
HOW TO GET OUT OR STAY OUT OF AN INSANE ASYLUM

Copyright 1960 by *Lincoln Rockwell*

The imposing Municipal Court Room of the District of Columbia was jammed with Negroes and Negro policemen as batch after batch of the dregs of humanity were dredged up from the drunk tanks below and herded into court for their one and two minute "trials". Judge Neilson on the bench was noted for his severe sentences and harsh judgments, and my men and I sat for hours watching him mete out two and three month sentences in jail to defendants on an assembly line schedule. We were waiting for our turn to face the old judge.

It was July 6, 1960, and we were all charged with "Disorderly Conduct", the same offense for which many were getting three months in jail. Our "offense" had consisted in trying to speak on the Mall in D. C., as we had done successfully and peacefully for over three months. But, on July 3rd, after the riot in the court house in New York City, the Jews were hysterical with rage and had been calling both our headquarters and the Department of National Capital Parks to threaten violence if we tried to speak again. **Harold Thompson**, the Director of the National Capital Parks had called on the phone to warn us that he doubted the police could protect us any longer, and sought to dissuade us from speaking any more. When this did not intimidate us, he sent us an official letter by special messenger again warning us that if we tried to speak again, the police might be unable to save us, and urging us to stop speaking, or move to a more isolated spot. He begged us at least to place all our men inside of the roped enclosure he setup around our speaking stand, instead of having them in the crowd where they could keep the attention of the most violent Jews and prevent a mob from getting organized.

We had painted a huge sign saying; "WARNING: U.S. Officials warn us that certain groups may riot here to prevent us from speaking. They seek to create disorder because they don't dare let you hear and judge our facts for yourself! Keep order!"

I drilled our brave little band of men over and over in the tight discipline necessary to avoid being arrested for "disorderly conduct" no matter how much they were provoked by the hysterical Jews. They were told not to fight unless physically attacked, even if spit on, as we were.

The week before the riot, we had 26 of our troopers on hand in case of attack by the Jews or Negroes, but, by some stroke of fate only eleven had been able to attend on July 3rd, and one of these was a newspaper spy who hid when the fight began, and another was a volunteer wind-bag from Florida who ran out of the ring when the Jews struck.

For an hour an a half, after we arrived to speak at two P.M., we tried our best to speak as we always had, but over two-hundred and fifty Jew toughs and hoodlums put up such an unearthly roar of filthy insults and challenges to fight that I was never able to get past "My fellow Americans".

We called for police again and again as we were spit on and hit with objects, but they stayed far out of operating range most of the time with folded arms. They even hid their two mounted policemen, which had previously proved most effective in stopping disorder. The horses were stationed far around the corner of the Smithsonian Museum where the Chief of the Park Police testified they could be in the "shade", although he admitted that there was plenty of shade within a few yards of the howling mob.

Finally, when the Jews had worked themselves into a sufficient frenzy to be brave enough for two-hundred and fifty of them to attack our eleven, they burst through the ropes and we had to fight desperately to survive. The spy fell to the ground and cowered with his head covered by his arms, and the Florida wind-bag set off for home and we haven't seen or heard from him since. Nevertheless, the nine of us gave the Jews plenty to remember before plain-clothesmen broke up the fight, and the Jews have not attacked us since.

Now I stood in Court, charged with "Disorderly Conduct", and prepared with plenty of evidence to show WHO promoted the disorder and certain of acquittal. But before I could begin my defense, I got one of the heaviest shocks of my life, although, as our friends will know, I have been expecting what happened. But I was so wrapped up in righteous indignation at the charges and my facts and arguments that it very nearly caused me to lose my composure when the prosecutor stepped up and said, "Your Honor, I believe I have a *prima facie* showing here that this defendant may not be of sound mind and may not be competent to stand trial. Under the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure and the District Code, I move that he be committed to the Psychiatric Ward of the D.C. General Hospital for a period of thirty days for observation!"

The murmur of joy from the horde of Jews and the ADL, who had filled up the Court Room was audible. I realized immediately that, with no knowledge of the rules of procedure in insanity proceedings, I would never stand a chance against whatever devilish plans the ADL had cooked up with the prosecutor. In addition, I had no opportunity to prepare any defense whatever, so I asked the Court for a lawyer and a continuance to get my balance and prepare a fight.

Since it was clearly my privilege to have an attorney in such serious proceedings, the Court granted my request, and gave me a man who was an experienced police-court lawyer, but who naturally had little knowledge of the kind of political battle involved and little imagination. Most of his practice consisted of drunk, disorderly and petty police-court cases, but he was honest and turned to with a will to help all he could.

