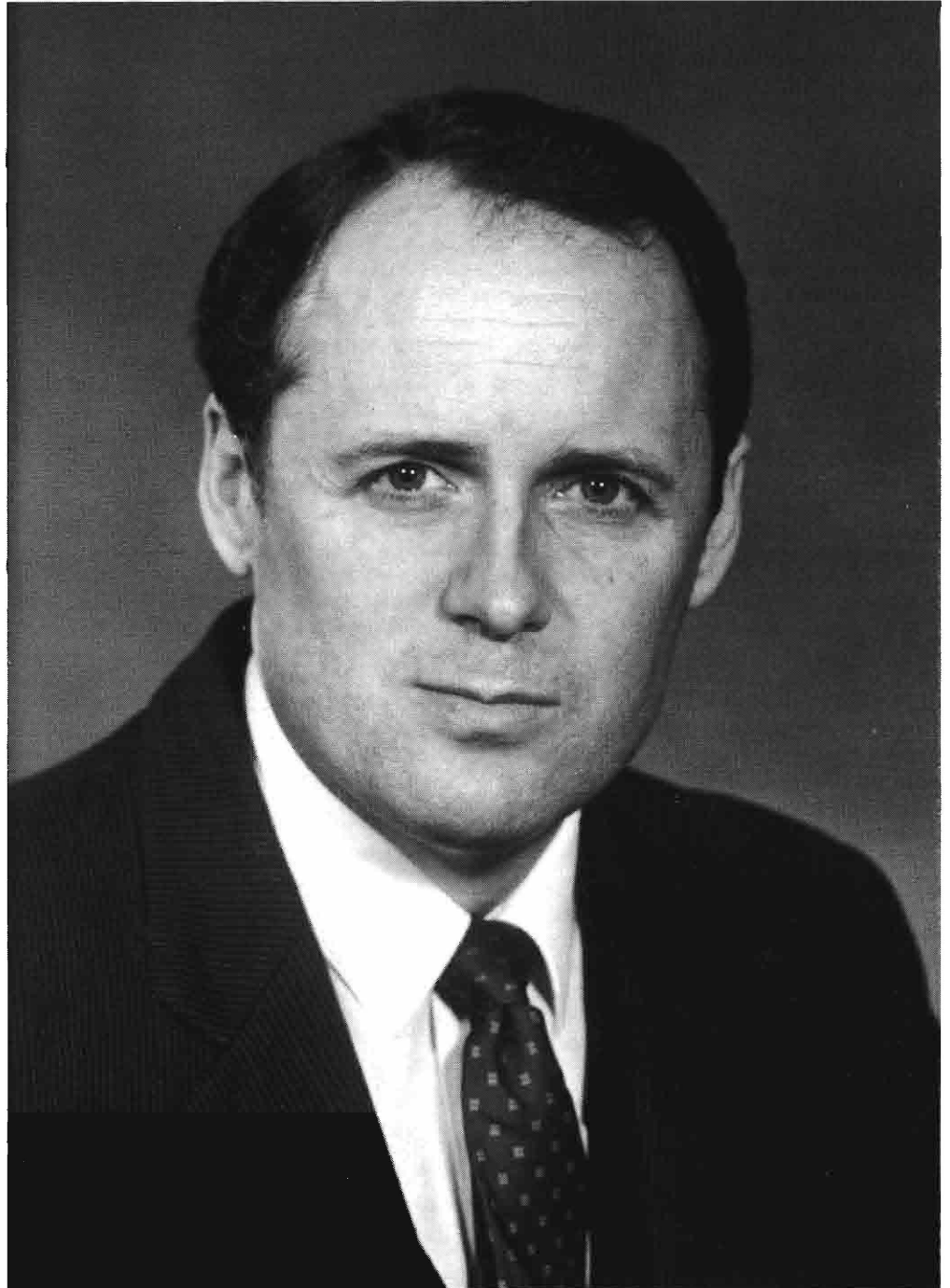
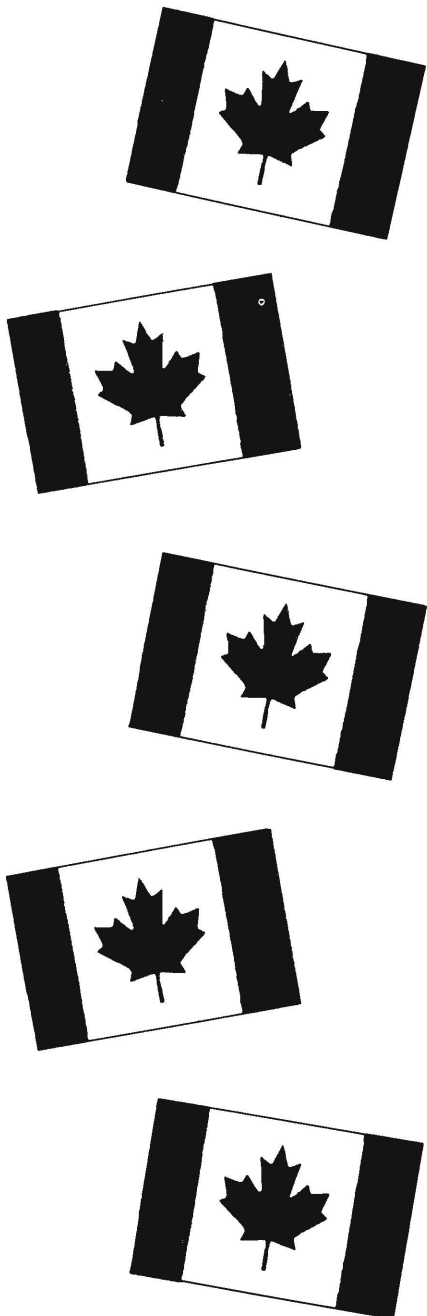


