

# What We Owe Our Parasites

By  
Professor Revilo P. Oliver  
(speech, June 1968)



What do we owe to the  
unspeakable gang that now  
rules us in Washington?  
A fair trial.

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(Free Speech, October and November 1995) Introductory Note

Dr. Revilo Pendleton Oliver is rightly regarded, by those few lucky enough to be familiar with his work, as one of the greatest Americans of this century. Born in 1908, he quickly rose through the ranks of the academy to become one of the leading philologists and classical scholars of his time. He was Professor of the Classics at the University of Illinois, Urbana Campus, for 32 years. He could easily have spent his life cloistered in his study, doing what he loved best: applying the lens of scholarship, focused by his brilliant mind, upon the dusty tomes and manuscripts of the past. But he chose a different path. He saw clearly, and long before most of his countrymen, where the subversive and alien elements were leading his people, and he chose to risk reputation and social position to speak out. From 1954 until his death in August 1994, he worked almost without ceasing for the awakening of Americans of European descent to their danger and their possible great destiny.



Dr. Oliver delivered this address to a German-American group assembled at the Lorelei Club in Hamburg, New York, near Buffalo, on 9th June, 1968.

The typescript was lost in a flood in 1990 at Dr. Oliver's home, but has been restored by your editor to printed form based upon the original tape recording made by Mr. Everett Weibert. Any errors introduced in the article are of course the editor's and not Dr. Oliver's.

This is one of Dr. Oliver's finest speeches, and is certainly his most comprehensive short work. It appears here in printed form for the first time. -- *Kevin Alfred Strom*.

# What We Owe Our Parasites

By

**Dr. Revilo P. Oliver**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, let me thank you first of all for the honor of your invitation and the pleasure of being with you today. In the past dozen years I have spoken before a great many conservative and patriotic organizations, but this is the first time that I have appeared before a society that is specifically German: that is to say, composed of the descendants of the part of our race that stayed home in the fifth century, while their kinsfolk conquered and occupied all the western territories of the largely mongrelized and moribund Roman Empire that their more remote kinsfolk had founded more than a thousand years before.

As I understand it, I am speaking to a closed meeting of your members and of guests in whom they have confidence. I believe that it is stipulated that what is said here today is off the record and not for publication in any form and that there are no reporters present. On that understanding

I shall give you candidly and without circumlocution the best estimate of our present plight that I have been able to make.

Some of you may remember the old story about the college girl who went to bed one night, and finally dropped off to sleep, but in the early hours of the morning she heard the clock strike two and she felt the door of her room was slowly opening. Terrified, she tried to call out in the darkness, but a handkerchief was whipped over her mouth and she felt strong arms lift her from the bed. She was carried downstairs, thrown into the tonneau of a large and luxurious Rolls-Royce that set off at high speed. After a long ride she was lifted out and carried into the large hall of a vast and palatial mansion, up marble stairs, and into an elegantly appointed room, where she was thrown on the bed. Only then did she see her captor clearly. He was a strong and handsome man attired in faultless evening dress. He stood by the bed, looking down at her speculatively and silently. She tried to speak, and at last she was able to say whimperingly, "What, oh, what are you going to do to me?" The man shrugged his shoulders. "How should I know?" he said. "This is your dream."

The story is absurd, of course, but it owes what little humor it possesses to its equivocal play on the mystery of our own consciousness. A dream is by definition a series of sensations that occur in the brain when both our senses of perception and our powers of will and reason are in abeyance, so that we have no control over that flux of sensations. But it is, of course, a well-known phenomenon that when we dream that we are dreaming, the dream ends and we awaken. Then the conscious mind takes over and we are again responsible for our thoughts, and must face a day in which we must be responsible for our actions, which, by their wisdom or folly, may determine the rest of our lives. Our dreams may give expression, pleasant or painful, to our subconscious desires or fears. But in our waking hours we must, if we are rational, make our decisions on the basis of the most objective and cold-blooded estimates that we can make: estimates of the forces and tendencies in the world about us; estimates of the realities with which we must deal; remembering always that nothing is likely to happen just because we think it's good, or unlikely to happen just because we think it's evil.

If ever we have had need to appraise carefully and rationally our position and prospects, the time is now. In the outer quadrangle of Brasenose at Oxford, if I remember correctly, there is in the middle of the green sward a solitary sundial, whose bronze plate bears the chilling inscription, *It is later than you think*. I assure you, my fellow Americans, that it is now later -- much later -- than you think. It is possible, of course, that it may now be too late and that, as a veteran observer and distinguished friend of mine recently assured me, our cause is now as hopeless as was that of the South after the fall of Richmond and near the tragic conclusion of the second war for independence which was fought on our soil. I honestly believe, however, we still have some chance of survival. If I did not believe that, I certainly would not be speaking to you today or asking you to consider with me the odds against us.

I may be wrong. I have no powers of divination, nor of prophecy. And I certainly do not know the secret plans of our enemies, or even the inner structure of their organization. I can only guess the probable extent of their power and the probable efficacy of their strategy by extrapolation from what they have thus far accomplished. I can only give you my best estimate, made after long and anxious consideration; but I do not pose as an expert in these matters, and since I have promised to be candid, I will tell you candidly that my estimates in the past proved to be overly optimistic.

