

William Pierce: His Mission

by Kevin Alfred Strom

It's my sad duty to inform you that my mentor and my friend, William Pierce, died a few days ago. He and I founded American Dissident Voices ten-and-a-half years ago, and it was his wish that I continue the program now that he is no longer able to do so. I humbly accept that responsibility.

Dr. William Luther Pierce, founder and Chairman of the National Alliance, died on July 23, 2002, after a battle with cancer lasting less than one month. Prior to his sudden disability, Dr. Pierce maintained his 80-hours-per-week schedule of writing, broadcasting, publishing, and organizing on behalf of people of European descent around the world, a regimen that he continued almost without interruption for 36 years. Standing far above his contemporaries, history will rank William Pierce with Shaw and Nietzsche as a visionary who saw clearly what European Man could become; and he will also be recognized as a great man of action who made his ideals concrete in an organization, the National Alliance, which will continue his Mission beyond his physical life.

Most of today's broadcast will consist of my eulogy to Dr. Pierce, which I delivered at his memorial service last Saturday. But first I want to assure every single one of you that Dr. Pierce made provisions for the continuity of the National Alliance. The Alliance's Board of Directors was established decades ago as a bulwark against the malicious and the ambitious who sometimes raise their heads at times like these, and that Board, chosen personally by Dr. Pierce, is making certain that all Alliance functions, and any necessary adjustments, are made smoothly and without interruption in the Alliance's important work.

Sixteen years ago, Dr. William Pierce spoke these words from the Havamal:

Cattle die, kinsmen die, and so must one die oneself. But one thing I know which never dies -- the fame of a dead man's deeds.

The writers of the Edda did not mean fame in the sense in which that word is now commonly understood. Today, when the semi-literates of the press utter the word "fame," what they mean is notoriety -- the notoriety that one gets by marrying or divorcing a Hollywood starlet or harlot, committing a sensational crime, or extracting tears and cash from the public by writing or filming a "best-seller," which will be quickly forgotten when next season's heart-rending thriller comes along.

"Fame," to the ancients of our race -- and even to our great-grandparents -- carried with it an implication of acclaim and high honor and repute for great deeds well done. And, of course -- and this is crucial -- for the "fame of a dead man's deeds" to live on and "never die," the dead man's people, his race, which unlike a man can truly be immortal, must live on and never die.

Ensuring the immortality of our European race was one aspect of William Pierce's purpose -- of William Pierce's deeds.

No man saw more clearly the threat to the continued existence of our people than did William Pierce. No man strove more mightily to avert our enemies' genocidal plans than did William Pierce. No man exhorted our people more compellingly to tear the blinders from our eyes and to see the world as it really is than did William Pierce. No man called forth nobility from the White men and women of our time as did William Pierce. No man hammered the truth home again and again as did William Pierce: from this, his mountaintop pulpit, he called out to his people to stop our insane and suicidal course, to stop worshipping our deadliest enemies, and to take the hand he offered to help us return once again to what he called the Upward Path.

Racial survival is absolutely necessary, the sine qua non of William Pierce's purpose. Insisting upon European man's right of survival, and creating a vital and growing organization to bring that about was enough to make William Pierce some very powerful enemies. And to his friends and comrades that great goal was enough to bind them in loyalty for a lifetime. But understanding racial survival, racial continuity, even racial immortality is just the beginning of an understanding of William Pierce's purpose -- of William Pierce's deeds.

Dr. Pierce saw the future looming, dangerous yet infinitely promising, before us. He saw that man, and even our race, and even the highest among our race are not ends in themselves but a bridge to something higher.

The Jews like to caricature us by saying that we are "White supremacists" who believe that we are superior "Supermen" who therefore deserve to lord it over other peoples and enslave or kill them at our pleasure. Although that more accurately describes Ariel Sharon's attitude than it does anyone else's, unfortunately there are some among us whose racialism is an act of ignorant hubris like that, and who therefore bring great discredit upon a Cause they do not understand.

