

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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THE DEVIL HAS SOME INTERESTING THINGS TO SAY

(IN "THE FINAL CHAPTER," pp. 11-13)

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

□ The most recent highly publicized casualty in the race war was the white female investment banker who, while jogging through Central Park at night (like a damn fool), was suddenly and dramatically introduced to the front lines. The contortion of logic by the media to downplay if not eliminate the racial factor defies belief. On major network news the night after the attack, one white female newscaster had the temerity to say in conclusion, "If there is a race angle in this, I guess you could call it a Howard Beach in reverse." I would much rather hang her and her ilk than the black beasts who perpetrated the crime. If not for the likes of such reporters, these atrocities could not happen. It is the deracinated white race traitor who even more than the Jews bears the responsibility for the race war and all of its tragic white victims. The arrogant, smirking black wolf-packers with their pitiless morbid comments on their dastardly deed, displayed prominently in all the Zoo City newspapers, is more effective propaganda for our cause than the most brilliant, articulate writings of our best brains. If the white sheep can take all that in, and not be stirred to act, we truly deserve to perish from this earth.

089

□ President Bush's nominee to be assistant secretary of state for African affairs is Herman J. Cohen. In early May, he stated that labeling the African Nationalist Congress a terrorist organization had been a mistake. His view is shared by the Newhouse-owned paper that reported it. The ANC is now called a "black nationalist organization."

972

□ K kosher Conservative Billy Buckley is hallucinating again. His latest chimera has him rating the PLO's chances against Israel as zilch. No longer does he solicit favor with his mentors by regurgitating the tired old fable of "a hopelessly outnumbered but brave little Israel." He's now onto a new twist. This is the one where everybody joins the mass media's gleeful presentation of the Middle East bandit state as an invincible juggernaut. To wit: "Israeli Center of Strategic Studies at Tel Aviv University shows Israel with a mobilizable manpower of 540,000, some 3,800 tanks, 682 aircraft with awesome bomb capacity, thousands of artillery pieces and missiles . . ." The PLO has, according to the same survey, "8,000 men in scattered places, zero tanks and aircraft, a few guns and no missiles, but a variety of hand grenades, mortars, stones and bottles." (National Review, Jan. 1989)

Also, fantasizes Bonny Billy, Uncle Sam would never let Israel "go under." Ergo, the Jews are unbeatable. Their Arab/Moslem foes had better throw up their hands and come crawling -- pronto. But Billy dreams pipe-dreams. Israel, far from being secure and invincible, is up to its breeches in a huge, dark, sucking, roiling and bottomless quagmire. Moreover, and try as they will to hide it, many lucid, hard-headed Jews and their acolytes have come down with that old sinking feeling of late.

Canadian subscriber

□ I disagree with the premise in your piece, "Sculpture in Hitlerland" (May 1989). Governments have only one role in the creation of art; i.e., to provide a climate in which it can flourish without fear of censorship. On that basis, Germany and Russia under Hitler and Stalin, respectively, fail the test. Who dares to say he is competent enough to set artistic standards?

788

□ Although I am generally disrespectful of the court system, the problem of nonwhite aliens racially polluting Europe could be solved by invoking laws which were formerly used against National Socialism. How? At Nuremberg and other war crimes trials, the importation of alien labor was treated as a capital offense under international law. At present, we could use these same charges against the forces of International Capital to rid ourselves of the alien labor that is now in exactly the same place that previously caused these charges to be brought. Although courts will undoubtedly dismiss such a case by trying to use their "judicial wisdom" defense, it may still be worth a try. If not, it could at least serve to publicize the perpetual mendacity of Europe's continuing 45-year occupation and add fuel to more revolutionary measures.

532

□ Instauration (March 1989, p. 33) stated in regard to the Israeli economic mess, "Government spending is about 70% of GNP, twice the dangerously excessive U.S. rate." Quoting from Economic Indicators, March 1989, U.S. federal expenditures through quarter four at annual rates are \$1,149 billion. GNP through the same period is \$4,999.7 billion. The percentage of GNP is therefore 23%. The implication of your word "twice" is "about 35%."

221

□ As I write this, BBC World Service is broadcasting a report about Christian refugees abandoning their possessions and fleeing their Lebanese enclave by boat under Moslem shell fire. Although there are far more Christians in the U.S. than Jews, American reaction to the destruction of a once-democratic Christian enclave in the eastern Mediterranean is one of indifference, while no effort or expense seems too great to protect the Jewish enclave some miles to the south.

British subscriber

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□ Elie Wiesel makes an appearance every so often. What a name! Not even the imagination of the great Charles Dickens could have thought of a more appropriate moniker. Here we have an occasion when genius itself must bow to the prescience of parental inspiration. It makes no difference how one pronounces or mispronounces it, it is suggestive of eels and weasels, of lies and fork-tongued homunculi. And how the name fits the face! The pasty phiz so expressive of a dishonest pawnbroker haggling with a burglar of uncertain temper over the price of some purloined silver. The twisted snail-like body that seems to cringe and yet contrives a sly insolence. The attitude which demands pity even as it barely conceals a crafty sneer. The lugubrious, cavernous, damp eyes, glitteringly searching the dark corners for some overlooked misery, as for a stray farthing. No one writing fiction would devise such a creature unless for the pulps. No one casting a play or movie would employ an actor with his physical characteristics except in Grand Guignol. Yet he is what this corrupt age gives medals to.

212

□ The editor of my local paper is alarmed that David Duke's success might spawn more "haters." It appears to me that almost any reasonable candidate (with modest financing) could publish a platform in any local paper outside of minority land at election time and stand a chance at getting elected if his platform included: 1. Protect American industry by heavy taxes on imports. 2. Seal our borders and repatriate illegal aliens. 3. End all foreign aid to wastrel governments. 4. Eliminate the manufacture of welfare babies. (He who does not work does not eat.) 5. Outlaw minority set-asides. (He who wants to eat must compete.) 6. Lower the home mortgage interest rates to where the interest charged cannot exceed the principal borrowed.

805

□ The Red Queen in Alice in Wonderland said that a word meant exactly what she meant it to mean and nothing else. The same is very true of American political discourse. Take the word "privacy." The Supreme Court found that within the "penumbra" of the Constitution, there is an implied right of privacy. But this penumbra falls short of permitting citizens to decide who will live next door, or even to whom they can rent a room; nor is its shadow broad enough to encompass the right to decide what clubs they should join or where their children should go to school. In fact, the only right the penumbra seems to shelter is the right to have an abortion, which leads one to conclude that privacy under the Constitution is reserved for the female sex.

181

□ I jes' don't know. I gotta have my doubts about fellas who let on they read Instauration through -- from cover to cover -- in one fell swoop. Great guns, man! Jes' two pages about the doin's of the Jews riles me enough to fling it aside. What's more, even two sentences highlightin' black-white racemixing drives me near berserk! Now missives are all well and good; but, by Thor, ain't it time for missiles?

986

□ As a white and Teutonic female, with all of the characteristics of that shrinking group, I regret my choice earlier in life to become a Registered Nurse. There is nowhere for us to run. Though I hold a degree from a good university, have completed numerous postgrad courses, and am considered highly skilled and dedicated, my very livelihood depends upon how skillfully I avoid any appearance of conflict with Negro, Asian and other mud race co-workers and/or patients. Too many times I have seen white R.N.s come up against black or Filipina nurses, aides and housekeepers, and, in every case, the administration takes the side of the nonwhite. Some of my co-workers were fired for being "anti-social" or "racist." White nurses must tolerate the abuse and sexual advances of unwashed Negro lechers and react or respond in a "professional" manner or risk their position, promotion or raise, and -- in some situations -- their safety.

288

□ Laws are volitional. By that is meant they merely codify the internalized belief of a social culture. Laws which violate that belief will not be obeyed, no matter how many police are hired to enforce them. Statutes framed by a white culture which violate the mores of a black lifestyle are, by definition, unenforceable in that minority society. So it is with laws against the marketing and consumption of recreational drugs. Police, both black and white, know this and carry out their mission merely to placate politicians, whose foolish pronouncements, in turn, are designed to mollify thoughtless voters anxious to find the "magic bullet" for social dysfunction. The war-on-drugs enterprise currently underway is sure to fail. Black social mores accept the ingestion of drugs (no matter what Negro political spokesmen to the white society claim). In failing, this particular "war" will be accompanied by a vast waste of economic resources and widespread disillusionment on the part of those who wage it -- America's integrationist middle class and those blacks caught up in the illogic of their own rhetoric. A thousand condemnations of crack uttered by gray-haired black Baptist ministers will never alter the reality of their congregations shooting up with glee the moment church is out.

220

□ "Darkie" may have been changed to "Darlie" (Instauration, May 1989, p. 9) and Sambo dolls may be disappearing from the shelves in Japan, but Aunt Jemima, Sambo and pickaninies of all sorts are ubiquitous at craft shows all over the Deep South. I have visited several such shows over the past year, and vendors tell me that some of the fastest-selling items are Aunt Jemima-like wood cutouts, brightly painted and adorned with such inscriptions as "Wipe Yo' Feet, Honey Chile." I also came across wood cutouts of black moppets riding in the back of a wagon full of watermelons pulled by a goat. These craft shows are quite enjoyable. A white Southerner feels pride as he walks among people who are for the most part much like himself, admiring artful and often ingeniously crafted objects made by folk artisans doing something that comes to them quite naturally.

361

□ Re the story about the 28-year-old woman jogger who was raped and beaten in Central Park: local news programs showed interviews with some residents of the Upper West Side, whence the juvenile terrorists had sprung. Some samples: Young black girl: "If she wuzn't white, you wunn't even mention it." Young black boy: "There ain't enough recreational facilities." He had obviously missed news of all those youth, police athletic league and YMCA programs and been blind to the mandatory basketball court on almost every street corner. Older male in his 30s: "Whaja expect? It's your [whites'] system." Charges of racism have been hurled about even before the arraignment. God help the prosecutor when the case finally goes to trial!

198

□ There is a recurrent fear within the left-wing academic elite which furnishes the personnel of the TV networks, the New York Times/Washington Post editorial pages, and the think tanks and government bureaucracies that the old values of the old American stock might resurface like an atavistic gene and that we would again arise and throw off arbitrary government and high taxes, as we did 200 years ago. It is undoubtedly fear of the "old Americans" that prompts "ethnic diversity" programs and anti-gun bills. Although not violent in the way that Soviet or Chinese communism was in exterminating opponents, these measures have the same goal: an obliteration of the previous social order, permitting the social engineers to make the society over according to their own master plan.

550

□ A movement is afoot to get Joel Steinberg a new trial. It seems the poor man was lynched by an unsympathetic jury. Perhaps we could send him to Israel, where heroes who beat children of the goyim to death are respected and honored. There, they may even come up with a few witnesses who saw Lisa throw a stone at him or try to stuff him into the notorious Greenwich Village gas ovens. "All because he was Jewish, his only crime."

102

□ "What Can Be Done" (May 1989) was superb, and I am building just the philosophy the author is seeking.

208

□ In The Best of Instauration 1978, the article, "Rational Anti-Semitism," dealt with nine reasons Jews are dangerous to their host society. The seventh reason argued that "Jews promote each other, while excluding non-Jews." The thesis was not developed fully. In my opinion, the critical factor that makes Jews a minus to any society is their unique solidarity. The moment Jews are extended a helping hand and invited into the society of non-Jews, they begin to use their solidarity to prey upon their host. In short, Jewish solidarity always and everywhere includes the concepts of stealth, scheming, plotting, conspiring, colluding, conniving and intriguing against the host people -- all sanctified by the illusion that this is ordained by God.

532

Over the years, I have noted little commentary in *Instauration* on the issue of the ownership and use of legal firearms. Perhaps the readership is too intellectually inclined to enjoy a pleasant day afield or at the range with a favorite rifle, pistol or shotgun. Let me assure *Instaurationists* that no other experience in this age of mass-man better conveys to the individual the spirit and feeling of true liberty. That the "people" are still permitted the Constitutional right to own personal arms in a nation in which other Constitutional rights are largely defunct is due in no small part to the organizational efforts of the 3 million members of the National Rifle Association. Herein, perhaps, lies a lesson. The U.S. has some 70 million gun owners, yet only 4% of them have organized to preserve the rights of all citizens to own firearms. As I write, gun ownership faces its most crucial challenge in over 200 years. Under the guise of controlling drug-related violence and gang warfare, mediocrats and liberal politicians are pushing legislation at the federal and local levels that would not only ban a few mislabeled "assault" rifles, but as many as 30 million semi-automatic rifles, pistols and shotguns. Gun owners, whose legally owned firearms are hardly ever involved in crime, are being made the scapegoats for drug-crazed lunatics and minority murderers. I believe the politicians are much more afraid of an armed populace than they are of the armed criminal element. They probably have very good reasons. By autumn, there may well be 70 million gun owners, including a large new criminal class of formerly law-abiding Majority types, who will be hopping mad at the government. Thank you, Senator Metzenbaum!

021

At the end of WWII, I was fighting the American Army in the mountains of Bavaria. I was 16 years old then. Most German soldiers had figured out sometime in 1942 that the war was lost. But we fought on for another three years for good measure. My heart wasn't in it, but I had no choice. It was difficult to generate hate against the British and Americans, people who looked so much like us. Hate movies were unknown in Germany. We were told to honor our enemies, "viel Feind, viel Ehr." When I came to the U.S. some years ago, I was amazed at the extent to which history and sociology had been distorted and perverted. What the Jews have done to this country is beyond belief. It's worse than the Weimar Republic. It's a country where selfishness and greed have been sanctified, where culture has been taken over by the cultureless, where society has been dehumanized and ideals corrupted. It's decadence, drugs, lying politicians, corrupt cops and rip-offs. Compared to this swamp, Germany under Hitler was a paradise. We cherished and believed in human values like loyalty, respect, honesty, decency and integrity. We never heard of crime or homosexuality until the Allied de-Nazification and re-education program started.

331

Previous articles in *Instauration* have mentioned black and Hispanic organizations in U.S. prisons. I am not certain how it works in other states, but in California jailhouses, the principal groups are the "Black Revolutionary Movement" and the Mexican "La Raza." Whites have a choice of either the Bikers, who go under a variety of names (primarily they are motorcyclists and "good ole boys" from the wrong side of the tracks) or the Aryan Brotherhood, which is militantly white and National Socialist in orientation. If you are white and in prison, you've got to be in either one or the other of these groups, or you will most certainly be beaten, raped and robbed continually by the minority subhumans. What's good about it from a Majority standpoint is, first, a white is usually welcomed and supported by either of his two racial groups. Second, everyone whose been with the Bikers or the Brotherhood, once he gets out of the slammer . . . doesn't forget!

681

Sometimes words have power far beyond their meaning. Left and Right? What do they mean any more? Nonetheless, they continue to be powerful epithets. Race, too, has come to be an emotionally charged word, and any one with even the most carefully qualified reservations about a nonwhite is nearly certain to be branded a despicable racist. What people think has a way of getting out. If one word becomes taboo, another takes its place. In the case of race, the word is culture. Articles are appearing in the most respected periodicals in which the meaning would be much clearer if "race" were substituted for "culture." Some of these articles would not look out of place in *Instauration*, if such a substitution was made -- so blunt and accurate is their description of the inferiority of some cultures. Why is Latin America a mess? Culture, of course. Why do blacks run rampant in the inner cities? It's their culture. A lot is being communicated, albeit by euphemism. How long before "culturist" becomes a word before which all must cower and for which all must apologize?

038

I was happy to see that I was not the only *Instaurationist* who was disturbed by the article (Nov. 1988) relating the virtues of the Fed. Any monetary system, if it is to be sound, must be based on substance, rather than on a printing press that paints a mirage we call wealth. Substance requires energy, and without energy no real wealth will ever be attained. (Look at who the billionaires and millionaires are today. They regard honest labor as demeaning to their "religious" beliefs). A sound monetary system, composed of 100 cents to the dollar, begs for standardization similar to 12 inches to the foot; 16 ounces to the pound. Any honest unit of measurement must be inflexible, if its purpose is to prevent chaos fueled by speculation. Who needs the Greenspans, Burnses and Simons to control our destiny when that power was originally delegated to Congress?

553

The most outspoken book on the Third Reich must be Professor Frederic Reider's *The Order of the SS* (Foulsham, London, 1981). You don't get many books that describe Jews as the leading Communists in the Weimar Republic, or that trim the "Holocaust" dead to a possible low of 1.1 million and then immediately estimate the deaths of German civilians in Eastern Europe at 2.5 million. Above all, you don't usually find historians describing Reinhard Heydrich as "an accomplished sportsman of Nordic physique, keen intelligence and a will of iron -- the very archetype of an SS man. Unable to attack him directly, his enemies tried to discredit him with the fable that his origin was Jewish." I raise my glass to the French professor and his concern for historical truth.

British subscriber

The raceless, soulless ghouls of high finance, who own and operate America, have embarked on a most expedient way to accelerate their culture-mashing and the profits therefrom. Why spend money moving plants, technology and hard capital to the Third World when it is far cheaper to allow the Third World to move here?

089

Instauration Index

After two years of toil and trouble, the 126-page Index of every issue of *Instauration* from the first (Dec. 1975) thru Dec. 1987 is completed and ready to ship. It contains practically all the names and subjects that have appeared in 12 years of America's dauntless magazine. Three columns per page, 70 lines per column, add up to more than 24,000 entries. All those items you wanted to look up in back issues of *Instauration*, all those bits of news and hard-to-find facts that either never appeared in the "respectable" newspapers or were entombed at the bottom of page 42 are now at your fingertips. Find the reference in the Index. Turn to the appropriate copy of *Instauration* and you have exactly what you are looking for -- information the ordinary newspaper or magazine reader simply doesn't have or cannot find.

If you don't have a complete set of *Instauration* or you are missing back issues, you can always order Xerox copies at \$7 per issue. Or you can order all the back issues from Dec. 1975 thru Aug. 1988 on microfiche for \$100.

As for the great new Index, it will set you back \$25. That may seem a lot for only 126 pages, but the effort put into this project was considerable -- two years of going through every page of the magazine and noting down every topic and every person that *Instauration* has mentioned over the years.

Order the new Index, Xerox copies of missing issues or *Instauration* on microfiche at the prices stated above. Postage and handling are included. Immediate shipment from:

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□ I hope Instauration was not taken in by all the Ayatullah-bashing. The guy was political genius. He embarrassed two presidents and united Moslems throughout the world by tapping their emotional fanaticism against Salman Rush-to-die. If I ever run for office, I want an Ayatullah clone to be my campaign manager.

023

□ The other day, I ran across Shakespeare's sonnet LXVI, which almost seemed written about America in the late 20th century. If you replace the next-to-last word with "race," the lines seem to capture our agony with an eerie accuracy.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I
be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

940

□ Am I alone in suspecting that blacks must stuff wads of surgical cotton into their mouths in order to achieve their disastrous mangling of our common language? To hear Washington's Mayor Barry agonize through a simple sentence and reach painfully for the pronunciation of a three- or four-syllable word is to wonder if nature isn't telling us something about who belongs on another continent?

220

□ I have put my interest in organized religion on the back burner. In my case, it is not so much a matter of disbelief as disenchantment with the institutional church; hardly a unique situation I realize. At any rate, I got tired of trying to adapt to the dwindling options in American Lutheranism, which has undergone merger mania. I am now a mild Anglo-Catholic and have joined the United Episcopal Church, one of a number of splinter denominations made up of people who have left the mainline Episcopal Church in recent years. In *Northern Catholicism -- Centenary Studies in the Oxford and Parallel Movements*, edited by N.P. Williams, D.D. and Charles Harris, D.D. (Macmillan, NY 1933), the point is made that Anglo-Catholicism and Scottish and Continental Protestant imitations of it show the influence of the freedom-loving Nordic temperament.

495

□ Lloyd Dunn, author of the Peabody Picture Vocabulary Test, said recently that "inherited genetic material" probably causes some Hispanic students to perform poorly. For these truthful remarks, his test is now under a general educational ban, and Dunn can expect the treatment Jensen has been getting for 20 years.

310

□ Residents of the nation's capital are long familiar with automobile bumper stickers proclaiming the driver's doubt about the veracity of Kay Graham's favorite journal. For good reason, thoughtfully critical readers have come to question the Post's pervasive social religion of racial integration, which daily distorts its news pages. Blacks as a separate racial and cultural group are almost never spotlighted for their obviously preponderant role in urban crime. And Jews, as another social force, are similarly excused from their own accountability in discrediting the urban scene. Driving behind one of these bumper stickers the other day as my car approached the 14th Street Bridge, I noted that it carried the ever more common I DON'T BELIEVE THE POST sticker. As I passed the driver, I felt he wanted to say much more than that, but, for reasons of gentlemanly restraint, would not. Wouldn't it be wonderful, I thought, to drive around with somewhat more-to-the-point bumper stickers reflecting the Instaurationist social philosophy, such as LIBERALS LIE, RACE MATTERS, AND CULTURE COUNTS?

200

□ The 61st Annual Academy Awards unearthed an assortment of odd creatures. Almost all of the male winners had either long hair, ducktails or beards and exhibited affected vociferation, "in thing" mannerisms and false cordiality. It was an excellent mirror of decadence. It would have been fitting if each single award were in the form of a maggot and multiple awards shaped like cockroach clusters.

190

□ It's been obvious for some time that Japan's popular culture clearly recognizes (and abhors) the danger implied by the American notion of race relations. Without an ounce of self-consciousness, the Japanese man-in-the-street claims his disdain for the mongrelization that's now occurring more or less everywhere in the American social landscape. The reaction of headstrong black radicals has been quick and predictable. In the blacks' book, the Japanese are "racists." Indeed, they are, and more and more Americans are beginning to believe that that's the way to go. In fact, judging by the racial housing distribution patterns in America, most white Americans envy the average Japanese his homogeneous environment. In their new role of international business tycoons, the Japanese have been forced to confront the negatives of race-mixing head on. They respond by having their U.S. auto assembly plants in the South, far from the meddlesome dictates of labor union bosses whose main interest seems to be to integrate the shop floor and production lines. When Japanese companies locate in Texas to obtain cheap wetback labor and import-tariff advantages along the Tex-Mex border, they organize exclusive private math and science schools to tutor their own children. The educational levels in heavily Hispanic public schools are way below Japanese standards. The Hispanic response, echoed by white liberals and Jews, is equally predictable: "Let us in or we'll blow your school house down." Say the Japanese in return: "It really isn't your race we don't like; it's your attitude toward education."

219

□ Tell our resident fiction writer, Douglas Olson, he should write an American version of *The Camp of the Saints*.

223

□ I commend Hector Rogers for distilling much of the essential Lyndon LaRouche from those long verbose pieces the LaRouchies put out. But Rogers missed a very important aspect of good and evil that LaRouche is concerned with. He attaches great importance to the contrasting eschatologies of Plato (realism) and Aristotle (nominalism). History is very much a war between the evil low-lives of the Aristotle school and the forward visionaries of the Platonists. LaRouche sees the aristocrats of the British empire working to halt progress, since they wish to freeze the world as it is and maintain their privileges. The basic characteristic of this division is whether one is a Malthusian or not. To be a Malthusian is the ultimate Aristotelean rejection of the higher vision and denial of divine aspirations that man is capable of. White preservation falls into the Malthus category. LaRouche is not an Instaurationist.

554

□ I read about the new wrinkle in feminism created by a Jewish Vassar professor who demands that business take into account a woman's biological clock. What about my biological clock?

023

□ Instauration has commented before on Lord Louis Mountbatten, the last Viceroy of India, a pillar of the British establishment, a flaming liberal and one of the main influences on Prince Charles. It's well known that Mountbatten may have tolerated his partly-Jewish wife having affairs with both Nehru and a black jazz pianist. And now we find, according to Alison Lurie's *The Language of Clothes* (Heinemann, London 1981) that "the late Earl Mountbatten was observed to have used rouge and a blue rinse." In which direction -- not to put too fine a point on it -- was Louis oriented?

English subscriber

□ Lately there have been many mildly critical articles about Israel in the American press, motivated partly by the continuing problems with the Palestinians, but even more by the controversy over the nature of Judaism. These articles have dared to suggest that perhaps the no-questions-asked blank check granted by the U.S. government to Israel is not an entirely good thing. All of these articles have had one thing in common: their authors are, without exception, Jews who rarely fail to make ritual obeisance to the horror of the Holocaust and the wonder of the state of Israel. It would be interesting if these commentators would consider the question of why so few non-Jews dare to address the thorny topic of U.S. aid to Israel.

072

□ We hear these days about organs of the body being swapped from one person to another at a torrential rate. Some are sold. So how long will it be before some impecunious Nordic gal sells her golden hair, roots and all, to a minorityite?

735

CREATING A MORAL IMAGE

THE FIRST THING I recorded on videotape, almost eleven years ago, was an English movie from the mid-50s called *Damn the Defiant*. I liked it so much I've saved it to this day. Some of you may also remember it. It's set back in the Royal Navy of Horatio Nelson's time, and stars Alec Guinness as the captain of His Majesty's Ship *Defiant*, Dirk Bogarde as his sadistic lieutenant, and Anthony Quayle as a seaman who leads a conspiracy among the crew to petition the Admiralty for a redress of grievances, which eventually develops into an outright mutiny. One of the mutineers, named Evans, is so bent on revenge for his sufferings that, come the mutiny, Quayle is compelled to warn him against harming any of the officers, as such an act would prevent their petition from being considered, and cause all of them to be hanged. I remember his phrase, "All our lives depend on this." But Evans is overcome with the desire for vengeance, ignores Quayle's warning and murders the lieutenant, whereupon Quayle exclaims, "You've done for us all, Evans! You've finished the lot of us!"

I have often thought of that movie, and thought of it again when considering the topic of this paper. The Quayle character is very concerned with staying within certain standards of conduct where his behavior will be acceptable, and where his case or petition will be given serious and fair consideration rather than being dismissed out of hand. His position is already so desperate, so challenging to the status quo, that he cannot afford any behavior that might prejudice it further. His only hope is to make his position morally respectable, and he realizes that, to achieve that moral respectability, his behavior and that of his fellow mutineers must also be morally respectable. Without that, he will have no chance for success and all his efforts will be futile.

Everyone who goes out on a limb and promotes a cause against the odds is in a position similar to that of the Quayle character. If they fail to achieve moral respectability their ideas will be dismissed out of hand, will not be given serious consideration, and their efforts to promote their cause will be ineffective. So it is with our embryonic movement. If it fails to achieve moral respectability, it will be stillborn, and never go anywhere. Our opponents know this, and so must we. Our opponents make every effort and spare no expense, with all the vast resources at their command, to portray us and our position as morally unrespectable, as morally unworthy of consideration. To counter this (and unless we do counter it, there is no hope for the salvation of our race) we, our position, our solutions, our goals and methods, must all be, and appear to be, morally respectable.

It is a battle for our image, for control of our image, the outcome of which will determine whether we will always be on the moral defensive and be ineffective in promoting our program, or whether we will be able to go on the moral offensive, putting our opponents morally on the run. To win the moral battle, and the battle for the salvation of our race, we must create a moral image. We must define ourselves, our ends and means, goals and methods, in a manner that puts morality on our side. We must have a position, a platform, philosophy or ideology that claims the moral high ground, that is clear and credible, and we must communicate it in both word and deed, in everything we say and do. Above all, we must not leave any gaps in our position, no vacant spaces in our proposed solutions for our opponents to speculate about, no blanks that they can fill in as they please.