When I left the mephitic atmosphere of Washington late in 1945, I had no great misgivings about the future of our nation. On the basis of the best estimates that I could then make, I was confident that our future was assured by a popular reaction which I deemed inevitable within the next five years. I felt certain that the secrets of Washington would quickly become known and that our nation would be swept with moral indignation and revulsion when Americans saw exposed to the light of day even a small part of the foul record of the diseased creature that had squatted in the

White House for so many years, surrounded by his appalling gang of degenerates, traitors, and alien subversives.

I knew that the secret of Pearl Harbor would be quickly disclosed, and that Americans would soon know how the Japanese had been maneuvered and tricked into destroying our fleet and killing so many of our men. I was sure that the public would soon learn of the old conspiracy between Roosevelt and Churchill (who was at that time a private citizen in what was still Great Britain), and also of Roosevelt's persistent efforts from 1936 to 1939 to get started in Europe the insanely fratricidal war that devastated that continent, that destroyed so much of what is the most precious and irreplaceable treasure of any race -- the genetic heritage of its best men -- and that inflicted on our own country a great squandering of life and wealth in a war that was deliberately conducted to assure the defeat of the United States and Great Britain no less than that of France and Germany. I was sure that we would quickly, once peace had come, see that we had fought for the sole purpose of imposing the beasts of Bolshevism on a devastated land. I was sure that we would quickly see the nature of the great treason trap called the United Nations. I thought that decent men's stomachs would turn when they learned of the officially admitted strategy of the British government which, in deliberate violation of all the conventions of civilized warfare, had initiated the vicious bombing of unprotected German cities for the express purpose of slaughtering so many defenseless German civilians that the German government would be forced to bomb unprotected British cities and slaughter enough helpless British civilians to work up in Great Britain some enthusiasm for the suicidal war that the British government was imposing on its reluctant people -- the first example in history, I believe, of a government at war deliberately having its own citizens massacred for the purposes of propaganda. I thought that the truth about such domestic outrages as the infamous Sedition Trial in Washington would necessarily become known, and excite the feelings that such crimes must excite in the breasts of decent men.

And I was sure that a thousand other infamies, unsurpassed and only rarely equaled in recorded history, would be disclosed with the result that all the steamships outward bound from our shores would, within a few years, be crowded to their very rails with hordes of vermin desperately fleeing from the wrath of an aroused and angry nation.

In 1945 I really believed that by the year 1952 no American could hear the name of Roosevelt without a shudder or utter it without a curse. You see; I was wrong. I was right about the inevitability of exposure. Like the bodies of the Polish officers who were butchered in Katyn Forest by the Bolsheviks (as we knew at the time), many of the Roosevelt regime's secret crimes were exposed to the light of day. The exposures were neither so rapid or so complete as I anticipated, but their aggregate is far more than should have been needed for the anticipated reaction. Only about 80 per cent. of the secret of Pearl Harbor has thus far become known, but that 80 per cent. should in itself be enough to nauseate a healthy man. Of course I do not know, and I may not even suspect, the full extent of the treason of that incredible administration. But I should guess that at least half of it has been disclosed in print somewhere: not necessarily in well-known sources, but in books and articles in various languages, including publications that the international conspiracy tries to keep from the public, and not necessarily in the form of direct testimony, but at least in the form of evidence from which any thinking man can draw the proper and inescapable deductions. The information is there for those who will seek it, and enough of it is fairly well known, fairly widely known, especially the Pearl Harbor story, to suggest to anyone seriously interested in the preservation of his country that he should learn more. But the reaction never occurred. And even today the commonly used six-cent postage stamp bears the bloated and sneering visage of the Great War Criminal, and one hears little protest from the public. Why?

It is true that there were some faint and feeble beginnings of reaction, especially when Senator Joseph McCarthy began his famous series of hearings before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security. All that those hearings produced was but a small trickle leaking through the vast dike of official secrecy that held back the ocean of evidence that the United States had been stealthily captured by aliens and by the traitors in their employ. But when dikes begin to leak they

soon break. And when the McCarthy hearings started, only a little later than I had predicted, I said to myself, *This is it at last! This is the beginning. And soon will begin that great exodus of panic-stricken rats fleeing from a just retribution.*

But I was wrong again. Instead, a friend of mine was right. He was at that time a member of the Central Intelligence Agency, which at that time included some Americans. And he happened to be in Wheeling, West Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1950, when Senator McCarthy made his famous speech in which he stated that there were 57 members of the Communist Party or of the Soviet espionage apparatus in the State Department in positions of responsibility and that the State Department knew that they were there. After the speech, my friend found an opportunity to talk to McCarthy alone. He told him, "Senator, you said there were 57 known Communists in the State Department. If you had access to the files of my agency, you would know that there is absolute proof that there are ten times that many. But Senator, you do not realize the magnitude and the power of the conspiracy you are attacking. They will destroy you -- they will destroy you utterly."

But Senator McCarthy merely shook his head and said, "No, the American people will never let me down." He was wrong too, you see.

