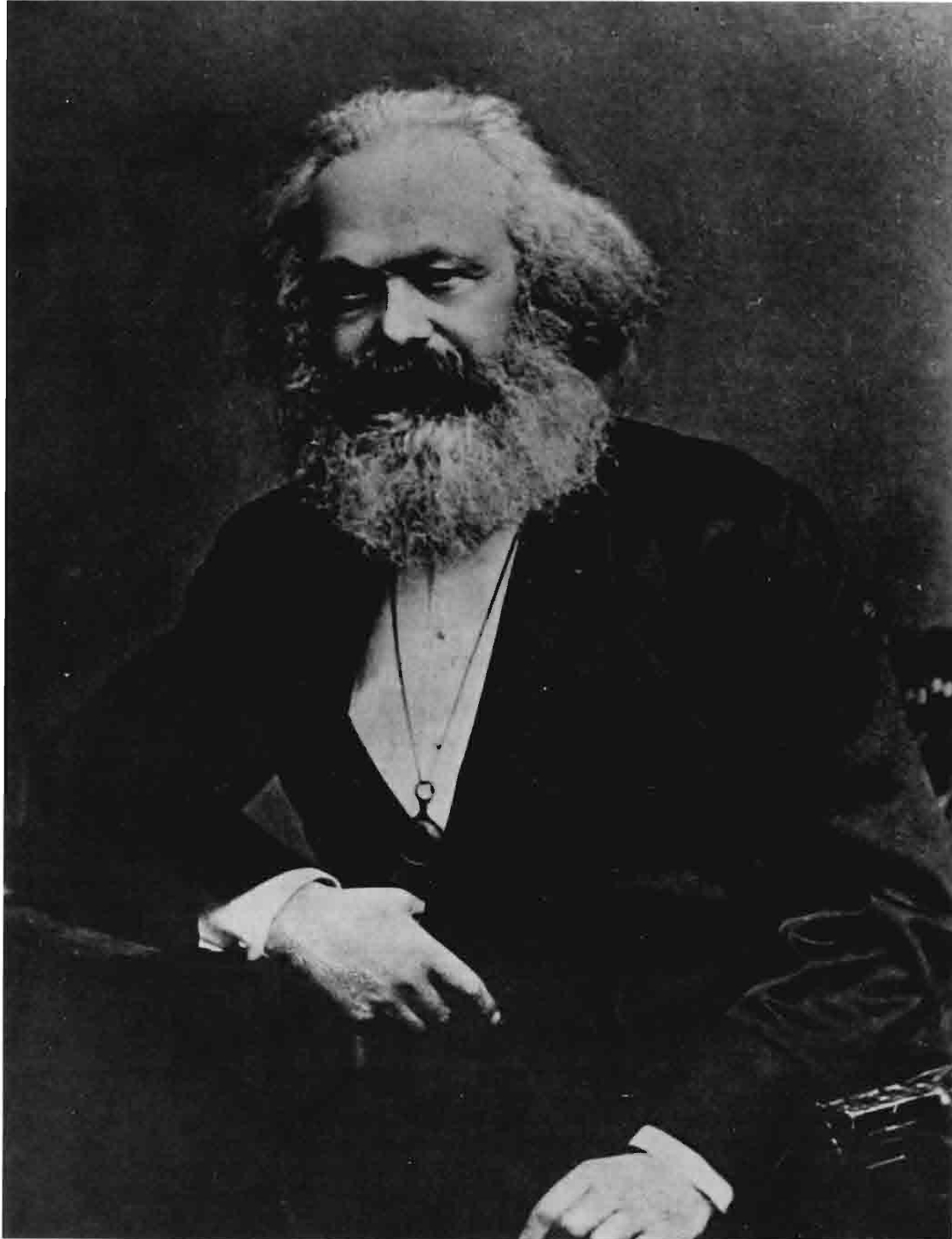


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 6 NO. 7

JUNE 1981



DID KARL MARX HAVE NEGRO GENES?

The Safety Valve

In keeping with *Instauration's* policy of anonymity, communicants will only be identified by the first three digits of their zip codes.

"Notes from the Sceptred Isle" is smartly written, but the contentious raging between England and Ireland is never ending. Frankly, with so many crises at home my interest does not extend beyond the border of the American continent.

344

Have you heard of IONA (Islands of the North Atlantic), a confederation of England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales, with perhaps Eire joining in later? Buzz words like Britain or Ireland have been deliberately avoided.

British subscriber

In James Michener's *Centennial* (Random House, 1974) the author refers to "the unspeakable Utes," who were very dark and who kidnapped paler Indians to force them into marriage so as to lighten the tribal skin.

356

If *Instauration* stops, the world stops.

511

Manfred Röder is our martyr (à la Shcharansky for the Zionists) and Martin Luther King, Jr., for the blacks. Traudel Röder is our heroine and should be an example to Majority females. The six children are a great contribution to keep the race going. I can't think of a better group of heroic souls than these!

940

Since Jesus was a Jew and God's son, then God must be a Jew.

111

I found the article "Nazis vs. Hollywood Nazis" (March 1981) of more than passing interest. I was reminded of the movie, *The Blues Brothers*. The American Nazi group in that movie was depicted with a startling attention to authentic detail, particularly in the furnishings of the Nazi clubhouse interior. Most of the paraphernalia on the walls -- bumper stickers, posters, etc. -- looked like the exact sort of thing that can be ordered through the mail from the real groups. Perhaps some Nazi outfit is still puzzling over a large order from Universal Studios for material a couple of years back?

267

We can achieve a lot more if we aim at one target at a time. Let us for the present leave the small fish and concentrate on the Zionist stranglehold on the jugular vein of Western man. It is too tight, too close, and too subversive for us to worry about anything else.

123

I have been through four years of ROTC training, summer camps and Reserve ATs, but it takes an extended period of active duty, such as I am on now, to really appreciate the decay of the Army. I have changed my mind on the draft -- I wouldn't want any white person with any sensibilities whatever to go through the culture shock of contact with this form of human sewage. And would it be any better if the Army were less muddy and more white? I don't think so -- not appreciably. The problem is not the blacks or Hispanics, it is the whites. I include the most vaunted officer corps in this category. They are just as bad as all the rest. There can be no hope for the military. Any thoughts that it will provide a traditionalist buttress to our cause had best be reconsidered. The military is part and parcel of the enemy. We may win some allies from it, but we will never win it.

735

We do not have the vaguest idea of how to get from here to there in interstellar space. If we did find out, I suspect the rest of the universe would be thrown into a panic, since the Justice Department would give billions to NASA to ship blacks and Mexicans to every inhabited planet so everybody could experience "social justice." If there were any supersmart extraterrestrial beings, they would have vaporized the earth long ago.

975

To Zip 555 who wrote that the U.S. and the West are a madhouse: Most *Instaurationists* have been aware of this for some time. What took you so long to catch up with the rest of us?

To Zip 632 who wrote a paragraph defending the Freemasons: I have nothing against Freemasons, but I do resent your comparing them to a much superior organization such as the Ku Klux Klan.

320

Words cannot express how much the German-American community appreciated the splendid article on Manfred Röder (*Instauration*, March 1981). It is unfortunate that the German journalists cannot write as truthfully -- and remain out of prison.

042

Your *Instaurationists* tend to get too excited about Dr. Spock. Once I accused my mother of having "worn out three copies" of Spock's book in the course of raising me and my two younger brothers. "Yes," she replied with great dignity, "but I never paid any attention to the child-raising part, just to the diseases."

913

It appears that Heinz and Old Cauliflower Brain (Lyndon was right, he did play football too long without a helmet) really did win the election, doesn't it?

299

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□ I recently declined an invitation to participate in one of those "great books courses." I couldn't tell them I was already engaged in a "greater books course," comprising the works of Grant, LeBon, Pendell, Putnam, Robertson, Stoddard, Oliver, Swartzbaugh and Yockey. Thanks to these authors and to *Instauration*, my life-long convictions are on a much firmer basis. *National Review* no longer matters very much.

306

□ The situation here in Australia is no different from anywhere else in the world. Our Great White Hope, semi-Semitic Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, continues to erode the very foundations of our constitutional freedom, giving scant regard to what the end result will be. It is interesting to observe that after he received that medal from the American B'nai B'rith for his "humanitarian" work, particularly in helping to scuttle the Smith government in Rhodesia, he has continued to appease and cultivate friendship with every Communist state, including the Celestial Kingdom, that stronghold of human rights, where some 30 million have died in recent decades for the greater glory of Marxist-Maoism.

Australian subscriber

□ I feel that some *Instauration* writers have given Christianity a bum rap. Not all of us Christians are born-again boobs. Rather than castigate the faith of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, we should zero in on the real destroyer of our culture -- the sterile, materialistic, technocratic religion which reduces all reality to a jumble of numbers, enshrines passionless "objectivity" and dismisses as meaningless all concept of personality and will.

314

□ I occasionally find friendly references to Franco in your publication. The Generalissimo may have singlehandedly lost the war for Hitler. Stukas operating from airfields in Spain could have wiped out Gibraltar in a matter of hours. Without that base, the tenuous British hold on the Mediterranean (including Suez) would have been severed. Permission for such an attack, however, was never forthcoming from Franco. He may have been fascist, Catholic, a dictator, etc., but when the chips were down, he deep-sixed the man who made his victory possible.

English subscriber

□ Ingeborg Day's "Holocaust potboiler," *Ghost Waltz* (*Instauration*, March 1981) has not served to win her total absolution from the minority establishment. Neal Ascherson (*New York Review of Books*, March 5, 1981) takes a long, condescending and subtly contemptuous look at her recital of anguish over the sins of her Nazi father. He implies that Jews cannot forgive her. It is not, in his view, only the sins of the father that weigh in the balance. It is more that the "visceral revulsion" she admits to having felt toward American Jews "may actually originate in herself" and "having nothing to do with memory at all." The implication seems to be that anti-Semitism is innate -- in Ingeborg and perhaps by extension in some or all non-Jews as well.

640

□ Back in the 1930s a black kid named Andy borrowed a dime from a Jewish kid to buy a Coke (then only 5¢) and a candy bar. The Jewish boy told Andy that he would have to pay him back double on Saturday. For a while Andy thought the Jewish kid was joking. Time passed, and Columbus Day came. The black kid ad-libbed these lines to a student audience:

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.

In fashion brutal and manner true

The King of Spain kicked out you know
who.

"O, Lord," I cry, "tho' I think it's in vain,

"Why ain't we as smart as the King of Old
Spain?"

The pickaninny got spanked by his teacher for using the word "ain't," and the Jewish boy got a lecture about people who took advantage of others. Today, the teacher would probably have been suspended for spanking Andy, who would have been permanently blacklisted by the ADL. The Jewish kid would have received many tempting job offers from some of our country's leading financial institutions.

666

□ "Laughter in the Dark" (*Instauration*, Jan. - Feb. 1981) is one of the best articles you've ever run. More of this kind of intellectual nuts-and-bolts analysis of racial cultural dynamics is necessary.

146

□ I'm using the term "Zionist Occupation Government" (or ZOG) to describe the System or the Establishment. Everything is so intensely Judeomaniacal that I sometimes get the feeling I'm living in occupied territory. The media are essentially Jews talking to other Jews. Those of us who aren't Jews simply aren't relevant, except to keep the wheels turning and the farms producing for the occupation forces. Culture and communications simply aren't our business. Or so it seems.

063

□ We should never allow the overall racial similarities between people of predominantly Nordic countries -- similarities that manifest themselves mainly in physical characteristics -- to blind us to the pull of ethnic nationalism. Just to take one example, both the English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking communities of South Africa are of predominantly Nordic stock, but this has not diminished their feeling of separateness or foreignness from one another -- as one can glean from talking at any length to members of either community. Then take Canada. The French Canadians are the descendants of settlers who came from France at a time when that country was more Nordic than it is today -- and as emigrants they probably comprised a more Nordic cross section of the populace even at that time than those French who stayed at home. All this would suggest that they could integrate fully with the rest of Canada without feeling the need to retain their separate identity -- and yet this is not so, as recent events have testified.

English subscriber

□ There are people in my corner of industry who make their living as "headhunters," sort of one-man employment agencies. My experience has been that they work on a volume basis, matching a lot of people with a lot of jobs and hoping that one or two click, without taking much care to really correlate a jobseeker's qualifications with a potential employer's job requirements. Headhunters have sent me out on interviews where I realized 30 seconds after walking in the personnel manager's door that I wasn't qualified -- a fact the headhunter could have ascertained merely by reading my resumé to begin with. Such seemed to be the case when the headhunter sent me out to a company a few months back for an interview. The personnel manager was so black that you couldn't have spotted him in a coal bin at midnight until he smiled. He looked at my resumé, shook his head, and stated very bluntly that I didn't have the requisite training, background or experience, and that to go on with the interview would be a waste of time. An acquaintance of mine, older and with more training and experience than I have, interviewed for the same job later, I learned, and never heard from the company after that. However, the black woman who sat next to me, an Aunt Jemima in training, barely 20, with no college education or technical background, and with less than a year's experience in the field, no longer sits next to me because she got the job.

601

□ We must begin to organize and work for a specific goal. We cannot continue this way. We are just diluting our talents and energies. Why don't we take a page from our most mortal enemy? That is, create a nonprofit educational organization. Suppose we call it ACT -- Americans for Courage and Truth. I am willing to subscribe about \$1,000 annually for such a worthy cause. The founding members of the organization would be responsible for the educational and social revitalization of our people.

951

□ I enjoyed that article on the Hollywood Nazis. I have seen quite a few of that type around here and they give a very bad impression of National Socialism -- mostly bums looking for publicity. Some lower-echelon Klan types are the same. I would never insult blacks. You can get them to follow you if you handle them right.

778

□ It is very easy to feel superior because one knows a lot about conjugating German verbs or about obscure Southern war heroes. Those are not games that everyone is playing. Everybody, however, plays the money game and the Jews may be superior at it. It is a humbling feeling, an uncomfortable brush with reality, for our pie in the sky Majority world reformers to match their wits in the mundane world of trying to accumulate wealth. Money is not only power, it is dignity, self-esteem and, above all, in America, it is credibility. Whoever is promoting the idea among Majority activists that it is a virtue to be poor is playing someone else's game.

300

I am a Christian Instaurationist, which unfortunately is a contradiction in terms. In reading Cholly's March article about the wealthy, shallow, closet racists and their confessions that their failure to believe in God made them impotent to act, the point that was brought home (intentional or not) was that a lifetime of belief in evolution and the sophisticated cynicism arising therefrom made these tired bluebloods so hopeless and forlorn. When you are taught from childhood that your "ancestors" evolved from protoplasmic ooze as amoeba, became fish, turned into apes, and finally men, that you are just another species of animal, then any ideals you acquire are tempered by the "knowledge" that you are just a "primate" and that you have just a short time on earth before you taste the same oblivion as any other mortal. The automatic result is the suppression of ideals. After all, ideals are not physical things; you must have a "spirit" or "soul" for them, and any "sophisticated" person knows that primates lack such things. So you spend the rest of your life in an orgy of hedonism and self-gratification, and to hell with posterity! Hegel once said, "Faith in something Divine, something great, cannot make its home in a dung hill."

900

Antiwhite racism results in Caucasulities. Holocaustism is a form of Shoahvinism.

606

We must acknowledge the appalling effects on productivity and industrial efficiency both in Britain and the United States of increasing numbers of stupid and lazy blacks manning our factories. No doubt this has a lot more to do with the relatively high performance of Japanese industry than the industrial columnists of our papers care to admit!

777

Have you ever wondered why the powers-that-be have so generously allowed *Mein Kampf* to appear in virtually all major outlets? The reason is simple and involves one of the greatest frauds of the 20th century. In the West it has been customary when translating the works of any author that the translation be approved by the author himself or, in the event the author is dead, by people sympathetic to the author's ideas. Of the several spurious translations, the Ralph Mannheim edition, published in 1943 as part of the war propaganda effort, is by far the most common and incomprehensible. I have examined English editions of Marx, Lenin and Stalin and have never found a single instance where the translator is hostile to the idea of the author. In this regard the Mannheim edition is somewhat unique. To my knowledge the only approved English translation of *Mein Kampf* was by James Murphy, initially published in March 1939. The clarity and eloquence of the Murphy translation contrasts so sharply with the banality and incoherence of the Mannheim edition that one often wonders if he is reading the same book.

077

I have only one real complaint about *Instauration*. You attempt to treat the situation seriously and intellectually. The situation is totally absurd.

980

On page 409 of Heinz Höhne's nearly 800-page tome on the SS (*The Story of Hitler's SS, the Order of the Death's Head, 1966, a translation*), the Einsatzkommando at one place expected 5,000 to 6,000 Jews for "resettlement." Thirty thousand appeared. Just as there are probably far, far more Jews in the United States than are generally believed, so there were in Europe. The Jews are a nation older than the Chinese, who number a billion, yet we are commonly told that the world has only 12,000,000 or 8,000,000 or 14,000,000 Jews. The result of such consistent coyness about a census is that a very large number of Jewish people, amounting to millions, could be destroyed without the vital statistics showing that any at all were missing. I believe that more than 6,000,000 were murdered, although the census figures and the material evidence indicate that nothing of the sort happened. Something like 20,000,000 Russians were missing from the population by V-E Day -- this is only one country. Of these the Soviet bureaus have tabulated 8,300,000 military dead. I was supposed to go to Dachau in May 1945, but talked myself out of it and arranged for another officer to take my place (he had just arrived in the ETO -- I had been in the damned place for 14 months). He told me about 30,000 dead littering the premises, victims of typhus, not gassing. It was impossible to determine whether the epidemic was natural or man-induced, but for some odd reason, none of the Krauts got it.

721

I can certainly see why the Afrikaners consider themselves to be far superior to the British-descended South Africans. They are. What galls me is the fact that Afrikaners actually consider themselves to be superior to the noble Irish.

801

Until I see a convincing paragraph-by-paragraph refutation of Prof. Butz's book I shall be strongly inclined to accept the basic aspects of his thesis. I have strong reasons to doubt that such a refutation will ever be forthcoming. It seems that the usual reaction to works which question the Holocaust material consists mainly of insults from those who have a vested interest in propagating the material. The November 1980 issue of the *German Quarterly* carried a laudatory article, "Some Reflections on NBC's film *Holocaust*." I wrote to the GQ asking for an opportunity to summarize the evidence on the other side. The answer to my request was an angry, arrogant, insulting letter. A request of mine to the Oklahoma Educational Television Authority for time to reply to "Kitty" (purportedly a personal recollection of an internment in Auschwitz) was rejected. In this case, the Holocaust material was being disseminated at the expense of the taxpayers.

741

We are stirred and moved by the bravery of Herr Röder, now in a West German prison on false accusations. What a wonderful wife and family he has! We would like to send Mrs. Röder a subscription to *Instauration* if it would be permissible. Maybe she could take it to her husband.

321

I have never looked on Paul Harvey, whose idea for voter qualification was mentioned in *Instauration* (Jan. 1981), as much of a heavyweight. But he has a wide readership, doesn't pull punches and he speaks out on the issues, especially the incursion of Latins into the U.S. His readership is exoteric as opposed to the esoteric subscribers to *Instauration*. No doubt his material is highly controversial and those who oppose him do so with marked intensity. I am not a student of his subject matter, but I strongly suspect he senses that the time is approaching that he and his ilk can more safely "come out of the closet."

327

Do Instaurationists want to dissolve the Hispanics into the American white gene pool? Of course not. So they should support bilingualism -- one of the best ways of making apartheid stick.

287

Sir Winston, the race destroyer, is not forgotten in Germanic Europe. In Austria native-born tour guides refer to W.C.'s as "Winston Churchill's."

Austrian subscriber

In regard to the Newport Tower and Zip 079's opinions thereon: (1) Godfrey's 1948-49 dig turned up *no colonial artifacts under the foundations*. Most of the subsurface structure has never been exposed as the city authorities forbid any further excavation. Aerial photography has disclosed a rectangular, buried structure at the site. (2) Governor Arnold said the Tower was used as a mill in colonial times. (3) In addition to the testimony of Verrazano, the English document, the runic inscription, and the results of the Godfrey excavation, we have the Tower's architecture, which British and Scandinavian experts have confirmed as medieval Norse work. The Tower has numerous features which are exactly matched in Scandinavian ruins and in the ruins of the Sinclair castle in the Orkneys.

741

Listen, Cholly Bilderberger, why not a surge of spiritual power reinforced with muscle?

038

I had several lengthy talks with a German who has been all over South Africa. He told me if I moved there the Boers would never accept me, but they would accept my children. He said the Boers wouldn't accept him either and they were so snobbish they wouldn't accept fellow Dutchmen who were new arrivals.

111

My sentiments entirely, baby: adoration bestowed on John Lennon utterly revolting.

932

□ Cholly is not quite right about the English (my compatriots) and the Irish: both are just plain stupid. The English may, at one time, have been sharp, but it is likely that the Irish Celts have always been thick. The English lost at Hastings on a "running away ruse," but had this not been the second match of a desperate "double-header" fought hundreds of miles apart in a matter of weeks, they probably would have triumphed. They appear to have got soft and lazy after the Act of Union (1707) with Scotland, though 50 years earlier Cromwell had made one of his few mistakes when he let the Jews back in. Since then hordes of Celts have poured into the realm from the bogs and moors to do the Englishman's dirty work (including fighting). More recently, the blacks have piled in for similar reasons. Now the price is being paid as English people find increasing areas of the realm unfit for their habitation (and breeding).

Last year's Negro riots cost England £400,000, and the Thatcher government has just coughed up £2.5 million to promote the Welsh language. Not much joy for the Anglo-Saxon taxpayer in either of those two items. The Jews control the mass media, commerce and, with the Celts, Parliament. They want to turn the realm into a pliant hodge-podge of coffee-coloured fuzzy-wuzzies which they can continue to milk at will. Eysenck's book *Race, Intelligence and Education* (a good one since none of it is original) records that the Irish in Ireland and the Negroes have similar IQs. Of course, this must be because English repression drove the bright Irish out of the Auld Sod. Anyway, if the Callahans, O'Neills, Moynihans, McNamaras, Kennedys and Reagans are typical, where did the bright ones go?

English subscriber

□ Technology is one of a class of gimmicks devised by the clever but unwise Nordic race for doing work and getting rich without having to strain one's willowy ectomorphic physique. I would be the last one to say Nordics are cowards; in fact, I would say they are psychopathically aggressive much of the time. They are so good at killing one another that the Nordic turf in Europe and the world is shrinking to zero.

208

□ Swarming, unrestrained, unwashed, germ-infested immigrants! Keep in mind these people handle most of the food we consume!

650

□ The latest joke doing the rounds here is about the black who walked into a bar with a huge, flamboyantly colored parrot on his shoulder. "Hey!" said the bartender. "Where'd you get that?"

"Africa," the parrot replied.

123

□ Great cover article (May 1981). Mahler himself understood the real problem. "I am thrice homeless," he wrote. "As a Bohemian born in Austria. As an Austrian among Germans. And as a Jew throughout the world."