Let's face it. Racism (or, to be more precise, racism in favor of

our race) has a serious image problem. It, and we, have been consigned to the moral cellar, portrayed as the antithesis of civilization and the enemy of mankind. As far as our moral image is concerned, one might be tempted to conclude we have nowhere to go but up, were it not for the unfortunate fact that our opponents have been very successful in lumping us together under the racist label with others who seem determined to morally bury themselves even deeper. Our opponents love these racists; the berserkers who preach and practice the gospel of violence; the kamikazes who glorify martyrdom; the apostles of racial supremacy who deny other races the same rights they claim for their own; and, yes, even the advocates of genocide who, in their lust for revenge, would deny other races the most basic right of all, the right to live. Our opponents love to equate racism with hate, violence and vengeance, with totalitarianism, with racial supremacism and mass murder, with uncivilized and immoral values and conduct, with the rejection of the liberal traditions and freedoms of Western Civilization, and these racists make their task much easier, and our task much more difficult.

What is the image of racism today? Very negative. It is discredited for four major reasons, which our opponents have fostered and exploited, with the assistance of those rogue racist elements who have played into their hands:

1. Racism is associated with immoral solutions, ends or goals, such as genocide or enslavement of other races, or separation by mass expulsion without adequate provision of a new home, all of which offend the most basic civilized sensibilities and sense of fair play of our race. This is where the Holocaust propaganda is used to good effect, to accuse all racists of intent to commit genocide and thereby prevent their pleas -- which may be for no more than the conditions their own race needs to live -- from being considered, drowned by chants of "Never again." The negative emotional force of the genocide accusation is very strong. This is why our opposition dearly loves racists who openly espouse genocide, or allegedly repentant former racists who say they once did. The sad part is that there really are racists who seek genocide as part of their solution, either for Nietzschean reasons or for revenge, or as an expression of their violent perspective on life. This we cannot prevent. But we can make our own solution, ends and goals clear and detailed, and morally the opposite from those our opponents like to see.

2. Racism is associated with negative and pathological emotions, hatred and mental illness. This is a very powerful and effective discrediting factor which we should be very aware of and not underestimate.

3. Racism is associated with totalitarianism, with the rejection of the political morality of our race and its values of democracy, individual rights, freedom and equality. The image of Hitler and his legacy, part true and part distorted, kept alive by his latter-day admirers to the detriment of the best interests of our race, are largely to blame for this condition.

4. Racism is associated with ignorance, stupidity, lack of education and kooks, and thus seen as intellectually inferior and disreputable, and dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration. Our opponents frequently resort to straw characters to do this, who base their racism on beliefs that are obviously untrue, and which have no relevance to the real issues of racism, such as a belief that whites are faster runners than blacks. Thus racism and racists become the object of ridicule and the butt of jokes, a position

most people will strongly avoid. The Archie Bunker character is an example.

This last negative factor is intellectual, attacking the intellectual respectability and acceptability of racism, but the first three are clearly moral, denying racism's moral respectability and acceptability. The irony is that factor 4, the intellectual criticism, is maintained by the first three moral criticisms and, without their support, would fall. The intellectual and scientific case for racism is already quite capable of putting its opposition to flight, if it were given an open-minded and fair hearing on the merits. But it is not given intellectual consideration because it is already morally discredited by its very negative moral associations. The strength of our opponents is not in the intellectual or scientific area, but we cannot defeat them there until we first defeat them at the source of their strength -- the area of morality. We cannot bring the sword of truth into action until it is joined with the shield of virtue.

As I have thought on our situation, I have become ever more convinced that morality is the key. Members of our race reject racism because they perceive it as immoral, and for good reason, since the only racism they know of is clearly immoral by the traditional values of our civilization. Moral racism recognizes the same rights for other races that it claims for its own, most basically the right to life and independence, or control of its own life. Immoral racism does not recognize or respect these rights for other races, but promotes their violation by advocating the immoral solutions of either supremacism, where one race rules over another and denies its independence (which we are experiencing ourselves at this time to a major extent), or genocide, where one race causes the destruction of another and denies its right to life.

Our task is to morally rehabilitate racism. We must create a moral form of racism as an alternative to the immoral forms which are now seen by the public as the only forms. To succeed, we must redefine racism by defining a new, morally respectable form of racism, our definition of racism, our kind of racism, and make it the mainstream type, the primary definition, of which others are deviations. Moral racism must be seen as the racist Major League, and the various immoral forms of racism relegated to the bush leagues. The foremost type of superiority we should seek and claim is moral superiority, and we must make the claim the reality.

Our goal is the salvation of our race. It is a supremely moral goal, and deserves to be matched with equally moral methods. To achieve that goal, we must win as many members of our race to our side, and their side, as possible. A moral unity of means and ends is the best path, I believe the only path, to the racial unity we need to save our race. We must find a position, complete with goals and methods, that attracts and unites the greatest possible number of our race, not one that repels the best of our kind and divides the rest into opposite extremes. But we cannot be all things to all people. We cannot please everyone. We cannot appeal to both the gentle and the violent, to those who seek salvation and those who seek vengeance. We must make choices, choose what kind of people, what element, we most want to appeal to. We must set our sights on those we believe to be most important for the success of our cause, for the continued life of our race, and concentrate our efforts on winning their hearts and minds. We must distance ourselves from those whose goals or methods conflict with our own, who violate the morality we espouse and repel those we wish to attract.

Several years ago, when Cholly Bilderberger's column was appearing in *Instauration*, he made the point that our race was obsessed with the need for respectability, and fastidiously avoided racism because of its disreputable image. Cholly saw this affinity for the morally respectable, and aversion to the morally disreputable, as a handicap and weakness, even as a fatal flaw, which our opponents can manipulate to paralyze us and prevent us from acting in our self-defense. But I believe we can turn this powerful

moral sense to our advantage, that it can be a potential source of great strength, once mobilized in our favor. We must know our race, its peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, accept it for what it is and work within the constraints of its nature, making the best of what we have and what we are. If we go against the predominant nature of our race, we will lose it. Our goal must be to create an image that is the very epitome of respectability, to have our name become a synonym for moral respectability, integrity, fairness and concern for doing what is morally right and proper. Morality must be seen to be on our side and we must be seen to be on its side. We must be seen to be on the side of right, for what is right. Our opponents must be seen as being against right, as the side of immorality.

Given the concern of our race for fairness, even to the point of sacrificing its own interests to give others a better chance, it may be that we will attract more and better support within our race by being more generous in what we offer to the other races as part of our proposed settlement, rather than holding on to more for ourselves. Our proposed settlement should be the one that maximizes the quantity and quality of support and approval from our own race, within the limits of our goal of racial salvation. If this requires walking the extra mile and being generous to other races beyond their deserts, so be it.

Morality is a weapon, and the moral battlefield will decide the fate of our race. We must learn to use the power of morality. We must become proficient in the use of moral arms to be victorious on the moral battlefield. We should take advantage of existing moral principles and values and use them in our favor if possible, and attack them only if they are inherently against our goal of racial salvation. We must work to have morality and rightness clearly on our side and go on the moral offensive, combating the clearly immoral position and goals of our opponents.

We should adopt a *minimalist* position, advocating the minimum amount of change required to achieve our goal of racial salvation through separation and independence. Above all, we should seek no change in political institutions, the form or system of government. Our ends can be achieved within the present forms. This will help us avoid excess, extremism or radicalism, and the disturbing, irresponsible and untrustworthy image they foster. It will also help us to keep our attention focused on the primary objective and to concentrate our forces at the decisive point rather than being sidetracked into unnecessary controversies over secondary matters, spreading ourselves too thin by trying to do too much. After our race is safely independent, we can turn our attention to secondary issues of economics, environment, history, culture or politics, but until then they should be deemphasized so as not to detract from the primary issue of racial preservation. It is the life-threatening issue that must be dealt with first.

Before we can go on the moral offensive, we must first build a strong foundation on which to build our movement, a platform it can stand on and work for. We must create a morally and intellectually respectable image for our movement, consistent with the moral values and instincts of our race. We must create a moral alternative to the immoral forms of racism with which the term is now equated. I have been concerned with the salvation of our race since 1963, but for many years the situation seemed morally and intellectually hopeless to me. In the mass media, the only people openly espousing racism were those associated with the Ku Klux Klan or the Nazis. Neither of these were acceptable to me. The original KKK had established a form of racial supremacy which was a temporary and partial solution to the problems that occur when different races inhabit the same territory, but it, and its successor organizations, had not gone on to promote a comprehensive, lasting, moral and just solution. In Nazism, I saw a specialized Central European totalitarianism, blended with racial supremacism, which could only be regarded as exotically out of

place in the American scene. Because of their history of racial supremacism and chauvinism, or worse, both were morally discredited beyond serious hope of rehabilitation, and could be of no relevance for a campaign to promote racial separation and independence. It was not until 1973, when I came across *The Dispossessed Majority* in a bookstore, that I found an example of how racism could be morally and intellectually respectable, and saw a direction in which we could move with real hope of success. It was a major step toward the creation of a racist alternative that can win moral and intellectual respectability and acceptability, and that can save our race.

We must move forward to the next step: to officially create a moral racist alternative to draw in the majority of our race who are repelled by the immoral forms of racism that would rule over, or even kill, other races. We must institutionalize a moral form of racism consistent with the high standards and values of our civilization, advocating a separatist solution that Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln could support, that is consistent with the principles of our liberal political tradition, that renounces and condemns violence and revenge, willing to forgive the sins of the past for the sake of a better future of racial separation and independence, adopting the forgiving spirit and tone of Lincoln's second inaugural address, "with malice toward none and charity for all." We can emphasize that, for the first four score and seven years of this republic, the leadership, including Lincoln, favored racial separation. With that step, we will move to take control of the word racism, to control its image and associations, and as our word spreads, as the good news goes out that it is finally possible for good and moral people to support the salvation and independence of their race, to be racist and moral, that image will become an increasingly positive and moral one.

It is easy for our opponents to portray racism as immoral when it is associated with ideologies, movements and individuals that do not respect but violate the legitimate rights of other races to life and independence. But imagine their difficulty when confronted with a moral form of racism that is based on respect for the rights of all races to life, liberty and independence. For our own people, it will give them a positive alternative, a moral way they can work for the salvation of their race. It will let them know that there is a nonviolent, moral means to promote racial survival, something the entire family, women and children as well as men, can participate in.

We need to face the violence issue head-on. First of all, as a matter of morality, but also as a matter of reality. Ours is a very civilized and peace-loving race. Unless and until there is a breakdown of civilization and society, of law and order, very few of our race will willingly turn to violence, but most will be totally repelled and lost by the mere suggestion or whiff of it. Only the berserkers, those who go out of control and cross the line out of civilized conduct, will resort to violence while the civilized order still stands, and the masses of our race will oppose them.

If violent means are our hope for salvation, they will have to wait for a social collapse resulting in mass desperation. But the odds are against that happening until our race is such a small minority that it can no longer maintain the civilized order. If it should happen, then the outcome will be very uncertain at best, and, in the slim chance that our cause should emerge victorious, it will probably be a Pyrrhic Victory, won at a cost so great, so self-destructive, as to be self-defeating. So we should hope and work for a better and happier solution, one that we can control and work for now without having to wait and hope for unlikely and undesirable events beyond our control to give us our chance. A moral battle for salvation is one we can begin now, that is consistent with the civilized heritage of our race, and that has a chance to win with minimal loss and suffering.

A good beginning, that will clearly separate us from those who

seek vengeance as their goal and violence as their means, would be to make it clear that we renounce both. Thus we will announce that the advocates and practitioners of violence and vengeance are not our brothers-in-arms but, like seaman Evans in *Damn the Defiant*, they are endangering the welfare of us all by vengeful and violent actions. We are not working for a common cause with them. Their cause, and their goal, are materially different from ours, as is their means.

We should not condemn violence per se in a pacifist sense. There are situations where the moral and legal traditions of our race regard it as warranted and proper, and even necessary. There have been many situations in the past where decisive battles helped to save our race, the Teutoberg forest and Chalons being good examples. But our present situation is not one of them. Our opponent is not destroying us with an army, but with a morality. We cannot defeat that morality by any physical means, including violence. Rather, violence directed against it only tends to confirm and strengthen its claim to moral superiority. When we encounter people who should naturally be on our side who are shocked and angered by our ideas, their outrage is a moral reaction, based on a morality that is destroying us. Even if we succeed in disassociating ourselves from the negative associations already mentioned, many will still oppose us because of a morality that says it is wrong to even be concerned or care about racial matters. But until we do disassociate ourselves from these negative associations, we will never even have a chance to enter the moral battle and come to grips with our moral foe. It is the most dangerous and life-threatening foe our race has ever faced, and it cannot be defeated by violence, only by a superior morality.

As moral enlightenment, not violence, is our means, so racial salvation, not revenge, is our morally enlightened goal. One of the lessons long taught by the wiser heads among our race is that revenge is seldom satisfying, and its long-term effects are often spiritually and psychologically harmful. So must we strive to rise above the desire for revenge. We have certainly been greatly provoked, and we will likely be even more greatly provoked in the future, but it is to the future beyond those provocations that we must dedicate our hopes and our actions, and we must strive to leave that future a legacy it can live with in peace, both with the other races of the world and, most of all, with its own moral conscience and self-image.

On the subject of provocation, my thoughts turn to the article by David Lane, a founding member of The Order, which appeared in the April 1989 issue of *Instauration*. He mentions a 1983 incident where he and Robert Matthews encountered a very beautiful young blonde, her black husband and their mulatto child. The account ends with Matthews drawing his gun on the three of them. We are left to speculate about what happened next. The image of the beautiful young blonde is a very powerful one. I would say the most powerful of all. It arouses our strongest and most basic racial-sexual male protective instincts. To see such a one mated to a male of another race is very provoking. It causes great pain, anger and sorrow. But sad to say, I believe we have all seen similar sights. Such sights have a way of sticking in one's mind. The first I remember was in 1968. Such a sight is a powerful motivator. How can you help them? How can you save them? You want to do something about it, to stop it, undo it or prevent it, and it is frustrating when you can't. It makes you feel ineffective and helpless, even emasculated.

What is to be done? What can we do? What action can we take that will be effective in saving our race and prevent further such tragic losses in the future? How effective were Matthew's actions? Did he save the blonde, or any blondes? The blonde no doubt believed that what she was doing was morally proper and even morally superior. Drawing the gun on her did not change this belief, but only tended to confirm it. We cannot force people to

change their moral beliefs at the point of a gun, and we certainly gain nothing by killing the very people we should be trying to save. Perhaps he should have told her that what he saw caused him great pain and sorrow, and explained why. Maybe that would have been more effective. It certainly would have required courage. As it is, I don't believe his actions saved any blondes, rather I believe that his actions, by giving our opponents more grist for their propaganda mill, and undermining the moral image of racism, had the opposite effect of causing more to be lost. I do not believe this was his intent, but actions often have unintended effects, especially irresponsible and ill-advised actions that play into the hands of your opponent. If we can't see that, we will be like blind men, and our race, with none but the blind to lead it, will surely be lost.

It has been said that living well is the best revenge. If our race is saved, if it gains the racial separation and independence it needs to live, and lives well, reproducing itself successfully and resuming its strides up the evolutionary ladder, that will truly be the best revenge against those who wish us ill, who have worked for our destruction, and they are the ones who most deserve to be punished. Let them live to witness our salvation, unable to interfere. That should be the only punishment we inflict.

In creating a moral image and taking the moral offensive, it is important to become fluent in the language of love. Our opponents love to equate racists and racism with hate. Learning to express ourselves in terms of love and other positive emotions, and avoiding the language of hate, may seem like a simple thing, but it can be crucial. We should always express ourselves in sympathetic and caring terms, speaking of the things we love and care about, with details of how and why we love them, and of the concern, sorrow and pain we feel when those things are endangered, diminished or lost. These are, after all, the things we really feel. It is often difficult for the male mentality to express its emotions openly in terms of love. We must overcome this and emphasize our love for our race in all we say and do. Make it clear to all that love, not hate, is the source of our motivation. As intellectuals we have learned from sociobiology that hate is a legitimate emotion, that the code of enmity and code of amity are both necessary, but as political communicators to the majority of our race, it is better to avoid the necessity for such explanations and stick to the positive side of the emotional spectrum. If we succeed in associating our movement with positive emotions of love for our race, rather than hatred for other races, it will be a moral victory of the greatest importance, the one we need most of all.

There are many practical things we can do. Sooner or later, and sooner better than later, we must start an organization. And at its

very inception, within its founding charter or compact, it must have a clear statement of moral principles, of ends and means, goals and methods, which all will be expected to honor. It should be coated at its birth with a heavy layer of moral teflon, dipped in the protective waters of the moral River Styx from head to heel, as well as toe. It must seize the moral high ground at the very beginning, where it will be immune to moral attack and able to launch moral charges against our foes that will put them on the defensive. The founding charter should renounce violence, save only where it is clearly justified by the moral standards of our race, and then only in the minimum amount necessary. It should pledge to uphold the hard-won political, religious, social and intellectual rights and freedoms of our race, with particular emphasis on freedom of conscience, expression, speech and inquiry, and consistent with this, it should renounce totalitarianism in all its forms, which is so hateful to our race.

One thing we can do is to commemorate certain days on the calendar. We can have days of our own and days that others observe, to which we add our own racial moral emphasis. Martin Luther King Day could be for us a Day of the Nightmare, in which we emphasize that the racial mixture our opponents celebrate as their dream is for our race a form of soft genocide, in which we will suffer the nightmare of extinction through intermixture. We can also have a Day of Mourning, in which we mourn the loss to our race of those who are the victims, willing or unwilling, of that soft form of genocide. (The beautiful blonde encountered by Matthews and Lane would be one of these.) On the positive side, we can observe days such as the anniversary of the founding of our organization, or other worthy events as they come our way. We could also have a day to celebrate the children of our race, their importance and value and our hopes for their future, and certainly we should celebrate the days that honor the moral, political, intellectual and scientific achievements of our race, from the Althing to the moon landing.

Above all, we must keep the emphasis on morality, our morality and our opponents' immorality. We must take the path of the saints so we can be seen as the Camp of the Saints, the side of the angels, surrounded by the powers of darkness. From our circle of light, let us proclaim the good news of moral racism. We will organize and raise a revolt -- a moral revolt against the moral tyranny that is now oppressing and destroying us -- and call on our people to arise from their bewildered moral slumber, to rise up in a moral uprising to serve and save a great cause, the cause of racial salvation, the cause of continued life for their race, and, as our circle of light grows, we will finally have cause for hope.

RICHARD McCULLOCH

LIFE WITH BLACKS

"BOB" DROPPED OUT of high school when a freshman, often uses "black English" and is confined to a maximum security prison. Bob is not black. He is a white product of today's integrated school and military systems.

Bob was born in 1955 in Gary (IN). At the time, whites were a dwindling majority in the city. He spent his early years in a three-quarters-white, one-quarter-Hispanic neighborhood populated by retirees and steelworker families. In his first five years in school, Bob did well. But in the sixth grade, he was bused 30 minutes each way to the 5% white, 5% Hispanic, 90% black Beverage Grade School.

It was in the sixth grade that Bob learned he was, alternately, a "honky," "cracker" or "redneck" who had committed the un-

pardonable felony of being born white. He was often assaulted verbally and sometimes physically in the school's hallways and playground for no other reason than his skin color. His lunch money was extorted so often by groups of blacks that he would have gone hungry if the white assistant principal hadn't given him free lunch tickets. Teachers did have some control in the classrooms, but taught at the level of the slowest students.

During the seventh and eighth grades, Bob attended the neighborhood Thomas Edison Junior High. By this time, since more blacks and Hispanics had moved into the area, the student population was divided about evenly three ways.

In the seventh grade, Bob had his first contact with organized black teenage gangs. Walking to school one day, after having had

his bicycle stolen by three blacks a week earlier, several black gang members asked Bob for a match. When he told them he didn't have any, they resorted to racial slurs and beat him so badly he ended up in a hospital emergency room. When Bob complained about the assault, school personnel did nothing.

In junior high, Bob often skipped classes. It was his way of avoiding the racial problems. When he was absent for a couple of days, the truant officer would contact his parents. After his father had "whipped" him, Bob would return to school for a couple of days and the cycle would begin again.

By the time Bob was ready to enter high school, few white families with children were left in his neighborhood. Nearly all the white children who remained attended an area Catholic school. The school had a five-year waiting list, so Bob had to attend the local West Side High School, where the student population consisted of 15 whites, 51 Hispanics and about 500 blacks. The whites' lockers were located in a row near the principal's office. Otherwise, they would have been broken into constantly.

In his second week in high school, Bob witnessed his first drive-by shooting. As he walked out of his last class of the day, three black males in a Cadillac fired at a group of Disciples, a black gang. Several were wounded.

About 95% of the teachers were black. The 5% white and Hispanic teachers were as afraid of the blacks as their students were. Most teachers dared not expel or discipline disruptive black students for fear they would be assaulted in school or in the parking lot. Several had been.

Some white and Hispanic girls were gang-raped in the school restrooms. They either accepted a black as their boyfriend/protector or their lives became unbearable -- so unbearable they would have to drop out of school. A few girls -- black, Hispanic and white -- "turned tricks" on school property to get money to supply their boyfriends with drugs. Some whites started using drugs in an attempt to be "accepted" by blacks and not be victimized.

Verbal intimidation of white students was a daily occurrence. The number of physical assaults was especially high during "Black History Month" and when Negroes like Martin Luther King Jr. were class topics or in the news. At such times, black teachers made derogatory remarks about whites, blaming them for all the Negroes' ills.

Toward the end of Bob's first semester in high school, the black basketball star started pestering the white freshman girl, whose locker was next to Bob's, for a date. She refused repeatedly, explaining that her parents considered her too young to date. The black kept pushing and accused her of being a racist. One day when the black was trying to kiss her, Bob told him to leave her alone. "Shut your face, honky Mudder----!" the black yelled as he pushed Bob into the lockers. Bob hit him, a not inconsiderable act of bravery, or possibly stupidity, on the part of a 5'7" freshman against a 6'4" senior. The two began to wrestle and fell to the floor. Several blacks appeared and started hitting and kicking Bob, while teachers looked on and white students scurried away.

Bob spent ten days in the hospital with a broken nose, several broken fingers, cracked ribs and a concussion. While there, the school's principal telephoned Bob's parents and told them Bob had been expelled from school for a month for fighting. No attempt was made by the principal to learn Bob's version of the incident. The black, whose only injury was a black eye, was not disciplined.

The day Bob returned to school, he saw the white girl he had attempted to protect, walking hand in hand with the basketball player. She looked at the ground as the black sneered at Bob and sloppily kissed her and pawed her behind. Bob was told several times he would be killed if he came back the next day.

Bob did not return to school. Unable to get a job because of his age and lack of education, he decided to join the Army. When he

turned 17, his father signed the necessary papers.

During basic training at Fort Knox, Bob was in a 40-man platoon composed of 20 blacks, 15 whites and 5 Hispanics. When platoon members received their first \$325 paychecks, several whites were accosted on the way to the PX by three black recruits, who demanded \$25-\$35 a month to allow the white soldiers to "live" in the barracks. Later that night, several whites banded together and "threw a blanket party" on the leader of the black extortionists. (A blanket party consists of ganging up on someone who is asleep, throwing a blanket over him and beating him up, knowing he can't identify his attackers.) Bob was fireguard that night and received 60 days on KP for not stopping the incident. At any rate, the extortion stopped. The whites who had paid up got their money back.

In his four years in the Army, Bob saw little fraternization between black and white males. Whenever possible, they would separate into their own groups. The exception was black males and white females. That situation and its causes were similar to what he had observed in high school.

In Vietnam, there were frequent racial fights and several cross-racial "fragging" incidents. Blacks and whites spent their off-duty hours in separate taverns. Any white who entered a black tavern stood a good chance of being assaulted and robbed.

Bob enrolled in GED (General Equivalency Diploma) vocational classes at Fort Hood (TX) and Camp Casey, South Korea. In both places, blacks outnumbered whites five to one in the classroom. Again, more class time seemed to be devoted to black fun and games than to learning. Drugs were used openly in the classrooms.

During Bob's six months at Fort Hood, two black soldiers were killed by other blacks in drug rumbles. White soldiers walking alone at night were often beaten and robbed by black soldiers. A few white females were raped.

Discharged from the Army, Bob married and returned to northwestern Indiana. One night he took his wife to see the movie, *Taxi Driver*, in East Gary. In the row behind them were several black males and a white female. The blacks talked loudly and profanely during the movie. When Bob left to get refreshments, the blacks tried to get his wife to sit with them. When he returned, two of the blacks kept playing with his wife's hair and kept suggesting she go out with them. Bob stood up and told the blacks to leave his wife alone. Two of the blacks hit him. Bob had a pocket knife and stabbed one of the blacks:

Bob was arrested and sentenced to 25 years at the Indiana State Prison for attempted murder. Within two years, his wife had divorced him and taken their daughter to Florida, where she remarried. Following his arrest, Bob's wife switched from respecting him to saying he was a fool who should have simply walked out of the movie.

When Bob arrived at the state prison, he was assigned to GED classes in the Education Department. His first day, he was told by two blacks, "You're in the wrong place." Bob quickly learned that the only students were blacks and a handful of whites who were homosexual partners of the blacks. Like Army classes, prison classrooms were not a place to study, but were really unofficial recreational areas. Civilian teachers made no attempt to teach.

Bob transferred to the prison's vehicle license plate manufacturing facility. After nearly ten years, he learned of a GED correspondence program and used some of the earnings from his prison job to enroll. Last February, he passed the GED examinations and is presently enrolled in correspondence courses through Indiana University.

Barring disciplinary problems, Bob will serve half of his 25-year sentence and then will be placed on parole for a year. Because his was a violent offense, he cannot serve the last months of his time in a work release center.

THE FINAL CHAPTER

HE SWEEPED INTO THE celestial throne room to appeal to God. The throne was empty but God was seated nearby at a table littered with parchment and instruments. The Lord's watery eyes were distant, searching in unknown realms on matters beyond ken.

"Dad," he said.

His Omnipotence jumped and eyed the intruder. "Ah, Jacob," He intoned.

"Jesus," corrected Christ. "I think we ought to call off this Armageddon business."

God drew himself up majestically. "I promised them one and they'll get it. It's the culmination of eons of preparation. The angels work with gentle piety in the Celestial Laboratory at the most trying formulations I have set forth and not a word of complaint do I get from them. It's a labor of refinement and delicacy that demands constant field testing. Think of their versatility -- from the introduction of the mosquito to the evaporation of Gomorrah. They would be terribly hurt to hear you speak that way. Once the heavenly angels in the Celestial Laboratory get the animals and plagues right and we start rattling the planet with the extra earthquakes and such, it's on."

"But Satan's gone native," argued Jesus. "What's the point of filling this place with souls? It's bulging with your assistants as it is and you just don't get on with humans."

"I am the ruler of heaven and earth, the alpha and the omega," noted the Lord testily. "There's plenty of room up here and once Records gets the Books sorted out again, we'll know who's eligible for what benefits. Seems to me you're forgetting what you were made for. You're stale. I'll see that you get a little refresher. Walk ye upon the earth and to and fro upon it; seek ye those whom I have Chosen, and mark ye the Serpent." With a wave of the Holy Hand, the Son was suddenly earthbound.

London was foggy and a slight drizzle dampened Christ's robe and soaked through his sandals. It was miserable to be embodied again, and he realized immediately that the clothes were not right. Twenty years earlier he would have looked like just another hippie, but now he felt conspicuous. He wandered for days, learning once again the feelings of hunger, pain and despair.

"Jesus Christ!" exclaimed a voice. Although by now this somewhat cloying expression no longer jarred him, this time it was meant literally. A tall, handsome man in a costly, superbly tailored three-piece suit, wearing an immaculately sculpted moustache, seized his arm and surveyed him with amazement.

"Satan!" cried Jesus, earning a few sharp glances from several passersby.

"What are you doing here, old boy -- surely it's not the Second Coming? My word, you still look like a California surfer."

"I've been sent down," responded Jesus ruefully.

"To bring the message to the peasants? Spread the light? With your looks and face, I could get you a church and a television show that would have them rolling in the aisles."