It's not necessary here to rehearse the steps by which McCarthy was destroyed. He was of course sabotaged from within his own staff. The aliens who control our press and radio and the boob tubes spattered their slime over the country. Swarms of the ignorant and neurotic little shysters whom we call "intellectuals" issued from the doors of the colleges and universities, shrieking and spitting as is their wont. And all that had its effect. But the conspiracy was able to silence McCarthy only by a somewhat less routine operation.

They found an Army officer who had been a military failure until Bernard Baruch promoted him to General, and who in 1945 should have been able to hope for nothing better than that he could escape a court martial and thus avoid being cashiered, if he could prove that all the atrocities and all the sabotage of American interests of which he had been guilty in Europe had been carried out over his protest and under categorical orders from the President. The conspiracy took that person, and with the aid of their press they did a quick masquerade job and dressed him up as a conservative. They wrote speeches that he was able to deliver without too much bumbling. They displayed his grin on all the boob tubes. And they elected him President. And, of course, "Ike" was elected with a mandate from his masters to stab Senator McCarthy in the back. And he did. And so the conspiracy plugged that small leak in the dike.

But how was it able to do that? Oh yes, we could trace the whole operation step by step. We know that our enemies are sneaking and cunning. We know that they command the wealth of the world, including whatever is in the United States Treasury and, through the income tax, whatever is in your pocket and mine. They can hire stupid or unprincipled Americans to do anything for them and to act as front men. But the real question before us is not their cunning and their innate evil. The deeper, more important, and far more unpleasant question is: What was and is wrong with American people that made them and is still making them willing victims of their enemies?

Some years ago, it was customary for fast-talking confidence men to find some chump with five or ten thousand dollars in cash and sell him the Brooklyn Bridge or the Holland Tunnel. And I hear that when the Pennsylvania Railroad began to demolish its station in New York City, someone bought it for \$25,000 cash. Now the swindlers in all those cases are undoubtedly wicked men. They deserve exemplary punishment. But, you know, there must have been something wrong with the purchasers too. Much as we may sympathize with them, we shall have to agree, I think, that they were not overly bright.

We Americans, you know, are regarded with supreme contempt by our enemies, who describe us in private and sometimes in public in the most contumelious terms. You may remember that some

years ago a man named Khrushchev was the manager employed on the conspiracy's estate in Russia. He was invited to this country by his pal Ike, and he toured our land, honored and applauded by the press and even by some Americans. Soon after he returned, he told newspaper reporters in Vienna, "The Americans? Why, you spit in their faces and they think it's dew."

That delicate phraseology reminded me of what I had been told by an acquaintance in Washington during the Second World War. This man, a veteran journalist, held a position of importance in one of the lie-factories operated by the Roosevelt regime to keep the boobs pepped up with enthusiasm for sending their sons or their husbands to a senseless slaughter. At one policy conference, this man objected to a proposed lie on the grounds that it was so absurd that it would destroy public confidence, with the result that Americans would soon cease to believe anything that the agency manufactured. There was a great deal of debate over that question in this policy conference until it was ended by the agency's great expert in such matters. He was a man who, by the way, for some reason or other, had left Germany a few years before and come to bless the United States with his presence. This expert, being a bit ruffled by the debate, finally took his elegant little cigar from his mouth and said decisively, "Ve spit in ze faces of the American schwine!" And that settled it. The master had spoken.

Why do we receive and deserve such contempt? Unless we have simply degenerated into a race of imbeciles, unfit to survive in the world, there must be some ascertainable mental block that makes us so gullible. And, if so, we most urgently need to identify it. That's the real reason why I brought up the question of Senator McCarthy and what may have seemed history long past and otiose. That episode was obviously the antecedent of our present terrible plight. And when we try to look back at the obvious factors, such as the alien control of our channels of information and of our finances, we know there must be something back of that. And then we look at an obvious factor, of which many were made aware only recently by the shocking behavior of so-called students in so-called universities and by the far more shocking behavior of the administrative officers and faculties of those diploma mills. We now see that the gang of sleazy racketeers headed by John Dewey has attained its goal. We realize that the public schools have been for many years a vast brainwashing and brain-contaminating machine that has worked, on the whole, with great efficiency. It's a machine to which we send our children to have their minds filled with grotesque and debasing superstitions; to have their instincts of integrity and honor leached from their souls; to be incited to premature debauchery and perversion; to be imbued with thoughtless irresponsibility; and to be prepared for addiction to mind-destroying drugs and an existence below the animal level. The public schools have indeed been the most powerful single engine of subversion that our enemies have used upon us. The rest of this hour would not suffice even to enumerate the ways in which the self-styled "educators" have accomplished their deadly work.

When we go back to the affair of Senator McCarthy and look for a deeper cause, we can of course blame the schools, which were doing then, a little less openly, the work that they are doing now. But that leaves us with the question: Why did the American people fall for that racket? Why were they gullible enough to be so easily taken in by John Dewey's hoax?