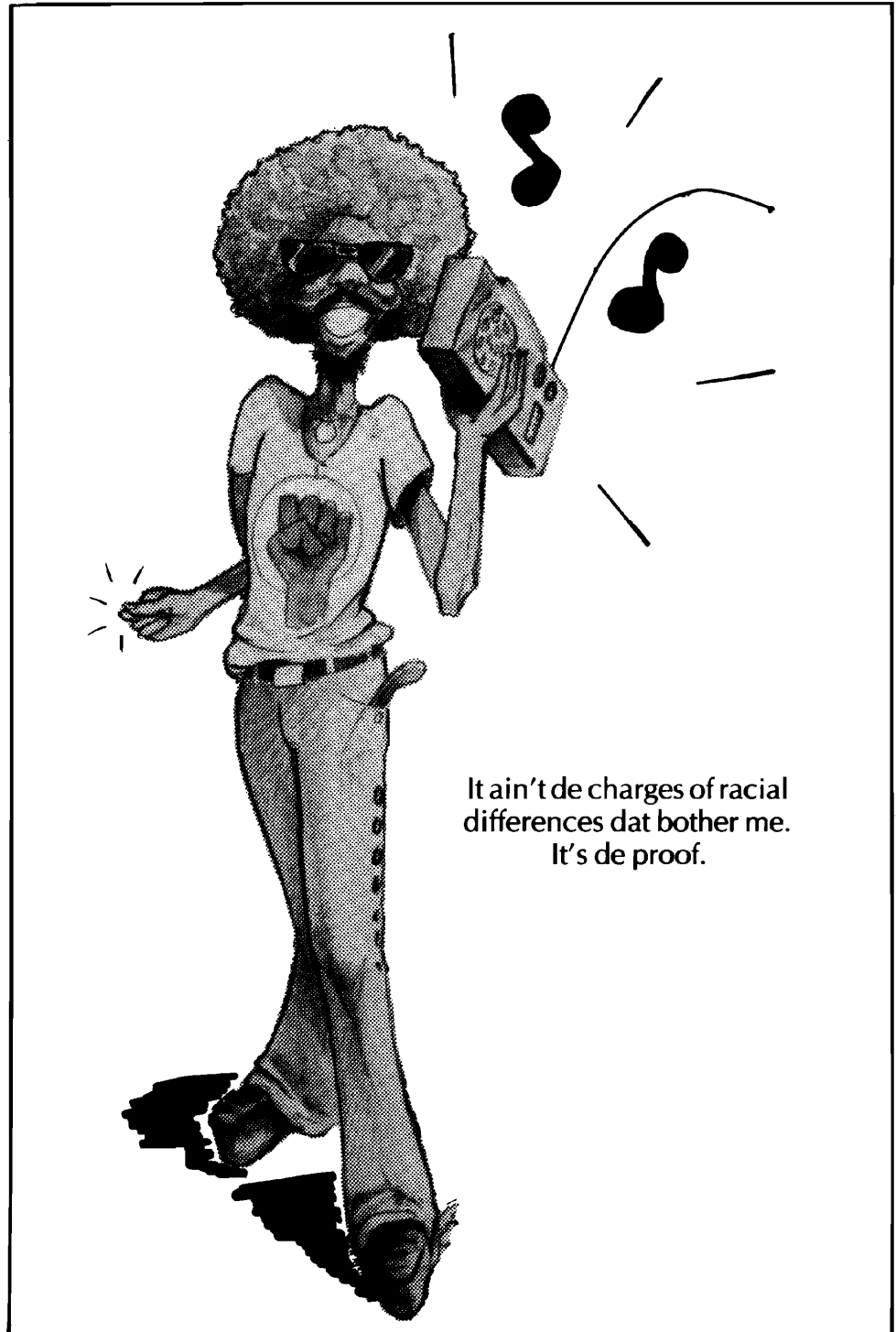
302

□ The Nordic was safe as long as he was surrounded by white serfs not too different from himself. But then after 1500 he went out into the world and discovered that wonderful, labor-saving device known as the Negro, and began to follow the earlier path of the Mediterranean race into degradation. Technology has not so much made life better for whites as created unemployment among blacks (and dull-witted whites). Medical technology has to some extent benefitted individuals, but made the race far weaker over the years.

825

□ If a deformed child is born in Black Africa, it simply perishes with an economic loss of a few dollars, at most. In the West hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars will be wasted to see to it that the deformed suffer for decades. The cost is that several healthy individuals must be aborted or not conceived to make room for the deformed. Everything in Europe and America is this way. I am using this example because it is without any subtlety and illustrates the perverse and outrageous nature of humanitarianism.

643



It ain't de charges of racial differences dat bother me.
It's de proof.

BLACK RED PAINTS MARX BLACK

It is mind-deadening to read the *Washington Post*. After the first few lines of a news story or an editorial you can fill in the rest yourself. The products of a cliché factory contain few surprises. The same may be said for Communist publications. Liberals and Reds read to agree or to hate. To the ideological nut genuine information is a nuisance that gets in the way of the emotional kick.

Black propaganda is somewhat different. Since black writers are not as controlled, almost anything can bob up in their lucubrations. Remember the ancient black astronomers who were the first to be contacted by beings from outer space? Remember the black metal workers who invented steel while whites were still chipping rocks?

The biggest surprises emanate from the jiving celebrations of black Reds. The latest is that Karl Marx was a Negro. If you don't believe it, read the article by Herbert Vilakazi in the Communist *Monthly Review* (June 1980). A black South African who teaches sociology at Essex County College, Newark, N.J., Professor Vilakazi quotes from *Nature Knows No Color Line* by J.A. Rogers, "the greatest scholar to date on the black race":

Karl Marx, who bore a strong resemblance to Frederick Douglass, undoubtedly came of . . . Negroid stock. His nose was broad, his hair frizzly and his color so dark he was called the "Moor."

Vilakazi then turns to Theodor Cuno, who in his *Reminiscences* made these remarks about Karl's school days:

His fellow students had conferred upon him the nickname "Der Mohr." American boys would probably call him "Nigger."

L. Schwarzschild in *The Red Prussian*, asserts Vilakazi, was impressed by Marx's facial features:

[D]ark eyes on a dark face, and the hair was pitch black, the nose somewhat broad, and the whole appearance justified the nickname "Moor," which his father had given him.

Engels took an equally dark view of his partner in revolution. In a letter to Kautsky he provided the following color chart of Marx:

A complexion as dark as is generally possible for a south European to be, without much color on the cheeks, mustaches black as soot, tinged with white, and snow white hair on head and beard . . .

When writing of racial matters blacks have the habit of



Marx and daughter Laura

boasting about the alleged animal effect Negroes have on white women. Vilakazi is no exception. Quoting Saul Padover, a Marx biographer, he tries to prove that Marx's wife Jenny was turned on by her spouse's Negroid appearance.

Jenny was always to be violently jealous of Karl, an emotion of which he came to be a little fearful and which was to make him more circumspect than he cared to admit. His very swarthiness seems to have been a spur to her passion for him. In one of the letters she wrote as a bride, she called him her "*Schwarzwildchen*," the German word, *schwarz* meaning "black" and *wildchen* "little wild one."

Later in his article, Professor Vilakazi digresses. He chides the authors of English essays on Marx for translating the German adjective *schwarz* as "swarthy" instead of "black." He then looks back into history to inform us that statues of black Christs in ancient African art were the models for figures of white Christs in medieval Europe. Finally, he proves his undying loyalty to Marxism-Leninism by declaring "there never was a case of racism throughout the world, until the emergence and maturity of the capitalist economy."

Vilakazi tells us that Tacitus's Silurians (members of a pre-Anglo-Saxon British tribe) were black, that the Arab kingdoms of Spain were as black as they were white, that many blacks came to Europe as Jews. He leans on J.A. Rogers again, "Most of the Negro strain in Northern Europe and Russia was taken in by the Jews . . ." To support his case the professor refers to some old hair-straightening ads "for whites only." Only Jews, he insists, needed this service.

But Marx was not the only Red founding father who was "black." Marx himself called Ferdinand Lassalle, one of socialism's earliest eager beavers, "a Jewish nigger, a greasy Jew from Breslau, who was always concealing his woolly hair with all kinds of hair oil and make-up." In a letter to Engels, Marx noted, "It is perfectly obvious from the shape of his [Lassalle's] head and the way his hair grows that he is descended from Negroes."

Winding up his argument, Vilakazi claims that since some of the noblest Sephardic families were black, "it is most likely that Karl Marx was a descendant of these 'Negroid' Jews" As a final fillip, he declares that Paul Lafargue, who married Marx's daughter, Laura, was a certified black who was born in Cuba. If this is true, then Lafargue's posterity, if any, must be, in the words of Shakespeare (Sonnet 147), "as black as hell, as dark as night."

A young Instaurationist recounts a litany of horrors

A MAJORITY FAMILY AT BAY

My grandfather had his eye knocked out by young black hoods. One summer day, when he was eighty years old, he cut through an alley on his way to the local library. A half-dozen black teen-agers swaggered up to the kind old gent, grabbed his wallet and his watch, and knocked him to the pavement. He instinctively grabbed at the trouser cuff of one assailant. A brutal kick in the face shattered his glasses in one eye. Doctors removed the eye at the hospital. He would be doing a lot less reading from now on, and he would be forced to leave his neighborhood of fifty years which, though black for the last fifteen, he still loved dearly.

Technically speaking, those toughs did not actually "knock out" his eye. I did not feel a bit technical when word of the assault reached me on a Western ranch. I recall many hours of furious pacing about and internal storming after receiving the news. I felt like punching out any half-way appropriate target -- which, after all, was the only healthy response for any eighteen-year-old male. Not that I would necessarily have recognized an appropriate target, since the blinders of my doctrinaire liberal upbringing had by that time slipped only an inch. I believe they must have slipped a second inch that day, for I dimly recall entertaining murderous thoughts for one race in particular. This uncharacteristic dimness of memory, which contrasts with my vivid recollection of undirected anger, may be due to a subsequent mental repression. I would remain a McGovernite for nearly three more years, and had to keep my world view neat and tidy.

Back home, others were struggling with mixed passions. Years later, I would learn that my father, whose emotional investment in the liberal dream was far greater than my own, had impulsively declared that he never again wanted to see a close and prominent friend -- who happened to be black. His irrationality was but a passing cloud, however, while the infinitely more pernicious kind shown in a conversation between my mother and sisters was regrettably a fixed point on the family landscape. It seems that these three females -- then almost manically guilt-ridden about their racial heritage, but since partly rehabilitated -- had agreed among themselves that perhaps, after all, grandpa's gut-wrenching encounter had been a proper retribution for his decades of neglect of the local Negroes!

They conveniently forgot that grandpa had already been "repaid" by seeing his beautiful neighborhood reduced to an urban jungle, and in many other ways as well.

It grieves me to think that my father probably experienced far more subsequent guilt for his momentary and entirely natural verbal declamation against a black friend than my mother and sisters ever felt for their cool, calculating and utterly unnatural rationalization of a brutal assault upon the sweetest of elderly gentlemen -- and their kin. My grandfather recovered and gamely counted himself lucky, for he would be leaving a neighborhood where never a year passed without an aged white's murder.

I never intended to dwell upon grandpa's case, for a mere cataloging of my life's racial encounters suffices to fill a long article. The facts speak eloquently for themselves, and readers may judge my determination to escape from multiracialism. I am convinced that grandpa's episode, by itself, made a vanishingly small contribution to that determination. Actually, my father's wildly inappropriate *response* to such happenings -- much more blind than callous and made possible only through years of almost Pavlovian conditioning -- is what disturbs me most and fuels my passion for racial separatism. Still, the happenings themselves are gruesome, if not the least bit unusual for America, as witness the following:

1. Direct racial violence has largely spared my family. Grandpa had his eye knocked out by blacks. My cousin's boyfriend was nearly paralyzed for life by blacks. (He was hitching; they stopped; he feared to offend them by refusing and climbed aboard, they drove him to an alley and told him to start walking. He was shot in the back, the bullet missing his spinal cord by half an inch.) One sister was very roughly handled on two occasions by blacks, who would likely have raped her had she not struggled and screamed. She was also involved in a school riot in which blacks threw desks on cowering whites, smashed most of the windows and stomped a pregnant white teacher, causing her to miscarry. I have been stoned by black youths, and, though I escaped unharmed, one fist-sized rock flew inches from my head. (Very few relatives ever heard of this, and I'm sure they have been attacked in ways I don't know about.) Elderly relatives have been all but

made prisoners in their homes by marauding blacks outside, though here violence was only potential. Still, this isn't a bad tally. I know families who have suffered far worse.

2. If my family is typical, our race will perish with a whimper (if even that). Among ten siblings and first cousins who are married, divorced or engaged, there have been two Jewish, two Italian, one mulatto, three Majority and two probably-Majority-but-I'm-afraid-to-ask partners involved. This has occurred in a family line which never before married outside of Northern European stock as far back as records go.

One of the three certain Majority partners was murdered within two months of the wedding, and there is some evidence that he was the innocent victim of a gang or Mafia killing. A second is a very decent but thick-skulled liberal who will hear nothing of race. The third was a misfit, and rapidly divorced. The mulatto and his blonde-haired, blue-eyed wife were on the verge of certain divorce when a pregnancy reconciled them. One of the Jewish partners treated her husband like dirt. Now divorced, he is becoming serious with a second Jewess, who shares the kinky hair, short stature and nostrility of the first, but throws dark olive (rather than sallow) skin into the bad bargain. The second cousins I have kept track of have distinguished themselves by: following Guru Maharaj Ji, naming a (white) illegitimate child after a black friend, joining the SDS and defending gun-toting blacks on campuses, vying in unofficial abortion sweepstakes (color of the fetuses unknown), marrying extremely dubious racial specimens, and reviving forgotten Old Testament names to give those vanishingly few blond children they chanced to have.

This is only the *racial* end of my young relations' misbehavior. One young girl cousin's casual statement -- "I can't conceive of going a day without sex and cocaine" -- suggests the tenor of life for some. (Her steady date is merely an unassimilated, but assimilable, minority member.)

I would be embarrassed to confess things which cumulatively would seem to relegate me to "white trash" genetic status if I could not also note that mine was a family which, in addition to never marrying or probably even dating outside the Majority until my generation, virtually never smoked, drank to excess, or got divorced, and rarely even missed church. (One crack in the armor may have been the minister uncle who wrote one of the very first integrationist children's books, instructing black and white kids to exchange visits to each other's homes, churches, etc. Might this all be divine retribution?) Then, fathers were hard-working and responsible, wives were faithful and illegitimacy could not be conceived. (Come to think of it, an uncle did adopt two girls in the 20s, and they did go rotten.) Now, everything is utterly transformed. But the most amazing part is that my parents' generation tries to act as if nothing has happened. They would not want to "repress" our new "values." Meanwhile, children and parents connive to keep the grandparents ignorant of what's going on.

The grandparents have shown little mettle when given a chance. I was the only one in a large family who boycotted the wedding with the mulatto, and even I made up an excuse. But grandmothers, great aunts and uncles all turned out and

smiled broadly for the group pictures with the bride and groom. Some of these folks had been die-hard segregationists only fifteen years earlier, passionate defenders of lunch counters. Now they temporized while the real "last frontier" was opened up.

My grandmother: "So-and-so was complaining about the offspring being mixed. But I pointed out that she's so blonde and he's so 'light-skinned' that the children should be almost white. It's not, thank God, as though he were jet black." I said nothing but saw right through the old lady's act. She had lived most of her life in the segregated South, and knew perfectly well that this was precisely the worst kind of miscegenation. A real black-white marriage would diminish the white population but not jeopardize white genetic purity. (Luckily, the only child so far is as dark as the father.)

3. My close friends have fared little better. A former girlfriend switched to Iranians and Indians after we broke up. My current one has a sister married to a Jamaican black, and a brother married to a Thai. Imagine what it will look like around their family Christmas tree in another generation! (And they only came here from Europe twenty years ago.) She herself was recently attacked by vicious blacks who put a knife blade to her throat and said they would kill her if she did not get into their car. Knowing what that would mean, she asked for death. They grabbed her purse and fled. The perpetrators were identified, but the case was thrown out of court on a technicality. Yet a third girlfriend only avoided attacks from an otherwise all-black high school class because the one white male present was her protector.

A married woman friend tells a gruesome tale. Her blond brother watched as his precious first baby got dusker by the month. It was soon apparent his wife had slept with a Negro.

My close male friends have had it no better. Nearly all have had family members victimized by black crime. Most have witnessed family interracial marriages, sometimes in spades. Indeed, when I speak to new acquaintances about race-mixing, I now *assume* that their sister is married to a Filipino. That way I less often go wrong.

I had mixed feelings when my parents' best friend's daughter was raped by a black. These people had vigorously forced integration on others for decades while ensconcing their own children in exclusive schools. For years I had thought, "If this sort of thing has to happen, I hope it will happen to the Xs." Last summer, I learned that it had. (And I did pity the girl.)

4. My victims include places as well as people. My father's boyhood neighborhood now sits astride a ghetto frontier. After grandpa's mugging, we had to sell for a song a wonderful old home which would cost a quarter million to build today. Only a few years later, childless young white liberals reinvaded some nearby streets, and the black family which had paid a pittance enjoyed a windfall. My mother said that the black family's good fortune warmed her heart. Although my mother had grown up in what was then the distant suburbs, her old neighborhood is now swiftly going Third World, mostly Korean and Vietnamese. The church my parents met and married

in is still 95% white, but old white -- the Sunday School is over one-third black.

My parents' present neighborhood is in a small town, still white and still beautiful. But as I walk around it on visits, I see everywhere little half-caste and Oriental children in ones and twos. Are they adopted -- or what? At one time, I lived in a farm district some distance from any city. On my latest return, I saw something new -- mixed groups of tow-headed and Asian youngsters playing along the roads. Resettled "boat people" -- or what? The modest beach, at which we took our vacations when I was a kid, had changed on my return several years ago. Who were all of those Latin types I had never seen before? Was this part of the reason my aunt had sold the lovely old family cottage for another song?

5. Finally comes a catch-all category, nuisances petty and not-so-petty. I have had to endure all kinds of complicated, malfunctioning security systems, at home and work, in an attempt to avoid overwhelmingly non-white crime. I have stood in the bitter cold for an hour after barely, barely missing a bus because I had to get "exact fare" (a requirement which cuts down on black robberies). I did not get to see many real Parisians in Paris or Londoners in London because the cities were overrun with aliens.

I have endured Oriental cashiers, drunken Amerindian cooks and black waitresses who report only half their tips -- I, the busboy who depended on a cut of the tips. I have seen the incredible difference behind the scenes when all-white as opposed to multiracial restaurant staffs are at work: quiet, pleasant harmony and real friendships versus unending chaos and failure to communicate. I have worked on a 17-member internal security force required at a medium-sized hospital to combat black mayhem. I have seen what happens at a museum when an exhibit is turned over to a black, or when a gaggle of government-sponsored Jewish lesbians turns up at a reception instead of the genteel regulars.

Nuisances come in many varieties. Looking backward on my childhood, certain aspects seem less and less "privileged"

all the time. *Mad* magazine was my number one reading material for a distressing number of years; the Three Stooges and Soupy Sales were objects of special passion on television. Only in my late teens would I recognize the common root of these cultural phenomena; only in my twenties would I begin reading the classics and learn of Western Civilization. I cannot deny the innumerable pleasant hours I derived from these sources; nor can I ever scorn Jewish humor to the same degree as did one recent contributor to *Instauration*. Even so, I am now painfully aware of the cultural void which this brand of silliness once filled for me. (Nor can I ignore that I was once keen on Jewish girls, wanted to fight for Israel and even fantasized about conversion!)

My mother was gone a lot for several years in my teens, tutoring retarded black children and sitting beside and comforting abandoned black children while they died. (This is hard to criticize when one considers how others wasted their time, but it probably did not guide me to the right priorities in the present world crisis.)

Again, I recall my parents excoriating some poor scientist when I was young because he had dared to state that blacks were 200,000 years behind whites in evolution. Since this was the early 1960s, I realize now that their victim was Carleton Coon, and that the wire service distortions which they never bothered to follow up were based on *The Origin of Races* (1962). Their attitude did little to encourage my sense of curiosity or fair play, though perhaps my standard is impossibly high since my parents were completely fair and very curious about *everything* unrelated to race -- which, it is true, covers less and less terrain each year, as the circles of inter-related falsehood stream outward from a racial center.

I must pass over two dozen equally worthy petty nuisances, which I quickly listed on a scratch pad. One can see that these things are only "petty" relative to the derivative horrors of crime and intermarriage.

Before shedding tears for me, the reader should reflect on those persons and places dearest to him. For, as we look at the greater mess around us, my family still counts its blessings.

How They Love to Play With Numbers!

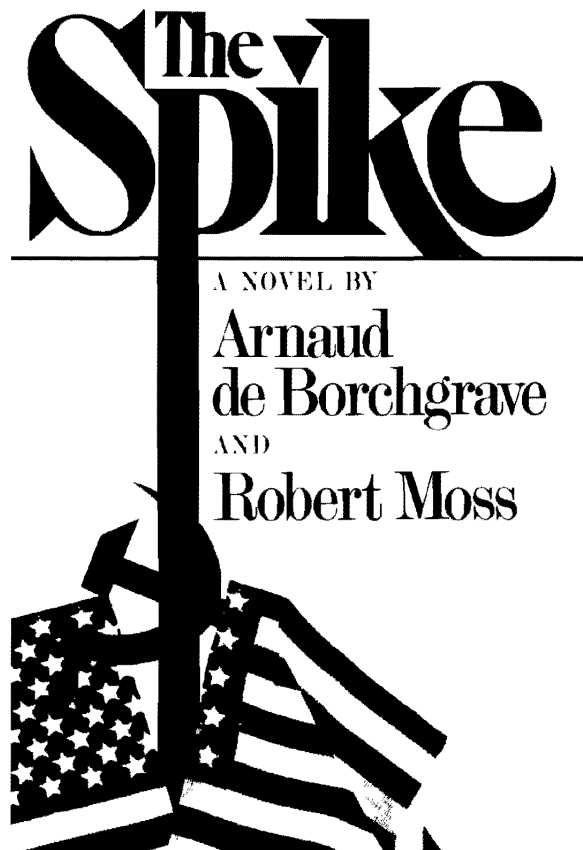
The 1980 *World Almanac*, giving as its sources a *World Almanac* questionnaire and the 1979 *Yearbook of American and Canadian Churches*, lists the number of temples and members of "Jewish Congregations," as follows:

Agudath Israel of America (Orthodox) (4).....	100,000
Union of Amer. Hebrew Congregations (Reformed) (720)	
.....	1,100,000
Natl. Council of Young Israel (Orthodox) (167).....	150,000
Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America (1,000)	
.....	250,000
United Synagogue of America (Conservative) (835)	250,000

The 1981 *World Almanac*, giving as its sources a *World Almanac* questionnaire and the 1980 *Yearbook of American and Canadian Churches*, lists the following under "Jewish Congregations."

Agudath Israel of America (Orthodox) (4).....	100,000
Union of Amer. Hebrew Congregations (Reformed) (750)	
.....	1,200,000
Natl. Council of Young Israel (Orthodox) (163).....	150,000
Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America (1,700)	
.....	1,000,000
United Synagogue of America (Conservative) (835)	1,500,000

OLD DISINFORMATION IN NEW BOTTLES



The general plot and theme of this best-selling cloak-and-dagger novel (Crown Publishers, New York, 1980) may seem at long last to confirm in "respectable print" the long-held suspicion of large numbers of the long-silenced American public that high treason, deliberate and undeliberate, has been taking place in this country with the connivance and even participation of its news media and its government.