We got a three week continuance and permission to hire our own psychiatrists to establish my sanity and competence.

Then we tried to find two Gentile psychiatrists to examine me, and learned once again why the White Man is being driven out of existence. Because of greed or cowardice or both, NOT A SINGLE PSYCHIATRIST IN THE AREA WOULD EXAMINE ME AND TESTIFY! Finally I found one Irishman who would examine me and who gave me a

letter as to my sanity, but that was not acceptable in Court, of course. Nevertheless, it was the best we could get, so we paid him, and got the letter.

In the meantime we had been speaking regularly, even though the Interior Department had forbidden us to use our platform, loud-speaker, banners, etc., and had even withdrawn the protective ropes and moved us to an undesirable area in D.C. which is deserted on Sundays. The Jews, who had imagined that with the trial hanging over us, and the withdrawal of everything except a piece of deserted ground to speak on, we would fold up and quit, were more hysterical than ever when we continued to speak. Even in the new place, we drew substantial crowds and lots of applause as we drove home the treason and subversion of the Jewish traitors.

So these apostles of "free speech" again arrived in force and determined to cause a riot. This time I was familiar with their tactics, and the "hands-off" attitude of the Park Police, so I had instructed my men, on command, to surround the worst Jew inciters and shout back at them. Since the police evidently considered it the right of the Jews to scream and howl, they could not, I reasoned, deny us the right to scream back. And we had learned by experience that the Jews lose a lot of their steam when confronted with a dose of their own medicine, especially from good sized men who are not afraid of them.

When the riot-provokers began their antics, I ordered out the first two squads with folded arms. As they went forward, so did the Police, and arrested every one of us, even the man who had done nothing from the beginning but HOLD THE AMERICAN FLAG! A huge Negro policeman shoved us brutally into the patrol wagon and packed us off to the ugly cells at the first precinct.

As a result, before we had a chance to find a psychiatrist and get a report on sanity, I found myself once again facing Judge Neilson. I could have forfeited "collateral" and avoided it, but as a matter of principle, we must establish our right to speak without being "convicted" for disorderly conduct each time, so I chose to face him again, come what may.

And come it did. Again the prosecutor brought up his charges of incompetence and insanity, and this time I could not get the Court to wait for my own psychiatrists. He presented three witnesses. One was a photographer who had been at our headquarters. He testified to the signs we have up telling about the Jews, etc., but admitted on cross-examination he considered me thoroughly competent. Another was a man who had joined us last year to write a psychology paper. He acted most ashamed, as he has since learned how right we are, and did the prosecutor little good. Under cross examination, he too admitted he believed I was sane and able to stand trial.

But then the prosecutor brought out the inevitable Jew.

Dr. Shultz, the head of the D.C. General Hospital, took the stand and showed dozens of photostats of cartoons I had done for the college humor magazine "Sir Brown" TWENTY YEARS AGO AT BROWN UNIVERSITY. Since then I had fought two wars for my

Country, risen from enlisted ranks to Commander in the Navy, commanded three Navy squadrons, established two successful businesses and a currently successful national magazine, "U.S. LADY", and never been accused of being "sick". The photostats were kindly donated to the prosecutor by the Anti Defamation League of B'Nai B'Rith, -- the inevitable Jew! Dr. Shultz also had some of our Party literature, and he testified he read it and it showed that I was "very probably very 'sick'", -- "Paranoid"! Such hatred of "nice people" (ie; Communist Jews) was evidence, he testified, that I was probably very dangerous! (There is a good bit of grim humor in that. To traitors, I AM dangerous).

Under cross-examination, the great Doctor admitted he had never even seen me before in his life, and didn't even know if the stuff given the prosecutor by the ADL was my work!

But this seemed like a nice way to put an end to the Jewish pressure and agitation which was and is driving the public officials of D. C. to injustice and even perjury in some cases. So the Judge ruled that I must be dragged off and locked up with the lunatics for a month to see if I could "understand the charges against me and assist my lawyer in my defense!"

For citizens who have never experienced the more brutal side of the law, it is something of a shock to discover how quickly the decorum and genteel atmosphere of the Courtroom shifts to the naked force of the prison once the judge orders a commitment. As it becomes apparent that the verdict will be "guilty", three or four husky "marshals" slid in behind you, and, at the last word, hook a hammy hand in your belt and growl "let's go." You are lucky to hand your papers, etc., to a friend beside you before you are shoved out the side door and behind bars in a big cage which usually contains a herd of wretched looking criminals, mostly black, shuffling around, vomiting and spitting on the floor and all explaining how they were "railroaded".

