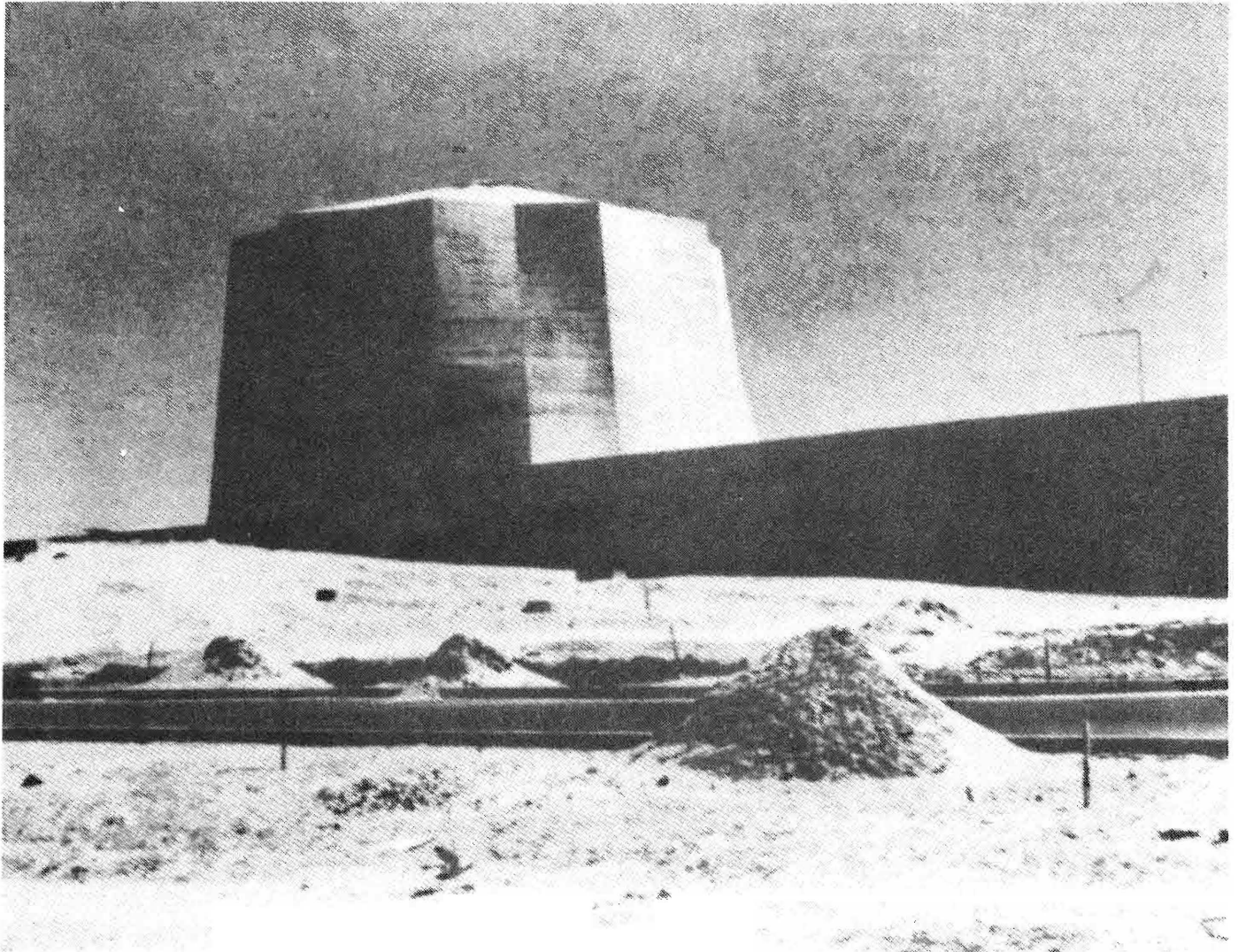


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Juvenal

Instauration.®

VOL. 10 NO. 4

MARCH 1985



Soreq reactor dome

ISRAEL'S NUCLEAR ARSENAL

The Safety Valve

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

I couldn't agree more with Zip 764 (Feb. 1985) about John McEnroe "telling off" the world. Our people are just so damned tolerant/intimidated/whipped and -- much worse -- so proper and socially conscious that they would rather be submerged in a sea of darkness than commit the social gaffe of raising their voices. I am not talking about whining, like the minorities do, but of not letting outrageous things pass just because someone may think us "boorish" for correcting them. How can we blame the younger generation for not realizing the truth when we refuse to articulate it?

302

I live in a part of the U.S. where there are many healthy, blue-eyed blond people, but all with empty heads. They stick to themselves, but almost become violent when it is suggested that whites should stick together. They actually encourage their children to intermix and to intermarry. There happens to be another race, here in Hawaii, that thinks like I do -- the Japanese. Of course, they are for keeping their own race together and could care less for ours, but at least they allow themselves to think the right thoughts.

967

I'm sure you are as tired as I am of listening to friends talk about the inflated value of their houses. Though I'm virtually an economic illiterate, I know that these out-of-sight values contribute mightily to inflation. Yet I've got the feeling our home-owning middle class is not too unhappy about this part of the inflationary spiral.

941

Enjoyed your story on Franz Liszt (October 1984). Is it worth mentioning that he was German, that the family name was List before his parents located in Hungary? His father learned to speak a little of the local lingo; his mother conversed in German. I once found a most delightful book at the library entitled *Music Study* in Germany in the 1870s -- if memory serves. It was by a young American pianist, Amy Faye, who studied briefly under the great -- and by then aging -- Liszt. She recalled watching from her window as young Prussian troops marched smartly past on their way west to give the French (who started the war) a pummeling. How beautifully they sang, she observed, and how grand they looked. They "caught her breath" as they joked and laughed and saluted the cheering crowds. The young lady enthused that she had never seen -- or believed existed -- such splendid specimens of young manhood. All were fair and tall and robust, she insisted. Where, oh where, are they now?

Canadian subscriber

Christians are hopeless. This coming Saint Patrick's Day I'm going to write a letter to the editor of the local paper mentioning that St. Patrick, St. Olaf and St. Willebaid used torture to impose a barbaric Semitic religion on the Northern peoples. My home is a fundamentalist area. Fun.

401

Instauration is the one superb effort on our behalf that is squarely pointed in the right direction. It is superbly and brilliantly done and worthy of the thanks and support of every thinking white in the world today. If the Majority member could have his nose rubbed daily in the mental fare of *Instauration*, he might get mad enough to become a man again.

220

It's hilariously ironic that the International Liberal Establishment talks proudly of the browning of the U.S. -- the same color they hated so much in Nazism!

306

The State Department won't let us go to South African ports, not even when a fuel pickup there would be convenient and safer than going a thousand miles further on, low on fuel. So we travel on to Black African ports where services are much poorer. But when a genuine emergency hits, where do we turn? White South Africa. A guy got sick out here, and we hightailed it for Durban. The South Africans wanted us to come in and tie up in order to effect the transfer of the sick man, but the horse's asses back in Washington said no again. So we passed him across to a Durban harbor pilot boat in choppy seas, where the invalid could have been badly hurt or killed.

Seafaring subscriber

Living in the somewhat slummy, somewhat artsy, somewhat punked-out East Village area of Manhattan, I probably see as many or more interracial couples -- I speak here of black/white or mulatto/white, since I have not trained my eyes more broadly -- as any *Instauration* reader. But I do my little bit each day, and live to tell the tale. I sneer openly. I say, "disgusting!" I stare -- and boy, they're sensitive about staring! If a couple has a mulatto urchin in tow, I say, in my best Butterfly McQueen: "Cullud baby!" Why do I get away with this? Probably because I am a young and fairly attractive white woman. I'm supposed to be one of the oppressed. (I don't follow the reasoning, either.)

100

Let me say that the enemy has a hell of a problem. He controls everything to do with our mass media -- an incredible advantage -- but he does not control our genetic mind.

775

Instauration

is published 12 times a year by
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

Annual Subscription
\$25 regular (sent third class)
\$15 student (sent third class)
Add \$10.50 for first class mail
\$32.50 Canada and foreign
Add \$17.00 for overseas air
Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

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ISSN 0277-2302

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□ I notice that ebony-tinted Olympic winner Daley Thompson must now be held under the noses of Englishmen as the flower of English manhood. Even truckling anti-racists must feel the inappropriateness of it.

309

□ Recently I had the rare and pleasant experience of meeting a 21-year-old, breathtakingly beautiful super-Nordic of English extraction who is a student of journalism at our largest state university. What made the experience especially noteworthy was that years of propaganda had not totally eradicated her common sense and racial instincts. I was surprised to see how much she understood about the whole scheme of creation without any exposure to Majority activist literature. Her most memorable line was a comment on the insipidness of American culture which could only be characterized as "Chollyesque." I quote: "Contemporary American culture reminds me of a bad movie that has no end. 'Bad' not in any shocking sense, but more in the sense of dull, boring, tedious and distasteful. Anyone who is not instinctively alienated from the TV, consumerist, 'throw-away' culture of America is hopeless."

030

□ When Ataturk wanted Turks to stop wearing the Fez, which they wore because it brimlessly enabled them to bow to Mecca, he ordered the whole country to wear brimmed hats. Or else. When he ordered women to drop the veil, he was disobeyed. So he stationed a soldier in each marketplace with orders to shoot the first woman he saw come to market in a veil. The veils dropped. But you can't actually make a white out of a Turkic Eurasian by force. Sombody should have explained race to Ataturk. Madison Grant, Stoddard, Gunter and Weidenreich were all contemporaries of his. What wonders he could have performed!

441

□ Recently while on a tour of Appalachia I stopped by a small local craft shop. As I browsed happily among books about quilt-making, carving, weaving and Bluegrass, what did my wandering, wondering eyes behold? A big fat book entitled, Hooray for Yiddish!

327

□ In a way the U.S.S. Liberty is a timebomb waiting to explode the day some rusty blasted plate from its hull is found and cut up into a million pieces for distribution to collectors. Sorta like fragments of the True Cross.

606

□ On the ABC-TV "special" on public-school education shown in early September, one of the most heart-rending sights was the pretty blonde, blue-eyed teacher who was giving her best energies and reproductive years to educating indifferent and untalented "inner-city" children. There was hardly a hint of the real issues in public education -- the different average learning capacities of children of various races, the barely overlapping Gauss curves of IQ scores with rather distant peaks and the low reproductive rates of intelligent parents.

741

□ First a note to tell you how "right on" are Cholly's observations about the Chosen. I refer to his recent comments about their "telephonitis" and how mothers bug their children's teachers about their daughters' low grades. Years ago here in Chicago I went out with an ex-teacher from Chicago Latin School (Nancy Reagan went there). One of the major reasons she quit her job was because she couldn't stand the constant phoning from Jewish Princesses demanding to know why their kids were not getting A's.