We meet the hero of the tale, Robert Hockney, on page one, moving about the fringes of an antiwar riot on the Berkeley campus, vintage late 1960s. He is, we are told, a "lanky, good-looking political science major, twenty-two years old," the son of a retired admiral. As predictable as a cartoon by Herblock, hero and others emit the required four-letter profanities as national guardsmen try to break up the disturbance with tear gas; hero and nameless blonde are thrown literally together in the succeeding stampede; hero picks up nameless blonde or vice versa; hero escorts same to his pad. The heady, X-rated scenario cranks on: a bottle of California red; various sexual intimacies unsparingly described; talk of ex-

ams (I presume so that the reader can know that nameless blonde is a "with-it" university student and not a mere Telegraph Ave. streetwalker); and, of course, the *de rigueur*, soulless, off-hand "couplings" that seem now to define approved conduct. Anyway, while all these stale crudities are taking place we learn that our hero is a contributor of antigovernment diatribes to the *Berkeley Barb* and, slipped in between the requisite grinds and groans of one "coupling," that he intends to become "the greatest reporter in America." But in case the reader thinks I am quoting out of context, let me excerpt the authors' immediately preceding and succeeding sentences (to quote further afield is to quote what good taste would not allow; and even what we do quote, were it not so ridiculous, would have to be termed mere scatology):

The girl hauled herself up the bed and straddled him. "I'm going to be a reporter," Hockney announced, gasping slightly [ditto the reader], but still intent on the idea [*sic*] he wanted to get across.

"I'm going to be . . . ah . . . the greatest reporter in America," he emphasized.

"Mmmmm." The girl's groan had nothing to do with Hockney's declaration of intent [here, no doubt, the reader is supposed to gape in utter amazement at the authors' incomparable display of Wildean wit]

I assure the reader: this deathless exchange is not meant by de Borchgrave and Moss to be satire. It is clearly meant to inform whatever reader may not have yet tumbled to the fact, that our hero is a youth of the highest ideals and most serious purpose. It does not seem to have struck our authors that both this so-called "declaration of intent," harkening back as it does to a hundred D class movies in the thirties, and the circumstances in which it is uttered (see above), type their hero a mental basket-case. Perhaps the old adage is right when it comes to hack writers of the third kind: buzzards do not smell themselves.

But to abjure sensible judgment and therefore irreverence for a moment: in practically no time flat, once graduated from college, our hero becomes, if not "the greatest reporter in America," the top-ranking

reporter, with by-line and expense account of his own, on the most prestigious of all American newspapers, the *World* (identified by some conservative cryptographers as the *New York Times*). How, though, does a sophomoric, untrained, naive (our hero is depicted as being all of these), new-minted, college graduate, even though he is "lanky and good-looking" and has a deft hand for muckraking, manage in no time flat to become the top-ranking reporter, with by-line and expense account of his own, on the *World*? The answer: by attacking the CIA and other branches of the government devoted to American security in articles ruthlessly exposing their most sensitive operations and sources of information. But why should an exercise in militancy directed seemingly against America itself guarantee fame and fortune in America? And how should a wet-behind-the-ears, new-minted reporter acquire the weaponry -- the facts, figures, material-- to succeed in mortally wounding, as Hockney does, such powerful agencies as the CIA? The answer to both questions is one that we, the reader, but not Hockney, are quickly vouchsafed by the authors. That answer is: through the pervasive agency of the Russian secret service, the KGB, and its special, now for the first time revealed, most secret of all secret branches, Directorate A ("A" for "Azev"). This is the now much talked-about (in conservative circles) Department of Disinformation.

The objective of this agency is to see to it that a climate of opinion is created in the "Free World" and, in particular, in the United States, which, as in the case of the Berkeley riots, treats the pursuit of American interests and security as immoral or even criminal while befriendng Russian interests. This project, calculated to destroy America spiritually and thus physically from within, is carried out by disseminating half-truths that camouflage Russian intentions and policies and that distort and blacken American ones. To believe the story told in *The Spike* Directorate A has, by page one, almost succeeded in this mission and by page 158 it seems certain that its success is very soon to be complete and irreversible. But this is not to be, for on page 158 Hockney meets Nick Fowler, the just ousted head of the CIA (due to an article of Hockney's revealing that the CIA has been opening and reading the mail of private American citizens). Though Hockney has been serving KGB and Directorate A interests, he has been doing so unwittingly. His heart is really in the right place. Fowler, a world-recognized master of espionage and, until his dismissal, the last and only bulwark of American security, is able to half-convince Hockney that he has been the unwitting instrument of the KGB and that the latter has deeply infiltrated the American govern-

ment. Hockney pursues Fowler's leads, one of which involves a personal long-time friend of his, located high up in the defense department. This friend, Cummings, has provided Hockney off and on with classified information. Fowler has charged Cummings with being a KGB operative. To his profound dismay, Hockney confirms Fowler's charge using, no less, a "Hagath lie detector" (suffice to say here: the Hagath voice-stress analyzer does *not* detect lies and cannot be used to reliably do so). Pursuing other leads of Fowler's and leads of his own, Hockney is able to confirm the pervasive influence and infiltration of the KGB in the American government and the existence of Directorate A.

When, however, he presents his well-documented story for publication in the *World*, it is "spiked" -- that is, skewered on the editor's spike as material not to be printed (hence the title of the book). As we learn later, the editor-in-chief of the *World*, Len Rourke, is controlled by the KGB through blackmail (its owner and publisher, the pathologically eccentric recluse, Xenophon Parrish Nutting, however, is a true if somewhat bemused patriot at heart). In spite of all kinds of harassment, an attempted assassination, and a general cold-shouldering by the press, Hockney persists. Finally, by getting a Colonel Barisov of Directorate A to defect and testify concerning its machinations and by getting the ear and cooperation of a hard-line, patriotic senator, he is able to reverse the KGB-inspired flow of events. America is made aware of how much of its media and government (including even a vice-president) have willingly and knowingly participated in KGB operations. The forces of good take over; and (as the sun sets) we see put in motion the elections and legislation that will rescue the United States from Russian clutches.

What are we supposed to conclude from this "inspirational" tale? Clearly, that the present condition of the United States is perilous, honey-combed with ideological rottenness and subversion; and that the agency of both is Russian Communist infiltration and disinformation. Understandably, conservatives have with almost one voice acclaimed de Borchgrave and Moss's book as patriotic revelation. Certainly, any thinking child, much less any thinking adult, can see as plain as his hand in front of him that this nation is in a perilous condition. Nor, viewing the foreign and domestic scene, does it seem too far-fetched to say that both our government and the communications media have espoused, not "America first," but "America last and Communist-anything first." Most lately abroad, we have the parallel cases of Nicaragua and El Salvador. The Communist sei-

zure of the one and what was, until the Reagan inauguration, the imminent Communist seizure of the other, were visibly encouraged by the American news media and the executive branch of the American government. We have, on the homefront, Klansmen battling with Communists in North Carolina. The former are put on trial for murder while the Communists are piously sequestered from prosecution. Simultaneously, there is a general news media hue and cry for the Klansmen's blood (a perversion of justice that seems to have been miraculously averted by a jury's insistence on looking at the facts). On the surface it does look as if the KGB were ruling our government and our communications media. One can sympathize, therefore, with American conservative opinion that this is a veritable Book of Revelation.

Is that opinion, though, justified? I want to say that it is not. Indeed, I want to say that, on the contrary, this book is a very clever vehicle of disinformation itself.

De Borchgrave and Moss have an operative of Directorate A -- Colonel Barisov -- observe that one succeeds in disinforming by encapsulating the disinformation one wishes to implant in a coating of truth. One provides the enemy with a bit of truth in order to get him to swallow a big lie. It seems to me that *The Spike* and its authors are engaged deliberately in just that operation.

The possible coating of truth to their machination is the averred disclosure that the KGB maintains a branch dedicated to disinformation and that the American people and their government have for many years been gulled by that agency in somewhat the way the authors portray. As I have already had occasion to remark, KGB doctoring of American opinion and policy does not seem at all improbable. The record, domestic and foreign, smacks of Communist subversion. But here a number of skeptical questions and comments suggest themselves. These suggest in turn that the authors of *The Spike* are not being as ingenuous as they would have us believe they are. They suggest, in short, deliberate disinformation on a number of vital issues. These "disinformatons," projected with an Iago's face of honesty, are nothing less than the final betrayal of the American people and the conveyance of their rights and properties into the hands of an implacable enemy that is not, let me add, Russia. But all this needs substantiation. So first to our skeptical questions and comments.

Question. Notable as it is for barely adequate writing, mediocre plotting, much foul and offensive language, and inanimate characterizations, *The Spike* has not made the bestseller ranks without immense fanfare. This fanfare has focused on its purported revelation of Russian "disinformation."

We want to ask: why is it that not until now, and then with immense fanfare, has this purported revelation taken place? Why not fifteen or twenty years ago? Any thinking person has known for as long as that at least and indeed much longer that, on the score of Russian and related Communist interests, some sort of disinformation has been hawked to the American people by its communications media. Scores of books and articles shut off from wide, public circulation have not only sounded the alarm for the last forty or fifty years but pointed fingers at specific "disinformers." Until *The Spike*, though, only a few peeps in "reputable," mass-circulated (liberal) books or journals, let alone radio or TV outlets, hinted of any such perversion of the news. Who, we want to ask, is now opening the gates of publicity that have been kept so tightly shut, and why? Are we being "paranoid" (our enemy's favorite query-suppressant) in asking these questions? If de Borchgrave and Moss's cloak-and-dagger tale is a novelistic presentation of fact, and so, indeed, its authors claim it to be, we have a right to be extremely, and even unnaturally, suspicious.

Question The fact is worth pondering that in this book some of the most plausible candidates as KGB moles or double agents -- for instance, Henry Kissinger -- are treated as exemplary American patriots, standing almost alone in resisting Communist expansion and infiltration (see p.274). Can it be that the authors, long at the very center of American political activity, do not know or suspect what every thinking adult and even child knows or suspects? That defies belief.

Comment. The authors depict the CIA as a onetime effective security agency, dedicated to American interests purely and simply, which, having subsequently been emasculated by Congress and infiltrated by fellow travelers, suffered a loss of both competence and integrity. But when, we want to ask, has the CIA ever been competent or ideologically sound? When, for instance, has it not bobbed openly its assignments to help anti-Communist governments? The story that the CIA was instrumental in removing the Communist roader Allende, from power in Chile is nonsense. That it should even be implicated in the affair shows the extent of its bobbling. Efficient secret services do not become implicated. On the other hand, when has the CIA provided America with timely and accurate information pertaining to Communist moves or infiltrations? Did it in the case of Castro (to go back a few years)? Did it in the case of the Red Chinese onslaught upon our forces in North Korea? If it did, and if it was "spiked," then there must have been unimaginable stupidity or treason in the very highest reaches of the military and the federal government. Since the military, so far,

would seem basically loyal and intelligent, the unimaginable stupidity or treason has to be pinned on the CIA.

If the last insinuation of treason seems outrageous, it should not. Did, for instance, the CIA alert our government to the fact that Burgess and Maclean of the British secret service were in reality Russian moles? This is a whimsical question and is meant to be. The point is: Burgess and Maclean, one or the other, lent a very helping hand in the formation of the CIA out of the leftovers of the OSS. One should suppose, therefore, that from the beginning the CIA was honeycombed with KGB influence. And this supposition would be seconded, I am sure, by anyone acquainted with OSS operatives.

Those I knew were plain -- to put it plainly -- fakes. In a hammy sort of way -- wearing parachutist boots and other accouterments of combat -- they tried to give the impression of just having returned from far behind enemy lines. They talked mysteriously. They leered mysteriously. The main mystery, though, was how they had evaded more plebeian but dangerous service in the ground forces. Political influence, one gathered, usually had something to do with a person's being in the OSS (rather than in, say, the infantry), and the administration being Franklin Roosevelt's, that meant liberal to far-left political influence. In short, we seriously doubt that the CIA was ever either competent or ideologically sound.

Yet, the authors of *The Spike* are visibly concerned with selling the reader a rehabilitated CIA. Keeping in mind what it has always been, we must wonder what their selling point really is. Can it be something like the following.

De Borchgrave and Moss quite obviously approve of the CIA opening American citizens' mail and also want the reader's approval (for a vicious spy ring is disclosed in the process). Not too covertly they also applaud the ruthless tactics of the KGB, its use of assassination in getting rid of dangerous opponents, and by indirection at least imply that it would be a good thing if their rehabilitated CIA engaged in the same stern measures. Are they then perhaps implanting the thought that a rehabilitated CIA, joined no doubt with the FBI and other "security" agencies, should employ stern measures -- the opening of mail, assassination if necessary, and so on -- against all dangerous opponents, domestic and foreign, of American democracy, brotherhood, etc., etc.? Ought not (we can hear the wheels turning) such believers in white supremacy and the rule of force as the Klansmen and their like be opposed by brute force? I am not sure that this is what the authors of *The Spike* have in mind. It is worth, though, a hard "paranoid" stare.

Comment. News media flirtation with

Communist themes and interests is depicted in this book as an accidental and isolated sort of thing. We are given a purportedly inside look at only one major organ of news dissemination, the *World*. One would hardly suspect, reading even between its lines, that either television, radio, the stage or the movie screen existed. As for the *World*, by a mere fluke its editor-in-chief is at the beck and call of the KGB, as explained previously. But its owner and publisher, Xenophon Parrish Nutting, is patriotically motivated. It is only the chance fact he is a recluse that allows a coerced Len Rourke to hawk, off and on, Directorate A's "disinformation" and "spike" news embarrassing to the Soviets.

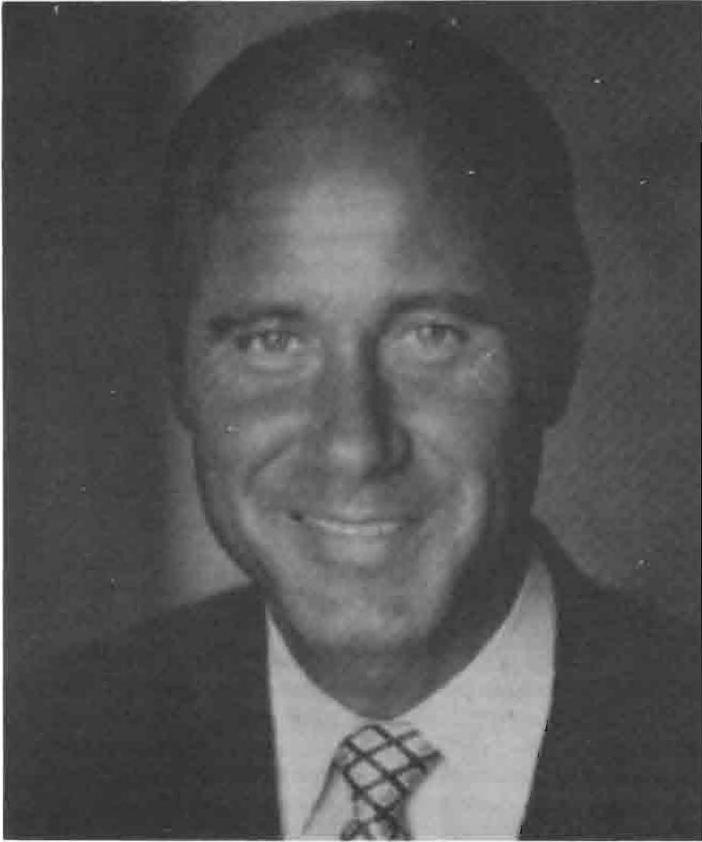
On one crucial count de Borchgrave and Moss have been busy handing out their own disinformation. Had they intended to present a fair picture of the current communications industry they would not have given the editor-in-chief of their *World* an Irish name and its owner and publisher a presumably English one. They would have given them Jewish names: Sulzberger and Rosenthal.

A second point to note is that on all important topics, those having to do with race, culture, ethos, morality, the media of news and culture speak with practically one voice. Compare, for example, the broadcasts of NBC, ABC and CBS on any vital topic. One would swear that the very same hand had written all the material.

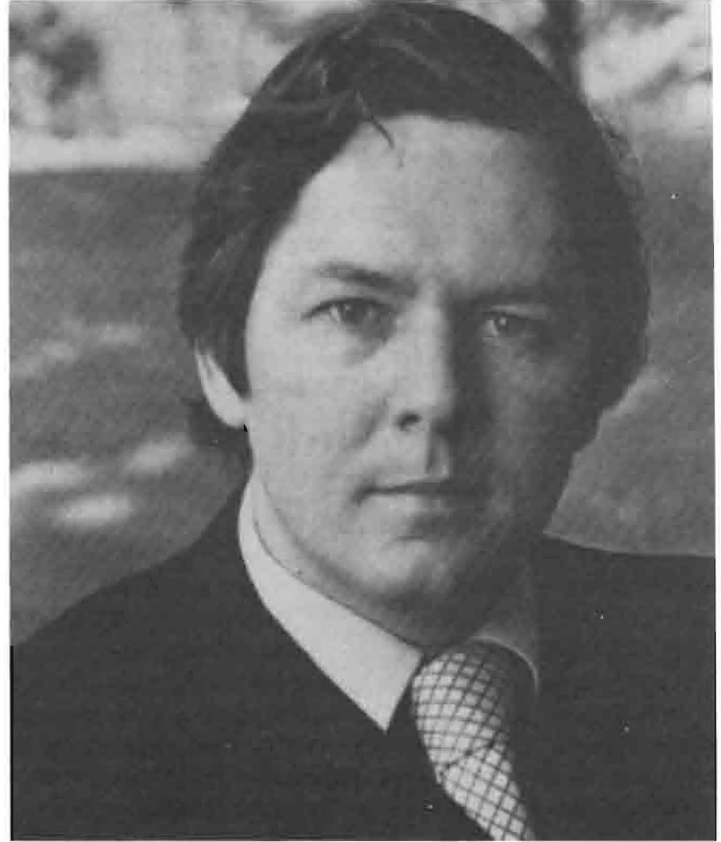
Adding together these two facts we perceive that far from the disinformation of the KGB appearing in American media of communication as an accidental, isolated sort of thing, not involving the proprietors of its vocal chords (so to speak) -- in regard to the picture of things disinformatively conveyed by the authors of *The Spike* -- the very opposite has to be true. If KGB disinformation has appeared at all in the press, television, radio, movies, magazines, and other publications, it has appeared with the complete knowledge and approval of their overlords; it has appeared as a part of *mass* (not isolated) communications; and it has appeared for a purpose.

But how could such a thing be? Are we not in effect accusing the Jewish overlords of America's communications media of being willing to injure America and, in case KGB disinformation has in fact been allowed to permeate those media, of actually and deliberately injuring America? Most certainly. What, though, is so strange in that?

What America is today, as opposed to what it was yesterday, is the product primarily of its monolithic mass media. It may have onetime been the case that charismatic or great personalities could dictate social and political change. That is visibly no longer the case. The massed silence or massed vituperation of America's communica-



Arnaud de Borchgrave



Robert Moss

tion media can render impotent or hateful the most charismatic or generous personality; its bravos and image-making give an appearance of strength and rectitude to the flabbiest. With its backing, and only with its backing, courts can impose a savage integration of races that no foreign conqueror would dare to, and against the wishes of 80% of the people a president can "give away" the Panama Canal.

Compare, then, America today -- bankrupt, confused, humiliated everywhere abroad, militarily weak, miscegenation and crime spreading everywhere internally like cancers, openly illegal immigrations illegally sponsored by the government flooding the country with the criminal refuse of Cuba and Asia -- compare this America with yesterday's! Q.E.D.

But now that we have raised these questions and made our comments, what sense can be made of them? In particular, how do they argue to the effect that American interests and liberties are actively being betrayed by the authors of *The Spike*?

It will be remembered that according to those authors the American intelligence services have become essentially inoperative. Undermined from within by parties influenced by or even serving deliberately the KGB and mortally wounded from without by a Congress that supinely allows itself to be guided by Directorate A disinformation, they can no longer operate in America's

defense (here is the disinformers' wrapping of half-truth). But one secret service, it is finally made clear to us, is operating effectively in this country's defense. This is Mossad, the Israeli Secret Service, which is described (probably truthfully) as without a superior in efficiency and effectiveness. As the final chapters of *The Spike* unfold we learn that the agents of Mossad are helping all they can in forwarding American interests. It is they, for instance, who counter KGB attempts to assassinate Hockney while in hiding outside of Washington. Their chief, Gideon Sharon, is a trusted advisor of Roth, the "top aide" (p.267) of Senator O'Reilly, who is soon to be the new chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee (p.270). Senator O'Reilly, it goes without saying, is that *rara avis* in Washington: a true patriot. Not merely, though, are these Mossad agents operating in large numbers in the Washington area and in police operations like guarding Hockney and the KGB defector, Colonel Barisov (here admittedly taking over the CIA's responsibility); not merely are they counseling with the Senate Committee on Intelligence itself, exchanging data and so on; they are apparently doing these things openly -- in the same way that our own FBI agents might. Thus, when Hockney meets Sharon through the auspices of Roth (also a true patriot, as one can easily see by his appearance: "stocky, curly-haired, olive-skinned, casually dressed in a

lumberjack's checked shirt, looking more like an Israeli sabra than an American Jew" (p.270)), Sharon at once tells him his name and a minute later his position as "chief of the Israeli Secret Service" (p.271).

I must confess a certain amount of puzzlement with respect to this last feature of the Mossad presence in the United States. Do agents of a foreign country walk about in the country where they are operating as spies "blowing" (I believe the expression is) their own cover? Are not spies, spies? Would not their effectiveness be destroyed if their names and calling were advertised in public (or even in private)? Might not the host nation in which they were operating as spies take objection to their presence? Might it not be assumed that the object of their presence was to spy out that nation's secrets?

Either de Borchgrave and Moss must be deceiving us or, if they are presenting an accurate picture of what is going on in Washington, then we must assume that the Israeli secret service is not being treated as the secret service of a foreign country but, *de facto* anyway, as an adjunct of our own domestic, federal police, the FBI -- on a par with it in its immunities and privileges.

The author's excuse for this state of affairs is that Israel and its secret service are dedicated friends of the United States and that, due to our own inadequacies in the area of intelligence, we stand in absolute need of their cooperation and help. Thus, they have

our patriotic senator, O'Reilly, proclaim to the public, in a hearing of his committee, "If we have succeeded in castrating our intelligence services, would the gentleman from California seriously blame our friends abroad [he means by this Israel and Mossad] for trying to do our job for us?"

I can imagine many conservatives clapping gleeful hands at this rhetorical question and even going a step further and asking, "Would it not be a good and patriotic thing if Mossad were not merely *de facto* but *de jure* allowed to operate in this country as an adjunct of our own ineffective intelligence services?" I more than suspect, moreover -- I am convinced -- that just this reaction of conservatives is what de Borchgrave and Moss and the publishers of their book intend. This and one other item I shall get to are what I termed the "real business" of *The Spike*. I also said that that business was the final betrayal of the American people and their liberties. So let me get down to brass tacks.

There is first of all the claim that Israel and its Mossad are this country's friends. Just one reminder ought to explode that myth. If Mossad agents were truly friends of America, would they not have warned our Government of the impending sneak attack on the *Liberty* by Israeli planes and if Israel were our true friend would she have launched this totally unprovoked attack which was designed not only to obliterate without trace the *Liberty* and her entire crew but to catapult this nation into war against an innocent Egypt? Assuredly not.