Christ winced at the memory of his last sojourn among mortals. "No, the old man got angry. I asked Him to call the whole thing off -- the scorpions, plagues and all that. But His heart is set on it. He threw me out in a fit of pique. I want to get some proper clothes and disappear somewhere to think a bit."

"What's the matter? Afraid the citizens will 'nail' you again?"

"That's not funny, Satan," Christ replied stiffly. "Hanging there, I really thought Dad had forgotten me."

"So did I," said Satan sympathetically. "Thought we'd have to bail you out ourselves."

"Really?" said Christ quizzically. "Isn't your part always to be the heavy?"

"When I was created," replied Satan with an injured air, "His mind wasn't on the job, so I have that element of independence that grates on all fathers. I still dote on Dad, however, and just keep trying to save Himself from Himself." Jesus was reminded that he was actually one of countless "sons," and a Johnny-come-lately at that.

"Seems a bit odd to hear you admitting you're a misfit. Hardly suits the proud and haughty image."

"Vive la différence," replied the Devil. "Take yourself. The old man energizes a human female with a dose of heavenly plasma to create a fatherless man-god freak to stir up the masses. You're unique, old chap -- one of a kind, too good to lose. I wouldn't have stood for it. But you've got to shake off that diffident attitude. Humans can't touch you now. You're independent, a god in your own right with a whole world to get re-acquainted with. If you start pining for heaven, we can work something out. Live a little."

"He'll catch on," demurred Christ. "He listens to prayers and thoughts."

"No, I switched it off centuries ago -- it was driving him mad."

"How's that? You're not allowed in heaven."

"Of course, I am. Wander up there whenever I feel like a chinwag or to pull a few strings. Surely you've heard of Job? The insufferable little snot developed quite a corner on the prayer market and kept it up night and day. The old man literally curled up and purred. Nobody could get in a word edgewise or get Him to do a thing. The blokes in Celestial Maintenance were growing hysterical. He finally emerged to have a quick word with His sons. I was dying for a spot of fun and came right up. You should have seen the stampede for the exits. But more delighted He couldn't have been."

"'Whence have you come?' quoth He.

"'From going to and fro on the earth and walking up and down on it,' says I.

"'Have you considered my servant, Job?' He insinuates fatuously.

"'I can fix him,' I assure Him.

"'Can't either,' says He, with feeling.

"It's fearfully embarrassing to see creatures like Abraham and Lot squirming before Dad. It breeds excesses that debase both man and deity. I was hoping to put Him off those simpering sycophancies, but rather botched it. Afterwards, I slipped in an ingenious filter to weed out most of the supplications and thoughts assaulting heaven. Just lately, signs looked a bit ominous so I discreetly scrambled the Book of Souls. Caused a dreadful stink in Records, but we can't have billions of clamoring little souls in heaven. A few years of dutiful work for the Almighty might do them a bit of good, but a century with those pompous angels would drive their tiny minds insane. It would result in a bigger fracas than I threw in the good old days. The old man knows that but He just won't let go. 'It is written,' He says, forgetting that the angels, bless 'em, concocted most of the stuff."

"Ask a lot of holy bureaucrats to compose an exalting story, let the Hebrews do the editing, and you wind up with the Bible," admitted Jesus regretfully. "I tried to broach the matter of humans with the old man, but He's convinced that mortals should become immortals in heaven."

"Good god!" uttered Satan, lapsing into the vernacular at a sudden thought. "You're not mortal, are you?"

"No, not this time. I just can't go back until I'm suitably re-inspired. Dad seems to think I'll regain my zeal by abiding with the Hebrews."

"There aren't any. Got completely mixed up with the natives and disappeared. All you have now is a lot of wannabees. I ought to know -- I chose them."

"What do you mean, *you* did? Dad did -- long before I was born."

"Rubbish. He wanted the Greeks -- the Athenians, to be exact. A polished people, civilized, brilliant writers, architecture, philosophy, all the bells and whistles to awe the peasants. Just the type of people to suit His ego. It would have been a piece of cake."

"Well, why didn't He?" asked Christ, warming to the idea.

"A people of such credibility and intelligence might have wrung concessions from Dad and developed a lofty religion suitable to human nature, and convinced everybody in no time as to their Chosenness. Human souls would have prematurely clogged heaven before their fundamental incompatibility was appreciated. Mankind would have been finished. 'Dad,' I said, 'Where's the inscrutability? It's too transparent. How can you be seen to move in mysterious ways if you choose them? Now take that lot,' I said, pointing below to a particularly noisome and bellicose band of bedouins. 'Choose them and you'll have mankind perplexed and dismayed for eternity.' He jumped at it, of course, and they and the old man bickered and betrayed each other for centuries."

"Why did you want to complicate things?" demanded Christ. "Why put us in this mess?"

"Sheer ennui. After an eternity in heaven with the old man's moods and boasting and throwing His weight around, a chap goes stir crazy. You've only been around a couple of thousand years, youngster. Dad's creating earth was a whacking good idea -- His best. I did a lot of the groundwork and don't want it junked or turned into another heaven. Life on the material plane can be quite jolly. Most humans are a waste of space, pure filler, but so many are fascinating specimens. They are each so different. Genetic recombination with every birth makes for splendid variety. It's a delightful contrast to the angels -- whom you can hardly tell apart, they're so inbred. Stuff, self-important lot. The point to grasp is that humans are endlessly entertaining. I can't help liking them. Whereas the old man, though He won't admit it, can't really stand them. They bring out the very devil in Him," concluded Satan, without humor.

"The whole thing is beyond me," protested Christ. "Dad designs a cat when He really wants a sheep in order to convert it into an angel. Then there's endless wrangling and coaxing to get the cat to behave like a sheep."

"Dad thought Adam was the perfect prototype," observed Satan. "Beautiful, obeisant, pure balsa between the ears. Then He created the first true human, Eve, and howled with indignation because she proved she could actually think for herself. Cursed her with an impossibly long gestation period, agony in delivery and considerable inconvenience every twenty-eight days."

"You sound like you own the earth, Satan. I almost wish it had never been made, although that would have made my creation unlikely."

"He tried to exterminate the planet once," reflected Satan. "Beastly shame, I thought, and got some thousands tucked away, then managed to get things smoothed over and re-started. Dad pinched the credit for it with that preposterous Noah-and-the-Ark story. You've got to know when to flatter and soothe to get things stretched out. Keep Him diverted."

"I can hardly talk to Father," replied Christ dejectedly. "Let alone understand Him."

"It's for our own good that the deep seas of His thought are

remote. Drink too deeply of those chill waters and your soul will freeze," cautioned the Devil. "Took a nip myself in the old era -- definitely not to my taste. You and I are bonded to heaven and earth, but let us transcend them for a moment and ponder the Creator's plight. Think back before time, when Father coalesced alone in vacuity and triumphantly realized His existence. Intuitively mastering every nuance of science, He joyously adorned the void with lavish stellar sprays and little worlds. He conjured forth spirits to share His exuberance and together they exalted in His brilliance and reveled in the miracle of being. In their delight and wonder, they further embellished the universe, built heaven and created the earth.

"As the Halcyon ages wore on, the Lord matured and was abashed by the painful puerility of His beloved spirits. Creating ever mightier and more magnificent angels merely intensified His wistful conviction that nothing in creation could ever truly commune with the empyrean heights of His soul. Alienation extinguished His joy and the very universe wearied Him, for every atom was His own creation. Haunted by stagnation in a potency that has scarcely been tapped, He could conceive of no further grand endeavors.

"In isolation, He brooded darkly about His own origin and searched the cosmos for His own kind, but He dreaded the prospect. Would He be a peer or a pygmy? In His blackest dream, He sensed a curdling vastness glowering beyond the universe, with which He yearns to contend, yet His soul quails at the implications. Eternity, with the horror of irrevocable immortality, stretches balefully before Him with the appalling prospect of enduring everlasting time surrounded by sophomoric angels as the universe gradually decays.

"Distinction as the sole and primary origin is His pride, yet He is incredulous at the thought. Will nothing else come for all eternity? Is no sign ever to arrive from Beyond that stunning new Truths will ultimately be revealed to Him? Thus languishes the Lord, solitary, disillusioned, suffocating in an infinite majestic sepulchre of His own design. It wouldn't surprise me if He collapsed the universe one morning just to see if some Outside entity is provoked into revealing itself. And that is but a droplet of the ocean in which His mind swims. Such thoughts are beyond our realm. But when He seeks a spot of solace by immersing Himself from time to time in such as ourselves and the trivia of this seething little planet, we do well to channel and encourage it."

At this, Christ shuddered involuntarily in the crisp London air. A luxuriously furred and bedecked lady approached and pressed a fiver into his pliant fingers. "There, there, dear. Do have a proper meal," she cooed, and swept off, full of self-satisfaction and good thoughts.

Satan blinked guiltily, then murmured a few arcane phrases. Christ suddenly found himself dried off and spiffily attired in a pair of thick, insulated hiking boots, a pair of snowy-white bell-bottoms and a woolly blue sweatshirt with "Malibu" emblazoned in red across the front and back. "Frightfully sorry, old horse," said the Devil. "I completely forgot about your damp condition. You're now shaved, showered, changed and fed. Feel a bit better?"

Christ admitted that he felt a good deal better.

"By the way, have you incanted the Krishmir tantra?" inquired Satan. "Do so. If Dad takes it in His head to strip you of your immortality, it sends the Command into an infinite spiral but returns a 'task completed' message."

"Thanks. But don't you have wars to start, minds to corrupt and so forth?"

"My dear fellow," replied the Serpent austerely, "don't wallow in divine propaganda. I would hardly be so crude. Besides, humans are naturals, the true image of their Creator. He engineered an irritable, capricious mentality stamped with an astonishing

capacity for random behavior and wrapped it in a flimsy envelope scarcely able to withstand the ravages of a hostile environment. It's a formula guaranteeing all manner of unpredictable unpleasantness. Any extraneous 'evil' would be redundant and good intentions are simply wasted on such people. Look what a terrorist Joshua turned out to be, yet the humans venerate him. The Heavenly Auditors glance down now and again and think I'm diligently at work. The actual challenge here is getting a damper on things when they overheat and when the old man starts muttering about the end of days again."

"Well," asked Jesus doubtfully. "What am I to do? Dad thinks of me as a military genius and wants me to come back and rule a kingdom on earth for a thousand years. I'm just not up to it. I can't stand ritual and bureaucracies, and I've had my fill of telling

humans how to live. I'll never get more than a handful of them to behave like angels. My entire mortality was spent learning that. Unlike you and Dad, I know what it's like to feel corporeal stress and pain. I'm hanged if I'm going to participate in subjecting a third of the world to flames, plagues, famine, war and all the other lunacies dreamed up between that idiot John and the old man for the end of the world."

"What are you to do, you ask?" said Satan in mild surprise. "Why, let humans be humans. I'll shave a couple of decades off my looks and we'll pop over to California and teach you to surf. Every now and again, you'll shoot up a report and say things are going swimmingly," he snickered. "I'll tell my chaps in the Celestial Lab to botch the scorpions again."

POWELL MacLOCH

The Darkening of America

Year	Total U.S. Population	Increase from Previous Decade
1930	122,775,000	17,065,000
1940	131,670,000	8,895,000
1950	151,326,000	19,656,000
1960	179,323,000	27,997,000
1970	203,235,000	23,912,000
1980	226,546,000	23,310,000
1986	241,078,000	14,532,000

Year	White Population	Decade White Increase	White % of Country's Total Increase During Decade
1930	110,287,000*	15,466,000*	90.6
1940	118,215,000*	7,926,000*	89.1
1950	135,150,000*	16,935,000*	86.1
1960	158,832,000*	23,682,000*	84.6
1970	178,098,000*	19,266,000*	80.6
1980	180,202,000*	2,104,000*	71.7*
1986	185,901,000	5,699,000	39.2

* Mexicans included in white totals until 1980; U.S. Census figures.

Year	Mexican Population	Decade Mexican Increase	Mexican % of Country's Total Increase During Decade
1980	14,609,000		
1986	18,400,000	3,791,000	26.1

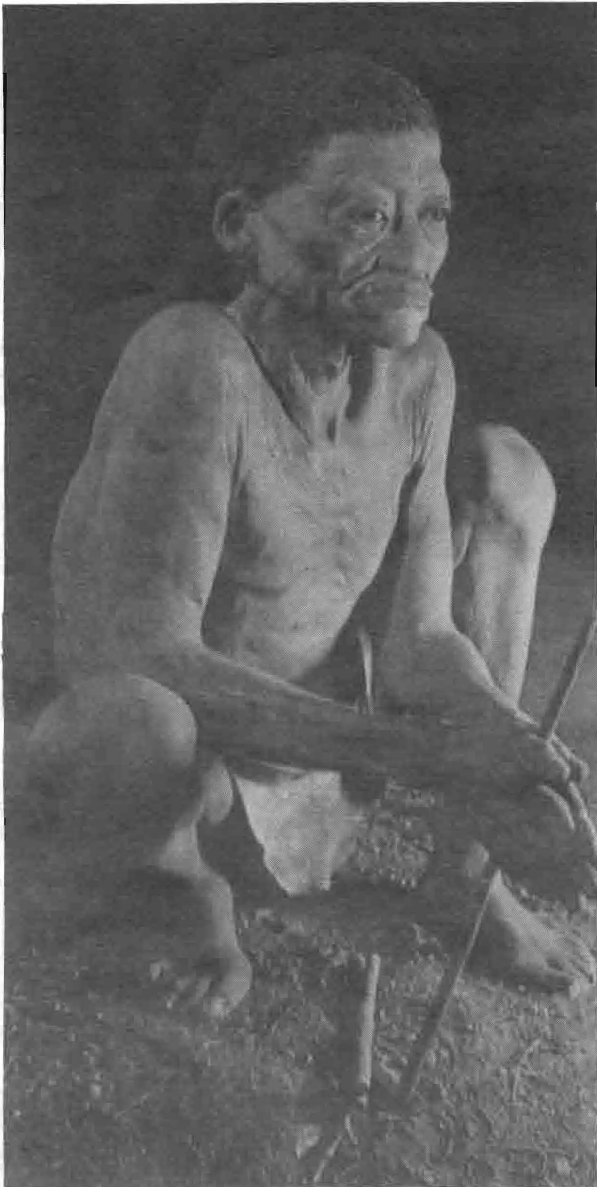
Year	Black Population	Decade Black Increase	Black % of Country's Total Increase During Decade
1930	11,891,000	1,428,000	8.4
1940	12,866,000	975,000	11.0
1950	15,045,000	2,179,000	11.1
1960	18,872,000	3,827,000	13.7
1970	22,581,000	3,709,000	15.9
1980	26,631,000	4,050,000	17.4
1986	29,306,000	2,675,000	18.4

Year	Other* Population	Decade Other Increase	Other % of Country's Total Increase During Decade
1930	597,000	170,000	1.0
1940	589,000	-8,000	
1950	1,131,000	542,000	2.8
1960	1,620,000	489,000	1.7
1970	2,557,000	937,000	3.9
1980	5,104,000	2,547,000	10.9
1986	7,171,000	2,367,000	16.3

* Asians, American Indians, Eskimos and Pacific Islanders

ALL ABOUT BUSHMEN

I APPRECIATED Brian Scott's article in *Instauration* (Jan. 1989), but in spite of his excellence in the general field of anthropology, he still hasn't got the African picture quite right. That is to say, he refers to Bushmen as being dark, kinky-haired, flat-nosed African primitives, essentially like Negroes. This is incorrect and I have some photos to prove it. These photos, now in the Cape Town museum and dating from the turn of the century, are of life-casts of a band of Bushmen living on the Orange River south of the Kalahari in a place called Prieska. They were just about the last remaining pocket of pure Bushmen, a species that in its pure state no longer exists, though throwbacks can still be seen among South Africa's present Coloured population.



Bushman making fire



Bushwoman preparing dinner of roots

The Bushmen's skin is more yellow than anything else, quite unlike Negro skin. Their hair is not kinky like that of Negroes, and their noses not so flat and flaring. They look more Chinese than Negro and were altogether a mysterious people, much more peculiar than Australian Aborigines. Their language is a mere succession of clicks. They can count up to three, which is one more than a baboon can count. As it happens, the hair of the Bushman in the picture is not entirely typical in that it is generally more "peppercorn," that is, bare skull interspersed with tufts of hair.

Incredibly, a Bushwoman in the Cape Town diorama, who possessed pronounced steatopygia (bulging buttocks), was discreetly veiled for a time. This could well have been due to the visit of a group of American university men who complained that the Bushmen were being displayed more like animals than human beings. What they meant, no doubt, was that racial differences should be minimized to the utmost in the interest of the white man's future mongrelization. Since we see with our minds rather than with our eyes, brainwashed young people must not be jolted into a realization that racial differences are real and significant. This was what I told the museum authorities themselves when they first covered the lady, which didn't make me too popular. They said it was for modesty. I asked why the other steatopygous Bushwomen weren't covered. They replied that nubile Bushwomen covered their bottoms, which I said they did not, certainly not in earlier times. Why, they were even more advanced in Bikini fashions than our modern white maidens!

SOUTH AFRICAN SUBSCRIBER

Passing Thoughts

One becomes inured to the multitude of multiracial absurdities in American megalopolises. However, it is a bit unnerving to be in the middle of Tennessee and be greeted at a cozy little motel by an East Indian woman, complete with sari and black-dotted forehead. And that was by no means an anomaly: East Indians have been buying up small hotels all over the U.S. Somewhere I read that they all have the same name -- Patel.

So deep is the penetration of the small motel industry by foreigners -- Indians and other minorities -- that nowadays one can see the reaction in some of the little "motel cities" that hang on to a forlorn existence just off the exit ramps of the major interstate highways. The signs read: "Lampighter Motel -- American-Owned and Operated."

Gas stations, garages and liquor stores are several other traditional small American businesses under siege by nonwhites, particularly in the bigger cities. Orientals and Arabs especially are snapping up these shops at an incredible rate. It seems that once an alien owns a business, he can bring in an almost unlimited number of relatives from overseas to help run it. Asians also have an economic advantage over the American proprietor, in that six or eight busy little Chongs, Kims or Hassans will often be satisfied to subsist on scraps and to sleep on a blanket in the kitchen. The American-born owner, on the other hand, will usually have to pay wages for indifferent help.

It's little wonder that the shopkeeping minorities can often offer the American owner a very attractive price for his business. They seem able to raise the money somewhere. (I understand that virtually all the money that finances Arab purchases of liquor stores comes from Detroit -- the Arab capital of the U.S.)

Many American liquor store owners who resist selling, who wish to continue to own and operate their own businesses, have come under intense pressure from Arab and other minority entrepreneurs, who telephone them constantly with lucrative offers. One grogshop owner in a large Western city was finally obliged to put a huge red, white and blue sign in his window:

**AMERICAN-OWNED
AND STAYING THAT WAY.**

The new nonwhite shopkeepers seldom change the name of the businesses they buy. Consequently, Tom's Texaco or Pratt's Liquors could well be operated by someone who a few years before could not even pronounce the name of the business he owns today.

If I can help it, I don't patronize nonwhite

businesses, though I do have mixed feelings about the Arabs (the enemy of my enemy). Their growing business and financial acumen on our shores will certainly produce a heavy counterweight to the titanic power of American Jewry, and in fact has already done so to some extent.

However, I'd never leave my car at an Arab-run repair shop; Hassan is compiling an unenviable record of consumer complaints with the Better Business Bureaus and the various state consumer protection agencies. Nor will I buy food from Arabs -- their standards of cleanliness appear to leave a bit to be desired. One liquor salesman related to me an incident he witnessed where an Arab female dropped some cold cuts on the floor in the process of making sandwiches for the in-store deli section. Without blinking an eye, she picked up the meat and stuck it between two slices of bread. Yummy! Then there was the dead rat reposing under a box of Hershey's. And a few other droll tales.

So good luck to you, Hassan, in building a strong lobby to checkmate the power of your Semitic cousins in America. But as for me, hold the bologna on rye.

* * *

What militates most powerfully against a combative white race consciousness in America?

First and foremost, of course, the Religion of Money. (And, like all religions, this too shall pass, though its many adherents believe it will go on forever.) But after Money, the vastness of the United States, the sense of space, and the long American tradition of easy mobility.

Rooted in the American soul is the idea that if you don't like it where you are, pull up stakes and move elsewhere. Yonder the grass grows greener.

Probably because of the mobility and the relative youthfulness of the country, a bonding to the land, to a particular piece of land, never took place as solidly as it has in other countries. Perhaps America has been such a splendid host for Jewry because we ourselves are a species of Wandering Jew, the Diaspora of the Heart.

There may have been the beginnings of a bonding with the land in the antebellum South, but today it is difficult to see anything, anywhere, that even resembles this more or less mystical process. It may be that certain ethnic groups in the megalopolitan Eastern seaboard come closest to it. In some cases, their attachment to a particular neighborhood is so strong that five or more generations are born and die within a few square blocks. There are similar situations

in many small towns throughout the land, where a family may trace its antecedents back to the eighteenth or early nineteenth century.

But, generally, the land appeals to us only in our pocketbooks. I doubt that most American farmers have any real attachment to the soil they own and till -- their relationship with it is almost exclusively economic, perhaps out of necessity. The recent hard times in agriculture, the foreclosures which many American husbandmen have experienced, are due in most cases to their own greed, coming up losers after indulging in that famous American love of speculation.

Americans are a species of nomad -- gypsies with an enormous love of the reckless gamble. It is very difficult to appeal to such people on the basis of genetic survival. What, they will ask, is there in it for us? We are already here. Let the future generations take their own chances.

Little that is truly promising can be done until the frantic running stops, and until the capital for the speculation runs out. In fact, this is now happening to some degree. There are few places left now to run to, certainly as far as big and small cities are concerned. When the Money God demands of the American people another blood sacrifice, the run will slow to a walk. And when the running stops, movement begins.

VIC OLVIR

Ponderable Quotes

While the JAP jokes are disgusting, they are simply a reaction to the vulgar display of wealth on the part of some Jews who have money but have no class.

The Jewish-American Princess, pushy, spoiled and materialistic, is not a stereotype. It is a fact. This is not to say that Jewish men are angels. We aren't.

Some in the Jewish community should be called to a higher standard of behavior. Where are the rabbis when we need them?

Letter to Jewish Monthly,
(May 1989)

There are political cartoons, remarks on television situation stories related to Catholic themes which, if they were related to Jewish or other racial groups, would evoke enormous cooperative protest.

Bishop William H. Keller,
Harrisburg (PA)



Barefoot Nazis

The college student who signs up for Anthropology I risks emerging with the phrase "suspension of values" ringing in his ears. As the old Red Indian supposedly said, "Before I judge my foe, let me walk a mile in his moccasins."

John O. Voll, a history professor at the University of New Hampshire, recently made the same point in connection with the Salman Rushdie affair (The Chronicle of Higher Education, Mar. 22, 1989):

As interpreters, not advocates, we do not have to reconcile the two sides, but we must be fair in presenting one side to the other . . . Even scholars who personally condemn the actions of the Ayatullah need to be able to present Khomeini's views in such a way that they would at least be recognizable to his followers. Without that dimension, the analysis simply becomes part of the polemic . . .

Scholars, for example, may start from the Western secular orientation that sees separation of "religion" and "politics" or "politics" and "culture" as natural. They speak of the Ayatullah as "politicizing" literature by his condemnation of the Rushdie book, or they accuse him of using "religion" for "political" purposes. This can be a distortion in which the interpreters are imposing their views of what is "normal" on people for whom the separation of politics and religion or politics and culture is unnatural.

If only scholars would extend the same basic courtesy to those Germans who once lived in a non-prostrate country. In its condemnations of Hitler, has the postwar intelligentsia represented his views "in such a way that they would at least be recognizable to his followers"?

Emphatically not. They have chosen to paint a country and an era in the garish, surreal colors of a carnival spookhouse. Voll unwittingly accounts for this rarely noted double standard:

In a world of sophisticated global communications, everything that I write may be read by the people about whom I am writing. Therefore, I cannot write anything that I would not be willing to say in person to the people whom I am interpreting. This opens the way for discussion and debate on the basis of mutual respect.

Or on the basis of fear. No one writing about National Socialism since May 1945 has ever risked a Nazi picket line outside his door. But every half-honest white professor in America must cope with visions of angry blacks, Jews, Hispanics and feminists dancing regularly in his brain. He spends so

much time walking in their "moccasins" that he rarely gets to retrieve his own shoes. As for the Hitlerites, they've been barefoot before the world these last 44 years.

Freedom of the Zoo

While Americans still enjoy many freedoms, we are inching closer every day to a sort of "police state." Even as Lady Liberty was being raised in Shanghai, Mayor Ed Koch was releasing his new \$26.6 billion budget for New York City, which calls for:

- 1,668 more regular police officers
- 2,083 more corrections (city jail) officers
- 538 more officers in the Transit Authority and Housing Authority Police Departments
- 1,390 more workers to monitor complaints of child abuse and to run abuse centers
- 405 fewer street cleaners (leaving only 517, a 44% reduction)
- 133 fewer park maintenance workers
- 75 fewer workers in housing preservation and development

In addition, many libraries and museums must further curtail their hours, and new playgrounds will go unbuilt.

As Henry J. Stern, the city parks commissioner, reflected: "It's a signal that in the 1990s, the life-support agencies will have priority over the life-enhancement agencies."

Yes, Americans still enjoy many freedoms, including the freedom to be mugged, abused and surrounded by cops.

Comic Relief

More often than not, it's the little things which define our world -- little things like the comics. Back in the 1920s, of the 2,300 U.S. dailies, only two newspapers of significance, the New York Times and the Boston Transcript, refused to carry them. Comic strip characters of those good old days mirrored "our world" for mainstream white Americans.

George McManus of the Hearst-controlled King Features syndicate was the man responsible for *Bringing Up Father*, which recounted the exploits of Maggie and Jiggs, a lace-curtain New York Irish twosome whose stuffy innocence made your Presbyterian uncle howl with glee. H.H. Knerr drew *The Katzenjammer Kids*, a playful, not-too-subtle poke at German Americans. Billy de Beck was the creator of *Barney Google*. E.C. Segar dashed off *Thimble Theater*, the home of Popeye, the spinach-chomping sailor man.

The Chicago Tribune Syndicate handled Sidney Smith, the creator of *The Gumps*,

whose stars were so close in character to my Pennsylvania family that I secretly thought my father and mother were his models. Another family look-alike came from the pen of Frank King: *Gasoline Alley*, an "everyman" representation that perfectly captured the settled reality found along the neighborhood avenues of the clapboard houses of Victorian America. Frank Willand turned out *Moon Mullins*. Chester Gould penned *Dick Tracy*.

United Features, owned by Scripps-Howard, distributed *Tarzan of the Apes* based on the character created by Edgar Rice Burroughs, who lived south of Los Angeles on an estate called "Tarzana." Even for the racially unconscious of that era, the very Nordic Tarzan delivered an unambiguous message of vigorous "whitism" in his spectacular victories over African jungle bunnies. Today, Tarzan is deeply resented by Afro-conscious blacks who realize that he was more than Errol Flynn in a loincloth.



Tarzan continues to irritate blacks

Budd Fisher drew *Mutt and Jeff*; Fontaine Fox, *Toonerville Folks*; and Sol Hess, *The Nebbs* -- all for the Bell Syndicate.

Perhaps the most lovable comic strips of them all, *The Timid Soul* and *Skeets*, were the brainchildren of H.T. Webster and Don Walling, respectively, who were employed by the New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate. Here, for all to see, was the simple, classic WASPism, the ism that made America, an ism far removed from the present-day iconoclasm of those bent on unmaking America.

Ponderable Quote

A cult is a religion with no political power.