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Instauration®

VOL. 11 NO. 5

APRIL 1986



DOUG CHRISTIE -- CRUSADER AGAINST CANADA'S INQUISITION

(See page 30)

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.

South Africa's only sin is its success. It is better for blacks than any black country in Africa. This is precisely why the Afrikaners are hated. "They are hated for their virtues, not their vices," as The Dispossessed Majority put it. Indeed, South Africa is a successful white thorn in an envious and failing black continent. If white South Africa were another Liberia or Ethiopia, nobody would give a damn.

917

Cholly's Gervase Brackley wouldn't go over big with me. You can have him, but I wouldn't mind drinking some of his brandy.

543

One reason for jailed African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela's refusal of release is the likelihood he'd be assassinated by his own party members within days of leaving prison. After 20 years behind bars, he's totally out of touch with his ANC membership. New ambitious leaders have appeared on the scene.

115

The common thread which runs through the Jewish-produced "Satan-is-risen" films -- e.g., *The Exorcist* and *The Omen* -- is that, when a threatened Christian begins quoting prayers and religious sayings to ward off the demon's attacks, it's totally ineffective. The *Exorcist* (William Friedkin, producer) hammered home this point by showing demon-victimized Christians seeking shelter in (of all places) a storefront synagogue, where, of course, all malevolent influences are powerless.

913

Johnny Carson asked William F. Buckley Jr. what guest on *Firing Line* impressed him the most with his pure intellect. "Mortimer Adler is hard to beat," said Buckley. Nelson Algren once said Adler was "the Lawrence Welk of the philosophy trade." I disagree. He was the Soupy Sales or Pinky Lee.

906

Dearborn (MI) has the largest Arab population outside the Mideast. I've been acquainted with their leaders for many years. They have long complimented me for my views on Jews, but that is all. They are big in the grocery and retail gasoline business in the ghetto, as they are the last ethnics that endure the risks involved. They are disinclined to offend the Jews. Their chief aim is to make money. They are very inept politically and direct what few efforts they make toward coalitions with blacks.

481

Did any rabbis show up for the funeral services for the 101st Airborne soldiers who crashed in Newfoundland?

509

It is with great pleasure that I note a growing emphasis on ecological thinking in *Instauration*. Racism is based upon a naturalistic view of the human world, an understanding that man is a species of animal which evolved like any other; but it is pleasing to see your publication go beyond this basic recognition to link the fate of the white race with that of other species, wildlife, wilderness and evolution itself. Your likening of the influx of "mud people" (how evocative!) to the proliferation of "weed" species (pigeons, rats, gulls) in degenerated ecosystems is exact and most useful. Please continue.

619

I noted in the December issue that Herrstein said it would take ten hours of extra study each week for students to make up a deficiency of 25 SAT points. The black-white difference is at least 100 points. If the low SAT students use their waking hours for study they might be able to get up to the average of the white students. Can you see black students studying 50 to 60 hours per week?