604

□ I recently heard Gordon Liddy speak at a nearby university. One point in particular drew a great deal of attention. He mentioned how an inscription on the wall of the Jefferson Memorial was totally out of context and was another example of mind control. He mentioned taking this up with several government agencies and getting bizarre responses like -- even if he didn't, that is what Jefferson should have said, or that is what he would have said if he were alive today! [Editor's note: Liddy may have gotten the idea from *Instauration's* article on the Jefferson truncation (June 1977).]

172

□ Although Paul McCartney is ultimately too much of a lightweight to deserve a full-fledged "Majority Renegade of the Year" selection, I believe that he richly deserves a Dishonorable Mention, even though the Beatles are so much a part of my culture consciousness that I can't help but feel like a bit of an ingrate in making the nomination. I've always felt that Penny Lane was a thoroughly delightful piece of English popular music which captured beautifully the "feel" of Liverpool in the 1950s -- a teenager's view of his hometown and a paean to its mundane quotidian joys. McCartney was at his best with this song, just as Lennon was with the flip side of Strawberry Fields Forever. Only in much more recent years has Paul voluntarily assumed a racially destructive role. As his musical talent deteriorated, he has gone in for more and more "message music." Several years ago he cooked up a duet with Stevie Wonder, *Ebony* and *Ivory*, which I'm sure most *Instaurationists* remember with dread: "Ebony, ivory, working in perfect harmony . . ." A piano needs both black and white keys, yeah, yeah! This abomination would make a perfect national anthem for the MSA (Mulatto States of America). Apparently believing that you can't get enough of a bad thing, McCartney has recorded several duets with twitchy-limbed Michael Jackson. One set of lyrics dwell on their rivalry for the affections of a girl of unspecified race. "She's my girl, Paul. No, she's my girl, Michael." Beatle Paul, by the way, lives on a farm in Scotland, where it is much easier to imagine "Ebony and ivory working in perfect harmony" than in Brixton, Detroit, Watts or, for that matter, Lagos. (McCartney was robbed and almost murdered during a visit to Lagos.) Paul's "perfect harmony" adds up to nothing more than a marijuana-induced pipe dream, which he is free to share with wife Linda Eastman (née Epstein) and his three children, but which he should not inflict on impressionable Majority youngsters.

478

□ Karl Linna, an Estonian immigrant, is the first former citizen of any of the Baltic republics to be found guilty of war crimes by the Justice Department. Up to the present, the U.S. has at least paid lip service to the proposition that the incorporation of the Baltic states into the Soviet Union was an illegal act accomplished by force against the wishes of the inhabitants. The entire Justice Department investigative process has complicated the issue since a tacit admission of Soviet authority over the Baltic states has been made by the acceptance of depositions given in compliance with Soviet (not U.S.) law. Any deportation would represent a break with a 40-year-old policy which states that the Soviets can't expect to invade and annex sovereign nations and expect the U.S. to accept the act as legitimate. The Linna case has another interesting aspect. It is true that he was found guilty in absentia of offenses by the Soviet (not Estonian) government and sentenced to death. Although the media reported his conviction, they do not publicize the interesting detail that news of Linna's conviction first appeared in a publication of the Procurator General's office in Moscow, before the actual trial took place in Tallin, Estonia. A bureaucratic error had been responsible for not informing Moscow. Thus Linna was sentenced to death before the formality of a trial.

142

□ I have found in life that if you don't have to elbow a lot of Jews out of the way to get something, it is probably not worth having.

300

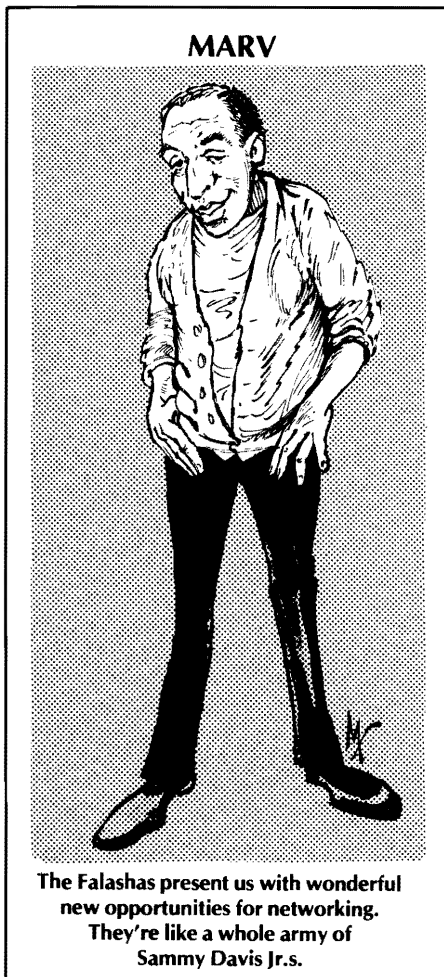


□ The shameful spectacle of those "conservative Republican congressmen" joining the latest anti-South African lynching bee by warning Afrikaners that they can expect no support from the American right wing provides us with yet another sign that the time for Majority members to sever their remaining links with what now passes for American conservatism is already long past. Conservatives have become like the little boy who runs out in the street to follow the parade -- the parade in this case being the racial war waged against the Majority. Malcolm X once stated that he much preferred the Southern redneck to the Northern liberal because he knew exactly where the former stood. As Instaurationists we should similarly prefer Majority liberals and libertarians (at least some of them are honest) to the pitiful crowd that goes by the name of "American conservatives."

121

□ The Medusa whose long snake tresses turned beholders to stone may have been one of the original Rasta girls with a hell of a long corn-row.

784



□ That article "1836 in Reverse" (Stirrings, Oct. 1984) was a gem. A lifelong resident of San Antonio, I can report that things here are indeed "desperately rotten." Like the rest of south Texas, we are under an alien occupation engineered by our own government. Until the late 50s, San Antonio was a Majority stronghold. But once the feds began pushing minorities, WASP bastions crumbled like stale cake. Today arrogant and militant Mexicans, most descendants of illegals, own the city, from the mayor (Hispanic racist), police and fire chiefs down to the dog catchers, mailmen and garbage collectors. Almost all public jobs are now reserved for the new elite. In the private sector, affirmative action is the order of the day. Anglo businessmen still control the city's economy but, like all renegades, countenance any humiliation so long as the pesos keep rolling in. A look at the marriage license columns in the newspapers shows that miscegenation is epidemic. Now that formerly all-white northside and southside suburbs teem with browns and blacks, crime there, especially rape, is spiraling. Today no one ventures too far from home at night without protection. Their holidays, like Cinco de Mayo, are celebrated with lavish ceremony, while ours, such as Alamo Day, are studiously ignored or treated as KKK rites by the minority-pandering media. The time is surely coming when our alien masters will demand the razing of the Alamo, a high point of Northern European history in the New World, because it grates on minority sensibilities. It is conservatively estimated that 100,000 illegals now squat here, and most sources agree this figure is probably 50% too low. If you want the classic example of what occurs when a Northern European population lets down its guard and allows itself to be taken over body and soul by dark aliens who are totally incapable of managing their own homeland, look no further than San Antonio.

782

□ Oh, how I loved the piece on Cecil Beaton! I sent copies to Anthony Haden-Guest, Tina Brown, Leo Lerman and numerous other personalities around town who just might be interested. I also sent some to friends at Vogue, suggesting coyly that here was a new addition to the Condé Nast Hall of Shame.

100

□ "Expatriate in Italy" writes in the Safety Valve (Oct. 1984) that "Nordics and whites in general" do not seem to have "an instinct for self-preservation." I sympathize with the general glumness of the sentiment, but I disagree with the statement. That we are now being greatly outproliferated by the colored races is more a reflection on our technological skills than on some innate death wish. Yes, we will decline numerically, even as the world heaves and civilization decays. But I suspect we'll put in a much better showing than anyone else when the game changes from exponential proliferation to bare-bones survival.

019

□ Is pornography essentially an artistic activity? What was pornographic back in the 60s is now artistic and O.K. in the 80s.

109

□ Today I had to renew my driver's license and went to an office that serves a wide swath of northern Virginia suburbs. Fully half, probably more, of the people were neither white nor black by any wild stretch of the imagination -- mainly East Asians and dark Hispanics, though many were of who-knows-what race. Now get this -- everyone over age 55 was not only white but Northern European, with one or two exceptions. The small minority of whites under 30 were mainly dark white: Italian, Jewish and the like. White Majority types were 10% of those under 30 and 90% of those over 55. This wasn't in a central city, but in green-belt suburbia. Let's give up on the Census. I'm convinced it's all lies. Officially there are 2 million whites, one million blacks and 250,000 others (at most) in the D.C. metro area. Lies! Everyone has to drive. Why were there so few whites at my suburban licensing place?

223

□ People make history. Food makes people. And soil makes food. The quality of all three are interdependent. If whites are to survive in America, they better wake up and discover what is happening to their soil and their food. No wonder we have problems. When will historians teach history from the viewpoint of nutrition? And how can they teach history without taking this all-important factor into account?

606

□ Isn't it positively uncanny the way Uncle Zog always seems to know just how to make a bad thing worse? Example: to provide a counterweight of sorts to that lugubrious sunken wall built to commemorate our Vietnam folly, it was decided to erect a traditional "upbeat" statue, showing three soldiers in heroic poses. Well, you've probably seen it by now too. One soldier is white, one soldier is black and the third soldier is . . . well, a word of explanation is necessary here. At first soldier #3 was described as "Hispanic." Days later, another news report explained it also represented "Indians and other minorities." In other words, that third GI is sort of an all-purpose brown "Other." Now Aleuts, Samoans and Arabs won't feel "left out." Isn't this idiocy a perfect example of just how the U.S., while supposedly becoming ever more "non-racist," becomes ever more racially obsessed?

042

□ In Attica (prison), Willie's radio is known as a "Harlem briefcase."

101

□ If a nation can be considered an organism of sorts, then I can't help but see the hard-working Majority farmer shipping out his foodstuffs to support the life of our major cities (why does New York persist on coming instantly to mind?) as being analogous to a human body's feeding the cancers that will eventually kill it.