Back into the filthy tank I went with the human scum, mostly black, until the patrol wagon came to trundle a load of us off to the jail and the insane ward. Those who have never ridden in a patrol wagon on a broiling summer day with a load of unwashed blacks will not be able to imagine the peculiar nature of this refined torture. There are only four little slits for air in the black wagon, which absorbs heat far worse than an ordinary auto in the hot sun, and it reaches well up above a hundred in only minutes. Jammed in with the reeking blacks for even a few moments is an olfactory experience never to be forgotten, to say nothing of the unbearable heat. And there is no rush to get the trip over. There are interminable waits for papers, for shifting prisoners, etc., so that the trip lasted a good hour, at the end of which even my socks were soaked with sweat and I feared I was permanently flavored with the stench of unwashed black bodies.

Finally, however, I was taken, under double guard to one of what they call the "units" at the D.C. General Hospital. After a check-in, in which even my wedding ring which has never been off was impounded, I was handed over to two Negroes and ordered to strip. My clothes were locked up, I was given a shower, and ordered to put on a degrading set of "safe" pajamas which could not be used for suicide, etc.

Then I was ushered out to the corridor and greeted by what the seedy looking herd of inmates told me was the "welcoming committee". This group consisted of alcoholics and dope addicts, black and white, who had been locked up there for long enough to regain some composure, and who sought sincerely to ease the shock for the newcomers like myself. But there was no easing it for me. These people were so obviously nuts or seedy or horrible that it only served to double the impression on me of being locked up in a madhouse. One had only one tooth and insisted on keeping a grisly smile on his pock-marked face. Another, a dope-fiend, had runny eyes and nose, and clammy wet hands which made me cringe as we shook hands.

After welcoming, I was led to my " room", with a seeing eye at the top and an eternal light. Everything is done by the personnel there to pretend that the place is just like home, but no amount of make-believe can hide the nuts and the locks on the doors. EVERY door is locked everywhere, every time you go anyplace, even the door to the place where they keep your toothbrushes, etc.

In all fairness, I must admit that some of the negro guards were kind and understanding, and to these I am very grateful. I was entirely at the mercy of and in the power of Negro guards, attendants, doctors and nurses. A white face was rare.

But, as might be expected, some of the guards and attendants took extreme advantage of their monstrous power over a white man, and did what they could to make life miserable. With my picture appearing on TV often in the day room, these sadists took especial delight in demonstrating their dictatorship over me.

Shining their infernal lights in my eyes all night was one of their tricks, making me take a shower in the middle of the night locking my little barred window on unbearably hot nights, and giving arbitrary orders leading to my discomfort all day, were some of the other methods used by these boss negroes.

In the meantime, my brave lads were out everywhere picketing and agitating for my release, even though many of them were convinced that I was a goner, and they might follow me. But they kept the light of publicity on the case, which is the only thing preventing the Jews from eliminating me by open and brutal direct bribery, legal skullduggery and even violence.

My own thoughts were often tinged with terror as I lay in my bare cell at night. It had been so easy for Shultz to railroad me this far; it would be even easier for them, now that I was in Shultz's own hospital, to "discover" that I was crazier than a bedbug, and lock me up without communication for life. I was even more worried about the possibilities of frontal lobotomy, where the thinking part of the mind is neatly severed from the brain by a simple operation, or injections which would make me appear genuinely insane at any hearings. It would be SO easy, it seemed.

But, as I thought and pondered the possibilities, I came to the conclusion which proved to be true that, while the Jews do indeed have a conspiracy going, it is not TOTAL. They

can't possibly have everybody in on it, else it would soon be no conspiracy; everybody would know all about it. The conspirators are forced to rely on a few key Jews, a few stupid or scared *shabez-goy* who will do what they are told for money or because of fear, a larger group of brain-washed boobs who imagine themselves "progressive" and "enlightened" because they "understand" the twaddle put out by the "liberals" as deep thought. This whole apparatus works as well as it does mostly because of the ignorance, fear and cowardice of those who discover the truth about it.

The top Jews who operate the terror and tyranny machine can survive and manipulate us exactly as the lion tamer can manipulate a cage full of deadly lions and tigers because the animals are too stupid and afraid of the silly crack of his whip and his chair to see the situation as it is and use the enormous power they have but are afraid to use.

