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Dear Bill: Many thanks for your letter of 30 OCT 07 & the reprint of "The Hitler We Loved & Why!" Unfortunately, the pictures therein are even darker than George Dietz produced with his Night & Fog printing process. At least my captions explain to the reader what the picture may be. Ha!

You have had quite a saga in regard to this little book. I am amazed by the bizarre statement from The National Alliance alleging that Pierce "translated" the book. I wonder which language he translated it into, since I wrote the original text in English! The Zud was truthful in his testimony that he had not written the book, but he was quite dishonest in accepting the money from the Cotter estate under false pretenses. Under his jew dominatrix, Zündel played very funny with money matters. I understand that he bilked my friend, Frau van Tonningen, out of her house. The worst event occurred when around \$10,000 in cash 'disappeared' from his bedroom during one of his absences, during which time "Anne Burton" would drop by to visit his room, as she usually did. When The Zud returned, he accused several long-time comrades of being thieves, myself included. This was the most demoralizing thing which happened in our years of struggle against the Zionist Occupation Government of Canada, for the lack of trust poisoned the atmosphere, as Dominatrix Burton had likely intended. I have handled large sums of others' money, & I have never been so accused. I deem the custody of others' property to be a sacred trust, just as I deem my cause to be. My job at Samisdat was to record all incoming funds, but somehow, I was not aware that such an amount of mixed currencies had arrived, for which I had no record. All such cash that I recorded was converted into Canadian \$ & deposited in the Samisdat account, so a "missing \$10,000" would be a major mystery to me.

After Zündel's accusations against his comrades, this sum appeared. The Zud 'explained' that "Anne Burton" had taken it to her husband's house for "safe-keeping." As usual, I took the sum down to the jew money-changer who converted the entire sum into Canadian cash, which I duly deposited in the Samisdat account, thereafter providing The Zud with the receipts, as always. To my knowledge, I was not followed, & I could have gone directly to the bus station & bought a ticket for the USA. \$10,000 was more money than I had in the world, & it would have been no loss for me to leave my meager possessions in Toronto for the trash-collectors. I knew that, & I think The Zud knew it, too. Would you entrust a "thief" with such a transaction, if you were in your right mind? I think not. Of course, it may have been a set-up. The cops could have been waiting for me at the bus depot, but this is mere speculation on my part, since I had no intention of stealing from The Aryan Cause, for which I would willingly give my life. Obviously, the Zud was not so committed, as later events proved.

It is indeed interesting how a book can become the source of an adventure. Shortly after Dietz advertised it in Liberty Bell Publications, a creepy rascal named Oren Fenton Potito, which in Spanish means "little penis," phoned me to order a large number of copies, with his name as author. I told him that he was speaking to the author. He said, "Well, don't you want to get the word out?" I said that I did, but that I wanted readers to know who wrote it, so they could contact me toward building an organization. I don't know if Dietz printed any books under his name, for Dietz was very unpredictable.

The Zud was equally strange with books, as with money. He would hoard them, despite the fact that they were deemed "hate literature" by CANZOG, so he'd be prosecuted for "conspiracy to disseminate hate" if he were raided & found to possess more than 5 copies, if I recall the law correctly. In other words, he was hoarding a timebomb which could have blown him away, & right into the ZOG-gulag, where he now sits, for thought-crime. To make matters worse, his dominatrix insisted that all titles in inventory be recorded for tax purposes! Not only did we have to pay taxes on unsold inventory, but much was illegal, so we were admitting to possessing criminal quantities of "hate-lit" every year! Under the domination of "Anne Burton" alias Mitzie, the Zud had no sane judgement whatsoever. A jew arsonist 'solved' the book problem by causing most of his inventory to be burned &/or damaged by water used to put out the fire, so they wound up in the dump, much to the jews' glee. The Zud had no thoughts on the matter, it seems, for he had lost the capacity to think for himself. How sad it was for the Aryan Cause!

I have a suggestion: instead of using old-fashioned printing, why not use photocopy? Color photocopies are excellent. Perhaps the process can improve the quality of the pictures. Dietz would put the photos, which were of varying darkness, together on a printing plate to save money, so he would 'compromise' his exposure, thus making all the pictures dark. Nowadays, publishers can run off books when they are ordered. Good Luck!

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P.S.: I don't think you should change the title, for it has taken the blightwing 30 years to learn that the book exists, & I still receive requests for it, usually from White prisoners of ZOG. As far as I know, no one gave the NA permission to reprint the book, nor to declare copyright thereon. The Zud disavows the book, & I am author of the text, so I must be copyright-holder, & I have given my permission to you to republish the book & take any income accruing from sales thereof. I ask nothing by way of remuneration, since I know what it costs to republish a book. As I mentioned, small book publishers can run off copies as needed, so you do not need to warehouse large quantities thereof. Moreover, you can advertise on the Internet, so book-publishing is now much cheaper. In the old days, we calculated printing as one third the cost of publishing, & advertising as two thirds of publishing costs, provided one could find people who would accept the ads!

It is interesting that the Piercites could not find me in their alleged efforts to contact the copyright holder. Why couldn't they contact the author? I make no secret of my whereabouts. In fact, I contacted the new Liberty Bell publishers who reprinted the book in South Caroline, so they know I exist. Blightwing blithering, as usual. I wonder how "postwar upheavals in Europe" would disrupt my writing of the text in Reedy, WV, in 1977. How bizarre!