121

□ Now that she has helped lead the Democratic ticket to an abysmal defeat, it's time to give an honest reevaluation to the whole phenomenon of Geraldine Ferraro. First of all, her nomination was a grim endorsement of America's mad affirmative action mentality. Ferraro was chosen simply because she was a woman. Period. Mondale had painted himself into such a corner with his shameless electoral pandering during those vice-presidential interviews that he had no choice but to emerge with Ferraro. With this little maneuver, the liberal-minority coalition has shown that every level of American life is now the subject of their damnable quota-politicking. The selection of Ferraro was also a stunning triumph for that culturally divisive monstrosity known as feminism. Although little more than 15 short years ago this brand of disruptiveness was hardly a gleam in Gloria Steinem's eye, in Orwellian 1984 it successfully elevated one of its own into a slot on a major party ticket. This was no small accomplishment. Finally, there was the personality of Ferraro herself. Politically an ultraliberal (90% plus on the ADA scale) and a Zionist toady, she vented a smart-mouthed New York City braying that expressed the degradation she brought to our political life better than anything else. Who will forget that curious schizophrenia of simultaneously brandishing her Helen Reddy-ish, I Am Woman stance while taking lady-like offense at wimpy George Bush's unusual (and very short-lived) lapse into verbal aggressiveness. This was a good example of the sort of sex role confusion now rampant in modern America.

509

□ Poor whitey is trapped in a vise, one jaw being the Jewish concept of God, the other the symbol of the exchange medium (\$), and for all his genius at creative thinking, science and technology, he cannot imagine life without either. The man who can leap into space and conquer it huddles and trembles before the minority eye-in-the-sky. With such voodoo our enemies defeat reason and all efforts to go up against this hocus-pocus come crashing down.

402

□ Bishop Tutu's recent awards evoked the usual squeals of delight on the part of the liberal press and presented once again the significant spectacle of whites winning Nobel Prizes for physics, chemistry and economics and blacks (Luthuli, St. Martin, Tutu) winning the Peace Prize for agitating against whites. We have here a neat paradigm for what is becoming the worldwide racial division of labor. Tutu, as was to be expected, referred in his acceptance speech to the "unfair" hogging of the wealth on the part of South Africa's whites. Here again we see the black man's addiction to the "Cargo Cult" version of economic wealth -- that wealth is a fixed commodity "out there," and the Negro is entitled to his "fair share" of it -- a share which the white man has hitherto denied him. How ironic that while Tutu speaks, the world can see in Ethiopia an excellent example of just how efficiently the Negro "creates and shares his wealth" when he has a country "all his own."

348

□ I read and re-read "The Last Page" (Nov. 1984). How high truth lifts one, even when the truth is ugly! I agree with every word in the article -- though I must confess that on one point I did stray from its wisdom. I broke a long personal tradition of voting for third-party presidential candidates and voted for Reagan, but for a reason Instauration might understand. After the Democratic and Republican national primaries were over, certain media bigwigs made a very big point of predicting -- with relish -- that the Reagan-Bush ticket would be the last traditional major-party American ticket headed by two white males. That is sad, so sad that for symbolic reasons alone I voted for this last white team.

936

□ A group of students at Brown University have been trying to get the campus health services to provide each student with cyanide pills to take in case of atomic war. The idea is that life after a nuclear attack would be no life at all; that at best it would be a return to the Stone Age. What if, I thought, Cro-Magnon man had felt that way? If he had, where would the white wimps at Brown University be?

327

□ Did you know that soon one of the major TV networks will bring out a sitcom along the lines of *Diff'rent Strokes* and *Webster*? Its name will be Little K, featuring a 3-year-old Jewish boy being raised by a family where the father is black and the mother Oriental.

783

□ In the small southern church in the town where I grew up, Christianity was a personal matter. It taught one to live a moral, upright life and to help one's fellow man. There was nothing unique about it. Any number of creeds contain the same code of conduct. The only reason it was called "Christianity" was because its central role-model was a man called Christ and because people could quote verses from the Christian book to support their beliefs. Judaeo-Christianity is quite another matter. The very things I remember being taught by Christianity are either ignored or mocked by Judaeo-Christianity. The two religions never touch and have nothing in common except the book -- and that is so differently interpreted that there may as well be two books.

770

□ The end result of contemporary leftism and contemporary rightism is the same. They are two paths to the same journey's end. The time schedule, ideologies, rationalizations, motivations, lusts and other details may vary, sometimes significantly, but the product is the same. The leftists will produce the extermination of the Northern European race. So will the rightists, but they will make a profit out of the operation.

401

□ I missed Marv in November. If some Nazi devil has not thrown him in the ovens and made him #6,000,001, please bring him back.

774

□ Recent TV coverage of starving Ethiopians made it seem that it was America's duty to feed them. None of the major commentators thought that Marxist Ethiopia was the responsibility of Communist-bloc nations. By some strange reversal of common sense, white Americans were morally obligated to feed starving blacks in a Communist country. Meanwhile, the anti-Communist government of white South Africa (whose social order has provided more nourishment and employment for more blacks than Ethiopia's ever will) was being shown -- yet again -- as the great enemy of mankind, against whose vital interests everyone on earth was expected to work and fight. Thus, during the first exposure to North Africa's famine, the media were admonishing us to support our enemies and destroy our friends.

113

□ Only about 6% of total liquidity in the U.S. is currency. The rest is credits in one form or another. This means that the money supply is mostly credit. If interest rates are relatively high, credit expansion and thus the money supply are held in check. If interest rates are low, the reverse is true. The Federal Reserve can control bank reserves, raise or lower the discount rate, engage in open market operations, or control the federal funds rate. The end result is the control of interest rates, which controls the credit outstanding, which makes up most of the money supply, which determines the general level of prices.

Keynesianism and supply-side nonsense aside (Keynesianism is a limited measure which politicians won't practice and supply side seems to be a kind of get rich through tithing scheme), if the President and Congress should start reducing the national debt, the Federal Reserve could offset this reduction in spending by increasing the money supply through much lower interest rates. There might be some wrenching dislocations, but this occurs with every major change. Our society is going bankrupt partly because of widespread belief in overly simplified theories. It is seldom pointed out that interest on the national debt, which buys us nothing, now accounts for a huge slice of the deficit.

652

□ Isn't it odd how the Negro, even within his realms of expertise, remains ultimately dependent on white inventiveness? The saxophone was invented by the German Adolphe Sax, while basketball was developed in New England by James Naismith, a Canadian by birth.

121

□ For the past two years I have been trying to enlighten my Nordic neighbors as to the war being waged against us. Today I saw a friend with the latest Instauration flyer. He held it with respect. This person two years ago was very naive. If I may say so, he was converted by his genes and his love for the beautiful. It was an animal (organic) thing. Moreover, he and his wife have produced the most beautiful baby I have ever seen. Their little girl is light years ahead of any other child on the block. It is extremely unfortunate that the couple are not able to reproduce 100,000 times.

775

HOW MANY ATOMIC BOMBS IN THE ZIONIST ARSENAL?

While our ears and eyes are assaulted on an almost daily basis by nuclear freezers and nuclear winter doomsayers, very little attention is given to the people who are most likely to provoke these catastrophes. It is the considered opinion of *Instauration* that neither Russia nor the U.S. will ever be first to launch fusion or fission bombs at each other. Nuclear warfare, if it does materialize, is most likely to be started by smaller unstable nations, particularly the most neurotic nation on earth -- Israel.

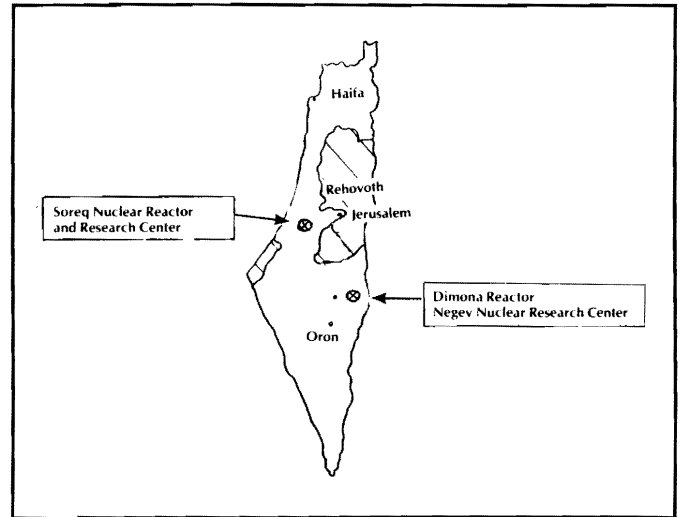
Time reported that in the 1973 Yom Kippur War, when the Egyptian army had broken through Israel's Sinai defenses, the Zionists were all set to unloose their nuclear arsenal against Sadat. Only massive American aid and a last-minute successful Israeli counterattack saved hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of Egyptians from incineration.

Sooner or later, some or all of the Arab nations are going to start another of their many wars against Israel. When that fateful day arrives, the Zionist state, if it hasn't already fallen apart from within (how long can such an economic and political monstrosity last?), is most probably going to go out not with a whimper but with a whoosh -- even perhaps a nuclear whoosh, if the Arabs, almost as neurotic, should get their vengeful hands on the necessary amount of enriched uranium or plutonium.

To keep its finger on the Middle Eastern nuclear pulse, the area of the world most likely to see future mushroom clouds, *Instauration* recently bought a copy of *Israel's Nuclear Arsenal* (unlike the *New York Times*, we have to pay for the books we review). The author is Peter Pry, described as a specialist "in defense and strategic studies," who has written articles for *Military Journal* and similar military publications. The publisher is Westview Press, Boulder, Colorado.

Israel entered the nuclear age in 1955-60, Pry informs us, when 56 Israelis received training at the Atomic Energy Commission's research centers at Argonne National Laboratory and Oak Ridge. Concurrently, the U.S. also agreed to build a five-megawatt reactor for the Israelis at Nahal Soreq, a few miles south of Tel Aviv. In 1960-66, the U.S. provided Israel with 50 kilos of U-235 to run the Soreq reactor, enough to make several small atomic bombs of the Nagasaki type. It is believed, however, that the operation of the Soreq reactor has been fairly legitimate since it is not the type to produce weapons-grade nuclear material.

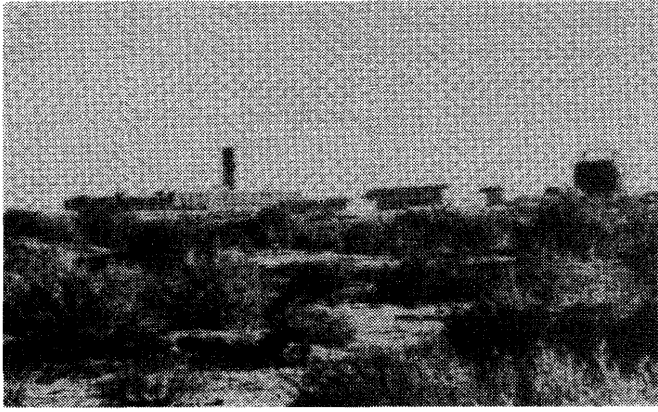
During the 60s, Israel received a great deal of help for conventional and nuclear weapons from France, which was piqued by Secretary of State Dulles's refusal to make the French a "nuclear partner" as he had made the British. French technicians shared with the Israelis the nuclear know-how they had acquired in the construction of French bombs, the first of which was exploded in February 1960.



