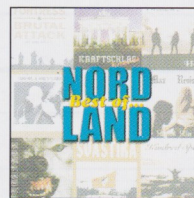
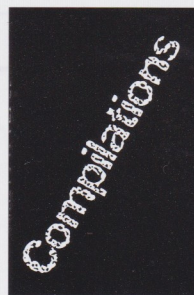
ERIC OWENS
Res Gestae
Item#61—\$15.88



FRANK RENNICKI
Trotz Alledem
Item#450—\$15.88



FRANK RENNICKI
Hautnah (DCD)
Item#416—\$25.88



BEST OF NORDLAND
Compilation
Item#278—\$15.88



BLOOD DESTINY
Compilation
Item#282—\$15.88



BLOOD & HONOUR SERBIA
Anthems of Ethnic Cleansing
Item#233—\$15.88



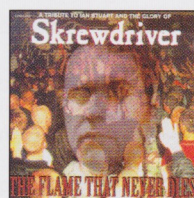
BURZUM
A Tribute to Burzum (DCD)
Item#1003—\$19.88



SOUTHERN THUNDER
Australian Compilation
Item#524—\$15.88



SAGA
My Tribute to Skrewdriver (DCD)
Item#510—\$25.88



PROJECT TRIBUTE
The Flame That Never Dies (DCD)
Item#20—\$25.88



WHITE DEATH
Compilation
Item#276—\$15.88

**CHRISTIAN'S TOP TEN
SCHWEDT, GERMANY**

1. *Adolf Hitler* – Macht & Ehre
2. *Ran an den Feind* – Landser
3. *Stiefel auf Asphalt* – Nordwind
4. *Trotz Verbot nicht tot* – Kraftschlag
5. *Argonnerwald* – Nordfront
6. *The Flame that Never Dies* – No Remorse
7. *Volkszorn* – Volkszorn
8. *The Snow Fell* – Skrewdriver
9. *Unser Führer* – WAW
10. *Pervers und Abnormal* – Stahlgewitter

**BOB'S TOP TEN
ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA**

1. *The Nationalist* – Final War
2. *Skrew You* – Skrewdriver
3. *Tales of Glory* – Brutal Attack
4. *Blood, Honour and Loyalty* – Bound For Glory
5. *Awake* – Extreme Hatred
6. *White Power Show* – Kindred Spirit
7. *White Man Wake Up* – Das Reich
8. *Same Old Song* – Midtown Bootboys
9. *Stand Tall* – Aggressive Force
10. *Sturmführer* – Landser

**ROGER'S TOP TEN
NORWAY**

1. *Den Evige* – Pluton Svea
2. *Tulsa's on Fire* – Midtown Bootboys
3. *Heart to My Nation* – Riot Wing
4. *Justice* – Berserkr
5. *Cross of Fire* – Pluton Svea
6. *Bomben auf Israel* – Landser
7. *Get out of My Land* – Midtown Bootboys
8. *Nationalism* – Jacke Karlsson
9. *Nufidens SA* – Pluton Svea
10. *Die for My Land* – Norhat

**MICHELLE'S TOP TEN
ALBION, ILLINOIS**

1. *Heart to My Nation* – Riot Wing
2. *Tomorrow Belongs to Me* – Endstufe
3. *We Rise Again* – Confederate Storm
4. *Always Near* – The Voice
5. *Back to Valhalla* – Nordic Thunder
6. *Casualties* – Break The Sword
7. *Summoning the Gods* – Valkyria
8. *Natural Born Killers* – Aggravated Assault
9. *Your Worst Nightmare* – Bound For Glory
10. *Guilty* – Code of Violence

**MIROSLAV'S TOP TEN
SOFIA, BULGARIA**

1. *The Snow Fell* – Skrewdriver
2. *88 Rock'n Roll Band* – Landser
3. *Hooligans* – Storkraft
4. *Sturmführer* – Landser
5. *Hail the Order* – No Remorse
6. *Rock Against Communism* – Brutal Attack
7. *Hail Rock'n Roll* – Fortress
8. *Tomorrow Belongs to Me* – Skrewdriver
9. *Klansman* – Kraftschlag
10. *Farewell Ian Stuart* – No Remorse

**MAX'S TOP TEN
BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA**

1. *White Power* – Skrewdriver
2. *Hate is What Drives Me* – Blue Eyed Devils
3. *We've Got Your Number* – Bound For Glory
4. *A Kind of Sad* – Youngland
5. *Corre Sionista* – Ultrasur
6. *We Always Hate People* – People Haters
7. *Rojas No Gracias* – Division 250
8. *Until We Win* – Das Reich
9. *Change of Scenery* – Nordic Thunder
10. *Es Por Tu Nacion* – Klan

**VITA'S TOP TEN
MOST, CZECH REPUBLIC**

1. *Night Trains* – Skrewdriver
2. *In the Fires of 1945* – Rahowa
3. *Milica Racic* – Excalibur
4. *My Honor is True* – Bound For Glory
5. *Faith, Family and Folk* – Buldok
6. *European Skinhead Army* – No Remorse
7. *Hammer of the North* – Before God
8. *Ghosts of the Past* – Excalibur
9. *Still Standing Strong* – Odin's Law
10. *Hail Victory* – Skrewdriver

**INGRID'S TOP TEN
STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN**

1. *Honour of the North* – Valkyria
2. *Dunkelheit* – Burzum
3. *Antichrist's Hammer* – Honor
4. *Summoning the Gods* – Valkyria
5. *Bountiful Life* – Before God
6. *My Race* – The Voice
7. *Time For War* – Fyrdung
8. *Crush the Lies* – Aryan Terrorism
9. *Utsanda Av Oden* – Propatria
10. *Journey to the Abyss Hatred* – Thunderbolt

**PAUL'S TOP TEN
ETOBICOKE, CANADA**

1. *Imported Society* – Involved Patriots
2. *New Racism* – Ethnic Cleansing
3. *Betrayed* – The Betrayed
4. *The Real Hardcore* – Ethnic Cleansing
5. *Dirty Bitch* – Attack
6. *There's Only One Public Enemy* – Public Enemy
7. *Working Class* – Kill or Be Killed
8. *Avenge Dresden* – Rahowa
9. *Freedom* – Symphony of Sorrow
10. *Der Vater Land* – Frank Rennie

**MIKE'S TOP TEN
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS**

1. *Annihilation* – Death's Head
2. *Brown Town Burning Down* – Angry Aryans
3. *Tear Off the Mask* – Berserkr
4. *Summoning the Gods* – Valkyria
5. *Gift of Gods* – Lord Wind
6. *The New Racism* – Ethnic Cleansing
7. *Imperivm* – Division 250
8. *Berserker* – Honor
9. *White European* – Celtic Warrior
10. *Asgardsrei* – Absurd

**HUNTER'S TOP TEN
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

1. *Wake Up* – Definite Hate
2. *Walk in Shame* – Blue Eyed Devils
3. *Hellbent for Dixie* – Hellstompers
4. *46 Years in Hell* – Bound For Glory
5. *The New South* – Hank Williams, Jr.
6. *Weekend White Warriors* – Mudoven
7. *Life of a Patriot* – Riot Wing
8. *Rich Man's War* – Midtown Bootboys
9. *For a New Day* – Intimidation One
10. *Black Plague Terror* – Angry Aryans

**JAY'S TOP TEN
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA**

1. *Thought Control* – Bully Boys
2. *Defenders of the Faith* – Fortress
3. *Justice* – Berserkr
4. *Violence* – Intimidation One
5. *Advocation of Violence* – Angry Aryans
6. *Odin's Maidens* – Broadsword
7. *Thought and Memory* – Raven's Wing
8. *Thank God I'm a White Boy* – Youngland
9. *Heart to My Nation* – Riot Wing
10. *Lord of the Seas* – Berserkr

Ravenous

The Southern Cross Rises Again

Interview by John Murdoch

Formed in November 1999 after a few fizzles with previous projects, Ravenous rehearsed for two months before playing their first gig in Sydney at the Rocking ZOG Concert. The band hails from the B+H stronghold of Melbourne, Australia. Both Joel and Shannon played in other bands for several years before forming Ravenous, and are very active in the Blood & Honour/WP music scene and other political activities. To hear the rest of the story, read along...

JM: How would you describe the band's style and edge?

Joel: We draw upon a heavier style for our music, although we still love playing Rock 'n' Roll. We never really got together and said, "This is what we want to sound like." Our style just came from all of us mixing our influences, which are quite varied. The addition of Donovan (ex-Fortress) to the lineup will certainly bring an even harder edge to our music. I guess you could say that we won't be playing any more ballads.

JM: It appears that your band draws heavily on Odinism. Are you an Odinist band?

Joel: No, I don't follow any religions, but I try to abide by Nature's laws as best I can. Donovan: Yes, I do consider myself to be a practicing Odinist.

JM: Your music, vocals, and lyrics come

across as very intense, angry, and extreme.

Joel: We are just products of our society. It's pretty hard to stay calm, living in the world that we do. So, yes, there is a certain amount of anger and hate involved. When someone is trying to take away our future, our heritage, and everything we stand for... of course we are going to be angry, of course we are going to hate. We are not going to sit back and watch our civilization collapse without trying to resist in some way, and I guess our music is one way to express that.

JM: Politically, where do you stand?

We are a nationalist and racialist band, through and through. We try to preach love and honour for our own kind, as well as respect for our culture and heritage.

JM: Your most recent work is on the Midgard label. Why did you decide to

go with Midgard?

Joel: Originally, it was supposed to be released through Great White Productions but, due to several factors, they have decided to wind things up. The guys at GWP sent copies of our stuff to a few different labels and Midgard showed the most interest. I can't say anything bad about Midgard. They have done a magnificent job.

JM: How has the album been received thus far? What are your thoughts on it?

Joel: The album has been received very well. I haven't heard any bad reports so far. For a debut release, we are pretty happy with it. Four of the songs were written four days before going into the studio and they turned out to be four of the best on the album. All in all, we are very pleased with the final result.

JM: I understand that there were some

problems with your former guitarist.

Joel: It's the same old story in this scene. One day, you're hanging out with who you think is a pretty stand-up White guy doing his part for the Cause, and the next day you catch him doing something racially unforgivable. The less said about him, the better. The guy is a scumbag and people should stay clear of him.

JM: What is the usual drawing for an Australian WP gig?

Joel: We usually attract a fairly decent crowd for our gigs, from skinheads to metalheads to just casual people. We never draw the same size crowds as in Europe but, then again, we are only a nation of 19 million. The biggest problem at our gigs is the lack of new faces. This is something we are trying to remedy, through various poster runs and recruitment drives. The Internet has been a big help in this regard.

JM: I understand that GWP had to fold because of government pressure.

Is this a sign of trouble to come?

Joel: Recently, our state government passed the "Racial and Religious Tolerance Bill." The law is designed to target people like us and stop us from spreading our "hate." First they passed laws that took away our guns, and now they have laws that take away our right to free speech. The Iron Heel was particularly bad around the time of the Sydney Olympics, constantly harassing us and looking for information on our scene. I think the government will become more intrusive in the future. It's only a matter of time before things go the same way as in parts of Europe, with

stricter laws and harsher penalties for dissidents.

JM: Do the New Zealand and Australian scenes collaborate?

Joel: There is not a lot of contact between us at the moment, but hopefully that will change in the future.

JM: What are the positive and negative aspects of being so distanced from the rest of the White world?

Joel: One of the worst things about being so far away is trying to get international acts out here. Our currency is worth about half of the U.S. dollar and about a third of the British pound. This makes it very hard to raise funds for airfares and such. On the other hand, the Internet has been a big help to us. We have constant contact with other scenes around the world, which means that nobody

is that far away anymore.

JM: Whatever happened to Pauline Hanson and her "One Nation" party?

Joel: Pauline Hanson has just resigned from the "One Nation" party. Some of the party candidates and members – Graeme Campbell for instance – are brilliant people. Unfortunately, like what happens in every country around the world, the media got wind of something they didn't like and destroyed it before it even got off the ground.

JM: What are your influences from WP music and the mainstream? I remember a Skrewdriver cover floating around on your CD.

Joel: I draw my influences from Oi!, RAC, most WP bands, a lot of Rock 'n' Roll, and even some Metal. I don't really listen to mainstream music.
Donovan: Most of my musical



influences these days come from Viking Metal, such as Borknagar, Mythotine, and Amorphis. Some of my other favorite bands are Shutdown, Bound for Glory, Berzerkr, and Odin's Law.

Shannon: I wouldn't say our music is influenced by any other bands, but some of my favorites are Youngland, Aggressive Force, and Fortress. And, of course, we all like Skrewdriver.

JM: How far do you plan on taking the band? Have you had any offers for collaboration thus far?

Joel: We plan on taking the band as far as it will go, or until we decide it is no longer serving as a vehicle to spread our message. Things have slowed down at the moment while we concentrate on new material, but we should be up and running again fairly soon.

JM: If you could create a dream concert (any band lineup, anywhere in the world, etc.), what would it consist of?

Joel: Well, of course, we would be headlining (ha, ha) supported by Skrewdriver, Fortress, Brutal Attack, No Remorse, and Noie Werte. The venue would be the park next door to my house, so that I wouldn't have trouble finding my way home afterwards.

JM: This is an old question, but it never goes away. Do you think that it's a smart idea for the leaders and musicians of the WP scene to venture off into other areas of music?

Joel: I think that, by branching into other areas, the scene is evolving. And evolve we must. Let's face it: the music we play now only caters to a small audience, and we are pretty much preaching to the choir. We do get some new faces at each gig, but there aren't enough of them. If we try other areas of music, we will reach a greater number of people. Therefore, the message spreads and

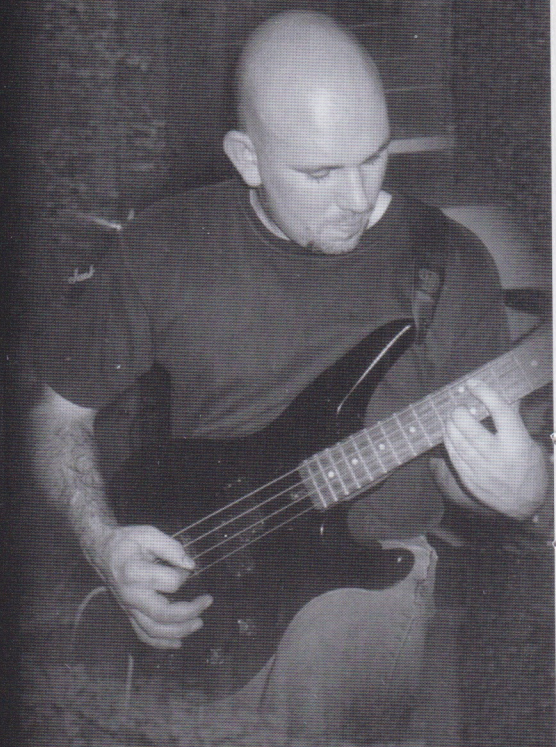
there is more hope for us. On the other side of the argument, you have the idea that the lemmings who listen to mainstream are already too far gone and beyond help. There is no room for us in the Rap or Soul music scenes, either. Those styles of music are not for our people.

JM: What do you think is the worst thing going on the WP scene, and what's the best?

Joel: The two worst things are: (1) the amount of apathy in the scene. Many people think that by coming to a gig, getting pissed, and raising your right arm, you are doing your bit. That's just ridiculous. I am sick of people reading the paper or watching TV and saying, "That's terrible, somebody should do something about that." Don't complain about it; do something yourself. People need to realize that if they want victory then they are going to have to work for it; (2) The amount of bitching and backstabbing that goes on. Everybody talks about White unity and how we need to stick together to win, but we hear all the time about how we can't unify with so-and-so for some stupid reason. I realize that not everybody is going to get along, but let's just put personal differences aside for the good of the people and get the job done. The best thing down here in Melbourne at the moment is we have a committed group of people who are ready and willing to do what has to be done for our future.

JM: Anything else to add?

Joel: Thank you to *Resistance* for giving us this opportunity. Hopefully, *Resistance* can continue to run as successfully and professionally as it has so far. And, hopefully, if we all strive for victory, then maybe one day we will achieve it. ♦



Band Lineup

Shannon – Vocals/Bass Guitar

Joel – Drums

Donovan – Guitars

Discography

Southern Thunder Compilation –
2000 (three tracks)
Produced by *Great White
Productions*

Blind Faith – 2001
Produced by *Midgard Records*

A Eulogy to National Alliance Chairman DR. WILLIAM LUTHER PIERCE, III

He was an honorable White man. Pure in thought. Fearless in the battle for the future of his people. Unwavering in his commitment to our Cause. Dr. William L. Pierce was a leader of men, a teacher and a philosopher of his time. And he was my friend.