William Pierce's vision was less of what European man is than of what European man could be in the future.

Yes, by our own standards we are superior -- the best among us markedly so. The Aryan race, by dint of its intelligence and creativity and character has managed to drag itself up to a state of civilization and some degree of scientific understanding of the universe about us. But what Dr. Pierce could clearly see, and what the more jingoistic racialists cannot see, is that that state of civilization, impressive as it may be, and though none has exceeded it, is but a few inches above the slime of universal savagery. We are a few inches above the dirt on a journey to the stars. The journey has just begun and the danger of falling back is very great.

European man is, in two senses, very much like the first amphibians that took their first faltering steps upon the land and tremblingly and inefficiently (and certainly without comprehension of what they were doing) took their first breaths of air.

As the amphibians broke through the previously unpassed boundary of the surface of the sea, so Aryan man has in the last microsecond of geologic time touched the surface of another world. I should not need to tell you what implications that has -- for building a new civilization of the selected few -- our selected few -- on another world, for giving Life itself a second chance on a new world should circumstances or bad choices render this one unlivable, and for a thousand other things.

Even more important than colonizing other worlds in the macrouniverse of space, we also are stepping into a new world in the microuniverse of our own DNA. Since the time of Gregor Mendel, every year we have increased our fund of knowledge that will allow us to accelerate and direct the course of our own evolution. Since the fall of Europe in 1945, no nation has yet fully grasped the implications of this knowledge. Today it seems likely that the less Jew-ridden elites of Asia will embrace this truth and so gain world-ruling power and superiority in a few generations -- power to destroy and enslave us if they so choose. Now, more than ever, it is important for White men and women to regain control of our governments so that the power of applied eugenics will be ours to wield during the time that human life is still restricted to this planet. And I should not need to tell you of the monumental implications of eugenically increasing our intelligence and understanding -- for avoiding cosmic or biological catastrophes, for greater understanding of natural processes and the technological power that can bring, and a thousand thousands more, most of which our limited minds cannot even imagine at this stage in our evolution -- just as the first amphibians could not understand the implications of their first shaky steps upon the Devonian sands millions of years ago.

Critics with very little insight called William Pierce an "anti-Semite" and lumped him together with ignorant provincials, religious fanatics, and conspiracy-obsessed lunatics, of which he was more nearly the opposite than anyone else.

William Pierce knew that for our people to achieve their potential greatness, we must regain control of our own destiny. That means that our ruling elite must be of our people and for our people. And he saw the Jews from a realistic, objective, and biological perspective. He perceived that, as a race, Jews are unique -- very strange parasites that replace our race's elite and leadership with themselves.

Jews deprive our race of what it must have if it is going to survive and prosper: the leadership of the best among us. In a Jew-led society, the best are suppressed, vilified, hated, imprisoned, exiled, killed.

As Dr. Pierce pointed out to me almost 20 years ago, what Jews do to other races is not unlike what certain parasitic ant species do to their hosts.

There is a parasitic ant species whose queen invades a colony, climbs atop the colony's queen, methodically gnaws her head off, and thereafter displaces her. The parasitized workers then feed and raise the immigrant queen's eggs, which mature and go off to invade other colonies.

Apparently, chemical signals (much like television or radio signals are to us) prevent the colony's workers from recognizing the parasite as an invader.

An even more dramatic example of immigrant parasite "chemical signal" use is the species which, it is theorized, uses such signals to induce the host workers to murder their own mother. As Richard Dawkins describes it in *The Selfish Gene*:

But sawing off heads is a bit of a chore. Parasites are not accustomed to exerting themselves if they can coerce a stand-in. My favourite character in Wilson's *The Insect Societies* is *Monomorium santschii*.

This species, over evolutionary time, has lost its worker caste altogether. The host workers do everything for their parasites, even the most terrible task of all. At the behest of the invading parasite queen, they actually perform the deed of murdering their own mother. The usurper doesn't need to use her jaws. She uses mind-control.