That I was not insane, nobody had any doubt. But proving my sanity under the circumstances was a terrifying prospect. Psychiatry is notoriously Jewish, and it is so steeped in its own involuted concepts that anybody who "differs" in our regimented society is, by their definition, nuts. Since Negroes and Jews are obviously so lovable and valuable, failure to perceive and appreciate and worship the superior qualities of these marvels of Nature is *ipso facto* evidence that the subject is a lunatic. And here I was, not only a man who professed a dislike of many Jews and a refusal to mix socially with Negroes, but who openly and scientifically planned to put large number of Jewish traitors in gas chambers, and get millions of Negroes to go back to their African home. What chance had I to convince Dr. Shultz's herd of psychiatrists, whose jobs depended on the man who had already committed himself to the proposition that I was "probably insane"? And what of Shultz himself?

The prospects were anything but bright. I am ashamed to have to admit that they were so bad, in fact, that two of my lads, men who had stuck with me through all sorts of fights and threats and jail cells now decided that the fight was over and ran off. One even went as far as Oregon, imagining that the whole Party would soon be in padded cells.

But I was convinced that I would not only get out of that hell-hole, but that history has come to the point where evil has reached its zenith, and our rise and triumph is as inevitable as the rise of the sun after the dark of the night.

To make things more difficult, however. my court-appointed lawyer came to see me and whispered that he was convinced of the most monstrous plot to railroad me for life and that my only hope lay in refusing to talk to ANYBODY, especially psychiatrists. Mr. Parker, the lawyer, had never heard of any of the facts of the Jewish conspiracy, but his short introduction to Jewish pressure, threats and tactics when he was handed my case convinced him that I was practically a goner. When I first mentioned the way the Jews work, he scoffed, but soon got panicky when he discovered that I had put it mildly. The pressure they bring on everybody and everything to get what they want in the most brutal way IS frightening the first time one is exposed to it.

But I was locked up and helpless under Dr. Shultz, and my only hope lay in THINKING my way out of the mess.

I had already discovered, in my battle to expose the Jewish traitors politically, that the conspiracy is not total, that only a very few top people were in on the illegal aims and plan, and these depend on fear, stupidity and brilliant tactics to achieve their goals in what always must appear to be legal ways.

The major weapon against this hard core of plotters is publicity, which I had already achieved with more than satisfying results. They can't slide one into a dungeon or padded cell quietly when you succeed in becoming sufficiently notorious and well-known.

And the other Weapon I discovered and perfected in that mental lock-up is the technique of dividing the top plotters from their tools.

Here is the secret which is worth life itself to my fellow battlers for America and the White Race when the enemy attempts to lock you up and shut you up as a lunatic: MOST OF THE PEOPLE WE FACE WILL BE SINCERE, EVEN IF MISGUIDED. The Jews cannot afford to let everybody in on what they are trying to do, and they depend on brainwashing tools to do their dirty-work. The fools imagine they are full of "modern" "progressive" ideas, etc., and SINCERELY accomplish exactly what the Jews want done for their own filthy purposes.

For instance, it is the Jews themselves who are, as a whole group, paranoiac. The major symptoms of paranoia are Delusions of Grandeur and Delusions of Persecution. For four thousand years these Jews have been ranting that they are "God's CHOSEN people", -- a delusion which would get a single individual committed in a minute if it were not made the fetish of a whole "religion", -- and, at the same time, we are endlessly reminded, with pitiful wails, that "Jews are persecuted", -- they are always "innocent scape-goats", anti-Semitism is "hate", -- etc., etc. These are clear-cut and inescapable proofs of paranoiac tendencies, but the mad ones have developed a whole science, psychiatry, to convince the world that anybody who discovers and reports this simple fact is a "paranoiac" who imagines there is a Jewish Plot. This is one of the key tenets of the Jew Freud's ideas, along with the typical Jewish preoccupation with sex, as clearly shown in the Talmud on page after filthy page.

Knowing this, we know that the psychiatrist, when he gets hold of you, is going to be looking for these "delusions of grandeur" and "delusions of persecutions". He is going to be waiting like a cat at a rat hole for you to come out with the slightest hint that YOU, (instead of the Jews) are chosen to fulfill an historical mission such as preserving the White Race, and the concomitant proposition that the Jews are "persecuting" you for trying to expose them. It makes no difference if the White Race IS being driven out of existence so far as it is in the power of a group of Jews, and that you MUST fight to defend yourself from the terroristic machinations of these "chosen" apostles of tolerance and brotherhood. Facts have nothing to do with the situation. Any attempt to convince the

psychiatrist who is steeped in Jewish thinking will only snap the last lock on your padded cell.