Tom Wolfe



Freezing Out White Students

Philip Smith is director of admissions at supposedly elite William College in Williamstown (MA). In an article in the New York Times (Feb. 22), Smith was quoted as saying the sort of thing that just isn't said in these fiercely minority-racist times:

What we are worried about are low-income white students -- we don't have a good way of tracking them. We have a way of tracking blacks, Hispanics and Asians through searches through the College Board. It stands clear to me that we are admitting a greater number of American minorities, but we are cutting back somewhere. We are not cutting back on alumni kids.

An article in the Los Angeles Times (May 19), about President Donald Kennedy of Stanford University caving in to the demands of the minority students who occupied his office, inadvertently lent credence to Smith's remarks by noting that "Most incoming white students, the products of upper-class rearing, have had little contact with minority or poor youngsters."

If most white students at places like Stanford are "upper-class" and the rest are mainly either Asian "grinds" or black and Hispanic "special cases," what about the common, garden variety white? Instauration has been posing this question for years. Finally, an admissions director has indirectly asked it.

Incidentally, the new pro-Asian admissions policy changes at the University of California at Berkeley have Henry Der delighted. As Instauration has reported in the past, Der is the very sinister executive director of Chinese for Affirmative Action. Along with several allied Asian-American groups, CAA argues openly that Asians should be admitted largely on the basis of their high standardized test scores, while blacks and Hispanics, on the contrary, should not be denied entry on the basis of their low ones. According to Der's twin-edged formula, the number of Asian students on America's elite campuses must be greatly increased, but never at the expense of black, Hispanic or Amerindian admissions. The reasoning is that doing so would create minority conflicts, thereby weakening the great antiwhite coalition which all these groups, Asians included, regard as essential.

The recent policy change at Berkeley had Der almost ecstatic. The additional Asian admissions would cause a further decline in white enrollment, he explained to reporters. Indeed, whites were already ob-

served to be dropping from the competition for some available openings! Yet the number of blacks and Hispanics at Berkeley would stay roughly the same. Clearly a model arrangement to be replicated across the nation.

Henry Der, by the way, is a "respected civil rights advocate" and widely quoted as such in the American media.

As for Philip Smith's solicitous words for the forgotten white man, they must be weighed against this diseased academic background to be fully appreciated and understood.

The Amazing One-Way Word

Former Colorado Governor Richard Lamm recently uttered these wise thoughts: "Racism in our society is a motion for closure. Accuse anybody of racism, and it almost stops the debate."



Richard Lamm

He should have said: "Accuse any white of racism . . ." Accuse a black of racism and cries of "white racism" will fill the air. Since everyone already knows that, hardly anyone bothers calling blacks "racist" any more. But, oh, how the label fits!

Item: *Black Dollar Days* is held each year in Seattle, when everyone -- black, white or whatever -- is pressured to buy goods and services exclusively from black-owned businesses. Local black churches and other groups print lists of black businesses by the tens of thousands so that all Seattle will know whom to boycott on racial grounds.

Item: Kwame Toure, who used to be called Stokely Carmichael, recently spoke at

overwhelmingly white Hamilton College in overwhelmingly white Clinton (NY). American blacks, he said, should see themselves not as African Americans but as "Africans in America." As for Martin Luther King's philosophy of nonviolence, it was wrong, wrong, wrong. Happily, blacks "corrected [his error] after his death." They "rose up and burned whatever they could, looted whatever they could, shot whoever they could." Now, once again, it is time for blacks to confront "the enemy" with weapons.

Item: Columnist Courtland Milloy of the Washington Post writes, "If the NAACP wants to do something, it can . . . make sure it [the pan-African flag] flies in every black household in America." Once that happens, blacks will have the power to drive the Confederate flag out of American life.

Does anyone imagine we can shut up Courtland Milloy or Kwame Toure, or stop Black Dollar Days by calling them "racist"?

Changing Definitions

"Wilding," a topic familiar to Americans for decades under many a generic name, gained its present colorful appellation in a Central Park "do," which left a female stockbroker senseless and broken. Last year's fashion of nomenclature dictated a different phrase: "getting paid." Thirteen black charmers "got paid" by the sadistic rape-murder of black grandmother Catherine Fuller.

In the 1970s, "wilding" amounted to plain old vanilla "gang brutality," a sport favored by the inner-city after-dark set and usually played on an isolated subway platform. One memorable event rendered a Philadelphia female attorney permanently comatose. The 1960s model gave posthumous celebrity status to New Yorker Kitty Genovese. And 1950's "wilding" gave us all swingy Broadway tunes, thanks to *West Side Story*, a musical celebration of "wilding's" primitive age.

Is wilding our lot? Or can we, as some Instaurationists suggest, escape the many manifestations of minorityism by raising our birthrate above theirs? The law of multiplication and my dime-store calculator say "never." However we procreate, our Majority will always remain the world's true minority.

Ponderable Quote

Blacks buy 26% of the new Cadillacs sold in the U.S.

Tony Brown,
Tony Brown's Journal
(June 11, 1989)



WASPISHLY YOURS

I SAW *DEAD BANG* twice. Probably not one other WASP in the country can make that claim. The first time around, I was driven by curiosity about a white-bashing film that was actually getting poor reviews -- a rare phenomenon. It turned out the critics were dead on. A second sitting was endured in the hope of figuring out the whys and wherefores of certain suspiciously glaring defects. This is a challenge for a WASP, because kosher reasoning is required. Any conclusions reached are consequently suspect. With that proviso, let's examine this tepid tale about yet another blow struck on behalf of a kinder, Chosen America.

Don Johnson was the lead puppet, playing (poorly) an L.A. homicide detective. He stumbles onto the trail of a ragtag gang of white supremacists and follows them to an Aryan Nations compound in Colorado, where the folks involved aren't ragtag at all. In the course of his pursuit, he has to deal with white designer dorks, along with very smart and very decent blacks.

In one scene, a group of country cops goes with Johnson to arrest four racists currently holed up in a dingy ranch house. Not content with producing a white-basher, the film's creators also made a pitch for gun control. The hero puppet was worried that while the pro-whites had automatic weapons, the pro-muds only had pistols and one or two shotguns. Actually, their quarry also had a .30 cal. machine gun mounted in the back of their station wagon. The lesson here -- lost on the movie producers -- is that if guns are banned, the baddies would outgun the goodies.

Johnson shows his heroic side when, armed only with a shotgun, he charges a shed full of pro-whites with Mac-10s. Alas, they departed for points east before the derring-do could be concluded.

A thought-provoking scene occurred when ZOG's minions made plans to capture the four pro-whites at a Richard Butler-type redoubt. The "hero," a chronic worrier, expressed concern that some law enforcement officers might be sympathetic to the supremacists, perhaps even friendly to the Klan. Such individuals are called "Kluckers." He had nothing to fear, however, from the Colorado sheriff and his deputies. They were all blacks. Nothing more was made of the tremendous plus a monoracial factor can be in any endeavor, possibly because it might have occurred to whites in the audience that if monoracial efforts are good for minorities, then why aren't they good for...? The mind reels.

Unlike the dumb white deputies of previous scenes, the blacks were smart enough to take along M-16s. In all respects, they were far better organized and civilized than their white counterparts -- you know, just like in real life. During the raid itself, white women were shoved around by blacks, and a white paramilitary "racist" who spat on

the ground was kicked in the genitals by a black deputy. Our future was being shown in "living color." The scene brought back memories of *Betrayed*, when the protagonist, Tom Berenger, made reference to the Zionist Occupation Government's "nigger police." Curiously, the theater audience did not cheer as pro-whites were brutalized and shot down.

In another scene, the lead puppet expressed deep concern about the white preservationist movement: "They got organization, they got money, they got resources I wish to God we had!" How the quiche-eating writers must have laughed as they penned this fantastic line.

Let's look at their humor from two perspectives. Within the movie's context it's stated by a Los Angeles homicide detective that his organization lacks resources. Does this explain why, to this day, L.A.'s finest have not managed to find -- or at least haven't dared arrest -- the vermin that burned the books of the Institute for Historical Review and Noontide Press in 1984?

A second perspective is to step outside the movie. It's a Steve Roth film, produced by John Frankenheimer and Robert Rosen, foisted on the silver screen with the help of Warner Bros., run by Steven Ross, and by Lorimar Productions, run by Mervyn Adelson, and by Cineplex-Odeon, run by Garth Drabinsky. All these outfits have strong links to MCA, headed by Lew Wasserman.

The most bizarre puppet in *Dead Bang* is an FBI agent who plays second fiddle to Johnson. The screenplay must have been scripted with several scenarios in mind, one of which was to make him a Klucker. This side of his character becomes evident when he strongly expresses his Christian faith by using a megaphone prematurely, thus alerting the pro-whites in an underground hideout.

The Tribe is still seething about the bad old days, when FBI agents were arresting Jewish spies left and right. Apparently they decided -- this time at least -- to keep the FBI image relatively unsullied. But the feds better start rounding up a whole lot more white activists (and lay off Israeli spies, thank you very much).

The film had a satisfying (i.e., kosher) denouement -- namely, droves of dead or jailed white activists. But this hardly overcame the relentless use of sewer-level visuals and language. The "hero" sweated profusely, swore non-stop, chugalugged cans of beer for breakfast, had infantile temper tantrums and even upchucked on a man he caught after a foot chase. Naturally, the supremacists themselves did a lot of nasty things, but why did the Hollywood Jews elect to make Don Johnson, the star of the film, so repulsive?

Halfway through the second sitting, one possible answer presented itself: conditioning. The entire film was one extended effort at instilling discomfort in the viewer, much

like Pavlov conditioned dogs. After a 90-minute session of *Dead Bang*, John and Mary Average will automatically have strong negative feelings whenever they see or hear anything about white activists. To ensure its lesson stuck, the film makers opted to emphasize heavy propaganda and distasteful imagery.

Box office receipts may have been disappointing, but the satisfaction of purveying another smear of white preservationists can't be counted in shekels. And there were bonuses, such as offending Moral Majorityites in the audience with vulgar language and desensitizing their kids. (Hey, cool guys like Johnson swear a blue streak, right dude?)

Another puzzle was why *Dead Bang*, like *Betrayed* and *Into the Homeland*, portrayed white supremacists as generally ready to die for their cause. In *Homeland* and *Dead Bang*, it nearly came to a firefight when the compounds were raided. Both times a showdown was avoided only when a minister ordered his followers to stack arms.

Why doesn't the kosher crowd show this new breed of whites as gutless through and through? Certainly in real life there's been more than one former white activist who sold out. Yet in this movie and several others of the genre, white activists literally go down fighting.

Again one has to grope in the dark for an explanation. According to the ADL, anti-Semitic incidents rose to a five-year high in 1988. The total was nearly 1,300, with harassment up 41% and vandalism up 19%. In a nation of roughly 200 million whites, 1,300 incidents is small beer. A threat must seem real to make sheep uneasy, but constantly portraying pro-white activists as few in number -- and buffoons besides -- lessens their menace. If, however, they are seen as dedicated enough to die for their cause, an ominous new dimension is added, justifying the harsh laws and actions taken against them in real life.

Dead Bang was added ammunition (albeit small bore) for gun grabbers and race-mixers of every persuasion. This includes teary-eyed types who wail incessantly about "little murders," a term used when justifying harsh legal sanctions against ethnic slurs, racial putdowns and hateful remarks. They reason that hurtful words can psychologically "kill." Since we deny certain rights to the traditional kind of murderers, denying freedom of speech to those who kill with words is no big deal -- as long as it's the Majority that's being denied.

As might be expected, "little murders" committed against straight white males are quite acceptable. For examples that are cute, kosher and constitutionally protected, consider the following list, compiled from a four-inch column on the return of Evan Mecham to Arizona politics (U.S. News and World Report, March 17, 1989, owned by Mortimer Zuckerman and edited by Roger Rosenblatt):

- chief embarrassment of Arizona
- removed from office for high crimes and misdemeanors
- like an unstaked Dracula with the full moon lighting his grave, he is rising again
- [His supporters] quietly seize control of the Arizona legislature
- jackasses; bunch of kooks; GOP leaders cringed

Dead Bang made much use of *Human Puppets*. This craft has a long history and its practitioners have been called many names over the ages, including the "Hidden Hand" and "Power Behind the Throne." The premise is simple but effective. No matter what their age, Gentiles tend to be fascinated by glitz and sleaze. Being quite possibly the most naive people in human history, they blithely watch flashy human puppets with rarely a thought about who controls things from behind the screen.

Today human puppeteers have many types to choose from, including the *Hand Puppet*. This is the simplest kind, but then, "simple strokes for simple folks." Surely the best example of this sort are news anchors Peter, Tom and Dan, who are little more than show-biz figures. In his day, Walter Cronkite was the most trusted man in America. Some fans actually wanted him to run for President. This despite his reputation as an airhead, confirmed every time he went one-on-one in a live interview rather than reading from a script. His greatest intellectual feat was declaring the Communist Tet offensive a military victory, although the enemy lost 40,000 men in that campaign and the VC infrastructure was totally shattered. It was a political victory, however, thanks in large part to Uncle Walter.

Then there are *Dummies*. This type offers a bit more realism, but still requires no brains whatever. According to the L.A. Times, Senator Alan Cranston's "alter ego" is 31-year-old Jerry Warburg, great-grandson of Jewish financier Felix Warburg, who helped finance the destruction of Czarist Russia. In 1988, Cranston gave a stirring Senate speech on behalf of transvestites' rights. He denounced those who felt "we shouldn't have to associate with individuals who are different from ourselves . . ."

The *String Puppet* is a much beloved type. He, or, more likely, she, is still under close control, but more eye-grabbing action and razzle-dazzle are provided to mesmerize the couch potato. Jane Fonda combined glamour with all the brains of a '58 Buick. Though she did as much damage to America's war effort in Vietnam as the Cronk, in return for treachery she received all kinds of offers from Hollywood movie moguls. Her career might have turned out differently if she had visited a PLO refugee camp instead of Hanoi.

Archie Bunker was a designer dork. By playing the asinine lead puppet of *All in the Family*, Carroll O'Connor very nearly forced rednecks and blue-collar workers into the closets so recently vacated by faggots. The Bunker "family," including the mousy wife, meathead Polish son-in-law and brain-dead daughter, was created by that son of a rabbi, Norman Lear. O'Connor, pretending not to be Irish, dutifully mouthed the bigoted "Majority" lines supplied him by Lear's hatchetmen and jerked submissively when they yanked his strings. For some reason, Norm chose not to ridicule an obviously Jewish family week after week.

Then we have the *Remote-Controlled Robot Puppets*, used for the dangerous work that Jews are afraid to do themselves. Senator Danny Inouye has a menorah on his desk and once considered converting to Judaism. Danny's relationship to his chief money raiser, Zev Wolfson, was "virtually student to rabbi When Inouye is sick, he calls up Zev to ask what doctor to go to." (Washington

Jewish Week, Jan. 14, 1988). This kind of control may have had something to do with the senator's attempt to give \$8 million of U.S. tax funds to North African Jews in France for "religious education." When he was caught red-handed, Inouye took the heat, and it may have prevented him from becoming Senate Majority leader. Meanwhile, Wolfson slunk along, unseen and practically untouched.

Next come the *Semi-Independent Android Puppets*, for the complicated work away from close control -- a type of puppet that can actually do some thinking on his own. William Bennett may be on his way to qualifying for this category. The jury isn't in yet, but while Bennett was building a hardcore conservative image with grandstand protests against Stanford's demotion of Western literature, he also paid lavish tribute to Martin Luther King Jr. In one speech, he had the gall to say that "King lived an ideal moral life of excellence which inspires the rest of us . . . [and was] a person whose life and work represent a profound example for our children."

Bill knows better. Marty was a black puppet of ZOG and a goatish fellow traveler. Bennett mightily pleased the ZOGists as Education Secretary, and is apparently determined to be even more pleasing as Drug Czar. He's already done more for the gun controllers than anyone except the occasional nut who opens fire in a schoolyard.

Jewry refers to its puppets as *Shabbas Goyim* (i.e., non-Jews who are willing to do the Jews' dirty work). This is a general term covering the whole gamut, from actors to politicians, judges, cops who specialize in tailing skinheads, local media personalities and George Bush & Co.

What better term than *Supertrucklers* can be applied to the four white members of the Meridian (MS) police force who, in 1968, ambushed two Klan members bent on bombing the house of a Jewish racist. Nancy Ainsworth was killed instantly and Tommy Tarrants was badly wounded and dragged off to jail. Listen to L.D. Joyner after he and the other white cops closed in on his racial kin:

We found Tarrants lying in the bushes. We opened up on him. All four of us were firing shotguns from about 15 feet away. We had in mind killing him, I don't mind telling you By the time we dragged Tarrants into the yard, a couple of neighbors had gathered around us. We knew we had to stop then.

Or what about former Senator Birch Bayh? Writing in *Newsweek* (April 17, 1989), he devoted a whole page to expressing alarm and outrage over David Duke's election to Louisiana's legislature. He went on to list numerous incidents of prejudice across the land, practically all of which were attributed to pro-white activists. Of the more than a million crimes committed against whites by blacks each year, none was worthy of mention. But then, he only had one page to work with. Formerly a lickspittle senator, Bayh now devotes himself to terrorizing white preservationists by chairing the National Institute Against Prejudice and Violence.

A *Judas Goat* is an animal -- often but not always a goat -- trained by meat-packing companies to lead other stock animals down the ramps and into the slaughter house. Jerry Falwell is a Zionist par excellence and proud of it. Another

JG is Pat Robertson, an "unabashed pro-Israeli," according to Jack Anderson (March 7, 1988). Billy Graham endorses *The Living Bible*, a heavily kosherized version of the King James version.

Millions of white *Sheep* follow their kosher shepherds without thinking things out for themselves. Surely the best example are talk show audiences, consisting mostly of white folks who bleat at Majority activists, little realizing these men are not wolves but are fighting to save the bleaters. When Anita Bryant made her celebrated stand against queer teachers getting access to children in school, Johnny Carson mouthed his kosher-written lines night after night, ridiculing her and her beliefs. The Sheep in his audience bleated lustily every time the "applause" light told them to.

Majority talk show hosts come under the category of *Sheep Dogs*. Five days a week they open their shows by howling about Aryans and skinheads, gun enthusiasts and fundamentalist Christians. They bark viciously at callers who aren't too happy about homosexual rights, open borders or mucho-billion-dollar gifts to Israel. They snap at pro-white guests, but protect all Sheep that meekly follow the kosher path. These hunting dawgs are tireless and ever on the alert for racists and anti-Semites.

Wimps are whites who may know about ZOG and the war it is waging against their race, but fear to speak out. William Buckley is a prime example. The man *has* to know what's killing our country and our people, but says nothing -- at least not directly. What's stopping him? A TV documentary, *The Conservative Mr. Buckley*, was financed and produced by people with names like Pearlmutter, Goldsmith and Liberman. Warren Stiebel, a self-confessed fag, produces or used to produce Buckley's weekly *Firing Line*.

Other examples of *Wimps* are 99.999% of Majority professors on high-school and college campuses. They see all too well that white America's future is being destroyed, but fear for their jobs and reputations if they lift a finger to prevent their students from being hopelessly brainwashed and guilt-squashed.

The *Insufferables* are epitomized by Michael Dukakis and Morris Dees. But enough about them and their ilk -- more than enough.

For the Good of the Species

Old MacDonald has a farm,
And cheers each time a calf is born.
To shield the gene pool from all harm,
Nobody on MacDonald's staff
Will abort an unborn calf.
The odds are much less than half
That out of a well-bred cow is born
Some form that Old Mac might scorn,
And which a kinder hand would warn
Of Mac's ax and its certain wrath.
Be thankful that on our behalf
Our ancestors chose the unkind path!

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Jo Franklin-Trout is a reputable, if there is such a thing, producer of TV programs for PBS. After a six-year stint on the *MacNeil-Lehrer Hour*, she produced such documentaries as *The Great Space Race* and *The Oil Kingdoms*. She had no trouble raising money for these projects and no trouble getting them on the tube. But when she approached her financial angels for *Days of Rage*, a televised report on the Palestinian Intifada, the big-walleted liberals and big-hearted friends of mankind, needless to say, ran for cover. So Jo plunked down the \$180,000 she had earned from video cassette sales of her previous documentaries and financed *Days* herself.

Although she had made several revisions at the request of PBS and had sent an advance copy to the Israeli government (as a courtesy or for approval?), the scheduling of *Days* was mysteriously postponed at least twice. Finally, the firm date of May 6 was set. But, at the last moment, the show was postponed once again, this time because Chloe Aaron of WNYC-TV, a PBS outlet in Zoo City, refused to become the presenting or sponsoring station.

PBS, which has devoted countless programs to the struggles of South African blacks, left-wing Chileans and Salvadorans, anti-Khomeini Iranians and God knows how many other oppressed groups, was most skittish about doing the same for the people who since 1948 have been suffering as much physical and mental oppression and suppression as perhaps any other population group on the face of the planet.

* * *

Satcom Sal, her TV set having been wilted by the hot weather, writes: I usually go on a movie binge during the summer weeks, since I seldom have the opportunity at home. The only problem is that each year there are fewer and fewer films I want to see. Yesterday I saw *Field of Dreams*, which had rave reviews and was guaranteed to "make you leave the theater feeling better than when you arrived."

It is a mawkish piece about a failing Iowa farmer, played by Kevin Costner, who, despite warnings of imminent foreclosure, takes a sizable portion of his land out of corn production and turns it into a baseball field after hearing a mysterious voice promise, "If you build it, he (small aitch, we learn) will come." Sure enough, one evening the ghost of a long-dead pitcher for the 1919 Chicago White Sox turns up, to be followed by the whole team, a phenomenon that only the farmer and his wife (Amy Madigan) and daughter are privileged to see. So far, so fairly good.

But Hollywood would not be Hollywood without its "message." At a school meeting, a stereotypical "conservative" female objects to some of the books in the reading curriculum. In general, she goes after those that serve up violence and pornography and "advocate mongrelization among the races." Specifically, she wants to throw out one by a black Pulitzer Prize-winning (it goes without saying, doesn't it?) radical of the 60s. Amy to Kevin: "Honey, it's like the Nixon years all over again! They're trying to ban *Rocking the Boat* (the fictitious book by the black) and -- get this! -- *The Diary of Anne Frank!*" This completely gratuitous allusion to Anne (and perhaps to her father, Otto, who had quite a bit to do with the diary) had no bearing whatever on the story and is never mentioned again.

Kevin, who worshipped the black author (played by hack Negro actor James Earl Jones) and has read (and largely memorized) "everything he has ever written," sets out to find



him. He finally tracks him down in Boston. In a scene of fawning that would turn the stomach of a seagull, he persuades his arrogant, cantankerous idol to drive back to Iowa with him. The two share a motel room along the way. There is a scene -- again completely gratuitous and out of the blue, but this time amusing -- with laundry hanging in the bathroom, presumably to give the subliminal lie to the notion some folks have that blacks aren't quite so, er, fastidious as whites!

Why do I bother going into such detail about a film already deemed one of this year's winners? Simply to show that no stone of lib-min dogma is ever left unturned by the film moguls. What could have been a whimsical fantasy has been larded just enough to turn it into a propaganda pitch that people of every color are all God's children, though the kids with the tint are a tad more divine than the honkies.

* * *

A few weeks before embarking on my movie binge, having nothing better to do, I decided to watch *In the Heat of the Night* (though I had promised myself I'd never do so again).

Carroll O'Connor, whom I should have nominated for Majority Renegade of the Year when I had the chance, had the role of police chief in a Southern town. His immediate subordinates were a black named Virgil and a white named -- what else? -- Bubba. On the episode I watched, Virgil's niece, a "high-yaller," swivel-hipped teenager given to dark glasses and a blaring boom box, came from Philadelphia for a visit. She and her uncle encounter Bubba and his nephew, a callow teenager only two notches above the imbecilic range, in a local diner.

Well, Helen Keller couldn't have missed the electric arc that sprang between the two youngsters when their eyes first met! That was the point at which I should have tuned out, but the ingrained masochistic part of my nature compelled me to let the horror run on.

Since Instaurationists already know what's coming, I'll not burden them with unnecessary details. Suffice it to say, the first kiss -- square on the lips, none of that cheek routine -- came about after the young couple had discovered a hidden

still and had imbibed freely and enthusiastically. The second kiss was equally direct, but more forceful and indicative of hornier things to come.

My first reaction, I think, was disgust. The anger came later. Here was a highly touted prime-time show with a big name star, giving warm approval, respectability and acceptance to interracial shenanigans between two hot-to-trot adolescents. How many teenagers across the country watched this show, eager for just such "action"? I wonder if Larry Flynt's material is any more obscene?

* * *

From a European correspondent: The coverage of the Salman Rushdie affair by the ultra-liberal World Service of the BBC has been most interesting. It is axiomatic on BBC that religion is treated with polite contempt, but equally axiomatic that nonwhites must be treated with deference and respect. Consequently, the confusion and perplexity of the "veddy" British interviewer quizzing a leader of "Britain's one-million-strong Muslim community" were palpable. The interlocutor asserted that Britain's Muslims must realize that if they are to "fit in," they will have to conform to prevailing norms, which do not include murdering heretical authors. The devout Muslim was disdainful of this opinion, insisting that, quite the contrary, if Britain wants a multicultural society, it is the majority which must conform to minority views, however repugnant. The BBC talking head was quite flustered.

The Muslim leader, arguing quite convincingly that Christianity no longer matters in Britain, was contemptuous of its adherents who do not follow the Muslim example of violent defense of their religion. Parenthetically, I was reminded of an incident several years ago, when one of the top leaders of the Anglican Church confessed that he, of course, did not believe in the Resurrection, calling it "a tale of old bones." There was no outcry.

BBC also trotted out some publishers who gave their usual pledges of allegiance to the sanctity of free expression. The key to their indignation was not that the Ayatullah was attacking free speech, but rather that he was so "medieval" he actually defended religion. Had Salman Rushdie's book been a defense of apartheid or an attack on the Holocaust, it is doubtful, no, *certain*, that the need for "sensitivity" to a murder contract would have taken pride of place.

BBC has spent literally hours daily waxing indignant over the Rushdie affair, with not one voice pointing to the obvious conclusion: Why should Britain want a multicultural society, if this is the price?

* * *

From Zip 327: I tuned in about half-way through an episode of *Matlock*, which stars Andy Griffith and a Negro sidekick named Tyler. The scene showed about five black toughs standing around watching a white male jogger. After stopping to say something to them, he was allowed to go his way. Tyler then appeared, and the gang immediately grabbed and robbed him. There's a perverse message here. It turns upside down who did what to whom in the case of the white female jogger in Central Park.

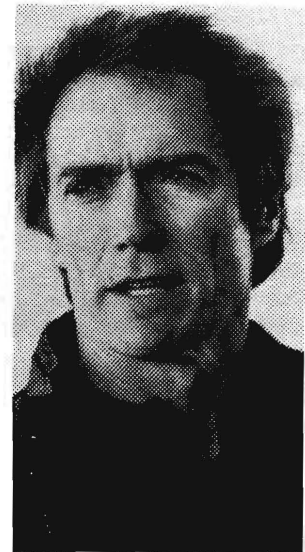
* * *

From Zip 809: I watched *Roe vs. Wade*, starring Holly Hunter, who, incidentally, did a first-rate job of acting. I

mentioned to a friend how it was quite objective, portraying "Jane Roe" as rather a lower class, hippie type not overburdened with morals. It wasn't until the following day I read in *People* magazine that she had had three babies, not one, and had given up two for adoption. The first emanated from an early marriage and had been handed over to Jane's mother to raise. The program I thought was so objective left the false impression that this poor woman had accidentally gotten pregnant and had no way to take care of her baby -- and it was all so unfair to make her have a baby she didn't want. If the fact that she had had three babies and had refused to raise any of them had been brought out, I don't think as many tears would have been shed.

