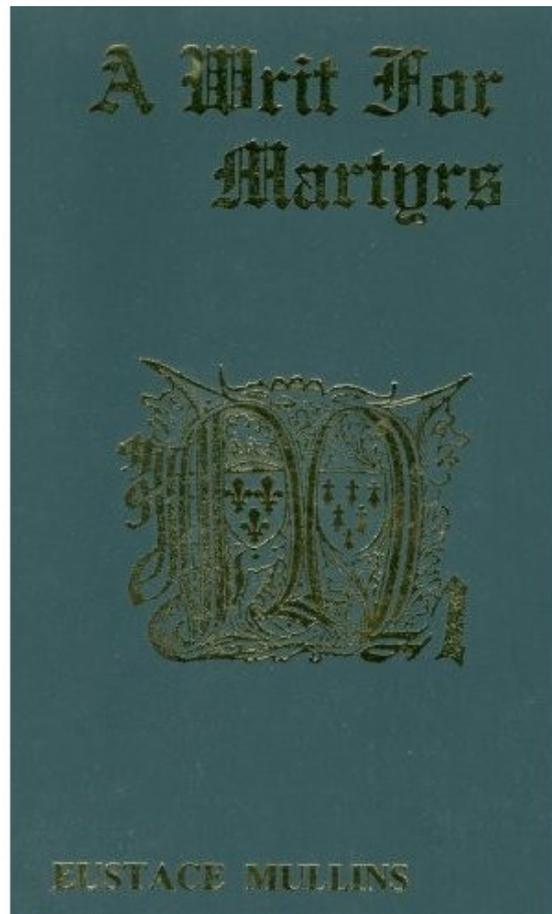


A

Writ for Martyrs



EUSTACE MULLINS

First edition, 1985

Dedicated to the memory of my parents

Eustace Clarence Mullins

and

Jane Katharine Muse Mullins

and my late sister

Dorothy Louise Mullins

Foreword

You have read endless media lamentations about the sufferings of Mandelstam, Pasternak, Brodsky, Wiesel, Solzhenitsyn, and Sakharov in Soviet Russia. Now you can read about American martyrs, fully documented from government files. I speak for the thousands of American martyrs singled out for "special treatment" and victimized through such programs as COINTELPRO. The federal agents who carried out these brutal punishments were acting on the diktat of their London masters.

This is an indictment. I present factual evidence documenting crimes which have been committed, and some of the legal actions which have been undertaken in fruitless attempts to obtain redress under the law. The many pages of official documents reproduced here include no evidence of any kind which justified thirty years of surveillance by federal agents, at an expense to the American taxpayers of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Neither do these documents give any compelling reason why the agents continue to hold back almost half of my file. Some three hundred pages continue to be withheld from a file of some eight hundred pages.

Despite this revelation of crimes committed, and injuries inflicted on me and my family, nothing has changed. Many other innocent Americans have also been harassed, libeled, assaulted, and denied every precept of the Declaration of Independence's guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in these United States of America. Samuel Adams defined it thus:

"The natural rights of the colonists are these: first, the right to life; second, the right to liberty; third, the right to property; together with the right to support and defend them in the best manner they can."

You are not likely to see another such presentation as is documented in the pages. I have urged other victims to come forward, but in most cases, the pressure is too great to allow them to do so. Meanwhile, I continue my grim struggle for retribution, not because of what I to endure, but because of the incredible malice of government agents acting on behalf of foreign interests. Because they failed to subdue me by criminal acts which would have crushed most Americans, they determined to strike at me in another way, by hounding my father, my mother, and my sister to their deaths. This is not a pleasant story. It is a shocking account of conspiracy to murder, obstruction of justice, and other illegal acts. While I continue my opposition to the criminal acts of the Marielito powers in Washington, you should ask yourself whether any of this may be remedied, and whether it is time to take the asylum back from the lunatics.