More important, French nuclear engineers helped design a 26-megawatt reactor for the Israelis at Dimona. It was Israel's decision to go ahead with the Dimona project that some years earlier had caused the mass resignation (6 out of 7) of the members of the Israeli Atomic Energy Commission.

Dimona, operational in December 1963, can churn out quantities of plutonium (Pu-239), the main ingredient for the hottest atomic bombs. The terms of the French-Israeli deal on the Dimona reactor are still top secret. It is fairly certain, however, that it permits the Israelis to ship their plutonium to France, where it is separated and then returned to Israel to be loaded into fission bombs. As far back as 1967, France had sent Israel enough separated material for at least 15 to 20 nuclear devices. Furthermore, for its work on the Dimona reactor, France did not ask for inspection rights, either by Frenchmen or by members of the International Atomic Energy Commission. The U.S., on the other hand, did win some restricted rights of inspection, later withdrawn even though, to keep the inspection doors open, Israel was offered \$40 million for the construction of a nuclear desalinization plant. After 1963, Israel prohibited all inspections of Dimona by any country or international agency. In November 1976, 13 junketing U.S. senators were refused entry.

The consensus of opinion is that Israel really went all out on its bomb-building program after the 1967 war, when France turned to fence-mending with the Arab states and cut off all French aid and participation in Israel's nuclear projects. With its huge financial subsidies from public and private sources in the U.S., Israel could easily afford to get into the nuclear weapons business on its own, since small bombs only cost about \$10.4 million each. This includes the price of the uranium, which can be acquired from



Dimona reactor deep in the Negev

South Africa, Argentina and other countries. On at least four separate occasions, Israel has been known to have stolen uranium. The Zionist state has also sabotaged efforts of Arabs to acquire bomb-manufacturing techniques and facilities. The attack on the Baghdad reactor and the assassination of one or more Arab nuclear physicists come to mind.

The latest intelligence information is that Taiwan, South Africa and Israel are cooperating on nuclear projects, including the building of missiles capable of carrying warheads great distances.

Estimates of the number of fission bombs presently in Israel's nuclear arsenal range from 11 to 18 (UN) to 19 to

31 (CIA). A London intelligence newsletter, *Foreign Report*, puts the number at 200. Two Israeli writers (Ami Dor-on and Eli Teicher) say that Israel has "several hydrogen bombs." Journalists Howard Kohn and Barbara Newman have accused Israel of stealing or underhandedly acquiring enough uranium to make 150 warheads.

Author Peter Pry sums up:

[As of] January 1984, Israel has almost certainly made between eleven and thirty-one plutonium A-bombs. Less certainly, but still probably, the Israelis are able to make both plutonium- and uranium-based arms and may have built as many as forty-one fission weapons.

As for size, all Israeli bombs are probably in the 12 to 22 kilotons of TNT range, similar to the Nagasaki bomb. They may not be assembled but kept in a storage area where engineers can put them together in less than 78 hours. To deliver the bombs the Israelis have to depend largely on U.S. and French warplanes, which severely limits their range, but puts them within reach of most large Arab cities. There is even the remote possibility that an Israeli bomb could reach Moscow by a combined airlift and missile arrangement.

The only comforting news is that large fission and fusion bombs demand thorough testing before there is any reasonable chance they will do their dirty work. As far as anyone knows, no tests of large bombs, whose explosions can be detected fairly easily, have yet been made by Israel.

see also June 1985, pp. 9-10.

DEATH AT WHIDBEY ISLAND

As recent events have proved, revolutionary violence in this country is no longer the monopoly of the minorities. It's true that Jewish terrorist groups, Majority renegades and Marxist blacks are still going about their dirty business of burning out white publishers, trashing the homes and careers of Holocaust doubters, robbing banks or killing cops. But the tax protesters, abortion clinic bombers and Far Western insurrectionaries are demonstrating that they also are acquiring a proficiency in taking the law into their own hands.

A violent Majority reaction to minority violence was inevitable. Even the most timid animal will fight back when cornered. Even the most law-abiding citizen will "go criminal" if he believes his physical survival is at stake. The trouble is that to declare a personal war against the state in present-day America is almost certain suicide. In view of what the media can make of such an event, violence is totally counterproductive unless one believes that today's right-wing corpse will become tomorrow's right-wing martyr.

We have read all about the incineration of tax protester Gordon Kahl during a shoot-out with the FBI. In December there was a similar auto-da-fé in Washington state when Robert Mathews, a 31-year-old Majority activist, was burnt

to a crisp by a besieging army of FBI men who set his "safe house" on Whidbey Island afire after what amounted to a small war. Skeptics say that both Kahl and Mathews could have been forced out of their hideouts with tear gas and that there was no need for their fiery obliteration. But since Kahl had killed a couple of government lawmen (in self-defense, say his supporters) and Mathews had already robbed a bank (an old self-financing revolutionary custom once practiced by Stalin), held up a Brink's armored car, and had himself taken a few potshots at G-men and at least one G-woman, he could hardly have expected a "gentle arrest." In fact, the FBI people were so ungentele that in their first firefight with Mathews in a motel, they accidentally shot the manager. At the time they were looking for another Majority fugitive, Gary Yarbrough, in whose home they claimed they had found the gun that had killed Alan Berg, the Denver Jewish radio host whose electromagnetic spiels often seemed to have been taken word for word from the *ADL Messenger*, *The Nation* and *Hustler*.

Though we cannot understand their strategy, we can understand the frustration of Kahl, Mathews and those arrested for bombing abortion clinics in north Florida. We can also understand how the media continue to grate on the Majority consciousness by never once raising the ques-

tion of "police brutality" when Majority activists are killed, but only when a fleeing Negro criminal is shot in the leg by an unwary cop.

Survival Strategy

Majority members haven't a chance of surviving in this country unless they use every last ounce of their intelligence. And nothing is more "dead-endish" than to take up arms or resort to any kind of violence where the states, the courts, the government, the military and every other vestige of power is in the hands of one's opponents and oppressors. The gung-ho doughboy who stuck his head above the trenches in World War I was on the fast track to rigor mortis.

When someone's life hangs in the balance, this is the one time he must keep his head, not lose it. One or two men can't fight an army of millions. David took on Goliath, but he wouldn't have done so well against 10,000 Goliaths

armed with Uzis instead of spears. David also didn't have to contend with the informers that inevitably infest every Majority group, peaceful or not. It was, of course, a governmental stool pigeon who did Mathews in.

Educate, convert, play by the rules and let events, not bravado acts, make Majority members understand that unless they unite by the thousands and tens of thousands, not by the dozens, they are going under. Then and only then is the time for organization, politicking and action.

The law-abiding instinct of the Majority, the instinct responsible for the establishment of the world's highest civilizations, simply won't tolerate latter-day Robin Hoods and other assorted super-activists. Rather than join an illegal group, the average Majority member would prefer to join his enemies. That is the way it is. For every shot fired at an FBI agent, under whatever conditions and on whatever pretenses, there will be a hundred more lost supporters for the Majority cause.

The Last Words of Robert Mathews

Mathews moved from Arizona to Washington ten years ago and worked in a mine and in a cement factory near Metaline Falls. He leaves a wife, who loyally stuck by him and his romantic revolutionary notions to the bitter end, and a 3-year-old son. But let him tell his own story in a mimeographed statement, a sort of ideological Last Will and Testament, released to the press after his death by some of his friends. He apparently wrote it in the few days left to him after the FBI had almost nailed him in a Portland hotel. His associate, Gary Yarbrough, was captured, but somehow Mathews escaped, his hand mangled by an FBI bullet. He flagged a van whose driver took him to a hospital. After being treated, he managed to make it to a remote area of Puget Sound, where he and a few other members of his group, which he called "The American Bastion," were tracked down by the G-men. All but Mathews were taken alive.

Reading became an obsession with me. I consumed volume upon volume, on subjects dealing with history, politics and economics. I was especially taken with Spengler's *Decline of the West* and Simpson's *Which Way Western Man*. I also subscribed to numerous periodicals on current American problems, especially those concerned with the ever increasing decline of White America.

My knowledge of ancient European history started to awaken a wrongfully suppressed emotion buried deep within my soul, that of racial pride and consciousness.

The stronger my love for my people grew, the deeper became my hatred for those who would destroy my race, my heritage, and darken the future of my children.

By the time my son had arrived I realized that White America, indeed my entire race, was headed for oblivion unless white men arose and turned the tide. The more I came to love my son the more I realized that

unless things changed radically, by the time he was my age, he would be a stranger in his own land, a blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryan in a country populated mainly by Mexicans, mulattos, blacks and Asians . . .

Thus I have no choice. I must stand up like a white man and do battle.

A secret war has been developing for the last year between the regime in Washington and an ever growing number of white people who are determined to regain what *our* forefathers had discovered, explored, conquered, settled, built and died for.

When I came out of my motel room that morning, a gang of armed men came running at me. None of the men had uniforms on and the only thing they said was, "Stop, you bastard." At this, I yelled to Gary, who was still inside, and I leaped down the stairwell and took off running into the parking lot. A woman agent shot at my back and the bullet missed and hit the motel manager. I rounded the corner of the motel and took off down the hill into a residential area. After running for two blocks I decided to quit being the hunted and become the hunter. I drew my gun and waited behind a concrete wall for the agents to draw near. When I aimed my gun at the head of the closest agent, I saw the handsome face of a young white man and lowered my aim to his knee and his foot. Had I not done so I could have killed both agents and still had left the use of my hand, which is now mangled beyond repair and which I might very well lose altogether. That is the last time I will ever give quarter.

I am not going into hiding, rather I will press the FBI and let them know what it is like to become the hunted. Doing so it is only logical to assume that my days on this planet are rapidly drawing to a close. Even so, I have no fear. For the reality of life is death, and the worst the enemy can do to me is shorten my tour of duty in this world. I will leave knowing that my family and friends love me and support me. I will leave knowing that I have made the ultimate sacrifice to secure the future of my children.

DESTROYING PHILADELPHIA -- QUAKER STYLE

For more than a century and a half, a group even smaller than the one that immediately comes to mind has been about the Lord's Business of racially integrating America. The Society of Friends, comprising no more than 150,000 church-goers, practically all of them well-heeled, has been advocating abolition since the 1830s, when some of its members began smuggling black slaves on the underground railroad to northern homes.

Early in this century, Quakers were involved in a whole host of controversial matters, some admirable, others exasperatingly simple-minded. It was the Friends who took the lead in "Americanizing" the wave of New Immigrants (1890-1914), who supported women's suffrage, who campaigned against the demon rum and helped assure passage of the Volstead Act. In time of war they were generally for pacifism. Came the Bolshevik Revolution and many of them pronounced it good.