306

A few days ago I saw some foreign television news coverage of the unrest in South Africa, or just half a minute of it, as I missed most of it. It was quite long enough for me to see the reason for Americans believing the country is being overthrown by a revolution. The first thing that struck me was the sound volume, the roar of a thousand angry throats, when in fact there never was such a sound. I am sure it was not just a highly amplified sound but a dubbed sound, perhaps borrowed from an English football cup final. Then the views of the rioting were a collection of shots of isolated incidents in altogether different areas which were strung together to present a concentrated riot picture. And thus the "free" Western news media once again managed to present a wholly distorted picture to the people.

South African subscriber

If we do not support Israel and allow the Arabs to drive the Jews into the sea, the Jews will swim to Europe and North America. The Jews in Israel should be commended for their desire to live exclusively among their own kind and for not possessing the unnatural desire to live among foreigners (us). If Israel expanded its borders, it might be able to attract more -- hopefully, all -- Jews. It is infuriating to be compelled to subsidize and support Jews in Israel, but if those Jews were in our countries, the cost would be much higher.

032

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□ The bottleneck in the Jewish problem is that most people never hear of it.

213

□ One of the more comical aspects of the Chosen People's wholesale domination of virtually all facets of commercial television is the relatively recent appearance of the Jew as sports commentator. In both local sports news broadcasting and also national sports announcing, the well-groomed Semite is slowly but surely shouldering aside his more socially mainstream brother for the job of delivering the data on baseball, football, basketball and boxing. Once thought to be the exclusive province (perhaps the only exclusive province left) of the middle-class American male, sports reportage, as a profession, actually has been under cultural assault from all manner of minorities -- blacks, women and other ethnic minorities exclusive of Jews -- for a number of years. The emergence of Howard Cosell, Captain Windy and Mister Abrasive all rolled up into one, as the overbearing centerpiece of ABC's Monday Night Football some years ago, spotlighted for all to see exactly how uncomfortably distant the Jewish personality lies from that of mainstream America when revealed in the arena of sport. When he was in residence on the program, Cosell's outrageous microphone monopoly (more often than not over matters of tactics and technique with which he was obviously unfamiliar) regularly brought down gales of criticism from the working press as well as from the program's viewers. Indeed, the popular perception in the last few years of Howard's tenure was that the program's producers were keeping this shyder-turned-pontificator on the air largely for his capacity for buffoonery, not for any ability of describing and evaluating the action. The Jewish community's social reputation must have taken another nasty tumble at the hands of Horrible Howard when he bitterly turned against his old stablemates, Frank Gifford and Don Meredith, two professionally experienced football player Majority types-turned-announcers, in a marvelously titled exposé, I Never Played the Game, published on the eve of Cosell's forced retirement from the program. In that dandy document, Cosell ravages the reputations of his colleagues with some of the meanest spite ever put to paper.

220

□ Probably a majority of Ph.D.s in legitimate fields, including myself, have long held the view that the state-mandated racket of teaching future teachers how to teach, while not educating them in basic academic knowledge, should be abolished altogether.

200

□ I wonder if Newt Gingrich's postgraduate work wasn't some sort of draft-dodging gimmick. It's rather funny and pathetic to see Gingrich, George Will and the other noncombatants of the Vietnam era beat the war drums today.

811

□ It's hard to find the truth nowadays. In ten years, it may be impossible.

300

□ Let's stop all this Zip 205 business right now. Before the recriminations get totally out of hand, I would like to clarify the male position on childless Majority females. The activists among us recognize that Majority males have largely wimped out, and that in this condition they are useless as marriage partners. Every cowardly and infantile act which Zip 205 accuses them of is true -- and more! But I have the feeling that the female readers of this magazine are not the potential wives and girlfriends of unemployed West Virginia coal miners. I have the feeling they're a pretty well-heeled bunch. Upper-class types, mostly, with a few Upper Middles. If these idealists can't make the sacrifice of marrying down, or of visiting Robert Graham's sperm bank and raising their child alone, as widows with kids have been doing since time began, then they are really materialists preoccupied with themselves, and not Instaurationists worried about their race. Now it's not that I'm asking a white woman on welfare to have ten or twelve kids who will grow up in squalor. I am addressing these remarks to female Instaurationists who have the genes and the affluence to make their sacrifice pay off. Should there still be reluctance about bringing new life into a less than perfect world, I would only ask when was life ever perfect on this planet? What could Viking mothers have seen for newborn sons, except the life of a warrior and the prospect of an early death? The fact is, life is tough. And then you die.

I know how hopeless some of you gals must feel, always looking for Clint Eastwood and only finding George Will. But women, in some ways, are stronger than men. Masculine rigidity causes many of us to break, but your female resilience allows most of you to bend. Everything has proven your capacity to bounce back. It but remains for new experience to validate the old belief that women, in adversity, are more loyal than men.