How she does it is a mystery; she probably employs a chemical, for ant nervous systems are generally highly attuned to them. If her weapon is indeed chemical, then it is as insidious a drug as any known to science.

For think what it accomplishes. It floods the brain of the worker ant, grabs the reins of her muscles, woos her from deeply ingrained duties and turns her against her own mother. For ants, matricide is an act of special genetic madness and formidable indeed must be the drug that drives them to it. In the world of the extended phenotype, ask not how an animal's behaviour benefits its genes; ask instead whose genes it is benefiting.

Indeed. One reflects that the Jewish media elite also use "antennae" of a kind to induce us to commit suicide.

Their parasitic, money/pleasure earthbound existence, the highest goal of which is merely to manipulate their hosts to provide all the material needs of the ruling Jews, is anti-Faustian, anti-evolution, and will ultimately result in the final and irreversible termination of our long journey on the Upward Path toward greater consciousness and understanding and mastery. Despite its glitter and its temporal power, the path of the Jews is an empty and bleak one, an evolutionary dead end whose final stop is extinction and death. William Pierce knew, with more depth of understanding than any other man, that they must be removed from their position of power over us, or all is lost.

He knew that the survival of everything we love, everything we know as noble or beautiful, depends on our victory.

If we lose, every sacrifice made by our ancestors will be turned into nothing -- like dust blowing across Ozymandias' dead empire, they and we will be utterly forgotten, and the universe will know us no more. Only a very few men of vision could see that those are the stakes -- and because William Pierce lived, we can see that too. Time will tell if we were worthy of that knowledge.

It is hard for me to believe that William Pierce is gone. For twenty years he was my teacher. He was my mentor. He was my friend. Just a few days ago, he was still joking with me as he made plans for a future he knew he would not see. Just a few months before that, after my wife and I had dinner at his home, he surprised us with his vigor and life-force at the age of 68 by sweeping his lady friend off her feet and kissing her as they laughed and swirled around the room to the music on her stereo. Dr. Pierce lived -- truly lived -- and gave his all for his people every day for 36 years after his awakening. I'm glad I was able to know him and learn from him.

Yesterday I received a note from Joseph Pryce, the man who gave us the beautiful music of Call of the Blood, and he said good-bye to Dr. Pierce in these words:

Rest in Peace until you need no longer rest, o William! Be of Good Cheer, You Are Still What You Have Always Been, And What You Were You Shall Remain: Our Doctor! And that is going to be true through all of time for you, and through all earthly ages that will come for all of us who live within you, we, reflections of your glory!

William Pierce, as I have said before, had his eyes on the stars. I am not a mystic and I do not believe in magic or the supernatural. I believe we live in a purely material universe, and the objective study of it should bring us all the awe and wonder we need, an awe and wonder all the greater for its source being real and not in the prosaic imagination of some con-man or mystery-monger. But I do not think that I exaggerate when I say that William Pierce is looking down at us from those stars.

The unimaginably immense universe shines down upon us, an infinite field of galaxies and the blackness of the void. In its structure and in the nature of Time itself, operating not according to chance as some would have it, but according to absolute laws in which one moment is the inevitable and unavoidable father of the next, there was an inherent pattern that led to the development of Life from non-living matter. Just as inevitably, consciousness developed among living beings and, eventually, there arose among conscious beings our Kind -- our race -- on planet Earth. And among our Kind, there occasionally arises a Great Man, a man who can see the Future beckoning, who knows that we face a choice between Infinity and Nothingness -- a man like William Luther Pierce. That such a man could arise among us -- that the birth and life of such a man was inherent in the structure of this universe of stars from the very beginning of Time -- should give us hope, should banish fear, should bind us together for the rest of our lives and call us to give those lives so that our journey to those stars, our ascent upon William Pierce's Upward Path, can begin.