Well, let us go back to 1917, when Dewey's fraud had gained control of only a relatively small area, and when the world was certainly a brighter and more pleasant place. That brings us, of course, to the time of Woodrow Wilson, another baleful figure in our history. I am not one of those who regard Wilson as entirely a villain. I think he was primarily a man who could intoxicate himself with his own words. And I think that he went through most of his life mistaking his hallucinations for reality, as surely as he did on that day in 1919 when he was driven in the early morning through the deserted streets of Washington, mechanically raising his hat and bowing to the applauding crowds that existed only in his feverish brain. I am therefore willing to believe that he believed a good deal of what he said. And although in his political life he was merely a marionette that danced and pranced on the stage as its strings were pulled by Jacob Schiff, Bernard Baruch, the Warburgs, and their agent Colonel House, the fact remains that Wilson ranted to the American people about "making the world safe for democracy" and "a war to end

wars," and they believed him. Instead of calling a physician when he began to babble that arrant nonsense, they let him plunge them into a war in which they had no conceivable concern and to use the power of the United States to make the result of that war as disastrous in the long run for Britain as it was for Germany.

Now I admit that the notion of a warless world is a pleasant and attractive thought. But people who believe that there can be such a thing should ask it of Santa Claus, in whom they doubtless also believe.

Let us go back to 1909, when the American people were offered a plan for destroying nations that had been formulated again by a filthy degenerate named Mordechai, alias Karl Marx. Now it's true that the promoters hired a few journalists, liberal professors, and other intellectual prostitutes, to prove conclusively that the proposed income tax could never under any circumstances exceed four per cent. on the income of millionaires and could never affect anyone else, for the obvious reason that no federal government could possibly spend so much money. But the point is that a majority of the American people -- the inheritors of a free government based on the premise that government must be limited to essentials and must be tied down by the chains of a stringent constitution restraining the exercise of all powers except those deemed absolutely necessary for national defense -- those American people believed that hogwash. In effect, what the promoters were telling them in wheedling tones was, "Come, little boobies, put your heads into the noose and we'll do you lots of good." And the boobous little boobies stuck their necks into the noose, and so the country is now under the regime of the great White Slave Act, and that's why we are where we are today.

We could go much farther back, and if we had the time we certainly should go back at least to the 18th century, when the weird mythology of what is now called "liberalism," and all of the basic lies that are rammed into the minds of our children in the schools, were manufactured by a motley and bizarre gang composed of agents of Weishaupt's great conspiracy, many ordinary swindlers and mountebanks, and quite a bevy of "idealists" with buzzing brains and twittering tongues. But I think that we have said enough to see that we Americans are suffering from a chronic disease or tropism that has invariably placed us at the mercy of our enemies by making us incapable of taking thought for ourselves. There is in us a weakness, perhaps a fatal weakness, that makes us not only listen to the babble of self-professed do-gooders, but to do whatever they tell us to do, and to do it as mindlessly as though we were in a hypnotic trance and had surrendered our will to that of the hypnotist.

Now I believe that this strange weakness, unlike so many of our peculiarities, is not a single congenital and hereditary idiocy. If that were true, we would not be here: our remote ancestors would have been eaten long before the dawn of history. It is compounded, it seems to me, of a perversion of seven different qualities; a perversion effected and fostered by certain misunderstandings in the peculiar circumstances that resulted from the prosperity, power, and world dominion we of the West achieved for ourselves and enjoyed in recent centuries. All of the seven elements of our mentality that I shall enumerate are good qualities, at least in the sense that they are born in us, that we could not eliminate them from our genetic heritage if we wanted to, and that we have perforce to accept them. We could comment at length on each of them, and it would be particularly interesting to contrast ourselves with other races at each point. But I must list them as briefly as possible, with only a word or two of explanation to make my meaning clear.

The first is imagination, which is highly developed in us, and vivid; an imagination which means, among other things, that we have a spiritual need of a great literature: both a literature of vicarious experience and a literature of the fantastic and marvellous that transcends the world of reality. But this gift bears with it, of course, the danger that we may not distinguish clearly between a vivid imagination and something that we can actually see in the world.

Second, the sense of personal honor which is so strong in us, and seems so fatuous and silly to other races. It is this, among other things, that gives us the conception of an honorable contest when men of our race meet as opponents in war. It gives us the knightly ethos that you see when Diomedes and Glaucus meet on the plains of Troy and in all subsequent history and story of our race. It also exposes us to the danger of behaving in knightly fashion to those to whom those standards are lunacy.

The third is the capacity for objective and philosophical thought, which is virtually limited to our race, and which enables us to put ourselves mentally in the position of others, but simultaneously exposes us to the risk of fancying that their thoughts and feelings are what ours would be.

The fourth is our capacity for compassion. We have a racial reluctance to inflict unnecessary pain, and we are ourselves distressed by the sight of suffering. That is, of course, a peculiarity that brings upon us the ridicule and contempt of the numerical majority of the world's population, who are beings differently constituted. The savages of Africa, who are now your masters in the sense that you have to work for them every day, find the spectacle of a human being under torture simply hilarious. And when they see a blinded captive with broken limbs squirm as they prod him with red-hot irons, they laugh with glee -- with a merriment, a real merriment, that is greater than the funniest farce on the stage has ever excited in you. You may search the vast and respectable literature of China in vain for any trace of compassion for suffering per se.

Fifth, our generosity, both as individuals and as a nation, which naturally brings on us the contempt of those to whom we give abroad.