But, at the same time, the psychiatrist, if he is not a Jew himself, is still human and subject to manipulation.

Knowing the rules of his game, if you have self-control and plenty of courage, you can BEAT him at it and win his OK.

The first rule is to COOPERATE! -- Instead of obeying my lawyer, who said not to talk at all, I volunteered to be a social worker in my cell-block for the insane blacks in need of therapy. I drew pictures for them, wrote letters for them, and talked to them, although their "conversation" was enough to send one half-way up the wall in some cases. They are looking for ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR, -- any indication that you can't "get along". So, repugnant as it may be, be friendly, popular with the coons, and make yourself liked by one and all, including the guards. Above all, don't get into a fight no matter what the provocation from the idiots, lunatics or guards. Any violence, and they can honestly testify that you "fight", are "dangerous", and must be committed.

The second rule is to be HONEST! When they sit you down with their little pads and tests and tricks, do not be afraid. They will be looking for NEGATIVE attitudes and fear itself. Take it easy and attack the tasks they give you with good will and a determination to accomplish them well and quickly. If they ask you what you see in their ink blots and smears, gear yourself to see POSITIVE things and pleasant things, and then tell them honestly. You will see in the blots what you are SET to look for, just as a woman notices another woman's dress while a man doesn't even see it, an artist sees the painting and skill of the artist in an advertisement which a laymen never notices, and an architect sees principles, details and ideas in a building which may simply be a public comfort station to the ordinary person. Do not see blood, bodies, wreckage, etc, but SET yourself to honestly see birds with handsome plumage, perhaps Japanese dancers with flowing robes, etc. If you do not thus set yourself, the gruesome atmosphere of the asylum, the guards, doctors etc. will cause you to give DISHONEST reactions of doom and death, which will only drive you further into the horrors of the mental lock-up.

The third rule is to realize that, bad as is the Jewish conspiracy, it is NOT all-powerful, and it is NOT total. No matter how much most Jews cause us to feel like disliking all of them, there ARE "good Jews", honest men who hate the conspiracy which is going on as much as we do. I owe a lot to a Jewish psychiatrist from another hospital who volunteered to come over to D.C. General and examine me in spite of the pressure to rush me permanently and forever into the lunatic lock-up. I trusted this man, talked freely and honestly to him, and CONVINCED HIM I WAS ON THE LEVEL AND AS SANE AS HE WAS, EVEN THOUGH OUR POLITICS WERE 100% OPPOSITE! It was a long chance, but it paid off. He reasoned correctly that if I really were a paranoid nut, I would be totally hostile to a Jew who looked and talked like a Jew, regardless of my objective determination that he was not part of the undeniable plot to railroad me. When this Jew-looking Jew asked me even the most embarrassing questions, I literally shocked him by

telling the TRUTH without reservations. In spite of himself, this Jew got to LIKE me, and went out and wrote up an affidavit that I was of sound mind and capable of standing trial. He, along with another volunteer psychiatrist from St. Elizabeth's was on hand at the *Habeus Corpus* proceedings ready to stick his neck out for me, and which would have gotten me out if I had not gotten myself out first by winning over the staff of the hospital, particularly the psychiatrist directly in charge of my lock-up or "unit".

Dr. Shultz was head of the whole hospital, and the man who

got me locked up sight unseen by telling the court I was "probably insane". Under him was a liberal lady psychiatrist who was head of psychiatry. There was NO question of their position in the railroading scheme. And the Jews were sure that with the head of the hospital and the head of psychiatry determined to "get" me, I was a goner.

But even all this power won't work if you keep your head and remember that not too many people can be in on a plot, or it gives itself away.

If you are ever seized and locked up as a "nut" as I was, remember that the vast majority of the people you will meet are NOT in on the deal, and will try honestly to do their jobs as they do with the thousands of other inmates they see all the time. It is impossible for the schemers to take them all into their confidence and get them all to help "railroad" you. They depend on power and influence at the TOP to overwhelm all opposition.

Your job is to mobilize the entire body underneath in outrage at your incarceration, and the plotters at the top are helpless. Not all our courts, except possibly in New York in Jewish Courts, are dishonest, and the villains know that you can summon as witnesses others beside themselves. They HAVE to give you some kind of a hearing before committing you for life, and, if you don't get panicky and win over the entire staff of junior doctors, nurses, guards and spies on the ward, the senior schemers find themselves in the uncomfortable position of exposing their dishonesty to their own staff if they insist that you are crazy when all the others know you are not.