355

□ American justice, as dispensed by our courts, has never been meticulously fair. It is perhaps best characterized by a Supreme Court Justice who soberly exclaimed to me, "People with principles usually lose." We often hear that our system of justice used to be so close to the gods that one could even hear the music. It was wondrously objective and unbiased until the non-Majority types started to get into the act. Usually the criticism is leveled at the Jews, but I feel that they are often given credit for things, good and evil, far out of proportion to the actual effect or worth. Two hundred years ago, no one could exclaim that this was a "Jewish nation." During this past half-century, we have seen Jews descend upon our legal flower garden and fertilize the corrupt weeds that were already present. Back in the days when Ohio-Kentucky was a vast wilderness, American justice left much to be desired and there was hardly a Chosenite in sight.

142

□ In South Africa whites are going to try to keep all their country. As a result, they will keep none of it.

032

□ President Reagan is creating hostility among hundreds of millions of Moslems by supporting and promoting Zionism. If an all-out war ignites in the Middle East with Russia backing the Moslems, is there any way the U.S. could win without using nuclear weapons? How would we benefit from such a war and would the Land of Frenzy, of dust and rocks and deserts, still be there as an attraction for all the people who hold it sacred?

958

□ My first copy of Instauration arrived some days ago. Much food for thought. I am very grateful to you and all who have made the magazine possible. I wanted to tell you what a breath of fresh air the magazine has been to me at this point in my life -- not to mention this point in the degeneration of my country. I have spent years groping around and subscribing to this or that publication, but never found any before now that would deal objectively with the racial dimension of our problem. I took the American Spectator for two years, but was troubled by the large number of Jews writing for it. Commentary was disgusting, and the National Review's Israel and Catholic line was obviously not what I was looking for either. Spotlight was closer to what I had in mind, but it always seemed to pander to geriatrics with a high-school education and many health problems.

970



□ Re Zip 606's letter (Dec. 1985): I also have been comparing today's criminals with those of yesteryear. In fact, I was looking back with some nostalgia to our criminals of the past who were, by comparison, mainly Majority types. Can anyone imagine John Dillinger or Jesse James molesting a child? More likely they would have shot anyone who did.

477

□ My new fundraiser for 1986 is for the Sex Change Foundation, which seeks money to pay for Phil Donahue, Alan Alda and others to become females. At least once a week Phil presents a "hate men" show. He eats quiche for sure. I wonder what John Rambo thinks of Hawkeye Alda.

422

□ Can someone explain to me the intellectual gyrations the non-Jewish TV news announcers go through to keep a straight face when they report, for instance, Washington's message to Israel to only retaliate a wee bit for the Arab attacks in Vienna and Rome? People like Steve Bell and Kathleen Sullivan of ABC must know they are so closely monitored by Jewish organizations that any deviation from the party line will cause a flood of letters. What a straight-jacket to wear. I guess they earn their ducal salaries.

801

□ The perfect political ethnic alliance: a faggot, an Indian chief, an Hispanic "Latin lover" and a lawyer. AIDS, BEADS, SEEDS and DEEDS.

629

□ In high school I had only two classes with Mexicans or blacks in them -- Spanish and P.E., the latter being the only class in which minorities could excel. P.E. was my nightmare. In addition to having more blacks and Mexicans than whites in the class, we had a black coach. I was beaten up twice, was urinated on by black goons in the showers several times, exposed to drugs and pornography (many minority students ran lucrative businesses in these commodities in the dressing room), and had to watch blacks masturbate, expose themselves at the gym windows in front of white girls and slowly but surely destroy any porcelain toilet fixtures they could get their hands on. I was savagely paddled by the assistant principal and nearly expelled for having circulated a "racist poem" which recounted many of these experiences.

799

□ In 1980 my cousin was murdered in Houston by a black man who broke into his house. My brother had to go identify the body (17 stab wounds). My uncle, a prominent attorney in Dallas, died of a heart attack two years to the day after his son had been murdered. The Negro killer is already eligible for parole and will probably be out in a year or two.

324

□ No apology necessary for all those extra stars in the Confederate flag (Nov. 1985). The artist was just unconsciously inspired by the future Confederate States of America. That one will have at least 17 stars for 17 states.

222

□ I took Amtrak to my old college town in Michigan, and noticed the trains were self-segregated by cars: black car, white car, or at least a black half and a white half of a car. Michigan State, my old alma mater, is as overwhelmingly white Midwestern as ever, or more so. Happy straws in the wind, or last gasps?