The capacity for self-sacrifice is sixth; and that is, of course, highly developed in us, but it is a necessary basis for the existence of any civilized society. No people above the stage of unthinking savagery can survive in this world without some instinct or some belief which makes its young men give their lives for the preservation of the society in which they were born.

And the seventh and last is the sentiment of religion, which of course is common to all mankind, although here again it takes a distinctive form in us. For fifteen centuries the religion of the Western world has been Christianity, Western Christianity, and there is no other religion now known or even imaginable that could take its place. But it is simply an historical fact, which we must deplore but cannot change, that only a small part of our population today, 12 or 15 per cent., really believes that Christ was the son of God, that the soul is immortal, and that our sins will be punished in a future life. That means that the religious instinct, which is a part of our nature, finds in the majority of our people no satisfaction in an unquestioning faith; so that those frustrated instincts are available for exploitation by any halfway clever scoundrel, as the shysters and punks who now occupy the majority of our pulpits well know. When faith is lost, what Pareto calls the religious residue in a people becomes its most vulnerable point, its Achilles heel. It is the unsatisfied need for an unquestioning faith in a superior power.

Now, a perversion of all of these qualities in us operated during the centuries of our dominance to give us an utterly false conception of other peoples. We have imagined that by some magic we could convey to them not only our material possessions, but the qualities of our mind and soul.

And we have always succumbed to the flattery of imitation. The capacity for imitating behaviour is common not only to all human beings, but to all anthropoids, as we all know from the proverbial expression, "monkey see, monkey do." An ape's ability to imitate is, of course, limited. But, with the exception of the Australoids, other races have the capacity to imitate us convincingly in externals. If they dress in our clothes, observe our social conventions, and speak our language, using the phrases which as they can learn by observation please us, and using those phrases even if they don't understand them or if they regard them as preposterous drivel and nonsense, the members of other races could imitate us so plausibly that we believe them converted to our mentality and to our conception of life. And any shortcomings that we may notice in the performance of the imitator, we generously overlook or regard as endearing naivete.



This capacity for imitation is possessed by savages, at least by the more intelligent ones, and it has deceived us time after time. The British are as gullible as we are. Hundreds and hundreds of times, at least, they gave scholarships to Blacks from Basutoland or Kenya or Nigeria or one of their other possessions, and the result was almost always the same. With the money given him, the savage bought himself a good wardrobe, attended an English school, learned to play soccer, attended Oxford, wrote a charming essay on Wordsworth or on ancient law, copulated with half-witted English women who thought him "romantic" and themselves "broad-minded," and when he got tired of living on English generosity, went home to his tribe where he had a well-roasted baby served up to him as a delicacy of which he had been long deprived by the stupid prejudices of the stupid British.

With some of the highly intelligent Oriental peoples, the capacity for dissimulation goes much farther than that and approaches genius.

That strange and unique international people, the Jews, who for all the time in which they are known to history have lived and flourished by planting their colonies in other people's countries, have owed much of their success to the chameleon-like ability to take on, when they choose, the manners and attitudes of whatever country they choose to reside in. They are a highly intelligent people, quite possibly much more intelligent than we are. But all observers, notably Douglas Reed and Roderick Stohlheim, have commented on the Jews' amazing ability to seem a German in Berlin, a Czech in Prague, an Italian in Rome, and an Englishman in London, shifting from one role to the other with the ease with which a man might change his suit of clothes. The Jews have, of course, the great advantage that their skins are white, and that many of them resemble, in features, members of our race, even to the point of being indistinguishable, at least to an untrained eye, and including persons with such non-Oriental characteristics as blond or red hair.

I am not sure, therefore, that the highest talent for dissimulation does not belong to a people that does not have that very great physical advantage: the Japanese. Their ability to gain our confidence and appropriate our technology and science is simply phenomenal, as is obvious from what they, living crowded together on a few poor islands, have accomplished. But their talent for dissimulation is equally great.

I always remember the experience of a friend of mine, who was in the late 1930s a professor of chemistry in a large university in what may be called a strategic area of this country. The outstanding students in his graduate classes were four young Japanese. And partly because they were so apt in learning the more abstruse forms of chemistry, and partly because they were foreigners and so excited in him the generosity that is normal to us, he invited them to his home; and in the course of three years he came, he thought, to know them very well personally. Their manners and their English were excellent. They professed the greatest admiration for America and its institutions. They spoke, of course, of "democracy" in terms of high praise. They deplored "militarism," and they fervently hoped for "world peace" and "understanding among all peoples." My friend was convinced that if only we could bring more young men like that to the United States, the policy of Japan would eventually change, and the two nations would live thenceforth in perpetual amity.

Then one day he found himself alone at a crossroads in the open country some twenty miles from the university, waiting for some friends to pick him up in their automobile. They were late, and since the day was hot, he went to a nearby orchard to repose in the shadow of the trees while waiting. He saw his four Japanese students come sauntering down one of the roads, evidently out on a leisurely hike. At the crossroads, they stopped, looked up and down each road, looked around and saw no one. Then they straightened up and stood back to back, each facing in one direction, produced a Leica camera, and photographed each road and then the surroundings on each diagonal and made notations on a map. They had, of course, come to our country not only to learn our chemical science for eventual use against us, but also incidentally to map out the territory around the university for future reference, should their army have occasion to invade us

or should they have occasion to land a secret force on our shores. And they went about their work with the patient thoroughness of their race, doubtless chuckling inwardly at the naivete of the big White boobies who freely deliver all their hard-won knowledge to their natural enemies.