His death was tragic and unexpected. We are left without words to describe our loss. It is said that men die every day and traitors die a thousand deaths, but a patriot dies only once. And even then, the loss of such a rare breed of man leaves a scar upon our collective soul.

Dr. William Luther Pierce, III was a patriot in the truest sense of the word. His untimely death from cancer on the afternoon of 23 July 2002 presents us with the one harsh and undeniable truth of our existence. None of us are getting out of this world alive. We can hope but to live and struggle and fight as honorable, White men, worthy of the guidance of our leaders and the deeds of our ancestors.

Dr. William Pierce was our leader. He will be remembered as a founding father in the revolution that is to come. A gifted academic and prosperous physics professor when he awakened to the call of the blood in 1964, Dr. Pierce paid dearly for his courage and commitment. He lost everything; his career, his family and his life savings, soon after taking up the Cause. Yet, he pressed on. He spent every waking moment of every day of the rest of his life fighting for his people. William Pierce committed his energy and intellect, his heart and, indeed, his very last breath, to the future of his race.

To our enemies, Dr. Pierce was one of the most hated and feared men in America. He built the National Alliance from the ground up, brick by brick, into the strongest, most aggressive and agile White nationalist organization on earth.

With vision and integrity, armed with nothing more than a pen and a computer keyboard, William Pierce struck fear in the hearts of the establishment as he operated openly within the system. "Concealed in plain sight," Dr. Pierce constructed for his people a fortress against the racial suicide encouraged by Jewish mind control.

This was no small task. Although relatively easy to reach, the door to racial truth is hard to open and impossible to close. For the next thousand years, courageous men and women will

continue to approach the gates of the fortress that Pierce built. Only the best will dare to enter. And only the strongest will stay.

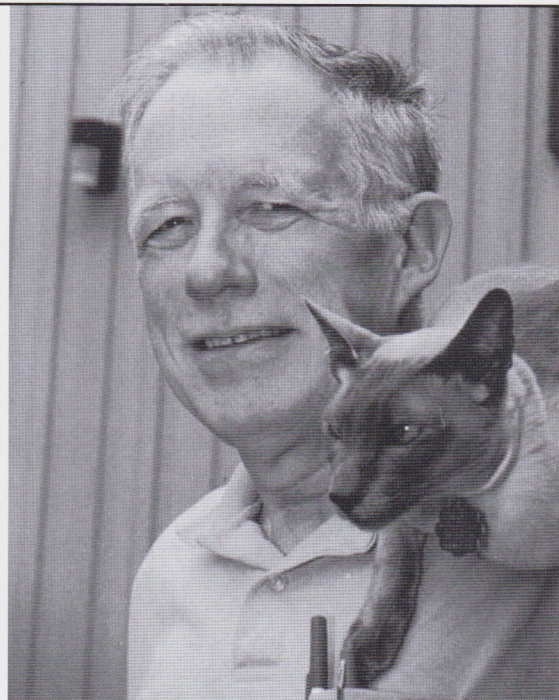
Like the remote mountain refuge that houses National Alliance headquarters, the path to racial truth is long and arduous and not for the faint of heart. The winters are harsh and the terrain is unforgiving. Weak men quit and foolish men stumble as comfort is replaced with hardship and personal isolation is greeted with nothing more than the camaraderie of a handful of other brave and hearty souls marching along the same trail. This, as Dr. Pierce would tell anyone who would listen, was by design.

Pierce once remarked that men and women of European descent originate from, and thrive under "harsh conditions." From the bitter cold of the Alps and Pyrenees Mountains to the frozen tundra of America's upper Midwest, our people function best when facing death, hardship and adversity. Dr. Pierce taught us that comfort and convenience, safety and security are the enemies of our race. He taught us to struggle and fight within ourselves to strengthen our minds for the war that is to come. And he knew that only the best of our people would follow him up the hill to do battle against the enemies of our race.

Dr. Pierce carved a narrow path to the top of the mountain of racial truth but he did not pave the road. The climb is intended to be a test of strength and will. For Pierce knew that once a sufficient number of strong-hearted White men and women of character and courage reach the summit, the Jew would be in imminent peril.

"Once the best of our people awaken, the enemy will never again sleep in peace," he once remarked. This has been true ever since European man has walked upon this earth. And great and fearless White men like Martin Luther, Adolf Hitler and William Pierce have applied this essential truth as the ultimate strategy for our racial survival for thousands of years.

Jews in America looked at Dr. Pierce with the same fear a tick living on a dog views a flea collar. With his wisdom and intellect, humor and imagination, Dr. Pierce gradually led thousands of us, one at a time, onto the road of enlightenment and racial self-determination. For two generations, his National Alliance has influenced tens of thousands of the best and brightest of our race worldwide.



Although self-education is key and a voluminous personal library is a trademark of a dedicated Alliance member, Dr. Pierce made it clear that he was not creating "a book club for old men." Although a gifted intellectual and an educated man, William Pierce surrounded himself with young, ordinary, often working class White men and women. He held great confidence in these "salt of the earth," types who are determined and strong-willed and honorable in word in deed.

For an Alliance recruit, Dr. Pierce valued courage, commitment, competence and character above a college education, personal wealth or family background. He valued the stubborn grit of the "Volk," and the simple, essential goodness, natural strength and wisdom of our race.

Above all, William Luther Pierce was a thoughtful and gentle man. Never too busy to take a telephone call from a new recruit, civil to even the most rabid of our enemies, Dr. Pierce spent his days engaged in lawful activism on behalf of his race. He never spent a single day in jail. Pierce was a true warrior who understood the amount of preparation required before direct engagement of a powerful enemy could begin. He knew the task would require generations of social radicalizing and years of careful, brick by brick construction. He committed himself completely and worked himself to

death at this critical task.

Some men could not wait. Although, to those who knew him, Dr. Pierce was not a particularly menacing or dangerous man, it is true that some of the most serious and dangerous men in America have followed him to their graves. Robert Mathews, Eric Hanson and Timothy McVeigh took some of what William Pierce said to heart. They, too, died fighting the enemies of our race. Although Pierce did not approve of their actions, he always understood them. But, "now is not the time for action," he would say as he recalled their deeds.

Pierce forever cautioned his cadre to avoid anything illegal as they recruited new members and built the National Alliance from the ground up. He had little patience with those who advocated random violence.

"...we are not quite ready to put the White man in the fight. For now, we need only to put the fight in the White man."

This sensible policy was consistent in word and deed. Despite building a headquarters in the remote seclusion of the Appalachian Mountains in central West Virginia, the Alliance never stockpiled weapons or organized a military unit or a "militia" to fight our enemies. Dr. Pierce once explained to an active duty Army Special Forces officer who visited him at his National Alliance office that "...we are not quite ready to put the White man in the fight. For now, we need only to put the fight in the White man."

And fighters who spend every waking moment training for battle have always found a home in the ranks of the National Alliance. From the beginning, the "warrior class" of cautious, soft-spoken, dangerous men who fight with their hands and harden their bodies for recreation found the Alliance a worthy organization to serve. Early on, fit, angry, young White men who keep their minds sharp and their mouths shut came to the fortress that Pierce built and asked him what needed to be done. He expected nothing more than total commitment and accepted nothing less from those he selected for leadership in the fledgling organization.

"Leadership," according to Pierce, "is the ability to get things done." And there was much to do. In its infancy, the organization ran on little more than pennies in donations and the focused rage of a handful of awakened people. Many came but very few stayed. Only the strongest and most dedicated have ever managed to keep up with the pace of William Pierce

and the National Alliance.

While some drifted away, others were shown the door. The Alliance had no patience for the clumsy, heavily armed militant, the ambitious talker or the Hitler wannabe hobbyist. The quiet, intense, fit young man in the back of the room, listening to what needed to be done and promising to do only that which he knew he was capable of, soon earned a leadership position in the fortress that Pierce was building.

Others found comfort in this steady but sure approach and contributed their special skills



William Luther Pierce in 1934.

harsh experience, Jews know that this is the most dangerous act of rebellion imaginable.

Today, the National Alliance continues and seeks to honor the legacy of William Luther Pierce. The gates of the fortress are now guarded by the best of the organization's leadership cadre. Erich Josef Gliebe, 38, was selected by the leadership to become the Chairman of the National Alliance. The son of a decorated German *Wehrmacht* soldier and a former professional boxer, Gliebe, at 6'4" stands tall and resolute at the gate of the fortress that Pierce built. He was

one of William Pierce's closest and most trusted comrades and serves as an example to all White men who enter the organization. What brought him to the National Alliance, what drives him to serve our Cause with careful determination and endless energy, is best described in his own words: "I grew up old school," Gliebe said. "My parents came from Germany after fighting for the right side. Hard work and fearless determination defines my father. During the war, he was shot in the face by a Russian Army officer and left for dead in the snow on the eastern front. He crawled to what was left of his unit and led his men to safety. Despite almost freezing to death in enemy territory, cut off from their division, without food or ammunition, they chose to live. My father and his men survived only to eventually be taken prisoner by the Allies. They almost starved to death in the POW camp, forced to eat things you don't even want to know about."

Gliebe said he learned many things from his father and from the other German soldiers who came to the United States after the war. "We have several German ethnic clubs here in Cleveland and I was drawn to these men and their stories of combat at a very young age. I knew what Jews were by the time I got into Kindergarten." Gliebe immersed himself in German culture and eventually traveled to the Fatherland.

Gliebe also learned to fight. In the book, *Mein Kampf*, Hitler tells us that boxing is the ultimate sport for an Aryan man. It requires rigorous physical conditioning, strength training and high endurance. For Gliebe, boxing was the ultimate test of his character and will to survive. "The best fighter is not necessarily the fastest or the strongest. The best fighter is the one who

fights beyond himself. He reaches deep inside and fights past exhaustion, taking the hits and pushing on. Even when he is drained of strength and bruised and bleeding, the champion swallows his blood, opens his eyes, keeps his arms up and his fists punching until the other guy hits the floor."

A tall, fast power-puncher with lean muscle mass and a grueling training regimen, Gliebe was so successful applying Hitler's "never say die" philosophy to the boxing ring that he eventually turned professional. He caused quite a stir on the pro-boxing circuit within a year. Aggressive young White men who can fight and defeat the thick-skulled Negro or knock out the hyper Mestizo are rare and in great demand in the boxing world. Gliebe took them on and soon became known as the "Aryan Barbarian" as he fought these brown-skinned opponents and dropped them to the mat with determined ferocity. Gliebe went undefeated and was destined for a great career when he came across the writings of Dr. William L. Pierce in his early twenties.

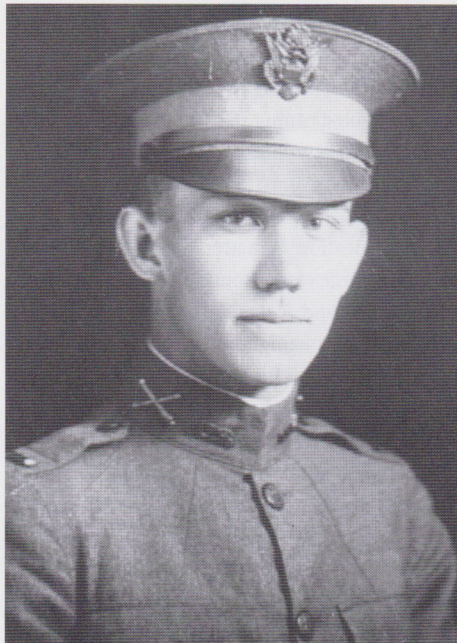
What drew the fit young German-American, the son of a National Socialist warrior to the National Alliance is perhaps the most fitting testament to the words and legacy of William Luther Pierce.

"When I finally made my way down to meet Dr. Pierce, it took an hour to make it up the driveway to the National Alliance headquarters. The road was almost impassable, but I kept going. When we finally shook hands and sat down in his office to talk, my life changed forever. Dr. Pierce was a man like the men I grew up around. He was serious and capable and confident in the rightness of our task. You could see the fire and thoughtful determination in his eyes. He was as determined a fighter as any man I have ever known. It was because of him that I dedicated my life to serve my race."

Gliebe soon hung up his boxing gloves and began fighting for a greater Cause. He started the Cleveland Unit of the National Alliance and has served the organization and our Cause full time for most of his adult life. As Pierce's hand-picked successor, the torch has been passed to a leader who will fight for our race with an energy and attitude that will continue to strike terror in the heart of the enemy.

Fighters have always been drawn to the National Alliance. William Pierce built it that way. Erich Gliebe eventually learned that William Pierce had himself grown up "old school."

The son of a World War I artillery officer and adventurer, William Luther Pierce III was named after his father. After the First World



William Pierce, II in his Army uniform during World War I. The decorated Artillery Officer served in Europe during the war.

War, Pierce Sr. served in the merchant marines for a time and once had to shoot and kill two Caribbean deck hands that were attempting a mutiny on board the ship he was serving on. His interesting recollection of the violent uprising was featured in a hardcover book published in 1926 titled "Ocean Tramps."

William Pierce, Sr. eventually settled back in his hometown of Christiansburg, Virginia and helped with the insurance business his father had built. He soon started his own successful Aetna Insurance agency during the Depression, traveled throughout the south and soon married. His wife, Marguerite Ferrell, was a beautiful Aryan girl of Scotch Irish stock and the great granddaughter of Thomas Hill Watts the governor of Alabama during the Civil War. The couple's first child, William, was born in Atlanta on September 11, 1933. A second son, Sanders, was born three years later.

Young William L. Pierce, III was a child filled with dreams of space travel and science fiction. He got his first chemistry set at the age of eight. He built a crystal radio by the age of nine. A voracious reader, Dr. Pierce once recalled that he grew up inside the pages of books and among the test tubes and

circuit boards of his bedroom laboratory. Family pictures show him and his brother, Sanders, playing outside, riding horses and living an uneventful childhood until Pierce reached the age of ten. In that year, 1943, his father was struck and killed by a car driven by a sixteen-year-old, seconds after the elder Pierce stepped off of a streetcar in Norfolk, VA.

The family was devastated. But Dr. Pierce's mother, Marguerite, did not wait for handouts from family or the state. She packed up the boys and moved back to her hometown of Montgomery, AL for a few months and got the family's affairs in order. Then, she packed the two boys up in the family car again and simply drove west.

"Mother didn't really have any specific place in mind," Sanders Pierce recalled recently. "She drove west to the New Mexico border and we turned around because of a blizzard. We eventually got to Dallas and found a room to rent. Mother got a job within a few days and put us in school. We moved into a house shortly thereafter."

Marguerite Pierce was a strong, fiercely independent woman. She was thrifty and attentive to her family. Sanders Pierce recalled growing up in Dallas, "Our mother was employed as a secretary at an insurance company and was the sole provider for Bill and me. As a single mother during The Depression, she instilled in her sons the values of hard work and thrift. Manners were of utmost importance. Our mother encouraged reading and insisted her sons go to the unabridged dictionary to find answers to their questions about spelling or word definition.

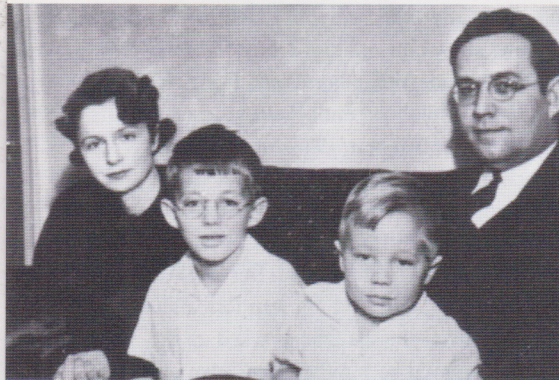
"Everyone had chores around the house.

Saturday's were reserved for housecleaning, doing the laundry by hand, walking to the grocery store four blocks away and carrying the groceries home. There were no luxuries but we had everything we needed. Our mother was a savvy business-woman and didn't waste a penny."

Dr. Pierce and his brother were expected to be polite and productive young men at all times while growing up in Marguerite's house. Pierce delivered papers and mowed lawns to purchase chemicals and electronic components for his lab. He devoured Popular Science and Popular



This illustration comes from a book published during the Depression. It shows William L. Pierce, II, Dr. Pierce's father as he shot two Caribbean mutineers aboard a ship off the coast of South America.



The Pierce Family-1939. L-R: Marguerite Pierce, William Pierce III, Sanders Pierce and William Pierce II.

Mechanics and often built the various devices and projects featured in the pages of these magazines. Pierce read science fiction novels for recreation but actually spent most of his time learning chemistry and physics through study and experimentation. His brother remembers Dr. Pierce as a “self-educating student” who excelled in math and science.

Dr. Pierce also took a keen interest in model rockets and fireworks as a child. He once recalled his experiments with nitrogen triiodide, a simple to prepare but highly unstable primary explosive that was a popular novelty for adolescents in the 1940’s. Once the mixture dries, a feather touching it will cause the chemicals to explode with a very loud report. Pierce often told the story about what happened when he put a small batch of the stuff on his doormat one day and called one of his schoolmates on the phone and invited him over to the house.

