



**THE SOUTH SHALL
RISE AGAIN**

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*Respectfully dedicated to Judy — a genuine Southern lady like
I thought they didn't make any more.*

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by Harold A. Covington

I.

My name is Harold Armstead Covington. I was born on September 14th, 1953, in a textile mill town called Burlington, North Carolina. I am a White Aryan, I am a Christian, and I am a Southerner, a citizen of a country called the Confederate States of America. As of the time of this writing, my country has been occupied both militarily and economically for a period of 124 years by a foreign power, a government based in Washington, D.C. which rules over a polyglot, multi-racial and multi-cultural empire spanning the continent of North America and several offshore islands and territories, including one armed colony in the Middle East commonly known as Israel. This empire refers to itself as the United States of America.

I am not, nor have I ever been, any kind of hybrid creature called an "American". I am legally considered to be a citizen of this variegated and corrupt empire calling itself

the United States, but this citizenship was forced upon me at birth. I do not desire it, and it exists only on pieces of paper. I find the political, racial, social, and economic policies practiced by the United States to be unjust, unfair, irrational, anti-Christian, repugnant in every respect, and just plain evil.

I am forced to share United States citizenship with people who are not of my race, not of my religion, do not speak my language, were not born here, in many cases have committed crimes relating to drugs or violence, and in most cases who seek to destroy my race, my culture, and the entire creation of my forefathers here on this continent. I have nothing whatsoever in common with these peoples, nor do I *wish* to have anything in common with them. I want them out of my country. I want control of my native land and my destiny returned to the people of my own race, my own religion, and my own culture. White Christian Southerners are the people who made the South. We created it out of wilderness, we killed and were killed for love of it, we toiled in the forests and fields, our forefathers lived out their lives here and left their mortal remains sleeping in our sandy soil and red clay. This land is *ours*, not theirs.

I'm going to tell you three stories from my country's past. Two of them are true, one documented by historians and one by my personal experience, and if the third isn't true it *durned* well *ought* to be. What these stories have in common is that they all three come from the South's "Memory Hole", that Orwellian phantom zone where real Southerners who lived and died become "unpersons", past events that actually happened vanish from the history books, and folklore becomes twisted and misshapen until its meaning is entirely changed and its moral distorted to serve the agenda of twentieth-century liberalism and humanism.

The Battle of Palmito Hill. In early May of the year 1865, a Union army landed at Galveston, Texas and began to march inland in an attempt to encircle the Confederate forces com-

manded by Kirby Smith. This Federal force consisted of a reinforced brigade comprising three "Colored" regiments, i.e. negroid troops commanded by White officers. In the past generation a lot of nonsense has been written about black troops and their alleged valor in battle; sometimes one might be excused for entertaining the impression that "Afro-Americans" won the war for the Union single-handedly.

The reality was a bit different. On May the 12th, 1865, at a place called Palmito Hill, the Union column ran headlong into one of the leanest, meanest, deadliest outfits in the Confederate Army (or any other army, before or since.) They were called the Cavalry of the West, and they were commanded by a former Texas Ranger, Colonel John "Rip" Ford. The Cavalry of the West had started out as a Home Guard unit, raised in 1863 from teenaged boys, old men, and wounded Confederate soldiers home on leave. Most of the able-bodied Texan men were away at the front and this force was needed to defend the Texas interior. Over the next two years Ford's horsemen fought and defeated Union troops based in Brownsville, Comanche Indians, Mexican bandits, Maximilian's French regulars and Benito Juarez's guerrillas, cattle rustlers, smugglers, outlaw bands, and gangs of runaway slaves who preyed on outlying ranches.

Those blue-coated niggers never knew what hit them. The Texans came galloping in at dawn, Rebel yells screaming and Colts and carbines blazing. The blacks were literally pushed into the sea, pursued and cut down in the surf. The Northern general commanding the column had to swim for his life to a Union gunboat off Galveston Island. The last land battle of the conventional war during our country's first revolt against the Union ended in a smashing Confederate victory, almost six weeks after Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Do White children in the South hear about this in their integrated public school systems? They do not. Is the Battle of Palmito Hill mentioned anywhere in their textbooks? It

is not. The liberals and Zionists who control the Union's educational systems find it embarrassing and inconvenient. Palmito Hill contradicts the "official version" in the matter of black military prowess and the received wisdom that all ended at Appomattox. It might unsettle the minds of White Southern youth and cause them to think unapproved thoughts. Away with it!

"The Horrors of Slavery". Only a small minority of Whites in the antebellum South were slave owners. As it happens, my great-great-grandfather Hugh Glass of Lynchburg, Virginia was one of these. I am not completely sure of all the details of his career. When my maternal grandfather's contemporaries spoke about "the war" in my presence I always knew which war they meant, but they seldom did so and thus I had to piece the story of Hugh Glass together over the years, from chance remarks or anecdotes. Hugh wasn't a planter; there were few if any plantation-sized holdings in the mountains of western Virginia. He was an overseer who owned slaves and hired them out rather like a labor contractor. He had field hands, mechanics, carpenters, bricklayers, cooks, nannies, teamsters, etc.

When the war came, Hugh glass joined the Confederate Army not only to defend his state against tyranny and invasion but to protect his livelihood. It is significant that he had not the slightest hesitation in leaving my great-great-grandmother and her children alone at home surrounded by fifty or sixty black slaves whom the Northern abolitionists of the Union were inciting to rebellion and murder. He was a Southerner, and he knew and understood the black man as Northerners never have done. Hugh rose to the rank of either captain or major, I was never sure which; I also heard somewhere that he served in an artillery battery. I would dearly love to locate a copy of a photograph taken of him in uniform during the war. When I was young during visits to my grandparents I used to sneak it out of the cabinet where

it was kept and admire it.

Along about 1864, Hugh Glass saw the handwriting on the wall for the Confederacy and wrote home to his wife, "Sell the slaves and make sure you get *gold* for them, not Confederate money!" But my great-great-grandmother refused to do this. The blacks were part of the family and she would not separate them.

The result was that when my ancestor came home after Appomattox, he not only found that he had no gold but he had a large number of "African-Americans" looking to Boss Glass to provide for their welfare as he had always done. In Reconstruction Virginia this was impossible, and one of the most fascinating blanks in his story is how Hugh managed to convince most of the blacks to go away and fend for themselves.

Most, but not all. One of the few things that I have gathered for certain about Hugh's life during the Reconstruction is that he joined the Ku Klux Klan, like every other veteran with any gumption or remaining self-respect. I know nothing about the details of my great-great-grandfather's Klan activities except for two things: first, he and his family had to flee Virginia around 1870 or 1871 because of some kind of night-riding incident; secondly that Hugh Glass, ex-Confederate soldier and then active in the Ku Klux Klan, was warned of the approaching Federal troops *by his former black slaves*, was sheltered and hidden from the United States authorities by those same former slaves, and that at least some of those black slaves *went with the Glass family*, their former masters, when the family fled across the state line into Rockingham County, North County.

When my mother was a girl in Reidsville, N.C. she was cared for and fed by an old black woman named Beulah, who had been born before the war and was the last of our family's slaves. Beulah had a daughter named Mamie who worked most of her adult life for my grandfather, and when

I was a child and visiting my grandparents in Greensboro, N.C. I was often baby-sitted and tucked in at night and cooked for by a descendant of our family's slaves. When Mamie was in her eighties, in the year 1969, she was pinned down in her home for two days by snipers during black rioting at nearby A&T College. When my grandfather heard of this he and his brother, descendants of Mamie's mother's former masters, armed themselves and drove by night into the black section of Greensboro despite the National Guard roadblocks, the mobs of black rioters, the firebombs and the snipers. They got Mamie out and took her to a relative's place in the country.

If all the foregoing sounds like a pointless personal digression about old family skeletons, please understand that I am trying to make a point here. This was the *reality* of race relations in the Old South, the way the millions of everyday people, black and White, actually lived their lives on a day-to-day basis. The pre-1954 South was never the decadent and lunatic landscape of burning crosses, lynch mobs, ignorance and pot-bellied redneck sheriffs which is portrayed in the hate-crazed gibberings of Jewish screenwriters in Hollywood. The Old South was never the brutal, oppressive backwater portrayed in the senile ramblings of aging Southern liberals like Claude Sitton, W.W. Finlator, et. al. The Old South was never the dreary, wretched wasteland of coal mines and textile mills staffed by wizened black and White peons which is described in the paranoid ravings of left-wing dogooders obsessed with forcing Marxist and gangster-ridden Northern labor unions on Southern workers.