Our minds have been beclouded by an even more dangerous misconception long annexed to our religion. For centuries we have labored under the illusion that Western Christianity was something that could be exported, and only recent events have at last made it obvious to us how vain and futile have been the labors and zeal of devoted missionaries for five centuries. When Cortez and his small but valiant band of iron men conquered the empire of the Aztecs, he was immediately followed by a train of earnest and devoted missionaries, chiefly Franciscans, who began to preach the Christian gospel to the natives. And they soon sent back home, with innocent enthusiasm, glowing accounts of the conversions they had effected. You can feel their sincerity, their piety, their ardor, and their joy in the pages of Father Sagun, Father Torquemada, and many others. And for their sake I am glad that the poor Franciscans never suspected how small a part they had really played in the religious conversions that gave them such joy. Far more effective than their words and their book had been the Spanish cannon that had breached the Aztec defenses and the ruthless Spanish soldiers who had slain the Aztec priests at their altars and toppled the Aztec idols from the sacrificial pyramids. The Aztecs accepted Christianity as a cult, not because their hearts were touched by doctrines of love and mercy, but because Christianity was the religion of the White men whose bronze cannon and mail-clad warriors made them invincible.

That was early in the 16th century, and we of the West have gone on repeating that fond mistake ever since, as the missionaries whom we sent to all parts of the world wrote home with innocent satisfaction glowing accounts of the number of hearts they had "won for Christ." And it is only after the international conspiracy's campaign of "anti-colonialism" really got underway that most of us realized that what had won all those hearts was primarily the discipline of British regiments and the power of the White man. On many a shore of Africa, for example, missionaries eager to win souls ventured to land alone; and the natives, after having a lot of fun torturing them to death, ate them -- either cooked or raw, according to the local custom. What often happened was that a few months later a British cruiser hove to offshore, and lobbed a half a dozen 4.5-inch high explosive shells into the native village, and, if not in a hurry, perhaps landed half a company of marines to beat the bushes and drag out a dozen or so savages to hang on convenient trees. Unless the tribe was excessively stupid, they took the hint. The next bevy of missionaries was respected, as somehow representing the god of thunder and lightning. And if those men of God distributed enough free rice and medical care with their sermons, they were able to make many converts. They could teach a ritual, and they could perhaps inculcate a superstition that had some superficial resemblance to their religion; but as for teaching the spiritual substance of Christianity, they might as well have followed the example of St. Francis and delivered sermons to the birds. Although it is true that in some places in the former colonial possessions missionaries are still tolerated, if they pay very well, we have at last learned that the gospel follows the British regiments in the White man's ignominious and insane retreat from the world that was his.

All of these factors have contributed, I think, to our strange toleration of the "do-gooder" and our incredible obtuseness in never asking *against whom* he is "doing good." For it is unfortunately true that fully 80 per cent. of all those high-sounding projects of "uplift" and "social justice" are motivated *not* by concern for the supposed beneficiaries, but by greed or malice. But we never ask.

That is why we have so many "intellectuals" battenning upon us. They have discovered the safest and most profitable of all rackets. An "intellectual" is distinguished by two talents: a glib proficiency with words, and very sensitive nostrils. He can smell a twenty dollar bill in your pocket a block away, and within two minutes after that delicious aroma reaches his nostrils the "ideals" are drooling down his jaw. You know the jargon: "the underprivileged"; "equality of opportunity"; "Athe culturally deprived"; "underdeveloped nations"; "emerging peoples"; and the

like, *ad infinitum nauseam*. And as you listen to his sing-song the chances are you won't even notice his hand as it goes into your pocket.

Now we may be rich enough to be suckers, but we cannot afford the more elaborate kinds of "do-gooding" that are inspired by malice and hatred. But yet we tolerate them with a collective masochism that is simply suicidal. We have accepted an incredible inversion of values to the point that we have declared ourselves to be an inferior species, fit only to be enslaved, beaten, and butchered at the whim of our betters. That is what the proposition amounts to, although, of course, it is daubed over with the viscid slobber of humanitarian drivel devised by our enemies and mindlessly multiplied by our own sniveling sentimentalists.