Secondly, the claim is both directly and indirectly made that the integration of our Intelligence services with Mossad and our country's policies with Israel's will operate to this country's advantage. Is that true? According to Wilbur Crane Eveland in *Ropes of Sand* -- an autobiographical summing up by that Middle East specialist of his experiences in that area both in and out of the CIA -- Mossad and Israeli influence on the American secret service and American foreign policy have been unmitigatedly pernicious. And surely, in the last instance, that must be obvious to everyone. Except as satisfying Jewish interests, this country's pro-Israel policy in the Middle East has been completely insane. It should not, therefore, be any wonder that Mossad connections with our secret service have been, as Eveland maintains, no less pernicious. Unlike our own CIA or FBI, Mossad serves (everyone knows) its own motherland with undeviating dedication.

The real business going on beneath these "disinformations" of de Borchgrave and Moss I have not as yet touched on, however. Let me now spell that out. Suppose that the CIA, as obviously desired by de Borchgrave and Moss and their publisher, were allowed

to open the private mail of Americans, use the methods of assassination, and so on, and that Mossad were given, to the gleeful applause of the conservative readers of *The Spike*, congruent jurisdiction in this country with the CIA and FBI. All this, of course, on some actual senator's say-so or perhaps even a president's, that Mossad is needed "to do our job for us." The Palestinian Arabs can testify to the ruthlessness of the Israeli police. Any resistance to Jewish tyranny and exploitation is put down with irresistible brutality, torture and terror. In giving Mossad agents *de jure* free rein in this country (they no doubt already have free *de facto* rein), we in effect transfer the Israeli police from Israel to the United States. One can see that this transfer must nail down completely Jewish hegemony in America. One can imagine the fate of anyone making the slightest remark opposing that hegemony. Apprehended by Mossad agents he will plead the First and Fifth Amendments in vain. He will call for "due process" in vain. Like Eichmann, he will predictably be transported, but now openly, to Israel. After a seemly interval of "interrogations" he will confess himself guilty of genocide or some other "crime against humanity" and be duly executed. I am sure that I sound far-fetched in these predictions. One must, though, consider with whom one is dealing. Then nothing can sound too far-fetched.

Which brings me to the second bit of real business that is going on in *The Spike* beneath its more overt disinformations. For if anything I have so far said may seem incredible, it cannot when we lay bare this last and most bare-faced attempt of the authors and publisher of *The Spike* to reel in (like clever fishermen) the American public. Once again we need to return to the plot of *The Spike*.

Soon after their introduction by Roth, Sharon informs Hockney, and presumably has been informing Senator O'Reilly, that "the people from the Institute for Progressive Reform, who will try to guide the national security policy of the new administration, are not only likely to hand over whatever secrets your country has left [our comment: does it have any left not known to Mossad?]. They're also likely to hand over some chunks of real estate that no one in the West can afford to lose." When Hockney, cretin-like in his innocence, says, "Meaning?" Sharon tells him, "Saudi Arabia. Southern Africa. Those will do for starters." (p.271)

These gloomy forebodings are confirmed later on in the book. The authors take us into a near future in which a liberal Southern Democrat has succeeded Carter as president [our comment: one should not exclaim, "See how wrong de Borchgrave and Moss have proved to be!" Had they said, "A

conservative Republican," the legerdemain they are engaged in would reveal itself: this, I think, will soon become apparent]. As I was saying, a liberal Southern Democrat has succeeded Carter as president. At the same time, Russia is in the process of taking over the Near East oil fields, using all the well-known devices of Communist aggression: fifth columns, "neighboring" Communist governments, the works.

Paralyzed by the incompetence of the newly elected president and the KGB-filtered advice of some of his advisors, the American Government sits on its hands. Yankovitch, a "square" Berkeley professor (we first meet him on page 3 as he is being harassed by anti-Vietnam demonstrators), is the new head of national security. Sharon, our ubiquitous friend in need, goes to Yankovitch, and reminds him that "the Israelis had contingency plans for occupying the Saudi oilfields and setting up a secure defensive perimeter, all within the space of thirty-two hours. All they needed was a green light from Washington and the pledge of strategic backup in case of attempted Soviet intervention" (p.309).

Yankovitch is not, however, able to convince the president and his KGB-manipulated advisors to accede to the Israeli contingency plans, with the result that the oilfields fall into Russian hands. Now predictably, at this juncture, every red-blooded conservative reader will rear back on his haunches (just as the authors of *The Spike* and their publisher have surely envisioned) and roar: "If we are to keep Russia from gaining control of the Near East oilfields we must support Israel in a seizure of them!"

In other words, to believe the authors of *The Spike* -- not only must the U.S. allow Mossad to operate in the U.S. as a co-partner of the American intelligence services (to a chorus of screams from unnamed dungeons), but it must ensure the Israeli takeover of Arab oilfields. But his means that the richest American industry -- the oil industry -- is to be put firmly in Jewish hands. Indeed, something more is being proposed.

It is hardly conceivable that the tiny State of Israel could become the ruler of all other states except by donning the robes of a mediator. Unless, however, the mediator possesses real authority and thus real power over those whose disputes and interests he mediates, he presents the menial figure of a middleman and not the figure of a ruler. We can imagine that no Jew would seriously subscribe to the view that what Jehovah meant in making the Jews his "Chosen People" and promising them a Messiah was that they and Israel would be the mere go-betweens of others.

Say that Israel becomes the proprietor of the Arab oilfields (possession is nine-tenths of the law). As such, Israel would be in a

position to dictate to the rest of the world rather than be the menial middleman of its conflicts; it would be a mediator in the king-ly sense in which the United States Supreme Court has been a mediator, imposing its will upon the American people with regard only to its own prejudices; or in which theocratic priests are mediators. In Jewish eyes the will of Jehovah shall have then been done. "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee [Israel and the Jews] shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted" (Isaiah: 60,12).

This, it is plain enough, is the real business of *The Spike*; this, behind the facade of its own various disinformations and its much advertised revelation of KGB disinformation, is what it is about: the furtherance of Jewish hegemony. What is surprising is that the authors and their publisher have not been more discreet and subtle in their machination. Their patent advocacy of Mossad co-partnership with American intelligence agencies and of American support of an Israeli takeover of Arab oil-lands give the stratagem away. It may be, however, that speed and therefore blunt, explicit indoctrination is called for. One notices, for in-

stance, that unlike recent cabinets, President Reagan's consists at this moment of only one half-Jew.

I have only one more comment to make, and that a moral one, on this mischievous book which is gulling the American conservative community as no recent work has. I know, for example, one conservative professor at a nearby university who has assigned the work as a test in his classes in political science. Its little half-truths about Russian disinformation and fellow-traveling circles in the United States blind him to all its immense disinformations. It blinds him even to the fact that the immemorial norms of propriety and good taste in English speech and writing and manners are trampled consistently underfoot in this book and the reader's nose is deliberately pushed into the stink and ugliness of the minority ethos of four-letter vulgarities and reptilian engrossment in soulless sexual activity. If *The Spike* is selling something besides Jewish political and financial hegemony, it is selling that Jewish ethos which increasingly is replacing in Western literature and art the beautiful and the aspiring with the ugly and degrading. On this account alone I should

recommend that no one buy or read this book. All of a culture, it should be understood, is of one piece; and where compromises are made in one's standards of the moral and proper, one will find compromised all other aspects of one's life, including one's racial instincts. Thus, the reader of *The Spike* will not only have to suffer through its continuous four-letter vulgarizings and its interminable bedroom scatologies but (as is said in speaking of the Devil) their attendant "familiar":

"Scurrilous," Senator Mahee exclaimed. "What are you trying to do," he directed his shaft at O'Reilly, "revive the McCarthy hearings?"

O'Reilly adjusted his leonine head to catch the best camera angle and raised his gavel as the audience erupted into a general brouhaha.

"I think we should have the decency," O'Reilly said, "to give Colonel Barisov the courtesy of a proper hearing."

"I'll second that," said Luther Bolt, the black Republican senator from South Carolina.

Cointel Marches On

The public is learning faster than slow-thinking Majority activists that whenever the latter are arrested for conspiracy, it is not *cherchez la femme*, but *cherchez the informer*. The Klansmen and Nazis who killed those five would-be Klan killers in North Carolina had an informer from the Treasury Department in their midst who had been urging them on for months. Viola Liuzzo, the civil rights Joan of Arc from Detroit, was gunned down in Mississippi way back in 1965 by a passing car in which Gary Rowe, an FBI informer, was riding with his Klan pigeons. There is such a strong possibility Rowe himself fired the fatal shot that the children of Mrs. Liuzzo (one of them a jailbird and a drugbird) are suing the government for \$2 million. The Gerhardt brothers of Indiana are now serving a jail sentence for a conspiracy that was suggested to them by a fed from one of those Cointel groups. Just recently six more "Nazis" were arrested in North Carolina for conspiracy to blow up a large petroleum facility, a shopping mall and a large part of downtown Greensboro. Here again the egger-on was an agent of that good ole entrapping Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

Always the conspiracy, never the act. Always the naive white patsies, and always the federal snitch artist pushing them to the

brink.

How does John W. Hinckley, Jr., fit into this picture? He allegedly joined the Chicago Nazis and talked so much about violence that even they had to throw him out. Yet we are assured by our mediocrats that Hinckley's act was a random one; that an ex-Nazi tried to kill a right-wing president; that the inspiration for his act was his puppy love for a young actress. Who's kidding whom? If Hinckley was a neo- or crypto-



Actress Jodie Foster - was she the real reason Hinckley tried to kill Reagan?

Nazi, why did he spend so much time and money on the couch of a psychiatrist named Baruch Rosen, and who would he be enthralled by such a mind-boggling film as "Taxi Driver," which gloated over the debasement of a 12-year-old Nordic prostitute? The scenario itself would be enough to make even a hardcore Nazi retch -- retch at the producer, the director, the writers, the actress and the critics who went along with this piece of *Rassenschande*. And why hasn't anyone gone into Hinckley's super-Christian background? The father, when he was not making a fortune in oil, sponsored so many Christian activities and so many do-gooding causes that St. Peter must be reserving him a top spot in heaven. Maybe Hinckley was a Jesus freak. Or maybe he was an informer -- a fascist-hater, not a fascist-lover.

As with so many assassinations or near assassinations of public figures, something is missing in the Hinckley case -- a motive. Only in the cases of Sirhan, the young Palestinian who killed Bobby Kennedy for supporting the destroyers of his homeland, and James Earl Ray, Jr., were the motives obvious. But why did Arthur Bremer try to kill George Wallace? The media made it look as if it was another of those "random, senseless acts." (When blacks kill whites in a fast-food

store or mow them down by driving a car into their midst, it is always a "random, senseless act.") Did any reporter ever dig deeply into Bremer's politics? When Oswald killed Kennedy, no less a personage than Chief Justice Warren assured the world that it was the act of a bigot (bigot being a favorite liberal pejorative for an extreme rightist). Yet Oswald had defected to Russia, married a Russian with KGB connections, and somehow in the days when no one was

permitted to bring out a Russian spouse, made it to the U.S. with his. Both Oswald and Ruby, his killer, had consorted with Cubans, and Ruby had actually visited Cuba at a time when no Americans were permitted to go there.

But no, there was no motive. Oswald just wanted to shoot some public figure, no matter who. Previously he had taken a shot at that media villain, the "fascist" General Walker. Still the media would not credit

Oswald with a credible motive.

Motives are acknowledged when rightists, racists or "Arabs" do the shooting. When the first news came in about the assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II, NBC reported that the suspect was "Arab-looking." Turks, it happens, are not Arabs, but the word was a useful one for the Israelis, who are warming up another Middle-East war.

Inside Poland

There are 35 million players on the Polish team versus 262 million on the Soviet Union's. Racially the two populations (leaving aside nonwhite Asians in the U.S.S.R.) are not too dissimilar. Both are largely Alpine, with a larger percentage of Nordics (perhaps as high as 20%) in Poland and a higher incidence of Mongoloid genes in Soviet whites. Both Russians and Poles are Slavic speaking and the difference between their respective languages is about the same as that between New Yorkese and Appalachian, though Poles use the Latin alphabet and Russians the Cyrillic.

Poland has a long history of grievances against Russia, which has engineered or helped to engineer four partitions of the country since 1772. The grievances have been exacerbated by the religious cleavage, Poland being Catholic and Russia Eastern Orthodox, though both countries are officially Marxist and therefore ruled by nominal atheists.

Poland, after a long subjugation by the czars, broke away and became independent during the 1917 revolutionary turmoil in Russia. A Red Army swept up to the gates of Warsaw in 1920, but was repulsed. Poland managed to maintain its independence until September 1939, when invading German and Russian armies carved it into two pieces and swallowed it. In 1945 Poland was reconstituted as a Soviet satellite, and so it remains to this day.

Before 1917 Polish nationalism was solidly anti-Russian. Poland's 3 to 4 million Jews, on a per capita basis the largest concentration of Jewry in any country, were anti-Russian because of occasional czarist outbursts of anti-Semitism. But most Poles were also anti-Semitic, as a result of centuries of Jewish domination of trade and commerce, so there was little cooperation between Jew and non-Jew. The Bolshevik Revolution, however, transformed most Polish Jews into advocates or friends of the topheavily Jewish regime in Moscow. Consequently, many of them welcomed the arri-

val of the Red Army in 1920, which did not sit too well with Polish nationalists who evened the score when the Soviet troops retreated.

Through the 1920s and 30s the Polish Communist party, as Communist parties everywhere in Europe, was headed by Jews. When Hitler came to power, the Polish Jews, Communist or not, tried to join other Polish parties in a popular front against the Nazis. They had limited success, though three Jews did get to be generals in the Polish Army. When the Germans and Russians stormed into the country in 1939, the non-Jewish element of the Communist party remained behind, while the Jewish element rushed into Eastern Poland to fraternally embrace the Russians. Lesser Jewish luminaries also headed for the Soviet-dominated area, among them Menahem Begin. When Hitler's legions moved into the Soviet Union in 1941, many Polish Jews managed to stay ahead of the Panzers. But many did not.

The Russians recaptured Poland in 1944-45 and brought the Polish Jewish party chieftains, who had sat out the war in Moscow, back with them. Under the watchful, wary eyes of Stalin and his KGB, the newly appointed commissars took over almost all the important posts of government, including the police, and unleashed the standard Communist terror. Some Kremlinologists think that Stalin, that sly old fox, was quite happy to have the Jews do his dirty work. Josef Vissarionovich may have figured that when the reaction came Poles would blame Jews, not the Russians, for their woes. It is further claimed that Polish Jewish KGB agents directed the massacre of some 15,000 Polish officers at Katyn and elsewhere and that the man in charge is now living in Israel. Stalin, it is recalled, also deliberately held up the Red Army before Warsaw to let the Nazis put down the uprising in the Warsaw ghetto.

In 1956 in a shake-up in Poland's ruling clique, the police were "Aryanized" and the Jewish minister of economics was dis-

missed. Aside from that, Polish Jews continued to ride herd on the country, under the guidance of Party chief Gomulka, a non-Jew with a Jewish wife. In 1967-68 a veritable purge of Jewish Communists took place; Gomulka went out, to be replaced by Gierek, a Western Pole who had stayed in Poland during World War II and fought in the underground. There were whispers that the Jewish commissars had been sending state money to Israel. The non-Jewish "partisan" faction had finally won out. Most of the remaining Jewish Communists and fellow travelers, perhaps as many as 30 or 40 thousand, fled to the West.

Of the few thousand who remained, only one or two are bigwigs in Solidarity, which is basically a working-class movement, with some nationalist and Roman Catholic overtones. Solidarity's main beef is the suffocating and bumbling Marxist bureaucracy, and the nepotism and corruption endemic in all dictatorships of the proletariat. There is no doubt that lingering anti-Semitism played a part in a recent demonstration in Warsaw which demanded that members of Solidarity keep the movement Polish. Whether it was a government-inspired demonstration, as the Western media intimated, is not known. But Moczar, the man principally responsible for removing the Jews from high office in 1967-68, is back in power. He has allegedly apologized for his previous sins, and the present Communist boss, Kania, has publicly denounced the demonstrators.

Barring complete independence from Russia, which seems an impossible dream at this stage of the game, the wisest *Politik* for Poles is to win as many concessions from the Kremlin as they can without triggering a Russian military response. It's a dangerous and tricky business. In the long run, of course, an internal break-up of the Russian Empire is Poland's best chance for independence -- a less impossible dream. From the Polish viewpoint the most practical solution of their almost insoluble problem would be the Kremlin's slow abandonment of Marx-

ism in favor of a pan-Slavic federation or commonwealth, in which all the Slavic states are given full autonomy in internal affairs, but with foreign affairs and defense matters under the control of a Russian-dominated Slavic congress. This would end the grating presence of Soviet troops and local renegades in the satellite countries and put the responsibility for economic and domestic policy where it belongs -- on the locals.

From a population of 3 to 4 million Jews in 1939 down to 5,000 admitted Jews in

1981 is quite a demographic slide. It demonstrates that, though many other problems remain, the Jewish problem in Poland has been put in the freezer.

If the Russians should invade Poland to "restore order," East Germany will be ordered to march in from the West -- the second time Germans will have invaded the country in slightly less than 40 years. It's just possible if the Poles get too rambunctious the Russians may force them to give back parts of Silesia and East Prussia to the Germans. Then to neutralize all Germans and

sabotage NATO, the Russians might permit the reunification of East and West Germany, which would place Poland once again between a rock and a hard place.

World War II started in Poland, when Britain and France decided to make good on their guarantee of the country's independence. In the end, Poland was saved from the Nazis only to become a servile state of Russia. World War III will probably start somewhere else. But peace has never found a happy home in Poland, and the last guns have not gone off in that unhappy land.

Race Exploiters

They threw the book at Joe Franklin. First came the trial for depriving two black joggers of their civil rights by preventing them from using a public park by shooting them to death. Yes, that was how the federal sleuths and shysters worded the charge against him so they could take charge of his prosecution. Normally murder is a state crime, but everything gets abnormal when whites shoot blacks, though not vice versa. If a black had murdered Franklin, he would only have been tried once.

So Franklin collected two consecutive life terms from a federal judge on the civil rights offenses and may soon receive a death sentence from a state judge for the same murders. He has also been charged with four more murders in Indianapolis and Oklahoma City, and is still a prime suspect in the Vernon Jordan shooting. Franklin claims, however, he was framed and that the feds pulled the usual dirty tricks -- tapping his wife's phone, leaking damaging reports to the press, and planting an informer in his cell. All the evidence was circumstantial. No one saw him in flagrante delicto. Nevertheless, he is probably guilty. He didn't take the stand in his own defense and he didn't have a credible alibi -- the two classical ways to beat a rap based on circumstantial evidence.

Yet, the Franklin case was a miscarriage of justice. Damaging media publicity, double jeopardy, clouded testimony, entrapment -- all the legal tricks that so upset the ACLU when a black is sitting in the dock -- didn't seem to raise the hackles of the judicial establishment.

In the press and TV when a white kills a black, it is so reported -- in so many words. But when a black kills a white, it is a simple case of murder -- just one individual killing another.

For example, an AP report (March 25, 1981) began: "Three white men were arrested on charges of murdering a black man . . ." On the other hand, the *New York*

Daily News (Jan. 3, 1981) began a murder story, "A New Jersey man arrested in the December 23 murder of a Port Authority police officer . . . is also wanted for other shootings . . ." The report, which went on for two pages, never once said that the accused was black or that the victim was white. The *Boston Globe* (Mar. 19, 1981) had a two-page story of a particularly heinous daylight robbery, rape and murder of a young white nurse by two blacks without once mentioning the race of the participants.

Where the media have had a racial field day is Atlanta. Night after night after night, all three television networks harped on "another black child murdered," until it was a wonder that Atlanta blacks didn't rise up and do in every white in sight. That the murder rate (22 children in 19 months) was probably normal for Atlanta, whose population is now two-thirds black and which had 231 murders in 1979, was never discussed. As a matter of fact, the former Fulton County (Atlanta) medical examiner, Dr. Robert Stivers, said he was astonished that there had



Whites also participated in weekend "citizen searches" for evidence in the murders of Atlanta blacks. Although the searches were grist for the media mills, they did not help solve the crimes.

not been more child murders in the same time period. In the midst of its gruesome reports, the press didn't bother to note the disappearance of two white children until they had been missing for ten days.

In Chicago ten black-on-black murders occurred in just nine weeks in the Cabrini-Green public housing project, into which Mayor Byrne and her husband moved temporarily amid a blaze of publicity. Neither the headlines nor the subheads revealed that the apartment next door to the Byrnes would be occupied by several bodyguards. Little mention was made of the fact that when the mayor stopped the charade some weeks later, life in the Cabrini-Green jungle revert-

ed to its natural violent ways.

After weeks of sensational reporting of the dead black children, it slowly, very slowly, came out that some of the slain boys had probably engaged in sex for money with one or more Negro homosexuals. Several of them had last been seen at the home of a black pervert with a long criminal record. The Atlanta Police Department and its black superintendent tried to downplay this aspect of the case, in order to protect "the reputation of the community" (Atlanta is the Mecca of the South for homosexuals). Most ironically and most pathetically, when a composite drawing of a black suspect was shown on TV, his skin was made to look

more white than black. By the middle of April an FBI agent charged that some of the black children had actually been murdered by their own parents.

Atlanta's professional blacks, true to form, turned the murders into a ghastly circus. Black vigilantes were flown in from New York and struck heroic poses for press photographers. Raising money for the victims' families became big business. Mothers of some of the dead children were demanding -- and getting -- \$40 just to discuss their trials and tribulations.

All in all, media venality has hit a new low in the coverage of the Atlanta murders.

Government-mandated Bias

Recent hearings (Jan. 21, March 3-4, 1981) before the House of Representatives Subcommittee on General Oversight and Minority Enterprise attributed a great deal of the blame for the deplorable state of the media to "gatekeeping" by its policymakers. Instaurationists prefer the more appropriate term "censorship."

Whether one examines the stultifying, anti-Majority flavor of television entertainment programming or the sketchy, and at times outright fraudulent, news reporting, the gatekeeping factor is all too apparent. Involved in the private sector are the limited number of syndicators, news services, distribution networks and program creators whose predilections about what is "good for society" have the cumulative effect of creating a product that in the final analysis answers only two questions affirmatively with unflinching consistency, namely: Is it good for the minorities? Is it good for Israel?

At the most visible end of the media spectrum are the gatekeepers who produce and write the daily entertainment fare for television. Ben Stein, author of *The View From Sunset Boulevard*, describes the impact of this handful of individuals as follows:

Television is not necessarily a mirror of anything besides what those few people [denizens of West Los Angeles] think. The whole entertainment component of television is dominated by men and women who have a unified idiosyncratic view of life.

During the hearings mentioned above, the FCC attitude toward this Gordian Knot of interlocking minority interests was summarized by the following conclusion of its representative:

Given the number of television networks presently in existence, it is unlikely that much can be accomplished through regulation of commercial practices to substantially affect the viewing fare available to the public.

However, it was pointed out that the FCC and other federal agencies have numerous abstruse powers which can be used to effect changes should these be considered desirable.