Introduction

For many years, I doubted that I had an F.B.I. file, a compilation which the Federal Bureau of Investigation maintains at its Headquarters buildings in Washington, D.C. Such files are kept on habitual criminals, agents of foreign governments, and other persons whom the FBI is legally entitled to observe. I had made no inquiry to see if I had such a file, because I supposed that even if it could be obtained, it would contain little or nothing of any interest. I had never belonged to any political party. In some fifty years since my maturity, I had never been arrested or charged with any misdemeanor or felony. I had served honorably for thirty-eight months in the United States Army Air Force during World War II. I later attended Washington and Lee University, where my classmates included many present day luminaries.

I was finally persuaded to request my files from the FBI in 1980, under the Freedom of Information Act. I was amazed to be informed that my file consisted of more than eight hundred pages. The FBI was willing to release about five hundred pages to me. The rest had to be withheld, because of "national security". I found this difficult to believe. As an employee of the Library of Congress, I had been cleared by the office of Naval Intelligence to photograph Top Secret documents. I had also been employed at Ft. McNair, Va. as a federal employee of the U.S. Army. I had entree to many offices on Capitol Hill. The Chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, Hon. Wright Patman, had praised my history of the Federal Reserve System as "one of the few books that I have on my desk that I often refer to." Despite this background, I was considered to be involved in matters affecting our national security.

Nearly two years went by before the five hundred pages of my FBI file was finally released to me. After many months of fruitless negotiations, I requested my college classmate, Senator John Warner, (R. Va.), to intervene on my behalf. He brought pressure to bear on the reluctant bureaucrats, and at last the file was delivered to me. I answered my doorbell one dark night in December, 1981; someone thrust a package into my hand and disappeared into the darkness. I came inside, unwrapped the package, and sat down to read some of the most incredible pages I had ever seen. Many of the pages, about fifty of the five hundred, had all the information completely blacked out with heavy black marking pens. Nearly half of them had only a few legible sentences on each page. The rest of the page was blacked out. This was the FBI interpretation of "freedom of information".

In the ensuing weeks, I found in these pages the answers to many of the puzzling and heretofore unexplained disasters which had struck me and my family during the past three decades. On more than a dozen occasions, the Assistant Director of the FBI had described me as "a vicious, warped degenerate". He referred to my "demented" writings, and claimed that I had a "suicidal" nature. These files not only were routinely sent out to other government agencies on request, but were made available to foreign officials, political candidates, and journalists, always without the knowledge of the subject of the files. Jack Anderson boasted for years that he could obtain access to any FBI file he wished to consult. Like everything else in Washington, the FBI files are for sale, but only to carefully chosen individuals.

The most startling portion of the file released to me contained memoranda detailing a conspiracy to have me committed to a mental institution in 1959. I had spent part of the summer in Michigan with Russell Kirk at his Lake Mecosta cottage. During that period, I completed the final draft of the biography of Ezra Pound, and then returned to Chicago. Russell frequently entertained visiting scholars, students, and various intellectuals at Mecosta, all of whom I met during that summer. Had any of them considered me insane, Russell would have managed to bring it up, in his wry way.

While I was in Michigan, FBI officials had made arrangements with an obliging Chicago judge to have me committed to a mental institution. When they went to my apartment to pick me up, I was not there. This resulted in a national alert being sent out to have me picked up. FBI agents went to major airports, train stations and bus stations, hoping to find me! This has been described in great detail, much of which I have reproduced in this volume.

I decided that in order to forestall any further such conspiracies I must file suit against the responsible parties. The legal results were unbelievable. The defendants failed to answer in the allotted time. I then had the clerk of the U.S. District Court enter a \$50,000,000.00 default judgment against them in the official record of the court.