No one would deny that all of these aspects existed in various places in the South at various times from the end of Reconstruction until 1954. But by and large, the South which existed during those times was a happy, peaceful, and reasonably prosperous place. In the pre-integration, pre-1954 South there was virtually no crime to speak of; in the country and in small towns people left their doors unlocked. There

was moonshine liquor to be bought over the stump, to be sure, but there were no hard drugs of the kind which are now destroying all of North America. Society was based on the Christian ethic of home, family, and work; it was therefore a stable and productive society. Homosexuality, child molestation, feminism and other sexual perversions were unknown; accordingly, there was no AIDS or abortion. Young couples could afford to purchase their own home and to have children. Most government came from the town hall or the state capital, as the founding fathers who framed the U.S. Constitution intended. Wages were lower, true, but so was the cost of living and other than during the Depression years, families could generally make ends meet and didn't have to live under a crushing mountain of debt as is the case today under the glorious reign of racial equality and secular humanism. I will always be thankful that I was born in the twilight years of this, the true Old South, and that I retain some fleeting childhood memories of a better way of life.

The Tax Collector. This is the third story from my country's "Memory Hole", the one which may not be literally true but which is such a good yarn that it dang well *ought* to be.

In 1865 the South lay utterly crushed. The railroad tracks were torn up; the rolling stock and riverboats had been destroyed or dragged North; the plantations, sawmills, and cotton gins had been burned to the ground; the fields lay untilled and starvation threatened; the roads were jammed with Union troops, newly-freed slaves, and refugees; Confederate money was worthless and the entire Confederate gold reserve had been stolen by the Jewish traitor Judah P. Benjamin when he commandeered the last Confederate Navy warship and fled to England; disease was breaking out and there were no doctors or medicines available; virtually every family had menfolk dead or wounded or missing in combat; carpet-baggers and Freedman's Bureau abolitionists lorded over every Southern town, backed by Federal troops and newly

enlisted "colored" regiments who had been given blue coats, guns, and whiskey for their services. The one thing upon which every contemporary observer agrees, be they Union or Confederate, Radical Republican or defeated Democrat, newspaper editor or Yankee schoolmarm come South to "uplift the noble African", is the utter desolation and destitution of the South during this period.

It was this stone from which the Federal government was determined to obtain blood. The United States was obsessed with a determination that the South should pay for the incredible cost of the war, not only in the racial and political sense but financially as well. The only thing of any value left in the South was roughly 13 million dollars' worth of baled cotton from the last Confederate crop, mostly sitting in warehouses in Charleston, Wilmington, and in the Mississippi River port towns waiting on some kind of transport to market overseas.

There being no IRS in those days, the United States Treasury deputized a number of "special collection agents" to seize this cotton, as well as homes, land, agricultural equipment and vitally needed seed corn, any remaining gold or silver, even personal possessions and family heirlooms—anything of value to satisfy the Washington regime's insensate lust for cash. (Does this sound a familiar, modern note? My mother's family was able to retain only one single mantelpiece clock which was hidden from the Federals under the porch in Virginia from 1865 until the time of our flight into North Carolina.) As an incentive the Union government put these "special collectors" on a commission basis—the more Southern property they could seize, the more wealth they could accumulate for themselves. It was a system tailor-made for corruption; carpetbaggers and Jews flocked to it like blowflies to a corpse.

One of the most notoriously vicious and greedy of these "special collectors" operated out of Natchez, Mississippi. He

was a gentleman from New York named Moses Mandelbaum. (No prizes for guessing this slimeball's religious persuasion.) The United States had decreed that the widows and orphans of the South were to pay for the powder and ball that killed their husbands and fathers, and Mr. Mandelbaum enforced this edict with enthusiasm and vigor, the full force of the Union occupation army behind him. Whoever dreamed up the Victorian stereotype of the villain in black moustaches and top hat who evicted poor starving families of women and children out into the snow probably had Mandelbaum in mind.

One day Mandelbaum got a tip from one of his extensive network of paid informers. (Has there *ever* been a time in history when White people wouldn't sell one another out for the Jews' gold?) The informant stated that there was a large store of cotton hidden in a barn some miles outside Natchez, and he would take the Treasury agent there personally and show him where the cotton was stashed, but Mandelbaum had to come alone so that the informant's identity wouldn't become known to the local Federal military. Rashly overconfident, Mandelbaum agreed. Unfortunately for him his guide wasn't an honest traitor, the kind who stays bought. On a deserted road along the dense Mississippi shore the informer suddenly disappeared into the canebrake, and Moishe abruptly found himself surrounded by a dozen or so lean, bearded men on horseback. Some of them still wore the tattered gray of the Confederacy; all were heavily armed and their attitude bore distinctly anti-social overtones.

Their leader was a former Confederate officer. His discourse was brief, pithy, and to the point. Mr. Mandelbaum was on a road that headed north, and it would be the wisest and most healthy course of action for him to keep on riding in that direction until he reached the Arctic Circle. In a seizure of either sheer Talmudic arrogance or else sheer stupidity, the Federal "collection agent" whipped out his Treasury commission and waved it hysterically in front of him. "You men

can't do anything to me!" he screamed. "You see this? This is the *law!* This paper protects me!" Whereupon the leader drew out a .44 Navy Colt that had seen service at Shiloh, Vicksburg and Chickamauga, and placing the muzzle right against the Seal of the grand and glorious United States of America he blew that little cockroach off his horse and into Kingdom Come.

One of the gray riders dismounted and picked up the fallen piece of paper, now adorned with a bullet hole. "Looks like that feller kinder figgered it wrong, Cap'n," he said with a chuckle. "It didn't protect him at all."

I offer this little anecdote as food for thought among those of you who are perusing this little spritz of mine in a spirit somewhat less than friendly, and even more so to those of you who do so in an official capacity as part of your duties to those who cut you those well-known green computerized paychecks every month. I do not mean to imply that pieces of paper can never protect you from guns, because sometimes they can. Neither do I mean to imply that the sword is always mightier than the pen, because that wouldn't be true either. And God forbid that any of you fine Federal employees and kind, gentle folks at Klanwatch or the Southern Poverty Law Center should ever construe this little instructional tale of mine as a *threat*. Why, perish the thought! Can you not see that my heart is just full to overflowing with love and compassion for all of you wonderful guys and gals who have the thankless job of making our beloved South safe for affirmative action, nigger rapists, feminists and faggots, socialism, drugs and abortion, and Northern multi-national corporations who pay their Southern workers barely enough to keep a dog alive? Who could ever wish harm to such humanitarians?

But you might contemplate this, my fine Federal friends: it is not your badges, your pieces of paper, or your money that protects you from the descendants of the gray riders of

Forrest and Morgan. It is the *fear* that these things inspire. Nor will you have any right to complain when that fear finally fails and Southerners no longer stand in awe of your badges and your pieces of paper, because you have voluntarily chosen to serve a government which rules by fear, by lies, and through naked bribery and corruption.

A century and a quarter ago, Mr. Moses Mandelbaum found to his cost that there comes a point where rule by fear no longer suffices and the law of diminishing returns sets in. This generally happens when a subject people no longer has anything to lose. The South has not yet reached that point, and I certainly entertain no illusions that it has. But for the first time, that point of nothing-to-lose for the South's Whites is visible on the far distant horizon of the future. The chance that the Washington government can do anything to prevent that time from coming, or possesses the political will to do so if it could, is nil.

So a word to the wise, eh? If you sit behind a Federal desk; wear a Federal badge; tap on a word processor for a newspaper; or make your living by sticking televisions cameras where they've no business, you might want to bear in mind that the fear which protects you is a mighty chancy thing and that times and situations in human affairs can change. You might also bear in mind that we Southern men are historically a hard breed and we have very, very long memories. 'Nuff said.

II.

There are many reasons why the South *must* again re-assert her national identity and demand her sovereign independence, but they can all be boiled down to one simple and overriding imperative: if the lawful and legitimate authority of the Confederate States of America is not re-established,

within the lifetime of infants now born *there will be no more White, Christian people remaining in the South*. As with all of the world's White Aryan nations, Southerners have been targeted by our racial enemies for *physical, biological* destruction, commonly called genocide. If present trends and demographic patterns are not reversed, White Southerners will become as extinct as the dinosaur and the dodo. It's that simple. We will either conquer or we will die, end of story.

The American South is one of the primary focal areas for the Jew's racial extermination plan. For a variety of reasons having to do with geography, economics, and the nature of our racial and demographic situation, the South has been used as a sort of laboratory for the bizarre and evil experiments of liberal and Marxist social engineering.

It is no accident that many enemy techniques for disruption, division and conquest were pioneered in the South during the 1950s and 1960s. Tactics such as the sit-in and the boycott: "civil disobedience" involving demonstrations and mass arrests; tampering with the voting rolls through registration drives that register multiple voters, dead people, and non-existent blacks; gerrymandering legislative and judicial districts to ensure the election of blacks; school integration and busing; "civil rights laws" which violate the civil rights of White people; importation of large numbers of outsiders from the liberal North to staff and maintain left-wing causes and agitate the Marxist labor unions; physical violence against dissenting Whites and against blacks who refuse to play along; economic warfare against White dissent through the flagrant and contemptible abuse of the court system in private harassment lawsuits—every cheap trick, every crooked scam, every degradation of law and justice with which the Jews and their liberal allies sought and still seek to destroy America and the Aryan race who built America was first field-tested in the South.