981

□ I suggest we start telling liberal integrationist yuppie females, "O.K., we'll accept your goddamn Third World immigration. I'm trading you in for a docile little Oriental dollie."

101

□ During Christmas some of my friends were explaining all the negative aspects of inbreeding. Then that Wild Kingdom TV program came on about bald eagles -- how there were only 400 breeding pairs a few years ago and now there are (thanks to an intense feeding and breeding program) 1,200 breeding pairs -- all magnificent specimens. I commented, "These birds must be inferior because of all the inbreeding." No answer.

577

□ All this blather about the inhumanity of keeping Nelson Mandela, an unabashed advocate of violence, in jail reminds me of another man, a man who lost everything in an effort to make peace, forced to live out his life behind bars: Rudolf Hess.

245

□ A person can generally expect to have a poor government, but it should at least be a government of his own.

408

□ I was deeply disturbed by the opening paragraph in the December article on Alex Odeh. I had supposed the piece was about the Jewish Defense League and similar violent groups when suddenly I read about "the ocean of hate that saturates the Jewish heart and swamps the Jewish mind." Are Jews in general being equated with Jews like Meir Kahane? If so, the author does not know the contemporary Jewish heart and mind, which, more often than not, intends to "kill with 'love.'" Let's not forget that the current outmarriage rate for young Jews is 40% or higher in many states with small Jewish populations. Yes, there are many Kahane-style haters in big cities like New York and Los Angeles, but, nationally, they add up to a minority of Jews. (Israel may be a different matter.)

I wonder how many Instaurationists truly understand that most American Jews today are committed liberals on matters like race. Hatred undoubtedly lurks in their subconscious. It may even "saturate" it. But most are not at all happy to see an Alex Odeh bombed to kingdom come, partly because of their many Gentile in-laws and friends. The demographic facts of life determine this prevalent attitude. They don't want the Middle East's vendetta madness imported here, because it would fracture their personal lives.

Jews collectively are no less dangerous to the future of America for all of that. Indeed, they are more threatening. It is not the contented Orthodox Jew in Brooklyn who is a "marginal man," but the quasi-assimilated Jew in Peoria and every other town. The logic of the marginal man's situation requires him to "kill everyone with 'love,'" by reducing once-happy Majority group members to a painful marginal status like his own. Then we can all weep and whine and be gooey and neurotic and Jewish together, instead of the Jews doing it alone.

The reason I am so disturbed by Instauration's "ocean of hate" allegation is that it wrecks our credibility in the eyes of sophisticated would-be supporters who recognize its falsity. Mainstream Jewish literature, which I read extensively, is full of endless mush about "loving kindness toward all," etc. When we only read strident organs like the Jewish Press and articles about people like Mengele, we lose sight of the larger Jewish reality. Yes, Jews are dangerous to the white future. But not because they all have a "holiday in their heart" each time an Alex Odeh gets blown up. The reality is very different, but no less frightening once fully understood. Let's keep Instauration credible by presenting the real racial dangers which surround us, in all their subtlety and insidiousness.

203



PAUL FINDLEY'S BOOK OF REVELATIONS

ADMIRAL Thomas Moorer was chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the time of the 1973 Arab-Israeli war. Mordecai Gur, later commander-in-chief of Israeli forces, was then the defense attaché at the Israeli embassy in Washington. Gur came to Moorer demanding that the U.S. provide Israel with aircraft equipped with an advanced air-to-surface anti-tank missile called the Maverick. But the U.S. itself had only one squadron so equipped, so Moorer told Gur:

I can't let you have those aircraft. We have just one squadron. Besides, we've been testifying before the Congress convincing them we need this equipment. If we gave you our only squadron, Congress would raise hell with us.

Gur responded, "You get us the airplanes; I'll take care of the Congress."

Moorer was strongly opposed to the Maverick transfer, but was duly overruled by Congress, and by a President Nixon whose Watergate woes made him even more ingratiating than usual toward the Israel Lobby. America's only squadron equipped with Mavericks went to Israel.

Gur's line, "I'll take care of the Congress," will be vaguely recalled by a few close observers of the Washington scene, but only readers of *They Dare to Speak Out*, former Illinois congressman Paul Findley's brilliant survey of the Zionist Lobby and its foes, know how Admiral Moorer came to feel about this episode and similar manifestations of Israeli might:

I've never seen a President -- I don't care who he is -- stand up to them [the Israelis]. It just boggles your mind . . .