These government documents prove that American citizens of my background, native-born, law-abiding, hardworking and patriotic Christians, are viewed with fear and loathing by the Washington bureaucrats, because we pose the greatest threat to their continued rape of the nation for their alien overlords. If you are a criminal, you will be treated with great consideration by the Marielitos in our halls of government. But -- if you are an American who is seriously concerned about the tragic decline of our once great Republic, and if you have ever made this concern a public issue, as I have, you are in as great danger as I have been from these furtive conspirators. Their lives are deduced to their foreign masters, as they steadily plot to increase their power over our daily lives. In recent years, a number of American citizens have been shot down by large groups of heavily armed terrorists, for such offenses as failing to file the proper income tax information, or for refusing to send their treasured children to dope-ridden, crime-terrorized public schools! Yet these are not listed as capital offenses anywhere in the United States Code.

As you read the official documented record of the crimes committed against my person, you may feel sympathy for me. But I survived . Your reaction should be -- Will you?

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Chapter 1

The Prisoner of St. Elizabeth's

"What country can preserve its liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance?"

NOTES ON THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, By Thomas Jefferson.

In a single day, my life changed from one peaceful artistic endeavour to one of constant struggle for survival. One dark winter day in 1948, some friends persuaded me to visit the poet Ezra Pound in his cell at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C. That day was to cast a pall over my life, and to bring great suffering to my innocent family. At the time, there was no indication of any such problem. Pound and I had an enjoyable visit in his gloomy surroundings, which were like a mediaeval dungeon, and I agreed to come back for regular visits. That was a dark day, but one expects dark days in winter; there is always the certainty that spring and its sunshine will reappear, in the ensuing weeks or months. For me, that spring would never come.

I knew that Ezra Pound was being held as a political prisoner, charged with treason by the Department of Justice. The press habitually referred to him as "the crazy traitor", but I attributed this to the natural exuberance of the native American mudslinger rather than to any actual malice. I soon understood that Pound was not crazy, and that if he was a traitor, he had displayed amazing intransigence in refusing to give up his citizenship in the very country he was accused of betraying! He constantly cited the Constitution of the United States in his political observations. The government of the United States had not brought him to trial, because the witnesses against him stated he "was always sincere in his beliefs and had no desire whatsoever to harm the United States."
See documents G-1, G-2, G-3, G-4, and G-5

Pound's family had been careful to distance themselves from his publicized views, a position which they maintain to the present day. During my days at St. Elizabeth's, I found that visitors to the captive poet were usually literary people, of the prevailing liberal persuasions. As a result, he was often balked in his desire to describe his longstanding interests in economic and political developments. The sightseers to what Ezra referred to as "the zoo" wanted only to talk about what Gertrude Stein served for lunch in Paris in 1922. They rarely concealed their impatience with his strictures on international finance.

I had no more interest in Ezra Pound's views on economics and politics than did his other visitors. Nevertheless, I appreciated his resentment at his confinement, which prevented him from carrying on his necessary research. When he asked me to find out what I could about the Federal Reserve System, a subject in which I had no interest whatsoever, I agreed to serve as "his legs" and go to the Library of Congress for him.

My previous visits to the Library of Congress had been solely to consult rare books on art and poetry, and magazines such as *Exile*, which Pound had edited in Paris. I now went to Deck 35, the Finance section, which took me into another world. It proved to be fascinating, as I discovered many suppressed or littleknown books which traced the ongoing efforts of a determined few conspirators to control the people and the wealth of the entire world. Pound had already devoted some thirty-five years to this same pursuit, a total which I now have matched. Most of his research had been done in Europe, and he had never seen any of the Congressional Hearings which I found in the stacks, and which detailed startling evidence of the malefactors' misdeeds. The next few months provided revelations for both of us. Pound waited eagerly each day for me to bring the results of my previous day's research to him at St. Elizabeth's. His wife appreciated the new interests which I was developing for him.

Already a book had begun to take shape, although neither Pound nor I had any such intention. He wanted information which he could use in his correspondence and his writings; but he now realized that we had gathered enough new material for a book which could be of great interest to all American citizens.