Nor is it accidental that the perversion of the Christian

religion to render it a suitable vehicle for Zionism and race-mixing is concentrated in the South. The smooth and cynical Billy Graham, the unctuous and ambitious Pat Robertson, the flabby lickspittle lackey of the Jews Jerry Falwell all have their headquarters in the South, as do the senile lunatic Oral Roberts and the monarchs and exemplars of all "Christian" confidence tricksters, the vile Jim and Tammy Bakker. Nowhere else has the enemy so perfected the insidious strategy of turning the White man's very faith against him.

With the exception of the Germans no other Aryan people has ever been slandered, vilified, misrepresented, patronized and degraded by Hollywood and the liberal intellectual establishment. In movies, on television, and in books and magazines White Southerners are portrayed as bigoted, stupid, intolerant, violent without reason and abusive to women, dishonest and cruel. Very often Southerners are depicted as physically ugly, either overweight or very thin and rodent-like people, diseased and mentally subnormal. One sure way to spot the villain in any television drama or movie is to listen for the Southern accent. Two of the worst examples of anti-Southern bigotry which spring to mind are the nauseous TV serial "Roots" and the disgraceful film "In the Heat of the Night". But there are others—"Chiefs", "Norma Rae", "The Blue and the Gray", "North and South" (the latter two being completely inaccurate depictions of the First War of Southern Independence), "Mississippi Burning", that perennial favorite "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and many more.

In Hollywood and in the fantasies of the liberal entertainment industry there are only two kinds of good Southern White. One is the noble Southern liberal. Always a tall, strong he-man type (Tom Selleck, Burt Reynolds or Jerry Reed), or else a beautiful woman (Sally Field, Sissy Spacek, Meryl Streep), this paragon generally ends up successfully thwarting or battling the Ku Klux Klan and putting down horrible wicked racism with snappy one-liners. There is generally a

noble and loyal black sidekick in there somewhere too, usually light-skinned, who of course speaks perfect articulate English, never uses a four-letter word, and lends a hand in the fun of outsmarting and humiliating the wicked racists.

As queasy and disgusting as the Hollywood Southern liberal is, I'm not sure the second stereotype isn't even worse—the Beverly Hillbillies, Hee-Haw type of Southerner, the crafty peasant with the outrageous accent and the funny expressions (“slicker'n deer guts on a doorknob”, “lower'n a snake's belly in a wagon rut”, etc.), cutesy and folksy and always spittin' terbaccy and chewin' on a chitlun, or ogling a platinum-blond waitress at a truck stop, swilling beer and generally acting the role of “good ole boy”. This is the White man's Stepin Fetchit, the Southerner who shuffles and tap-dances and plays the fool for his masters' entertainment. The Southern liberal in “To Kill A Mockingbird” disgusts me, but Jed Clampett and the Dukes of Hazzard make me livid with rage. Of all the things that the Jews and their liberal allies have done to my people, I think the worst thing spiritually is that they have reduced our culture, our speech, and our traditions to a tasteless joke.

All of our toil, the blood we have shed, the suffering and the real poverty that we have endured, the murdered brothers and sisters we have buried in the soil of our land with their blood crying out to Heaven for vengeance, the few remaining symbols of our national pride and our dignity that we cling to—all of it mocked in a Yiddish snicker and a raucous Bronx cheer, then dished up as a gimmick to sell deodorant and junk food and carcinogenic soda pop. Mocked by Asiatic reptiles who have no God but gold, no spiritual values above sheer survival, and no higher purpose than the gratification of their own greed and lust for domination.

One of the most sweet, gentle, and deeply committed Christian women I have ever known refuses to go out in a group, shuns her co-workers and says as little as possible

to anyone on her job or in her church. She does this because she speaks with the accent of her land of her birth, and she has been convinced by the Jews of Hollywood, their television, their patronizing arrogance that this is something to be ashamed of. She believes that it is crude and stupid and socially gauche to "talk like a hick", and Lord love her, the poor soul believes it. No punishment is too harsh and no hell is too hot for the Jewish and liberal bastards who have made that wonderful lady ashamed of herself, ashamed of her country, and ashamed of the speech of her proud and brave ancestors.

HOW DARE THEY? Just what gives these Jews, these Ivy League liberal professors, these sleazy "intelligentsia" the right to mock us? They have been in effective control of America's economy since 1913, they have ruled America politically since 1933, and they have been the masters of America's educational system, print media, and electronic communications since beyond living memory. And look at the world that liberalism has created! Drugs, perversion, AIDS, rampant crime, mass infanticide, economic insecurity, corrupt government and an overall purposelessness in life that drives thousands of teenagers and older people to suicide every year because they see no point in going on living. and they *dare* to sneer at us for being so "backward" as to question their self-proclaimed divine right to rule us all?

The South *must* rise again! The Jews and the liberal left have made our country into a purgatory that is destroying us racially, mentally, and spiritually. The Union *must* be terminated before it terminates us!

III.

The first thing that Southerners must understand is that the Confederate States of America still exists in the purely

legal sense. In 1860 and 1861 the Southern states adopted Ordinances of Secession which were promulgated either by the state legislatures or by legally constituted conventions which were assembled for that specific purpose. In most cases these Ordinances were confirmed by popular referendum. On February the 8th, 1861 the Southern states which had seceded up to that point adopted the Constitution of the Confederate States of America, and by May the 20th all of the Southern states had joined the Confederacy with the exception of Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri which were kept in the Union by armed force, martial law, and mass arrest and internment of the lawfully constituted authorities in those states.

Those Ordinances of Secession and that Confederate Constitution were *never* voluntarily and legally rescinded. The re-admission of the Southern states into the Union in the late 1860s was carried out under conditions of coercion, chicanery, and corruption so widespread and so blatant that even liberal historians are unable to deny it.

Reconstruction administrations were put into power by Federal bayonets in rigged elections where 90% of the White population was effectively forbidden to vote. Reconstruction legislatures consisted of carpetbaggers and the Southern traitors popularly known as scalawags, as well as a large percentage of newly freed black slaves who were mostly illiterate and could not read the statutes they were enacting. In every Southern state contemporary commentators of even the most violently Abolitionist and Unionist viewpoint remarked on the widespread bribery and embezzlement of state funds, the shady transactions in public utility and railroad shares, the worthless bond issues and other financial skulduggery, the violent repression of dissent through arbitrary arrest and martial law, and the pervasive patronage system which strangled all effective government.

Above all, historians agree on the incredible degree of

alcoholic intoxication prevalent among both black and White “lawmakers” on the floor of the state legislatures, in the committee chambers and the drawing rooms of the carpet-bagging elite. Reconstruction laws such as the re-admission of the Southern states into the Union and the ratification of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments were profoundly invalid on the basis of armed coercion alone; no court anywhere in the civilized world recognizes as legal any contract or law which was extorted at the point of a gun. But if I may be pardoned for going from the sublime to the ridiculous, these laws and ratifications were also invalid because the legislatures which passed them were so drunk that most of them probably had only the haziest idea what they were doing. The Fourteenth Amendment, pride of nineteenth and twentieth century liberalism, was made into law largely by legislators who were well over today’s “legal limit” and were legally incapable by twentieth-century standards.

There is a persistent myth that the Confederate States of America surrendered at Appomattox in April of 1865, a falsehood which is encouraged by leftist historians out of ideological ulterior motives. These same academic thought policemen get very nervous when Southerners start examining their own past too closely, and do everything they can to obscure and confuse the truth about that whole period in the history of North America; as I’ve mentioned before, the only comparable historical hatchet job is the one they’ve done on Germany as regards the Third Reich period. The *Army of Northern Virginia*, commanded by General Robert E. Lee, surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse. Not the Confederacy as a whole. In point of fact, *no formal instrument of surrender was ever signed by the lawful government of the Confederate States of America*. Indeed, President Jefferson Davis endured many years of imprisonment in brutal and inhumane conditions rather than sign such a document.

Consequently, in the purely legal, technical sense, if not

in pragmatic terms, the Confederacy still exists as an occupied country. All White persons born in the South are still technically citizens of the Confederate States of America, as defined under the Confederate Constitution.

I will be the first to admit that this is an esoteric quibble that would have no meaning whatsoever in the real world *if*—and it is upon this vital “if” that we stake our claim to national independence—*if* the Southern people had ever truly accepted defeat and voluntarily resigned their national identity in their own hearts. But as anyone with the slightest familiarity with the South can confirm, this is not the case.

The White Christian people of the South have *never* accorded final acceptance to their defeat during the war or surrendered their aspirations to nationhood, not deep down, not in their heart of hearts and soul of souls. Generations of Southerners have accepted the Union out of a resigned attitude that nothing can be done, but the Rebel spirit has never died. Throughout all those dark years it would sometimes emerge despite every obstacle and discouragement which the Union government and its propagandists could devise. The Confederate Battle Flag flew over Southern soldiers in the Argonne and on Okinawa, at the Chosen Reservoir and Khe Sanh—and, on at least one occasion that I can recall personally, the Confederate banner flew over a base camp in the Rhodesian bush country. It has served as the emblem of countless schools, college fraternities, and football teams. I don't believe it would be inaccurate of me to assert that over half of all White Christian households in the South have a Confederate flag somewhere in their home, on a vehicle, or in their workplace.