* * *

From Zip 329: I had only seen one "Dirty Harry" (Clint Eastwood) movie and was so appalled I never wanted to see another. But boredom kicked in last Independence Day eve and I tuned into HBO's *The Dead Pool*, starring Clint and Patricia Clarkson. It was so full of violence, Satanesque rock stars and diabolic trappings as to be almost ludicrous. Since it was rated "R," I expected to see a lot of nudity. Hardly a square inch of skin. But the nonstop gore and blood was retch-inducing. Needless to say, the movie had the thinnest plot imaginable. In one scene, a fiendish psycho rigs up a miniature remote car with a bomb, which then proceeds to chase Dirty Harry all over San Francisco. I know every movie has to have the obligatory car chase -- but a motorized TNT-loaded kiddy car!?



* * *

From Zip 028: Blacks or Jews are hardly ever villains on TV shows. Suspicion generally falls on WASPs, particularly if they are businessmen or in the military. Arabs, of course, are always fair game. There is one exception for blacks (oops! "African-Americans"), though not for Jews. If there is a Negro "bad guy," you can be sure there will be at least two Negro "good guys."

Did you know that most minor public officials in America are black? Amazing how often in the ubiquitous TV crime dramas that the chief of police or mayor is black! If by some miracle there is a diligent FBI agent around, then he too is black. These characters don't figure importantly in the plot, but are invariably shown dressing down the white protagonist.

Would you be surprised to learn that there is no longer a single Nordic judge in the USA? They are all "ethnic" females, preferably black. Women on the Bench are a handy way to get the right racial mix in the cast. Another telltale sign of TV's anti-Nordicism: Blond hair is becoming a sign of stupidity, wickedness or Nazism in male characters; in women, a sort of sexy airheadedness.

Thoughts from the White Tip

AS THE SITUATION in South-West Africa has calmed down following South Africa's repulse of the SWAPO invasion, while the UN troops looked on from the deep rear, I'll start off by describing the latest political happenings in South Africa proper.

Americans may or may not have heard that the Progressive Federal Party has been dissolved in the wake of its having been displaced as the official opposition party by Dr. Treurnicht's new Conservative Party. The Progs have reorganized under the name of the South African Democratic Party in time for the next general election, now scheduled for September 6. It is still Harry Oppenheimer's party, of course, but it has a new "image," since people have become tired of the old one. It is even more to the left than the Progs, if such is possible. As figureheads, it has Dr. Zac de Beer, former chief of the PFP, and Wynand Malan and Denis Worrall, former Nationalist government-appointed ambassadors. It seeks to establish a non-racial democracy by combining liberation with reconciliation -- and so bring lasting peace and security to all. More specifically, de Beer said he envisioned building "a single nation of 37 million people which was united by common goals, not divided by racial laws." That is about as idealistically dream-world liberal as you can get. Nevertheless, the big D Democrats fully expect to dislodge the big C Conservatives as the official opposition party after the general election and eventually take over the government in the years ahead. There is nothing like being confident.

The DP is a problematic party, attempting to fuse, as it does, many diverse elements. In reality it's a motley mob, in which, within two weeks of its founding, tensions have risen to the point where a grass roots revolt forced its national board to review its decision to refuse membership to four opposition MPs, including the independent, Jan van Eck, an arch-liberal. Van Eck is so very arch he is not thought to be quite sane even by other leftists, who feel he ought to fly off to America and get a job with the New York Times. One suspects, naturally enough, that with all the "changes" taking place, the DP has its eyes on a future merger with the Coloured House of Representatives. Party bigwigs, including de Beer, have in fact apologised for their fifth column group still being an all-white party. At meetings in Coloured suburbs, however, audiences have objected to the Democrats' display of the national flag and their speaking Afrikaans. It is rushing the fences, so to speak. The Labour Party leader himself, our old friend Rev. Allan Hendrickse, who heads the Coloured House of Representatives, has stated openly that Coloureds can no longer acknowledge the South African flag "because of the theft it represents." To his namesake, Peter Hendrickse, also a Labour Party MP, the flag is a "reminder of an attempt to strip us of our dignity, of our humanity."

It would be irrelevant, I suppose, to point out that the Cape Coloureds did not exist before the white man settled here. The plain truth is that the Coloureds, the product of Malay-Hottentot crosses, used to accept the fact they were an inferior breed in spite of the efforts of missionaries and educationalists to prove the



contrary. Now, however, they are beginning to have their doubts. Television has been teaching them that the blacks in the U.S. are beginning to dominate their former white masters. Meanwhile, since their own local white masters are practically begging to be accepted as equals, Coloureds have every reason to believe that whites everywhere have suddenly degenerated and are no longer worthy of respect.

Not only that, but the memory of their former servility towards such weaklings is enough to make them despise whites even more. But being quite unable to demonstrate any form of creativeness themselves, they can still only show their newly acquired power by sabotaging the white man's schemes, which proves that the hopes of the Coloureds have no more substance than the gas they spout. To be sure, they are of no real consequence one way or another, but their blurred outlook is shared by those other evolutionary dead-ends, the Bantu, who, on account of their numbers and more formidable physical powers, are of more use to the Eternal Revolutionaries.

* * *

Surprise! Helen Suzman has announced her retirement from politics after 36 years in Parliament as the representative for Houghton, the wealthiest constituency in the country, which oddly enough has always been ultra-liberal. She will not be joining the new Democratic Party as "it's time we had new blood." Having reached the languorous age of 71, she said she felt her major contribution over the years had been pressuring the government into repealing the hated system of pass laws and influx control, so as to allow the blacks to pour into white towns without restrictions. She also claimed some success in improving prison conditions to make black political prisoners more comfortable.

One of the "most striking moments" of her career had been her first meeting with jailed ANC terrorist Nelson Mandela. Thenceforth their friendship never ceased to blossom. This super-Jewess, who has never been known to speak in defence of the white race, has always been credited with great courage in standing up to the fearsome tyranny of the Nationalist government, though, as she knew very well, she had the whole world, including the Money Power, standing right behind her. Actually, it was the Nats themselves who needed courage whenever they chose to oppose her.

As she stepped down, her opinion about the future course of events was of some immediate interest. Although change was "inevitable," it would take longer than anyone thought. The "inevitable" stamps a liberal instantly, for nothing is inevitable except death, which, in a sense, is what liberals represent. Her statement is interesting just the same. But would she say that change in Israel is inevitable?

Since she announced her intended retirement, the eulogies have been pouring in. The British ambassador, Sir Robin Renwick, following the U.S.-Brit tradition of ambassadorial interference in the domestic affairs of small and large (consider China) countries, said no one could deny that without Helen Suzman's efforts, the

life span of apartheid would have been longer. His words were uttered shortly after he had lashed out at foreign companies quitting South Africa instead of staying to fight and destroy apartheid.

The British Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, said Mrs. Suzman had been a stalwart opponent of apartheid for many years and hoped her voice, "speaking out for the values of human decency and democracy, will continue to be heard." Then Mrs. Thatcher, an old friend of Mrs. Suzman, who has done so much to shape the Iron Lady's views on South Africa, gushed:

[T]he principles you have upheld, for a long period alone in your Parliament, are those to which we are dedicated also. The example you have set is an inspiration to us all and we shall continue to be guided by it in our own efforts to contribute to justice and peace in South Africa . . . I also know you will continue outside Parliament to speak out against injustice and for equal rights for all South Africans with as much courage and determination as you have displayed throughout your political career.

Mrs. Thatcher, who, as far as I know, has also never uttered a single word of criticism of Israel, has in her highly selective indignation made it quite clear that she will never set foot in South Africa until Nelson Mandela has been released, which means she will have to leave it to Mrs. Suzman to take him all those candies, chocolates and novels. Nevertheless, Maggie must know perfectly well that he only has to renounce violence to be set at liberty. She also must know that he prefers to stay where he is, confined to a luxury residence where he can be free of Winnie and her constant whinnying. Is it not strange that a woman who is so resolutely opposed to negotiation with terrorists should idealise "Bomber" Mandela, to the extent that she makes his unconditional release the condition to her visiting South Africa, thereby cruelly depriving us whites of the pleasure of her company and counsel? After all, even the U.S. State Department once listed the African National Congress as a terrorist organisation, and it is common knowledge that its London office is in regular contact with the IRA, an organisation Mrs. Thatcher abominates above all others.

So what does it all mean? Is Maggie an inverted racist, detesting whites and adoring blacks? Or is it Big Money talking again? Certainly she believes in conserving money, as is wise, but she seemingly does not believe in conserving her own white race, which is unwise. Does she believe that the economy makes the people and not the other way around?

The point is, what can we do to become decent, like Sir Geoffrey Howe? Obviously, we must abolish apartheid totally and, if possible, cease to exist altogether. The difficulty here is what foreign politicians mean by apartheid. As I have asked before, if apartheid is so evil, why do the liberals hide behind the word instead of saying in plain English what it means, so everyone can understand it? Do they really mean the racial separation of whites and blacks? Or do they mean white rule? Western politicians realise, of course, that neither definition would be regarded as evil by most of their own people, so they prefer to use a foreign word which nobody properly understands except that it has something to do with gas ovens. Mrs. Thatcher roundly condemns apartheid, saying that the racial segregation of whites and blacks is abhorrent and wrong. Even so, she must be referring to "white rule," since apartheid has been almost entirely abolished, other than in government schools, most living areas and a few amenities. Consequently, it is really white rule itself that is the evil, which explains why other white territories in Africa also had to go, whether they had apartheid or not.

It must also seem very odd that Mrs. Thatcher, who in Britain is so staunch a conservative, should share the views of the extreme left in South Africa and avoid local conservatives like the plague.

On her own continent she opposes a common integrated Western Europe and insists that the nations must retain their separate identities. She is quite right in this, as European greatness never arose from a shapeless or pismire heap. But whereas in Europe she is resolutely segregationist, she is resolutely integrationist in Africa.

Moreover, what is in Mrs. Thatcher's head when she refers to equal rights for "all South Africans?" South Africans do have equal rights, as she knows very well. What she means, of course, is not just the antiquated whites but blacks, Coloureds and Indians. The local "liberal" gold mining press (Oppenheimer's) keeps hammering away at the same expression, "all South Africans," and is irritated that when people commonly speak of South Africans they don't mean blacks any more than they mean blacks when they speak of Americans.

This newspaper campaign of sowing confusion in people's minds actually began in Rhodesia, where the rodent press (also Oppenheimer's) was always urging equal rights for "all Rhodesians," knowing full well that nobody considered blacks to be Rhodesians. You could speak of Rhodesian natives or "munts" or even baboons when you referred to blacks, but unless you were mad or a liberal, you never dreamed of calling them Rhodesians. In South Africa the blacks were always referred to as natives by the English (though they were even less indigenous to South Africa than the whites themselves) or as Kaffirs by both the English and the Afrikaners, though when they began to associate those names with inferiority, they were more politely called Bantu, then Africans, and now blacks, always a step ahead of inferred inferiority. (The fact is, they are only really happy with their tribal names such as Zulu and Xhosa.) It is actually the same thing in America, where Jesse Jackson has denounced the term "black" and has called for its replacement by the term "African American," which won't last very long either.

Now that Rhodesia has been "liberated," presumably to Mrs. Thatcher's joy, do the blacks refer to themselves as Rhodesians or their land as Rhodesia? They do not. And if South Africa were to be liberated, would the blacks call themselves South Africans or their country South Africa? They would not. They want to call the land Azania, which in ancient times was really the Horn of Africa. So why should we ever call them South Africans or regard them as such?

* * *

Professor Schabort's White Freedom Movement (BBB) has been banned. As he has since started it up again under a new name, this hardly matters. The action has harmed the government more than Schabort, except in the eyes of Botha's foreign masters.

As for Winnie Mandela, it appears that the revelation of her savage, sadistic nature has had a bombshell effect upon the uninformed outside world; not, I trust, to the readers of *Instauration*.

The pullout from South-West Africa is sheer surrender on the government's part and an unmitigated disaster -- the penultimate one. South Africa is now exposed to direct attack from all sides. Once again under the cover of a "moral" concern, Nordic whites have been vanquished. To be sure, the invisible pseudo-whites who take over will expect to make a nice profit out of it. Namibia is rich in minerals, and prosperity could quite possibly follow the ending of the "emergency." But, for the white race in southern Africa, such prosperity would be no more than the tolling of the bell.

Present-day South African politicians remind me of nothing more than prisoners-of-war singing "confessions" while loaded revolvers press against their temples. This is why the U.S. and U.K. do not push sanctions harder. They know the South African government is surrendering as fast as it can to its enemies. Far be it from Harry Oppenheimer to want his industries to be ruined by

any rash act. It might harm the blacks! Of course, it could be that the South African politicians concerned are genuine liberals and not traitors. Who can tell the difference? But there can be no excuse whatever for the poor blind nincompoops who still vote for them. Their gullibility constitutes the worst menace of all.

* * *

Criticism from a Canadian subscriber. I always assumed that "White Tip" was an Afrikaner. That is, until his May piece with all its confused rancor against a gung-ho Boer activist. (Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the genes of an Englishman!) Apparently, our Inestimable Editor asked him for the lowdown on that imbroglio where Terre' Blanche was said to have been surprised *in flagrante* with a Limey she-reporter. Instead of giving us the facts, White Tip simpers about not knowing what a "bimbo" is. Coyly, he asks, "Is it a prostitute?" (Try saying that with a Limey accent!)

Doesn't he have a phone? There are still a few American companies in South Africa with lots of managers, supers and agents who have their special hangouts. He could have phoned one: "Hey, Mac, what's a bimbo?" And there's always the American consulate. Anyhow, it's irrelevant whether a bimbo is a hooker or the Welcome Wagon lady. Then, having pranced around the question, he proceeds to badmouth Terre' Blanche with some pretty colorful invective, thereby coining a new Guinness record for nonsequiturs! No wonder they lost the Boer War if that's the way they responded to requests from headquarters for a situation report. So we never learned what happened in the graveyard, or was it a churchyard, or an historical monument? (Trust the Jew-Limey press to garble it in their feeding-frenzy to get T.B.). White Tip must have been out on the vooor picking winklebloemen that week.

In the fourth paragraph, he admits he's never heard T.B. speak, nor has he ever read any of his speeches. Next he tells us that T.B. is under the Jews' ban of silence. One ineluctably concludes that W.T. has never met or seen T.B. He admits that all he knows of the guy is what "his numerous enemies" allow: that he is an outstandingly good orator, is intelligent with good ideas and good instincts, "though they say he is immature and gauche." Then White Tip assures us he supports the man and his movement. That kind of support wouldn't hold a mild hernia.

I saw Terre' Blanche on a Canadian TV mini-documentary on him and his organization. A real smear job, but, surprisingly, they let him speak at quite some length. They knew it wouldn't change anything ("and really, you know, the chap is smashing good copy!"). He came across as an erstwhile all-Afrikaner fullback, fortyish and all dark and light and shades of grey (like a dominant male timber wolf). His face is fleshy with large intelligent eyes of light grey and melting ice. I thought he had a hint of sensitivity, but overall his riveting glance, backed up by an aura of brute force, told you this was no parlor radical. He has a volcanic voice and a very impressive English delivery; it seemed to suggest that you should never interrupt him with some impertinent remark. The interviewer was most deferential. Anyhow, the straight logical sincerity of his declarative sentences holds the viewers' complete attention. He pulled no punches about what he would do with the blacks. There was no great intellect shown, but he struck me as an impressive personality with tons of charisma.

But White Tip, who has never seen, heard, nor read the man, feels free to call him, *inter alia*, a hypocrite, an oaf, lower than a hyena and not fit to go sparking with his daughter. He should beware that, after throwing said stones, he doesn't lose his tip to all the flying glass. I say give the man forty push-ups.

Talking Numbers

0 1 4 5 9 7 2

14,030 crimes were committed in the New York City subway system in 1988, up from 13,000 in 1987.

#

4% of Israelis live in the Promised Land's 280 kibbutzim (collective farms), which in 1985 accounted for 50% of Israel's agriculture and 6% of its industrial production. The kibbutzim are currently in debt to the tune of \$4.25 billion.

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55% of NFL football players and 75% of NBA basketball players are black.

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Wills take 17 times as long -- and cost 100 times more -- to go through probate in the U.S. than in Britain. Americans spent \$30 billion on damage suits in 1986, the plaintiffs collecting less than half that amount. More than half of this gigantic sum was spent on lawyers and court costs. Some lawyers have been known to charge as much as \$10,000 an hour. (Solicitation letter, HALT, Americans for Legal Reform)

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Number of black farmers in the U.S. in 1910: 950,000. Number today: 35,000.

About 60% of those who work for the Los Angeles County bureaucratic conglomerate are nonwhite. The Forester & Fire Warden Department has the highest ratio of whites (76.2%); the Affirmative Action Compliance Department has the lowest (11.1%).

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95% of all cosmetic surgery performed in the U.S. is accomplished in doctors' offices and outpatient clinics, not in hospitals. Caveat emptor!

#

William Natcher (D-KY) has the record for casting the most votes (15,918), including quorum calls, in the House of Representatives. He has not missed a recorded vote since he became a member of Congress on January 6, 1954.

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A poll of 2,200 German voters by Der Spiegel magazine, commissioned for its special gruesome commemoration of Der Führer's 100th birthday, indicated that more than 25% of the respondents had "either a neutral or positive view of Adolf Hitler." 36% had a totally negative opinion. (Financial Times, April 12, 1989)

55% of the 2.7 million illegal immigrants who applied for amnesty live in California; 15% in Texas.

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71% of the respondents to a December 1988 poll in Athens, Greece, rated Greek Jews "rather bad to very bad." (Sentinel, March 2, 1989, p. 18)

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Big-time developer William Zeckendorf is building a \$300 million, 46-story New York hotel, financed by Japanese yen. The tab for a single room will be \$400 a night.

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It takes 7 judges on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco more than 200 days each to come up with opinions. One judge needed an average 307 days to do what at most should be a two- or three-week job.

#

In 1983, only 66 out of the 71,137 black college applicants taking the SAT tests got 699 or over on the verbal; 205 scored 699 or over on the math. 496 of the approximately 35,200 Asian test-takers scored 699 or over on the verbal; 3,015 scored 699 or higher on the math. 9,028 of the 963,000 whites racked up 699 or over on the verbal; 31,704 racked up 699 or over on the math. (National Review, May 5, 1989)

Talking Numbers

More than half of 935 federal judges, whose financial disclosure forms were investigated by the Associated Press, had outside earnings of between \$16,624 to \$39,500 a year, mainly from pensions from earlier jobs or settlements from their former law firms. Nevertheless, the judicial cry has gone up for a 30% boost in their \$89,500 to \$115,000 annual salaries. Median U.S. wage in 1987 was \$14,733.

#

Of the \$12,468 in charitable contributions listed in the joint 1988 income tax return of President and Mrs. George Bush, \$1,000 went to the United Negro College Fund and another \$1,000 to the American Committee for Tel Aviv Foundation. The Bushes deducted \$19,034 for real estate taxes paid on their \$3.5 million summer home in Maine.

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McDonald's sales for 1988: \$4.9 billion; Bethlehem Steel's: \$4.6 billion.

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40,000 of the world's children starve to death every day. (John Robbins, *Diet for a New America*)

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"Since 1980 nearly 100,000 more blacks have moved into the South than moved out." (AP report)

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Only 1 out of 4 who buy kosher food products keeps a kosher household. 75% are non-kosher Jews or non-Jews, the latter, in many cases, being forced to buy kosher products because they are the only ones available on the store shelves. American Demographics (June 1989) says it all boils down to kosher chic. Instauration says it boils down to kosher klout.

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Americans of Russian (read Jewish) descent are almost 3 times as likely to be self-employed -- own a business -- than the average American. Russian business ownership rate is 117.4/1,000. Lebanese Americans come in second (106.6/1,000); Romanian Americans (read Jews) next with 104.3/1,000. No British-American category appears in the list of the top 15 ownership groups. (INC. magazine, June 1989)

#

18 of the 19 prostitutes found dead in Miami over the past 2½ years were black; the other lady of the night was Hispanic. Most were crack users. Some may have been suffocated or strangled.

91% of the 18,740 criminals residing in New York City jails last April were either black or Hispanic.

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Two-thirds of the world's immigrants are streaming into the U.S.

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100 of the world's 180 countries have the death penalty, says Amnesty International. Every day, 25 persons are hanged, shot, gassed, electrocuted, poisoned, beheaded or stoned to death, writes Jonathan Power, a columnist for the International Herald Tribune. The two most bloodthirsty countries are China (some 30,000 executions in 1984-88) and Iran (1,000 since July 1988). 41% of the U.S. prison inmates awaiting capital punishment are black.

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Of the 850 million Catholics in the world, 75 million are in Africa. In 1900, African Catholics were 1% of the continent's population; today they account for 13% and the hierarchy is topped by 17 cardinals. A \$120 million basilica, almost as big as St. Peter's in Rome, is nearing completion in the Ivory Coast.

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106 major league baseball players are earning \$1 million a year or more.

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738 wiretaps were approved by federal and state judges in 1988, up from 549 in 1987.

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A chalk-white Vermont jury awarded Patricia Lewis, a black, \$102,000 in damages from very liberal Goddard College because she had been barred from a workshop on racism while a student. She claimed this caused her so much mental anguish she had to drop out of academia and return to private life.

#

18% of the people in the U.S. scrounge money from at least one of the five major government assistance programs. 14% of whites, 34% of Hispanics and nearly 50% of blacks fed at the public trough at one time or another from the fall of 1983 to the end of 1986. (Commerce News, April 28, 1989)

#

As many as 32 speakers, putting out an ear-splitting 144 decibels in 3000-watt stereo decks costing as much as \$27,000, are being installed in "boom cars" in California and Hawaii.

As to the U.S. adult population, 62% of whites, 52% of Hispanics, 51% of blacks and 42% of Asians/Others read daily newspapers. How many of these press addicts believe what they read was not revealed.

#

By the end of the Thirty Years War (1648), Germany's population had fallen from 20 to 4 million. Cannibalism was practiced openly and polygamy legalized. Of the 35,000 villages in Bohemia, 6,000 were left standing. In the lower Palatinate, only 10% of the population survived. (James W. Gerard, *My Four Years in Germany*)

#

The average American spends 2 hours, 47 minutes of his work day earning the money to pay his taxes: 1 hour, 47 minutes for federal revenues, the remainder for local tax bites. (Tax Foundation, Inc. report)

#

106 major league ball players earn annual salaries of 1 megabuck or more.

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As of March 21, 1989, Lawrence Walsh, the independent counsel who managed to convict Oliver North on 3 out of 9 felony counts, had banked \$1,349,462 from the government. This fee does not include Walsh's final charges for the cases of John Poindexter, Richard Secord and Albert Hakim, on which the meter is still ticking.

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Some 200,000 abandoned children roam the streets of Rio de Janeiro. (Wall St. Journal, May 9, 1989)

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A federal judge ordered Kansas City (MO) to build a \$32 million high school to lure white students into black neighborhoods. Facilities will include whirlpool baths, racquetball and handball courts and an Olympic indoor swimming pool.

#

United Church of Christ faithful (mostly Congregationalists) shrank 20% since 1965; Presbyterians, 25%; Episcopalians, 28%; Methodists, 18%; Disciples of Christ (partly due to a schism), 43%. Altogether the five churches lost 5.2 million members, while the U.S. population increased by 47 million. (Time, May 20, 1989)

#

Lear's, the magazine started with \$30 million of the \$110 million women's libber Frances Lear received from her California divorce from Norman, is now a monthly with a circulation of 350,000. The average reader is 51 and his/her average household income is a whopping \$95,600. (Time, May 19, 1989)



One of the most common frauds these days is the Jewish lawyer teaming up with some poor, benighted Negro and cheating insurance companies out of large sums by questionable and outrageous claims. In Virginia last year, one **black** received \$5,000 (at least half went to his **Jewish lawyer**) for a slightly bent fender acquired by being bumped by another car. The black claimed whiplash. In Florida, attorney **Mark Marks** pushed the racket a little too far. His office was raided by order of the State Insurance Commissioner, who charged that Marks had altered medical documents to raise the already exorbitant and unwarranted claims of some of his clients.

☆ ☆ ☆

James H. Meredith Jr., 22, was DWI in 1987 when he rammed his sports car into a boulder and killed his two passengers in Saugus (MA). In his long-delayed manslaughter trial a few months ago, he changed his plea from innocent to no contest, an arrangement which should reduce his well-deserved punishment to a one-year prison sentence. Meredith's father, some may remember, was the first black to crack the racial barriers of the University of Mississippi.

☆ ☆ ☆

When his lawyering business fell off, New Jersey attorney **Stephen Scher** could no longer afford to visit prostitutes and play around with call girls. So he decided to cool off his libido at home by sexually molesting his three daughters (age range 17 to 22). It was a raw case of multiple incest, yet Scher, who pleaded guilty, doesn't believe he should be jailed -- and indeed he might not be.

☆ ☆ ☆

To add a little spice -- and a lot of melodrama -- to her prosecution of two Sikhs in an extradition case in Aberdeen (NJ) back in May 1987, **Judy Russell** claimed she had received three epistolary death threats. When it turned out that she had written them, Judge Nicholas Politan didn't find her guilty of obstructing justice; he decided she was insane. For many years, the media had hailed Russell, who just happens to be black, as a diligent, serious, round-the-clock crime fighter who merited high political office.

☆ ☆ ☆

Drunk driver **Joan Kennedy**, arrested for the umpteenth time for DWI after a boozy celebration on July 4 last year, was slapped on her 52-year-old wrist with a \$677 fine, the loss of her driver's license for 45 days and mandatory attendance at an alcohol-education program. Her penalty in Bulgaria would have been execution; in Sweden, one year at hard labor.

☆ ☆ ☆

The nomination of Massachusetts' first boastfully homosexual judge, **Dermot Meagher** of Boston, has been confirmed by the state's Executive Council, **Michael Dukakis** presiding. Said the governor, "I'm pleased." Meagher was a drunkard more than a decade ago, though it is presumed he is now permanently on the wagon. That's more than can be said for **Kitty**.

Two brazen, flaunting homos flit about Congress, **Gerry Studds** and **Barney Frank**, both Democrats from Massachusetts. Obviously there are many more pansies in that moral barnyard on Capitol Hill. The finger has been pointing of late at **Mark Hatfield**, a Republican senator from Oregon, who seems to be emerging voluntarily or involuntarily from the closet. Hatfield made news in late March when he watched a shooting from his car, yet sped away without notifying the police. Like **Jim Wright** and all too many other "Congresspersons," Hatfield is deeply involved with a minority moneymen. **Gerald Frank**, a Jewish graduate of Stanford, has been called Oregon's third senator. For 30 years he has been Hatfield's gray eminence and for many of these years has had a desk just outside the senator's door in the Hart Senate Office Building. A multimillionaire as a result of the sale of his family's Meier & Frank retail chain, Frank owns an investment company and serves on the boards of three large corporations.



Hatfield -- is he or isn't he?

☆ ☆ ☆

Bigshot psychiatrist **Dr. Lionel Schwartz**, highly recommended by Harvard Medical School, gave up his license to practice medicine in Massachusetts (his brainwashing permit) rather than submit to a public hearing on his confession that he had sex with three of his female patients. He violated one of them while she was still in mourning over the death of her husband.

☆ ☆ ☆

Because he felt the tip was too small, waiter **Guang da Shen**, 19, assaulted two diners outside a Norwalk (CT) restaurant with a hammer and knife. Sent to a state mental hospital in February, Guang hanged himself in March.

☆ ☆ ☆

Nicholas Elliott, one of five blacks among the 520 students of the Atlantic Shores Christian School in Virginia Beach (VA), felt he was being victimized for one reason or another, perhaps because of his skin color. Accordingly, he murdered one teacher and wounded another. He was captured while aiming his gun at a student he planned to kill. Toward the end of its long story of the multiple killing, the New York Times (Dec. 20, 1988) tried to absolve the murderer by bringing up the racial angle.