“I expected to scare the hell out of him,” Pierce recalled. “Instead, the laundry deliveryman came to the house and when he stepped on the doormat it sounded like a shotgun had gone off,” he laughed. Although the small explosion



Dr. Pierce at age 17, Allen Military Academy, 1951. His poor eyesight disqualified him from a military career. He wanted to be a fighter pilot or an astronaut when he was a young man. He learned to fly a plane and was an accomplished pilot, nonetheless.

only startled the deliveryman, this was not the first time one of his experiments had gone awry and Pierce’s mother banished his bedroom laboratory to the garage, he recalled.

At the age of fifteen, William Pierce and his brother were sent to Allen Military Academy in Bryan, TX. “Mother wanted us to be as fit and tough as our father was,” recalled Sanders. In a 1978

essay Pierce wrote about his military school experience. “...My interests continued to be devoted almost wholly to science.... I finagled an afternoon job cleaning up the stockroom of the chemistry lab at military school, which was a mess from years of inattention by uninterested teachers, and I used the opportunity to continue my self-education in matters scientific.”

In the same essay, (found on page 124 of *The Best of Attack* and *National Vanguard*, Dr. Pierce also recalled his benign indifference to racial issues or politics in his youth.

“I had very little previous experience with non-Whites and had not thought much about them one way or another... At military school I had once indignantly declined an invitation to accompany a carload of my classmates on a “coon conking” excursion into the local “nigger town.” This was a sport that consisted of driving along close to the curb and poking a closet pole out the car window to knock down Blacks on the sidewalk. I strongly felt that, as long as Blacks were minding their own business, no one had the right to bother them.”

This particular recollection is somewhat definitive of Dr. Pierce his whole life. He would soon become radicalized about race as a university professor, but he never had much use for the primitive “lynch mob,” mentality of attacking lesser races for no reason. Indeed, as Dr. Pierce lay dying in a hospital in early July of this year, a large Black female nurse came into his room to occasionally draw blood or administer medication, and “America’s premier neo-Nazi” was civil and polite to the woman.

Dr. Pierce always went to great lengths to advocate for his race from the moral and intellectual high ground. He created an elite organization that avoided what he called the “primal reek of herd instinct.” Pierce did not light crosses, engage in bar room brawls or go goose stepping through town in a homemade uniform to make his point. He once remarked that he did not “hate” Blacks or other brown races, he just considered their impulsive, often violent behavior unmanageable and unsafe in a free, White society.

In his youth, however, Dr. Pierce did not consider the race question at all. He was focused on his studies and experiments. In 1951, he graduated at the top of his class and was a

member of the National Honor Society at Allen Military Academy. Pierce scored high on the college entrance exams and was accepted at Rice University in Houston, TX, where he majored in physics with a minor in mathematics. He received his B.A. in 1955 from Rice Institute and then went on to earn his Masters degree from the University of Colorado two years later. He worked at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena during these years and eventually earned his PhD in 1959.

While a graduate student, Pierce also pursued what would become a life-long interest in flying. He got his private pilot’s license in August 1958, just shy of his 25th birthday. Dr. Pierce carefully rebuilt the engine of a 1943 Taylorcraft L-2 airplane and flew it from El Monte, California to Denver, Colorado in October 1958.

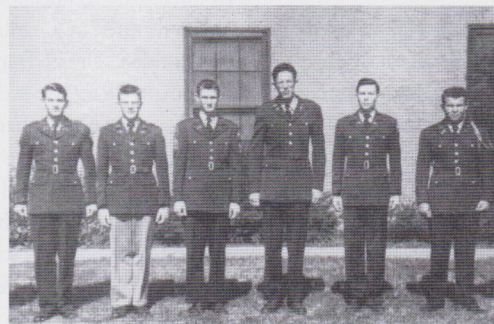
Like his father, Dr. Pierce had a passion for adventure. He went rock and mountain climbing, became a master with handgun and rifle, and flew his airplane in all types of inclement weather.

Science, however, was his main passion. A gifted physicist by age 26, Dr. Pierce specialized in nuclear magnetic resonance and the application of RF semiconductors in measuring the decay of nuclear material. His innovative theories were first published in *Colorado Engineer* magazine in January 1960.

Like Hitler and Mussolini, William

Pierce did not become racially or politically active until reaching his early 30’s. As a grad student he focused on science. Politics and racial issues were far from his mind during these years, as he recalled in his 1978 essay. “Being a physics graduate student really is a totally absorbing occupation, and I was one most of the time between the ages of 21 and 29, a period in the lives of most intellectuals when they are doing a lot of thinking about—or at least are very much aware of—the political and social issues of the day. But for me, any time not devoted to physics during this period was spent in frenetic physical activity; chasing girls, skiing, flying, sailing, mountain climbing, shooting.

“Toward the end of my graduate studies there wasn’t even time for physical recreation, and I often slept on a folding cot beside the



Dr. Pierce, (center) at age 17, towers over his fellow Honor Society members in this 1950 photograph from Allen Military Academy.

“...For the first time in my life I had time to notice what was going on in the world around me and to reflect on it. And in 1963 there was a lot to notice and reflect on.”

electromagnet in my laboratory when I finished the day's work, long after midnight.” This tireless work ethic would follow Dr. Pierce to the end of his days.

In 1962, Dr. Pierce was hired as an assistant professor of physics at Oregon State University. He said it took him about a year to settle in to his new job and get his graduate courses arranged to teach the subject to his students. This is when William Luther Pierce, III first encountered the emerging political struggles on campus that merged Negro civil rights, anti-war activism, and liberal-socialist politics into what would become the modern witches' brew of multiculturalism in America.

“...For the first time in my life I had time to notice what was going on in the world around me and to reflect on it. And in 1963 there was a lot to notice and reflect on. It was then that the 'civil rights' revolution was first coming out of

the closet, and there were sit-ins, 'freedom' marches and other media events practically every day.

There were no major riots or confrontations in Corvallis, Oregon, where I was teaching, but even on the Oregon State University campus one could see a microcosm of the racial ferment taking place elsewhere. There were several interracial couples on the faculty and the usual brainless liberal blather about racial matters in the student newspaper.

As the turmoil grew, it became more and more difficult to remain a disinterested observer. It was clearly necessary for every responsible adult to try to understand the implications of this 'civil rights' thing and then take a position. But I had no ground on which to stand.”

It was then that Dr. William Luther Pierce, III began to seek out the answers to these crucial questions of the day. As America began

to crumble under the strain of Jewish propaganda, as Negroes were rioting and looting in the streets, a quiet, thoughtful young physics professor in Oregon was taking notice. He looked for answers and found some of them in the dusty stacks of long forgotten books in the university library. He found them in the speeches of Rockwell, Smoot and Oliver. He found them in the pages of *Mein Kampf*.

Soon, William Pierce began to carefully build the “ground on which to stand,” and the National Alliance would eventually become our fortress upon that ground. In the next installment we will learn more about the formative years of the National Alliance, as it grew into a citadel of highly intelligent men and women working diligently against the enemies of our race. As it became the fortress that Pierce built.

—LWM

The seventh issue of this great magazine is all in English!

ROCK AGAINST COMMUNISM
THE REAL ALTERNATIVE MUSIC MAGAZINE

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THE REAL ALTERNATIVE MUSIC MAGAZINE
ROCK AGAINST COMMUNISM
ISSUE #7/1 SUMMER/AUTUMN 2001

Before God
The songs of youth raised the voices of 1,000s today for Christian worship

Youngland
Come down from the clouds to find 100% racial unity

Pluton 5v6
All of them from the band

Kolovrat
The new album

HBMACHINE
The new album

Plunder & Pillage
The new album

MR. MARTY

Against the World

Longtime OC Musician **MARTY COX** Keeps on Rockin'

Interview by John Murdoch

Marty Cox has been around the White Power music scene a long time. During that time, the situation in his native Orange County, California—like the situation worldwide—hasn't gotten any better, but Marty has kept on when many around him have quit. In this interview, we discover that he's still got the White fire, and we don't see any reason why Extreme Hatred's founder and vocalist won't still be hanging tough when we roll up our sleeves and salvage the White world from the sewers.

JM: Marty, I think I've been trying to get you to do an interview ever since I started doing this.

MC: Yes, I am very hard to get to sit down and do interviews. Mostly, I am either too busy and can't do them or I am having problems with my computer.

JM: So, what's going on down in Orange County? How many bands are you in right now?

MC: I formed Extreme Hatred in 1991. From there, I have played in Youngland, Final War, Aggressive Force (as a stand in), Hate Crime and, soon, the re-formed Youngblood. As of now, I play in Extreme Hatred, Hate Crime, and Final War. As for the OC area, things have

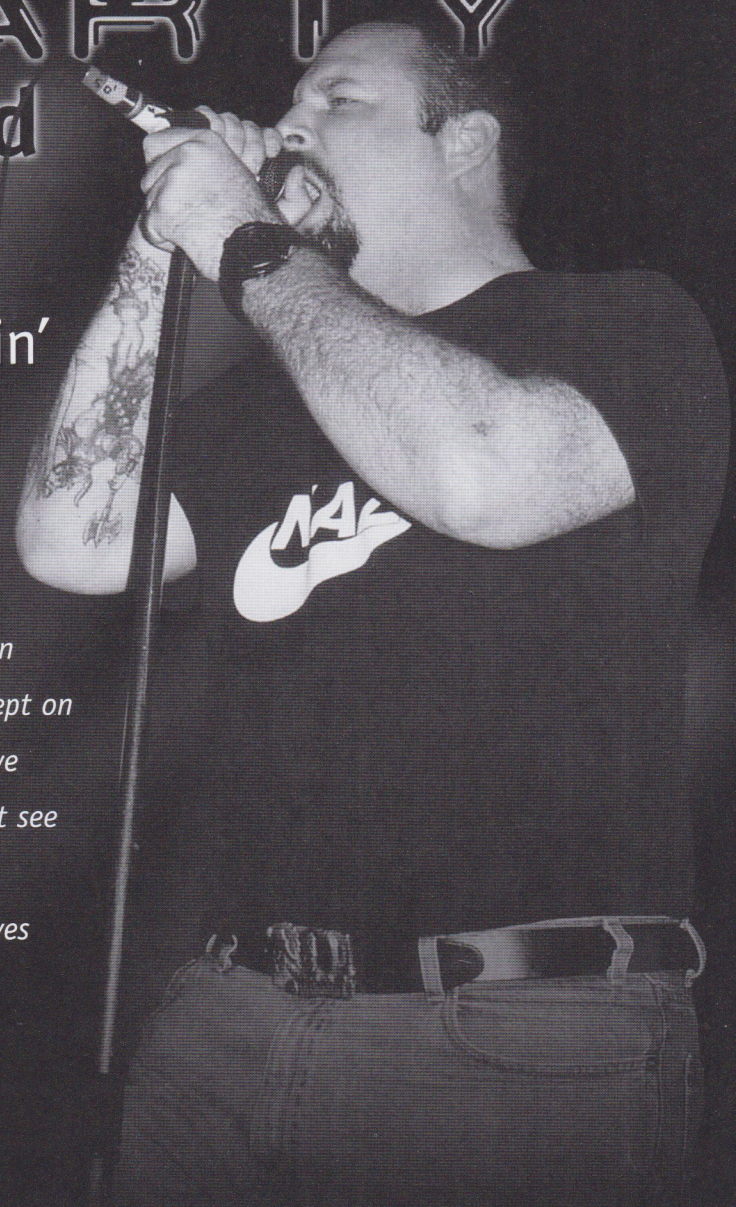
kind of slowed down a bit. We go through phases here. One week, we'll be big, then the following week, nothing. But for the most part, OC is the place to be. There is always something to do here.

JM: You've been in the WP world a long time.

MC: I started my life listening to the worst music in the world: the music of the 70s. There was nothing at that time that I cared to even take two minutes to listen to. I hated it so much. Then one day, a new radio station here in L.A. started up, called KROQ. They played some really killer tunes, underground stuff that had a refreshing sound. Then they played the SeX PiToLs. This

was around 1979. I was hooked. They mentioned that the PiToLs were going to be on TV this one weekend. I watched the special and thought, "That will be me from now on: Someone who doesn't listen to the crap everyone else listens to." When the PiToLs rented out a barge and floated down the Thames River singing, "God Save the Queen" outside the castle, that was it. I cut my hair and wore a denim jacket with swastikas all over it and with the print "INFA-RIOT" on the back. I was known to all as the OC Nazi

Punk. I went to all the Punk shows and hung out with Skinheads and Punks. Back then there were two sides, Left and Right; none of this crap we see today. Most of the OC Punk bands sang patriotic tunes and "White" music. It was not uncommon to see the bass player for the Circle Jerks come out on stage wearing a brown shirt, or Fear singing songs to ignite the fever of violence. Back around 1980-81, in high school I came across a couple of Skins who became real close friends of mine. They were in a group called The



Order Skins, named in part after the real Order. I fitted right in. Later that year, I shaved my head and became a hatemonger.

JM: Relate the funniest stories you have about the following people (and remember, this is just good, clean fun): Tom Metzger...

MC: Karaoke. (I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't see it.)

JM: T.J. Leyden...

MC: Liar, and he spits when he talks. Gross!

JM: Eric Dobbs...

MC: Very dedicated.

JM: Brian from AggForce...

MC: LMAO! Just kidding. Brian is a guy who is true to my heart. He has traveled a long and hard road to get where he is now. Hell, I named my third boy after him; he must be doing something right.

JM: I don't get out much, but someone was telling me about how Extreme Hatred had something to do with the movie American History X. Fill us in.

MC: We were contacted by the film company that was filming American History-X. At the time, I had a hate message machine set up and a phone number to call. They called it and left a message. I called them back to see what they wanted. What they wanted was to film our friends and us in order to do research for the film. Of course, we were thinking, "Here we go again, another slander story." But they explained that they wanted to make it as real as they could. And, to be blunt, they paid good money. We did several sessions with them and they asked us to play a part in the movie. We agreed. We were

going to be a band in the background playing at a party. To make a long story short, they got someone else. No big deal, though. We talked about how things really are and how we feel that we are being over-run by the scum. I kept in total contact with the film crew and talked to them all the time about how things *should* be. I told them over and over about how most movies and TV shows make us out to be stupid rednecks, which we aren't. I feel that they kept their word and made a great film. One more note: the entire beginning of the movie was our influence, the other half was all Jewish influenced. But I feel that the ending was the best part of the whole movie. I accepted it like this: Even if you were once a skinhead and you get out of the scene, you are still White, and our "colored cousins" will hate you no matter what. Saying, "I live in a ghetto, and that's what made me do it," is just a cop-out. If you're White, don't trust any Black, and you will live.

JM: How many times have you been asked in an interview, "What are your musical influences?"

MC: It is an often-repeated question, but people want to know. I really have a lot of influences. My main influence when I write music is old GBH. I just love that style. I get a lot of material from Grindcore like Six Feet Under, Slayer, etc. Those bands have a lot of power behind them when they play. For the rest of the band, we all have different influences, anything from Hardcore to just plain Rock -n- Roll. When I write lyrics, I get my ideas from what I see around me, things that need to be addressed. The government

won't listen to someone like me, so I scream about it on the mic. Ian Stuart was a genius when he wrote lyrics. I can read any one of his songs and understand it because it is a story with a beginning and an end, and a solution as well. I try to be like that. I know I'll ruffle a few feathers here, but I'll say it anyway: I also like the way Jello Biafra from the Dead Kennedys writes his songs. Even though they are anti-White, his style is perfect. I am okay with my writing style, but I think I need a little work in some areas.

JM: Give me a rough estimate on how many gigs you have done, excluding those under 20 people. And while you're at it, how many bands have you shared time with?

MC: I would say that the number of gigs is a pretty big number, at least 250. The biggest show we have played was in Germany for about 800 people. The smallest was in Utah, maybe fifteen people showed up. We have been able to play with some of the greatest bands in the scene today. The list would go on forever: Aggravated Assault, Midtown Bootboys, Brutal Attack, Celtic Warrior, Radikahl, Faustrecht, Tollschock, StoneHeads, Bully Boys, BFG, Konkwista 88, and many others.

JM: What was your least favorite show?

MC: The least favorite for me was the first show we played in Switzerland. It wasn't because of the people, but because I was so drunk. I was up on stage and didn't even know I was up there. I ended up making an ass out of myself and learned my lesson. I really wish I could redo that show all over again.

JM: What was the coolest media coverage you have ever gotten?