At present the FCC can regulate network practices directly if they are found to be "anticompetitive or otherwise inconsistent with public interest." Since this prerogative has not been exercised to benefit the interests of the Majority, it may be concluded that the monolithic entertainment and news policies of the networks are consistent with the overt and subtle wishes of the Washington bureaucracies. In regard to advertising, a statement from the representative of the FCC established that a radio, TV station or publication can deny access to advertisers "on any grounds whatsoever." He added, however:

Of course, I would assume that you can get in some *discretionary* type of conduct but generally speaking a broadcasting station -- indeed, it is mandated in the Communications Act -- is not a common carrier. It is not like something for hire. Therefore, you can reject advertising. You can reject programming. This has been upheld by the Supreme Court.

In this context, except during election time, the only advertisers who can expect to demand and obtain advertising or programming time are the privileged minorities, as hinted at by the reference to "discrimination." Majority advertisers are stonewalled

by reference to the "Supreme Court" since, as everyone knows, discrimination does not apply to Majority whites.

The FCC has a mandate to award and revoke licenses based on its "ascertainment of community needs," a shotgun clause which places its members in the position of judge and executioner. It is, of course, the FCC which decides "the needs of the community."

A station not showing sensitivity to the needs of minorities, ostensibly is put in a "distress" situation, meaning that the broadcaster is designated for a hearing to determine whether his license should be denied. As the FCC representative glibly explains:

The broadcaster has the option to determine whether he wants to pursue through the administrative hearing process to determine whether his license should be revoked or he can opt to sell out at a discount price to a minority enterprise.

Enter the IRS.

In deference to the FCC as master gatekeeper, the IRS conveniently assists in the dismantling process through application of its Section 1071 of the 1954 Internal Revenue Code, which facilitates the transfer to selected owners more in tune with governmental policy, i.e., a minority proprietor.

The actual incentive to sell to a minority owner involves a "tax certificate," which defers a tax on capital gains to the seller in a "distress" situation for two years, giving him time to reinvest the proceeds in the interim. A similar "tax certificate" is automatically awarded to any media owner selling his broadcast station to an entity owned or controlled solely by "minorities."

Is it any wonder that there appears to be

an increasing minority orientation in the media? Acting in collusion, the FCC and IRS are effectively able to direct editorial policy by imposing financial ruin on those daring to dissent.

Can any station, particularly the smaller business ventures outside the pale of the major networks and their affiliates, afford to incur the wrath of the watchdogs of the FCC

and the numerous self-appointed guardians of minority interests? Can any small independent enterprise run the risk of editorial policies in conflict with the espoused dogma of the Washington bureaucracy and afford the consequences of ignoring the "needs" of the privileged minorities? By definition any station accused of pursuing "racist" policies thus faces certain destruction.

Stilted news reporting and entertainment catering to minority tastes is now inevitable and preordained, if for no other reason than the government is pursuing a policy of censorship which makes it impossible not to broadcast slanted news and minority-slanted entertainment.

Department of Situation Ethics

ADL Issues Model Law To Curtail KKK Activities

Palm Beach, FL...The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith urged state authorities to adopt legislation outlawing paramilitary training camps run by the Ku Klux Klan or other extremist groups — and made public a model statute.

The statute, drawn up by ADL's national Law Department, calls for imprisonment and/or fines against those found guilty of operating paramilitary training camps or receiving training there. It was announced here at a session of ADL's National Executive Committee meeting at the Breakers Hotel.

Seymour D. Reich, chairman of ADL's National Civil Rights Committee, told some 200 participants attending the four-day meeting (Feb. 12-15) that the model law would make training in the use of firearms, explosives, incendiary devices or techniques that kill or injure people a crime when it is for the intention of provoking civil disorder.

The League, which has monitored Klan activities since the 1920's, disclosed in a nationwide survey last October that the Klan is engaged in paramilitary activities in six states and urged regular FBI surveillance to protect Americans from terrorism and violence perpetrated by "armed-racists."

Areas Of KKK Activities

In its October report on the Klan, the ADL pointed out that FBI monitoring of the KKK was sharply curtailed in 1976 by guidelines — issued in response to charges of the abuse of FBI powers — which require evidence of actual or imminent violence before investigating Klan activities.

The report named Alabama, Connecticut, Illinois, North Carolina and Texas as sites of paramilitary training and cited California as a Klan

distribution center for instructional manuals and handbooks on terrorism.

In Alabama, for example, Reich said, the Invisible Empire, Knights of the KKK, run by Bill Wilkinson, operates a campsite near Cullman, Al. which has been dubbed "My Lai." Training there includes target practice with M-16 semi-automatic rifles, obstacle course proficiency, study of guerrilla tactics and practice search and destroy missions.

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These two interesting but not necessarily complementary items appeared in the same issue of the *Jewish Press* (Feb. 20, 1981).

Cultural Catacombs

Principal Flunks

A high-school principal was asked to write an article for his school paper. He was happy to oblige. Below are some excerpts:

The County office has coordinators in all areas that is willing to help when help is needed.

Every one who participated are to be commended a job well done. We did not win as many senior games as we would have like too, but both teams showed excellent sportsmanship.

The Senior High band and the Junior High band were always there at the ——— stadium when we need them. The Cheerleaders cheered the Drill Team performed. The motivation and the momentous was there. It worked as clock word or a puzzle each part fell in place at the right time. If you were at the statium with me. I am sure you would have been satisfied with the performance.

After the article was published, the school board was petitioned by a dismayed parent to fire the principal, who defended his an-alphabetism with these arguments:

(1) It was a rough draft which he expected a student on the paper would edit.

(2) The education of principals does not require a course in journalism.

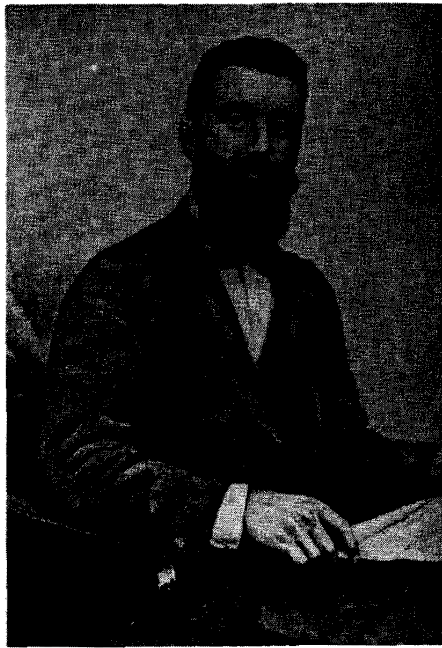
(3) He was an "inexperienced writer" (he actually had a Master's Degree from a state university).

(4) The charges against him arose from racial hostility.

Since the principal is black, the school board decided to handle the problem in camera. For this reason, its decisions have not been made public. As far as can be ascertained, the principal is still principaling.

Herzl Lobbied for Genocide

One of history's great ironies is that during and after the first organized Turkish massacre of the Armenians (1894-96) the Sultan's action was warmly supported by none other than Theodor Herzl, the founding father of modern Zionism. History will show that the first prominent entry of Zionists into world politics was in defense of genocide. Later, Jews were quite prominent in the pan-Turkish political movement that inspired



Theodor Herzl

and carried out another extermination of Armenians in 1915-20, one of the leading exterminationists then being Tekin Alp, born Moise Levy. This and other interesting information is contained in a book recently published in England, *Armenia, Survival of a Nation* by Christopher Walker (Croom Helm). Perusing it, the reader cannot help wondering whether the impact of the Turkish genocide of the Armenians on world public opinion and the subsequent demand for an Armenian national home did not give Jews the idea of staging or at least overpublicizing their very own Holocaust.

Another British book about another Middle Eastern bloodbath is *People Without a Country -- The Kurds of Kurdistan* by Gerard Chaliand (Zed Press). The author claims that between 1925 and 1939 Turks massacred 1 million Kurds and relocated 700,000 others. The West paid no heed; at the time it was focusing its attention on the "horrors" of fascism and Nazism. Paradoxically, the survival of modern Turkey depended to a great extent on the military aid of the Kurds. They comprised a large part of the army with which Kemal Ataturk harried the Greeks out of Asia Minor. But after the Kurds had served their purpose and the Greeks had been properly dispossessed, they in turn became the victims of Ataturk's fierce nationalism.

A third book, *Lovers on the Nile* by Richard Hall (Collins), concerns Sir Samuel Baker and the 17-year-old wife he bought at a Turkish slave market. She was a Transylvanian German blonde and without her courage and determination Baker would probably never have accomplished his re-

markable explorations of blackest Africa. No literary work reveals more dramatically the Anglo-Saxon obsession with the sufferings of black slaves as contrasted with the indifference shown to what was happening to white slaves inside the Turkish Empire. One aspect of this indifference was Disraeli's declaration that Turkey must be preserved at all costs.

Mao as Chemist

The following choice passages were extracted from a serious scientific paper entitled, "Total Synthesis of Crystalline Insulin," reprinted from *Scientia Sinica*, 15(4), 544-561 (1966):

The first successful total synthesis of a protein was accomplished in 1965 in the People's Republic of China. Holding aloft the great red banner of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's thinking and manifesting the superiority of the socialist system, we have achieved, under the correct leadership of our Party, the total synthesis of bovine insulin. . . . Throughout the various stages of our investigation, we followed closely the teachings of Chairman Mao Tse-tung: eliminating superstitions, analysing contradictions, paying respect to practice, and frequently summing up experience.

It is becoming more apparent every day that the Great Helmsman's Cultural Revolution will take its place with Stalin's patronage of Lysenkoism as two of the most revisionary episodes in the history of science.

Salinger's Disciple

Mark David Chapman, who put John Lennon out of his and our misery, said he did it to publicize *The Catcher in the Rye*, the 1951 novel by J.D. Salinger. After shooting the multimillionaire Beatle, Chapman lowered the gun and started reading the book. From jail he addressed this appeal to the American people:

My wish is for all of you to someday read *The Catcher in the Rye*. All my efforts will now be devoted to this goal, for this extraordinary book holds many answers.

Rereading the novel to search for the "answers" we must have missed many years ago, we could find little to get excited about, no great words to the wise, no arcane messages. All we found was what we had found in the first place -- a rather scatological account of a day or two in the life of a Jewish boarding-school dropout, who was dubbed

with a Majority name by the Jewish author. Salinger, who now lives in rural New England and publishes very little, rose to the top of the bestseller list by being one of the first American authors to use four-letter words for the sake of four-letter words. Not the worst slice-of-low-life novel novel written since World War II, *The Catcher in the Rye*, if it were not for the adumbrations of hippy-ism, would be almost as dated as Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*. The only message Chapman could possibly have gleaned from the book was that he should imitate the poses and posturings of Salinger's young, totally irresponsible antihero, who is portrayed as having very few of the spiritual juices that make humans human. Unfortunately for Lennon, this was just the kind of crass, thoughtless, ego-loaded creature Chapman became.

Unsuccessful and Successful Censorship

Archie Bunker, an ersatz WASP Know Nothing played by an Irishman, is a character stolen from a BBC series in which Warren Mitchell, a British-Jewish actor, played a British blue-collar bigot. Strange that WASPs cannot play WASP bigots and Britons cannot play British bigots. But no stranger than Jews playing Nazis instead of Germans playing Nazis. The producers of propaganda can do most anything, but they still pay homage to the aesthetic prop.

In March, however, at long last on television a real Jew played a real Jew, Yiddish accent and all. Warren Mitchell starred as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, a British production recently shown over the Public Broadcasting System. It was by far the best rendition of Shakespeare's masterpiece we have ever seen. To indulge in an even greater superlative, it was the finest presentation of any Shakespearean play we have ever seen.

The ADL tried to stop the showing on PBS, as part of its continuing crusade against Western culture. But this time the inquisitors lost. Perhaps because of the heavy Jewish involvement in the production -- Jack Gold was the director and another Jew, Jonathan Miller, the producer -- the show managed to go on.

If the ADL failed in one rare instance to wield the censor's knife, another organization succeeded. After broadcasting a television exposé of Synanon, one of those strong-arm cults, some years ago, NBC's top brass received so many threatening letters they decided to shelve an upcoming series on the Peoples Temple, which had 30 hours of

interviews with various followers of Rev. Jim Jones, all describing the horrors already going on in Jonestown. If the network had put on the documentary, the Jonestown suicide orgy might never have taken place.

Amerindian censors also won one. ABC announced it was dropping "Hanto Yo," a docudrama about a band of Sioux. Some tribesmen had gone on the warpath about it. To portray minority characters accurately these days, TV moguls have to go back as far as Shakespeare.

The Only Possibility

Karl Hand, leader of a Nazi groupuscule in Buffalo, was arrested on a gun charge the night before he had scheduled a rally to protest the celebration of Martin Luther King, Jr., Day.

Gerald Carlson was arrested for passing out literature on the eve of the Republican primary for David Stockman's vacated seat in Michigan. Carlson got only 1.6% of the vote. He might have received a few more ballots if he had not been arrested. The winner was a Moral Majorityite, who did not utter a word of protest at the flagrant violation of his rival's civil rights.

Eighteen members of the Ku Klux Klan staged a small rally in Meriden, Connecticut, to protest a minority-sponsored protest of a white policeman's shooting of a black shoplifter. In spite of a human shield of 80 policemen, they were subjected to a murderous rock, brick and bottle barrage from minority racists. Several Klansmen and 19 policemen were injured, a Klanswoman so badly she had to undergo emergency surgery in a nearby hospital.

Some day when American democracy is about to go down the drain, if it hasn't already, liberal pundits will probably complain mightily about the fascist threat of a Majority secret society.

Since antiwhite racists control the streets and are able to smash at will any public demonstration by Majority activists, how else will the Majority, which will soon be a minority, be able to survive unless it takes a clandestine approach to politics?

What is Wrong?

Donald and Bea Shreeves, typical Middle Americans from Illinois, had four daughters. Debbie, the "saint of the family," died in a flaming car crash in 1972 at the age of 19. In 1977 Beverly moved to Chicago, where she was killed by gangsters when she opened her apartment door and accidentally witnessed a gangland killing in the hallway. Denise went to Chicago to find the killer of her sister. A few days after she had written to her father that she thought she had identified

the murderer, her body was found in an elevator. Last February, Candace, the only surviving daughter, was shot to death, apparently by her husband. To make the story even worse, the father eventually found out that Beverly and Denise had worked as prostitutes in Chicago before they were murdered.

When he buried his last daughter, Donald Shreeves asked in the tragic manner of King Lear, "What is wrong with us?" He was not restricting the question to himself and his wife. The "us" was certainly meant to include his relations, his friends, his neighbors, perhaps even the "us" who are reading these lines.

Holy Doings

Bob Jones University has lost its tax exempt status for frowning on interracial dating. Aleck Bledsoe and his Marumsc Christian School had to pay \$18,000 to the family of a girl expelled for dating a black. The Rev. Moon is scheduled to preside over a marriage of 10,000 interracial couples this year. All in all, it's a golden era for miscegenators, except perhaps for the white wife of that black fight promoter, who helped con Wells Fargo Bank out of \$22 million. She is accused of being an accessory to the massive theft.

Thought to be somewhat averse to out-marriage, Moral Majority fundamentalists do not hesitate to welcome Negroes to their churches and meetings, but not the Benjamin Hooks type of Negro. One black preacher, Rev. Charles McKinney of Mississippi, addressing a convocation of the National Religious Broadcasters, described slavery as "the biggest blessing God ever done for my people." He continued:

The best thing God ever done was to send those white men over to Africa in those boats and bring us here so we could hear the story of Jesus Christ. They meant us harm, sure, but God made it good for us. It was better to be in slavery than to be free on foreign soil, walking around half-naked and worshipping idols.

Almost all Moral Majority types, black and white, never cease proclaiming their undying love for Israel. One Christian sect, however, has refused to go along with the Zionist Bible-thumping. It's called Way International, whose spiritual chief is Victor Paul Wierwille, a graduate of the Chicago Divinity School and the Princeton Theological Seminary. What distinguishes this cult from other evangelistic groups is that in addition to the Bible it promotes Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. If Way members consider Butz's book gospel, they better start converting their church headquarters into a fortress.

Inklings

Jean Stealer

Avri El-Ad (né Seidenweg) was the Israeli saboteur who bombed and burned American libraries in Cairo and Alexandria in 1954 in an effort to queer U.S. relations with Egypt. El-Ad escaped, but the plot was uncovered when other Israeli spies and wreckers were arrested by the Egyptians. The sabotage was eventually blamed on Israeli Defense Minister Pinhas Lavon, whence its name, the Lavon Affair.

El-Ad claimed Lavon had no part in it; that the Israeli higher-ups were responsible. For this he spent ten years in an Israeli jail. After his release, he wrote a book about his experiences, *The Decline of Honor* (Regnery, Chicago), then dropped out of sight.



Arsonist Avri El-Ad

Last March he dropped back in sight in Los Angeles, as the president of a garment firm which specializes in manufacturing counterfeit Jordache designer jeans. The head of Jordache, Joe Nakash, is another Israeli. His was the responsibility for the Jordache ad that ran last year in the *New York Times Magazine* and featured a Negro male and a white female clad only in the company's product.

While our government spends millions of dollars a year persecuting American citizens for alleged war crimes committed 36 or more years ago, a professional spy, who blew up American property in order to seriously damage U.S. relations with a foreign country, moves to Los Angeles and sets up a crooked clothing business. If and when El-Ad is jailed or deported, we may be sure it will not be for his crimes against the U.S., but for stealing garment designs from one of his countrymen.

Liddy on Hess

On two facing pages in a recent issue of *Parade* (Feb. 22, 1981), Gordon Liddy and Simon Wiesenthal engaged in a written debate on Rudolf Hess, now approaching his 40th year of uninterrupted confinement. The Weasel's argument was what could be expected from a man who has become a fuming organism of hatred and revenge, a male Fury. Keep Hess in jail, urged Simon, for he has never "uttered a single word of remorse."

It is perhaps Hess's unblemished record of silence, his refusal to buy freedom by informing on his fellows (the route taken by Albert Speer), that has made him so attractive to Liddy and evoked such a thoughtful article from the unpredictable mind of the one man who came through Watergate smelling like a rose.

In Liddy's view, Hess is a lifer and lifers never think about the outside, only the inside. "They own their own prison, possessing it as much, if not more, than it possesses them." Liddy insists that it is Hess, not his jailers (the U.S., Britain, France and the U.S.S.R.), who owns Spandau.

The Soviet Union keeps Hess under lock and key because his very existence still worries the Kremlin. Of the two war machines of death, Liddy says Hitler's "was unquestionably the more efficient." So, today, "the nation with the world's greatest military machine still fears" the last living symbol of

Nazism. "That satisfaction warms Hess on the coldest day within his icy prison . . . Hess will do nothing to compromise his place in history and its meaning to him. After all, having a place in history at all is something few men can claim."

Although Liddy doesn't say so, Wiesenthal's place in history, if he manages to obtain one, will be that of a third-rate bounty hunter. What Simon doesn't understand is that his frantic, un pitying, pound-of-flesh revanchism is creating a myth that some day, some year, some century will almost certainly boomerang against the very people he thinks he is defending. High tragedy not only supersedes history; it often controls it. The poetic flights reached in parts of Liddy's article may themselves be an important contribution to the building of a Hess myth.

Maverick Economics

John Pugsley, a maverick economist and the author of several books, views the social and political history of mankind as a tug of war between production and theft. The successful producer repeats his success -- and others imitate him. The successful thief repeats his thefts -- and others imitate him.

Before production, according to Pugsley, there was only theft. When production began, in large measure when man first learned to speak, the producers had to band together to protect their products -- with fences, weapons and locks. This worked for a while, but the plunderer invented new



U.S. Information Center library ablaze in Cairo, July 14, 1954

methods of thievery -- armed incursion and fraud. Religion, with its accent on morality, was developed as a defense for production, and so was government. From then on, the success of the plunderers depended on their ability to take over government and turn it against the producers. At first the thieves didn't get very far. But as time went on, they became much more adept and sophisticated. They eventually managed to centralize government and make theft legal. The final stage of government -- communism -- is total theft, which Pugsley defines as controlling the property of another without his consent.

Liberals would probably categorize Pugsleyian economics with one of their favorite derogatory tags, "simplistic." And so might we. And then again, we might not.

Holiday Merging

In Tulsa a group of Christians went to a synagogue for a dry run of Passover, the first day of which fell this year on Easter Sunday. Lois Hammer, a Baptist, said, "We want to see how much we have in common, rather than focus on our differences." After a rabbi had explained all the details, Sister Noel Boggs, co-chairman of the Jewish-Christian Task Force, said it "was a beautiful experience." Added Rev. V.C. McGouldrick, a Catholic, "We're becoming more aware of our roots." Rev. Jerry Demetre, a fundamentalist, hosted a Seder meal for Christian high-school students. The Seder features "matzo's" (unleavened bread) because, as the rabbi explained, the Jews had to leave Egypt in a hurry.

Since Hanukkah is playing an ever more important part in Christmas, the birth of Christ, it will not be surprising if Passover is eventually merged with Easter, the death and rebirth of Christ. Christianity, allegedly the religion of mercy, is becoming more and more entangled with a religion whose principal holiday celebrates the first recorded Holocaust -- Jehovah's mass extermination of the Egyptian firstborn.

Tingling Spines

The bare possibility of a Senate Security and Terrorism Subcommittee sends shivers down the S-shaped spines of the old boy network. Marxists, Trotskyites, and every other kind of "ite" and "ist" have had a field day since the Senate Internal Security Committee and the House Un-American Activities Committee were disbanded many years ago. A revival of Senate prying into subversion should also send shivers down the I-shaped spines of Majority activists. While investigating KGB agents and their multifari-

ous and nefarious friends, it's standard practice to appease the "impact press" by dragging in Klansmen "as a matter of balance." Needless to say, the one spy group which needs the most exposure will never be subpoenaed. Can anyone imagine Strom Thurmond, who oversees the new subcommittee, or Joel Lisker, his chief of staff, calling in Mossad agents and asking about that uranium heist in Apollo, Pa., about the dastardly attack on the *Liberty* or about burning down that American Library in Cairo? Before such questions are ever heard in Congress, Menahem Begin will sing *Die Fahne Hoch* at a special fund-raising gala for Frank Walus on "Sixty Minutes."

The Real Makers of Foreign Policy

When the U.S. media have one foreign policy and the U.S. government has another, it's a foregone conclusion which will come out on top. Under Carter both the government and the media agreed that the pro-American right-wing dictatorship in Nicaragua under Somoza had to go. It went -- to be replaced by an anti-American, Leninist dictatorship subservient to Castro and Russia.

The Reagan administration does not want to repeat Carter's act in El Salvador, but the "impact press" does. So whenever Reagan seems to be getting his way, the media simply crank out a new atrocity. It's the same kind of game played in Vietnam. What the media want, the media get. Reagan can't talk to the PLO. His new ambassador to the UN created a cause célèbre for daring to speak to a couple of South African military officials. Haig is under constant attack these days, not so much for his Cassius-like ambition, but for not hewing to the Kissinger line of least resistance to Soviet land-grabbing, a turnaround which Kissinger considers most ungrateful of his erstwhile protégé.

Herbert Morris goes into the origins of the Haig-Kissinger connection in his book *Uncertain Greatness: Henry Kissinger and American Foreign Policy*:

Kissinger needed Haig to provide reassurance, as well as to act as a litmus test on the right in a government where Kissinger was unlikely to be attacked successfully from the left. For the most controversial policies Kissinger planned -- initiatives in arms control and ending the war -- he would be, he believed, more vulnerable to criticism. Haig, the decorated combat veteran, the leathery soldier of strong opinions, would help clothe those actions. Jealous of the relationship as well as of Haig's power, Helmut Sonnenfeldt would joke in acid terms that Kissinger the

German-Jewish immigrant kept on Haig, the all-American colonel from Philadelphia, to testify at some imagined right-wing trial, if Henry went too far with détente.