The title of Jewish nut of the year should go hands down to **Harold von Braunhut** (the "von" and the Harold are add-ons; his parents named him Nathan). Braunhut, a New Yorker born and bred, told the Financial Times (April 3, 1989) that he plans to sell the public "pet lobsters," for which he is currently developing "some kind of harness so people can take [them] for a walk." In his spare time, Braunhut, whose proudest invention after his traveling crustaceans and something called sea monkeys is a retractable whip, decorates his office with Nazi regalia and sends money to the Aryan Nations.

☆ ☆ ☆

Marcus Gilbert is another nutty Jew. Four days after Bernice Singer, the manager of Mayor Koch's first political campaign, committed suicide, her 20-year-old son stabbed his millionaire father, Bernard, to death. Marcus and his pa had been at odds for some time. The latter wanted the former to go to college, whereas Marcus's ambitions were more modest. He wanted to be a drummer in a rock band. At one time, the generational disgruntlement became so pronounced that Marcus ran away and lived for 39 days in a homeless shelter.

☆ ☆ ☆

Paul Weiner, a music teacher at Brooklyn's PS 181, ordered a ten-year-old girl to leave her class and meet him in the school's music room, where he is accused of sexually abusing her. Another Zoo City teacher has been charged with luring a 13-year-old girl student to a motel room, not once but three times. Still another teacher has allegedly asked one of his female students to pose for porn pictures. Yet another is believed to have fondled seven kids, ages 7 to 13. Some school officials say **50 to 100 ex-cons** are teaching in the city school system.

☆ ☆ ☆

His eight-year-old daughter testified that her father, **David Brooks**, 49, had raped her seven times, four of the seven on holidays. The incestuous black Zoo Cityite was given seven consecutive jail sentences, totaling 58½ years.

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Jon Edelman and **Bernhard Manko** are each out on \$500,000 bail after pleading innocent to charges of massive tax fraud. They faked more than \$38,000,000 worth of trading in U.S. government securities, which permitted their clients to write off \$511,000,000 in illegal tax deductions. Billionaire John Kluge and the late fashion designer Perry Ellis (done in by AIDS) were described as unwitting participants in the speculation. Jon is the brother of **Asher Edelman**, one of the leading sharks of the corporate raiding fraternity. Having milked the American corporate scene dry, Asher is moving his operations to Europe, where he plans to wreak his particular brand of financial havoc on companies in Britain, France and Holland.

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Congress proclaimed the seven days beginning May 7 as "Jewish Heritage Week," marking the 41st anniversary of the birth of Israel and honoring "events of major significance in the Jewish calendar -- Passover, the anniversary of the Warsaw ghetto uprising, Holocaust Memorial Day and Jerusalem Day . . ." One wonders if Israel celebrates so many holidays.



Since Jews, in the purview of the media, do everything sooner and better than non-Jews, why not credit them with the discovery of America? One attempt at this has already been made. Several "historians," to the hearty approval of the B'nai B'rith, have designated Columbus as a Jew. A more recent example of the ongoing "Jews first" complex has to do with an inscription unearthed in a Tennessee Indian burial ground, allegedly written in Hebrew. Mass spectrometry, we are assured, proved it was 12 to 19 centuries old. It was further explained that it could have been the work of Jews fleeing a naval defeat in the Mediterranean in A.D. 70 (a Jewish fleet?). So the Chosen not only arrived in the New World long before Columbus; they arrived more than a millennium before **Emma Lazarus** welcomed them with her prole poetry. For further info, please write J. Huston McCulloch of the Institute for the Study of American Cultures, Columbus, GA.

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After black stockbroker **Lonnie Gilchrist Jr.** killed his erstwhile white boss, Merrill Lynch exec George W. Cook, in Boston last year, attorney **Norman Zalkind** took over his defense. At the murder trial in late March, Zalkind said that his client had been overcome by a "temporary bout of psychotic paranoia" brought on when he was fired for incompetence. Apparently, the mental illness included carefully planning the murder, shooting Cook five times at point-blank range, and kicking and pistol whipping him as he lay dying on the floor of his office. Zalkind did admit, however, that the paranoia had also led Gilchrist to believe, "[T]he white man [was always] doing something to him." The murderer got life.

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The Sons of Confederate Veterans, or at least its Georgia division (P.O. Box 7281, Columbus, GA 31908), is beginning to sound rather scalawagish. At a meeting to honor Robert E. Lee, guess who gave the invocation? None other than Atlanta's black mayor, Andrew Young. If this weren't enough to make Lee turn in his grave, the printed program contained this statement: "If . . . you are tired of watching the misuse of Confederate flags and symbols by hate groups and others, contact your local camp or a state officer for membership information." At the rate they are now going, come the turn of the century, the Sons of the Confederate Veterans will probably be denouncing Lee as a bigot and slave owner and changing their name to the Sons of Martin Luther King or Jesse Jackson, and upping the number of points of the stars on the Stars and Bars from five to six.

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Isicson, Steinmetz and Weinberg is one of five District of Columbia law firms specializing in homosexual cases. The partners are now considered experts in AIDS, sodomy and similarly litigious subjects of vast interest to the faggot community. The problem is mortality. **Anita Isicson** says 20 of her clients have died in the last two years.

Smut merchant **Al Goldstein**, his meretricious eyes always on the main chance, ran a not too original ad that offered \$1 million to anyone who would murder the Ayatullah. In response, he says, he received at least 16 death threats. He was scared witless, called in the FBI and claimed he had to hire a couple of 24-hour-a-day security guards.

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An equally smutty character, **Kartar Ahluwalia**, a 50-year-old Sikh who once operated a porn theater in Vancouver (BC), is now playing the other side of the street by staging a cross-Canada run to raise \$15 million (Canadian) for organ transplants for Canadian children.

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Perhaps the smuttiest skin merchant of all is **Rubin Gottesman**, who went on trial in Los Angeles for peddling "rough sex" videos so vile they even made his thick-skinned staff queasy. Some of his fouler flicks starred Traci Lord, who was conned into making 75 X-rated films while she was still under-age. Murder, rape, defecation and bondage are the elevated themes of most of Gottesman-financed productions.

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Lowlife **David Mitnick**, now being held without bail in a California jail, is the most dangerous computer crook apprehended so far. His fertile Jewish brain has enabled him to break into the computer networks of the L.A. Police Department, TRW Corp. and Pacific Telephone. The two most prominent pioneers of computer viruses have also been Jews.

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Though she died in 1981, West German reparations checks continue to arrive at **Olga Wolf's** home in Miami Beach. Wolf's daughter, **Lee Schenley**, cashed checks in the amount of \$4,013.95 by forging her mother's signature. How many other "dead Jews" continue to receive the \$200 to \$1,500 a month Holocaust payments is not known. It is known that the late **Werner Nachmann**, president of the Jewish Council of West Germany, embezzled \$19 million in reparations funds from 1980 to 1987. He had been in charge of distributing \$216 million in Holocaust payoffs to survivors who had neglected to file claims. The West German government, for fear of accusations of anti-Semitism, has probably already undertaken to make good on at least part of this loss.

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A Southern California Jewish crook got a 25-year sentence and was ordered to pay \$26 million to his thoroughly bilked investors, after being found guilty of 57 counts of securities, credit card and mail fraud. Some years ago **Barry Minkow**, now 23, was adulated on TV as a whiz kid and a financial genius when he was running a carpet cleaning business while still a teenager, although it was a phony operation from the word go. Wrongly believing that it would pacify the judge and jury, Barry converted to Christianity while in jail awaiting trial.

No breed of dog is as handsome and intelligent as a German Shepherd. Yet it was precisely a German shepherd puppy that two Cambodian refugees killed in Long Beach (Ca) to make into one of their favorite gourmet dishes. **Sokheng Chea** and **Seng Ou** hit the four-month-old puppy on the head with a blunt instrument, slashed its throat and then skinned it on the floor of Ou's apartment. **Judge Bradford L. Andrews** let the two canine killers go free because they didn't kill it "inhumanely," though, as it was being slaughtered, the puppy's agonized squeals echoed throughout the apartment house. Mayhap a few more gustatory experiments like that and the anti-immigration lobby will be reinforced by a large contingent from the animal rights movement and the SPCA.

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Five Arizona Jewish organizations, including the state ADL, told the press they are being "spiritually molested" by three high-school evangelical Christian groups. Interesting term, that. What living non-Jewish American can honestly say he hasn't been victimized by Jewish molestation, spiritual or otherwise, almost from birth? That oldest of old pots is still calling the kettle black.

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Broadway producer **Adela Holzer** (*Hair*, *Lenora* and other schlock musicals) was arrested for bilking two investors out of \$280,000. She had been jailed in 1979 for stealing \$97,500 from seven other dupes. Her modus operandi was to flaunt a forged marriage license "proving" she was the secret wife of David Rockefeller, who, she promised, would guarantee any investment. Holzer's latest and perhaps last theatrical venture was Senator Joe, a musical slamming McCarthy and his anti-Communist pals, which was in rehearsal at the time of her arrest.

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Four score and eight big financial wheels, mostly from New York and Southern California, had the gall to sign their names to a full-page ad in the Wall Street Journal (March 7, 1989) that practically exonerated **Michael Milken** of all the 98 charges of fraud, insider trading and racketeering leveled against him by the U.S. government. Anyone who believes what he reads -- sadly, there are legions of such believers in the present-day U.S. -- would have thought "Mike," as they so coyly called him, was some sort of a financial god, a pillar of fiduciary honesty, who never did a single soul a single wrong. Listen to the *Schwärmerei*: "Mike Milken, we believe in you . . . Mike cares about people . . . Mike has always performed according to the highest standards of professionalism, honesty, integrity and ethical conduct."

Among the "operators" (almost all of them Jews profiting from junk bond money who signed this bilge: **Selig Zises** (CEO, Integrated Resources Inc., who did most of the legwork and money-raising for the ad), the **three Canadian Belzberg brothers** (**Simon Wiesenthal's moneymen**), **Gedaliao Grinberg** (CEO, American Watch Corp.), **Samuel Heyman** (CEO, GAF Corp.), **Hank Greenspun**, convicted felon and Las Vegas newspaper publisher, **John Kluge**, the billionaire media whiz who converted to Catholicism, **Ted Mann** of Hollywood, and so on.



Canada. From a British Columbia subscriber. Pia Southam of the Canadian newspaper dynasty once wrote an article comparing Vancouver's young Mayor Gordon Campbell to John F. Kennedy. Yet it is a far cry from Kennedy's machismo to Campbell's announcement that it will be a "privilege for Vancouver to host the Gay Games." Planned for August 4-11, 1990, the games are expected to attract 10,000 homosexuals.

The University of British Columbia at first refused to let its dormitories be used by the participants of the games, then recanted. A nudge from the handsome and articulate local M.P., Svend Robinson, seems to have done the trick. Robinson revealed his queerness before the last federal election, and the working class voters in his district rewarded him with a substantially increased margin for the seat he has retained since 1977. Some of the bills Robinson has sponsored in Parliament -- decriminalizing possession of marijuana, homosexuality, bestiality and abortion, suggest he is lobbying for Hugh Hefner.

Peter Warren, a columnist who covers Canadian politics for the Winnipeg Sun, was a bit miffed last November, when he wrote, "In the middle of a tempestuous week in which the entire system of tendering for billion dollar government contracts was being called into question Robinson wanted to talk about anal intercourse. I kid you not." Svend wants Parliament to lower the age of consent for this type of intercourse to 14.

Not surprisingly, Robinson has been made an honorary director of the 1990 games. Serving with him is John Turner, currently leader of the Liberal Party and Mike Harcourt, provincial National Democratic Party (socialist) honcho and quite possibly British Columbia's next premier.

John Blatherwick, Vancouver's Public Health Officer, joined in the chorus of praise for the Gay Games with these bewildering comments:

Celebration 1990 must be more than a series of gay events. It must attract the support of all of our community. Such support will strongly assist those of us attempting to stem the tide of the deadly [AIDS] virus. To date [June 3, 1989] more than 2,700 Canadians have been diagnosed with the disease. As of April 3, there were 1,408 AIDS deaths in Canada; 275 of those in British Columbia.

Europe. The fertility rate of the 12 countries of the European Community (France, West Germany, Britain, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Denmark, Ireland, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Greece) fell from 2.78 births per woman in 1964 to 1.57 in 1987, a decline of 43.5% in 23 years. Italy has the

lowest fertility rate of all -- 1.27 births per woman (less than 1 in Northern Italy). The French rate is 1.57, compared to Algeria's 6.4 and Morocco's 4.8 and the overall Islamic rate of 3.2. Moreover, 12 to 18% of the births in the European Dozen involve at least one foreign parent. Of these foreigners, 22.5% come from other European countries, 62.7% from Africa, 14% from Asia (half of the Asians being Turks).

* * *

The elections to the European Parliament in mid-June produced a couple of electoral jolts, not all of them negative from an Instaurationist viewpoint.

In France, Jean-Marie Le Pen's Front National garnered 11.7% of the vote and won 10 seats in the 518-seat body. This was one seat less than the FN held previously, but it doesn't represent a setback. The addition of Greece, Spain and Portugal to the European Community automatically reduced the size of the delegations of other countries. One reason for Le Pen's success was that two prominent French politicians quit the established parties and joined him shortly before the vote. Another reason was Le Pen's remarkable showing on the French TV interview show, *Hour of Truth*. A poll revealed he had attracted a larger audience than any of his political rivals.

The Front National, after winning 850 municipal elections last spring, is now a permanent fixture in French politics. All the nude posing of Le Pen's vengeful ex-wife and all the hullabaloo aroused by his shrugging off the Holocaust as a mere "détail," a mere footnote to WWII history, wasn't able to blow the FN chief away.

The Socialist Party of President François Mitterrand, who is acting more and more like a Roman proconsul and who was targeted with much media flak for receiving Yasser Arafat in May, won 22 seats in the European Parliament. The Jewish reaction to the Arafat visit was so fierce that Mitterrand actually stiffened his spine for a change and declared, "France's foreign policy is decided in Paris, and France will not let anyone dictate to her what to do." But not to get the Jews too riled up, Mitterrand then approved the arrest of an old "war criminal," who had been sheltered on and off in a Catholic monastery for the last 40 years.

The tenuous coalition of the French center and right parties won 26 seats. The Socialist list was headed by Laurent Fabius, Mitterrand's former prime minister and the son of a Jewish convert to Catholicism. Another Jew, Simone Veil, who was once on official Jewish records as having taken a one-way trip to an Auschwitz gas chamber, did extremely poorly, her Center Party getting only seven seats. The once all-power-

ful Communist Party, whose list was headed by still another Jew, Philippe Herzog, couldn't scrape up more than 7.7% of the vote and ended up with three fewer seats than Le Pen's FN.

In Britain, the vote was bad news for Maggie Thatcher. The Labour Party garnered 40% of the vote against 35% for the Conservatives and took 13 seats away from the latter. The Greens in Britain grabbed 15% of the U.K. vote, a feat which is going to have a lasting effect on future British politics.

In West Germany, an authentic bunch of right-wingers, the Republican Citizens Party, which has members in the West Berlin Chamber of Deputies, received 7.1% of the ballots and will have six seats. This is the very first time that a fighting nationalist group has made a respectable showing in an election for the European Parliament.

The results of the election showed a right-wing drift in France and West Germany, a left-wing drift in Britain and a continued preponderance of left-wingers in the delegations of the other nine European nations. Only 58% of the eligible 127 million voters actually went to the polls. The abstention rate, consequently, was extremely high. What the results would have been if everyone had voted, few dared to predict.

Ireland. Censorship is almost a way of life here, with favorable mention of divorce, abortion and other "anti-family" practices under the ban. The Department of Education, widely believed to be the nation's "most secret" government agency, has not issued an annual report in 25 years.

Though their own house is made of glass, Irish writers have been heaving stones in the Ayatullah's direction of late. But the European Court of Human Rights may soon be hearing evidence against Ireland's censorship laws and the related issue of church-state entanglement. As journalist E. Patrick McQuaid observed,

The very day that members of the Irish literati put their signatures to an international petition in defense of author Salman Rushdie, legislation making it illegal to publish or distribute work that might stir racial, ethnic or religious hostility sailed through its second reading in the Irish House with hardly a word of objection.

That same recent week, Radio Telefis Eireann, the state broadcasting authority, announced it would not air a new Madonna video, saying that it graphically exploited totems sacred to Roman Catholicism.

The European Court can be expected to show a lot more sympathy for Madonna's artistic freedom than for the views of those who advocate setting aside Ireland as a white port in a dark storm.



Britain. From a British correspondent. "Canadian subscriber" (Safety Valve, May 1989) in his comments upon the poor physique of Britons, raises an interesting point, although he slightly oversimplifies. That the cause is not a genetic one seems indicated by the fact that Canadians, Americans, Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans of wholly or mainly British descent generally achieve much higher physical standards. It is also a fact that the size and physical strength of British males was admired and envied throughout Europe for some centuries.

"Canadian subscriber's" observations in WWII were made at a time when large numbers of males from the working classes in Britain were born and raised in an environment of great hunger and in an air poisoned by industrial pollution, and as a result suffered from stunted growth. Men of that generation, now in their 70s and 80s, are disproportionately less than average size. Today, however, young working class males are appreciably bigger and stronger than their grandfathers were.

Where the lowest physical standards are most noticeable today is among the middle- and upper-middle classes -- generally in the ranks of the "educated," including many of working class background who made it to the universities. Height is not lacking -- a great many are quite tall -- but skinniness and weediness are very common, together with wimpish personalities. Something in the atmosphere in which these elements are bred and nurtured atrophies the development of manhood.

It may be that the staple British diet of former centuries, consisting largely of wholesome foods, is currently one of the least nutritious in the developed world. But this does not wholly explain the great physical and mental differences between the working and middle classes, whose diets, presumably, are not that different from one another.

I think also that overseas Anglo-Saxons can be included in the above critique. I notice that a large number of them today are more weedy and effeminate than those of previous generations. Australians back in the 50s and 60s used to win an extraordinarily high tally of Olympic medals. Not today. Would America and Canada have so many champions without their blacks?

I believe the general decline in the quality of white manhood is something which is reaching universal proportions, although it is probably still less advanced in Continental Europe than in England. It should be much more of a hotly discussed topic than it is, because it has a great deal to do with our timid acceptance of alien rule and our willingness to be kicked around and insulted by other races.

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Mrs. Thatcher went to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the 1839 Treaty of London, which guaranteed the independence and neutrality of that country. It also gave the Western French-speaking two-thirds of the tiny nation to Belgium. Luxembourg is Mrs. Thatcher's only strong ally in the European Economic Community. The press reported that, of the Grand Duchy's 377,000 inhabitants, over 100,000 are recent immigrants from North Africa, Portugal and Turkey. Since 1918, French has been the official language, but the people actually speak Letzeburgisch, a German dialect. Until recently the same dialect was also spoken in German villages in Transylvania.

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In 1957, when a Finchley golf club was barring Jews, Mrs. Thatcher had just been nominated for what was her first chance of a fairly safe Tory seat in Parliament. However, the Liberals took up the golf course issue and won 51% of the local council vote. It looked as though Mrs. Thatcher, who had already spent nine years contesting Labour seats to get into Parliament, would never make it. However, she showered flattery on Israel and Jews and got in at the next General Election (1959). She has kept up this racial massaging ever since, though from time to time she has allowed junior ministers to say unkind things about Israel.

She has heaped honors upon the Chief Rabbi, who is seen at state occasions looking as though he enjoys "eating beans in Egypt" (Exodus 16: 3, some versions) or wearing ermine in House of Lords processions. She does seem to have had some influence on him, as he has become critical of Israel and has said nothing about her arms sales to Arabs.

In a recent BBC-radio program, Roald Dahl, the writer, recounted that when he criticized the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, he was inundated with death threats and his telephone hardly stopped ringing for weeks, which greatly alarmed his children. The harassment suddenly stopped after the Chief Rabbi also criticized the invasion.

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Eugene Laputin, foreign affairs spokesman of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the USSR, just completed a tour of Northern Ireland, during which he spoke to practically everyone who would listen to him. But he refused to talk to Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA. Just before Laputin's visit, Harrison Goldin, financial controller of New York City and candidate for mayor, made a tour of Ireland. He had ostentatiously long talks with Gerry

Adams, president of Sinn Fein, and refused to speak to the Northern Ireland office. Naturally, there has been much talk of the contrasting Russian and American attitudes toward terrorism.

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A British newspaper publishes extracts from diaries of various prominent people before their publication. One such entry was dated April 5, 1919, and was from the diary of Rev. Andrew Clark, who was involved in the repatriation of WWI prisoners of war in Germany. Clark states that no less than 60,000 French POWs in the country of the hated Boche said they did not want to return to France. This greatly upset the French government, which was publishing melodramatic stories of the mistreatment of POWs by the Germans. Quite a few British prisoners of war, who were being repatriated through Denmark, decided to stay on in that country.

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On BBC Radio, Bishop Newbiggen, who has been an Anglican missionary in India for many years, said that on his return he was taken aback by another Anglican cleric who told him that missionary work was "theological racialism."

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The sale of *Mein Kampf* in this country remains steady at about 3,000 a year. The 10% author's royalties from the unexpurgated British edition, first published a half century ago by Hutchinson, go to a London charity that supposedly aids poor German-Jewish and German emigrés.

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After Mossad had been caught gun-running South African arms to Protestant militants in Ulster, the British press expected Mrs. Thatcher to put some sharp questions to Israeli Prime Minister Yitzak Shamir when he arrived in England in late May on a state visit. Strangely, these questions were never put, or, if they were, someone managed to keep them very, very quiet.

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As of early May, the Brits have spent some £70,000 (\$113,400) to protect author Salman Rushdie from the death sentence meted out to him by the late Ayatollah Khomeini. The cost includes six round-the-clock detectives. Since Rushdie is making a fortune from the sale of his hyper-hyped book, *Satanic Verses*, British taxpayers wonder why he can't chip in and pay at least part of this expense. They also wonder why, if he dislikes the British so much -- as his earlier writings prove -- he so pridelessly relies on them for protection.

France. Anne Sinclair, born in New York to a Jewish family named Schwartz, is a sort

of French Ted Koppel. She holds forth in a nationally televised interview show in which she eructs her liberal-minority palaver about free speech without surcease. But when François Brigneau, editor of the Front National's weekly, National Hebdo, described a guest, Phillippe Alexandre, on her program last November as an "assimilated Jew" and "a suspender salesman," and herself as a "bra merchant," "a less assimilated Jew" and "a full blown woman baker of unleavened bread," Sinclair and Alexandre promptly sued him for 600,000 francs (\$108,000).

Sinclair, who appeared in court with her husband, journalist Ivan Levai, explained that she was all for freedom of expression, but she wanted to shut up creatures like Brigneau in order to protect other people, "poor people," from his slander. In his defense, Brigneau noted that the French establishment, backed up by all the power of the press, politics and money, was trying to put him out of the writing business. Sinclair's lawyer replied that Brigneau's kind of language led to the Holocaust.

The court fined Brigneau 130,500 francs (\$23,500), then suspended the fine. The judge, however, did order the defendant to pay Sinclair 10,000 francs and 5,000 to Alexandre. The Ligue Internationale contre le Racisme et l'Antisémitisme, which had injected itself into the case on the side of Sinclair was given a token judgment of one franc.

West Germany. Erich Gutjahr, a city councilman of Frankfurt and a member of the right-wing National Democratic Party, had a lapse of memory in May. He seemed to forget that West Germany has stringent laws against free speech, especially when it comes to Jews. Gutjahr was foolish enough to characterize the exposure of recent Jewish financial scams by saying publicly, "The Jews are plundering us again." Prodded by local Jewish groups -- Frankfurt has the largest Jewish population of any West German city -- the city prosecutor is going after Gutjahr for slander and incitement to hatred. As the pro(per)secution geared up, he was forced to quit the council.

The problem is, how can a German or anyone else curb Jewish financial crimes without calling a group of swindlers by their collective name? The Mafia is a Southern Italian and Sicilian gang, no matter where it operates. The financial scammers in the Western world are preponderantly Jewish (e.g., Boesky, Milken & Co.). Yet it's permissible to comment publicly on the Italian genes of the Mob but verboten to talk of the Jewish chromosomes of the stock market thieves.

Austria. The right-wing Freedom Party has been around since just after World War II. Yet it began to soar only in 1986, when Jörg Haider, now 39, assumed leadership. On May 8, Haider became the governor of

the province of Carinthia, which straddles Austria's southern border with Yugoslavia and Italy. It is almost certainly the first time since the war that so right-thinking an individual has attained so high an office in any country speaking a Germanic language.

For 40 years, the Socialist Party had an absolute majority in Carinthia, and ruled it like a fief. Haider's triumph required a coalition with the conservative People's Party, which preferred him to the detested Socialists.

A report in The Economist (May 13, 1989) was remarkably upbeat:

[Haider's] eyes are set on the Bellhausplatz, home of the [national] government. A general election is due next year. If the People's party, which remains disunited, unloved and poorly led, is prepared to back Mr. Haider in Carinthia, what is to stop it forming a coalition with him in Vienna, next time round? One thing maybe: the cautious but well liked Socialist chancellor, Mr. Franz Vranitzky, might turn his eyes to the ascending Greens.

Spain. A lot happened here in 1492: Columbus sailed, the Jews were expelled, the Moors were defeated in Granada. The year 1992 promises to be almost as eventful, with the European Community becoming a good deal cosier even as Latin Americans celebrate a half-millennium-long "special relationship" with the mother country. Spain is increasingly being tugged in opposite directions, but, with Latin America descending into economic and social chaos, most Spanish sympathies are tilting toward Europe.

Immigration promises to become the decisive conflict, in Spain as in so many places. Now that even a leading "white" Latin American country like Argentina is awakening to the mournful reality that it is only a third-rate place filled with a surprising number of sluggish, dusky *mestizos* (several generations of differential fertility at work?), covetous eyes are turning back to more genuinely Caucasian lands like Italy and Spain as places of escape from rampant inferiority.

As it looks now, internal borders will virtually disappear within the European Community in 1992. The *mestizo* who shows up in Seville will then have as good as made it to Hamburg or Edinburgh. Previously, all Latin Americans have been free to enter Spain without a visa. Now the European Community has informed Madrid that it must tighten entry requirements. Since only 6% of Spain's external trade is with Latin America, it should try to forget about old, sentimental ties. It already has a growing problem with illegal Third World immigration from North and West Africa and Pakistan, and doesn't need a bunch of Indian Hispanics further depressing its already marginally European status.

A first positive step was Spain's recent

requirement that Latin American visitors show a return ticket and at least \$440 before being allowed in. Even this brought howls of bitter protest from the Latin American ambassadors in Madrid, who are demanding as a group that their free access to the promised land of United Europe not be compromised. Gabriel García Márquez, Colombia's Nobel Prize-winning novelist, has vowed that he will never again visit Spain because of the \$440 *aller et retour* rule.

Thoughtful Spaniards who realize they have been handed a lifeline to paradise are kicking at the numberless *mestizo* hordes who have just begun to grab at their legs. We are told that Spain is embracing the concept of a United Europe with an enthusiasm rarely to be seen elsewhere. Smart move, Spaniards, but remember -- you're on probation.

Poland. Martin Krygier is a Jewish law professor at the University of New South Wales in Australia. Tracing his roots -- his parents were leftists in Warsaw before the war -- Krygier made his first visit to the old country in September 1985. The following March, he wrote about his experience for Commentary: "There is only one subject of conversation in Poland -- Poland -- and . . . everyone participates in [it]."