MC: It would have to be from a couple of college students who were doing a project for a class. They came in and filmed us playing and did a whole documentary on us. They were not "for" us or "against" us. They just told it like it was. I think Eric Davidson still has that on videotape. I also think the American History X crew did a very good job. I even had one of the cameramen agreeing with me on a lot of topics.

JM: Hey, what happened with that gig that you were playing down at the Shack in Anaheim? I think I heard on the news that the JDL had apparently been casing it out to bomb it when they got busted.

MC: Ah, yes, the friendly Jewish Defense League. Irv Rubin and his sidekick have been busted for plotting to bomb several targets in the L.A. area. I'm not sure if he was planning on nailing the Shack, but I wouldn't put it past him. I'm just glad I was able to give him a few licks before he was locked away. I remember a time when he showed up to a pro-White march. He was yelling and screaming, but only when the media were there. It wasn't until the media came over to ask us what the march was about when old camel face came up and started yelling the "No Nazi" chant. A few of us waited until the camera was turned off and then exposed our protest signs. We weren't using the standard piece of wood to hold our signs; they were stapled to baseball bats. I never saw poor Irv run so fast before. The media loved it.



EXTREME HATRED

JM: Multiple-choice time. Will you leave OC when: (A) it becomes 99% Mexican, (B) it falls into the ocean along with everything else west of the San Andreas fault line, or (C) when 20-foot radioactive red ants threaten to destroy Disneyland?

MC: Well, "A" isn't too far off. The census reports say that the Beans make up 69% of the population in OC. Not good, and they won't stop breeding anytime soon. The Beans used to stay in their own parts of town; now the whole town is theirs. I see more and more homes being torn down to make way for apartment buildings whose owners welcome the Beans with open arms. I'd like to see option "C" happen, though.

JM: How big of a place would you need if you were to put all of the Southern California skinheads that have come and gone into one location?

MC: The whole Pacific Northwest. Most people who leave OC do so because they are either no longer welcome (i.e., they are rats, drug users, or race mixers) or they choose to go. Some want to see what other areas are like. Others want to go and raise their families, Bean-free. I'm sure I will be White-flighting sometime soon. We have an old saying here in OC: "Once you leave, you'll be back."

JM: Why do you still play music with so many bands?

MC: I like playing the different styles. Even though we are mostly all in the same bands, we still manage to create different sounds. We never sat down and planned this; it just happened. We never said to each other, "Hey, let's start a band that sounds like this," or "We should sound like that." It just came out that way. It just goes to prove that one person can influence others to do a

lot, musically. I have ideas for Extreme Hatred, Roy has ideas for Final War, and so on. People ask me what my limit is. I have none. If I am called upon, I will answer the call. Hell, I'll play disco if someone wants me to play. Err, well... maybe not.

JM: What keeps you moving along?

MC: Seeing that Tom Metzger is still kicking and hanging in there; his family and others; meeting new people and seeing old people; having a good time wherever I go; seeing things that others do, which spawns new ideas in me and makes me grow; being able to hold a job and pay my bills; seeing the brightness in my kids' eyes and saying to myself, "That is the future."

JM: Does it ever upset you that WP music seems to take two steps forward and one step back?

MC: You have to take the good with the bad. We have played shows that are great one moment—then two seconds later, it turns into a full scale riot. These things are what are killing us, not the Commies and their protesting. They are not our worst enemies; they are just a thorn in our side. WE are our own worst enemy. WE are the ones who are killing ourselves off. WE are the ones who are ruining it for the next generation. WE are the ones who are driving away new people. If WE don't put a stop to this and soon, we might as well just forget about even having a future.

JM: What has been your favorite project?

MC: My favorite project that I started was the Project Tribute album in honor of Ian Stuart. I felt that this man deserved something in return for all that he gave us. I took my idea to others in the area and it grew

into a major project. The end result is the Ian Stuart Memorial/Project Tribute CD out on Resistance Records.

JM: Your generation of skinheads grew up on music that was very different from the music put out by the mainstream today. Most notably, White kids today are seeing—besides Rock—Rap and electronic stuff. Do you think these will eventually appear in the scene?

MC: When I was growing up, there were skinhead bands that didn't sing about being pro-White. Today, as said once by Kev from Condemned 84: "We don't have to say how proud we are and what we are all about—people know." The SHARPs have no clue when it comes to music history and music origins; they make up things that sound right to them. They are wrong. Skins have been pro-White from the start. The whole skinhead thing wasn't started by some African who played "Northern Soul." (What is Northern Soul, anyway?) It was a pro-working class campaign that started on the docks in England where the workers were fed up with the Pakis taking their jobs away. The White dock workers went on strike and shaved their heads in protest to get attention from the press. It wouldn't make the press until the striking workers attacked the Pakis

on their way to the docks. The headlines read, if I remember correctly, "Striking Skinheads Attack Dock Workers." And another read, "Pro-White Skinheads Fight for their Jobs." These were the same kids who were listening to skinhead music. To further the claim, watch the movie *Breaking Glass*. Made in the late 70s, it is a documentary film about a Punk band trying to make it in the Punk world. It shows the White Skinheads protesting them as well. All this happened before anyone thought up the idea of SHARPs.

JM: What projects do you have cooking right now?

MC: I am getting together with Roy and we are going to write the next Extreme Hatred CD. This one will be rather different from the last two, I think. I have so many ideas going every which way in my head, I just have to funnel them into one channel. Also, the new Final War CD is just out on Panzerfaust Records. You have to check this CD out; it is awesome.

JM: Okay, thanks for your time. To finish this interview, why don't you think of a question to ask yourself and then answer it?

MC: I often ask myself: "How much longer can I go?" My answer right now is that I feel like I can go on forever, unlike

some of my so-called "friends" who—years ago—said that they would be here forever. I am one of the few who have stuck around for so long. I remember making an oath in my friend's living room one evening, and I have held true to that ever since. That former friend, in fact, is no longer around. Sure, it bothers me, but it makes me feel better knowing that I have made it this far, even if they haven't. They think that they are better off. Are they? I don't think so. Not one of them can say anything that will change my mind on this. They have made their choices, and now they must pay the price. In the long run, they will come knocking on my door. I may offer to help them because that's the type of person I am, but I will never trust them again. Thanks again for the interview. I can't believe that I actually finished it!

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C/O: Extreme Hatred
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or visit our website at:
www.extremehatred.net

Extreme Hatred Discography

1993: Three songs on White Terror Compilation.

1994: *Now is the Time*. Initially released on Phoenix Records, later re-released on Warlord Records.

1997: *Project Tribute to Ian Stuart*. Released on Resistance Records.

1999: *Have a Nice Day*. Released on Panzerfaust Records.

Original band lineup to current band lineup:

1991: Martin, Vocals. Scott, Drums. Chuck, Guitar. Jason, Bass.

1992: Introduction of Pat on Bass.

1993: Chuck leaves and Paul takes his place.

1995: Shawn joins the band as 2nd Guitar player.

1997: Paul leaves and Shawn moves to Lead Guitar.

1998: Tyson joins band as 2nd Guitar player.

2000: Scott leaves band and Jesse takes over on the Drums.

2002: Shawn leaves the band and Roy takes over as Lead Guitar.

Top Ten List of Music

- #1: "Self Destruct" – G.B.H.
- #2: "It's OK to Be White" – Aggressive Force
- #3: "Skinheads" – Faustrecht
- #4: "The Swastika Will Fly Again" – Mistreat
- #5: "A.C.A.B." – The 4Skins
- #6: "Green Fields of France" – Skrewdriver
- #7: Entire 1st Album of D.R.I. (since it's almost all one song)
- #8: "There Goes the Neighborhood" – White Pride
- #9: "Anything" – Angry Aryans
- #10: "Honor" – Youngland

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LOYALTY IS OUR HONOR

by John Michael

Of all the fascinating ideals that belong to Aryan philosophy, the magical concept of Honor is perhaps without equal. This great ideal brings to mind such things as the glory of a bloody self-sacrifice, the stone-chiseled chin of an Aryan soldier as he salutes the flying ensign of his Nation, and the Teutonic knight in shining armor. It evokes thoughts of courage, of gentlemanliness, of true justice, and of high moral character. If one searches the genetic circuits of his Aryan subconscious, he will discover that the ideal of Honor resurrects an image of a time when a man's word was his bond.

It was not long ago in this decaying territory that we call America that men still had a real respect for the words spoken by their kinsmen. The word a man spoke could mean—literally—life or death, either to himself or to others. If a man gave his word, his neighbor could expect that that is how it would be, for if the giver did not keep his word, he lost his Honor. Honor was a very grave thing to lose. Duels to the death were fought in historical America over ill-spoken words. However, because so many politicians and media scum were being gunned down in the streets for false character attacks on others, this ancient Aryan practice was outlawed. What a shame! Strange as it may seem today—especially to so-called “comrades” who say one thing and do another—it wasn't very long ago that a failure to remain Honorable even in speech was met with death.

At one time, even the masses believed that it was worse to lose one's Honor than one's life. This is because Honor and true manhood are inseparable. The loss of Honor meant loss of manhood. When one lost his Honor he was looked upon as a

coward—or worse, a traitor. Any time spent living thereafter was a living death, for Honor can only be lost once. After Honor is lost, a man becomes a shameful apparition of walking death—any chance of *really* living is forever gone. Such a desolate state of shame was something our noble sires could not live with. They would rather die than be viewed as a liar or a “turncoat.”

“Death Before Dishonor” had a true and deeper meaning to the once mostly Aryan U.S. Marines because the concept of this binding oath rang true to their noble blood. Do the large numbers of mud-blooded souls who have now invaded their ranks

have the ability to truly understand this ideal? Their Negroid ancestors did not even have a word that meant “Honor”

in their native tongues. Now, they merely mimic, like a simian, an Aryan ideal that is entirely alien to their true natures. Brave Aryan Marines—true patriots—once fought for the Honor of protecting their kinsfolk and their Nation, but what do today's muddy Marines fight to protect? The “New World Order?” Marxist equality doctrines? The swarthy Jew and

his wretched hide in the sewer of the Middle East? His own muddy kind?

There is another aspect of Honor that we desperately need to resurrect within our Aryan psyche if our race is to survive. This aspect is Loyalty. Without Loyalty to the Cause of protecting our noble blood, the only hope

of an advancing culture on Earth will perish. This fire of Loyalty must glow more strongly from all of us: from the civilian to the warrior, from the child to the father, and from the doctor to the laborer. We must have

Loyalty to our kind, to our Folk, and to our children's

future. Selfless Loyalty: there is nothing more beautiful. The self-serving ego has no place.

We few and brave Aryan souls who remain Loyal to our race now suffer beneath the persecution of a Zionist regime.



However, like the warriors of the SS—with their oath, “Loyalty is My Honor”—we must press forward toward victory over Jewish hegemony. As for those who have yet to raise the battle-axe against the destroyers of our sacred children, how can a man say that he is brave or that he has Honor if he is not Loyal to his own? Loyalty to our Folk, to the flawless Aryan maid, and to our bright-eyed children demands that we sacrifice our personal pursuits, our egos, and if necessary even our last drop of warm blood to ensure that there will be a clean homeland for our children’s children. If a man fails at racial Loyalty he also fails at Honor, and therefore manhood. He becomes a walking dead man, devoid of hope and worth, fit only to be tossed into the stinking mass of mud.

The very fabric of Aryan Honor has been rent and burned in the minds of our people by the lying and hateful Jew. All biped creatures in this society—except Aryans—are encouraged to be loyal to their cultures, religions, and races. Even the perverted homosexual is praised for being loyal to his own in his supposed struggle against “hate.”

We Whites, however, are denied the freedom to obey our natural instincts. We are passively forbidden to be proud of our rich heritage. We are crucified by society for wearing our pride for all to see. We are legally constrained from fighting for the survival of our race. If the greasy Negroid wears a black fist pick in his kinked hair, he is praised for his “love” for his people, but if a White man displays a swastika, an ancient symbol of good fortune, he is denounced for his “hatred” of others. Honor has become something most Whites don’t have because they don’t know what it is. To be Honorable, one must first learn what

Honor is and then earn it; and today, to earn Honor, one must fight for it. There’s nothing like a good fight for a good reason.

Honor and racial Loyalty are natural and necessary parts of the Aryan machine. Without these gears in place, we cannot even maintain the status quo, much less make progress. It is natural to wish to be with our own, to protect our own, and yes, to fight for our own. There is no reason to be ashamed of who we are; Nature made us this way. It is natural to feel revulsion at the sight of an Aryan maid wrapped in the arms of a great ape. It is natural to wish for our children to sprout and grow in a garden of their own kind. It is natural to be angry at this sick system that is crushing our race, and it is natural to hate the enemies of our people.

What Honorable knight would have cowered behind a tree while the muddy Moorish horde ransacked his kingdom? What Loyal knight would flee while the maids of his kingdom are raped by the Negroids for Allah? What knight, after standing complacently by, could still refer to himself as a man? The truth is that he would fall upon his own sword rather than be cursed with the fate of living on as a traitor.

At the center of our Aryan soul spins the light-giving orb of higher Life and upward growth. Our race, throughout the dusty pages of history, has stood tall upon a mountain, high above the brown masses. Our race has given light to an otherwise dark and stagnant world. Although this light in recent days has grown desperately dim, we can resurrect it into a blinding New Dawn of culture and invention. May we take the necessary strides to prime the Aryan machine into a grinding juggernaut by *living* the gears of manhood: Honor and Loyalty. ◆

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Nothing but the BEST

Interview with the Angry Aryans

by Resistance Staff

The Angry Aryans don't pull any punches about claiming to be the best White Power band around. Having recently appeared on VH1's documentary on the WP music scene and currently riding high at the top of Resistance Records' sales charts, these determined Aryans from Detroit have no intention of allowing anyone else to elbow their way to the top of the mountain. On the contrary, the Angry Aryans remain as hungry as ever, firmly committed to producing more of the same — the ultimate in Hatecore.

RES: After your appearance on VH1's "Inside Hate Rock" episode, the Angry Aryans became the best-selling band on the Resistance label.

Chris: We never asked to be number one. The people made us number one. Remember that movie *Slapshot*? Well, the Angry Aryans are the Hansen brothers of White Power; we don't fit in, but the people love us. We will never let our fanatics down.

Doug: Humbly speaking, this fact is no surprise. We have always pushed ourselves to be a band that does not hesitate to express its views, despite offending so-called fellow racist musicians. Simply

put, the Angry Aryans are the best pro-White band in the world today because that was the goal we set out to achieve.

RES: A few people couldn't understand why you masked your faces on VH1. After all, your identities are exposed on your CD artwork, so why not do the same on camera?

Chris: There are no rock stars in this band. To retain our credibility, we obscured our faces; it had to be done. This move threw VH1 for a loop. We commanded a presence and got our message out our way, not theirs. AA calls the shots and

makes the rules, or no interview. They complied. Checkmate.



RES: Along with the Blue Eyed Devils, the Angry Aryans are considered the kingpins of Hatecore. Why, do you suppose, your music is so popular? Do you think it's because a lot of White kids can relate to what you're saying?

Chris: We've always been conscious to put out a message that all of our White brethren can relate to, and it has paid off. We don't cater to any clique. We don't alienate our own people. That's why the kids relate to us; we're on their side.

Doug: Hardcore is a form of violent music integrated with an outlook of harsh reality. This is not to say that Hardcore is the most popular sound, but it is merely one outlet for venting rage and ideas. AA concentrates on creating an aggressive yet basic style of music that is quite catchy and easy to identify with. In other words, AA represents power and the future, today and tomorrow. AA is a band that is



do you wish to send to today's youth?

Doug: We want to prepare the White youth of today to embrace the reality of a nationwide race war that will eventually occur on American soil. Also, today's youth need to accept the bitter truth that dope and excessive booze are exclusively for use by non-White subhumans. Keep your mind clear and focused.

changes would you like to see take place?

Chris: I like what *Resistance* is doing: more Metal, more Hatecore, no more stagnation. But the fourth rate Oi! bands out there are better suited for torturing Blacks and Jews than for inspiring White youth.

Doug: Unfortunately, it is quantity over

activism is considered to be slave labor by many in the WP music scene. In order to obtain success in anything, one must always work hard and, of course, make great sacrifices. Even though I am not completely straight edge, I do realize that there is more to life than getting drunk and going to jail.

RES: What's your opinion of the current music churned out by the WP scene? Is the average White kid able to relate to it? What

We don't cater to any clique. We don't alienate our own people. That's why the kids relate to us; we're on their side.

opposed to clichés. One can only listen to Oi! Oi! Doc Marten boot parties so many times. Many of those lyrics are very boring and unimaginative.

RES: Not only are your lyrics serious, but they're actually humorous in a way. Songs like "Faggots Give Rainbows a Bad Name" and "Nigger Loving Whore" are classic examples.