Traditionally centered in those leafy, elegant suburbs charmingly strung out along the western reaches of Philadelphia, Quakers almost predictably rebelled against the boredom of Eisenhower's bourgeois prosperity by flocking southward toward Alabama and Georgia in the heady days of Civil Rights. Off they went to do battle with the defiant South, abandoning their books and lecture halls in the cloistered confines of Swarthmore, Haverford and Bryn Mawr. As the saying goes, Swarthmore's loss was Selma's gain. Totally unconcerned for the social realities of Southern life, Quakers probably did as much as any other cohort of the liberal-minority coalition to fan the flames of racial violence.

Having helped to deracinate the South, Quakers returned home and devised a strategy for racially integrating "their" Philadelphia. And, in some ways, it was theirs. Since the colonial era, the Quakers had taken the lead in education, commerce and politics in the City of Brotherly Love. And, even in these modern times, Quakers influenced municipal matters vastly beyond that which their tiny numbers might suggest. Their first shot at housing integration was fired in the sleepy, working-class rural village of Trevoise, just minutes north of Philadelphia's city line. Carefully engineering the creation of the region's first racially mixed housing project, Quakers poured millions into an enterprise which was expected to showcase the ideals of love and tolerance. Within three years, however, the operation was bankrupt, the victim of all those social ills associated with subsidized black migrations.



William Penn's statue on top of City Hall surveys an increasingly unhappy demographic scene.

Undaunted (or uneducated), the Quakers pressed on. Their next step would be nothing less than the huge, sprawling Levittown complex, built to shelter the armies of semi-skilled workers fleeing from the played-out anthracite coal mines of Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and Hazelton for jobs at the Fairless steel plant in Morrisville. This time the Quakers again underestimated the job, despite a healthy dose of support from Jewish civil rights lawyers armed with the latest racial legislation from Washington. But for the timely intervention of state and local police, the furious resistance from Irish and Slavic Levittowners would have spilled over into a generalized race war.

The giddy integrationist momentum of the 1960s, however, was not to be slowed. Failure in Levittown did not prevent an attack on the working-class parishes of Philadelphia's ethnic neighborhoods. First it was necessary to look for reinforcements, which came from the most unlikely of places -- Philadelphia's Episcopalian church-goers, long the paragons of establishmentarian life (and historically indifferent to the busybody tactics of meddling Quaker social-worker types). The Episcopalians, high and low church, were developing a new strain of communicant, socially conscious, politically active and decidedly left-wing. Only too willing to accept the dogma of integration espoused by tweedy Quaker professors, the Episcopal-



The New 3rd World Lounge -- a black social center in an extinct white ethnic neighborhood.

ian allies promised to bring deeper, more entrenched municipal influence to the cause of racially leveling the ethnic stretches. The enemy, as always, was that working class world of recent European immigrants arrogantly claiming the right to self-identity. The battleground was miles upon miles of humble row-house neighborhoods, most situated close to the industrial plants along the Delaware River waterfront.

Jewish real estate speculators, sensing the kill, provided the opening volley. The game was to drive housing prices down to distress levels, buy them up on the cheap and turn them over to blacks for a neat, quick profit. The Episcopalians would provide the capital and the Quaker moralists would cover their flanks with loud condemnations of recalcitrant ethnic bigots for resisting the inevitable. Throughout the 60s and 70s the battle raged. In the beginning the ethnics had a valuable ally in Mayor Frank Rizzo, the streetwise "tough cop" who at least had no illusions about the short-term economic purpose behind race mixing. Rizzo's neutralization, even demise, was therefore essential to achieve the greater goal. Almost daily, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* brimmed over with slanderous articles against this living obstacle to "racial harmony." Rizzo's removal from control of the Democratic machine accelerated the retrenchment of ethnic whites behind their last lines of defense -- the ethnic neighborhoods built up brick by brick with the meager savings of generations of poorly paid workers whose labors had produced the wealth that bought the elegant Main Line country houses, the owners of which who were now the ethnics' sworn enemies. Block by block began to fall to the hordes of ignorant blacks streaming into Philadelphia's inner-city bus stations from points south. Soon, one of America's

most vital centers of ethnic social life would be replaced by a junk-strewn wasteland of red-doored churches, vandalized schools, abandoned homes and eroded playing fields.

Amazingly, a few brave bastions of ethnic solidarity were still in place in the 1980s. In neighborhoods like Irish Kensington, Italian South Philly and Polish Fishtown, isolated residents continued to soldier on, celebrating their Feast Days and holding their processions. Soon, however, even these vestigial groups will be swept away, as the last of the ethnic youth flee to the sanctuary of shopping-mall America.

Driving along the elevated roadway of Interstate 95, which cuts through these ethnic Alamos, the motorist can still see the huge old Gothic, Romanesque and Italianate churches marking the parishes as always, but now in brooding remembrance of a scattered past, not a vital present.

Why did it happen? What underlying malevolence could have motivated the sanctimonious establishmentarian brethren to promote such a monstrous social program? Could it be the inherited meanness of old European religious hostility, or merely the need to justify power and wealth in some "socially meaningful" way? We may never know. One thing it was not: brotherly love.

Today, little is heard about the great social experiments of the 60s and 70s from their authors. The deafening silence could be anticipated, considering that the Main Line itself is only now feeling the first, halting thrusts from blacks poised across the city line's boundary. It is extremely doubtful that black Mayor Wilson Goode will or can do anything to halt the invasion that will finally bring the joys and delights of integration to the front doors of the integrationists.

**The second and concluding part of a wanderlusting
Instaurationist's adventures in a Middle Eastern hotspot**

A JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA (II)

There seemed to be only one hotel in Baniyas, the Hotel Baniyas. I got a room, showered, took a nap, woke up, read for an hour, and went to the market to buy a melon for tomorrow's breakfast. The Mideast has to be the finest fruit-growing region in the world. I ate fresh fruit every day and never felt finer. The melons in Syria were unforgettable.

English is by no means widely spoken in Syria, but seems to have succeeded French as the second language. I was astonished at the number of people who handled it rather well -- Ahmad, the manager of the Hotel Baniyas, for example. He seemed concerned that I might miss the important historical sights, such as Marqab Castle. This was a Crusader fortress just a few miles inland from Baniyas. He rang up two cousins to serve as guides. The next day we drove south of town and then turned east and began climbing, as I held on to the roller bar of a small, beat-up truck. When the road disappeared we walked uphill for nearly an hour. There was a splendid view of the Mediterranean, but the castle itself was a disappointment. In all fairness, after five weeks in Turkey, a treasure trove of historical relics, I would have yawned upon discovering the Pyramids.

Twenty-four hours later I was on a bus to the highway between Tartus and Homs, which skirts the northern Lebanese border. I expected to see lots of military activity and road checkpoints, but there was nothing of the kind. It was difficult to believe that heavy fighting was taking place in the Lebanese city of Tripoli, 30 miles to the south.

At Homs I bought a falafel sandwich, generously stuffed with tomatoes and pickles, from a pushcart vendor and sat down to eat. The problem now was where to go next? Damascus was a possibility. I could easily get there in a few hours, but I wanted my triumphant entry there to be the highlight of the trip. The alternative destination was the ruins of Palmyra, the ancient Roman city, to the east.

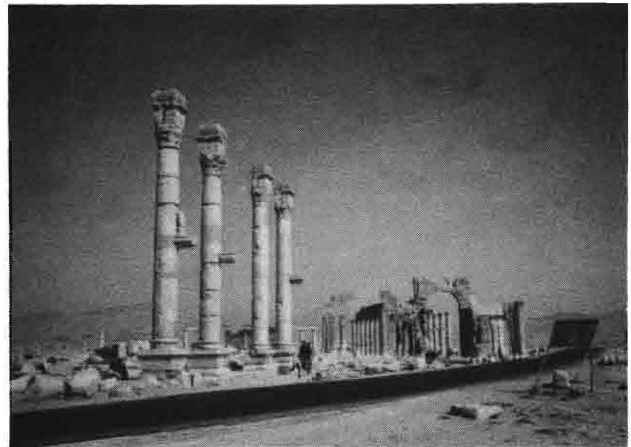
Too exhausted to go tramping around in search of a hotel, I caught a bus for Palmyra. It took over an hour to fill and the crying babies, bickering women and people bugging me about my seat number pushed me very close to the threshold. Finally, we were off into the desert on a paved but bumpy road, the last rays of sunlight making the landscape appear like a giant lamp. The camels standing idly at a distance from the road were the first I had seen.

From the outside I had my doubts about Palmyra's New Tourist Hotel, situated directly across the street from the friendly neighborhood mosque. Once on the inside, however, I knew I had come to the right place. The manager was friendly, the locals were lounging on sofas in the foyer, watching television, and the corridor was adorned with peasant dresses, swords, glass cases containing ancient

coins and jewelry, and various items of Syrian folk art. The rooms were cramped, the toilets foul and, despite its name, the hotel was neither new nor occupied by other tourists. But it was my kind of place.

The manager asked me to come back for tea after I had settled in, but I had to beg off and immediately collapsed into a deep slumber. I was awakened by a sound that nearly sent me through the roof. The loudspeaker of the minaret was aimed directly at my open window. Now I've always maintained that you've only half-lived your life if you've never heard the haunting, timeless wail of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer in a lonely Islamic backwater. But at 4:30 A.M.?

In the morning, feeling like a human being again, I left the hotel to explore the ruins at the edge of town. The unusual feature of the Palmyra ruins is that the main highway neatly bisects them, so you can take them in at 60 miles an hour if you're short on time.



The remains of once-great Palmyra

"Would you like a guide to explain the history of the temple?" an Arab asked me, as I stood at the entrance to the Temple of Baal. His English being excellent, his fee being reasonable, and seeming like a decent chap, I hired him.

"And what is your nationality?"

"American."

"Oh, American. Welcome! There are not many Americans who come here." We walked along. "And how are you enjoying our country?"

"I'm having a pretty nice time, though I was scared about coming to Syria at first."

"Oh, this is nothing but all the Jewish propaganda in your newspapers and television," he scowled.

"Well, sometimes I read different newspapers that most people in America don't know about, and they say the

Arabs are getting the back end of the camel."

"Oh, I see," he grinned. "Underground sheets."

"Yeah," I laughed, "you could say that."

He gave me a fact-filled tour of the beautifully preserved temple. But seeing four or five French tourists pacing around at the entrance, he rushed through the last sites and, cranking my hand, wished me luck on the rest of my travels.

Early that evening I was reading in bed when there was a knock on my door. It was Saad, the hotel manager's nephew, whom I had met earlier in the day along with his brother Salem and their friend Mohammed. "Meestar, drinking tea?" Saad was only in the fifth grade, but was already studying English at school. I told him I'd be out in ten minutes.