In virtually every Southern town and city, you will find somewhere a monument to the Confederate dead of that state or county. Periodically the NAACP or various other left-wing groups attempt to have these statues removed or else defaced with liberal disclaimers attacking “racism”; they are always

surprised at the anger and the fierce resistance that they meet from among the local White community. Modern-day White people seem to have a limitless tolerance for liberal race-mixing garbage; every year I am convinced that White America cannot possibly sink any lower in humiliation and debasement before the Jew and his minions, and every year I am proven wrong when White Americans *do* sink lower. Yet there are still a few limits beyond which Whites will not be pushed, and in the South the forces of liberalism and socialism have found that it's a good idea to keep their filthy claws off our Confederate ancestors, however much they can get away with in defiling and despoiling their descendants.

Generations of populist politicians and demagogues in the South have achieved and maintained political power through the appeal to the Confederate tradition. James Vardaman, Ben Tillman, Tom Watson, Coleman Blease, Theodore Bilbo, Eugene Talmadge, George Wallace and Lester Maddox before they sold out, Huey Long—all of these have peddled variations of Southern Nationalism to their constituencies in their time, with varying degrees of sincerity but mostly with success. The early Southern attempt at resistance to forced race-mixing in the 1950s and 1960s were done under the Confederate banner, although unfortunately it was sometimes carried in tandem with the Union flag, an aberration Southern Nationalists of today need to end.

If any further proof is needed to illustrate that the national identity and aspirations of the South's White population are still alive and kicking, it is to be found in the fact that the same corporate multi-nationals of the entertainment industry who cause many of the South's problems simply can't resist making money off the Confederate tradition. The music industry alone provides numerous examples with groups such as Alabama and Lynrd Skynyrd, who use the Confederate Battle Flag on their album covers; songs with titles such as "If the South Would've Won We'dve Had It Made!" and

“I Sang Dixie While He Died” regularly soar to the top of the charts and stay there for long periods.

Nor are the Jews of the Great Hollywood Babylon itself immune to the lure of dollars to be made from catering to Southern Nationalist sentiments. I have previously cited examples of grotesque caricatures, stereotypes, and misrepresentation of Southerners and Southern values in many Hollywood productions, and to be accurate these still outnumber pro-Southern films significantly. However, there *are* movies which portray genuine Southerners in a favorable or even heroic light. Some examples are “Rooster Cogburn” where John Wayne’s protagonist is described as a former Confederate from the much-maligned Quantrill guerilla unit; “The Long Riders” (and several other favorable depictions of the Jesse James story); older films such as the immortal “Birth of a Nation” and the classic “Gone with the Wind” which are still re-broadcast despite their presently heretical political and racial content; “Rebel Love”; and my own favorite, “The Outlaw Josey Wales”. If there was no market for pro-Southern sentiments, why would these films continue to be shown?

Another manifestation of increasing interest and support for the concept of Southern Nationalism is the recent upsurge in re-enactment groups, historical societies and magazines, clubs and board games and specialty stores dedicated to “Civil War” themes. Ostensibly these are purely for history and militaria buffs; in actual practice, as anyone who is familiar with them can attest, these groups and publications are thinly disguised Confederate fan clubs. This is especially true of the re-enactment craze. Accountants, insurance salesmen, teachers and business types can spend their weekends dressing up in expensively reproduced Confederate uniforms, camping out under the stars around the campfires, and running around the old battlefields firing blanks in their reproduction muzzle-loaders and cap-and-ball revolvers, pretending

for a short time that the White man still rules the South and pretending that they have a little of their ancestors' courage.

I suppose I should comment here that I don't approve of re-enactment and the armchair Rebel crowd. In the first place, I can think of a number of better uses for all that money they're wasting on toys. The South doesn't need a retreat into fantasy, she needs concrete political action to recover her independence.

In the second place, anyone who is at all familiar with the actual history of the First Rebellion and the daily lives of the soldiers on both sides knows that these men spent four years in what was more often than not a living hell. Their camps were filthy and disease-ridden, their food scanty and maggot-ridden, their health care non-existent by today's standards, and their existences boring at best and often downright savage. If dysentery, typhoid, malaria, or pneumonia didn't get them then the hideous wounds inflicted by soft lead Minie bullets, corroded bayonets, or grapeshot would. Field care for the wounded in those days was no M.A.S.H. operation: the so-called surgeons simply sawed off whatever was hit and then prayed you'd make it. (I can still recall my grandparents and their generation talking about the common sight during their youth of old men who used to hang out on the town square in Reidsville, N.C. playing checkers and whatnot, who were missing arms and legs from the war.)

It is precisely because our ancestors *did* go through this living hell for the cause of their country that we honor them, and my personal view is that turning their ordeal into a fun-filled weekend outing degrades and trivializes their suffering and sacrifice. However, the re-enactment fad does have great political and social significance. It is a form of expression for Southern Nationalist sentiments which is still respectable and socially acceptable; it also allows a sort of moral trap door escape route by placing one's Southern pride conveniently 130 years in the past, as if the primary issues of

race and tyranny from Washington over which the First Rebellion was fought are no longer anywhere present in today's politics. (I once heard some pathetic jackass from one of these re-enactment groups try and tell a group of onlookers that the war was fought over "jobs". He didn't fool anybody—Southerners aren't *that* ignorant of their own history.)

But whatever one's view of re-enactment and "Civil War" exploitation, the fact remains that as with the music, the movies, and the Confederate flag knick-knacks in the Stuckey's on I-95, if there wasn't a market for it we wouldn't be seeing it. The fact that Southern Nationalism is being used to make Union greenbacks for Northerners and Jews in no way invalidates its existence.

IV.

It is now time to get down to the nitty gritty. **HOW** is it going to be done?

At some point in time, I presume that the Zionist regime will present some kind of charge that the Confederate National Congress or other Southern Nationalist groups are conspiring to overthrow the government. In the sense that these charges will imply that we are engaging in an active conspiracy to commit specific acts of overt violence against specific targets at given times, they will be lies. Fabrication of false charges is a common practice among United States prosecutors and law enforcement agencies who deal with political dissidents. I presume these phony sedition charges will be accompanied by the usual panopoly of paid informers, governmentally suborned perjury, electronic wiretap and eavesdropping tapes which have been altered or selectively edited, petty criminals who have been bribed with money and leniency for their own crimes, intimidation of defense witnesses by aggressive and

threatening Federal agents, etc.

I repeat that when these charges materialize they will be false. I am not so brainless as to engage in a definable conspiracy to overthrow the Union through specific acts, and no one else in the Southern Nationalist movement had better be that stupid, either.

Such a conspiracy would inevitably fail due to the fact that every group of political dissidents in the Union is riddled from top to bottom with informers and agent provocateurs who are inserted by the Federal government into such organizations for the purpose of suppressing political and racial dissent. These informers and agent provocateurs enable the regime to circumvent the United States Constitution while simultaneously maintaining the hypocritical pretense that such activity is "law enforcement". The framing of radicals has a long and dishonorable history in America; it is the traditional weapon of Washington to criminalize dissent while keeping up the facade of legality. Alternative political groups simply don't have the financial or personnel resources necessary to initiate security procedures on a scope which would be adequate to the task of weeding out these scum.

What we *will* be conspiring to do is to prepare the South and her White people for what is coming. We must teach our people to understand the historically inevitable developments with which they will be confronted in the coming years. We must break the ground for a Southern Nationalist movement which will be positioned, organized, and equipped to take advantage of the geopolitical and racial situation when it finally slips beyond the effective control of the Zionist power centers in Washington, Wall Street, and Tel Aviv.

The first thing that we must all understand is that Southern Nationalism does not exist in a vacuum. We are an overall part of a worldwide movement. Sometimes we call it just that, "the Movement", but it is also known as the White Resistance, White racial nationalism, what have you. This movement takes

many different forms and guises which vary according to the country, the local situation, and the degree of oppressiveness exerted by the local Zionists. Through it all however runs the connecting thread of Aryan racial idealism, the racial will to power, and the spiritual authority of Adolf Hitler's life-giving National Socialist world view.

We here in the South are brothers (and sisters, lest we forget) to the Afrikaner farmer in the Transvaal; the skinhead rock-'n-roller spraying White graffiti in the Liverpool housing estates; the Frenchman marching with the National Front; the Ulster Protestant dead of a Marxist bomb in Belfast and the Irish Garda murdered by the same Marxist trash; the teacher facing the Canadian court for the "thoughtcrime" of questioning the Holocaust hoax; the young Germans distributing illegal NS literature by night. More importantly, we are brothers and sisters in blood to *all* Aryan peoples the world over, the despised and the dispossessed, the victims of Communist murder and negroidal rape, the wage-slaves laboring in the factories and offices who keep the senile System staggering on from crisis to crisis.