They always get what they want. The Israelis know what is going on all the time. I got to the point where I wasn't writing anything down . . .

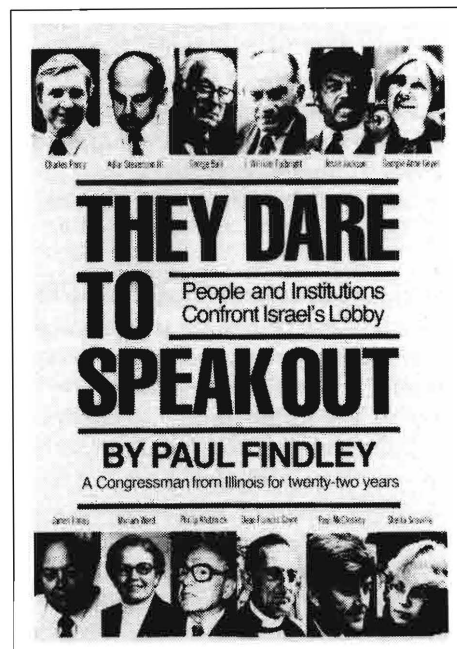
If the American people understood what a grip those people have got on our government, they would rise up in arms. Our citizens don't have any idea what goes on.



Paul Findley

Strong words indeed from a chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff! Americans "would rise up in arms" if they had even a clue as to "what goes on."

Now, at last, a few Americans do. Findley's stunning exposé actually reached the No. 8 spot on the



Washington Post's nonfiction bestsellers list. This was all the more remarkable because many bookstores made it almost impossible to obtain, forcing Findley to hand-deliver boxes of books to various places and to establish a toll-free 800 telephone number for orders.

In an effort at "damage control," the editors of the *Washington Post's Book World* called in Peter Grose, partisan author of *Israel in the Mind of America* and managing editor of *Foreign Affairs*, to write one of the most misleading reviews ever to (dis)grace its pages.

To most people it is news when a chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff practically calls for a populist revolution, and when scores of other leaders speak in a similar vein. But Peter Grose feels that the folks in Peoria already know the score:

Anyone familiar with the American political process is likely to greet this message with an only slightly suppressed yawn.

Mr. Findley has not discovered anything new in his investigations . . . Why should people like Mr. Findley consider it an act of great personal courage to assert the strength of Israeli influence, a fact of public life that is already well known and assimilated?

Is it "well known and assimilated" that the President and other American leaders are being virtually held hostage in their offices in Washington, their every word and gesture monitored by a tightly knit army of Jewish dual loyalists? Is the average American aware that whenever more than three or four high officials gather anywhere in the State and Defense Departments, or at the White House, all of those present *assume* that every word spoken will be relayed to the international Israeli network by someone in their midst? -- or that nearly the same level of well-placed paranoia pervades many congressional offices and most American embassies in the Middle East? -- or that U.S. officials now recognize that the "top secret" classification is worth-

less when it comes to America's Middle Eastern affairs?

Findley's fifth chapter, dealing with Jewish-Israeli infiltration at the Departments of State and Defense, is the most shocking one in the book. But Zionist subversion and intimidation in the Oval Office, on Capitol Hill, and in academia, the churches and the media are also well covered. Nor is the sickening coverup of the Israeli assault on the *U.S.S. Liberty* neglected.

Findley might well have titled his work, *The Book of Revelations*.

Americans Great and Small "Learn the Ropes"

A few days before he was elected President in 1960, John F. Kennedy stopped at an old friend's house in Washington. Charles Bartlett, a journalist, had introduced Kennedy to his future bride, Jacqueline Bouvier. Now the candidate needed to confide in someone he could trust that American politics was not like he had imagined.

A small group of rich New York Jews had just asked Kennedy over to dinner at the apartment of Abraham Feinberg, chairman of the American Bank and Trust Company. It had been an "amazing experience," he told Bartlett. One of those present, speaking for the group, offered "to help and help significantly" with Kennedy's campaign debt if, as President, he "would allow them to set the course of Middle Eastern policy over the next four years." Kennedy told his friend that he reacted inwardly as a common American citizen, feeling "insulted" by the offer.

As late as 1984, Findley notes, this same Abe Feinberg was bringing the leading Democratic contenders, Walter Mondale and Gary Hart, together for "private discussions" at his apartment.

Bartlett recalls relating the Kennedy episode to Roger L. Stevens, head of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington. Stevens responded, "That's very interesting, because exactly the same thing happened to Adlai [Democratic presidential candidate Adlai E. Stevenson] in Los Angeles in 1956."