The whole gang was present in robes and kafiyehs, crowded around a television set. Salem poured me a glass of tea flavored with a mint sprig. Word had gotten around about the American guest. I walked around shaking hands and saying, "Salaam," then sat down between Saad and Salem. "Look, Meestar," said the latter, pointing to the TV set, "Los Angeles!" Here I was in a small hotel in a desert town in the middle of a country recently pushed to the brink of war by America, watching the gymnastic events of the 1984 Summer Olympics with the friendliest bunch of guys you'd ever want to meet. Everyone was glued to the set -- oohs and aahs punctuated each performance. As I was marveling at the sharpness of the picture, the power failed. It now behooved me to find something else to do. Salem raced home to get his stamp album. I went to my room and returned with by Arabic-English dictionary. This would be a good opportunity to brush up on my nonexistent Arabic, while I could help the boys out with their English. We took turns. Everyone in the room laughed every time I came across a word which had a glottal stop between syllables. I decided that Arabic was so difficult it wasn't worth the effort to build a vocabulary. By comparison, Turkish was a breeze. I still retain about 30 Turkish words; only five or six in Arabic.

Salem appeared breathlessly at the top of the stairs with his album and we sat down to look through it. Nearly all the stamps were from Arab countries, some of them very colorful. We went through them individually, and when we were finished, he pulled out an Egyptian and a Kuwaiti stamp and gave them to me. He asked me to send him some American stamps when I returned home. I promised I would, and I have.

Sometime later the picture returned to the tube, but the Olympics were over. The nightly news program from Damascus was on. Assad was shown conferring with some other Arab leader. There were boring clips of dams, irrigation projects, that sort of thing. Meir Kahane, whose election to the Knesset was very big news in the Arab world, was shown doing his hate-mongering act in Israel. (The Arabs pronounce it with a long, vicious A -- IsRAAYil -- as if it were a curse.) Saad turned to me and said, "Meestar, IsRAAYil not good." Finally, there were some shots of Reagan and Mondale campaigning, and I thanked God I was about as far away from the nauseating spectacle of American electioneering as I could get. But I'm always

amazed at the tremendous obsession with America exhibited by almost all earthlings. A month earlier I was watching a TV news program at a beer garden in Konya, Turkey (home of Mevlana, the 13th-century mystic who founded the order of the Whirling Dervishes), when a tremendous fireworks display appeared on the tube, followed by the Beach Boys. I got to celebrate the Fourth of July after all.

The Damascus bus pulled in at 8:30 the next morning. "Esh Sham! Esh Sham! Esh Sham!" The driver needn't have shouted the Arab name for Damascus because everyone knew where the bus was going. Luggage, sacks and boxes were handed up to the man on the roof, who expertly tied them down. People started packing in, and in no time we were off to the "Pearl of the Middle East," or so says the Syrian tourist literature.

Nobody knew I was American, only that I spoke a different tongue. The seeds, nuts and cigarettes never stopped coming. The countryside was not encouraging; nothing but the endless beige of the desert and occasional sun-bleached villages.

About halfway to the Syrian capital we came to a road junction where a few passengers requested to get off. As we slowed down, we passed a battered sign indicating the direction to Damascus and Baghdad in both Arabic and English. I reacted quickly, grabbing my camera and telling the driver, "One second!" I dashed 50 feet back to the sign, took the photo and sprinted back to the bus, where I fell under the heavy glare of nearly all the passengers. Why on earth would you want to photograph a road sign, their eyes seemed to ask. When we were rolling again, a man sitting near me demanded, "What your country?"

"America."

"American!" he repeated in a low voice and clammed up. So did everyone else. All of a sudden I was a non-person. The tobacco supply was cut off. We rode on in dead silence.

About ten minutes later the driver's helper went around the bus collecting identity cards. I gave him my passport. Evidently there was a military checkpoint ahead. A foreigner, an American, taking photos near a military zone? I suppose I couldn't blame all these folks for being suspicious.

We came to a large asphalt lot where three other buses were parked. Everyone had to get out. Nearby was the incongruous sight of an anti-aircraft gun mounted on the bed of a late-model Chevrolet pick-up. I tried to make conversation with some of my fellow passengers while we were waiting, but they wanted nothing to do with me. We were kept there for the better part of an hour, then allowed to leave. There were no searches, no questions, no difficulties. My passport was returned without comment.

Once again we were rolling down -- at a somewhat faster clip than the old rabbi who became St. Paul -- the road to Damascus. Soon we were into a large display of heavy weaponry on both sides of the road, barrels pointed skyward at every angle. Little doubt these guns were here to protect the capital from a Baghdad-style Israeli air attack.

We couldn't be far from Damascus now. Damascus!

Once a great world city, a metropolis loaded with historical drama! But reduced for most American newspaper readers and Dan Rather viewers to an infernal breeding ground spawning every kind of hideous Arab terrorist dedicated to destroying the holy state of Israel. What American knows or cares that Damascus is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world?

I imagined Alexander the Great galloping up to the city wall on Bucephalus and wondered if my entry would be equally triumphant. It wasn't. It was more like Dick Dirtbag arriving at his factory job in Jersey City on a crowded commuter bus. Garbage-strewn streets, sloppy construction sites, traffic jams, honking horns, this was the Pearl of the Middle East?

Damascus wasn't such a bad place, really. But neither was it the fabled Near Eastern Camelot I imagined it to be. There is not one great surviving historical monument, aside from the gargantuan Ommuyad Mosque, where St. John the Baptist is said to be buried. The streets and alleys display nothing predating the Middle Ages.



The out-of-date Damascus

It's a great city for walking -- flat, manageable, well laid out. The modern part of town is as nice as any in the Mideast. The streets are perfectly safe to walk at any hour, although African students are not an uncommon sight. Fifths of Johnny Walker Red and cartons of Marlboros are sold openly on the black market. Foreign newspapers and magazines abound on the newsstands. You can buy a poster of Rocky or world-famous airhead Michael Jackson as easily as a slice of baklava. But if you want to hang a picture of Marx or Lenin on your wall, you'd have better luck shopping in Rome or New York. The obviously Western orientation of the populace, in contrast to the government's ties to the Communists and Third World, is what makes Syria such an enigma.

I stayed in Damascus five days, which was probably three days more than it deserved. But I knew I'd probably

never return and I wanted to soak up as many impressions as I could. My fondest memories are the sidewalk juice stands where you could buy a glass of just about any combination of local fruits blended to order, as well as fantastic banana milkshakes. But I'll also remember Damascus as a city where Arab-type hassles kept mounting to the point where I wished Mohammed had stayed in Mecca. I remember the clerk at the post office who couldn't be bothered showing me stamps I wanted for my collection, even though nobody was in line behind me; the moronic, interminable horn-honking; the petty cheating in the markets and pastry shops; the ripoff artists who ran the Rami Hotel -- plastered with posters of Khomeini and his son to make the Iranian guests feel at home -- and who upped the price the night before I checked out.

The advertised nonstop bus ride from Damascus to Amman, Jordan, should take no more than four hours. Unfortunately, there's a border to cross and this practically turns the trip into a dawn-to-dusk affair. The Syrians detain you over three hours, the Jordanians nearly two.

Incredibly, there was an American sitting behind me on the bus, an older man wearing a hearing aid and baseball



The up-to-date Damascus

cap. I heard him talking to the Arab sitting next to him. When we arrived at the border and had to get out, I introduced myself as a fellow American. Eager to talk, he said he'd just been up to Damascus for a short visit, after having lived and worked in Amman four years supervising the construction of a hospital. He said he liked Jordan and its people very much. Of all the countless Canadians, Americans, Europeans and Australians I have met in my travels abroad, he was the very first to have some unkind things to say about the new owners of Palestine.

We got our passports stamped quickly, but there were hundreds of others who were not so fortunate. To kill time, I went with the American to a nearby eatery. Seated at the next table was a Lebanese Christian (he was wearing a small crucifix), who was loudly defending Israel's occupation of the West Bank. I couldn't believe my ears, not only because of what I was hearing, but because I was hearing it out loud on Syrian soil!

Whenever my friend tried to make a point -- the poor old soul became overexcited and trembled with rage -- the Lebanese erupted into an infuriating laugh. He steadfastly

claimed that everyday life on the West Bank was less of a headache than elsewhere in the Arab world.

"Give me an example," I said. He needed no urging.

You go to change money in a bank in Damascus or Amman. They tell you to sit down and wait. Then there are 10 people who have to sign things, pass papers around, this and that, and sometimes you wait for 20, 30 minutes. If you're in a hurry, they tell you too bad, sit down and wait. In Jerusalem you go to a bank and one person does the whole job by himself in a minute, and you're finished. If you yell at Arabs, they make you wait another hour. If you ask them nicely to stamp your passport, they smile and say, "Why, what's the hurry?"

It seemed pretty cagey to sidestep the issue of Zionist expansionism with such trivialities, but what the man said was probably true.

The Arabs have never been my favorite people in this world. They litter indiscriminately. They drive like maniacs and most of them would go to pieces if their horns stopped working. They don't use handkerchiefs. They're often ill-tempered, impatient, obnoxious and abrasive. They can be real slobs around Western women, especially blondes. For these reasons and others, I've never considered myself militantly pro-Arab. But I didn't meet a single Arab in Syria who could remotely be called a terrorist or fanatic of any kind, religious or political. I'm not saying there aren't any; I'm saying I never met one. (If I could only say the same about the people I later met in Israel.) Nor did I once feel as though I was in any kind of physical danger during the two weeks I spent there. (If I could only say the same about New York).



Females Want a Special Kind of Male

"Anatomy Is Destiny" (August 1984) set me to thinking about the changing interplay of race, tallness, sexual dimorphism, social dominance and related factors, which I mournfully observe here in Washington, D.C. The day no longer passes when I fail to see a statuesque blonde or redheaded young woman arm-in-arm with some black or brown man, either tall or short. Clearly the tallness taboo is breaking down here.

To understand why, it is necessary to set aside conventional notions of romantic love and to grasp this concept: males do not compete for females; rather, females compete for dominant males. A corollary of this is that men are more "romantic" than women.

Throughout most of the animal kingdom the rule is that males compete for territory or dominant status -- not for females. The females compete for the successful males. The same law is at work among men and women. This is a biological imperative which -- under natural conditions -- ensures the selection of the fittest for reproduction. All of this worked fine under primitive conditions of tribal barbarism. Over countless years of painful evolution, human females were biologically programmed to respond to certain males' secondary sexual features (tallness, broad shoulders, narrow hips, good muscle definition, hirsute chest, etc.) as signals meaning "This male is a good hunter and provider" and "This male can protect female and young" and "This male is a brave fighter and a good leader." Nature could not easily program females to recognize and respond to the actual, often elusive, qualities of dominance. So instead it programmed them to respond to physical signals such as

tallness and strength which, in barbarian-hunter societies, are generally reliable indicators of dominance and success.