We are not doing what we are doing solely for the benefit of native-born White Southerners. We are doing it for *all* White people the world over, in order that there might come to be at least some patch of earth on the face of this planet where Aryans can live in peace, can prosper according to their abilities, and can raise stable and happy families of White children without putting our future generations spiritually at risk from racial and moral pollution and physically at risk from non-White crime, drugs, rape and violence. This is the essential task of all White separatism and all White racial nationalism: *to ensure the physical, biological survival of the Aryan race*. Just as it is the long-term objective of the Jewish people to destroy that race. In order to achieve our objective and defeat theirs, it is necessary for the White race to have a piece of turf which is reserved for our exclusive habita-

tion and use. We intend for that White homeland to be the Confederate States of America.

This is not to downplay or denigrate the nationalist aspects of the racial struggle here in the South. Because we are Southerners and the descendants of those who fought for Southern freedom in the nineteenth century, it obviously makes sense for us to work within the Confederate historical and cultural tradition. During the 1970s and '80s we learned the hard way through the National Socialist experience in North Carolina that politics is like any other kind of salesmanship. It doesn't matter if you have the best product in the world if the packaging and promotion are unsuitable to the market. In National Socialism we had the best and most dynamic political product of all time, but we couldn't get any of our potential customers to sample our wares due to the widespread disinformation and distortion which the enemy was able to put across through their control of the media.

For the sake of the martyrs of Nuremberg, the heroes of Stalingrad, and the murdered children of Dresden we gave it our best shot. And we had some success, although now is not the time to recount that story of proud sacrifice and tragedy. We had the youthful fire and enthusiasm of the true believers, the fervent faith that "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." And of course, we were wrong. The simple, brutal fact is that truth is *not* sufficient in itself to defeat lies. Not when the lies are broadcast nationwide on every network, falsified into fact 1984-style by System historians, and thrown on the doorstep every morning in the daily paper. We took on a multi-billion dollar propaganda machine with a bank account that never averaged above two figures, a two-minute recorded phone message, and a four-page mimeographed bulletin which seldom came out on time. Truth never stood a chance.

Southern Nationalism and the Confederate tradition offers us a rare opportunity. The minds of our people have

been pounded with liberal and Zionist propaganda for over two generations now, their brains washed squeaky clean by decades of race-mixing propaganda, Holocaust lies, secular humanism and Zionism masquerading as Christianity. But men do not live by mind alone. Such things as racial instinct and tribalistic pride still play an immense role in human affairs, and in the South we have one of the few remaining groups of White people who still retain any kind of genuine emotional and cultural link to their past.

By appealing to that past, we can essentially *bypass the brain* of the Southerner and go right for the gut, for the heart, for that core of folkish pride and tribalism that exists in every human being. By properly manipulating that primitive tribal instinct which is the basis of all nationalism, we can *obtain the same racially correct response* which would result from the people being properly educated and awakened to racial values through the acceptance of National Socialism. And we can do it much more quickly, and in sufficient numbers to do some good. In the Führer's house there are many doors, and if the front door is blocked by the brick wall of lies which the Jews have erected, then we should not hesitate to try the back door or even climb in through a window. Just so we arrive at our destination.

Other than the Southern Nationalist movement itself, the South has several potentially powerful weapons at her disposal. One of these is fundamentalist Christianity, the faith of our fathers upon which White settlement in the New World was founded. This is even more true of the Confederacy. The Founding Fathers' view of the South they wished to make for their descendants was a profoundly Christian one, based upon a racially conscious view of the Scriptures as set forth in the *real* Bible, the King James Bible which first appeared on the shores of Virginia at the Jamestown colony.

It is noteworthy that the only form of resistance to the liberal and Zionist onslaught against Western values in this century

which has thus far proven even partially successful in holding the line has been resistance based on fundamentalist Christianity. There have been attempts within the Movement to revive Nordic paganism or to create new "religions" for Aryan man; none of these have ever amounted to a hill of beans, because neither paganism nor pseudo-scientific anti-Christian mumbo jumbo is historically organic to the North American continent. That goes ten times over for the South. In view of the massively Christian background of Southern history and the widespread adherence to some denomination of Christianity among the working-class and middle-class Whites from whom our strength must be drawn, *any attempt to organize the South in a non-Christian context would be political suicide*. Our enemies know this quite well, and this is why they have taken great care to make false Christian teachings of the Billy Graham/Jerry Falwell kind part and parcel of their bag of tricks.

What we must rather do is out-Christian the Christians. Eventually the System is going to turn the weapon of false, humanistic Christianity on us full blast. (I can envision Jim and Tammy Bakker appealing to Southerners "Please don't join or support these horrible racist Confederates!", with tears running down their faces and Tammy Faye's makeup rolling off her flabby cheeks like sludge.) When this happens we are going to have to meet these people head on in a Bible bash and match them scripture for scripture, chapter and verse. *Nothing* else will counter this enemy attack successfully. Whether we like it or not, and regardless of our personal religious views, the overwhelming majority of Southern White people have been conditioned from birth to think in a Christian context. Attempting to change their entire frame of reference with the pitifully small resources at our command simply isn't practical.

The Southern Nationalist revolution must always operate on the basis of pragmatic social and political *realities*, ac-

cepting things as they *are*, not as we might wish them to be. The White resistance movement has always had an incredible knack for peripheralizing itself, for adopting tactics and symbolism and ideological baggage which renders it completely irrelevant to the vast majority of Whites, devoid of any meaningful relationship to the way our people must live their daily lives. This tendency must be terminated in Southern Nationalism.

Another weapon that the South has at her disposal is music, some of the most vibrant and dynamic music in the world. Bluegrass, traditional acoustic string music, and country all originated in the South, descended from the ballads, pipe tunes and harping lays of the Celtic peoples of Scotland and Ireland. These musical forms have become so popular that they have spread all over the world; I have heard excellent bluegrass bands from Holland and Norway, country-style singers in Ireland, and traditional old-time string bands from Canada. Already there is a body of pro-Southern song and I have mentioned some of these earlier, but in addition to these modern compositions there are references all throughout the body of traditional Southern folk music to the First Rebellion, race, and even the Jews. (How many aficionados have ever heard a recording of a Georgia ballad called "The Death of Little Mary Phagan"?) These old songs need to be resurrected and popularized. Another good idea is the adaptation of Irish Republican "rebel songs" to the Southern context. The possibilities for music's role in the Southern revolution are endless, and we need a strong musical arm in the Southern Nationalist movement to make maximum use of these possibilities.

A third weapon of potentially great value in the South's struggle for freedom is *language*. The South has more than one distinct regional dialect of English. For example, the accent of the Virginia mountains is different from that of the Ozarks, and the speech of southern Georgia is different from

that of eastern Texas. These differences may not be readily discernible to an outsider or even to some Southerners, but an experienced linguist can spot these diverse patterns in a few sentences. The distinctive Southern dialects have long been a clear target of the liberal offensive against our people; much of the anti-Southern caricature and defamation in the movies and on television consists of attacking our speech patterns and enunciation. Television especially encourages the trend towards a Valley Girl kind of "American" accent, which ZOG would no doubt like to see us sharing with Chinese, Hispanics, Iranians, and every other brown-hyphenated "American" they can shovel onto the North American continent.

Southern English needs to be strongly encouraged, not put down and denigrated. We not only need to take a strong and aggressive pride in our distinctive tongue, we need to begin incorporating it into our written language and our general usage in so-called polite company. For instance, I would like to see the contractions "ain't" and "y'all" formalized, possibly with the apostrophes removed. Eventually I would like to see the development of a whole Confederate dialect as different from Northern television-announcer English as Lowland Scots is from Oxford diction in Great Britain.

Language has other important political and social functions, as George Orwell pointed out in *1984*, a book which is required reading for all racial nationalists and anyone else wishing to understand the true nature of the society in which we live. Properly used (or abused) it can become a more effective instrument for thought control than all the hate laws, Holocaust propaganda, FBI, courts and prisons. For years, ZOG has sought to control White people's thoughts *1984*-style through the mandatory imposition of certain words and phrases to express certain concepts, and a variety of penalties of varying degrees of severity as punishment for using un-

approved words or phraseology to express these concepts.

A prime example of this is the forcible substitution of the racial designation "black people" in place of the Southerner's traditional terms of "Negro", "colored", or "nigger" depending on the degree of emphasis desired. The political implication in the compulsory use of this language is obvious: there are "black people" and "white people", interchangeable parts differing only in color. In other words, the races are equal. This is false, of course, and virtually everybody *knows* it is false, but how does a teenager or the man on the street articulate this (to him) visually and experientially obvious fact if he has been forbidden to use the necessary words, on pain of physical attack or loss of livelihood?

Another example of this etomological deformity is to remove women from any formal, recognized titular status in society with regards to the family, which is of course the basic building block of Western culture and civilization. In feminist jargon a woman is no longer recognizable as a wife or a mother, or even as a woman; she is a "person", which sounds very nice and fair until one recalls that if God had wanted us all to be "persons" he would not have created Eve. It is always good to bear in mind that the liberal left ideology contains a good deal of outright blasphemy, in that it denies God's manifest intention in creating such distinctions as race and sex by seeking to erase those distinctions.