Kissinger -- and Haig -- to the contrary, the only way to save El Salvador would be to send in some resegregated Marines. But the Reagan people, knowing how the media would tear them apart, don't have the guts.

Consequently, the practical solution to the impasse is to pull out of El Salvador entirely. The media will see that it happens eventually, so it will save a lot of time, money and horrendous anti-Reagan headlines. Then secret efforts should be made by the State Department to turn the Central American Reds against their foreign paymasters and against each other, just as Tito turned against Stalin, China against Russia, China against Vietnam and Vietnam against the Cambodians.

If, as has been their strategy for half a century, the media continue to force us to support our enemies, then the only possible and only effective retaliation is to divide and subvert our enemies. Since we are not allowed to help and protect our friends, that's the most we can do until we learn that our real enemy is here at home. Until we get rid of the real enemy, it's a hopeless task to implement an America First foreign policy.

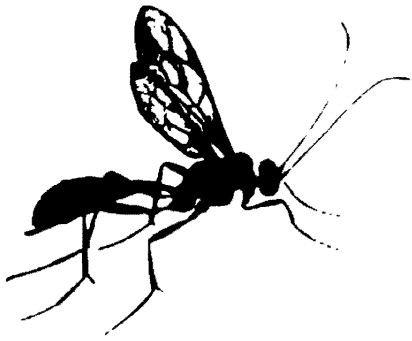
Any president who really wants to save El Salvador must first save the U.S. from the media. It's as simple -- and tragic -- as that.

Banned in Boston

Jordan Marsh, the department store chain, kicked off an ad campaign in Boston featuring Jack and Jill, a young, on-the-ball Majority couple in their late 20s who live a "dynamic life" -- in part because of the fashionable products they buy at J-M. The next day, store executives coming to work were amazed to run into a picket line. Three of the protestors, Susan Steiner, Kayla Kirsch and Lisa Gallatin, explained: Jack and Jill were just plain "racist and sexist" and personified "the rich, white, and beautiful young couple." Susan and her friends did not explain who they themselves personified, though we have some ideas on that score.

Before they left, the demonstrators demanded Jordan Marsh issue a public apology and establish a "civilian review board . . . to ensure socially responsible advertising in the future."

Boston has long been famous for banning books. Will it be the first city to ban advertising that shows Majority faces?



Cholly Bilderberger



A Day in the Life of Robert Mallet

He woke to the sound of Gene Shalit's voice. His wife, Evelyn, had turned on the "Today Show" on the television set in their bedroom and was watching it as she dressed.

"I love him," she said when she saw that Robert was awake. "Do you remember his last interview with Mel Brooks? Those two have a chemistry together. You'd better be getting up."

Her abstract, attenuated voice drifted into another room.

At breakfast, his uncle Arthur, who was visiting them, said indignantly, "Another Palestinian attack *inside* Israel." His uncle was in his seventies, and his upraised hand trembled slightly. "When will this terrorism end?" he asked.

Robert's son, George, replied, "When the end of the world comes. We had this, well, like, neat course in history about how the world is going to end some day — it's called Armageddon. No more terrorism, and the Jews will be proved right, like they were all the time."

Evelyn said, "That's rather a simplification, but you seem to have the general idea. I'm glad you're getting some Jewish history."

"Theirs is a noble story," Arthur said. "A wonderful struggle against great odds."

"This course is a spin-off from our Holocaust course," George said absently.

"Oh, well, the Holocaust," Arthur said alertly. "Well, the Holocaust, of course . . ." He looked around at them and seemed to lose the thread of his thought. "Oh, the Holocaust . . . naturally."

"Naturally," Evelyn said briskly.

"I didn't like that course when we had it," Robert's daughter, Nancy, said.

"You probably didn't understand it," Evelyn said.

"I understood it," Nancy said. "It was boring."

"Perhaps you'd better take it again," Evelyn said dryly.

"She'll have it again next year anyhow," George said.

"Why did she say it was boring?" Arthur asked Robert, frowning. His pale old hand — the paleness set off by a light sprinkling of dark spots — was upraised and trembling a bit more.

"What about Armageddon in space?" George asked.

"When we are, like, raising all our crops and raw materials and stuff on Mars and going to Jupiter on pleasure trips, like you go to Florida now, and Armageddon comes here on earth, won't that mean that we can just move to places in space and the Armageddon won't bother us?"

Evelyn looked at him dubiously. "Well," she began.

"Hold it," George said, "I've got it. It all works out. Armageddon comes here, and this world is destroyed, and the Jews are proved right and come out on top, but everything in space still works, because it means the Jews will just be in charge of everything." He looked at them in conclusive triumph.

Evelyn drove her husband to the train station. As they waited at a red light, a black man, alone in the car next to them, touched his horn lightly. They turned to look at him, and he made an obscene gesture, grinning at Evelyn. She turned away and said nothing.

On the train, Robert sat next to a man he did not know. Across from them, four men whom he did know slightly sat together. One of them, Alan Roth, was speaking in a soft, intimate, persuasive voice. Robert could hear him clearly. Alan lived near him, and they had a nodding acquaintance, just as Robert had with the other three.

"So what do you want Israel to do?" Alan asked. "Give up? Stop looking for the criminals who do remain?" He paused, but none of the three answered. They evidently considered the question rhetorical and were silent, waiting for more.

"And they *do* remain," Alan went on. "More than you think. A friend of mine, who has connections in Mossad and knows Wiesenthal, told me there are two or three times as many as most people think. And not all of them are in South America. Some of them are right here in our United States." He looked at his audience proudly. "What do you think of that?"

Again, no one answered, and in a moment Alan began again.

The man next to Robert nudged him. "There's a good review of Elie Wiesenthal's new book here," he said, indicating his open newspaper. "You ought to read it."

Robert opened his own paper to the same page and read: "Elie Wiesel won't stop writing these novels, these white pages full of black songs, and if we stop reading them — if we stop listening — we will lose our souls. *The Testament*, unsurprisingly, is Jewish. It laughs and mourns. Mystics dance before they are burned. The greatest sin is silence. If we are silent, we have lost our history and our memory . . . Kossover is a Jewish poet who happens to be Russian. His father was a merchant who took God seriously; his son is mute, in Israel . . . Wiesel, who has spent 18 books reminding us that we are not permitted to forget the evil of anti-Semitism, asserts in *The Testament* an uncompromising presupposition: We are Jews before we are Russians, Germans, Spaniards, English. We seek, in silence, the Messiah . . . His ambition is daunting . . . We have wept, not so much for the Jews . . . as for ourselves, for the monstrosity we permitted. Wiesel seems to suggest that the only answer to that monstrosity is a Jewish father and a guilty son . . . we are asked to sing his song or drown."

As Robert walked through the train station, he heard one man say to another, "That's why they call Sinatra Ol' Blue Eyes, because he's what they mean by a Nordic, they all got those kind of eyes."

On the street leading to his office, a young Hispanic in the crowd ahead of him lightly and deftly grabbed a woman's purse and darted off. The woman shouted and started to run after the thief. She was tripped up almost immediately by another Hispanic and fell to the sidewalk, striking her head heavily. She lay unconscious, breathing unevenly, her dress rucked up and her legs awkwardly spread.

In the elevator, two men were arguing in a friendly way. "Admit it," one said to the other, "if you're going to get insulted, you want Don Rickles to do it."

"Admit nothing," the other replied. "Rickles couldn't hold a candle to Groucho. When Groucho was in his prime, I mean. Later he got kind of soft. I'll admit that, but, overall, I won't admit anything else."

In mid-morning, Robert was working in his office when his secretary came in with the mail.

"There's a letter from The Friends Of The Black Ph.D.s," she said. "They have some connection to Vernon Jordan and they also called this morning. And Mr. Auchincloss thinks everyone in the office, especially the partners, should read the review of Mr. Wiesel's book in today's paper." Mr. Auchincloss was the senior partner. "I've booked you two seats for the new Neil Simon play. Your wife mentioned it last week."

Walking to lunch, Robert heard a woman say, "Wayne wants to go to see basketball tonight, and I said that I'd go only if it was Philadelphia playing. I could watch that Dr. J forever."

He lunched with Oliver Cozzens, another of the partners, who came right to the point. "This girl is not ordinary, Robert. And not all Jewish girls are alike. There's a big difference between Barbra Streisand and Betty Bacall, even though they're both attractive. And dynamite sexually, of course." His voice trailed off rather than rising on "dynamite sexually," and he looked at Robert meditatively. "This girl is what you'd call a Jewish exquisite, I suppose, even though the old murky voluptuousness is never altogether absent . . . I'm not thinking

divorce, at least not now . . . Kay and the boys might understand, but, again, they might not . . . She doesn't want to drag me off to Israel, at least not now, but we do talk about world conditions, naturally, and prejudice, and all the rest of the contemporary reality that we all have to live with . . . Dynamite . . ."

In the afternoon, Robert had an unexpected visit from his nephew, Larry Mallet, a recent Harvard dropout. Larry wanted to borrow money to start a business raising shrimp in tanks. "There's a lot of money in it, and I can still have time to write. I'll be honest — I can't get the money from Tom; that's why I've come to you." Tom was Robert's brother. "I can't even talk to him about business, or anything else . . . Shrimp are fish, and we all know fish are brain food. It's the gourmet brain food, though . . . prove that better stuff can be written on aquatic protein . . . and still have time for writing . . . Bellow . . . Mailer . . . Malamud . . . Singer . . . Doctorow . . . Miller . . . giants . . . the intensive dynamics of Jewish culture . . . shrimp as foreplay, if, unlike Tom, you can still enjoy a good joke . . . Joan, my own sister, who lived with a black for six years and still can't eat soul food . . . menacing the gay community, and I certainly felt that aura of menace in my own gay experience . . . fifteen thousand . . . you don't have to give me an answer now, but I'd certainly like to hear from you by tomorrow. Let's be reasonable, but let's also be business-like, O.K.?"

His secretary left at five. " 'Masada' tonight," she said brightly, calling over her shoulder on her way out.

Robert left at six and had a drink alone in a bar near the station. On his right, a man was reading the review of Elie Wiesel's book. On his left, a well-dressed but tipsy man was inflicting a monologue on an indifferent bartender. "They say that those Jews at Masada — you've seen it, I assume? — had no solution to their problem. I say they did . . . No, you don't have to wait for the final episode to see how it comes out, they all die. But don't we all? . . . Anyhow, who doesn't like to be stroked? If the Jews had stroked that Roman commander, they could have walked off that miserable hill. And why didn't they do it? Because they were too stiffnecked. Because they have that damned Jewish arrogance . . ."

A swarthy young man stepped from farther down the bar, circled the men in between him and the tipsy man, pulled the latter by the shoulder away from the bar and hit him full in the face with a crushing punch. Blood streamed from the tipsy man's nose. The swarthy young man proceeded to beat the tipsy man to a pulp. When the tipsy man was finally on the floor, the swarthy young man kicked him twice. The sound of ribs breaking, although muffled, was clearly audible.

On the train, Robert sat three seats away from Alan Roth and his three mute companions. Alan was speaking again in a soft, persuasive voice, but Robert couldn't hear him. The men in the seat behind Robert were talking about Alan Greenspan. From somewhere in the car he heard someone say, ". . . not great, like Richard Pryor, but . . ."

Evelyn was waiting for him in a state of controlled indignation. Three young blacks had been apprehended that day in the neighborhood and charged with armed burglary and rape.

"There's a definite suspicion of Miranda having been sus-

ended," she said, her voice thickening with emotion. "The rapee — is that what you call them? — the alleged rapee, I should say, is Mrs. Grammond, and you know how odd she is. Probably played some sort of archaic 'woman's' role with them. And our noble local boys in blue waded right in with nightsticks, revolvers and what have you, but so cleverly, in that way they have, that there are no marks on the black boys. They're out on bail. But Clare Passage, the woman I know in the Clerk's Office, says Miranda was definitely violated, and the case doesn't have a chance. God, to think this sort of nineteenth-century violation of basic human rights now extends into our own beautifully isolated community. Makes one sick. Did you see the wonderful review of Wiesel's book?"

Dinner was hurried, because of "Masada."

"If we have 'Holocaust' courses," George said between gulps, "we should be getting 'Masada' courses before too long, shouldn't we?"

"I'd certainly hope so," Uncle Arthur said warmly.

"Neat," George said. "If we have enough of these shows, they may fill up the whole school day. Nothing but Jewish history from break of day until the twilight's last gleaming."

"Don't try to be funny about these things, young man," Evelyn said.

"I'm not trying to be funny," George said. "I'm as serious as they come."

"Jewish history," Arthur said. "Jewish history."

During the showing of "Masada," Robert was called to the telephone. It was Francis Morgan, a fellow vestryman.

"I know you're watching 'Masada,' and I hate to interrupt you, but I had the feeling you'd like to join with me in celebrating the stand the President will be taking next week. No, I am sure you couldn't know about it, and I only know because I happen to have a connection in the White House. As you know, there is to be a ceremony there to commemorate the six million. The President will say, 'We must never permit it to come again . . . We share the wounds of the survivors.' I should add that there will be more than one hundred Jewish leaders there for the first annual Day of Remembrance. The President will go on to say, 'I am horrified today when I know that . . . there are people now trying to say that the Holocaust was invented, that it never happened, that there weren't six million whose lives were taken cruelly and needlessly in that event, that all of this is propaganda.' He will stress that he knows it is not propaganda because there are survivors to tell about it and films to show it — films that he saw while on duty in a military unit that assembled film clips during World War II. Isn't all that marvelous, Robert? I mean, he could have been sympathetic and stopped there, but he's going all the way!"

"Where was I? Ah, yes, then he will say, 'I remember April '45. I remember seeing the first film that came in while the war was still on, but our troops had come to the first camps and had entered those camps. And you saw, unretouched — and no way that it ever could have been rehearsed — what they saw, the horror they saw . . . I won't go into the horrible scenes that we saw.' Then Elie Wiesel — I know how much you must

have liked the review of his book in today's paper — the chairman of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, will tell the President that one way to keep the memory of the Holocaust alive is not to sacrifice the security of Israel."

From the next room, Robert could hear the sounds of strife from "Masada." Some military action was reaching a crescendo.

"He will say, according to the text," Francis went on, " 'Please understand us, Mr. President. We believe that the subject of the Holocaust must remain separate from politics, but if we plead so passionately for Israel's right not only to be secure but also to feel secure, it is because of Israel's nightmares which are also our nightmares. Israel is threatened by a holy war, which means total war . . .' Isn't it all splendid, though? Much more than I could have dared hope for. Well, sorry to have taken you away from 'Masada,' but I was sure you'd like to be among the privileged few — I'm only privileged by accident, of course — to know all this before the event."

At the conclusion of the "Masada" episode, the children went reluctantly to bed, followed by Arthur. Evelyn and Robert were alone.

"What a thrilling time to have lived in," she sighed. "But on the other hand, perhaps our world isn't so bad. At least we have the opportunity to correct some of the old wrongs."

As they went to bed, Evelyn turned on the "Tonight Show."

"I can never make up my mind whether I like Rodney Dangerfield better than George Burns," she said. "I know it's lowbrow of me to like either one, but there's a warmth in both of them which transcends the banality. Isn't it interesting that in the end it is warmth and love which count so much more than cerebration? I should say their warmth and love over our coldness and intellectualism. We have so much to learn from them. Here, if you don't want to watch these lovable clowns, you can read Mr. Wiesel's book. After reading the review, I went out and bought a copy."

In their darkened bedroom, the light from the television set flickered on everything. On the rugs, the walls, the chaise lounge, the chairs, the dark wood and the pale materials. It flickered on the ceiling and on the headboard of their bed, and, at a refracted angle, on their bed clothes. And, finally, on their faces.

The light moved and flickered like the reflections from those globes made up of hundreds of pieces of mirrored glass, those globes which once hung in public ballrooms and at private dances. The light had seemed to fall from those globes rather like snow, and this television light had something of the same quality. It didn't look like falling snow, but it gave the impression of falling snow. It created the impression of falling outward rather than down, of falling from the bright source into the darkened room. Of softly covering the room and the two figures sitting so upright and so still with a gentle outward and downward fall of particles of light, a homely but provocative illustration of pure optical illusion.

John Nobull

Notes From the Sceptred Isle

In a nation of don't-rightly-knows, David Irving stands out as a man. He is a big, strongly built fellow with dark hair and gray eyes, and much resembles his father, who was a naval officer. At an earlier stage in English history, he might not have had a care in the world, but he has been a rightist for over thirty years now, and experience has made him watchful. Indeed, his entry into a crowded room has been likened to that of a (quiet) heavyweight boxer, and he is a heavyweight in more ways than one. To begin with, he is England's most outstanding revisionist author, and his writings on such subjects as Erwin Rommel, the Battle of Stalingrad, the aerial massacre of German civilians, and



David Irving

Hitler's noninvolvement in the Hollow Caust, have been read by millions. His latest two books, on the Hungarian Uprising of 1956 (Hodder and Straughton, London, 1981) and *The War Between the Generals* (Congdon and Lattés, New York, 1981) are not likely to endear him with the Left. The formidable combination of an excellent memory, a gift for repartee and the very best modern gadgets in his office (computerised data, a big reading machine and good recording equipment) provides him with the requisite flexibility and informational backing. Also, he has social charm. How else could he have persuaded so many German military families to let him have access to records denied to other historians?

For some time now, Irving has been politically active be-

hind the scenes, and has attracted a nucleus of able people organised in a group called Focus, the aim of which is to promote right-wing causes. The split in the National Front over the past couple of years has created something of a vacuum on the Right, and Irving has stepped forward to fill it. In any case, he feels that some rightist activists (not necessarily in the National Front) have been giving fascism a bad name. Much of his support comes from elements of the Conservative Party.

Irving is not so explicit on the racial issue as I should like him to be, but there is no doubt at all that he would prevent further coloured immigration and reverse the flow altogether -- so far as is possible through the use of humane methods. He is careful not to express anti-Jewish sentiments (although he has always been openly anti-Zionist), and even goes so far as to hobnob with the half-Jew Sir James Goldsmith. I am very doubtful about this, just as I am doubtful about the stated dedication of Focus to "Christian and democratic ideals," but perhaps this has to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, and perhaps both Goldsmith and Irving think they are using each other. What is certain is that Jewish groups display ranting, raving hatred whenever Irving appears in public. The Jewish Board of Deputies has been watching him for years, ever since he published an advertisement for Sir Oswald Mosley's journal *Action* as a London University student over thirty years ago. Nor does it improve his image with the Jews when he is quoted as expressing the hope that Winston Churchill is frying in hell. His statements have been twisted whenever possible, and a number of outright lies about him have been given maximum publicity.

A week in the life of this extraordinarily tough and dedicated man can pack in more excitement than most people experience in a lifetime. Recently, he agreed to give a series of lectures in various British universities on the somewhat controversial subject of Hitler and the Jews. The Jews have most certainly not forgotten his public offer of a thousand pounds to anyone who could prove any connection between Hitler and the gassing of Jews. (Needless to add, no one has come forward with any serious evidence.) On Monday, February 2, 1981, he tried to address the students of Southampton University, but was howled down by organised Jewry. In Oxford on the same day, he was also prevented from speaking, but a party which he attended there that evening appears to have been a great success. The following day Irving went up to speak to the students at Bradford University. The Jews heckled him vio-



lently, but he was able to get some of his points across. On Wednesday, he addressed the students at Leeds University, where he was publicly insulted by at least a hundred Jews, one of whom spat in his face. All this was organised by a Jew called Reuben, who followed him round from meeting to meeting. On Thursday at Birmingham University there was real mayhem. Enormous numbers of Jews and leftists yelled and screamed, but Irving's friends put a helmet bearing the legend, "Gays against Hitler," on his head, formed a flying wedge, and got him onto the stage. He was opposed by a certain Professor Grenville (viz Grünwald. God Almighty, think of Grenville and the Revenge!), who did the restrained, civilised disagreement bit, leaving his fellow Jews to continue their hysterical yelling once he had finished. The pandemonium was appalling, but the loudspeakers at the back of the hall were good enough for Irving to circumvent the phalanx of Jews immediately in front of him. He said that people could read his books to find out what he thought. Why, then, had he come to address them? Because the principle of free speech was like that of a public right of way. If it was not used, it fell into abeyance. Eventually, the safety curtain had to be lowered, striking Irving on the head, but without hurting him. The student officials quietly asked him back for an interview on the following Tuesday, to be relayed over the students' TV-radio network.

On Friday, Irving went to speak at York University, where the hall was absolutely crammed. But this time, it was not just Mr. Reuben and his friends who were following him around. The Jews performed their usual disgusting antics in the front, but the rest of the audience reacted against them in such a violent fashion that Irving became nervous for the first time -- at the prospect of presiding over a pogrom! Eventually, the Jews fell quite silent and had to hear him speak.

This was just one week in the life of David Irving. It should really have begun on January 28, where some brave souls at the Jewish-dominated Sussex University had asked him down to speak. Needless to say, this invitation was soon withdrawn "on moral grounds." However, a meeting at Atlantic College, of all places, on January 30, was well attended, and a number of intelligent questions were asked. Then came the week of university meetings described above. Whenever Irving got the chance to speak, he wiped the floor with his opponents. The fact is that he just knows too much. As for those who try to get him on specific statements in the past, he has developed a highly effective technique for dealing with them. He asks them where they have obtained their information. In one case, a youth had taken his information from the notorious "anti-fascist" publication, *Searchlight*, which enabled Irving to say a few things about the criminal record of the writer. In another case, a Jewess pretended that her information came from a daily paper, but Irving pointed out that it was not a newspaper she was holding in her hand. In the end, she lamely admitted that she was holding a handout from the Board of Deputies of British Jews. The effect on audiences of such tactics is electric.

You might think that Irving would take a rest after such an active week. Not at all, he was off to give a series of lectures in Germany. You might ask when he finds time to write his books. The answer appears to be, at night. He has given up

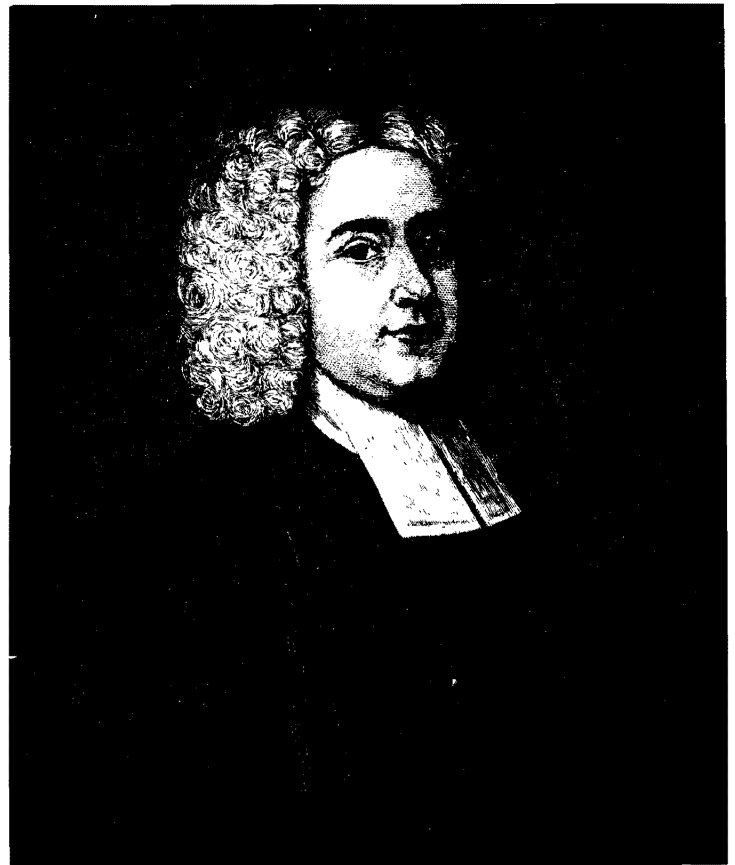
drinking altogether, so that he can devote himself full time to his writing and speaking.