In my case, the doctor directly under the Chief Psychiatrist was educated almost entirely in Jewish hospitals and schools, but he was not a Jew and was, I believed sincere. I had every opportunity to howl persecution and "plot", -- but I DIDN'T! My lawyer had told me to "clam up", and the psychiatrists knew it, but I DIDN'T. I was supposed to be a wild hate-monger, down on the world and crazy with hate of all Jews and Negroes. But I WASN'T! The Negroes liked me, the psychiatrists liked me, -- even the Jew, -- the patients liked me, and I was so obviously taking the injustice of the incarceration with a good will and calm assurance that they could NOT question my sanity or personality, especially after the dose of lies they had heard from the Jews before I arrived.

Rule four, if you are locked up as a mental case for trying to expose Jewish treason, is to remember that even the plotters are not courageous enough to resort to murder or outright Soviet-style injections, etc. What they try to do is frighten and goad you into ACTING like a nut, so they can honestly testify that you ARE a nut from their observations and the

observations of the whole staff. If you are uncooperative, howl about persecution, sulk and curse the staff, they will class you with all the REAL nuts they see all the time who do exactly those things without cause, however.

The major attack by the plotters could have been fatal to me if I had not steeled myself to a fanatical belief in my own reason. They burst into my cell one night with two negro guards, a chinese doctor, and a Negro nurse. The nurse held aloft a huge hypodermic filled with vile-looking, brownish-black fluid, and ordered me to roll over for a "shot". I asked what it was, and they said it was "vitamins".

Ask yourself what you would have done under similar circumstances. I knew they were determined to put me away for good, **Walter Winchell** (Izzy Lipshitz, a popular radio war-monger of the 1940s) had stated this was the official line on what to do with me, and I knew there were plenty of ways to drive me out of my mind by shots, etc, while I was "under observation". Now here they come with "vitamins" in the middle of the night, tenderly thinking of my health, no doubt.

The temptation to fight, to scream, to struggle to the last ditch to avoid that "deadly" shot was overwhelming. But I didn't do it. I believed they would not dare use such methods, since getting caught would totally wreck their scheme for good. But if they got me to fight and scream and act insane and those WERE vitamins, any court in the world would commit me!

So I roiled over docilely and took the "shot".

And it WAS vitamins! I could TASTE them as they coursed into my blood stream.

That little scene in my cell with the vitamins is a capsule version of what the Jews are doing to our people who try to fight them all over the country. They get US to act like madmen and get many of us to believe that they are so all-powerful that everything which happens to us is part of their plot.

The Jews have no such all-powerful plot. They DO have a deadly plot of the top Jew-Communist-Zionists, and it is taking over the world, but not because they are so brilliant or so daring. They have been winning because we have let them goad us into being stupid, weak and disorganized. As the Jews planned to show I was "nuts" in court because they were sure I would fight their innocent vitamin shot, -- they keep showing Americans how wild and crazy our side seems to be when it howls "plot" every time one of us is arrested for speeding or for violating a Court order. The law says, for instance, as it stands now, that schools must integrate. This is an ILLEGAL law, to be sure, but it does have the sanction of law at the moment, and the FBI, for instance, MUST enforce it. When rabid "Southerners" join the Communist Worker in damning the FBI for enforcing that law, -- or the Constitutional Amendment which says Negroes are citizens and can vote, -- they are "fighting the vitamin shot" and convincing millions whom we must win that they are just what the Jews say we are, "hate-mongers" and lawless terrorists. The proper remedy is to CHANGE the illegal law, not fight honest police and FBI for

enforcing the laws WE ALLOW TO BE MADE by a cowardly Congress, and a trained-ape Supreme Court.

When you out-THINK them, and then back up your reason with GUTS, -- as I had to do with the vitamins and as we are doing with our Nazi Party, -- they are WHIPPED and dumbfounded!

By the exercise of REASON and GUTS instead of wild emotion and "righteous wrath" at the illegal incarceration, I won over the Dr's. under Shultz and the lady liberal psychiatrist, and these people had the courage to defy the two top-bosses and declare I was sane in TEN DAYS, in spite of the hysteria of the Chief of Psychiatry, who was shouting, "You're SICK! SICK!! SICK!" even as I left the lock-up.