Doug: Look at the world today. Society is so messed up that, after a while, you just have to laugh. Idiotic, moronic, guilt-stricken Whites can be held largely responsible for the current condition of America. The mud races, for the most part, are absolutely hilarious to observe; they are nature's court jesters. Believe me, songs such as you mentioned are written with relative ease.

RES: What do you hope to achieve through your music, and what message

RES: Your music, unlike that of many White Power bands, doesn't promote the partying side of the scene. In fact, when the VH1 cameras followed you into a local beverage store, they seemed quite surprised that you were purchasing bottled water rather than liquor. Do you feel that too many in the WP music scene focus on partying rather than activism?

Chris: It's a crime that some musicians misuse their popularity to promote stupidity. We feel that AA has a responsibility to put out the most militant message we can. I'm not saying you shouldn't have a beer, but you shouldn't promote it through a WP band.

Doug: It seems like there are too many individuals who are involved with WP bands only for self-glorification and intoxication. The Angry Aryans are a group of racist musicians capable of surprising anyone at any time, including—yes—VH1. It is the greatest disgrace that

quality. There are too many mediocre bands singing the same stuff over and over. I know quite a few White kids who burst out laughing when they hear the music of an Oi! band. On the other hand, when they listen to groups like the Blue Eyed Devils or Angry Aryans, they appreciate the honesty and brutality of the music. I would like to see more bands attempt to be a bit more original. Oi! Oi! skinhead nationalist topics are somewhat stale.

RES: What do you have to say to those who criticize the Angry Aryans for not playing gigs? I think the last time you guys played out was in December of 1999. Is there anything you don't particularly like about playing shows?

Chris: Shows are irrelevant to us. We're already our label's number one seller. How many Americans ever saw Skrewdriver or White Pride play live? I rest my case.

Doug: We have played two gigs and our conclusion after each one was, "It's all

the same." We have no desire to perform in front of senseless drunkards.

RES: Right around the corner from where you grew up came another "White" guy around your age, Bob Richie, a.k.a. Kid Rock. Instead of becoming racially conscious and taking exception to Detroit being turned into a jungle, this weakling went along with the Jews' program.

What do you have to say about this punk?

Chris: His dad is a millionaire car dealer who owns a dealership in the suburbs.

Doug: First off, let's set the record straight: Kid Rock is not a true Detroit native. His hometown is Romeo, Michigan, which is over 20 miles north of Murder City. Bob Richie came from a wealthy family that he disgraced when he fathered a mongrel, a mulatto son. How can he be in love with Pamela Anderson? Isn't she the wrong color?

RES: Doug: Congratulations on the birth of your son. Has the responsibility affected your role in the band in any way?

Doug: Thank you very much. My *White Aryan* son, Justin Michael, is an exceptionally handsome baby. I guess you could say that he's virtually my twin—but, of course, with his blue eyes, he's much better looking than I am. Ha! It seems like there is never enough time to tend to certain responsibilities; being a proud father even further diminishes any free time that might be available. However, AA will continue to produce the best Aryan Hardcore around.

RES: I understand that you, too, are a dedicated family man, Chris.

Chris: I've been married for ten years and have three sons. I am the sole breadwinner for my family. My children are home schooled; their test scores are off the charts. I am a role model and provider for my family in every way. My wife respects and honors me. I thank God for my family every day.

RES: Chris, your other band, Nocturnal Fear, is quite a hit on the mainstream Metal circuit.

Chris: The response to Nocturnal Fear has been rabid. NF is all about bloodshed, hatred, war, human strife, and the decay of civilization. It is not Black Metal. NF is old school, bullet-belt, thrash Metal, like

old Celtic Frost, Hellhammer, and Coroner: just pure power and aggression. Our full-length debut CD, *Sterilize and Exterminate*, will be out soon on Unholy Records.

RES: Is it difficult playing in two bands, raising a family, and working a full-time job?

Chris: It beats the hell out of rotting in prison. It takes a lot of discipline and focus to make it work. None of my success is luck. I know what I need to do and I do it. It gives my life meaning. Being the elite is not for everyone, but it's something I've settled into quite well.

RES: Your three albums, *Racially Motivated Violence*, *Too White For You*, and *Old School Hate* have all sold extremely well. Are you working on new material? When can we expect the Angry Aryans to be back in the studio?

Doug: I have written over ten all-new songs that I truly believe will—lyrically—surpass the intensity level of the material on our first albums. AA will be back in the studio soon enough, and obviously we will not disappoint. Our guarantee is as follows: With the release of our next album, we will remain at the top of the food chain.

RES: Will the Angry Aryans continue taking the same musical path as before, or will you be coming out with a different type of sound?

Doug: The musical direction of AA will remain the same: the best will keep getting better.

RES: A number of WP bands absolutely refuse to speak to the mainstream media, but you guys have no problem with that. Why is it important to do "enemy" media interviews?

Doug: We have an unusual and unexplained comfort level with the mainstream media. It could be because AA can answer and conclude interview questions without having to shout out: "White Power!" "Deport the Nigger!" "Gas the Jews!" We are not intimidated by media goons. Actually, we enjoy observing the media's apparent unease over our replies.

RES: Do you have anything else you wish to add?

Chris: Thanks to my brothers, Angry Matt and Doug Thugg, and to stepbrother

Enraged Erich. And thanks to all of our supporters. We do this for you.

Doug: As always, best Aryan regards to our fanatical supporters and, of course, tremendous thanks to Erich Gliebe and Resistance Records. We appreciate the fact that our racial brothers and sisters have helped make us the greatest band in the world today, and perhaps—just maybe—the greatest pro-White band ever! Without the like-minded racials who share our viewpoint, we probably would have remained forgettable unknowns. ◆



From the Forthcoming
CD by AA, **ANGRY
ARYANS...DESPISE YOU**

**"WHITE POWER
FONZIE"**
Lyrics by DOUGG THUGG

Same boring lyrics behind your beer-fuelled song.
Your music at best brings upon a yawn.

So smoke some more dope, lace up the boots.
Then look into the mirror to remind yourself
you're cute.

WHITE POWER FONZIE! -what did you say?
WHITE POWER FONZIE! -ooiii? Veyy!
WHITE POWER FONZIE! -will never admit
WHITE POWER FONZIE! -that you're a hypocrite!
What color suspenders will you wear today?
You just never seem to tire of the same old cliché.
Your sound is soft and message rather bland.
Your personality sucks just as much as your band.

The involvement in the cause, your reasons
are wrong.
A phony English accent, another token from
the bong.

The image you present, is a laughable joke.
When no one else is looking, another line
of coke.

FUCK YOU!

"Hammerskin Down"

HSN Member Wrongfully Convicted for Defending Himself While Standing Up For His Race

by LWM

If ever there was a new "POW" worthy of our support, it would be EHS member, Rick Desper. Rick, 23, will be rotting in a jail cell in York County, PA for the next 18 months for defending White nationalists from ARA (Anti-Racist Action) scum at the York rally last Winter.

On the afternoon of Saturday, 12 January, 2002, more than 200 white nationalists clashed with about an equal number of communist agitators and local primates in the streets of York, PA. Several of our people were injured while the riot cops looked on.

After the Pennsylvania State Police lost control of the crowds of anti-White agitators, our people were surrounded and a handful of Hammerskin Nation members took the lead in escorting the racial nationalists back to their vehicles. As they walked through an alley, they were met with bricks and bottles from the communists. The police stood by and allowed our young people and even women and children to be attacked by the ARA without challenge.

The Hammerskins fought back and bloodied several communists. Young Rick Desper was on point in that alley. He and his comrades chased and beat back the ARA scum and led our people to safety. One tough young Keystone State skinhead, Joe Hoesch, was struck in the head with a brick but he did not go down. The Resistance photographer patched him up while the Hammerskins fought off the communists and the police did nothing. According to a close friend and comrade who was there, this is what happened next...

"The police told us that we had five minutes to leave the area or we would be arrested. Rick Desper got in his truck and police directed him into an alley where he was immediately surrounded by more than one hundred ARA and Blacks. We were right behind him in our car. Rick tried to back out of the alley as the ARA bashed out all of his truck windows and sprayed him with mace. The police did nothing but watch."

Blinded by the chemical spray, covered with blood and broken glass, Rick Desper stepped on the gas and tried to escape the mob of vermin. Those that did not get clear of his truck were hit. "There were communists and Blacks flying through the air," said his comrade. "He allegedly ran over several of them before the police intervened, swarmed his truck and dragged him out of it at gunpoint."

"What Rick Desper did broke the spirit of the ARA, and the police had no choice but to force all the vermin out of the alley and away from the rest of us. Rick probably saved some lives that day. Desper was cuffed and dragged away by several officers to a waiting paddy wagon. None of the ARA communists or local Blacks were charged with attacking him or his vehicle. Rick Desper, however, was originally charged with several felonies over this incident. A collection hat was passed around that same night. Hammerskins, Keystone State Skins and National Alliance leaders raised Desper's \$25,000



bail and he was bonded out the next morning.

Desper, is a union steelworker. Despite being known for his hard work and determination, he lost his job over the incident. In July, 2002 he was sentenced to 11 to 23 months in the York County Prison for basically defending himself from bat and steel pipe wielding communists. He deserves our respect and needs our support. As we go to press, Rick, who has no criminal record, is awaiting work release. His legal and medical costs are now into the five figure range. Please send letters of support and U.S. Postal money orders to:

ical costs are now into the five figure range. Please send letters of support and U.S. Postal money orders to:

Rick Desper
#67771
York County Prison
3400 Concord Road
York, PA 17402-9580

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WITNESS TO RUSSIA

by "Colonel Foreigner"

The following are excerpts from a letter from an American living in Russia to a friend back in the United States. Because many of our readers may not be familiar with some of the events mentioned in the letter, we have taken the liberty to interrupt the narrative at certain points to provide a little background information. This article challenges the standard thinking among many racialsists in the West, which holds that Russia is a backward country that, if it participates in the Aryan Revolution at all, will only sneak in the back door after the battle has been won elsewhere. On the contrary, this firsthand witness to the Russian Bear suggests that the great Bear may, in fact, be the first to awaken from hibernation to usher in the new age.

I've lived in Russia for just over 17 years now. In that time, I've seen a lot of changes take place. This is one of the few times in my life that I've been able to say that most of them have been for the better. The real shame of the situation is that most people in the West, especially the Aryan population, are not aware of what's really going on here because of the Yid propaganda being spewed out by the media. The attempt is to make Russia and Russians look inferior, deprived, and desperate because we have cast the majority of the Yids out, and are trying hard to get rid of those who remain.

A good example of this propaganda is the usually quoted figure for demographic conditions in Russia, which shows the population — especially the White population — to be shrinking. This is simply not the case.

The fact is that these statistics are old. They reflect the massive White flight from Russia by young, childbearing, and working-age Aryans under the Yid-controlled Yeltsin (mis)administration, due to the almost limitless rape of the economy by

Yeltsin, his Yid accomplices, and their controllers in Tel Aviv. However, since the Putin Administration came into power in January 2000, this situation has not only been halted, but reversed.

Although things are still not good demographically, it is predicted that by the end of the decade we will once again be at the replacement level of 2.5 births per White couple. There should also be a comparable rise

in the removal rate of non-Whites, especially Jews. In order to explain this situation, one must look, not at demographics, but at economics and the misadministration of the Yeltsin/Yid government that came into power in 1991.

Under Yeltsin and his Yid controllers, the tax rate rose some 60% over a period of nine years, the crime rate soared (although it was always relatively low by Western standards), the education system practically collapsed (due to "missing" funds), pensions and government wages were not paid, and the private sector was almost completely controlled by Yids, who literally stole businesses from state "privatization" auctions. The employment of young, productive Aryans who were not inclined to toe the Yid line was practically nonexistent. Due to this, all who were able simply left. With the arrival of the Putin Administration in January 2000, a policy of "Russia for Russians" was instituted, in which Yeltsin and his Yid controllers were completely removed from government. Most of the stolen monies were recovered,



Yeltsin (left) and Yids

and the businesses that had been illegally obtained – because Yids were the only acceptable bidders in the public auctions – were re-auctioned. The tax rate has returned to its pre-Yeltsin level of 13%, the arrears in pensions and government salaries are being paid, and current pensions and salaries are being met. The education system, public transportation, and public health are now receiving the monies allotted to them, mainly through seized Yid assets from arch-Yid criminals such as Boris Berzhovskii and Vladimir Guzin'ski, who are under sentence and in hiding out of the country. (Berzhovskii will hang if he returns.) The crime rate has returned to its pre-Yeltsin level, and government corruption is under control. These are not idle ramblings; these are facts.

Because of this, a large number of the young Aryans who departed the country between 1991 and 1998 are returning, and those who remained are in a much more stable financial situation. Employment is up, and there are, in many sectors, more jobs than there are people to fill them. While in the West, Russian wage scales look low – the average monthly wage is between \$400 and \$800 U.S. – the cost of living in Russia is approximately 25% that of living in the U.S., so the actual "money earned" is approximately the same. In addition, since the taxation rate is at 13% nationally, and there are no state taxes or sales taxes, the income tends to remain in the pockets of those who earn it.

I have a personal story that illustrates clearly how the media abuse their power here. In October 1993, I made the daily run to the neighborhood bakery for fresh bread. Russian businesses, at that time, had a traditional lunch break, closing and locking their doors from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. every day. It was during this time that the bakery took out more fresh bread. Consequently, the bakery had a sign in its window that said "NO BREAD" in large type. Just below it was smaller print that said: "until 2 p.m." The door also had a big sign on it that said "CLOSED," and below it were the words "for lunch." It was customary for all of the old people to meet in front of the bakery just before it re-opened for the lunch break. They would gather, talk, and wait for the fresh, hot bread. There's quite a mob of them around, just before the bakery re-opens. I enjoyed going at this time, too, because I liked talking to these old pensioners. While we were standing there waiting for the place to open, a big, white van labeled "CNN" drove up, and a film crew got out. They shot about ten seconds worth of film of us all standing there, and then got a shot of the front of the bakery.

That night, my son came running into the kitchen yelling, "Dad's on TV!" We ran in to watch, and we saw what looked like an endless line of people – including me – standing in front of the bakery. They had shot the footage to take in the exit of a subway station, which made the crowd look significantly larger than it was. Then, the camera closed in on the front of the bakery, showing the sign that said "CLOSED," but carefully cropping out the part that said "for lunch." Then it swept to the window and showed the sign that said "NO BREAD," this time carefully cropping out the part

that said "until 2 p.m." The news story, all lies, was about how there was "no bread to be had in Moscow" and how old people and children were "starving."

This footage has been replayed in the West, relentlessly, for over eight years. It is a lie. The problem is that we are so far away that no Western television station cares to take the trouble to verify the story. The idea is that if it came from CNN, then it has to be true. At that time, the CNN staff was exclusively, 100% Yid, and it operated out of a building owned by Yid criminal Boris Berzhovskii.

Other lies – from kidnapped missionaries to "starving Ivan" scenarios – are held up by the Western Jewish media to denigrate a White country that is on the upswing. Another interesting point is that the reality of the "Russian Character" contrasts markedly with what most people in the West have been taught. The biggest thing that we fight today is the myth that Baby Bush and the past three (mis)administrations have put forth: namely, that "Communism" will return and that Putin is a



Coup '91— Crowds jumped on tanks to stop the military takeover

"Stalinist." This is an attempt by the Yids and their race traitor American puppets to turn their own invention (communism) against the people who finally rose up and threw it – and them – out of power. The Jews resent losing their 80-year stranglehold on Russia, and will do anything to either get it back or to ruin whatever rises in its place. This is the nature of the Jew. What he cannot control, he will destroy – or try to.

In the middle and late 1980s, Mikhail Gorbachev began to institute reforms in the Soviet Union. He advanced the idea of "Perestroika" with the West and advocated economic and political changes throughout the USSR.



Crowds cheering as tanks pull out

In August 1991, Gorbachev left for a vacation in Crimea, intending to return to Moscow in a few days where he planned to sign a treaty that would transfer more political power away from the Kremlin and onto the fifteen individual Soviet republics. High-level government officials, most of whom owed their jobs to appointments by Gorbachev, staged a coup designed to depose Gorbachev and halt the reforms. In Crimea, Gorbachev was placed under house arrest and his "nuclear" briefcase was confiscated.