My guess is that Irving will make a really big impact in the future. He has understood that one might as well begin with the Hollow Caust lie, because the Jews force one back to it in any case, whenever someone tries to speak out for the Dispossessed Majority. Incidentally, just one small detail. I saw Irving in the room of a university professor. He was leafing through a book which he had taken out of the bookcase. It was in fact *The Dispossessed Majority*.

* * *

*A philosopher, one Bishop Berkeley,
Remarked metaphysic'ly, darkly,
"Quite half of what we see
Cannot possibly be,
And the rest's altogether unlarkly."*

Having no television set, I am often reduced to reading in order to while away the hours. On reconsidering Berkeley's *Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Understanding* (1710), I was struck by its relevance to our present plight. He claims that things only exist in so far as their qualities are perceived by a mind. Such an idealist view tends toward solipsism, but Berkeley argues that the harmonious relationships perceived in nature, and the fact that things are perceived similarly by different people, can only be explained by their being continually present in the mind of God. By implication, he disapproves of miracles, which depart from the natu-



Bishop Berkeley

ral order, and explains away defects in nature by comparing them to shadows in a picture, which throws the brighter parts into relief. (Pope later referred to such discord as "harmony not understood.") Not that Berkeley claims any logical connexion in sequences of events -- but rather a kind of symmetry appreciated by the mind in tune with God. Thus recognition of the natural order becomes an essential mark of true philosophy, not to speak of religion.

An interesting point is that Berkeley rejects all abstract general ideas (his example is "mankind") on the grounds that no such concept can comprehend all the individual phenomena which are claimed to be contained in it. By implication, he accepts Locke's contention that general ideas are not to be found among animals, but adds that many men are likewise incapable of them (and one might add that many handicapped persons who pass for men lack even the abilities of animals). He insists that such ideas are no more than convenient linguistic symbols, like numbers except in so far as they also evoke emotions. It follows that the concept of mankind is but a bundle of particularities, and that all categories are but arrangements for the facilitation of thought. In this, he is directly in the tradition of the mediaeval Nominalist philosophers, who denied any necessary connexion between a name and the thing it represented. The French leftist critic Roland Barthes has made use of this arbitrariness in thought to suggest that our view of a work of art may legitimately differ from that of our predecessors. But I would agree that different kinds of

people tend to conceive things differently, that those most in harmony with the producer of the work of art have most justification in promoting their viewpoint, and that works of art produced by members of one group may appear irrelevant or repulsive to another group. If there is a religious gene, as suggested by Wilmot Robertson, may there not also be genetic bonds between creator and appreciator (however far removed in time) which explain their similar way of looking at things? By implication, Berkeley affirms the role of instinctual perception in our interpretation of all phenomena. If we frustrate our deepest instincts, we can no longer tell the truth.

Our enemies try to have it both ways. They insist on the basic unity of mankind, ignoring the enormous differences. But at the same time, they make use of Nominalist arguments to deny the reality of race, seizing on peripheral examples to discredit the whole concept. Their thinking, as J.R. Baker says in his book, *Race*, is purely mathematical, by which he means that they manipulate mathematics to deny what is instinctively perceived, not only by us but by other races as well.

Finally, it seems to me that Berkeley offers us an escape from the arbitrary aspects of Nominalism. If there is a God, or as I would put it, if the Universe is Mind, then it can order phenomena in such a way that they tend to be perceived in certain categories. Does not this argument resolve the basic point at issue between the mediaeval Nominalists and Essentialists? And does it not justify our racial categories?

Father Machree

From the Auld Sod

A Gallup Poll, conducted for the BBC's Panorama Program in the spring of 1978, stated that 53% of the British people thought their government should declare its intent to withdraw from Northern Ireland. Thirty percent were opposed and 17% had no opinion. It would be nice to know how many of the polled Brits were Afros and Pakis.

In October 1979, a poll taken by the Economic and Social Research Institute indicated that 56% of the British people favored a withdrawal from Northern Ireland -- regardless of the wishes of the Ulsterites. Only 33% of the Brits disagreed and the undecided figure remained at 17%.

The latest poll, published early this year by a London daily, showed that 61% of the Brits favored the removal of Northern Ireland from the United Kingdom, 57% thought the British Army should pull out at once, 40% thought not, and the undecided had dropped to a new low of 7%. The poll provided figures on the age, sex, religion and economic position of the respondents, but not, of course, any data on their race.

There are some equally interesting poll results from Southern Ireland, where only 41.8% are sympathetic to the IRA and only

67.9% favor a united Ireland. However, 77.8% support a British withdrawal from Ulster at a date certain.

In other words, while a majority of the Southern Irish do favor a united Ireland, the majority is much smaller than many Americans believe. That less than 50% of the Southern Irish are IRA sympathizers should come as an equal shock to the uninformed.

The majority of Northern Irelanders, of course, favor going it alone when England -- as it most certainly will sooner or later -- pulls out of old Erin.

* * *

We Irish just may have beaten the Vikings to America. St. Brendan, who was born in A.D. 484, wrote a tall tale about a voyage he took with 14 fellow monks. Just recently, some Canadian archaeologists have discovered a stone with some old Ogam script carved on it. Now Ogam is a language that has not been spoken in the Auld Sod since the Christians drove out the Druids in the fifth century. It could, of course, be a hoax, but at present the Canadians seem to believe that the stone inscriptions are a genuine

find. Till now, Brendan's story ("Navigatio") was thought to be pure fiction. But there was a time when the story of Troy was also considered to be nothing more than a fairy tale. One reason for the reluctance to give any credence to St. Brendan was that there has always been a lot more to us Irish than the British have ever liked to admit in public.

* * *

Cromwell, Ireland's public enemy #1, was not considered to be any saint by many of the British and Scots. It was during Cromwell's bloody dictatorship that most of the Irish, Scots, and some of the English as well, were forced to go to the West Indies. Some were shipped off because they were unable to pay their debts. Others held political beliefs that differed with Cromwell's. Still others were desperately poor and sold themselves into slavery for a period of seven years. If they broke any of their master's rigid rules, they were forced to continue their slavery for another seven years.

The whites who were rounded up and sent to the slave mills of the West Indies were said to have been "barbadoed,"

which means "removed against one's will to a far-off part of the world." Often these wretched victims received worse treatment than the imported slaves from Africa, since they were not slaves for life and tended to be less docile than Afros.

While over 125,000 were originally shipped to the West Indies, only 12,000 to 15,000 of them remain today. They are called Redlegs because of the way that the hot sun works on their white skin. They are desperately poor, mostly illiterate, and gradually dying out.

Most of them have been abandoned to black socialist governments and would like to go back to the mother country. Unfortunately, this will not happen. It will not happen because the last thing the British government would like to see is a group of whites telling fellow whites what life is like for nonblacks under a black government.

* * *

Ian Paisley is one fellow who is silly enough to provide some future George Bernard Shaw with the comedy of a lifetime, provided that some damned idiot doesn't shoot the bloody ass and make a hero out of

him. Should Paisley be kicked out of Ulster and the ministry, I can't help but feel that he might still have quite a future as a comedian. It is said that even some of his British supporters are amused by his rantings. Some IRAers actually think Paisley is an asset to their cause.

* * *

Let's clean up the British propaganda surrounding the so-called "dirty protest" conducted by their Irish nationalist prisoners. In the first place, this "dirty protest" began after guards began throwing their excrement back into the cells on the prisoners instead of having the decency to empty the containers. This was often done while the prisoners were asleep, and the guards (generally known as "screws") would make special efforts to cover both the prisoners and their mattresses with it. In desperation, the prisoners themselves began smearing excrement on the walls of their cells. The guards seemed to take a perverse delight in this action, despite the fact that they were -- and still are -- forced to endure a limited amount of the stench. I do hope that the idiotic "British subscriber" whose comment appears in

the March 1981 issue of *Instauration* will take note. I might add, in addition to the Irish prisoners, there is at least one Irish lady who does not believe all of the screws are nice people. The lady I refer to is Rosanna Leckey, wife of a prison warden, who recently blasted her husband with his own shotgun.

* * *

The people of Ireland have always held the Kennedy family in such reverence that they were faced with a difficult problem in explaining the events of Chappaquiddick. After lengthy consideration, the Irish government released the following explanation, which somehow has disappeared from the state archives:

God bless Senator Kennedy, that sainted soul who was taking that fine Catholic girl to midnight mass when the tragedy occurred. Noble individual that he is, he spent the next 12 hours in devout prayer before he notified the authorities. The American government would be well advised to find the Protestant bastard that built that narrow bridge.

Primate Watch



DAN RATHER, the \$8-million anchor-man, didn't debut too well when he finally took over the "CBS Evening News" from America's favorite uncle figure, avuncular Walter Cronkite. After claiming a Negro cab driver in Chicago tried to kidnap him, he got the offending cabbie fired, caused him to lose his home, and tried to get him jailed -- all this in spite of his deep affection for blacks. Iroquois Dan had refused to pay the fare when the cabbie couldn't find the Chicago mansion of Jewish feuilletonist Studs Turkel, whom Rather was interviewing for a puff piece on "60 Minutes."

We haven't seen any ratings as yet, but it would seem reasonable to believe that Dan will not hold on to all of Walter's captive audience. That old CBS slant becomes more and more obvious when read by a dark, intense, self-proclaimed part-Iroquois than by a well-groomed WASP type like Cronkite. Style and a clipped moustache make an excellent camouflage for mendacity, and leather-faced Rather doesn't project a photon of Cronkite's smooth authoritativeness. No matter how skewed the content, no matter how distorted the message, it's the gospel truth when Cronkite reads it, or so it seems to the vast CBS news claue. In this sense the departure of Cronkite is a small victory

for honest reporting. Rather's news will be the same as Cronkite's. The same Augean stable of writers, the same old producer, Sanford Socolow, will still be in there pitching the old William Paley line, dredging up the Love Canal, Three Mile Island and the Holocaust at every opportunity. But Squaw Baby's grating spiel is harder to swallow.

☆ ☆ ☆

When Nazi child molester Frank Collin became head of a seedy, sleazy gang of Chicago Nazis, we thought we'd seen everything. We hadn't. **LITTLESUN BORDEAUX**, an 8-year-old student at a Hebrew school in Spokane, Washington, claims to be the direct descendant and heir presumptive of the famed Sioux chief, Crazy Horse. Three generations of Jewesses, Littlesun asserts, married Sioux warriors, and he is the end prod-uct. As *Newsweek* describes it, his mother Armatona is one-quarter Sioux and 100% Hadassah.

☆ ☆ ☆

JAY EMMETT and **LEONARD HOROWITZ**, two top officials of the giant Warner Communications Corp., pleaded guilty to

various charges of fraud and income tax evasion. The federal prosecutor in charge of the criminal proceedings, centered around the massive skimming in the Westchester Premier Theater, said **FRANK SINATRA** had a part in the wrongdoing. But since Frankie has a written character reference from the President of the United States, he is not likely to be brought to the bar of justice for this offense or for any other of his numerous offenses.

☆ ☆ ☆

IVAN VAN SERTIMA, a mulatto mythologist, won the 1980 Clarence Holte Prize for his book, *They Came Before Columbus*, which "proves" that blacks discovered America 2,200 years before 1492.

☆ ☆ ☆

In the midst of the 1972 presidential campaign **MIZ LILLIAN CARTER** attended a benefit featuring Andy Young and Harry Belafonte. Afterwards, she said, "I had a ball," and told her eldest, "Jimmy, I wish I were black." "Why?" asked the president-to-be. "Jimmy, I don't know. I just do." (From *Jimmy Carter, a Character Portrait*, Bruce Mazlish and Edwin Diamond, Simon and Schuster, 1979).

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Primate Watch



When the *Chicago Sun-Times* (Dec. 16, 1980) reviewed a cannibal cookbook, *To Serve Man* by **KARL WURF** (a relation of Jerry Wurf's?), we looked it up in *Books in Print* and tried to order a copy. But letters and phone calls failed to produce the publisher, listed as the Owlswick Press. Instaurators will therefore be unable to learn more about such interesting recipes as Man Loaf, Minceman, Person Stroganoff, Sweet Man, Sour Man, Chile Con Hombre, and Person Kebab. In his introduction the author wrote:

Why eat Man? The harder question to answer is, why not? After all, Man is a large plentiful animal. Unusually choice specimens run about 240 pounds. Man can be prepared for table in many appetizing ways And, above all, Man is available.

The way things are going, by the end of the century Wurf's cookbook may well be outselling *The Joy of Cooking* and the gourmet recipes of Julia Child.



LEONARD MEYER was the first to take advantage of the new California law which allows deaf people to sit on juries. The court had to hire a special sign language expert to interpret the proceedings for Meyer, who joined the other jurors in clearing a man charged with pimpery.



LARRY LEVENSON, FRANK PERNICE, HARRY GORDON and **ALAN FEINBERG** were indicted for skimming more than \$2.3 million from the till of Plato's Retreat, the "everybody-join-in" sex club that was one of New York City's proudest attractions. Concurrently, **STEVE RUBELL** and **IAN SCHRAGER**, former owners of Studio 54, the high-decibel, high-fashion disco, flew back to Fun City, tanned and fit, after serving time in a country club gaol on Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama. The pair had been sentenced for evading more than \$400,000 in income taxes. In prison they had their choice of tennis, softball, volleyball and billiards, were allowed to picnic with visitors on the grounds, and given 14-hour furloughs to Montgomery, which they decided was a hick town. Former Congressman **CHARLES DIGGS, JR.**, the kickback black from Michigan, also put in some time at Maxwell before he was transferred to a "halfway" house in the District of Columbia. Altogether Diggs served seven months

of a three-year sentence for forcing members of his staff to give him \$60,000 from their salaries. When Diggs was released from the halfway house, he was immediately hired as a special assistant to the Congressional Black Caucus.

NORMAN SHAPIRO, professor of romance languages and literature at Wesleyan University, has atoned for his translation of Jean Raspail's *Camp of the Saints* by Englishing the verses of black Francophony poets. In a publicity blurb celebrating his genius, Shapiro was called a "premier translator of French farce." Not a word about Raspail's uncanny book-length prediction, already partly fulfilled, of the massive civilization-wrecking migrations of nonwhites to the white world.



Norman Shapiro



Affirmative Action is a pretty expensive proposition for American business. It has been horribly expensive for Wells Fargo Bank, which hired a black named **BENJAMIN LEWIS** some years ago to make the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission happy. His white bosses soon promoted him to operations officer at the Beverly Hills branch and gave him the run of the bank's computer. Working with black boxing promoter **HAROLD SMITH** and using the name of drait-dodger Muhammad Ali, Lewis milked Wells Fargo of \$21 million. The ex-operations officer has now flown the coop, while Smith plays a game of hide-and-seek with the police. The Smith-Lewis caper will probably throw more boxing business into the boxing empire of that other black promoter, Don King, who combs his hair straight up and once served four years for manslaughter.

Nikolai's Roof on the top of the Atlanta Hilton requires its dinner guests to wear a tie -- not an unreasonable request -- and will lend one to anyone who arrives tieless. But this was not good enough for **SPENCER FELDMAN**. He refused to borrow a tie and demanded to be admitted with his open Hollywood shirt. Though he hurried and he puffed and he chutzpahed, they wouldn't let him in. Feldman is now suing for \$25,000 and hopes the court's decision will make dress codes unconstitutional, not only in Georgia but elsewhere.

Reagan may have been a bit stingy in handing out cabinet posts to his minority supporters, but he's making up for it in the foreign service. Supermarket tycoon **THEODORE CUMMINGS** has been appointed ambassador to Austria; **JOHN L. LOEB, JR.**, the Jewish banker and lawbreaker (federal election law), was made ambassador to Denmark, and **MAXWELL RABB**, Eisenhower's Hofjude, ambassador to Italy. **ROBERT NESEN**, an L.A. Cadillac dealer, Ronnie's Pacific Palisades neighbor and the new ambassador to Australia, may or may not be a Jew, but he certainly isn't a descendant of the Puritans or the Cavaliers. The same may be said for Vienna-born **ROBERT NEUMANN**, the new ambassador to Saudi Arabia. Neumann, once an inmate of a Nazi concentration camp, is officially a Catholic.

GEORGE F. WILL, who passes for a conservative columnist while touting minority racism as loudly as Buckley, has had a change of heart. It was he who initiated the campaign that culminated in Connecticut's first commutation of a death sentence. Will now admits that "the categorical nature of my position . . . certainly was wrong. And I may have been wrong on the issue itself." Wrong as he admits he was yesterday, he continues to write his columns instructing millions of Americans about what is right and wrong today, even though he may change his mind again tomorrow.

PETER YARROW of Peter, Paul and Mary, a trio of hyperliberal troubadours, was found guilty of molesting a 14-year-old girl ten years ago. The day before Jimmy the Tooth left office, he granted Yarrow a full pardon.



Iceland. On October 10 last, the 103rd session of the Althing, the world's oldest parliament, was convened by Vigdis Finnbogadóttir, the country's first lady president. She asked the 60 legislators to work together to overcome their inborn individualism.

Recent blood group tests have shown that most Icelanders, although their ruling class was and is Nordic, are more closely related to Celts than to Scandinavians. Type O blood predominates in Iceland and Ireland, while Type A prevails in Norway and Denmark.

Some say that the blending of the Celt and Nordic accounts for the great literature of the Eddas to which Iceland contributed more than any Nordic nation. But perhaps in those early days there was little to blend because the original Celts were Nordics.

Iceland's population fell from 80,000 in A.D. 1100 to 40,000 in the 18th century, then rose to 200,000 in 1976. The island has one of the few remaining populations of Northern Europeans with a high birthrate (7 per 1,000).

Per capita, more books are published in Iceland each year than in any other country.

About 20,000 people of Icelandic birth or ancestry live in the U.S., most of them in the western part of the country. Most Icelandic Americans are Lutherans, although there are 200 Icelandic Mormons in Utah.

Britain. Brits still ask themselves why the British Empire collapsed like a house of cards. They also want to know why top-echelon officials of British Intelligence and the British Foreign Service were willing to sell out their country to a non-U nation like Russia and a non-U creed like Marxism. One answer to both of these questions is the near total degeneration of the British upper classes. Most of the spies who gave their all to the KGB were Oxbridge homosexuals who forsook their aristocratic ties and duties to join a tribe that has no racial or national moorings of any kind. Today, at the very moment that Britons are hearing that a former director general of MI5 (British Intelligence), the late Sir Roger Hollis, may have been a Soviet mole, along comes Sir Peter Hayman, former deputy undersecretary at the Foreign Office, former member of the Defense Ministry, and former ambassador to Canada. Sir Peter, it turns out, was a transvestite, whose principal occupational specialty, when not holding down highly sensitive posts in the British government, was child pornography. Was Sir Peter also working for the Old Boy network in Moscow? Why not? Anyone who is a pedophile is capable of anything.

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We like the looks of Prince Charles's intended. Perhaps it's because some of Diana Spencer's blueblood comes from George Washington, as announced by *The Royal Wedding*, a new book authored by Hugo Vickers (Viking). Let us hope that her American genes will partially make up for the sprinkling of Amerindian genes contributed to Britain's worst prime minister by the American Jerome family.

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Lord Kagan, the embezzler pal of former Labour Prime Minister Harold Wilson, was not only a crook; he also dabbled in the ever more popular British pastime of spying. Once known as Pincus Kaganovich, the noble lord, it has now come out, helped finance various Jewish terrorist activities, including the theft of enriched uranium from an unnamed Western country. Arrested in France some months ago and brought back to Britain, his bail was set rather low. Reports are so confused that we can't find out whether he promptly fled to Israel or landed in jail.

France. Last fall during the height of the anti-anti-Semitic agitation, the French media raged against an arson attack on a Jewish store in Paris. A Star of David and a swastika had been painted on the walls of the partly gutted building. Recently Eric Lévy, the manager of the store, was sent to jail for the crime. Lévy explained that he was depressed about store sales, so he decided to burn the place down and blame it on French Nazis.

* * *

The "King of Sugar" as Maurice Varsano was known in Paris, died last November, but the press scarcely noticed it. One of the world's richest men, Varsano thrived on anonymity. Born in 1916, the son of Vitalis Varsano and Rachel Lévy, immigrants from the Ottoman Empire, Maurice went as a young man to Morocco, where he plunged into the spice trade. In 1941 in Iran he was speculating in salt. In 1943, already immensely wealthy, he was put in charge of press propaganda for the French army in North Africa. He returned to Paris after the blood-bespattered liberation and soon became Europe's greatest private trader and speculator in sugar. In this capacity, he worked closely with Fidel Castro, who intro-

duced him to members of Communist high society. In 1974 came the "scandal of the white sugar" in France, which involved a series of price manipulations and corners. During all the subsequent hue and cry about monopoly, exploitation and capitalist bloodsuckers, Varsano's name was never mentioned.

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Thousands of Frenchmen have been victimized by l'affaire Rozenblum, in which thousands of vacation apartments were "sold" to buyers on the basis of shared ownership. Instead of giving the purchasers a deed, Rozenblum simply sent them a piece of paper which stated they were "associates" of a leisure-time corporation. In this way each unit was "sold" for four or five times the normal price. After milking the public of some 600 million francs, Rozenblum then went bankrupt, along with 43 of his associated companies. No one as yet knows if the Rothschilds, who helped finance the scam, have lost any money. Marc Rozenblum was born in Kaunas, Lithuania, half a century ago. He was never listed in any French financial directory and none of his million-dollar enterprises were mentioned by any French financial publication. No one knows how he got to France or how he established such close financial ties to the Rothschilds.

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Having almost killed Marc Fredriksen, the leader of a miniscule right-wing movement called FANE, Jewish terrorists turned their attention to Michel Caignet, 26, the treasurer of the now outlawed group, who had just passed an examination entitling him to become a professor of German. They caught him when he was leaving his home in the Paris suburbs and threw a bottle of acid in his face. He will be permanently disfigured and may be permanently blinded. Two policemen who saw the attack refused to pursue the assailant. If it were not for a passing truck driver who took down the license number of the car after witnessing the attack, the terrorists might never have been found. Needless to say, the authorities are not breaking their necks to bring the acid throwers to justice. At present a first-year Jewish medical student named Aziza is the chief suspect. A bench warrant is out for his arrest, but he has conveniently disappeared. Several incriminating documents, including a hit list of Jewish "enemies," were found at his home.