Virtually everyone in Poland speaks his mind freely now, and virtually everyone detests communism and blames it for all of the country's horrendous problems. "In Poland I met few Marxists -- indeed, to my knowledge, none -- though I did meet several people who had thought deeply about Marxism." The many academics with whom Krygier visited bitterly denounced all comparisons between Communist and Western bureaucracy. Poland was a huge prison. The country's economic system was totally inefficient, and nothing better could be expected. "Not a single person I spoke to dissented from these judgments, not even a journalist for the party daily, Trybuna Ludu . . ."

The twin pillars of Polish Communist tyranny had been the party apparatus and a "cowed [and] helpless population." The spiritual revolution of August 1980, led by Lech Walesa, utterly destroyed the second pillar. Despite the subsequent crackdown on Solidarity (relieved since Krygier wrote), no one in Poland is cowed any more. Millions now live by the "principle of As If," whereas only a handful of dissidents did so before 1980. The idea is to "try to live as if you live in a free country." Before 1980, almost everyone led a double life; now, despite the continuing Communist domination, most lead an open, single life. Party members are socially shunned, and can do relatively little against the vast "underground" network of social support systems. There are more than a thousand "illegal" periodicals, and they are "often used as texts in universities." Customs officers rare-



ly care what books are brought into the country. The best journalists write for underground papers and the best teachers work outside the formal schools.

The people are united by a common ethnicity, a common religion and a common loathing of a regime which all perceive as alien. Still, most Polish life remains terribly gray and sad. Queues can last for days and can lead in the end to empty shelves. "In Warsaw . . . to walk into a prewar apartment after unleavened exposure to the typical small, dingy, postwar chicken coops is like moving from night to day." On the bright side, everyone talks constantly about serious matters. Instead of the mindless chit-chat of the decadent, unseeing West, there is a common recognition of problems like the Polish *internal* brain drain. Some of the most intelligent Poles are fleeing the country, but many are simply opting out of the system:

Among those who stay [in Poland], many of the best educated do not enter, or they leave, state employment, but drive taxis, become tradesmen, go into private business Among academics I met several who specialize in arcane theoretical areas because it is impossible to publish truthfully anything related to politics or current affairs. An important question which Poles generally, and the intelligentsia especially, ask is, what will be the result for Poland of all this highly talented opting-out? And the problem is not just what Poland loses when many of its best people opt out, there is also the question of who takes their place: careerists, dopes, thugs. Thus the notorious Polish "negative selection" continues and now it need not even be deliberate. The jobs remain and *someone* will be found to fill them.

Krygier is really onto something here -- and should extend his gaze beyond Poland to the Western democracies. Let's face it. Tens of thousands of our own best people can no longer tolerate the atmosphere at Harvard University, at the New York Times, in Congress and elsewhere. They are fleeing the vital centers of American life and heading for the hills, literally or figuratively. (A few even find their way to Instauration.)

But, as Krygier says, "the jobs remain and *someone* will be found to fill them." So careerists, dopes and thugs increasingly fill the Harvards of America, just as they fill Poland's select institutions. The only difference is that *there*, everyone is aware of the process and talking openly about it.

Israel. If there is still any doubt in anyone's mind as to the identity of the world's premier racists, listen once and listen again to what Israel's Rabbi Yitzhak Ginsburg

had to say in answer to the critics of West Bank Jewish vigilantes who recently gunned down a 13-year-old Arab girl with sub-machine gun fire:

WE HAVE TO RECOGNIZE THAT JEWISH BLOOD AND THE BLOOD OF A GOY ARE NOT THE SAME THING. EVERY LAW THAT IS BASED ON EQUATING GOYS AND JEWS IS COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE.

* * *

Though he's as bloodthirsty a racist as Rabbi Ginsburg, Ariel Sharon, the butcher of Beirut, gets red-carpet treatment from Washington whenever he graces America with his presence. In March, Sharon, now Israel's Minister of Industry, openly called for the assassination of Yasser Arafat and deeply regretted that the Israelis have not yet wiped out the PLO. On Israeli radio, he cynically blurted out, "Our goal must be their [the PLO's] destruction. We should have killed Arafat long ago."

Remember the outrage when the Ayatullah put out a contract on Rushdie? Apparently, an appeal for the murder of a top Arab from a member of the Israeli cabinet is not at all outrageous.

* * *

Alessandra Mussolini, the granddaughter of Il Duce, plays a female Israeli soldier in a film now being shot in and about Jerusalem. She recently visited the Wailing Wall, but first had to cover up her miniskirted limbs with a large shawl and carefully conceal a crucifix hanging from a gold chain around her neck.

* * *

Two Israeli villages, Ariel and Pehta Tikva, have forced neighboring Palestinians who wish to come to town to wear distinctive badges. Somehow these are not at all the same kinds of denigrating racial markers once foisted on Jews in the form of yellow stars.

* * *

The Intifada, ever percolating in the West Bank and Gaza, has a namesake. It's a popular computer game for Israeli nerds. The player who kills an Arab gets two points, and so on.

* * *

In *The Might of the West*, Lawrence Brown argues that Western civilization's most distinguishing feature is its unique notion of causality, the cause-and-effect linkage we take for granted. Brown warns that other races and ethnic groups may experience difficulties with Western scientific thinking.

A recent instance has been the all-out Jewish study of Hitler and the Holocaust. If

Hitler was the "great reactionary," what, then, was the preceding action? Many Jews insist that Nazi anti-Semitism burst into life from a vacuum -- that a human devil came to persecute people whose moral conduct had equaled or excelled that of others.

How can one explain the Holocaust? One *can't*. That was the message which Prof. Raul Hilberg, who testified against Ernst Zündel at his first trial in 1985, delivered at Israel's Ben-Gurion University earlier this year. Hilberg was introduced as having spent a lifetime studying the "sociological, psychological, historical and philosophical explanation" for the Holocaust. From all this work he derived one simple lesson, "I've come to the conclusion . . . that there is no explanation."

* * *

Albert Jerassi, a Jewish settler on the West Bank, was driving his van on February 8 when a faulty hose leaked gas and fumes into the cab and he was burned to death. His fellow settlers reacted instinctively to the accident, blaming anti-Semitism and claiming a Molotov cocktail had done Jerassi in. Police investigators easily proved otherwise.

Black Africa. From *R.S.*, who has never been there and never wants to go there. *Finding the Center* by V.S. Naipaul (Vintage Books, 1984) evokes the picture of a little dark man (the author), a Hindu Indian from Trinidad, whose father was a Brahmin pundit, sticking his nose into parts of Africa where few whites even visit. Wherever he went, the little Hindu seemed to be invisible, an advantage that gave him a unique perspective. His travelogue bears out a few of my favorite rumors about what goes on there -- cannibalism, slavery, and so forth -- in an ever so polite way. The book is written with considerable humor, funny if you're reading about Africa but not so funny if these same Africans -- now equipped with American citizenship -- are walking the streets of your neighborhood.

Regarding the author himself, I will say only that I ordinarily put Asian Indians a notch above Negroes, and he seems to agree. He is showing us Black Africa through entirely different eyes, not black ones or white ones, but brown ones.

We don't usually get many hard statistical facts about Africa, only rambling anecdotes, always concocted from tête-à-têtes. The author wanders about, meeting this person and that, having this or that experience, in a sort of bemused odyssey of discovery. Readers feel the tension between his wish to see what is good and his inability to do so.

Naipaul has the habit of making an event out of the most trivial happenings. Walking through a town or eating in a restaurant, things we do everyday, are major experiences in Africa. This being so, West African life seldom gets boring. The downside is, that when things aren't boring, they can

well prove to be fatal. I would not like to live in West Africa.

The author wanted to visit Abidjan, the capital of the Ivory Coast, a few hundred miles away, but getting a ride there was a serious undertaking. To arrange for a taxi, he first had to negotiate with a guide.

Djedje's manner, as he leaned over the coffee cups on the plastic-topped table, was conspiratorial. But it was hard to get him to give a precise figure for anything, even his own fee. An absentness, a troubled lethargy, seemed to come over him when an item was being costed. Philip [a white go-between] pressed him gently, never allowing a silence to last too long. "It was necessary to fix a limit now," Philip said to me in English. Otherwise, when the time came to pay, Djedje might grow "wild" and ask for any amount. It seemed to be settled at the end that the overall price would be between 20,000 and 30,000 local francs [\$45 to \$70]. Djedje was going to telephone me the next day with the final figure, after he had talked with the taxi driver.

Eating at a restaurant is also a life-and-death experience with much interaction between patron and waiters, and between the waiters themselves. Naipaul describes one eating place where the French managers had taken the day off:

The waiters, impeccable the day before, were casual, vacant. There were long delays, mistakes; some of the portions were absurdly small; the bill, when it came, was wrong. . . . [M]ore than good service had gone: the whole restaurant idea had vanished. An elaborate organization had collapsed. The waiters . . . seemed to have forgotten, from one day to the next, why they were doing what they did. And their faces seemed to have altered as well. They were not waiters now, in spite of their flowered tunics. Their faces and manners radiated various degrees of tribal authority. I saw them as men of weight in the village: witch doctors, herbalists, men who perhaps put on masks and did the sacred dances. The true life was there, in the mysteries of the village. The restaurant, with its false, arbitrary ritual, was the charade: I half began to see it so.

Naipaul recounts his visit to a professor of "drummology," a word coined by the professor. The essence of drummology was that the drums have a language of their own, a special vocabulary which encompasses the whole of African civilization. The unlocking of this language is supposed to demonstrate that Black Africa, white claims to the contrary, does indeed have a rich civilization. Again and again Naipaul alludes to the sensitivity of Africans on this subject.

The book builds slowly to a climax -- the visit to the pond of Yamoussoukro, where the Ivory Coast's president feeds his crocodiles in a dark ritual of power and cruelty. The president had made his native village into a sort of shrine and had surrounded it

with a wall. Next door he built a 12-story palace. Outside the wall was the crocodile pond.

The town of Yamoussoukro was to be laid out in a grand style. But, according to the words of a white tourist:

Try to get there at night. You'll see the double row of lights. You'll wonder where you are. And in the morning you'll see that you are nowhere.

A sort of wasteland was created out of construction debris, with scarcely any evidence of actual building. There was, however, one exception: a golf course. The president is a golf enthusiast and aspires to transplant this custom to Africa. "[H]e would like all his people, all the 60 or so tribes of the Ivory Coast, to take up golf."

The story culminates, finally, in the feeding of the crocodiles, which emphasizes the author's main philosophical point: the separation of the Africa of day from the Africa of night. The real Africa is the night, a world of spirits and magic, where the Negro casts off any pretense of civilization.

If one wants to know about Africa, this is the book to read. No member of our race could write it, because no white man could snoop around Africa so intimately. The little brown Naipaul could sneak in where no white man could tread. We can guess what Africa is like, probably pretty accurately, but we could never see it with our own eyes. This book by a Trinidad Indian amounts to the most extreme condemnation of Black Africa I have ever read, not because of any haughty disdain (which I myself have), but because of the writer's reservoir of pity.

China. How they love to muddy the waters! Not the Chinese, but those lib-minners worldwide who take a "special interest" in Chinese affairs. They hated Chiang Kai-shek because he broke with the Reds. They loved Chairman Mao when he was a Stalinist, loved him when he was an anti-Stalinist and loved him in the giddy days of the Cultural Revolution, when he turned into a senile nihilist. Now they hate the successors of Mao, who have tried to bring some order out of Mao-created chaos and drag China into the late 20th century.

Not so long ago, the diminutive Deng Xiaoping was a devil because he had fallen out with Mao. Then, after Mao's death, when he came back from a gulag and helped get rid of the Gang of Four, he was back in the media's favor -- a bad Red who became, like Gorby, a good Red. (Come to think of it, has the Western media ever recognized anyone as a "good fascist?")

Mao would never have allowed the first student or worker or whomever to gather in Tiananmen Square unless it was for purposes of cheering the Great Helmsman. But when Deng cracked down, he became a great Satan. In other words, to stay on the good side of the West, it's impolitic not to

crack down immediately. Never hesitate, procrastinate or give your enemies a chance. If you do, Dan Rather and the New York Times will start whining about massacres. Mao killed 20 million or so in his time. No matter. They were bourgeois, fascists, capitalist roaders or Chiang Kai-shekists. Deng killed a thousand or 500 or 100 or maybe even 50 a few months ago in Beijing. So serious. They were good people, they were democrats, they were "students." (Dan failed to tell us, however, that Wuer Kaixi, the student agitator-in-chief, was "a son of the Ugurs," a Moslem tribe in Western China.)

One wonders how many Chinese the students would have killed if they had managed to take over. Even if it ran into the tens of thousands we can be sure it wouldn't have been a "massacre."

Confucius say there will be no democracy in China until hell has skating rinks and ski lifts. Yet the media continue to report events in China as a deathly struggle between absolute good and absolute evil, between liberalism and conservatism (bad Communists inexplicably become conservatives), between autocracy and democracy.

Can't we ever get the facts, man?

Note: In the wake of events in China, less has been said about AIDS, which is practically nonexistent in the country; little about the prosecution of Chinese who "go out" with whites and vice versa; much about a nationwide campaign to control population growth by limiting a family to one child; almost nothing about the law that requires mental retardards to be sterilized. Some acts of these terrible Reds are not altogether off the wall.

Australia. From a correspondent. In May, the leader of the opposition, John Howard, was deposed quite decisively by his deputy, Andrew Peacock, as the Liberal Party again joined forces with the governing Labor Party of Prime Minister Bob Hawke in support of a "non-discriminatory immigration policy." Howard was sunk mainly by the immigration issue, which he dared to bring out in the open last year when he advocated cutting the number of Asian immigrants now entering Australia.

Ponderable Quote

Don't make the mistake of thinking David Duke is a unique phenomenon confined to Louisiana rednecks and yahoos. He's not. He's not just appealing to the old Klan constituency, he's appealing to the white middle class. And don't think that he or somebody like him won't appeal to the white middle class of Chicago or Queens.

Walker Percy,
NY Times Magazine,
June 11, 1989



Flag Talk

In all the talk about it on TV and all the print about it in newspapers and magazines, no one, as far as we know, brought up the essence of the dispute that arose after the Noxious Nine declared it quite permissible to torch the U.S. flag.

When a religious nut, a revolutionary fanatic or minority publicity seeker burns the flag, he doesn't burn a piece of cloth or push the First Amendment to the outer limits. Essentially, a flag is a thermometer that measures a country's health or sickness, its well- or ill-being. A flag fluttering brightly in the breeze indicates the temperature of the country is a healthy 98.6. A flag in flames indicates a high fever, one so high it may actually endanger the country's life.

People don't burn what they respect. When a country becomes a cultural bog and a racial potpourri, the flag stands for something much different than it did in the good old monoracial days of healthy cultural and economic growth. A nation is a team, and a nation without a national spirit is as weak as a football team without team spirit. Consequently, what a flag represents is constantly changing. Though it may continue to look the same, it is really changing as fast as what it symbolizes is changing. But camouflaged by the visual change -- the addition of a few stars from time to time -- is the radical and revolutionary change in the country's mores and modus operandi.

Today the flag is becoming the Great Deceiver. Because it still looks the same, the message goes out that the country it stands for is the same. Nothing could be less true. Old Glory in name and in substance used to be emblematic shorthand for a select people of Northern European descent, and their creation in the New World of a new and exciting experiment in statecraft. No more. Today, as far as the descendants of these Northern European creators are concerned, Old Glory is waving ingloriously over their racial graveyard.

The fact is that the flag is no longer "our flag." It has become "everybody's flag," just as "our country" has become "everybody's country." A flag that belongs to everyone belongs to no one. The sunshine politicians who pop up and hit the headlines when someone burns the flag have not raised their voices one decibel over the years as their culture, civilization and country have been going down in flames.

Right now we, the descendants of the great race which created and built America, are flagless. This is quite logical because we are rootless. Rootless people don't have flags. When our roots grow again, when and if we once again start making history, we will have a flag again.

But first things first.

Duke in the News

- Robert Wagman of the Newspaper Enterprises Association credits David Duke with being largely responsible for the defeat of Louisiana Governor Buddy Roemer's tax increase amendment. "Duke," wrote Wagman, "cast the tax proposal in populist terms, saying that it benefited only the very rich business people and welfare recipients. He argued that too much state spending is aimed at 'an out-of-control welfare class' at the expense of the middle class."

- One rumor floating about the Louisiana bayous is that Duke plans to run for Congress, challenging incumbent Republican Bob Livingston in the 1990 primary and then, if successful, taking on the Democratic candidate. Another rumor, reported in Time, is that he has his sights set on Senator Bennett Johnson, a Democrat

who is also coming up for reelection next year. Livingston lives in Duke's town of Metairie and is a sort of classic Republican or New South conservative, whose legislative record has earned him a zero ACLU rating and an 86 from the American Conservative Union. But none of these ratings have anything to do with race (heaven forbid!). If they had, Livingston would get a 10 or 20 at the most, compared to Duke's 99.9.

- Republican wirepullers from Lee Atwater on down have adopted the tactic of trying to smother Duke in silence in the hope that most voters will forget his embarrassing (to them) party affiliation. This inspires Democrats to adopt an equally hypocritical ploy, namely, pretending that GOP silence is equivalent to acquiescing to Duke's politics.

- To add its two cents against Duke in June, the Simon Wiesenthal Center of Los Angeles set up a one-day Holocaust horror show in the rotunda of the Louisiana capitol in Baton Rouge. Among the sponsors were the Louisiana Broadcasting Authority, Louisiana State University, Louisiana Endowment for the Humanities, and Buddy Roemer, the runty, 45-year-old, 145-lb. governor, who was "deeply moved." The show was such an obvious underhanded attack on Duke that it may have won him more support than it cost him. After all, if he was able to win an election against the combined forces of Reagan, Bush, world Jewry, the local Catholic hierarchy, the entire U.S. establishment and the Republican Party leadership, he is not likely to be cowed by a preposterous professional holohoaxer like Wiesenthal. Incidentally, while Roemer talks about good government, he never mentions his father, Charles, who was former Governor Edwin Edwards' Commissioner of Administration. Papa Roemer, convicted in a federal court of bribery and conspiracy, now languishes in jail, while his son -- so far rather unspectacularly -- tries to run the state of Louisiana.

Jew vs. Jew

It takes a lot of mortification to mortify Mordechai Levy, the loony gangster. But when he stepped off a plane at the Los Angeles International Airport some weeks ago, he was more than mortified. He was greeted most impolitely with boos and Bronx cheers, not by a bunch of skinheads or Nazis, but by Irv Rubin and members of the Jewish Defense League. "You're a punk. We don't need you. Go back to New York."

Ostensibly, Levy came to urge Jews to arm themselves against alleged attacks by skinheads. He certainly didn't expect to be denounced by fellow goons. Airport police had to separate Levy and Rubin when they proceeded to spit in each other's faces.

No split is so welcome and so maliciously joyful as a split in the ranks of the Chosen.

Majority Activist Acquitted

It's a messy saga of betrayal, bemusement and off-the-wall thinking, and it proves that Majority activists have a long row to hoe before they can stand up to minority brainwashers and become trustworthy, long-term champions of their oppressed folk.

Only a few years ago -- in 1985 -- Glenn Miller was riding high in North Carolina as the leader of a fighting outfit called the White Patriot Party, which had thousands of members or followers, a party newspaper and some green stuff in the treasury. All Miller had to do was whistle and the streets of Raleigh, the state capital, would resound to the marching feet of hundreds of uniformed demonstrators and would fill with a sea of Confederate flags.

But this was just too much for the "law" -- and for Morris Seligman Dees, nemesis of Majority activism and self-anointed mouthpiece of minority racism in the Deep South. When served with legal papers cooked up by Dees, Glenn Miller, being a gung-ho ex-Marine and not a shyster, never quite did the right

thing. Soon he was enmeshed in the criminal justice system and eventually was arrested for breaking a court-sponsored agreement to lay off blacks and stop all paramilitary activity.

Rather than go to jail, Miller decamped to Virginia and hid out for a time. Then, as he watched from afar and saw his organization shrivel up and almost die, he lost his cool and wrote a feisty declaration of war, a silly, pompous and desperate manifesto with enough calls for violence to rouse the media, the FBI and various other state agencies. Soon a nationwide manhunt was under way and eventually Miller and a few followers were tracked down to a trailer in Ozark (MO). In the trailer was a cache of arms and a pile of cash (the latter possibly supplied at an earlier date to the White Patriot Party by The Order before it, too, went under). All but one of the fugitives were given stiff jail sentences.

Now let's go back to January 17, 1985, to a sleazy, pornographic bookstore near Shelby (NC) that was owned by a northern mob and known as a notorious homosexual hangout. At 7:30 that night, three or four masked men -- the accounts differ -- broke into the porn shop and proceeded to shoot everyone in sight. Three presumed queers were killed and two severely wounded.

At first the police thought the slaughter, which ended in an attempt to burn the place down, was somehow connected to a dispute between two rival groups of mobsters. But because of the many snide remarks against homos made by members of the "assault team," it was finally decided that the killers must have been linked one way or another to Miller's White Patriot Party. The evidence, however, was thin, and no arrests were made.

Now let's move the clock forward and return to Miller, who was given a 20-year jail sentence after being run to ground in Missouri. The only way he felt he could ever breathe the air of freedom again was to snitch on the very same loyal comrades who were serving time with him. He informed the FBI that two of the men who had been arrested with him, Douglas Sheets and Robert Jackson, had taken part in the Shelby rub-out. Since they were already in jail, it was easy to send them back to North Carolina for trial. Sheets was tried first and, after a month-long trial, during which Miller testified against him, was acquitted of murder and other related charges by a Shelby jury. Robert Jackson was scheduled to be tried in early June, but the case was postponed as the state attorney mulled over his chances of getting a conviction now that Sheets had been found innocent.

Sheets swears he has been framed by Miller, and his story seems to have influenced the jury. Miller has now been put in the federal witness protection program -- name change, new identity, the works -- and has dropped out of sight. Meanwhile, one other ex-White Patriot Party member, Hugh Black, spent 16 months in jail because he refused to talk about what had happened on that bloody night in Shelby. To make matters more confusing, on January 7 of this year, Tony Wydra, the brother of Robert Jackson and the only one arrested with Miller in Missouri who was somehow let out of prison, was shot to death "accidentally" while riding in a car with another ex-White Patriot Party member in North Carolina.

How it will all come out is impossible to forecast at this time. There are simply too many loose ends. What is clearly known is that the Miller saga is no shining example of Majority activism. Politics is tricky business. You have to know when to attack, when to retreat, when to shout and when to whisper. Above all, you have to be loyal to your followers and you have to bust your guts to make sure your followers are loyal to you.

The key to any successful political movement is intelligence. With the media, the government and the minorities looking down your throat, ready to pounce when you make the slightest mistake, you better have a high IQ. If you don't, you're likely to end up like most every other Majority activist leader has ended up in recent times -- in the clink.

Two Voices in the Wilderness

What do you know? Two congressmen have actually stood up and publicly criticized Israel.

David Obey (D-WI), who chairs the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, burst out with these surprising words during a hearing on the Bush administration's request for another repeat of the nation's annual \$3 billion payola to the killing fields of Zion. Said Obey:

What about the practice of firing upon demonstrators in retreat? . . . When is that stupid practice going to be ended? . . . I want an answer to that question before we mark up this bill . . . I do not want to take personal responsibility for the allocation of one dime to a country whose military forces are firing at people in retreat.

James A. Traficant Jr. (D-OH), former University of Pittsburgh star quarterback and former county sheriff, stood on the floor of the House and had the following to say about John Demjanjuk's trial by an Israeli kangaroo court:

I believe this case stinks. The sad part is the Office of Special Investigation in America has seemed to have turned their [sic] back on the rights of one of the citizens, setting a dangerous precedent that can endanger the rights of all citizens. There are too many irregularities. A defense attorney committed suicide. I do not know the truth, but no one else does.

I am asking for an investigation into the John Demjanjuk American citizen case, and also into the actions of the Special Office of Investigation in this country.

Neither Obey nor Traficant has a chance of turning around Congress's pathetic subservience to the country that must be obeyed. But it's reassuring to know that there are two unbought members left in the House of Representatives.

Glandular Differences

Dutch neurologist Dr. Richard Swaab, though it may cost him his reputation and possibly his job, has gone public with the discovery of a pronounced difference in the brains of homosexual and heterosexual men. Studying the hypothalamus in the cerebral apparatus of 15 males who succumbed to AIDS, he found that 13 of them -- known fags -- had enlarged cells in the front part of that all-important, tiny, 3-cc gland which regulates body temperature, some metabolic processes and some networks of the nervous system, as well as controlling some of the hormones secreted by the pituitary.

The cells, designated as the suprachiasmatic nucleus (SCN), perform as a sort of biological clock that tells us when to sleep and wake up and when and when not to secrete hormones. The average size of the SCN of the homosexuals was twice that of the SCN of "straights."

Swaab further believes that the difference between the male and female hypothalamus has to do with the sexual dimorphic nucleus (SDN), that part of the hypothalamus which is noticeably larger in men than in women. This difference emerges at between the ages of two and four in both sexes. Since the change in the size of the cells in the hypothalamus takes place after birth, environmental as well as genetic influences may be at play. It's possible that different forms of child raising, different food, different stimulants and different medicines could have some effect. All in all, however, genes must bear the major responsibility for the male and female disparity in the size of the SDN and the homo- and heterosexual disparity in the size of the SCN.

For his pains Dr. Swaab has been accused by Dutch gay groups of engaging in "Nazi-style research" and "exploiting" the bodies of dead AIDS victims.

Third Party Politics

- In a special election for a Pennsylvania House seat in rural Armstrong County, northeast of Pittsburgh, Bill Smolik, the Populist Party candidate, got 8% of the vote, a respectable showing for a third-party candidate.

- In Wisconsin, the Populist Party was the only group with enough guts to take a strong stand against spearfishing, the issue that has infuriated whites in the state's Northwoods. The state wants to let spearfishing Indians catch an unlimited amount of fish, while restricting whites to a small quota. This will not only deplete the fish in Wisconsin lakes, but would make it more difficult for whites, either locals or tourists, to catch any fish at all.

- The Pace Amendment people didn't do too well in a Wyoming election to fill the House seat vacated by Congressman Dick Cheney, Bush's new Secretary of Defense. Daniel Johnson, the spark plug of the proposed Constitutional amendment that would send all nonwhites back to where they came from, managed to get on the ballot by acquiring 479 signatures. But, unfortunately, he received only a few more votes than that (500 in all) in his run as an independent. Some 140,000 Wyomingites voted. Republican Craig Thomas won with 52%; the Democratic candidate got 43%; the Libertarian, 4%; Johnson, one-third of 1%.

School Days

The University of Michigan recently rejected the demand of minority students and faculty, principally Jews and blacks, to establish a required course in racism. Less minority resistant, the University of California at Berkeley has now decreed that, beginning in 1991, all freshmen and sophomores must take three out of five courses on American culture. The five courses will comprise the study of the cultural contributions of African Americans, Latinos, Asian Americans, native Americans (Amerindians) and European Americans. It will be interesting to see how the last-named course will be handled. Will it really focus on the contributions of European Americans to American culture? If so, it ought to stretch out much longer than the other courses. Or will it, as we suspect, be a long professorial diatribe against white racism?

It is Instaurator's firm desire that all population groups in the U.S. be given the opportunity to study their history both in their new and old homelands. It is not Instaurator's wish, however, that all minority population groups be taught how oppressed they are and that all Majority students be taught how oppressive they are.

Books Fell on Alabama

Some friends of *The Dispossessed Majority* (they're everywhere) sent free copies as graduation gifts to senior ROTC members at Auburn University in early June. Almost immediately, snide, minority-massaging headlines appeared in the state's two biggest newspapers. The Montgomery Advertiser shrieked, WHITE SUPREMACISTS TARGET AUBURN ROTC. The Birmingham News bellowed, RACIST BOOKS SENT TO AUBURN ROTC CADETS. The Auburn University paper, the Plainsman, was equally offended and ran a boilerplate editorial under the heading, "Bigotry Alive."