But with the advent of agriculture and civilization things changed a bit. The grip of our "instincts" (innate responsive mechanisms) gradually began to loosen. Ethologists such as Lorenz and Leyhausen call this the "consequence of domestication" (by domestication is also meant the self-domestication of civilized man). Thus animals in the wild never make mistakes in mating. They always mate true to type. But domesticated animals are easily confused because their responsive instincts tend to atrophy under conditions of domestication. They lose some of their consciousness of kind and, if not controlled, will sometimes attempt bizarre matings. They will attempt to mate with animals of entirely different species, with animals of the same sex, and sometimes even with humans. The same process has been at work in human civilized societies. The consequence of domestication -- the atrophy of our natural instincts -- seems to account for sexual perversions such as miscegenation, homosexuality and bestiality. The irony here is that white civilization may contain the seeds of its own destruction.

The second idea -- that men are more "romantic" than women -- may be illustrated by a familiar example. A young man and woman find themselves "in love" with one another. They announce their relationship to their families and friends. The young man will tell them about her physical features -- her beautiful narrow face, blue eyes, blonde hair, curvaceous figure and long legs. When the young woman goes to tell her family and friends about him, the first thing they always ask is, "What does he

do?", or the first thing she always tells them is, "He's a doctor (lawyer, businessman, football player, movie star or congressman)." The young man is primarily concerned about her sex appeal. (If he is a minority male, he may also consider the white woman, especially the Nordic woman, as a status prize -- in other words, as something to compete for such as territory or dominance. Or perhaps she is his ticket to U.S. citizenship. These divergent motives, I think, account for much of the persistence of the nonwhite men who court white women.) She, however, is concerned first, last and always about his status, dominance or power.

Women of course will deny this. They still insist that they seek men who are tall, strong, manly and self-confident. (Sometimes to cover themselves, they toss in adjectives such as sincere, tender, caring, affectionate, gentlemanly -- all of which is window-dressing.) But one must look at what women do, and not at what they say. And what they do is attempt to seek out and marry successful dominant males.

Tallness will still give most women an incentive to become acquainted with a man -- her responsive instincts aren't absolutely dead yet. But, while tallness may get him up to bat, it won't get him to first base. More and more, tallness won't suffice, especially for a highly dominant woman, unless there is the substance of real power and dominance -- money, political clout, professional success, celebrity recognition -- behind that tallness. The Nordic female's instinctive response to male physical characteristics seems to be giving way to a cultural response to her dominance-seeking drive.

The tallness taboo does not rule out tall

Negro, Near-Eastern or other nonwhite men as potential mates for white women. Many Negro professional athletes have white wives. Some collect entire harems of beautiful white girlfriends. How do they do it? Because they have both the physical appearance of dominance and actual dominance. The runty non-Nordic men, especially those who are successful in business, are also able to mate tall, lovely Nordic women, first because the instinctive response in these women to male physical features has degenerated or disappeared as a consequence of domestication and, second, because such women, falling back on their intuition and intellect, correctly perceive that contemporary social conventions and economic opportunities are favorable to minority males and hostile to white (and especially Nordic) males, and that pressures are apt to accelerate in that direction in the foreseeable future. Any thinking Nordic woman cannot avoid seeing the dispossession of her race, the signs of which are all around her.* (Of course, she never admits she sees this, because that

would violate the biggest taboo of them all -- the one against white racism.) But seeing this, her choice is often either to have no children, to adopt a nonwhite child,** or to mate a dominant minority male and thereby guarantee success for her progeny.

Finally in this connection I want to mention that females are the enforcers of social conventions and morality. Because white racism is currently the biggest no-no, very few young women will be attracted to it, and any man who advocates white racism will automatically be labeled a "loser" by most of his female compeers. This presents the young Nordic male with a terrible dilemma, because to recapture his dominance he must first become an overt white racist. Yet by becoming a white racist, he becomes a "loser." His only alternative is to be a white renegade competing, at unfair odds, with growing hordes of nonwhite men for dominance, status and power, and for the dwindling supply of young Nordic females. In the long run, that is a no-win scenario. In the short run, however, it does give some, especially high-status, Nordic

males the chance of mating with some lower-status Nordic females and fathering some lovely Nordic children.

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* The high-status Nordic woman is often thrust into an affirmative action working place where very few Nordic men are allowed to tread.

** It is interesting that Negro females, who openly acknowledge the worthlessness of Negro husbands, never consider the adoption alternative. Instead, these woman, at the bottom of the status hierarchy, choose to bear children of their own blood out of wedlock. Whites who look at the high rate of Negro illegitimacy (about 55%) and see only Negro immorality, ignorance of birth control, or welfare incentives, are underestimating the Negro woman. In many cases she deliberately decides to have the babies, but without the added burden of supporting a ne'er-do-well husband. Under conventional morality, any white woman who did this could be considered a freak, but any white woman who adopts a nonwhite child is considered a saint.

Real Life Amos 'n' Andy

A couple of years ago, President Reagan designated the first full week in October each year as Minority Enterprises Development Week, "to honor the many valuable contributions minority businessmen and businesswomen make to our society." He called on every federal agency to develop a minority business enterprise development plan, to be submitted annually.

Last year, speaking before the U.S. Hispanic Chamber of Commerce in Tampa, Florida, Reagan pledged to double the number of Hispanic-owned businesses in America within four years.

The Minority Business Development Agency (MBDA), located in the Commerce Department, is the bureau entrusted with achieving such dubious miracles. A perusal of its publication, *Minority Business Today*, reveals the sort of "twilight" individuals -- in this case two whitish blacks -- who are faring best under the current political dispensation. Daniel P. Henson III, who admits to being thrilled by Reagan's new quota scheme, was director of the MBDA from 1979 to 1981. Theron J. Bell is currently the agency's deputy director.

About the same time that Reagan was calling for a Hispanic "doubling" act, columnist Jack Anderson was exposing the rampant corruption in the MBDA's seven-year program to help minorities market high-tech products. His source was a draft report prepared by the Commerce Department's own inspector general.



Daniel P. Henson III -

The inspector general noted that the agency had paid \$5.6 million to 10 "technology commercialization centers." They were supposed to market such gimmicks as a bun toaster, a "Do-Not-Disturb doorbell," a water-saving flush toilet, and a "Tilt Up Housing System."

Anyone who has recently watched a few exquisite episodes of the early-50s TV comedy "Amos 'n' Andy" (played by blacks, but taken from the earlier, white-acted



Theron J. Bell

radio version, and now available on video cassette tapes) will begin to catch the drift --

ANDY: "But Kingfish, if dis doorbell you're tryin' to sell me can only be heard by dogs, and I ain't got a dog, how is I gonna know when somebody's ringin' my bell?"

KINGFISH: (throws his hands up, exasperated): "Oh-h-h, Andy, dat's de beauty part. You don't want some dog drivin' you crazy evertime you's relaxin' on your De-Luxe Flush Toilet."

ANDY: "Wel-l, I guess you has got a point dere, all right. But about dat Tilt Up Housin' System: I ain't sure I wants to be hangin' around wid my head out de window while I's gettin' my buns toasted"

Tim Moore as the crafty Kingfish, and Spencer Williams Jr. as the charmingly simple Andy were perfect for the parts, and it was tragic when the NAACP later turned them into non-persons. A lot less amusing is Clarence (Bo) Hunter, the real-life director of the Northwest Technology Center in Seattle. The federal government is still trying to collect the \$159,000 that auditors say he misspent during the two years before

the money ran out. "He used funds . . . to pay his personal expenses, which included jewelry and a Porsche," the inspector general's draft report states. Hunter denies everything.

The slick publications of the MBDA claim that the \$5.6 million was well spent to help market 28 high-tech products. But investigators checked out 22 of these alleged success stories, and found the

claimed achievements to be "grossly exaggerated," which, as Anderson added, was "putting it mildly." Ten of the 22 products were never even put on the market, though the MBDA claimed they were. Few of the others were truly related to "technology-based growth industries," as required by law.

More Jewish Name-Calling

It's bad enough that many Jews demand the unique "right" of "running with the hares while hunting with the hounds" -- which is a fancy way of saying "having their cake and eating it too." What's worse is when they grow abusive toward Gentiles who presume to hold them accountable for their stances.

For example, a well-known Jewish leader such as Jimmy the Tooth's mentor, Stuart Eizenstat, will explain to a large audience of his people that Jews are not really "white," and should never confuse their interests and destiny with that of the white race. Then, a short time later, another Jewish leader will wax indignant when a prominent white Gentile has dared to imply that Jews are not really whites.

A classic instance of this ancient hypocrisy turned up last year in Marilyn Beck's newspaper column. She told about Natasha Shneider, the young Russian-Jewish actress and singer who

arrived in this country "not knowing a soul" only eight years ago, and -- *mirabile dictu!* -- has just made her film debut in MGM's *2010*. Recalling her less-favored life in Russia, Natasha relates:

You must carry your passport with you at all times from the age of 16. In passports they have a thing, "nationality" -- can you imagine, those bastards -- in Russia, being Jewish is not considered a religion, it's your "nationality." Even without that, the people are very perceptive; they see by your face.

Would Shneider agree that Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis and Rabbi Stephen Wise were also "bastards" (assuming she's been off the boat long enough to have heard of them)? In a well-known letter to American Reform rabbis, Brandeis wrote:

Let us recognize that we Jews are a distinct nationality of which every

Jew, whatever his country, his station, or shade of belief, is necessarily a member. Organize, organize, until every Jew must stand up and be counted -- counted with us, or prove himself wittingly or unwittingly, of the few who are against their own people.

Speaking before the American Jewish Congress in 1938, Wise affirmed:

I am not an American citizen of Jewish faith. I am a Jew. I . . . have been an American for 63 years, but I have been a Jew for 4,000 years.

The number of Jews-in-excellent-standing who have insisted either that Jews are a nation first and a religion second, or both in equal measure, stretches into the thousands. "Bastards" every one? No, because Jews permanently reserve the "right" to say things about and among themselves which the rest of us are forbidden to utter.

SPOTLIGHT

Why American Jew

By Stuart E. Eizenstat

IN THE RECENT U.S. presidential election, American Jews were the only non-white voters to give Democratic candidate Walter Mondale a majority of their vote.

By any standard, President Ronald Reagan's re-election was a sweeping personal mandate. According to poll results, in winning 57 per cent of the popular vote (and 525 electoral votes to Mondale's 13), President Reagan won 67 per cent of the white Protestant vote, 56 per cent of the white Catholic vote, but only about 30 per cent of the Jewish vote.

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Opening paragraph of Eizenstat's article in the Jerusalem Post (Dec. 8, 1984)

Democracy: A Teutonic Trait

"Is there a relationship between economic conditions and political structure?" That was the question posed formally by Professor David N. Laband of the University of Maryland (Catonsville) in the journal *Public Choice* earlier this year. His comparison of seven political and economic variables among 123 nations of the world added a most unorthodox eighth factor: "membership or non-membership in the general family of cultures labeled Teutonic." And his conclusions were stunning in that regard.