West Germany. At least one or two fewer German children are going to be molested and/or murdered in the next couple of years. During the trial of Klaus Grabowsky for sexually assaulting and strangling the seven-

year-old daughter of Marianne Bachmeier, Frau Bachmeier shot him dead while he was sitting in the dock. The Associated Press reported, "Bailiffs and a roomful of stunned spectators watched in horror as Grabowsky fell to the floor." Nobody watched in horror when Grabowsky, a recidivist child molester, assaulted and strangled the young Bachmeier girl, packed her body in a box and buried the mutilated corpse in a shallow grave.

* * *

Axel Springer, the press lord of West Germany, explained to the French weekly *Le Figaro* that he imposes certain sets of rules or principles on the editors of his five daily newspapers, two Sunday papers, the weekly *Bild Zeitung* (5,000,000 readers) and the international edition of *Die Welt*:

- (1) The reunification of Germany.
- (2) The reconciliation of Germans and Jews. "This is a moral duty toward Israel and it is much more than a reparation."
- (3) Firm and unrelenting anti-Nazism, anti-fascism and anti-communism (in that order).
- (4) Profound faith in the free-market system.

As long as the news doesn't violate any or all of these directives, the Axel Springer empire will tell it straight.

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Two years after NBC's "Holocaust" the Germans were treated to another docudrama, "The Yellow Star." This time the accent was more on the "docu" than the drama. Essentially, it was the same old rerun of Allied and German war footage, touched up here and there. But it contained one startling new twist -- clips from Nazi propaganda film, "The Führer Gives the Jews a Town," originally shot in the "model" Jewish internment camp of Theresianstadt. This was a new one on audiences conditioned for decades to believe that the only good thing about Nazism was that it was totally bad. Is this celluloid surprise part of a whole secret archive of Hitler-era films being kept under wraps lest we boobs get the wrong (or right) idea about the Holocaust?

Soviet Union. In a recent issue of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, the Russian equivalent of the *Times Literary Supplement* (London), there was an article entitled, "Zionist Transmission Belt: Who foments anti-Semitism in the West?" The answer was pat and precise:

International Zionism would balk at nothing to increase the flow of immigrants from other countries to Israel. Anti-Semi-

tism is being used by Zionist organizations to move Jews to Israel.

The author of the article was a Jewish nondissident named Tsezar Solodar.

Middle East. The following is the latest census of Palestinians, as compiled by the Palestine Institute of Statistics. The West Bank figure includes 100,000 Palestinians still living in East Jerusalem:

Jordan	1,160,800
West Bank	818,300
Gaza Strip	476,700
Israel	530,600
Syria	215,500
Lebanon	347,100
Kuwait	278,800
Saudi Arabia	127,000
United Arab Emirates	34,700
Qatar	22,500
Iraq	20,000
Libya	23,300
United States	10,200
Others	175,000
Total	4,240,200

Israel. The Promised Land is getting to be a nuclearized land, both weaponwise and power plantwise. By the year 2000 C.E. (none of that anno domini stuff for the Israelis), Uzi Elam, chairman of the Israel Atomic Energy Commission, promises that from 25 to 50% of his country's power requirements will be supplied by 1,000-megawatt nuclear reactors, three or four of which are already on the drawing boards. But it's another story in Promised Land II. If Jewish leaders of the anti-nuke movement in the U.S. have their say and manage to revive the public's flagging interest in their cause, by A.D. 2000 there won't be a single nuclear plant from California to the New York Island.

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Peter Virag, a Hungarian Jewish refugee, went into business in Montreal, Canada, in 1972. His stated purpose was to produce and test integrated circuits. Consequently, it was no great surprise when truckloads of the latest computer gear from California pulled up in front of his door. But it was a little unsettling when he immediately transshipped it all to Amsterdam, whence it was flown to East Germany, whence it was flown to Instaurationists know where. Why was a nice Jewish businessman selling hot-off-the-griddle American high technology to the Soviet Union? Virag had a ready alibi. It was all the fault of Jacob Kelmer, another Jewish businessman working out of Haifa. Virag thought all his material was going to Israel, which made the clandestine

shipments excusable, since anything goes as far as Israel is concerned. Kelmer has now been indicted in absentia by a New York grand jury. But as he is sticking close to Haifa these days, it is doubtful if he will ever be incarcerated in an American hoosegow. The U.S. is not likely to take a leaf from the Zionist book and send over a commando team to kidnap him.

* * *

An Orthodox Jewish couple living near Tel Aviv recently became the astonished parents of a baby -- a "coal-black" baby, according to *Maariv*, one of Israel's two mass-circulation dailies. Thereupon events began to hum: the husband, a Talmud student, immediately asked for a divorce; the infant was given out for adoption; the rabbis began an in-depth investigation. Miraculous to say, blood tests proved that the father in name was the father in fact. To get to the bottom of the genetic foul-up, the Beth Din, a Sanhedrin-type court in charge of such racial matters, dispatched a special envoy to the U.S. to query the father's mother. Located in New York City, her tongue loosened by a little rabbinical prodding, she told a gruesome tale of rape by a Fun City black. When she found she was pregnant, she decided not to tell her husband, but did promise to kill herself if the baby arrived with too much pigmentation. Since it turned out to be acceptably white, she put the whole embarrassing experience out of her mind. When the story of the long-ago rape broke in Israel, this time it was the wife of the tar-brushed husband who pressed for a divorce. She said she didn't want to bear any more pickaninnies, no matter how cute they were. It is doubtful if this would be sufficient grounds for divorce in the U.S.

Lebanon. Two black soldiers from Nigeria were killed a few weeks ago when Major Haddad's "Christian" forces opened fire for the x-teenth time on the United Nations peacekeeping force, which has already lost 58 dead since it set up shop in Southern Lebanon in 1978. A tin soldier of Israel, Haddad knows his crimes will be circumspectly unrecorded in the network evening news. Nazi puppets are called Quislings and collaborators. A Jewish puppet like Haddad is called, of all things, a "Christian" and a "Lebanese patriot." General Callaghan, the Irish commander of the UN troops, has now demanded: (1) that his soldiers be given freedom of action to keep the peace; (2) an end to Israel's arming and subsidizing Haddad's condottieri; (3) the withdrawal of all Israeli forces now fighting side by side with their Lebanese fifth columnists. Israel's response was a triple thumbs down.

Words, Words

A Marine court-martial sentenced 20-year-old Armando Rojas to die for the pre-meditated murder of Pfc. Raymond St. Onge. It's the first Marine death sentence handed down since 1817. No one expects it to be carried out.

Unpublicized Raid

The African National Congress, a cover name for a group of latter-day Mau Mau slashers, has been using Maputo, the decaying urban dump that was once the thriving capital of Portuguese Mozambique, as a staging area for terrorists en route to South Africa. One hot tropical day last winter Maputo had visitors. A bunch of Afrikaner commandos in choppers landed close by the African National Congress headquarters. In no time there was no more headquarters. It was the kind of daring raid that would have been splashed all over the world press if it had been pulled off by the Israelis -- or if it had failed. Back in South Africa, General Constant Viljoen said his country is going to pursue "the enemy wherever he might be found. Neighboring states must now realize once and forever that the housing of anti-South African terrorists contains a danger to their own safety and stability."

Attention All Revisionists!

The Institute for Historical Review continues its furious pace -- it seems to come out with a new book every day -- by publishing the *1981 Revisionist Bibliography*, a long, comprehensive, 70-page list of books that will provide both scholars and the intellectually curious with startling new insights into the key events of the 20th century -- a century whose history has been distorted beyond all imagining by the liberal-minority academic crowd. There are almost 400 titles listed . . . books challenging the Holocaust, on the origin of World Wars I and II, on the Palestinians, on war crimes against, not by, Germans . . . little-known books of well-known publishers and better-known books of little-known publishers, books by such authors as Harry Elmer Barnes, Charles Beard, Vera Brittain, A.K. Chesterton, Benjamin Colby, Norman Dacey, David Dallin, Lawrence Dennis, James Ennes, Finis Farr, Hamilton Fish, David Hoggan and David Irving. With each listing is a brief summary of the book's contents.

The *1981 Revisionist Bibliography* is compiled by Keith Stimely, the brilliant young historian and University of Oregon graduate who authored the anti-Holocaust

bibliography that appeared in the May issue of *Instauration*. The book, which costs \$5, plus \$1 postage and handling, may be ordered from the Institute for Historical Review, Box 1306, Torrance, CA 90505.

Lex Talionis

When Representative Frank D. Shurden of the Oklahoma legislature introduced a bill last year to give repeated male sex offenders the choice of life imprisonment or castration, it was only narrowly defeated. He recently reintroduced a modified bill with the word "castration" changed to "asexualization." It passed the Oklahoma House, but the Senate shelved it because it was "giving the state a bad name." At the same time Shurden sponsored, with little hope that it would be passed, another bill making it mandatory for convicted murderers to be executed in the same manner they killed their victims. At present, if anyone on Oklahoma's death row should walk the last mile, he will enter the Great Beyond courtesy of an injection of a lethal drug.

Signature Hunt

FAIR (Federation for American Immigration Reform) is launching a national campaign to collect 100,000 signatures for a letter to President Reagan, urging him to get on the ball in regard to immigration. Although our borders have become little more than lines on a map in any real sense, and although the Immigration and Naturalization Service's morale is almost zero, the Reagan budget reduces the annual federal outlay for the INS from \$384.6 million to \$363.4 million and cuts agency personnel from 10,886 to 9,531. At least 90% of all Americans want illegal immigration stopped at once, and 80% want legal immigration cut, but no one in the White House is listening, even when illegal immigrants, as they are now doing, not only take ordinary jobs away from Americans, but skilled jobs as well. If any Instaurationist wishes to add his John Hancock to the signature campaign, FAIR's address is Box 57066, Washington, D.C. 20037.

Down the Drain

In relation to its population, Canada has the largest foreign aid program of any nation -- \$200 per year per Canadian family, \$1.33 billion a year, three times more per capita than the U.S. budget for foreign aid. Name any Third World country with a corrupt dic-

tator and chances are Canadians are pouring good money after bad into his pockets. Castro-loving countries, Moscow-loving countries, West-hating countries -- it's all the same to Canada's giveaway artists.

To show Canadians how much of their wherewithal is being thrown away on foreigners is the mission of the Citizens for Foreign Aid Reform, two of whose officers, Paul Fromm and James P. Hull, have now co-authored a book entitled *Down the Drain?* (\$5.95, 176 pp., Griffin House, 461 King Street West, Toronto, M5V 1K7, Canada).

Among the recipients of Canadian largesse are 30 African and Asian countries which commonly practice such forms of female sexual mutilation as clitorodectomy and infibulation. In the years 1976-78 Canada gave more than \$250 million to countries that have 70.6 million sexually mutilated women. So much for Canada's contribution to public health. As for human rights, Canada financially supports ten countries formally listed as violators of human rights by Amnesty International. Canada helps finance the endemic Cuban terror with low-interest loans and has given millions of dollars to Granada, the Antilles Marxist nest which opposed the U.N. resolution calling for the removal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan.

The authors of *Down the Drain?* also record that the Trudeau government looks with favor on the report of the Independent Commission on International Development, which has proposed, inter alia:

- An increase in foreign aid handouts to 0.7 percent of the GNP of the countries in the developed world. (For Canada this would amount to a yearly tribute of at least \$2 billion.)
- An international tax on trade, which would be funneled through the UN into the Third World.
- The creation of larger international food reserves by the food-exporting countries for the benefit of the food-importing countries.

To the Third World the above proposals are viewed as ultimatums, not mere suggestions, as evidenced by Nigerian President Shehu Shagari who calls for "a decade of reparations for Africa to make up for centuries of colonial exploitation." A former Ugandan professor, Ali Mazrui, who now teaches political science at the University of Michigan, is even more anti-white:

The decline of Western civilization might well be at hand. It is in the interest of humanity that such a decline should take place, allowing the different segments of the human race to enjoy a more equitable

share not only of the resources of the planet but also of the capacity to control the march of history.

Colonel Kwame Baah, Ghana's commissioner for Foreign Affairs, added his grim two cents' worth by warning, "We are prepared to back up our demands with ultimate force and we will not rest until our demands are met."

Dr. Garrett Hardin has provided the best answer to the eternally outstretched hands of Third World leaders.

[F]or the past 25 years we have tried to stop population growth by feeding. The results have been disastrous The number of desperately poor people has grown from one and a half billion to two and a half billion We've tried to cure the cancer of overpopulation by feeding it: now it's growing faster than ever.

Down the Drain? not only exposes Canada's wasteful foreign aid program, but reviews the philosophy behind foreign aid and the immense harm these handouts do to the recipients by turning them into beggar states and proliferating human anthills.

Hung by His Own Dirty Petard

A recent television program in Seattle was promoted as a "Town Meeting on Pornography." A few well-washed, well-dressed Majority types represented the anti-porn side. Their opponents were the usual scruffy lot, including the obligatory ACLU member, the oily-haired operator of a dirty movie theater, his lawyer, an unsoaped wacko wearing an "Immoral Minority" T-shirt, and other Hominidae of various shades of skin and temperament. To make what he thought would be a telling and devastating point, one of the lechers suddenly blurted out, "Just remember, there was no pornography in Nazi Germany." For just one brief moment, one fleeting second, viewers could almost see a salvo of shocking and conflicting thoughts shooting through the minds of the astonished and oh-so-liberal anti-pornites.

Eugenic Trend?

The New Jersey Supreme Court has approved the sterilization of the mentally incompetent. The ruling came about as the result of a case involving Ann Brady, a 19-year-old with a mental age of four. Ann's parents had been trying unsuccessfully to have her sterilized for some time, because she has Down's Syndrome (Mongolism). The same court had previously granted Karen Ann Quinlan, who had been in a coma for 11 months, the "right to die" in

1976. But when her respirator was removed, she still lived -- and, still comatose, lives on today. Despite the ruling of a sympathetic court, Miss Quinlan and her parents are still forced to endure her living death.

Duke's Hazardous Debate

David Duke, once the Grand Dragon of a Klan faction and now head of the NAAWP, the white version of the NAACP, is no tyro when it comes to massaging the media. He recently offered a \$1,400 reward for information leading to the arrest of the killer of Atlanta's black children. He explained this curious gesture in these words:

I firmly believe that whites are not responsible for those killings, that they are being performed by blacks. A lot of policemen told me . . . the abductions and bodies have been found in completely black areas where a white would be very suspicious.

Duke was quite right when he added that the media's inflammatory racist coverage of the crimes was inspiring blacks to commit violence against whites.

A few weeks later Duke went to Atlanta and bearded the lions in their den. He had a hot one-on-one debate with a Negro firebrand, Columbus Keeper, in the heart of the city's ghetto, on the question: Should whites pay reparations to blacks for alleged crimes committed against them in the slavery and post-slavery era? Duke was against any pay-offs, but he did make it clear that the entire nation should commit itself financially and otherwise to the separation of the races and to the establishment of a black homeland, either in the U.S. or elsewhere.

The debate, which received friendly treatment in the *Atlanta Journal*, was held under the auspices of the National Black Students Association, which gave Duke a \$700 fee, plus airfare. The event went off without incident, except for two white Communist Worker party members who were expelled when they tried to prevent Duke from speaking. Marxist whites don't want any "racist" whites to come up with solutions for blacks.

Black and White Together

Tom Metzger is another Majority Activist who is learning to deal with the media. A few weeks ago he tried to join the NAACP in order to "open lines of communications" with blacks. The NAACPers announced they would have no part of Metzger. In a further move to soften his image, Metzger then announced the formation of an interracial committee to fight illegal immigration. In addition to Metzger himself, the officers

are Jack Kimbrough, a Teamsters trucker, Albert Tapia, a Hispanic, and Henry Corey, a black. Kimbrough, the spokesman for the group, said he and the others would join Metzger against "an invasion of illegal aliens." He described the present situation as "a cease-fire in this war. And it is a war because if we don't win it, we won't have a country." He blames the immigration mess on the government, which depends on cheap labor "to destroy the wage scales and [working] conditions of the American working class." Expressing no qualms about Metzger, Kimbrough said he has "no fight with white Americans." "Some of the most racist minds," he asserted, "are embedded in black bodies."

Holocaustery

Is the world to be treated to another Protocols of Zion lawsuit, such as the one that brought Henry Ford to heel? Mel Mermelstein still insists he is going through with his \$17,050,000 suit against the Institute for Historical Review. He charges that, although he submitted proof that Jews were deliberately gassed at Auschwitz, he was not given the Institute's \$50,000 reward and was thereby grievously harmed and damaged. If the suit goes to trial, there is a bare possibility that the question of the Holocaust will be examined under American rules of evidence and the claims of eyewitnesses subjected to cross-examination, the normal procedures of Anglo-Saxon justice disallowed by the Star Chamber judges at Nuernberg. If the evidence should prove the exterminationists are right, so be it. But it is about time for an honest, down-to-earth trial, public debate, or at least more effective means of getting the truth than silencing anti-Holocausters in America with slander or threats of physical violence and silencing them in certain European countries with jail sentences.

As organized Jewry keeps up its sniping campaign against the Institute, underground Jews have promised to kill Director Lewis Brandon and rent-a-mob Jews have swarmed around the Institute's office threatening mayhem. The ADL demanded that Governor Jerry Brown cancel the Institute's three-day seminar scheduled for November at the Lake Arrowhead Convention facility of the University of California. For once the Jesting Jesuit didn't knuckle under. He compared the present controversy to the McCarthy era when University of California faculty members were ordered to take loyalty oaths. If freedom of expression finally prevailed then, opined Brown, it should prevail now. The governor added he had no power to stop the meeting, which was protected by the First Amendment.

Holocausters received another setback



when they discovered that Anthony McCord, a World War II bomber pilot and a high-school history teacher in Kentucky, had the cheek to ask his students to consider the possibility that the Holocaust never took place. Shortly after showing a three-hour videotape on Nazi atrocities from the production vaults of the ADL, McCord informed his students that films can be faked. Lauren Weinberg, executive director of a local chapter of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, was greatly distressed. So was Gerald Silberstein, professor of modern German history at the University of Kentucky. Neither, however, suggested resolving the controversy by an open debate. That would be tantamount to letting ordinary Americans make up their own minds -- an idea whose time is a long way off.

Yankee Falangistas?

In no country in the world does the true conservative have less influence than in the United States. We are not speaking of the nominal Tories, the tax-cutters, the monetarists, the states righters, the flag wavers, the Birch nuts; we are speaking of genuine conservatives, radical conservatives, racial conservatives, those who place more importance on conserving their genes than on conserving the free market. In spite of the absence of genuine conservatives in government or in any area of public life, the U.S. does probably shelter the world's largest collection of miniscule right-wing parties, some of whose members do subscribe to true-blue conservatism. Does the Falangist Party of America, Rt. 5, Crystal Bay, Minnesota 55323, harbor a few such types? The following sloppily written, but not necessarily ill-conceived manifesto, which was datelined El Alcazar, Madrid, Spain, may provide a clue.

Here in the USA, the center of the world's democracies, there is a *Falange*.

We need it. Our representative system over here is lurching and collapsing under false values. It has become corrupt and self-serving. It makes countless absurd promises to the populace. Its social security system will soon go belly up in bankruptcy. It has betrayed the workers of the nation by its pampering of the lazy and toleration of crime.

In international politics, the democratic USA has become so enfeebled by humanism that it can do nothing but beg the Soviets form some sort of superficial agreement to detente

[W]e of the *Falange* here in the USA feel that only when the West turns autocratic will it be able to save itself.

Unfortunately, Americans have little

concept of autocracy. They tend to equate autocracies of the right with Hitler. In order to better understand autocracy, one should consider the paramount example of the 20th century successful replacement of democracy by autocracy, that of Spain.

Feeling Heat?

The Federal Aviation Administration, which should be the last government agency to do so, has been buttering up the libs and the mins by vanguarding the affirmative action parade. Of the 38 applicants hired as air traffic controller trainees by the FAA in the last year and a half, 36 were women or minority members. One FAA appointee, after he proved to be nearly blind (8/900 vision), was nevertheless kept on the payroll because he fell into the category of "qualified handicapped." Only two of the new controllers were white males (white not necessarily meaning Majority white). One of the many rejects was Richard Sevigny, 24, of Quincy, Massachusetts, a pilot and former Navy air traffic controller, who lost out to a less qualified minority member. Sevigny complained to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and -- surprise, surprise! -- the EEOC ordered the FAA to hire him and give him \$120,000 in back pay. FAA officials brazenly admitted that Sevigny would have been given the job if he had belonged to a minority or to a different sex. Has the EEOC had a sudden change of heart, or is it getting the hot foot from the Reagan administration?

After the Truth, the Apology

Jim Ratliff, a member of the Arizona legislature, hates the very thought of abortion. But he did relent a tad when he admitted he might go for it in the case of a white 17-year-old impregnated by a black rapist -- but not by a white rapist! When asked to distinguish between the two, Ratliff said there "was a helluva lot of difference." Ever since, Ratliff has been apologizing all over the place, one place being the floor of the Arizona House. The modern politician is a master at repressing his true thoughts, but sometimes the statue speaks, the tape player breaks down, the tongue slips. Every once in a rare while a human face appears behind the mask.

Missing the Bus

Busing is finished in Los Angeles, or so we are told. As a result of Proposition 1, an antibusing referendum passed by California voters and a recent ruling by the state supreme court, which upheld its constitution-

ality, the lumbering yellow vehicles with their multiracial cargoes of young passengers may soon disappear from the jammed, smog-besotted freeways of the City of the Angels. Since the liberal-minority coalition is not in the habit of accepting the will of the majority, Mark Rosenbaum, a Los Angeles attorney for the ACLU, plans to carry the case to the Nogoood Nine in Washington. At the same time, another ACLU honcho, Joseph Duff, warned of violence if busing was halted, thereby resorting to the standard threat of blackmail that automatically follows minority defeats in the voting booth. Black violence is apparently considered a legitimate reaction to measures of which the ACLU approves. But would Mr. Duff agree that Majority violence is a legitimate reaction to judicial edicts opposed by 90% of the American population?

A sponsor of Proposition 1 was Alan Robbins, one of the four Jewish state senators and the vice-president of the National Association of Jewish Legislators. Senator Robbins, a "new conservative," is currently facing nine felony charges involving oral copulation and unlawful sexual intercourse with two non-Jewish 16-year-old girls.

Proposition 1 applies only to California. In Washington the Senate Judiciary Committee, under the aegis of Democrat-Dixiecrat - Independent - Republican Senator Strom Thurmond, is planning to introduce legislation restricting busing nationwide. This will include another try at the amendment to ban forced busing which was passed by the last Congress but vetoed by James the Tooth. An easier and faster resolution of the problem is legislation to remove busing from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and leave such matters to the state courts. All this requires is a simple majority vote in both Houses and the signature of the president, if -- and this is a very big if -- the Supreme Court doesn't interfere. Meanwhile, forced busing will continue in many states, though Secretary of Education Terrel Bell has promised that for the time being he will not use his army of bureaucrats to push for more desegregated classrooms.

The fact is, busing is finally getting to be a political liability. Willie Brown, the powerful black politico who is speaker of the California Assembly, has warned fellow California Democrats to give up on the issue of busing. Otherwise, he says, they are certain to go down to defeat in future elections. He particularly warned Tom Bradley, the black mayor of Los Angeles, who is thinking of running for governor. Bradley, predicts Brown, won't have the ghost of a chance if he continues to tie himself to Kennedy and Mondale, "the racial minorities, the new rich and the labor leadership," all of whom are "incapable of generating a majority of voters."