Where bigotry was really alive was in the Plainsman. Although the paper is always busting out all over with articles on black, gay and Jewish boosterism, it sternly rejected an advertisement (see right column), which attempted to put some gumption in demoralized Majority students.

paid political advertisement

BE PROUD -- TAKE PRIDE!

There is a lot of talk these days about Black pride, Jewish pride, Hispanic pride -- even "gay" pride. In fact, there is only one major segment of the population which is not encouraged to take pride in its heritage and in the achievement of its ancestors. That group is the white race.

The lack of white pride is truly a sad and strange thing, because no group has more to be rightfully proud of than the white people of the world. The glories and greatness that the men and women of our race have won over the centuries should serve as a source of eternal pride and inspiration to white people everywhere.

Since the dawn of history, we have been a mighty race of builders, explorers, artists, warriors, inventors, philosophers and cultivators.

We have sailed the seas, tamed vast wildernesses, scaled towering mountains and journeyed to the depths of the ocean and into the cold void of outer space. We have built great civilizations, created breathtaking works of beauty and made the deserts bloom. The technological achievements of our people, from the megalithic calendar of Stonehenge to the moon-walk of the Apollo astronauts, are unequalled. We have devised sublime philosophies, created the noblest works of art and music, conquered deadly diseases and performed soul-stirring acts of heroism and self-sacrifice.

We are the race of Shakespeare, Leonardo, Beethoven and Homer. We are the sons and daughters of Leif Ericson, Columbus, Magellan, Amundsen, Frederick, Napoleon, Washington and Lee. We are the heirs of Sophocles, Heraclitus and Plato; of Rembrandt, Rubens and Dürer; of Dante, Goethe and Gutenberg; of Vivaldi, Bach, Mozart and Wagner. We are the descendants of Pythagoras, Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, Nietzsche, Martin Luther and Thomas Aquinas.

Just to list the great accomplishments of our race would require the work of a lifetime. No one has more to be proud of than we do.

In order for an individual to be psychologically healthy, he or she must have a clear-cut sense of identity and self-worth. And for our race as a whole to be strong and healthy, white people everywhere must develop a sense of racial identity and racial worth. There is no better way to attain this very necessary level of racial awareness than in having pride in your people and its accomplishments.

So take pride in your race -- pride in what we have achieved in days gone by, and pride in what we shall yet accomplish as we reach for the stars.

BE PROUD -- TAKE PRIDE!

EUROPEAN-AMERICAN PAC
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The European-American PAC (PAC stands for Public Affairs Courier) is to be saluted for its courage and for telling it like it is and like it should be. It is highly critical of the Plainsman's censorship -- and rightly so. Its pertinacity did pay off, at least in small change, when it cracked the Alabama collegiate iron curtain by getting its ad accepted by the Crimson White, the student newspaper of the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa.

Ponderable Quote

Mr. Speaker, we never reduced the Negro to slavery. We elevated him from the position of savage to that of servant.

Rep. John Rankin (D-MS)
Dec. 15, 1943

Congressional Capers

Two more con artists have left Congress: #1, a very big fish, the third biggest political fish in the land, House Speaker Jim-Wright, who pocketed \$145,000 in gifts from his minority business associate, George Mallick; #2, a pretty big fish, Majority Whip Tony Coelho, Portugal's gift to U.S. democracy. That leaves 533 legislators to go. Since almost all House and Senate members, while bleating about human rights, give \$3 billion a year to Israel to shoot down Palestinian kids, blow up their parents' homes and squat on their homeland, the con artists are also sellout artists.

Much noise emanated from the media about the Republican National Committee's three-page memorandum on the politics of Thomas Foley (R-WA), the new Speaker. The phrase, "Out of the Closet Liberal," was bandied about by the press and TV talk shows, but didn't appear in the cover letter and only showed up as the heading of the memo. The homosexual lobby took it as a cheap shot at Foley, not only because of the phraseology, but because Foley's behavior in Congress was compared to that of self-proclaimed queer Barney Frank. Their voting records came close to being a perfect match. What it all added up to was a not-too-subtle warning that in the future any criticism of Frank or of any other lavender congressman would be deemed bigoted anti-homosexuality, just as any criticism of Jews is now automatically written down as anti-Semitism.

In retaliation for the crime of invidiously comparing his ayes and nays with Foley's, Barney Frank, the Jewish liberal guru from the great state that gave Michael Dukakis to the world, threatened to reveal the name of five queer Republican congressmen. Too bad he didn't. If the Republican Party is loaded with homos, as it may well be, we'd like to know about it. It's quite true that some years ago two Republican congressmen were revealed as fags, Robert Bauman of Maryland and Jon Hinson of Mississippi. Their "sexual preferences" quickly drove them out of politics. Senator Mark Hatfield, another Republican, has recently been accused of being "that way" by homo agitators who criticize him for remaining uncloseted. In July the Washington Times appeared with lurid stories of Republican perverts roaming the corridors of the White House in the wee hours of the morning and of FBI investigations of five congressmen for sexually messing around with minors and male prostitutes. A few weeks earlier an Ohio court found "conservative" Republican congressman, Donald (Buz) Lukens of Ohio, guilty of paying \$40 to a Negro minor last November for the pleasure of her intimate company. The best that can be said about Lukens is that at least he is a heterosexual.

The truth is, the allegations against Foley were originated by Democrats not Republicans — by none other than the office of Jim Wright in the desperate hope that this sleazy gossip might in some way help him retain his job. Wright had tried a similar ploy on Edwin Gray, chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, when he threatened to expose a particularly bothersome S&L regulator as a "homosexual" if he weren't fired.

Little of the above, however, appeared in the media, which put the onus squarely on the Republicans and gloated in front-page headlines when the author of the broadside, Mark Goodin, was fired.

Otherwise, the Demos had little to gloat about. Wright was gone, to be followed by Majority Whip Coelho, when it was discovered: (1) that he had bought into a dairy management firm when he was a member of the House committee overseeing the dairy business, and (2) that a Jewish S&L exec had

bought him a \$100,000 junk bond on which he made \$6,882 profit after holding it for only a few weeks. A limited partner in the dairy management firm is John Mack, Wright's onetime chief aide, who was sent to jail some years ago for almost beating a woman. The junk bond angel, by the way, was a gentleman named Thomas Spiegel, who was a preferred customer of Drexel Burnham Lambert, the felonious bucketshop that worked hand-in-glove with Michael Milken.

Still riding high is Rep. Tom Lantos (D-CA), a Holocaust survivor, has been accused of trading in airline stocks when he was a member of a congressional committee watching over the nation's transportation systems.

Ironically the Negro head of the House Ethics Committee, Julian Dixon (D-CA), is himself under investigation in regard to his wife's highly profitable investment in a Los Angeles Airport gift shop — it earned her \$100,000 in 1988 — shortly after her husband's committee had hired Airport Commission Chairman Johnnie Cochran and paid him \$170,000 for one year's work.

Then there is the case of the high yellow bimbo, Lezli Baskerville, who gyrates back and forth from one black congressman's office to another. While on the payroll of Rep. William H. Gray's Budget Committee, she pocketed \$30,000 for six months of toil, though it's not certain she ever did a lick of work. Gray himself sold his Philadelphia residence to a black Baptist church, where he is the pastor (whatever happened to the church/state wall?), for \$125,000 in 1988. It is now a rent-free parsonage where Gray's mother lives full-time and where the new House Majority Whip spends at least 80 nights a year.

The Shilly-shallying Court

Racial discrimination in any form is forbidden by the 14th Amendment, yet the Supreme Court continues to play footsie with the issue. The Warren bunch openly defied the Constitution by giving its stamp of approval to affirmative action, which overloaded the country's law courts with litigation by minority members seeking jobs for which they were unqualified. Statistics, instead of experience and expertise, became the criteria for employment in wide areas of the public and private sector. If a company didn't have enough minority members in its work force — as determined by their proportion of the local population — it was ipso facto guilty of racial discrimination. If it didn't promote nonwhites as fast, faster or much faster than whites, it was also guilty of discriminating. American industry, already suffering from high wages, absenteeism, inflation and foreign competition, soon found itself mired in a quagmire of shysterism.

The Rehnquist Court, which should have outlawed affirmative action once and for all, has only had the courage to pull back an inch or so. The 30% minority set-asides in Richmond (VA) were found to be unconscionably high. White firefighters in Birmingham (AL), denied promotion because of minority favoritism, were permitted by the Noxious Nine to sue for damages. Racial statistics alone were not enough to prove discrimination if an insufficient number of minorities is found in the managerial levels of companies. But the core evil remained. The merits of a white job applicant could still be ignored or overridden if it could be shown the company had a record of past discrimination against nonwhites. Hiring, firing and promotion, despite all the lib-min screaming about turning back the clock, are still based, at least in part, on racial considerations.

The Court waffled on abortion, not quite keeping it under the federal thumb but not quite sending it all the way back to the states. The latter alternative would be the democratic way to go, but who says that a judiciary (pun intended) is a democracy? On top of that came the decision that dial-a-porn was okay, provided it was only "indecent" but not "obscene." Then came the most incomprehensible of all the recent rulings: permission granted to Jewish religionists to display an 18-foot

- high Hanukkah menorah on the front steps of the Pittsburgh City-County Building; permission denied to Christians to display a crèche on a staircase in the Allegheny County Courthouse only a block away.

Interesting that two of Reagan's "conservative" High Bench appointees, Leo Scalia and Anthony Kennedy, put their stamp of approval on burning the flag! Barbara Fritchie would have had great difficulty understanding the learned justices' reasoning.

Trio of Jewish Reprehensibles

Michael Milken, Abbie Hoffman and Jonathan Pollard are three of the least attractive members of that tribe that has been gnawing at the moral fabric of society since man first shimmied down from the trees, joined other men and had a collective go at it. Yet what do we read about these disreputable characters in the media? Michael is the shining light of free enterprise. His usurious junk bonds do not suck the economic blood from enterprising businesses, but provide them with the vital seed money for expansion they couldn't raise any other way. The \$550 million Mike made in 1987 (that's \$1.5 million a day or \$107,000 an hour for a 14-hour work day, no holidays included) was fitting recompense for his zealous money-raising talents. Besides, he gives millions to charities, mostly to Jewish ones, of course, but some of his dollars go to blacks, for which he has earned the praise of Jesse Jackson. He has also contributed lavishly to the Simon Wiesenthal Memorial Foundation, which puts him on the right side of the Holocaust. What's more, Vanity Fair (Aug. 1989) reported, "he has an affinity for children. . . ."

He may or may not. But he is a little on the vain side. He wears a toupee and is rumored to keep a chart of his net worth pinned to the ceiling over his bed.

As for the recently deceased Abbie Hoffman, his obits fairly reeked with adulation. Granted he was a dope peddler, a convicted felon, a bail jumper, a voracious culture vulture, a professional rioter and a general all-around freak. Nevertheless, he loved, lived and labored for the oppressed, and his fancy-free, fun-filled spirit was ever in the vanguard of the noble fight against "fascism." As Brooklyn's Jewish Journal put it (April 21, 1989), Abbie was an "activist with a Jewish soul." Before this suicidal manic depressive was even buried the magic of the media had turned the frog into a prince. A memorial held for him in a Manhattan nightclub on June 17 was attended by such luminaries as Norman Mailer, poet Allen Ginsberg, Pentagon Papers thief Daniel Ellsberg and last, and definitely least, Amy Carter.

Then there is Jonathan Pollard, just about the biggest, busiest and most proficient spy since the Rosenbergs. But when you come down to it, and the media did come down to it, wasn't he really just a decent, dedicated, clean-living, God-fearing, loyal supporter of Israel? Filching a mountain of top-secret documents, plans, designs and drawings from the U.S. government and turning it over to an ally is not really espionage. It's sharing important information with a friend. Neither is wife Anne a spy, but an innocent go-between who has practically been sentenced to death because her various illnesses are not receiving the proper medical attention.

How insensitive a country is the USA! How badly it treats its outstanding citizens. Mike should never have been indicted on 98 counts of criminal fraud. He should be appointed head of the Federal Reserve System. Abbie's birthday should be designated a national holiday and replace the Fourth of July. The Pollards? Gracious goodness, man, they should be released from jail instantaneously, awarded \$10 million as a small recompense for the brutal and unfair treatment they have received, and put in charge of the CIA.

Classic Perversion

Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* is one of the Bard's last, most convoluted and most poetic dramas. Two of its leading

characters are King Leontes, paranoid about being cuckolded, and Paulina, the faithful lady-in-waiting of his shabbily treated Queen.

In the production of *The Winter's Tale* for his Public Theater in Zoo City, Joe Papp, the Jewish impresario who has practically cornered the New York Shakespeare market, cast a totally unregal Jewish actor, Mandy Patinkin, as Leontes. Paulina was played by Alfre Woodard, whom critic John Simon of New York magazine dubbed a "squeaky-voiced black actress" and "a cross between Topsy and the Medusa."

Of the many drama critics who attended Papp's tour de farce, only Simon made a point about the blatant miscasting. Patinkin, he complained, was a cartoon Jew out of Julius Streicher's *Der Stürmer*. For this and for saying what he had about thespian Alfre Woodard the New York theater claque made him out to be a sort of reincarnated Nazi beast. Papp and Colleen Dewhurst, president of the powerful Actors' Equity Association, demanded that Simon be fired forthwith. The *Amsterdam News*, the *New York Times* of Harlem, accused the critic of "quite consciously seeking to preserve Western standards." The NAACP chimed in with the remarks that Simon's review was "dripping with racism."

The dispute finally boiled down to an in-house Jewish brouhaha with Papp calling Simon "hardly the ideal Aryan. . . and may be a denying, self-hating Jew." Edward Kosner, the publisher of New York magazine, who also happens to be Jewish, as is practically everybody else in the New York theater these days, with the exception of certain members of the large and mighty homo contingent, refused to fire Simon, who was born in Europe and whose name doesn't have a Gentile ring. But Kosner quickly mended his fences with Papp by praising his equally miscast and equally banal production of *Twelfth Night*.

What's so bothersome about the reaction to Simon's reaction to *The Winter's Tale* is not the typical Jewish assault on free speech or the tasteless and perverse attempt to inject race into Shakespeare by minority theater producers and actors. (In the midst of the dispute, Papp indulged in a further bout of bigotry by chickening out on his promise to put on a play by a touring Palestinian theater ensemble.) What is really bothersome is that the American theater has sunk so low that only a Jewish critic has the guts to criticize Jewish attempts to reduce one of Shakespeare's masterpieces to a maudlin message play.

Red Racist

Though not too many are aware of it, Leonid Brezhnev, the late Soviet dictator, was a racist. At least that's what Richard Nixon once suggested in various conversations with C. L. Sulzberger, a member of the New York Times dynasty. As the latter wrote in his book, *The World and Richard Nixon* (Prentice Hall, NY). Nixon told him of conversations he had had with Brezhnev at San Clemente and Camp David, in the course of which the Communist chief came out with race-tinted arguments in favor of a "condominium" between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. Brezhnev was particularly worried about the Chinese, warning Nixon, "We Europeans must unite to control them" and resorting to such terms as "we the whites" and "we the Europeans."

If Sulzberger is correct in quoting Nixon quoting Brezhnev, then the world's top Communist at that time must have been a closet white supremacist. Instaurator (Dec. 1984, p. 21) has reported other evidence of Brezhnev's racial proclivities. In his book, *Weapons and Hope*, Freeman Dyson, a world-class physicist, recounts that Brezhnev told Margaret Thatcher in their final meeting, "Madam, there is only one important question facing us, and that is the question whether the white race will survive."

Although Brezhnev himself had more than a touch of the Mongol in his high cheekbones and in his semi-Asiatic squint, it's useful to know that one top Communist was not afraid to acknowledge he was white and not afraid to tell two world leaders that they should join him in defending his — and their — race.

Postponed Truth

The death of Mary Jo Kopechne at Chappaquiddick was a sordid affair and remains so 20 years after Senator Kennedy's base behavior in deserting his drowning companion and waiting nine or ten hours to tell the police, in the hope that in the interim he and his pals could cook up some story that would get him off the hook.

Also sordid is the sudden willingness of key figures to talk about what happened — to talk in 1989 instead of back in 1969, when their evidence might have succeeded in putting Fat Face in jail where he belonged, where he belongs and where any person who did what he did belongs.

A few months ago William Gargan, Kennedy's cousin and bosom companion, confided to Leo Damore, author of *Senatorial Privilege*, that Kennedy had begged him to take the rap and pretend it was he, not Teddy, who had driven Mary Jo off the bridge.

More recently Mary Jo's parents have spoken up (*Ladies Home Journal*, July 1989). Her mother said people involved in her daughter's death were "paid off" to keep quiet. Mrs. Kopechne might have added that she and her husband were also "paid off" to the amount of \$140,904 by Kennedy and his insurance company, which was apparently enough to buy their silence for two decades. According to the Kopechnes, Kennedy never once said he was sorry for what he had done to their daughter. They did say that the only positive result of the tragedy was that their daughter's death had kept Kennedy from becoming president. In this they were probably correct, but if they hated Kennedy as much as they now claim to do, why did they wait 20 years to say so?

Another Chappaquiddick procrastinator was pharmacist Leslie Leland, the foreman of the Martha's Vineyard grand jury that looked into the Kopechne drowning. Leland told *Newsweek* (July 3, 1989) that he was warned by two high-ranking police officers and the prosecutor not to get too inquisitive or interested in the case and "to watch his step" or he might be cited for contempt. "They tied us up," Leland complained. "They had us handcuffed. It was devastating."

Fair enough. But why did Leland keep all this to himself for two decades and why are law enforcement authorities not acting on this new evidence? Massachusetts has no statute of limitations on perjury and the obstruction of justice.

East Is East

Instauration has no brief for communism, but we are tired of hearing all the woes of Eastern Europe blamed on the dogmatic, mental off-scourings of the minds of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and other members of that ideological crew. The governments of Eastern Europe have always been behind the West in providing the material comforts of life to their largely Slavic populations. To catch up to the West was why Peter the Great spent so much time in Holland at the tail end of the 17th century. For centuries travelers have always described how they were entering a sort of prehistoric world when they crossed the border from Germanic Europe to Slavic Europe.

The culture shock remained as shocking as ever all through the 20th century whether the Slavic lands were ruled by czars, commissars or Red Quislings. And it is likely to persist no matter what form of government or what type of economy is foisted on Russians, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks and Bulgars. As for the Magyars, who presumably have the highest standard of living in the East Bloc (the East Germans excepted, of course), they are not Slavs and were partly Germanized as a result of their long exposure to German rule under the Hapsburgs.

But don't get us wrong. The Slavs, though painfully slow in the development of technology and industry, are admirably great in the arts, especially literature. It's very difficult to find any Westerner to match the works of Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy.

In music, in dance, in the theoretical sciences, the Slav can hold his own with any race. Their remote forebears were Nordics and many of them still possess a significant component of Nordic genes. But they just can't get seem to get the hang of mass production, computers, agribusiness and all the other gewgaws of Western materialism. And all the democracy, trade unionism, free speech and free marketeering in the world are not going to correct this congenital time lag.

The Slavs are more group-oriented than Westerners, which is one reason why democracy in Slavic territory will have a tough go and never really make it in the long term. The herd prefers one herdsman not 535. But this is not all to the bad. There are dangers in the mania for democratization now sweeping through Eastern Europe. Democracy has been known to destabilize populations not temperamentally attuned to it and historically inexperienced in it. Leninism was the monstrous product of a spurt of chaotic democracy in Russia. Who knows what will materialize if the heavy hand of the Kremlin is suddenly removed from the satellite states. Whatever emerges, the chances are it will be a far cry from democracy.

Shades of Black

Most blacks are very much aware that the U.S. is the home of two black races — the mulattoes (light blacks) and the dark blacks. The mulattoes who run Negrodome are careful to keep this racial schism to themselves. Indeed, they are often more reluctant than whites to associate with dark blacks. But they hardly ever speak out about this intraracial distancing in public. It might split the black vote and give comfort to white racists. It might even put a brake on welfare and civil rights, the two rackets which allow blacks to throw their weight around in U.S. politics.

The black-mulatto division did make one of its rare appearances in the press when Tracy Lynn Morrow, a 27-year-old clerk-typist, filed a discrimination suit against her dark black female supervisor, Ruby Lewis, and the Internal Revenue Service. She charged she had lost her chance at two promotions in the Atlanta office of the IRS and had been fired solely because of her lighter coloration. Government lawyers argued that a person of one race cannot sue another person of the same race for discrimination. Judge Charles A. Moye Jr., denying a motion to dismiss, responded that if Caucasians can be separated into subraces and a white can sue another white for discrimination (Jews vs. WASPs, for example), as happens from time to time, then blacks must also have this privilege. The case will go to trial, but as yet no date has been set.

It is well known to blacks but not to whites that black organizations, black colleges and even black beauty contests continually favor light-skinned Negroes over their darker brothers and sisters. Politically it would be wise for whites to harp on this racial dichotomy. But few white pols do so for fear of being stigmatized as racists.

In Haiti, early in the 19th century, after blacks of every hue had united to massacre and expel the French colonialists, the dark blacks proceeded to massacre the mulattoes, who in turn fought back and sporadically massacred the purer Negroids. American Negroes should take this lesson to heart. The moment whites in this country are killed off or chased away, as may well happen sooner than we think, the blacks will start drawing their own color line. What occurred in Haiti could well replay in the U.S.

Hoaxes Galore

The hoaxers are full steam ahead. An alleged turn of the century review of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* that appeared in Harper's (July 1981) was purportedly taken from the July 1900 issue of the Grazer medicinische Vierteljahresschrift, an obscure Austrian medical journal. The publication was so obscure it turned out that neither the article nor the journal itself had ever

existed. The hoax was propagated on Harper's readers by the Jewish Freudian "authority," Peter Gay, a Yale history professor who had no apologies to make to scandalized Freudian groups. He brushed it off as a "literary joke."

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Well deserving to be classified as a hoax of the first water is the latest Dan Quayle joke. During a recent trip to Latin America the Vice-President is reported to have told his hosts that he wished he could speak Latin so he could communicate more easily with them.

This "joke" actually originated with Congresswoman Claudine Schneider (R-RI), a divorced Catholic and one of those apostate Republicans (ADA rating 80, ACU 5) whose heart and votes belong more to the Party of the Donkey than to the Party of the Elephant. At a meeting of Republican pols in her state in April, she recounted that she had been complimented by Quayle for her fluent French. He then added, according to Schneider, "I was recently on a tour of Latin America, and the only regret I have was that I didn't study Latin harder in school so I could converse with those people." Since Quayle never said this or anything remotely like it, Schneider, when pressed to tell the truth, reluctantly admitted she had made it all up. Nevertheless, Quayle's "blooper" appeared as a fact in Time, Newsweek, Chicago Tribune, Los Angeles Times and was reported as the gospel truth by Ann Richards, the viper-tongued Texas treasurer at the annual Democratic Congressional Dinner.

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The computer technology known as the digital alteration of photographs now makes it possible to "edit" photos so expertly that they show no evidence whatsoever of tampering. One can just imagine how this new technique will be put to use. Already the Asbury Park Press (NJ) took advantage of the process to remove a man from a picture and replace him by a wall. Rolling Stone didn't like the revolver and holster in the picture of Don Johnson of *Miami Vice* fame that it had scheduled for its cover. Some special software, plus a few flicks of a computer keyboard, and Don Johnson appeared without his Wild West appurtenances. (Crude photo retouching, however, has a history that goes back almost as far as the invention of the camera. One of the most notorious examples is Trotsky's and Kamenev's mysterious disappearance from a famous photo of Lenin.)

Photographic and film editing may reach the point, says John D. Goodell, a computer consultant to the New York Times, where, "In 10 years we will be able to bring Clark Gable back and put him in a new show."

Happiest of all with this new technique must be the Holocaust hustlers. Think of all the "enhanced" piles of corpses, the reconstituted gas ovens and specially thinned-down inmates that will soon appear to lend some badly needed "authenticity" to the Six Million legend. Gas chambers can be equipped with all the various valves, pipes, pumps and lethal hookups that were previously undemonstrable and without which they couldn't possibly have operated.

What a field day for Simon and Elie!

Sink the Ostwind

Jewish vengeance against Nazis is so pervasive it can easily be targeted at an ancient decaying yacht, if it is rumored that Hitler once set foot on it. One or two visits by Der Fuhrer to the *Ostwind*, an 85-ft. sailboat built in Germany during the National Socialist interregnum, made it "Hitler's personal yacht" in the eyes of some Jewish organizations. Since it ended up in Miami Beach, which is not exactly a Nazi town, local Jewish groups decided to sink the *Ostwind* on the occasion of one of their many Holocaust anniversaries and had it towed out to sea. Embarrassingly, it got stuck on a coral reef and became a hazard to navigation.

Three hundred people had boarded a cruise ship to go along and watch the fouled-up sinking, as an airplane flew overhead trailing a banner proclaiming, "Never Again." Since the ceremony was the brainchild of Abe Resnick, Miami Beach Vice-Mayor, onetime Red Army partisan (he says) and owner of the *Ostwind* (he picked it up for free from a Jacksonville, Florida, marina owner), the Coast Guard threatened to sue him if he didn't get on the ball and get the rotting hulk off the reef. A local Jewish multimillionaire hotelier, Stephen Muss, came to the rescue by offering \$10,000 to anyone who would pull it off and move it out to deeper water. A greedy tug hauled it away and resank it.

Incidentally, the New York Times (June 3, 1989) story of the snafu was best characterized by the surname of the reporter, Jeffrey Schmalz.

Up there or down there, Adolf must be guffawing.

The Alien Flow

The 1986 Immigration Control and Reform Act is simply not working. After dropping off a little in 1987, the alien flow is almost back where it was before the act became law. This year's border crossings are expected to reach between 1.7 and 2.5 million. Since 3.1 million illegals were given legal residence by the amnesty, it is only a matter of time until they manage to get many times that number of relatives to come and join them. Even worse, bills are being introduced in Congress to boost refugee quotas, especially those for Soviet Jews, who really have no right to be refugees (to fit the definition they must have "a well-founded fear of persecution"). Soviet Jews, it hardly needs to be said, are much better off economically than the average Russian. As for *political* persecution, Gorby is now going out of his way to win the support of World Jewry in order to obtain more credits and loans for his backward economy. The last thing on his mind is any move that might be construed as anti-Semitic. With the help of some American Jewish organizations, he is trying to get Congress to rescind at least temporarily the 1974 Jackson-Vanik amendment, which denies U.S.S.R. exports most favored nation treatment until Soviet Jews are allowed to exit freely from Mother Russia.

Every refugee that arrives on these shores today costs the U.S. taxpayers \$4,600 in transportation and other costs. Although the annual bill for Soviet Jewish refugees is already \$50 million, a movement is afoot in Congress to increase it by another \$75 million. Meanwhile, Jewish congressmen and their non-Jewish trenchermen (this latter category includes Bush) are trying to raise the present quota of 24,500 Soviet Jews admitted each year by another 19,000. This would take care of the 40,000 Soviet Jewish "refugees" expected to arrive in the U.S. in 1989.

Among the Soviet Jewish contingents which have already arrived, there are many Communist Party members and no doubt more than a few KGB agents, either Jewish or camouflaged as Jewish. Also enriching the U.S. political and cultural scene will be more recruits to the organized Soviet Jewish gangs now operating in New York, California and several other states. In reporting the increasing criminal activity of these gangs, the media seldom mention the name Jew in the headlines, preferring to call the mobsters Soviet emigrés, even though every last crooked gang member is Jewish or purports to be Jewish.

Ponderable Quote

I have found from many observations that sometimes [the] liberal is incapable of granting anyone else his own convictions and immediately answers his opponent with abuse or something worse.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky
The Idiot