We too can use language as a weapon. One way is to refuse to call the 1860s conflict the "Civil War", with its implied acceptance of the irrevocable geopolitical unity of the North American continent. Some say "the War Between the States", which is actually pretty meaningless if you stop to think about it. Others use "the War for Southern Independence", which is a lot closer to the mark. I suggest "the First Rebellion". It was that, a rebellion against a tyranny which had become absolutely abhorrent and unacceptable

to Southerners, and yet because it failed in its primary objective of obtaining independence it cannot be called a revolution. "First" because we are now at the beginning of the Second Rebellion. Lest our beloved and humane Justice Department start jumping up and down and gibbering about sedition and forcible overthrow of our wonderful lords and masters, I should point out that one can rebel without picking up a gun, as that Gandhi character the liberals worship did. The very act of my writing this pamphlet is one of rebellion. Placing a Confederate flag bumper sticker on one's pick-up truck is an act of rebellion—in fact, as Orwell pointed out in 1984, in today's society even thinking unapproved thoughts can be an act of rebellion.

(I apologize to my readers for these occasional digressions of ritual disclaimer, but unfortunately in the climate of repression and persecution emanating from Washington in this year of 1989 they are a necessary safeguard.)

Another language trick Southerners might acquire is recognizing the continued existence of the Confederacy in their figures of speech. Example: when greeting a friend from Wisconsin at the airport in Atlanta don't say "Welcome to Georgia", say "Welcome to the Confederate States". When going from Oklahoma into Kansas or from Indiana into Kentucky don't refer to "the state line", say "We crossed the border into the United States" or "we entered the C.S.A. at Louisville". Before we can draw that border on the map we must first draw it clearly and irrevocably in our minds.

All of these sound petty and pointless, and if only a small handful of people behaved in this manner it would be little more than a futile gesture. But when we can get *millions* of people using their terminology, thinking in this frame of mind? Every time a Southerner refers to the United States as a foreign country, every time he places a stamp on an envelope with the Union flag upside down, every time he displays the Battle Flag of our own country, every time he uses the for-

bidden "N" word, it's a little pinprick or rebellion against Washington. On its own that pinprick is useless, but a million pinpricks put together every day, every month for years on end can bring ZOG down. Never despise the smallest of token gestures of resistance, because our effort adds up to the sum total of all of them, a sum total that increases in scope and force and effectiveness every year.

V.

The major weapon that the South must wield in her struggle for freedom must always be the Southern Nationalist movement itself. What kind of movement must we be?

The first requirement is *flexibility*. Bear in mind that we are fighting a dinosaur, a tottering, bloated and senile bureaucracy with organizational hardening of the arteries, unwieldy and creaking in every joint. ZOG still commands immense power and could crush us yet, but it moves slowly, ponderously, and often in a confused daze, the right hand never knowing what the left hand is doing. If we can stay light and supple, with dynamic and creative leadership which understands the nature of the enemy and is willing and able to move fast, hit hard, and then dance back out of range then we can bring the dinosaur down. Historically, it is astounding what can be accomplished by a small and dedicated band of revolutionaries against a larger and stronger but cumbersome and demoralized opponent.

The Southern independence movement must never become shackled to fixed ideas or bureaucratic forms. It must be able to change shape and coloration like a chameleon. When operations in the open are possible, we operate in the open; when these avenues are sealed off to us by quasi-legal enemy action we operate underground. We must be able to function in the form of Ku Klux Klan groups, business and

corporate fronts, churches and religious organizations, letter-head committees for this and that, social and sporting societies, newsletters and publications. Southern Nationalists must infiltrate and perform their political and propaganda work in System institutions such as the Republican party, the organized churches, multi-national corporations and on the factory floors.

We must all be united not by an organizational name or even by a common leadership, but by an *idea*, the idea of a free White Southern Confederacy. We must always remember that we are not doing what we're doing for our own ambitions or for any particular organization or leader. We do what we do for the sake of the Confederate States of America and beyond that for the sake of the entire White race, the world over.

Southern Nationalism is the idea, but any idea is only as good as the human beings who advocate and advance it. The Southern Nationalist must come to personify the Jew's worst nightmare. He or she must be hard-working, self-sacrificing, unflinchingly courageous, cunning and intelligent with a flair for always keeping the enemy off balance, and loyal unto death to the South and to brothers and sisters in our country's struggle. Above all, the Southern Nationalist must be *hard*. I am not speaking of mere physical toughness, although that is always an advantage. I am speaking of the mental and spiritual hardness that is the most vital aspect of a revolutionary's composition. The Rebels of the late twentieth century must possess within their very souls the type of resilient yet invincible hardness which enables one to survive and function in the twilight of this dying old order, with all the stresses and strains which ZOG will inflict upon them. It takes one kind of courage and hardness to be a soldier in open battle, at Gettysburg or in the Vietnam rice paddies. It takes a different kind of valor and spiritual toughness to maintain revolutionary discipline in pre-revolutionary times.

Our people must be hard enough and dedicated enough to understand and accept what is required of them in the various stages of our struggle. At first that is going to mean a high level of tolerance for suffering. Confederate activists will be subjected to the whole gamut of harassment, humiliation and petty malice that the vicious, senile System can heap upon them. Constant wiretapping and surveillance; filthy and threatening telephone calls; slashed tires and smashed windshields; loss of jobs and livelihoods along with every type of economic attack; petty harassment arrests and sometimes major legal prosecutions based on "evidence" which has been fabricated and perjury which has been suborned by Federal agencies; physical assault by Marxist goons and non-White hoodlums; insults and lies and invective from the news media; these will be our daily fare for a long time to come.

All of these sound like petty annoyances, and taken individually so they are. But like our own pinpricks of resistance, these harassment techniques have a cumulative effect on White racial nationalists. When you live with them day in, day out for months and years, inevitably they begin to wear one's nerves to fiddle strings and cause demoralization and burnout. The most frustrating aspect of all this is *never being able to strike back*. Time after time over the past eighteen years comrades have come to me, sometimes literally weeping with rage and humiliation over some piece of niggerism or some vile lie in the news media, and said in effect, "When will we be able to pick up a gun and blow out the brains of these swine? When can we start answering these lies, these hateful obscene insults as they deserve to be answered?" And all I can tell them is, "The time is not yet. Believe, obey, and wait."

More poignant still than the injuries to our pride and our national identity, though, is the agony of black violence and our murdered brothers and sisters. It is axiomatic that blacks are our best recruiting agents; virtually every single individual

I have ever met in the Movement was finally spurred to action because of some kind of violent encounter with negroid criminality. Some of these encounters involved murder, rape, and acts of incredible bestiality. Every time it happens, I think we all die a little along with the victims and their families. It is all the worse because so many of the victims are our beautiful sisters and the children who are our hope for the future.

We bury their tortured, violated, and mangled bodies every day, and then we bury their memories. Who remembers their names, or if we do who dares to speak them aloud? We keep silent for fear of offending the NAACP, for fear of being denounced by the liberal news media as racists, for fear of retaliation by the blacks. What other race on the face of the earth tolerates such heartless butchery in meek silence? Are our hearts made of stone? The fruitless pleadings of the victims for mercy from their merciless slayers, the tears of the widowers, the screams of the orphaned children shake the very Heavens in their cry for vengeance, and yet White men stop their ears and refuse to hear.

Why? Fear, that's why. Simple, naked, garden variety cowardice. Fear of the FBI, their three-piece suits and their Federal badges and their sinister late-model sedans. Fear of the courts, of the U.S. attorneys in their Gucci shoes and briefcases and the judges in their black robes. Fear of the lawyers, the masses of legal papers and moribund bureaucracy which suffocates those caught in the toils of ZOG's "law". Fear of the living hell of the prisons, the nigger homosexual rapists and the Hispanic gangs, the sharpened toothbrush in the shower. Fear of the breakup of our marriages, the loss of our homes, the endless years of separation from our families which imprisonment by ZOG inflicts. Fear of the beatings by police, jailers, and their non-White convict auxiliaries. Fear of the smells and constant negroidal yammering of the prisons, the overcrowding, the filth, the

disease, the petty harassment which garnishes the torment of ZOG's little hells on earth to the point of madness.

These fears are not paranoid; they are reasonable and real. ZOG maintains this system for the express purpose of intimidating and subduing Whites in general and Southerners in particular, as witness the high prison population throughout the South and the disproportionate percentage of White prisoners all over the Zionist empire who are of Southern origin. Thus far this apparatus of terrorism and tyranny has served its purpose. White Southern men are justifiably afraid of it, and so we stand idly by while our wives and daughters, our elderly and our young are slaughtered like hogs in an abattoir.

We stand idly by while every right we once had is stripped away from us salami-style, slice by slice. We remain silent while our Southern traditions, our race, and our Christian faith are mocked and defiled with the spittle of the Jews. We are robbed once a year by the IRS and every day at the grocery checkout. Our children become drug addicts and are corrupted into sexual deviates by television and by their teachers in the public schools. ZOG will take not only our sons but probably our daughters as well for the next no-win Vietnam-style military fiasco. We can no longer hope to own our own homes as we drown in a sea of debt and prices keep rising. Our country is being bought out from under us by the Japanese, overrun with mud-colored Hispanics who are almost as lethally violent as the blacks, our tax dollars go to Israel to buy bulldozers with which to bury teenaged boys alive, and through all this the White men of the South, with a handful of noble exceptions in the Klan and the Confederate resistance, do not raise one single whimper of protest, because they are afraid.