It is not a new thing. If I had time, I would direct your attention in some detail to the vast and irreparable calamity brought upon our nation in the last century by a tiny group of vociferous and crazed fanatics, the abolitionists, who forced upon the South its tragic war for independence. I am not defending slavery, Negro slavery, as an institution. I believe that Jefferson and Lincoln were right in regarding it as a system that was pernicious, for quite rational reasons, of which the most important were: first, that it maintained on our soil millions of persons of a race radically different from our own, and by our standards inferior; and second, that it resulted in some production of mongrels, pitiable creatures torn apart by the incompatible instincts they had inherited. As you know, it was the firm purpose of Abraham Lincoln to have all the Negroes either returned to Africa, or, in the interests of economy, to Central America. But the abolitionists were not rational. They were, I am sorry to say, most of them Americans, including such persons as Wendell Phillips, Professor Elizur Wright, and, of course, hysterical females such as Lydia Child and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Their leader was William Lloyd Garrison, who was an American too, though he was financed by Isaac Mack and other Jews. They were a tiny group, despised by sane Americans, North and South. But they ranted and raved until they got their way. They began to agitate in 1840 for dissolution of the American union, and for division of the United States, by secession, into two countries. And after twenty years of ranting, they finally persuaded the states of the South to take their proposal seriously.

It is most instructive to read the abolitionists. They spout quotations from the Bible, and they babble about "human rights" and "equality." But they cannot completely conceal their real animus and inspiration. Their venom is directed against the plantation owners of the South, most of whom, though by no means all, were ladies and gentlemen. The abolitionists had in their minds a picture, partly correct, of the Southern landowner as man far superior to themselves in education, culture, and humanity. And for that they hated him, implacably. They also had in their feverish minds a picture, totally false, of the planter as a man of unbounded wealth and leisure who spent his life lolling on a wide veranda and sipping mint juleps. And they envied him passionately. They had a picture, equally false, of the Southern lady as one who spent her days in fairy-like ease, waited on hand and foot by obsequious slaves. They had a picture, largely correct, of those women as being accorded by men a chivalrous respect that was almost unknown in the North. And so they yearned to humiliate and destroy that Southern lady. That was the real inspiration of their frantic "do-gooding."

You can take the true measure of what has happened to our national mentality by just remembering the name of that distinguished horse thief and homicidal manic, John Brown, who, financed by a conspiratorial group that called themselves the Secret Six, was sent into the South to start a slave revolt. As everyone admits, his purpose was to get all the White women of the South raped and butchered, and to get all the White men of the South barbarously mutilated and butchered. What does that make of him in contemporary opinion? Why, he was a "champion of human rights," "a martyr of freedom," and all that. He wanted to butcher, it's true, but to butcher White men and women. That is to say, White slime, like ourselves, as we wallow in ecstasies of self-abasement and self-hatred. And that suffices to make him admirable, to make him noble. And so his soul goes marching on -- over the hot coals, I hope.

I remind you that that little body of howling dervishes brought on us a terribly fratricidal war, inflicting on us an irreparable loss and impoverishing our nation and race forever by destroying the genetic heritage of our best men. And it also coarsened us morally, perhaps also irreparably. For after the assassination of Lincoln, which they certainly contrived, our hate-crazed "do-gooders" had their way. If there is any American who can read the history of all the suffering wantonly inflicted on the White people of the South during what is called "Reconstruction" without hanging his head in shame and feeling through his whole being an anguished remorse, I can only say that he is hard-hearted and sadistic beyond my understanding.

With that beginning, is it any wonder that we have reached today the point at which frenzied hatred of us is the certain way of attaining our veneration and our reverence? How the Americans have been taught to hate themselves!

Chinese Communists attack and capture one of our naval vessels, which we, perhaps by agreement between them and our enemies in Washington, refuse to defend although we had ample warning of the attack. But who cares? They're just White slime like us, born to work and die for their masters' pleasure. Now of course if they had been something really choice and noble, such as a mongrel syphilitic lousy homosexual Communist cannibal, why all of our liberal punks would be out screaming and howling in our streets from dawn to dusk and all night.

Every day, more and more of our young men are shipped to Vietnam and forced to fight under conditions carefully contrived to ensure the maximum loss of American life and to ensure eventual defeat. But let us overlook that. Let us assume that it really is a war and that it is being honestly fought. What is its professed purpose? To secure a naval or air base for the United States? To conquer a colony for the United States? To protect our blood brothers in Australia? Those would be rational purposes, although one might debate the strategic necessity of that particular location. No. The ostensible purpose, the declared purpose, is to save the prolific Orientals of South Vietnam from the horrors of Communism. Never mind that that purpose is transparent hypocrisy. Assume that it is sincere. What then?

We are Americans, White men of the West. And if we were sane, no truth would be more obvious and unquestionable to us than the fact that, so far as we are concerned, *all the teeming population of Vietnam is not worth the life of one American soldier*. But if anyone suggests that, why everyone is horrified: "Are we not the world's slaves to be used for do-gooding? Who cares about your son and mine -- they're expendable."

Now at the instigation of the promoters of that slaughter in Vietnam for political purposes, hordes of young punks come screaming from the doors of our hoodlum-hatcheries (which for some reason are still called colleges), and they protest the awful war in Vietnam. What are they protesting? The useless death of a brother? Or of a former classmate, a White man? No, they are yowling and yammering because some of the sweet Orientals in North Vietnam get hurt sometimes. If only we could find some plausible way of killing American boys without discomfort to the Orientals, those rabid protestors would be perfectly happy.