Findley cites the non-Jewish strategist who told Stephen D. Isaacs, author of *Jews and American Politics*, "You can't hope to go anywhere in national politics, if you're a Democrat, without Jewish money." When Hubert Humphrey ran for President in 1968, 15 of the 21 persons who loaned him \$100,000 or more were Jews. Findley relates how, in 1978, when the issue of F-15 fighter sales to Saudi Arabia was before the Senate, a Jewish group persuaded Senator Wendell Anderson of Minnesota to change his vote by showing him that 70% of the previous year's contributions to the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee had come from Jews.

In 1985, the 75 or so Jewish political action committees swung a very large portion of their donations (or "bribe money," as former Senator S.I. Hayakawa would call it) to Republican candidates, for the first time. Formerly, perhaps one-fourth of all national Republican money came from Jews; henceforth, it may well be half. Whether there will be a corresponding loosening of the Jewish grip on the Democrats remains to be seen.

Another Findley revelation which should bring more than "yawns" concerns Richard Helms, director of the CIA during the 1967 Arab-Israeli war. Helms is on record as

saying that during this critical period no important American secrets were kept from Israel.

Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, who served as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations under Jimmy Carter, recalls, "I operated on the assumption that the Israelis would learn just about everything instantly. I just always assumed that everything was monitored, and that there was a pretty formal network." When, in 1979, Young met privately with Zuhdi Terzi, the PLO's U.N. observer, he must have known that it would lead to his firing -- which it did.

Former South Carolina Governor John C. West was the American ambassador to Saudi Arabia at the same time, and told Findley the same story:

I would never put anything in any cable that was critical of Israel. Still, because of the [Zionist] grapevine, there was never any secret from the government of Israel. The Israelis knew everything, usually by the time it got to Washington. I can say that without qualification.

Many American officials are sickened by the hemorrhaging of our technological and other secrets to Israel, yet are unable to do anything about it. George Ball, who served as deputy undersecretary of state to two Presidents and as ambassador to the U.N. under one -- a man who surely would have been secretary of state had he not stood up to the Zionists -- told Findley that the Israel Lobby's single greatest instrument of power is the charge of "anti-Semitism." And, he added, the fear which nearly every public official has of that label derives from guilt nearly as much as shame. Not only does the "anti-Semite" stand disgraced before the world, but, unless he has done a great deal of independent reading and thinking, he may feel besmirched in his own eyes -- which is sometimes the harder cross to bear. This is where the constant Holocaust propaganda pays off, a factor to which Findley devotes insufficient attention.

Though big names like JFK, Richard Helms, Andrew Young, John C. West and George Ball make for memorable and newsworthy quotes, most of Findley's book describes the deep traumas suffered by hundreds of ordinary people as they confronted, alone or almost alone, the organized might of Zionism.

The case of Mazher Hameed is all too typical. A native of Saudi Arabia, Hameed was once a highly respected and genuinely liked specialist on international security affairs employed by Georgetown University. Then, in 1981, he was asked to prepare, for publication in the fall, a study of the special security needs of Saudi oil fields. About that time, however, the battle over the sale of AWACS intelligence-gathering aircraft to Saudi Arabia began to rage in the Senate (and the media). Everything possible was done to sabotage Hameed's study defending the Saudis' needs, and, further, to end Hameed's position and ruin his reputation.

Georgetown University has often had to confront the Israel Lobby, and insiders there know when a sacrificial lamb is required to save the institution's hide. Bit by bit, Hameed saw his world fall apart. Even when he personally enlisted the aid of some of Georgetown's largest corporate donors, the fatal trend could not be reversed. After Ha-

meed's job had been terminated, the Zionist operatives on campus gave the knife one final twist.

On March 5 [1982] . . . Hameed arrived at his office to find that it had been burgled during the night. Someone had managed to penetrate three locked doors and had then pried open the file cabinet next to Hameed's desk. The burglar had first to enter the office building, which was equipped with an electronic surveillance system using card readers. Then he had to enter the locked door to the office suite and finally the locked door to Hameed's office. There were no signs of forced entry. But the file cabinet was bent and the drawer had been wrenched open. Adds [an assistant]: "This bore no signs of a common burglary. There were other valuable things that were not taken." In fact, nothing was taken at all. "It was such a lousy job, so obvious," says [another assistant], "that we concluded it was there to scare us."