The simple fact is that right now life is too sweet for most Southerners, and they have too much to lose. The bulk of our people still have jobs, even though those jobs are

wretchedly low paid and wives must work as well in order to make ends meet. The good life is bought on credit and we are mortgaged into the lifetimes of our grandchildren, but it is still more or less good. Every year the squeeze gets a bit more desperate, the bills get a bit higher and harder to pay, and more corners have to be cut. Every year there are more black, brown and yellow faces on the streets, more Spanish and Chinese in the grocery stores and K-Marts. Every year the drugs and the crime strike a little bit closer to home, a friend, a neighbor, a relative in another town. But there is still escape. There are still the toys, the boats and campers and VCRs. For some there is escape into fantasy through collecting Third Reich militaria and books, for others the make-believe of "Civil War" re-enactment. For most, there is simply the air-conditioned den, the soft couch, the six-pack, and the mind-rotting tube.

The Spaniards have a saying, "He was a brave man *that* day." Every nation historically goes through periods of decline, decay and stagnation. The South has been in such a period for the past two generations, and we are about due to snap out of it. Right-wing doomsayers have been predicting that "the balloon is about to go up" and "the bottom is about to drop out" for decades now, and I am somewhat reluctant to join the chorus at this late date. I will say this, though: it is now obvious to everyone, including more and more functionaries within ZOG itself, that the present status quo cannot last forever. There is such a thing as historical imperative. North America is incredibly rich and her White population still immensely versatile and energetic both economically and culturally, but it is an undeniable fact that no nation in history has ever been subjected to the kind of stresses and internal pressure that now exist in North America and avoided a major upheaval the results of which have permanently altered the political, social, and racial landscape.

There is no reason to believe that the United States has

some kind of God-given immunity to the dynamics of history or the consequences of human folly. I would never be so rash as to offer a prospective date for when the bottom finally will drop out, and I will resist the temptation for a long digressive examination of America's recent past to determine just when and how the point of no return was passed. But that point of no return is long gone, and at some point the bill for generations of race-mixing, corruption, and Zionist misrule is going to come due.

Yeats wrote, "Things fall apart, the center cannot hold." The realities of today's demographics ensure that the political breakup of the North American continent at some point in the twenty-first century is inevitable. The Mexican border will move at least a thousand miles north of the Rio Grande, and south Florida will become some kind of separate Spanish-speaking country. That part of California which is not annexed to Mexico will be taken over by the Chinese and serve as a bridgehead for further Asiatic penetration into North America, after a series of wars in which the Chinese and Japanese will unite to beat back the Mexicans and kill or enslave the Filipinos, after which they will turn on each other in a conflict I believe the Japanese will win. Throughout the urban North and Midwest there will be a checkerboard of separate ethnic enclaves, Puerto Rican, Mexican, Korean, Chinese, South American, and in a few cases West Indian, alternating with White areas where local resistance movements will seize control.

The American blacks haven't been able to get their act together for the past three hundred years, and I see no indications that they will do so when the bust-up comes. Along with the remnants of ZOG they will add much to the violence and confusion and possibly seize some territory for short periods of time, but in the long run they simply don't have the intelligence, the ability, or the internal discipline to grab a piece of the pie as North America disintegrates and hold

on to it. The invention of the cotton picker and the multiple combine in the early twentieth century began the process of rendering the negroid race economically obsolete, and the subsequent importation of Hispanics and Asians for menial labor by ZOG has completed that process. History has passed sentence on the black man and the geopolitical breakup of the North American continent during the twenty-first century will carry out that sentence.

Jews have never been able to survive in any of the periods of chaos, upheaval, and mass rectification of political and economic incompetence which have taken place throughout the world in past ages. In order for them to work their voodoo they must have social stability, defined hierarchies and institutions of power and control to infiltrate and usurp, and a strong Aryan arm to maintain the law and order and due process which makes their covert rule possible. Without order and a structured environment they are helpless. Those Jews who have sufficient perception to see the writing on the wall will flee North America and those who do not will fall to the long delayed vengeance of their enraged victims.

The question is, how big a piece of the pie will the continent's remaining White population have?

We are now entering the realm of pure speculation. However, my guess is that one hundred years from now, in the year 2089, North America will be a patchwork of small, semi-autonomous city-states and territories rather like feudal Europe during the late Middle Ages, each dominated by either a White republic of some kind or by dictators of the various Third World races who have seized territory from the degenerate and outnumbered White population during the early part of the twenty-first century. The population of these Third World statelets will be a mixed, mulatto one due to the massive rape and enslavement of White women which will take place during the period of chaos and dissolution. Precisely how bloody this period will be will depend largely

on how successful ZOG has been in disarming the White population through gun control.

In between the ill-defined boundaries of the small North American mini-nations and city-states will be wide areas of no-man's land ruled by outlaws, petty chieftains, and tribal groupings of various races, existing in a constant state of guerilla war with one another. Much of the conflict will arise over the decreasing remains of the technology of the late twentieth century and the early twenty-first, which supplies food and goods and services in dwindling amounts due to the loss of the necessary technical expertise to maintain it. Allowing for the massive death rate through warfare, violence, disease, famine and nuclear accidents during the period of dissolution, the North American continent will support a population of roughly 150 million non-Whites and possibly 40 million Aryans.

Most of the White population will be concentrated in the American Northwest and Western Canada, with fairly large White enclaves in the northeast along the St. Lawrence Valley and upper New England, the Canadian Maritime provinces, the agricultural Midwest of Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota, and a few scattered pockets in the South and Southwest. The present "Rust Belt" from Boston down to the Ohio River and west to the Mississippi will be the most chaotic and dangerous area of the continent, full of warring bands of racial mud and unstable, temporary mini-statelets which will rise and fall rapidly. This area will also be the last stronghold of the shattered remnants of the "United States" government.

The preceding scenario is what will happen *if things continue as they are*. But there are two jokers in the pack. These are Southern Nationalism and the Northwest Migration White separatist concept. Let's assume that both of these movements can get their acts together and the ZOG fails in its attempts to break them up. There is some hope already that this may be the case. ZOG fell flat on its face in its first attempt to

smash the Northwest Migration, the infamous Fort Smith sedition trial of 1988. The fabricated evidence came unravelled, the perjured witnesses and embittered ex-wives simply weren't believed by the all-White jury, and the judge was so caustic in his comments about the government's behavior that halfway through the United States gave it up as a bad job and didn't even present over half of their planned case.

Let's assume that our luck holds here in the South, and we survive the initial trumped-up legal attacks with the phony evidence, doctored surveillance tapes, and paid perjurers. Let us further assume that by the time ZOG throws legality out the window and reverts to outright armed force to crush us we are too strong to be wiped out. Once we reach that stage then Confederate victory is inevitable. Finally, let us assume that the Northwest Migration proves equally hardy and prospers as well, and re-examine a possible scenario for the future.

The breakup has already begun at the time of this writing, and it proceeds as expected. Eventually things reach the point where the economic and racial problems of North America can no longer be papered over and control of events slips through the fingers of Washington as it has already begun to do. But instead of being leaderless, frightened, and confused about what to do the White population of North America has two separate alternatives when the time comes for them to throw in the towel on ZOG, two areas of the continent where racially-based leadership and organization exist and where the bulk of the White population, through long years of propaganda and political work on the part of the Movement, has *lost their fear of Washington*.

Once again, due to the present climate of oppression and the likelihood of further attempts at criminalizing dissent through "sedition" laws, I must leave to the fertile imagination of the reader the kind of rectification process which would take place when Southern Whites lose their fear and ZOG

loses control of the situation. The end result will be two new White nations on the North American continent, the Confederate States of America and the Rocky Mountain Republic. In these two countries we can raise at least two full generations of White youth, free of Judaic and liberal propaganda and in full consciousness of their folkish identity and their racial destiny. By the year 2089, one hundred years from the date of this writing, the White race will have the military and economic infrastructure, the numbers, the leadership, and the spiritual strength to reclaim this continent from sea to shining sea. The Imperium of which Francis Parker Yockey dreamed will have arrived on earth.

VI.

It is indeed a pity that I am so circumscribed here in what I can say and what I must leave for the reader to hypothecate for himself. At Fort Smith, ZOG attempted to criminalize political and racial dissent in the form of the *spoken* word, i.e. revoke the first guarantee of the First Amendment, freedom of speech. The repeated trial balloons and soundings for so-called "hate laws" in the Union are aimed right at the second guarantee, freedom of the press. Once ZOG succeeds in passing these "hate laws" any written record of any individual's dissenting views will become dangerous to him, from a simple letter to the editor, to a pamphlet such as this, to a private letter or journal. Like Orwell's Big Brother, Zionism seeks to suppress the very existence of dissident thought through denying people access to the necessary language and concepts necessary to formulate that forbidden thinking.