The Jews, who, as I have said, are a highly intelligent people, and who with perhaps five per cent. of our military resources knew how to finish in six days a war against opponents far more numerous and formidable than the Vietnamese, and who were intelligent enough to know that the only justification for aggressive war is the territory that is conquered by it, decided that it would be fun to kill some despised *goyim* on our ship the *Liberty*, and they did so -- with the result that the legislature of at least one American state rushed them an official message of congratulations. Our men were killed where we sent them, ostensibly in the service of our country, killed while wearing our uniform and flying our flag. They were the symbols of our nation. They would have been the visible embodiment of our self-respect, if we had any. But who cares? They're just White slime like us.

Down in Memphis, somebody shoots a Black automobile thief, noted Communist agent, and bloodthirsty inciter of riots and revolution against us. What happens? Half the White nitwits in this country snivel and sob and mourn, saying tearfully, "What a wonderful man he was. He wanted to kill White slime like us. Wasn't that sweet, wasn't that noble, wasn't that saintly, wasn't he just like Jesus?"

One could go on for hours listing more examples. But I have said enough, surely, to show you what is really the greatest single obstacle that we face: the perverted collective masochism that has been incited in so many of our people.

What I have been saying right now is not what I first intended to say to you. I meditated, and prepared a discourse that was intended to show you that we have passed the point of no return, and that we now face a future of violence that can result only in our total subjection to the status of livestock, or survival at the cost of great hardships, sacrifice, and loss of life. I intended to speak at some length about Francis Parker Yockey and his great book *Imperium*. It is a book which evidently has the power to give to sound and healthy young Americans an inspiration and a purpose. And I intended to comment on it as representing, probably, our only force that will help us emerge from our present plight.

But after that, I had two telephone calls from men whose names you would probably recognize. The patriotic movements in this country include some phonies and a number of double agents, whose mission it is to see to it that all patriotic endeavors are directed down blind alleys, where they must end in frustration and discouragement. But I feel sure that neither man who called me belonged to either of those groups. I feel convinced that they were sincere and earnest. One of them spoke to me very solemnly about our duty to protect and defend the people of Vietnam from the horrors of Communism. The other, in the course of the conversation, spoke very emphatically about our duty to give to the rest of the world an inspiring example of the blessings of free enterprise -- to the rest of the world, mind you. We are obliged to give them a model they can follow. So I discarded the discourse I had prepared and substituted this discussion, which has already been both too long and too cursory.

For I am convinced that we shall never be able to think rationally about our own survival until we have the courage to say, in our own minds: We are Americans, White men of the West. This is our country because we took it from the Indians. And we have an unquestionable right to this country so long as we have the power and will to defend it.

What do we owe the nations of Western Europe and such nations as Australia and South Africa? We owe them recognition of our blood relationship to the men of our race who remained in the lands from which we came, and with whom we have, to the extent that they recognize it, a common interest, since we and they together form a race that is numerically a minority on this globe, the rest of whose inhabitants hate us.

What do we owe the rest of the world? Nothing, *absolutely nothing*.

What are the "civil rights" that we owe our Negroes if they insist on having them? A free ride to Africa.

What do we owe the self-chosen people? Ordinary courtesy and considerate treatment so long as *we* are convinced that it is to *our* advantage to have a cohesive body of 12 to 15 million aliens reside in our country and own a large part of it.

What do we owe to the unspeakable gang that now rules us in Washington? A fair trial.

Now all this, of course, is something that we can say only in our own minds and in closed meetings. It is probably rash to say it even in such assemblies as this, given the strange infatuation of the majority of our people to which I have called your attention as being the greatest single

obstacle before us. Such statements are obviously not feasible as propaganda or proclamations. Indeed, I greatly fear that for most of our people those implanted "humanitarian" hallucinations are so deep and inveterate that they can be broken, if at all, only by the terrible shock of physical suffering. And that they will surely receive.

In the meantime, it will fall to you, if you do not intend to surrender, to provide such leadership in your own circles and communities and to make such preparations and take such actions as will advance our cause with due consideration to prudence and strategy. I have said this to you because I am firmly convinced that our future is hopeless indeed if we do not clearly see in our own minds our own purposes. And that, I am certain, we can never do, unless we can free our own minds from the constricting trammels of "humanitarian" superstition and the counterfeit moral inhibitions that have replaced true morality.

I trust that I have not shocked any of you. But I know that it is quite possible that some of you may feel that what I have said is heartless and in violation of our Christian duty to love everyone. If so, I can only say that I am sorry and observe that you are much too good for this world. I know that the prospect that I have suggested is grim and may well daunt a man. I can only remind you of the most incontrovertibly true statement in the great and prophetic work of Oswald Spengler: "Glücklich wird niemand sein der heute irgendwo in der Welt lebt." [No one in the world today can expect happiness.] From that destiny there is no retreat, no escape. There is no place to hide from the consequences of what we of the West have brought on ourselves by our generous folly. The only alternatives now are to fight or to whimper. But if you think that you can escape, good-bye and good luck. To the rest of you I suggest that we shall see our problem clearly when we say to ourselves:

We are Americans. This is our country. He who would take it from us, by force or by stealth, is our enemy. And it is our purpose -- nay, it is our duty to our children and to their children and to our yet unborn posterity -- *it is our duty to use all feasible means to destroy him.*

\*\*\*\*\* **THE END** \*\*\*\*\*

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