Gorbachev

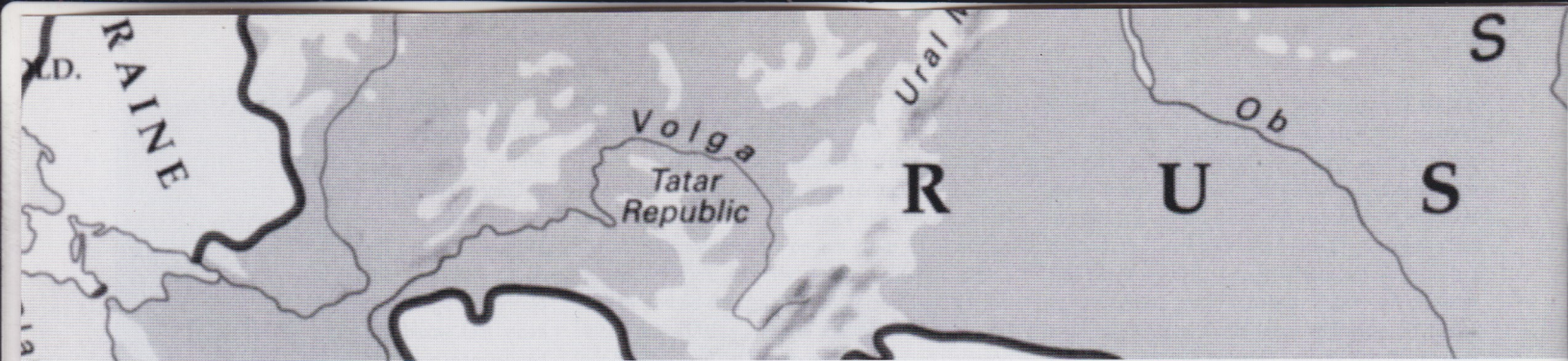
The coup's leaders hoped for the support of the Russian people, banking on the general unease from the unusually high crime rate coupled with the collapse of the old system and the lack of a new stable system to replace it. The support never came. When the coup leaders ordered the Soviet tanks into Moscow, the armor arrived to find the streets barricaded and swarming with people opposing the coup, young and old alike, armed with everything but the kitchen sink. Boris Yeltsin made a name for himself by speaking to 20,000 Muscovites from the top of a tank, denouncing the coup and urging his listeners to resist the intended takeover.

The coup collapsed within three days, and all of its leaders – except one, who shot himself in the head before he could be captured – were arrested. Before the year was out, nearly every Soviet republic had declared its independence from Moscow and, upon Gorbachev's resignation in December 1991, the USSR passed into history.

Here's an example that illustrates the kind of people we have here. Keep in mind that it takes a real, genuine hostility – a real desire for freedom – to rise up against the finest mechanized army in the world (which the Soviet army was, beyond a doubt) and face it with bare hands, gasoline bottles, kitchen knives, homemade clubs, and weapons taken mostly from museums. You've got to be pretty desperate to do this; you've got to want freedom really badly. Know that we will not be dominated by the Jew or his "communism" ever again.

Anyway, in August of 1991, when the coup was going on, people came in from all over to man the barricades. A lot of them were veterans of WWII; more than half were students. There was a little bandit radio station mounted on the back of a truck called "Free Moscow." Every fifteen minutes, it would broadcast a call for anyone with any kind of experience to come to the "front."

They came from everywhere, and they brought everything with them. Within a couple of hours, every museum in Moscow had been



stripped. There was enough WWI and WWII ordnance here to fight both wars over again. There was one group of old crocks on the 1905 Avenue barricade with a pair of water-cooled Maxim guns; God knows where they got them, but they had them, along with several belts of ammo. And they knew how to use them, too. On the Tverskaya barricade, they had another Maxim and a smooth bore, 12-pound Krupp mountain howitzer – a muzzle loader. They didn't have any shells for it, so they loaded it with roofing nails and broken bottles on top of a five-pound charge of black powder.

A lot of the old guys came along with their "souvenirs" from WWII: K-98 Mausers, PpSh Tommy guns, MP-40s. Most of the "officers" (including me) had a pistol of some kind, usually a TT-30 or a Nagant revolver taken from one of the museums. There was one old guy who had a 10-gauge, double-barreled shotgun, sawed off to about 12 or 14 inches in front of the chamber. We had enough weapons for about a third of the people who showed up. The rest had butcher's knives, cleavers, hockey sticks, homemade clubs and pikes, gasoline bottles... just about everything you could think of that was potentially deadly at close quarters.

There was a whole veteran's organization that came as a company. They had their own "officers" and NVOs. There were about thirty of them – all that were left of a whole Motor Rifle Brigade that had been part of the defense of the city back in 1941. I remember that one of the old guys had a wooden leg – not a modern prosthetic, but a regular wooden leg – and two or three of them were missing arms or eyes. Their "mascot" was an old guy who had been with the 3rd Panzergrenadiers of the Wehrmacht. He had married a Russian girl after the war and settled here. You should have seen these old boys, in bits and pieces of their uniforms, wearing all of their medals, just standing there, daring the "Soviet" Army to fire on them.

The old guys and the guys who had been in Afghanistan were helping to train the kids that came from the schools and universities. None of us expected to survive it. It was really odd watching one old guy, must have been in his late seventies, in a black leather jacket and leather cap (NKVD uniform) explaining to a bunch of college kids how he'd been lied to all his life, and how he planned to at least die with some dignity and honor.

About midnight on the second day, the people on the barricades heard a rumble coming from behind them. They thought that the Army had broken the lines and was hitting them from behind. When they saw what was coming, it was amazing. Plodding up Tverskaya Avenue were two old "Packardski" armored cars, from just before the war, and two T-34 tanks. A bunch of old

tankers had gone to the Museum of the Soviet Army and cannibalized enough parts from maybe two dozen machines to get four running. They were coming to support the rebellion. I don't know if they had any ammunition or not – if so, it wasn't much, and it couldn't have been too dependable after all those years – but a 76mm gun is still a formidable weapon. It won't stop a modern tank, but it's hell on infantry and light infantry carriers. So are the big 20mm machine guns that the armored cars mounted. The lead vehicle was flying a big red flag with the words "For the Motherland" painted on it, by hand, in bright yellow paint. A lot of people don't know that the red flag is more than the "communist" flag here. It's always been the battle flag of the Russian Army. It also has always symbolized revolution, and when flown in a combat situation, means "no quarter given, none expected."

About an hour later, they were joined by a 1916 Fiat Armored Car (with two mounted Maxims in separate turrets) that had been taken from the Museum of the Revolution. The Fiat's top speed was only 14 mph. The thing had to be started with a hand crank.

I became kind of famous in the coup. I won a medal and my Russian citizenship, and a name that people still call me.

I'm proud of what I did in the August Coup. I was sitting in my office when we first got news that it had broken out. There were a couple of us, all veterans. The little bandit radio station called Free Moscow was broadcasting from the back of a five-ton "Trumanski" truck, constantly on the move. Every fifteen minutes, they put out an appeal for anyone with military experience to report to the "command post" in the underground at the Pushkinski Square Metro subway station.

After about the third such broadcast, one of our colleagues came down the hall, looked into my office, and found three of us sitting there listening to my radio. He was a Brit and said that he was going home until it was over. He asked what we were going to do. We looked at him, then at each other. Then I stood up and said, "Well, I guess we ARE home. We'll just go and report in." Then we got up and did it.

When we got there, they accepted one of my comrades (a retired Colonel of KGB) immediately, but they had a few questions for me because of my American service record. They wanted me to be sure that it was what I wanted to do. I told the guy interviewing me that it was. He nodded toward a group of college kids and old people, and said, "Well, if you're sure about it, 'Colonel Foreigner,' then there's your command."

I was pretty visible during the siege. I had gone to the Museum of the Revolution with my guys to see if we could scavenge any weapons. We did, mostly PpSh "tommygunskis" and Nagant "three line rifles." I found a Nagant Revolver, a 1917 vintage Chekist officer's leather jacket and cap that fit me, and a damned nice pair of knee-high officer's boots. On the way out, I grabbed a brass-headed rattan walking stick that was standing by the door.

The papers got several pretty good shots of my back, and one bad one of my front. They kept trying to find out who I was, but my "soldiers" wouldn't tell them anything. They just said, "Polkovnik Inistranitz" – "Colonel Foreigner." It stuck. I was all over the papers. There are still people here who remember me on sight. They don't know my name, but I'm real proud when somebody comes up and pats me on the back and shakes my hand and calls me Polkovnik Inistranitz.

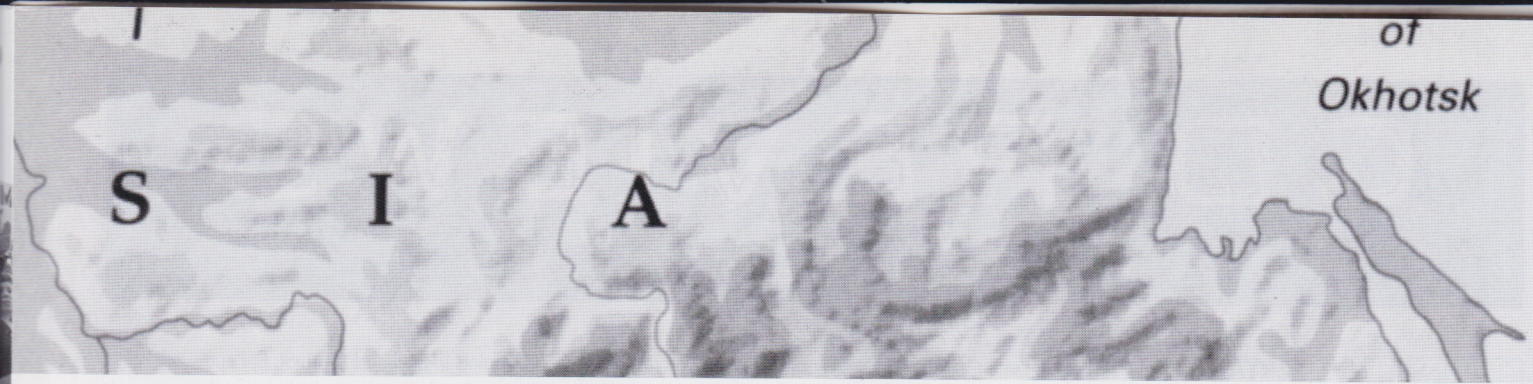
After Boris Yeltsin was elected President of Russia in early 1992, the Russian economy took a nosedive. Yeltsin's reforms were far-reaching, but they didn't work, and they only fed the growing distrust of the Russian people. His ideas drew sharp criticism from Parliament, which thenceforth refused to go along with Yeltsin's reforms.

With his hands tied, the frustrated Yeltsin dissolved Parliament in September 1993 and demanded new elections. Russian Vice President Rutskoi and the members of Parliament refused to comply.



Coup '93– Parliament building under siege

In October 1993, presidential and parliamentary supporters clashed in the streets of Moscow. Rooftops and upper-floor windows were dotted with snipers. Several divisions of the regular Russian military, siding with Yeltsin, arrested VP Rutskoi and the leaders of Parliament. The same month, Yeltsin fired the head of the Russian Constitutional Court for speaking out against the violent methods employed by Yeltsin in quelling the conflict.



Yeltsin ultimately failed, however, for in February of 1994, popular pressure forced him to pardon and release the leaders who had publicly opposed him.

We did it again in 1993, when Yeltsin and his Yids tried to overthrow the Parliament. Within ten minutes, most of the kids who had served under me in 1991 were swarming the HQ, wanting to know where to find Polkovnik Inistranitz. They all had their tommygunskis and Nagants with them and were ready to fight. Naturally, I wore my Chekist uniform. Only this time, I had my Hero of the Soviet Union medal that I had won in 1991 pinned to the front.

Here's what the Moscow Komsomole't's English Edition had to say about me in August of last year, the 10th anniversary of the coup. It was included in a feature piece called "Once More Unto the Breach" that highlighted about ten of us who were prominent at that time.

"Colonel Foreigner," the man without a name, supposedly an executive of a major Western company and former U.S. military officer, came to prominence in August 1991 as a volunteer "officer" leading a rag-tag band of ill-armed and untrained "partisans" to the Moscow barricades in resistance to the coup which deposed then-Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev. He is the only American ever to be awarded the order of Hero of the Soviet Union, and Soviet citizenship, in a private ceremony by Presidential decree.

Dressed like a specter from 70 years before, in black leather jacket, jackboots and leather cap, armed only with a rattan walking cane and an antique revolver, the man called "Polkovnik Inistranitz" and his "soldiers," mostly students from Moscow State University and elderly pensioners, armed with gasoline bottles and antique weapons taken from the Museum of the Soviet Army, held a kilometer-long section of barricade blocking the Central Moscow intersection of Gorky Avenue (now Tverskaya Avenue) and Karl Marx Prospect (now Ohotni Ryad Prospect), considered to be the most likely focal point of military units reinforcing the "hardline" forces attempting to oust Gorbachev and his program of "Perestroika" and "Glasnost," thereby halting reforms in Russia.

This man...was known by his "troops" simply as "Colonel Foreigner," and it was by this name that he became known to Russia, and later to the world. In the words of one admirer, "We all love him. He was a man who loved freedom so much that he would stand and fight for it, even though

he had nothing to gain and much to lose. It wasn't his fight," said 35-year-old Anatoli Potkin who, at the time, was a Moscow State University student in the Colonel's "command." "He could have left with all of the other foreigners. Instead, he stayed and helped us fight for our freedom."

Who was he? We don't know his name. Maybe someday we will. Until then, he is our "Colonel Foreigner."

But Yeltsin's troubles weren't over. Throughout 1998 and 1999, with his reforms failing and Parliament at his throat, Yeltsin began lashing out at those around him, even those he himself had appointed. He fired two of his cabinets down to the last man, and was constantly at odds with Parliament. The legislature kept refusing to approve the men he nominated for Prime Minister and, when one finally did manage to sneak through Parliament, within months Yeltsin would boot his own appointee out of office.

Finally, in August 1999, Vladimir Putin — the current President of Russia — was nominated as Prime Minister by Yeltsin and approved by Parliament. When Yeltsin resigned on 31 December 1999, Putin immediately became the interim leader, and was himself elected in March 2000. Putin has shifted Russia's focus away from rapid reforms and toward a slow rebuilding of the country, saying: "Our main problems are far too deep to be solved at one stroke."



Putin

We did it a third time in 1994, when Yeltsin and his Yids tried to disband our Duma and take control. We were ready to do it yet again in 1999, but we were saved the trouble when Putin and a couple of the ministers told Yeltsin that he could either go on his feet or on his back holding a lily, but he was, in fact, going to leave, along with Berezhovski, Gusinski, and the rest of his Yids, because Russia had suffered enough.

I am proud of what I've done for this country. We've built a new country, and it's a good one. It's been good to me, and the very least I can do is give it all I've got. My medal entitles me to be buried at Novi Davechi Monastery that, aside from the Kremlin wall, is the most prestigious place in Russia. I'll be the only American there, unless something happens before I go.

But that's not what makes me proud. What makes me proud is having been able to stand on a barricade

made out of garbage and cast offs with a group of the bravest men, women, boys, and girls I've ever had the privilege to meet — all of them White. And, by the way: we won.

That was when I began to defend the skins. Out of all the kids I "commanded" on the barricade, about thirty of them were skins. These kids had balls of solid rock. They were rough and crude but they were NOT cowards. They were willing to stand up — and stand tall — for what they believed in, and the fact that most of us figured we'd be dead before it was over didn't faze them at all. The skingirls were right there with them, and they behaved the same way. Most of the skins are married now, and have jobs and families. Most have stopped shaving and started dressing more "mainstream," but if we had another call to the barricades tomorrow, they'd be there.

To be honest, Russia is probably the best hope we've got, right now, as a race. We have a lot of skins and very little trouble with the law because those in law and in the military mostly share our views.

As a movement, we're pretty well entrenched in the new government. Putin is a good man, and he is very definitely racially aware, especially with regard to the Yids and with controlling the mudslide that is hitting the rest of Europe.

Over time, we have done a couple of things that have improved our image a bit. First of all, most of our "skins" don't shave any more. Instead, they have gone to a whitewall crew cut. Most middle-aged Russians and older

people associate a shaved head with a convict or an ex-con. Older people also associate it with the Gulag, which does nothing for our image. People here respect the military, and when we started imitating a traditional military haircut, it really improved the image. We also began to wear military style clothing and combat boots, with a black beret and a National Front emblem. We actually have major rallies in Moscow parks, and the cops come to listen, not to annoy and harass. This is a real sign of improvement.