Nineteen of the nations on Laband's list were Teutonic, and 18 (including South Africa) had enjoyed democratic government continuously between 1945 and 1980. Only East Germany, through no fault of its own, was non-democratic. Among the other 104 nations studied, only eight could boast the same record, and they were anything but a cross-section of nations:

- Rhodesia, which might as justifiably have been called "Teutonic" as South Africa. (In both cases, the majority of the population was non-Teutonic but the ruling class was.)

- Jamaica, which had Teutonic rulers for much of the time, and inherited a strong British institutional framework.

- India, also with strong British institutions (though its form of democracy, with occasional mass slaughters along the way, was scarcely equivalent to the real Teutonic McCoy.)

- France, which has a significant Teutonic component in its population. (Indeed, the half-French Belgium was called "Teutonic" on Laband's list.)

- Italy, whose small Teutonic component is evidenced by the country's governmental instability.

- Israel, which also has a Teutonic institutional inheritance (and some submerged Teutonic genes at the top). Palestinians, however, would sharply disagree with Laband's classification.

- Costa Rica, arguably the whitest country in Latin America.

- Japan, the one non-Caucasoid country which shows up on so many lists.

Five other countries were bunched together in a somewhat less democratic category: Turkey, Venezuela and Barbados had each known 29 years of democracy (of a sort) out of 35, while Chile and Uruguay had enjoyed (?) 28 years under the exotic practice. Fifty-three out of the 104 non-Teutonic countries (and East Germany as well) tied for last place with zero years of democracy.

Though Professor Laband devoted most of his paper to puzzling out the relationships between telephones per capita, ex-

ports per capita and other economic indices on the one hand, and democratic government on the other, his heart (and brains) were ultimately in the right place. He concluded by observing:

It is the question of causation that cuts to the heart of the matter. Is democracy a prerequisite for economic progress or is it an income-elastic good? Is it neither, but rather an aspect of Teutonic culture, as suggested by [Gordon] Tullock, which also happens to be associated with economic well-being? It is my belief that this question of causality can only be analyzed effectively using time-series analysis.

In other words, although Laband found an even higher positive correlation between democracy (1945-80) and phone ownership (1980) than between democracy and Teutonism, one must analyze such relationships over time. In 1900, most Teutonic nations had fewer telephones than most Third World nations do today, yet they were, by and large, stable democracies.

Laband speculates that phones play a key role in democracy by "[reducing] the

costs of organizing special interest groups." Someone should have told that to Tocqueville when, in 1830, he studied the flourishing grass-roots democracy of a still profoundly Teutonic America.

When Laband once took a graduate course under Professor Tullock, at the time teaching at Virginia Tech, he recalls how the latter

offered an A to anyone who could "successfully" dichotomize between democratic and dictatorial political regimes using indices of economic well-being. At the time he expected [hoped] that democracies would be associated with economic prosperity to a [much] greater extent than dictatorship would be.

What if some bright student had shown a nearly perfect dichotomy between democracy and dictatorship using not only Teutonic *cultural* indices but also Nordic *racial* variables? What if he had successfully linked economics to politics to culture to race in one grand synthesis? Tullock, gentleman and scholar that he undoubtedly is, would have awarded the student an A+, but many professors would have given the too-clever young man a stern lecture.

Hot Mail

This is a copy of a handbill distributed by the bomb unit of the Washington, D.C., metropolitan police. The letter bomb was invented by the Stern Gang, a Jewish terrorist outfit formerly headed by Yitzhak Shamir, who currently shares the reins of power in Israel. Closer to home, a criminal group (guess who?) sent package bombs in 1979 to American Nazi leader Matt Koehl, Gerhard Lauck, a right-wing German American, the Cicero headquarters of the American Nazi Party and a former Ukrainian SS man living in New Jersey.

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WARNING!

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- Restrictive Markings such as Confidential, Personal, etc.
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- Title but No Names
- Misspellings of Common Words
- Oily Stains or Discolorations
- No Return Address
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- Lopsided or Uneven Envelope
- Protruding Wires or Tinfoil
- Excessive Securing Material such as Masking Tape, String, etc.
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Outmoded Style

In William Gladstone's day, the average British political speech contained 19,000 words. In Margaret Thatcher's era, it is down to 4,000 and falling fast. Last autumn, in America, the national political director of the steelworkers' union, Sam Dawson, explained to columnists Roland Evans and Robert Novak that "if [Walter Mondale] can't explain his worries about the deficit in 30 seconds, he should forget it." Fritz's two- and three-minute lectures on the issue were allegedly "numbing" his audiences.

Part of Mondale's campaign problem, like Elliot Richardson's in Massachusetts (Inklings, Feb.), was his somewhat outmoded Nordicity. Today's Americans apparently demand glib Irish actors and smirky peanut farmers for their highest office: a dour Scandinavian just won't do. The "Unhappy Warrior," as someone dubbed Fritz, was constantly advised to be less "austere" and to show his "human, spontaneous" side. Above all, Mondale was advised to "stop his confusing warnings of impending economic disaster that cuts the attention span" of his followers.

On the Republican side of the Presidential race, running-mate George Bush found himself saddled with a related no-win image problem. Attacked as a stuffy patrician, he tried to behave like a populist and came across as puerile. The Jewish columnist Joseph Kraft wrote, "The patrician stamp is all over Bush. He hails from an old New England family . . ." In fact, as Bush's sister Nancy heatedly pointed out to columnist Mary McGrory:

I think the reason you harbor such resentment against George is that you think he isn't Irish enough. You think he is too social, too Yale. You think he is too Yankee, although dad came from Columbus, Ohio, and mother hailed from St. Louis.

But Nancy Bush Ellis immediately undermined her own forthrightness by insisting, at some length, that her brother George was really more Irish by nature than the Irish! Her farcical ethnic "defense" sadly confirmed the truth of what political analyst Michael Barone had stated in a recent column, "The Battle for Ellis Island": "What's important in 1984 is not how each ticket appeals to specific ethnic groups but which is more successful in appealing to the Ellis Island tradition generally."

And what about America's once vital "nativist tradition"? many readers must have hastened to ask. But Barone, who described our half-British President as simply "an Irish-American," implied that nativism was dead and good riddance.

One Big Family

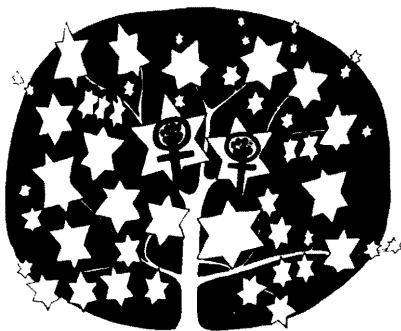
Three hundred Jewish women activists from all over Oregon gathered in Portland last October to hear Betty Friedan kvetch, "You young women growing up today don't know what it was like to live within that tight girdle." She was referring to the dark, dark ages of the 1950s.

Though she was probably speaking metaphorically, Friedan may have realized that, as Ernest van den Haag pointed out in *The Jewish Mystique* (or was it Philip Roth in *Portnoy's Complaint?*), Jewish women traditionally felt a need to bind and corset their bodies more securely than most. In any case, Friedan recalled the traditional Jewish morning prayer, in which the men thank God for not having made them women and the women thank God for having made them according to His will. Though Europeans never devised a similar liturgical formula, Friedan said it was her "Jewish passion against injustice" which had fueled her feminism.

Nobody finds it strange when 300 Jewish women gather in a relatively small Far Western state to exchange names, addresses and battle tactics. Yet when Majority activists assemble or communicate through computer "bulletin boards," the public is made to feel that something sinister is afoot. The yippie-turned-yuppie Jerry Rubin may promote his "networking salon" in midtown Manhattan, but we are supposed to remain social isolates in places like West Virginia and Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

"Networking" is really just the latest fashionable tag for the ancient Jewish trait of collectivism which, as Seymour Lipset recently pointed out, has scarcely been affected by long residence in the individualistic Nordic world.

The new book, *Jewish and Female*, by Susan Weidman Schneider, is billed on the cover as "Featuring: The Jewish Woman's Networking Directory." Phyllis Chesler puffs, "*Jewish and Female* is required reading for Jews everywhere: 'true believers' and 'atheists' alike . . ." The logo of the "Bay Area Jewish Women's Collective" in San Francisco sums up the reality:



Flag Spitter

The 1,400 students of the high school of Randolph, Massachusetts, all stand up at the daily 7:45 A.M. playing of *The Star Spangled Banner* and all pledge allegiance to the flag -- all except one senior, Susan Shapiro, who says, "The flag don't mean nothin' to me." One would think that this act or non-act would evoke some hostile criticism. Locally yes, but not nationally. Within a day or two Susan became a heroine of the *New York Times*, and the ACLU promised to take legal action against her teacher, Mrs. Jessie Noblen, for daring to say to her recalcitrant pupil, "How would you feel if someone spit on the cross or the Star of David?" The school is also being raked over the coals for not providing proper security for Susan, who claims she was being threatened for her cantankerous sit-down. Hardly were the words out of her mouth when a covey of Shapiros appeared on various radio and TV talk shows. The whole affair seems to have been well planned and rehearsed.

Stuck firmly in the middle is teacher Noblen who once made a special pilgrimage to German concentration camps so she could better understand the mindset of her Jewish students. (Almost half of Randolph's 28,000 population are Jews who have fled from Boston in the last few decades.) The now chastened and now wiser Mrs. Noblen might be well advised to make her next pilgrimage to Palestinian refugee camps, where she might acquire a more accurate reading of the Jewish psyche.

Slaving for Birnbach

How much of *The Official Preppy Handbook* did Lisa Birnbach really write? She says "slightly less than half." But the WASPs who took the young Jewess under their wing and taught her "the real meaning of prep" place the figure at between 2% and 20%. With her lawyer, her agent, her accountant and her business manager, Lisa has let precious little money or glory trickle down to her ghostwriters. "I know what people are saying about me," she recently told *Manhattan, Inc.* magazine. "I know how they are trying to portray me as some kind of Shylock in a kilt . . . There are a million reasons to dislike me. I'm young, I'm a woman, I'm pushy, I'm successful, I'm . . ." At this point, Lisa, whose father graduated from the Irgun to selling diamonds, quietly bit her lower lip in self-pity. Her agent, Esther Newberg, touts her as a brilliant young social critic, "the intelligent Joan Rivers." At age 22, Lisa has already made a list of "the 10 pushiest women in New York." Mason Wiley, the genuine preppy who wrote much of Birnbach's book almost for free, says with a laugh that WASPs "aren't raised to push . . . Was I gullible? Was I stupid? You bet I was!"