The third pillar of the First Amendment, freedom of religion, has been under open assault for years and is far more eroded than the first two freedoms. Prayer is forbid-

den in schools as are all Christian references in curricula. The IRS regularly hunts down and destroys financially Christian schools and colleges which obey God's commandment of racial separation, different roles for the sexes, and the rejection of sexual perversion. Jews like Universal's Lew Wasserman put out vicious attacks on the Christian faith like *The Last Temptation of Christ*, bigoted smears which would never be tolerated if they were directed against any other religion in the world. "Liberation theology" is all in vogue and the King James Bible is being phased out of use in most established churches, to be replaced with modern translations which serve to buttress the secular humanist view of things.

The entire effort of the Zionist and liberal legal and intellectual establishment is now bent towards discovering some method by which they can gut the First Amendment while maintaining the pretense that it is still intact, and use legal force to suppress White dissent without forging a double-edged weapon which might be turned against the liberal and socialist left. Eventually they will succeed. Today the Confederate flag can still be flown or displayed in public; eventually the NAACP will succeed in banning it here just as the Zionists have banned the Palestinian flag in Palestine. Today it is still possible publicly to question the Holocaust hoax, although the news media silence all such heresy; eventually any expression of doubt regarding the myth of the Six Million will mean prison, as it does now in Canada.

The total loss of all rights of free expression and political participation for White racial nationalists is an expected development, and we must prepare for it and not go all spastic and discombobulated when it comes. I have stated before that it would be dangerous folly, downright lunacy for us to engage in some kind of active conspiracy to overthrow the United States government. I must add here, however, that when the "hate laws" and Race Relations Acts finally do ar-

rive in the Zionist empire of the United States, then we must all be willing and determined to disobey these laws and prepared to do so with vim, verve, and creative energy, and we must accept the consequences when we get caught, as do our comrades in Canada and Britain and Germany.

I must repeat that the one essential for Confederate victory is that Southerners lose their fear of Washington and Washington's hirelings. Respect and loyalty and acceptance went by the board long ago. No decent person any longer believes a word that Washington says or holds the bureaucracy in the slightest esteem, and that goes for everybody, no matter what their personal political or racial views. The only thing remaining is fear, fear of Washington's money and the coercion it can buy through the FBI, the IRS and BATF, the courts, and the hellish prisons.

When Southerners lose their fear, through anger or desperation or through a kind of climactic disgust at some straw which breaks the camel's back, then we will have achieved that which makes revolution not only possible but inevitable: *the withdrawal of consent to be governed*. When that time comes where the clear majority of White, Christian Southerners have withdrawn their consent to be governed by the United States, then the Southern Nationalist movement must have in place a governmental alternative to which they can transfer that consent, a provisional government if you will. The closest modern example is that of the PLO, which governs the Palestinian nation provisionally through the Palestine National Council. (The parallels are sharp here; both Palestine and America are Zionist-occupied countries.)

When that time comes—and it will come—then it will be a whole new ball game. We must believe in that time, work for that time, fight for it and if necessary go to prison and die for it. But above all, we must *prepare* for that time when the people of the South are at long last ready to take up where we left off in 1865. Southern Nationalism today must educate,

must inspire, and must guide the sixty million White Southerners who now inhabit the fifteen and a half states which demographically form the true and natural boundaries of the Confederacy. The time will come, however, when this will not be enough and we must *lead* the South as well as guide it. We must not only prepare the land and the people for the time of struggle which is coming, we must prepare ourselves to ensure that the South emerges victorious from that struggle. Defeat is not an option; the "Lost Cause" must not be lost again. There is simply too much at stake.

VII.

My grandfather, the late A.B. Glass, was a well-to-do-furniture manufacturer in Greensboro, North Carolina. I've always regretted that circumstances prevented me from getting to know him as an adult, because he had an interesting life; among other things he spent six years in Imperial China before World War One working for the British-American Tobacco Company, selling cigarettes to the mandarins and warlords up and down the Yangtse River. In the 1930s he made the mistake of going into partnership with a Jew who promptly burned down the factory in order to collect the insurance; Papa never had too much use for the Chosen Ones after that.

There was another time in the late 1950s when some Trotskyite hebe came down from New York and tried to organize a Communist union at the plant. My grandfather pulled up in the old blue Chrysler I remember so well, calmly pulled a shotgun out of the trunk, walked up to the union organizer, and told him flatly that he was trespassing and if he didn't get off company property in thirty seconds he would be shot dead on the spot. The latter-day Mandelbaum got, and so far as I know that was the last attempt to unionize

the factory.

When I was a boy our family spent many weekends and most holidays in Greensboro. Sometimes we went up to the family farm outside Reidsville, N.C. and spent the afternoon picking tomatoes, watermelon and snap beans in the summer and apples and pumpkins in the fall. One day around 1960 or 1961 I went up to Reidsville alone with Papa. I'm not sure exactly when this happened, but as I recall I was about seven years old. I was vaguely aware that the "colored people" were doing something called "sit-ins" at local lunch counters in Greensboro around that time, but I had no idea what it was all about. Such things were not discussed in front of the children in those days.

On the day I speak of, instead of going directly to the farm Papa took a dirt road which wound through the woodlands and fields of Rockingham County for a long time, until we came to a sort of clearing off to the left. He pulled the Chrysler in and parked, and we got out. "I want to show you something, boy," he said. (Actually he didn't call me "boy", he called me by a childhood nickname which I do *not* intend to commit to posterity.)

What he wanted to show me was a hole in the ground. It had once been a large house; I could see the stone foundations, overgrown with vines and choked with weeds. I could also detect through the cloak of vegetation that the stones were charred black, and there was one huge charred timber in the middle of the pit, entwined with growth, which must have been the central roof beam or floor joist. The house had been burned long, long ago. An air of incredible desolation hung over that spot.

I cannot reproduce exactly what Papa told me after all these years and I won't attempt to do so. The gist of it was this: "I wanted you to see this before the last of the folks who remember what happened here are gone. In the year 1865 there was a family who lived here." (I deeply regret that

I cannot remember the name he told me.) “One night the Union army came, only it wasn’t the proper Union army, it was deserters and niggers who had been given guns and blue coats, and if the truth be known it was some low-life Southern scum from around here as well involved. They burned this house to the ground and they killed every member of that family right over there.” (He pointed to a large oak tree which must have been barely a sapling in 1865.) “There was an old man about my age, a woman about your mother’s age, and a boy about your age. They shot the old man, hurt the woman in ways you’re too young to understand before they cut her throat, and shot the boy when he tried to help his mother. They did these things because the woman’s husband and brothers were away fighting for the South in the Confederate Army.

“There wasn’t any law or justice for our people in those days, and so the men who did this weren’t punished, at least not then. But folks around here remembered, and over the years the KKK was able to find a few of the niggers and the White trash who were involved and punish them. And to this day the members of that family over in Reidsville don’t speak or associate with some other families because of these murders.

“This happened, boy, because the South wanted to be free but the North wanted to come down here and tell us all what to do and how we had to treat the colored people and where we had to sell our cotton and who we could vote for. Now that’s all happening again, these people are coming down here and stirring up the colored to make trouble. Most of ’em Yankee Jews, although I know you don’t know what a Jew is. One day I’ll tell you about them.” (He never did so formally, probably because he knew it would have upset my mother.) “But I’m showing you now, boy, where all this is leading to. The Klan ran the Yankees out many years before I was born, and my granddaddy was one of the

best among 'em. It was him who showed me this place when I was about old as you are. He told me to make sure I never forgot what the North did to us, and I never have. Every few years I come back here to make sure I don't forget, and now I'm telling you the same thing.

"Because it's all going to happen all over again, boy, and you and all your friends at school are going to have to fight the Union again one day. Make sure you beat 'em next time."

Mightily impressed with all of this, I puffed out my chest and assured him with seven-year-old bravado, "Don't worry, Papa, we'll beat 'em next time."

My grandfather died in 1983, when I was on the run from the same government whose blue-coated slime burned that house and murdered that family in 1865. In forced exile in Europe, I was unable to attend his funeral. My mother once told me in a letter that he knew my situation and he would have understood why I couldn't come. I haven't visited his grave since I came back, and it's not just out of laziness or apathy. A.B. Glass was a believer. For all of his eighty-nine years, in his heart he was a proud and loyal citizen of a nation that existed only in those fastnesses of the human soul where the laws of tyrants can never reach. The flag of the Confederacy last went down a generation before he was born, and he died of old age before he could see it run up again. And yet he never doubted that one day it would fly in the skies of the land which gave birth to all that he held dear. My experience with him is by no means unique; over the years I have accumulated hundreds of similar stories from my fellow Southerners and I never cease to be amazed at the many ways in which the Rebel spirit and tradition has been handed down.

Someday I will visit that grave in Rockingham County, but when I do I want to be able to tell him something.

"We beat them this time, Papa. Just like I promised."