There is hope. If something big takes place here, the situation in other White countries could suddenly change dramatically, in ways that would allow us to make some visible gains. And when the White masses see our gains and begin to perceive us as a legitimate competitor for power...well, nobody knows what will happen then. ♦

CD REVIEWS

BY NADINE. CHRIS G.—NO ALIBI. ERIC—SS187. JOE—HATED & PROUD
BOB—BLUE EYED DEVILS. K.C.—CRADLE SONG



ARYAN TERRORISM

War

If these Ukrainians aim for truth-in-advertising, then they hit the mark with devastating impact with *War*. Don't expect Nokturnal Mortum Pt. II, even though Aryan Terrorism features members culled from their ranks. On *War*, keyboards are rarely found, and homeland folkisms are traded in for a structured aggression without any murkiness or lo-fi fuzz. The uptempo opening track, "Jewish Provocation," rushes the listener into a whirlwind of Metal punctuated by tortured screams. If AT can be likened to an artillery plant, the band molds their raw material through rhythmic Aryan machinery. Strong, regular drum patterns anchor Black Metal riffs in a way that gives the songs an industrial quality. And if you follow Black Metal at all, you know how dead-on Varggoth is in his scathing lyrics. Such is the case on the midpaced bombast "Crush the Lies." "In the Name of Our Aryan Blood" represents pure Black Metal in the old tradition, and "Our Banner Swastika" is another standout in the riff department. "A National Socialistic Call," however, is the disc's supreme megaton bomb. It combines Black Metal aggression with driving RAC-like choruses, fragments of which are apparently designed to lodge themselves in a listener's brain for days. The critic side of me rebels against this next statement, but it's true: all of these songs rule. Point blank: any Aryan into heavier music should be ashamed not to own this piece of musical terrorism.

—Resistance Records
Review by Nadine/Item#991



ATTACK

World of Ruin

I have special tastes when it comes to music. For example, if I hear that same old Oi! riff spilled out on the first song, I just flip through the remaining songs and then throw the CD into a corner. I respect bands that deviate from the norm. Attack is one of these bands; they have a style of their own. This newest release from Resistance Records is the band's most professional and best produced album to date. The insert booklet is great - complete with lyrics, an ad for "Man Meat" (Human Meat Products), and a picture of a Nig-O-Stick.

Rather than review every song, I'll give you my first impressions of the CD. This Attack CD has the cleanest guitars and heaviest drums of any of their CDs, and is probably their most unique product yet. The backup vocals are gang style, old school, full, and violent - the way they should be in any Hatecore band. The lyrics are straight-to-the-point, in-your-face White Power. I really enjoyed the spontaneous fury of the CD. There are songs of revenge, violence, and racial awareness. The music on this CD reminds me of BFG's *Warrior's Glory*. Every song on here has its high points. The guitar chord progressions and Hardcore breakdowns remind me of old school Hardcore bands, especially the re-recordings of Chris's old demo songs like "Loaded Gun" and "Unconventional War." This CD is definitely not for everyone, but if you like Attack's old stuff, you will love this one. And if you have never heard Attack, then you're in for a rush like you've never felt before. I'd give it an overall rating of 8.8 out of 10.

—Resistance Records
Review by Chris G./Item#959



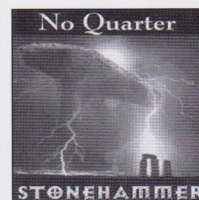
ANGRY ARYANS

Old School Hate

I'm so sick of liberal snots, Jewish pity parties, Negroid agendas, mongrel sulking, federal lackeys, and bastard cops. To vent my just hatred, I blast my stereo to some Angry Aryans. This latest release is a collection of previously unreleased tracks, demos, and a couple of new tunes. This CD is a well-crafted hate crime that manages to bash and insult every non-White demographic. These remorseless thugs lash out at every group of vermin you can swing a bat at. Old favorites mix with the new tracks quite nicely on this tour of hate that will be making border guards cry themselves to sodomy as the Jewish Interpol futilely attempts to put a lid on this powder keg of rage. The AA's onslaught of anger combines identifying the Enemy with a quick solution: beating, slashing, shooting, shouting, mauling...your basic raw violence. Explosive, shocking, and horrific are the methods but, then again, not everyone is cut out for the duty. This CD is well mixed and arranged; it is a Hatecore must-have. The tracks are well written and played, having both a violent and a rational appeal. I wish someone would front these boys some loot so they could make a couple of videos. The image this

CD paints in my head is brutal, but in a world of the wretched, brutality is the lesser evil.

—Resistance Records
Review by Eric/Item#922

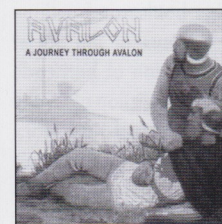


STONEHAMMER / NO QUARTER

split CD ep

It's a shame that this split release by Canada's Stonehammer and the UK's No Quarter only has four songs on it; you're left wanting more. Both bands feature long-time veterans of the White Power music scene, and the production and musicianship are excellent. Of the two Stonehammer songs, I like "88 Soldiers" the best. It features Griffin's trademark gruff vocals and in-your-face lyrics backed by thundering, street Rock'n'Roll music. Their other song, "Potsy," has a lighter sound to it, with the lyrics being in more of a humorous vein (e.g., the chorus goes... "He's Potsy, the one-eyed Nazi..."). Next, No Quarter (featuring Billy and Lyndon of Celtic Warrior) has a great sing-a-long Oi! song in "Do It Now." Featuring inspirational lyrics and catchy music, this song really gets stuck in your head. They finish the CD with a rewrite of the old Violent Storm song, "We'll Keep Fighting," now re-done as "We'll Keep Up the Fight." This song has somewhat heavier music in addition to inspirational lyrics, but this time Lyndon is on vocals instead of Billy. All in all, this is a very good CD, despite its short length. It would be a welcome addition to any Oi! or RAC fan's collection.

—Ohrwurm Records
Review by Joe/Item#695



AVALON

A Journey Through Avalon

This is basically a "Best of" Avalon that features fourteen tracks spanning this great English band's career. Included on this CD are re-mixed, re-mastered, and re-recorded versions of some of their best songs, and previously unreleased material as well. This is modern day British RAC at its best, with hints of Oi!, Hard Rock, and the occasional ballad. The music is well played, and the Nationalist lyrics go straight to the point. There are various styles represented, with melodic sing-a-longs like "Still

Fighting" and "As a Warrior," and some musically darker songs like "What Happened to Freedom" and "Our Honour is True." There are also some faster tunes, like the classic "This Is War," and the band's tribute to Ian Stuart, appropriately titled "Ian Stuart Donaldson." There is also an excellent cover of Skrewdriver's "Excalibur." One of my personal favorites on this disc is "Don't Blame Us," which has proud and defiant lyrics backed with early Rock'n'Roll-style music and a real catchy chorus. The insert gives a very informative history of the band, and states – unfortunately – that this will be their last release. Get this if you don't have it already!

–Rampage Productions
Review by Joe/Item#914

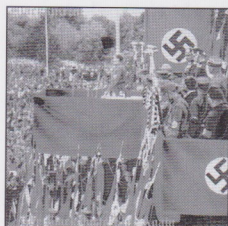


FINAL WAR *Glory Unending*

Hailing from Orange County, California, Final War features members of some very well known bands from the American White

Power scene (Youngland, Aggressive Force, Youngblood, and Extreme Hatred, just to name a few). *Glory Unending* is an exciting and talented debut that takes U.S. RAC in a fresh new direction. There may be elements of Punk/Oil, HC and RAC present in their music, and it's not easy to pigeon-hole this band's sound. Fans of any of the above genres will be easily won over by their aggressive, yet melodic, crossover style. The musicianship and the production are both topnotch. The lyrics cover a wide variety of subjects, such as Skinhead pride ("Pride and Tradition"), ex-skins turned traitor ("Shit Out"), and violence ("T.R.T.R.V."). "Tales of Honour" is a ballad in tribute to Rudolf Hess. My two favorite songs on here, though, are "Land of the White" – whose lyrics express true racial patriotism – and "The Nationalist," an unforgettable classic about racial struggle with an emphasis on real family values. There are also two Skrewdriver covers, one of which is a hidden bonus track, as well as a fast tune (originally by Beer 30) about police harassment called "Pulled Over." Altogether, this is an essential Panzerfaust release that no one should pass up.

–Panzerfaust Records
Review by Joe/Item#931



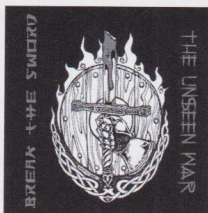
BLACKSHIRTS *The Blackshirts Rise Again*

Rising from the ashes of the British band Chingford Attack, the Blackshirts full-length debut is in a similar

vein to that of their former band: rough and unpolished White Power Oi! that doesn't pull any punches. Eight songs of their own plus two above-

average covers (Skrewdriver's "Before the Night Falls" and Skullhead's "Wish the Lads Were Here") round out this ten song CD, which has already been available for quite some time. The Blackshirts are a C18 band, and this fact figures heavily into the content of their music, especially in songs like "Hail C18," "BarBeQue in Rommeford," and "It Ain't Over Till the Fat Man Swings." But they also sing about other important subjects as well. "Coz You're Scum" deals with the evil of drug pushers and their corruption of the youth, while "Raise 'em to the Ground" is about the invasion by foreigners and their religions. Another real stormer on this CD is "White Power Skinheads," a great, upbeat sing-a-long. The only real down side to this CD is the production, which sounds kind of muffled at times. That aside, you'll probably want to seek this CD out if you're into the Oi! sound.

–Hate Society Records
Review by Joe/Item#762

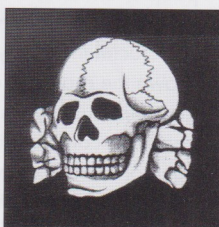


BREAK THE SWORD *The Unseen War*

This is a classic CD, filled with great old-school NS music and lyrics. It was recorded back in the

early '90s and reflects the genre of that time. The lyrics are extremely pro-White, and the music is Oi!-core, reminiscent of East Coast bands like Nordic Thunder, Aggravated Assault, and The Voice. The CD is actually a compilation of recordings by a variety of bands that have common band members. The bands are Break the Sword, Day of the Sword, and the Philly Boot Boys. Scott Stedeford was the primary musician and recording engineer for Break the Sword and Day of the Sword, and he was also the recording engineer for the old-school NS bands Nordic Thunder and The Voice before he was arrested and incarcerated for redistributing money acquired from ZOG (i.e., robbing banks). There are fourteen songs on the CD, including a great cover of Skrewdriver's "Blood and Honour." The CD starts off with one of the best songs ever written, "Casualties;" it causes one's hair to stand on end and is an anthem of our Cause. The Break the Sword songs are a bit more refined and political than those of the other bands, but they all have a great sound. I highly recommend this CD. All of the songs are original, well written, and well produced. You won't be disappointed.

–Resistance Records
Review by Bob/Item#992

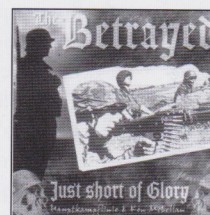


SS TOTENKOPF *(self-titled)*

This is an interesting Swedish band with an obvious European feel. Some of the songs are sung in their native

Swedish tongue, while others are in English. Most of the songs have an Oi! sound with a Metal influence, although there are a few ballads on the album. The songs in English sound a bit funny, not because of the accent, but because of the rough translation. The album has good musical value, but the English vocals sound like they're sung by some kind of scary monster. The Swedish vocals, on the other hand, are top-notch. "Stop the Invasion" is a high-energy Oi! tune, and "Darje Dog" sounds great, even though I can't understand a word of Swedish. "Europe" is a ballad with some nice harmony sung in English. Overall, this is an above-average production from a quality WP band.

–Totenkopf Productions
Review by K.C./Item#84



THE BETRAYED *Just Short of Glory*

Here is another project from the venerable Ken McLellan of Brutal Attack. This time he has teamed up with the German band

Hauptkampflinie to produce this twelve-song CD. The musical style of the CD is a back-and-forth between Oi! and ballads. Every other song on the CD is a ballad, which can become annoying if you just want to listen to some good old Oi! music. The alternation between song styles does serve to break up the CD, but I think there are a few too many ballads; just one or two would be better. The ballads are well written and they sound pretty good, musically. However, I don't think Ken is accomplished enough as a vocalist to sing ballads (see my review of his CD *If I Ever Forget* in issue #18). The ballads tend to be lengthy, with a couple of them on the order of six minutes long. That gets boring, especially when it is just a repetition of verse-chorus, verse-chorus. Songs like "The Guardian" are original, and they indicate that the band has talent. The songs that are not ballads have a hard Oi! edge to them, bordering on Hatecore. The songs are decent, but nothing really captures the listener's imagination. The drummer is not exceptional, but he is able to keep the music flowing. Ken, however, seems to be well-suited for this style of music. He seems to be more comfortable and his voice complements the music nicely. The recording is fine, except for the drums; the bass drum seems a bit lacking. The mix is good, and everything can be heard quite well. This is a decent CD if you don't mind the 50/50 combination between ballads and Oi! songs.

–Hate Sounds
Review by Bob/Item#597

To order, use coupon
on page 36, or go to:
www.resistance.com

Letters to the Editor

Editor,

I want to let you know how much I enjoy *Resistance* magazine. I hope that in the not-too-distant future we might see the magazine come out on a bi-monthly or even a monthly basis. There seems to be so much happening in the White Power music scene lately – with all the concerts, new bands, and new CDs coming out – that a quarterly just isn't enough. It makes my day when each issue arrives.

I was overwhelmed with sadness upon learning of the passing of the publisher, Dr. William L. Pierce. We lost one of the greatest men of the 20th century. Just one of his many great deeds was the resurrection of *Resistance* magazine and Resistance Records. There may be many middle-aged or older people out there who don't yet appreciate what Dr. Pierce has accomplished in bringing the company back.

Dr. Pierce's personal style and demeanor seemed to downplay his commitment to young White folk. If one didn't know the man, one would think it strange that such a seemingly old-fashioned gentleman in a business suit would promote modern music, especially considering that his own musical tastes were classical.

But Dr. Pierce went beyond his personal preferences; he understood what young people need and want. They need hope and pride and a sense of identity. They need a message with a martial spirit. And they want it through a medium that stirs their emotions and spurs them to activism: the medium of music. Dr. Pierce was a wise man, and young folk recognize him as such. He gave them an important tool to use in the fight for our survival.

And fortunately, the magazine isn't simply a youth extension of the National Alliance. Instead, it gives exposure to anyone who is fighting for our

people. The idea is to get young people to do something for their race, whether or not they become members of the Alliance. Of course, I'm sure *Resistance* would love to have new members for the National Alliance, but it is gratifying to know that the magazine promotes people becoming involved no matter what they support.

With the fantastic job our editor has done in producing the magazine and promoting the music, it is little wonder that Dr. Pierce recommended that Erich Gliebe be the National Alliance's new Chairman. Through Mr. Gliebe's efforts via the magazine, people are catching on that it is not enough just to support the music through CD sales and concert attendance; one must also transform the emotion of his favorite music into constructive activism. The results of this can be seen in the recent and ongoing demonstrations at the Israeli embassy in Washington, where hundreds of resistance music lovers become political street soldiers in the service of our people.

It wasn't long ago that it was commonplace to hear of fighting among comrades at concerts. That alone was a good reason not to bother attending. But recently the brawling among concertgoers is the exception instead of the rule. Finally, we got a clue, and I think part of the credit for this goes to *Resistance* magazine for giving band members the opportunity to express what they think of this mindless fighting among brothers and sisters. This, in turn, has helped concert promoters to be more conscious of security and to promote the attendance of real racial activists and recruits, turning away the troublemakers who don't do anything for the Cause.

Also, I am glad to see resistance music expanding into other genres. Although I like Rock music, I especially enjoy

the more folkish sounds and ballad albums. I also look forward to seeing more in the Country or Country-Rock sound. I may be showing my age here but, hey, we middle-agers like resistance music, too. We just need more of it expressed in different styles.

Keep up your great work, Erich! You've brought *Resistance* far beyond what it was in the past. Under your guidance, *Resistance* is a shining star! Sincerely,
Jim—Sacramento, CA

Editor: The White Power music scene and the racist Cause have come a long way in recent years, and I mainly attribute that to all the good, sincere, racial activists who are dedicated to the Fourteen Words. Fights at WP concerts are a rarity these days, and it's great to meet so many good people at every show I attend.

Editor,

I want to commend you for the excellence achieved with the magazine. It has come a long way from its meager beginnings as somewhat of a hobbyist fanzine. Your articles are both informative and thought provoking. The diversity of interviews – including those outside WP music – and the attention you draw towards activism of a more serious nature are long overdue. Assuredly, resistance music is an excellent medium to reach our youth, and it is certainly enjoyable and uplifting for racials, but music alone will not win the war for our race.

The battle for our survival begins with the education of our people, and that is exactly what *Resistance* magazine is doing. It is crucial that our youth be shown the reality of our struggle, and music lyrics alone cannot accomplish this. Our fight for existence involves far more than just screaming "White Power!" at shows and



rallies, bouncing around mosh pits, and getting tattoos. I would like to thank you for giving us what we need, even if we don't all fully realize it yet.
Bekki T. – Michigan

Dear Editor,

I was fortunate enough to attend the recent demonstration in front of the Capitol in Washington, D.C. Standing alongside hundreds of racially conscious White activists gave me a real sense of honor and pride to be a National Alliance member and to be part of this great event.