I would have been scoffed at anyone who claimed that the FBI had already been alerted to my research. The attendants at the St. Elizabeth's Hospital openly referred to Pound as a political prisoner, who was under considerable restrictions compared to other inmates. No one could visit him without prior clearance, or without registering at the desk on each and every visit, regardless of how many times one had been there before. I found it irksome, and stopped by one afternoon to visit him on the lawn, without making the long trip up the building to sign in. I had not been there ten minutes before the attendants summoned me to the office and gave me a stern lecture. Although I continued to visit Pound daily, I always had to sign in.

It was understandable that Pound would be kept under observation. However, I had no idea that a file had been opened under my name at the FBI, or that they had any interest in me. I knew that the FBI, as portrayed by James Cagney, James Stewart and other clean-cut American types, was concerned only with criminal activity. Nothing in my placid daily routine could possibly be of any interest to them. My mornings and evenings were spent at the Library of Congress, where I worked until they closed the doors at 9 p.m. My afternoons were spent at St. Elizabeth's with Ezra Pound. I had no contact with anyone who was engaged in any criminal or political activity. After I joined the staff of the Library of Congress, I was cleared to photograph Navy documents with a Top Secret clearance. I was a veteran of World War II, and later attended Washington and Lee University, where my classmates included John Warner, later senior from Virginia, evangelist Pat Robertson, commentator Roger Mudd, financier W. Herbert Hunt, and Robert E. Lee IV, scion of the Lee family. See G-6 and G-7.

In Washington I had already been invited on a number of occasions by Katharine Garrison Chapin (wife of Attorney General Francis Biddle) to soirees in her home. I was on good terms with another prominent Establishment figure, Huntingdon Cairns, the longtime legal counsel of the National Gallery. Cairns relied on me to keep him posted about Ezra Pound's condition, and I often visited him in his office at the Gallery. At the Library of Congress, I worked with Senator McCarran's daughter, and we occasionally had lunch with him. I also knew his older daughter, a nun who maintained a permanent desk in the Library of Congress for her scholarly work.

A member of Senator Joe McCarthy's staff heard about the research I was doing. He asked me to meet with the Senator. I was glad to do so, as he was at that time the most famous person in the nation. He was at the high point of his anti-Communist campaign, and, as I soon learned, he needed all the help he could get. He was extremely busy, but in the course of a few minutes, he rapped out just what he would like for me to do. It was in line with what I was already doing, and I assured him I could get just what he wanted. He needed reliable, documented information on the people who were behind the Communist movement. He knew the well-publicized "agents" but he suspected that they were only front men.

I prepared a special twenty-five page report for him, which summarized many of my most recent findings. I had discovered that the international tentacles of the financial octopus controlled not only Communism, but also every other political movement in the world. McCarthy paid me handsomely for the report, which he assured me was satisfactory in every way. I spent the money on a beautiful tailor-made plaid suit, which I had made at Stein's, the tailor for the top officials in Washington. Several years later, when I met Richard Nixon in the Senate office Building, he was wearing the identical suit, cut from the same bolt. It looked as good on him as it did on me.

Senator McCarthy flew to Chicago to make a key speech before a prominent group of Midwest industrialists. He used my report as the basis for his entire speech. He received a standing ovation, and was given substantial pledges of financial support from these

businessmen. However, that speech caused the downturn of McCarthy's career. From that night on, he was relentlessly attacked by the press. As long as he had limited his attack to the "Communists", the ruling order was content to let him proceed along certain well-defined lines. Now he had gone outside those lines, and was turning the spotlight on the people who were financing the world Communist movement. He had gone too far. Bernard Baruch soon called him to New York for a private conference in his suite at the Hotel Carlyle. Baruch informed McCarthy that he could continue to expose Communist spies, but he must never again refer to the people who financed the Communist movement. McCarthy agreed to these terms. He never again referred to the financial forces behind Communism. However, it was too late. The dogs had already been unleashed, and they pursued him mercilessly until his final hour. Few people realize that the instrument of his downfall, the Army-McCarthy Hearings, were set in motion because McCarthy had dared to attack Secretary of the Army Stevens, who was a partner of J.P. Morgan Co. Stevens was also a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Stevens, head of the giant J.P. Stevens textile firm, and married to Dorothy Whitney, found it inconceivable that McCarthy dared to criticize him. Partners of J.P. Morgan Co. consider U.S. Senators as mere mailroom clerks. A mailroom clerk does not address a partner; certainly he would never dare to criticize him. Thousands of investigative reporters in Washington observed the Army-McCarthy Hearings, yet not one of them mentioned the obvious fact that McCarthy had "forgotten his place". It was for this reason alone that he was censured by the entire Senate.