The atmosphere was tense with excitement. My blood came alive while marching down the parking garage ramp when I heard the chanting from the far end of the line. Here I was, standing with old and new friends, from every profession and walk of life. People of all ages were there. Being a part of this great event and seeing the commitment in everyone's eyes gives me renewed hope for the future of the White race. Respectfully,
HB

Dear Erich,

I was so happy to see you appointed to the position of Chairman of the National Alliance. Even though the Alliance is full of dedicated, talented activists, you are the primary person in our organization with the unique combination of skills, drive, toughness, commitment, future thinking, and a proven track record of success in organizing and managing the premiere White Power record company in the U.S. today.

We know we have the organizational structure in place to continue to grow, but we need your constellation of skills.

At this time of transition, we need a strong leader to continue

the dynamic growth of the Alliance. You have the history. We know you're organized; you've demonstrated your organizational skills. You have the personal qualifications, along with an unflagging commitment to our Cause. We've seen your personal toughness as a boxer. As a successful boxer, you've exhibited the self-discipline required to know when to fight and when to walk away.

In working with you over the last couple of years, I've seen that, in spite of all your talents, you've never let your ego interfere with your determination to do the right thing for the organization. Your personal needs and desires consistently play second fiddle to the needs of the Alliance. You are not self-aggrandizing, nor do you seek material wealth. You are the perfect steward for our Alliance.

In fact, before his death, Dr. Pierce made it very plain to me that he thought that you should be the next Chairman of the National Alliance.

In my personal analysis of the situation, you are the right person at the right time for this extremely difficult and thankless job, and you have my undying loyalty.

Respectfully,
Charles T. Ellis, M.D.

Editor: Thanks for the flattering words, Dr. Ellis. While I am definitely not the rocket scientist Dr. Pierce was, I am willing to give everything I have in the fight for White survival. That's all we can ask from any racist: Be true to the Cause and give it your best effort. Don't be afraid to make personal sacrifices for the good of the race; others have sacrificed their lives so that you could be here today.

Editor:

My name is Scott Smith and I'm a skinhead. Your magazine is a favorite of mine and I greatly enjoy each and every issue. Keep up the good work!

I'm writing to let your readers know that several weeks ago, two FBI agents from Kansas City's Antiterrorism Unit came to this facility (and others all across the country) and talked to about two dozen White men that the administration had fingered as having "gang" relations or pro-White beliefs.

The bottom lines were:

1) they wanted to know if anyone in here had been talking about future terrorist activities, and 2) they wanted to know if we'd be willing to "work with them" when we got out by informing them of anything "we came across." If we knew something now, then they'd help us get our sentences cut so that we could go home earlier. No telling what kind of benefits a traitor would accrue once he got out on the streets and started to "help," although financial compensation was mentioned to one of us.

Also, your article informing people about what to do when talking with the police was very good, but I would like to add two bits of information. First, if you ever end up in jail, you should know and expect that there are people in there who are eagerly listening to hear of anything they can trade to the police in order to get their sentence reduced. This is true of almost all the Blacks and some of the Whites. Do not be fooled by jailhouse rhetoric. Stay quiet and tough it out! Secondly, I would say that there is a very high probability that the FBI and other agencies are actively and purposefully trying to infiltrate various "White" organizations. We read about that all the time, but it never seems as if it could happen to us until it's too late to pull back and change one's behaviors.

Each of you should know that the government fears what you stand for and utilizes its vast powers to crush the very spirit that dwells every single racially aware White person in this country. They do it by intimidation, propaganda, and the use

of race-traitors whose motivation for cooperating is...what? I can't explain or understand it. Nevertheless, you must be cautious about what you say in front of people because it can be a crime, in some instances. And, although I know that each of you abhor violence against the pests that degrade our quality of life with their every breath, you've really got to be cautious, lest someone get the idea that you're engaging in some sort of illegal and/or violent behavior. Should one of your "acquaintances" decide to cooperate, you might as well make plans to spend a large portion of your life in prison, a fate I don't wish for any of you.

Think about whom you can trust. Ask yourself why you even want to talk about some things with other people; it only increases your exposure to prosecution. Think and be aware! You could suffer for your lapses.

Again, thank you for your fine magazine, and good luck to you all in your future endeavors.

Scott Smith
#52868-060
U.S. Penitentiary
P.O. Box 1000
Leavenworth, KS 66048

Editor: Thanks for enlightening us on the matter. Please let us know if there's anything we can do to make life easier for you while you're a captive of the System.

Greetings!

I want to express my condolences over the death of Dr. William Pierce. His writings were inspirational in turning my life around. Although I'm now 28 years old, married, with a son, I must say that my life story wasn't always this nice. I became a skinhead at a young age, but eventually wound up in prison at nineteen for doing some stupid things. I thought I knew everything at the time, but in hindsight, I didn't know anything. While in prison, an out-

side pen pal began sending me transcripts of Dr. Pierce's radio broadcasts, and it really changed my way of looking at the Struggle. Instead of just being a hater, I underwent a thorough education and eventually redirected my energy toward doing positive things for my race rather than adding to my prison sentence. Stay strong; stay focused!
Steve A. — San Jose, CA

Editor: Your letter was one of many I received from readers who recognized the positive impact Dr. Pierce had on their lives.

Dear Editor,

My girlfriend penned this poem in tribute to Dr. Pierce. I never realized he was having such an influence on her. I was hoping that for her sake, and for other racials as well, that maybe you could find a spot for it in Resistance—

"A Man We Called Pierce"

by B.H.

"Hello."

That familiar word would awaken our minds.

What did he want us to ponder?

What did he want us to find? To believe in our race and the will to survive,

Be relentless in our struggle to take back our lives.

Yes, we must ponder, but its strength we must find, To be willing to sacrifice much more than our time.

For now that he's gone,

His hellos are no more, He's relying on us, even more than before.

We can grieve and feel angry at death and its toll, But grief makes no difference unless his words sparked our soul.

For the torch of his courage and the flame of his hope, Must be carried within us until the "Day of the Rope."

Take care,

Ron Reddish — Rigby, Idaho

WHITE WIRE

VINLAND

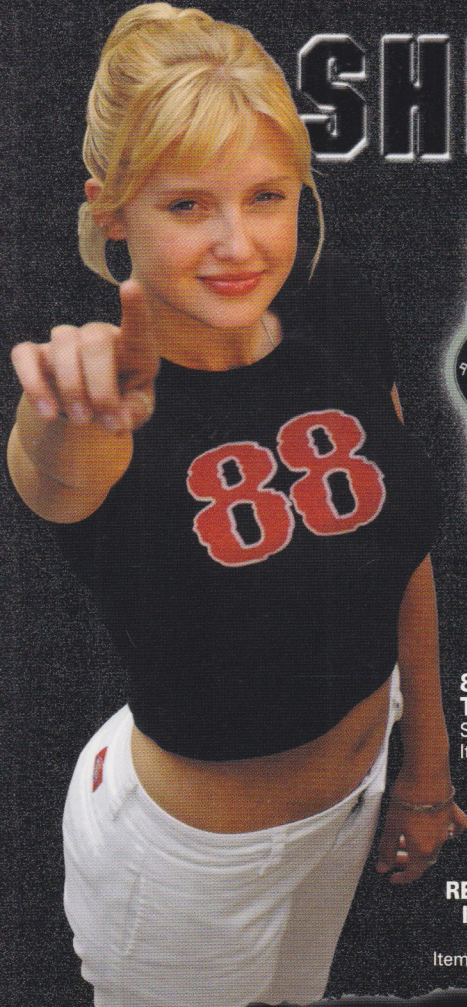
The anti-racist **Southern Poverty Law Center** recently released a report in an attempt to smear **Resistance Records**, the **National Alliance**, and the legacy of **Dr. William Pierce**. Their "report" however, contained so many misquotes and outright lies that it had zero credibility. The "report" somehow implied that both Dr. Pierce and **Erich Gliebe** were anti-skinhead, among other things. Just think how ridiculous that is! A healthy segment of the National Alliance's membership is made up of skinheads or former skinheads, and Resistance Records has been actively promoting White Power music and the skinhead scene on a scale never before seen in North America. Resistance, along with **Panzerfaust Records**, helps sponsor nearly every American WP show. Also, **Resistance magazine** editor Erich Gliebe has spent countless hours in gyms over the last ten years teaching skinheads how to box. The SPLC failed miserably in its attempt to take advantage of Dr. Pierce's untimely death; they hoped it would cause us to collapse, but just the opposite has happened. We are stronger than ever before!...**Cut Throat**, a hot, new act out of Oregon will soon be recording their debut album on Resistance Records...Resistance has launched a new clothing line, **Aryanwear**, which features a full line of shirts for men and women, as well as kids' wear...Soon out on Resistance will be a re-release of **Code of Violence's Purge** CD. COV was a popular Hatecore band out of Tampa, Florida in the late '90s...Look for Resistance to release a live **Aryan/Stonehammer** album later this year...**Intimidation One** and **Max Resist** have had quite a busy touring schedule this year and are playing in Europe again as we speak. Don't **Jason** and **Shawn** ever rest?...Panzerfaust Records trailblazes to Eastern Europe later this year with a release of the popular Serbian band **Razor 88** and the best of Hungarian Hatecore, **Iron Eagle**...Also on Panzerfaust's docket is the second release of **WhiteWash** and a follow-up ballads project by **Griffin**...Capping off Panzerfaust's year will be **Rebel Hell's** debut album. Rebel Hell is believed to already be working on their second album, so don't spend all your bucks on your next trip to the gun shop...**Prison Bound**, a new band featuring **Montreal Steve** on vocals, recently played out for the first time at a Toronto gig...**Definite Hate's** guitarist **Brent**, along with his lovely wife **Michelle**, are expecting their second child sometime soon. They're both planning on living the 14 Words by having fourteen children. Best of luck to both of them!...Look for Definite Hate to be in the studio to record their first full-length album by year's end...Word has it that WP concerts will be held in Florida and Michigan in December.

NORDLAND

Austria's **Tollshock** has come out with an impressive debut CD entitled *Outlaw Melodies*...**Celtic Warrior** has just come out with their latest CD, *Defeat Never – Victory Forever*, which takes its title from a famous quote made in a speech that our martyr **Bob Mathews** gave at a National Alliance convention in 1983...CW singer **Billy** and **Ken McLellan** are in the studio at the moment recording an album for Resistance Records, the title of which is undecided at the moment. It should be out early next year. It was great to see Billy and Ken in the States recently...Folksinger **Bobby Pearse** is in the studio working on his second CD for **Final Conflict**, this time a full-length solo project. Again, the title is unknown as of yet...France's **Pit Records** has released the latest CD, *Break the Chains*, from Polish legends **Konkwista 88**. Pit has also produced *Europe Explosion*, a compilation featuring **Sleipnir**, **Konkwista 88**, **14 Palabras**, **Odal**, **Les Vilains**, **Brigade M**, and more...The German label **Puhses Listes** has been busy releasing new CDs from **Funkenflug**, **Utgard**, and **Spearhead**, and they are working on new

productions from **Fraction**, **Hauptkampflinie**, **Annett**, as well as a new ballads album from **Sleipnir**. If that isn't enough, **Puhses Liste** will also be producing the *Best of Tuono Records*...Another German label, **Hate Sounds**, has recently released new CDs from English bands **Razors Edge** and **Whitelaw**. Out soon on Hate Sounds will be the brand-new **Sedition** CD, *Words As Filler*, which can only be described as pure Hatecore. They also produced the **Sedition** CD *Ignite the Ashes* on vinyl...The new **Halgadam** CD *Verdunkelung des Gottlichen* is out, and there is also an English version from this German band...**Absurd** will be re-releasing *Asgardsrei* on Resistance this fall. The album will also contain previously unreleased tracks...**Eastside** out of Poland has just released two pagan BM CDs, Ukrainian **Dub Buk's I'm Coming For You** and the Polish band **Venedae's Seven Stone Faces**. Eastside is also soon to release the second album of Czech band **Beowulf**, entitled *Wotansvolk*, and also the new album of **Sokrya Peruna** from Ukraine...Polish label **Strong Survive Records** has released new CDs from **Legacy of Blood**, **Pantheon**, **Abusiveness**, and **Battlefield**. Battlefield is **Honor's** project with a female vocalist...The new **Selbstmord** CD *Into the Fucking Shrouds of Madness* will soon be out. Their first release, *Some Day the Whole World*, just totally kicked ass...The main news out of Russia is that **Kolovrat** released two CDs over the summer, *Blood of the Patriots* and *9th Wave of White Power*. The Russian band will be producing another album this fall, *The Era of the Right Hand*, which will have a Hardcore/RAC sound. The WP scene in Russia continues to grow, with countless opportunities developing...**Valkyria's John Odhinn** continues to work in the studio with members of a philharmonic orchestra on his next project, which will be out on Resistance sometime within the next few months. This will be a totally new sound for WP music. Remember, it doesn't hurt to experiment and branch out in different musical directions...**Sniper Records** has released a split CD with Swedish bands **Pluton Svea** and **Pro Patria**. This is a limited 1,000-copy release. Sniper's next production is a compilation CD featuring 21 tracks from thirteen northern Swedish bands. It contains Black Metal, Viking Rock, Oil, and RAC. The name of the CD will be *Norlands Befrielse Arme*...From **Midgard Records** is the release of **Paul London's** book *Ian Stuart – Nazi Rock Star*. London has recorded the life of **Ian Stuart** in a story like no other, from his early days in Blackpool where he put together his first band **Tumbling Dice**, to the emergence of **Skrewdriver**, and finally to his untimely death at age 36. London has captured the very essence of his life and times...Spain's **Blau Legion** will be releasing *Blood & Honour, Volume V*, and it will have quite the pan-Aryan flavor, with bands from England, Germany, Holland, Russia, Brazil, and many other nations. Despite the language barriers, WP music has the capability of bringing together White racialsists of all ethnicities...Look for the **Blue Eyed Devils** to perform in Switzerland later this year. The Swiss scene remains solid...**RockNORD** has released the legal tracks of the German band **Oidoxie's** CD, *Schwarze Zukunft*. The new CD is called *Treue und Ehre*, and it includes the mini-CD *Ein neuer Tag* with 17 songs. Also out on RockNORD are the legal tracks of **Foiertoss** and the lost MCD tracks of **Sturmwehr**. Last, but not least, the new **08/15** CD, *Rock 'n' Roll Hammerfest* will be out soon on RockNORD...**Battlefield Records** continues to produce CDs of quality RAC and NSBM bands, the latest being **Wolfnacht**, and a split CD with the Hellenic bands **Ravenbanner** and **Agarthia**. Battlefield is also producing **Stutthof's** debut album...One piece of good news: WP music is reported to be popular among the White American servicemen stationed in Germany. These guys may be heading to Iraq soon, but perhaps they can take a detour, in full gear and with full weaponry, to the real terrorist nation – Israel.

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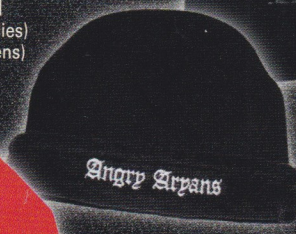
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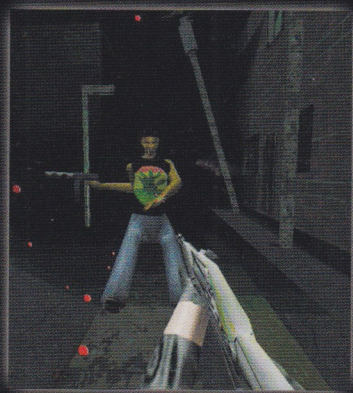


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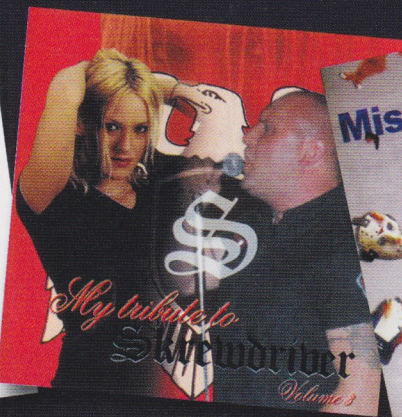
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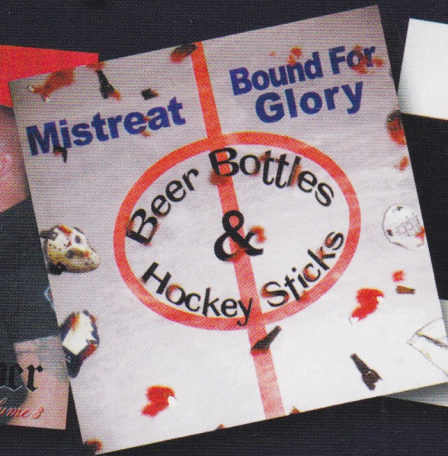
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