At the time I did this confidential report for Senator McCarthy, he was believed to be the single most powerful political figure in the United States. I could not have believed he could be brought down so rapidly. Neither could I have believed that anyone would strike at me because of the research I was doing. It was dynamic and vital material, but I was not operating in connection with any political group, and posed no threat to the powerful figures behind the scenes. Nevertheless, a leading international financier, Senator Herbert Lehman, of Lehman Bros., was then serving as national chairman of the most ruthless hate group in America. His agents in this hate group alerted him to my work, and suggested that something be done to stop me. Senator Lehman requested J. Edgar Hoover to send two FBI agents to Librarian of Congress Luther Evans, and to demand that I be fired.

Luther Evans was dumbfounded by this demand, because he personally had invited me to join the staff of the Library of Congress. He had heard me giving a reading of my poetry at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, and suggested I would make a good recruit for the staff of the Library. The agents gave him a flimsy pretext, that I had written an article for *The Social Creditor*, a small English financial paper of which I was the American correspondent. This arrangement had been made by Ezra Pound, who had been a close friend of Major C.H. Douglas, founder of the Social Credit movement.

Nevertheless, Evans had no choice but to order my dismissal. The following week, he addressed the annual meeting of the American Library Association. His subject was "Freedom of Speech".

Under the arcane rules of federal employment, I had the right to request that Evans postpone my dismissal until I had the chance to personally discuss the charges with him. He gave me an appointment, and, when I went to his office two weeks later, he was very nervous. He asked me if I wrote for *The Social Creditor*. I replied that I did, but that the articles were on economic matters, and had no implication for any political party. He then asked me if I had used the letterhead, Aryan League of America, the second damning charge which the hate group had dredged up against me. I said that I did, explaining that it referred to a religious group in India, the Aryan Path, with whom Ezra Pound had been in correspondence.

At the time of this interview, I knew nothing about the visit from the FBI agents, or that the demand for my dismissal had originate with Senator Lehman and his group of subversives. I noted that Evans continued to glance longingly at a nearly empty quart of Virginia Gentleman bourbon which protruded from his desk drawer like a beached whale. I decided

that it would be cruel to prolong the discussion, which was pointless anyway, when he had more pressing things to do. Like many of the wretches whom the ruling order had dredged up from the flotsam and jetsam of the American scene to do their bidding, Evans had become a hopeless alcoholic.

George Stimpson, founder the National Press Club, had introduced me to some of the more patriotic Congressmen, on Capitol Hill, of whom the most outspoken was Congressman Clare Hoffman of Michigan. After I had been dismissed from the Library of Congress, the only person then or since to have been fired for political reasons, I walked across the street to the House Office Building. When I told Congressman Hoffman what had happened, he listened sympathetically, but said his committee had no power in this matter. "You could be of some help to us, though," he said. "Several Congressmen have complained that Evans is letting the Library fall apart, because he spends most of his time traveling on junkets for UNESCO. Could you get me some details on that?"

I had many friends at the Library, and I soon obtained irrefutable statistics that Luther Evans had been absent from his duties at the Library a total of 141 days during the past twelve months. He had travelled to many countries for UNESCO, while he neglected the administration of the Library of Congress. After seeing the statistics, they suggested to him that he should resign. He then went to Paris as a UNESCO official, where he remained for many years.