The next day Hameed found that the post office box he used for some of his correspondence had been broken open. A few days later, the mailbox at his home was broken open. "Other weird things started to happen as well," recalls Hameed. "For example, I'd leave for the weekend and come back and find things in my house that didn't belong there . . . like contact lenses."

Though the reader may feel he almost knows Hameed by this point, he is wholly unprepared for what Findley springs on him next:

Those incidents were particularly frightening to Hameed -- and the contact lens prank needlessly cruel -- because he is blind.

By the end of March, Hameed had left Georgetown in "disgrace." Many old "friends" would hardly speak to him. Yet the lamb's sacrifice had saved the "Arabist" community there. *The New Republic*, which for months had promised its voracious readers an exposé of "petrodollar influence" at American foreign policy think tanks, abruptly called off the sharks, to honor its end of an implicit bargain which had seen Hameed and his project ruined.

The Lowdown Is Really Low

Here, in capsule form, are a few more of the many revelations which *They Dare to Speak Out* has placed firmly on the national record. (In his review, Peter Grose warns librarians that "[Findley's] book cannot be used as a reference source" because it conveys its anti-Zionist findings "with lip-smacking gusto" while pro-Zionist material is "given, at best, cursory treatment." By this standard, no book on the Third Reich ever published in New York can be "used as a reference source.")

- Don Bergus, the former U.S. ambassador to the Sudan and a retired career diplomat, recalls, "At the State Department we used to predict that if Israel's prime minister should announce that the world is flat, within 24 hours Congress would pass a resolution congratulating him on the discovery."

- On October 3, 1984, the issue of duty-free imports from Israel came before the House of Representatives, with both the AFL-CIO and the American Farm Bureau Federation vehemently opposed. Six congressmen supported the

powerful farm and labor lobbies; 416 sided with Israel.

- Dissenting Jews have no more leverage with Congress than the rest of us. When, in June 1983, a delegation of 18 rabbis visited Capitol Hill to argue for an even-handed approach to the Middle East, they were almost ignored. Philip Klutznick, a legend in Jewish circles, who once headed the B'nai B'rith and many other Jewish organizations, became "virtually a non-person" in the community when he began speaking up for Palestinian rights. Today, some Jews call him "an enemy." As Findley explains, unless a Jew can obtain a Zionist establishment forum, he is almost powerless.



Philip Klutznick

- Two prominent Illinois politicians, Adlai E. Stevenson III and Charles Percy, recently had their careers terminated by organized Jewry because they would not toe the Zionist line 100% of the time. As Findley demonstrates, both *did* support Israel 99% of the time, but vicious smear campaigns made them out to be practically anti-Semites. (Findley himself, when the Jews defeated him, had for 22 years in Congress "voted consistently for [massive] aid to Israel," and was sometimes "highly critical of Egypt and other Arab states.")

- Secretary of State John Foster Dulles helped Dwight Eisenhower to be the one American President who ever -- on rare occasions -- stood up to Israel. Yet Dulles caught the drift of national affairs: "It's impossible to hold the line because we get no support from the Protestant elements in the country. All we get is a battering from the Jews."

- Israel often seems to have a better knowledge of American defense inventories than does the Pentagon. Les Janka, a former deputy assistant secretary of defense, says he cannot recall a *single* instance in which the Israelis did not ultimately get the "top secret" weapons they wanted.

- When the U.S. and Israel exchange military personnel, the benefits are one way. Israelis are let into our most secret laboratories, with all the rules ignored, while American officers in Israel are strictly forbidden to enter sensitive areas.

- A former CIA agent told *Newsweek* that "Mossad can go to any distinguished American Jew and ask for his help." The appeal is always the same: last time, when Jews (supposedly) did not heed the call, "the Holocaust resulted." A senior official at the State Department told Findley, "We have to assume that they [Mossad] have wire taps all over town."

- Jewish leaks have repeatedly undermined American relations with Jordan, Saudi Arabia and other moderate Arab states. Jewish conduits are known informally as "mail carriers" and may be "spotted in every important office." Gentiles try to fight back by bypassing Jews if possible when classified documents are handed out. When a super-

Zionist like Stephen Bryen enters an office anywhere in Washington, loyal Americans are almost subliminally aware of his presence.

- High officials all over Washington assume that nearly every week at least one delegation of "important Jews" will pay them a personal visit, to ask deeply probing questions and make specific demands. Very rarely, a group of Arab Americans will call. If they do, they will be nervous, polite and reluctant to make any demands at all.

- Art Buchwald and other Jews have often denounced Arab contributions to higher education as "blood money," without providing evidence that any strings were attached. Alexander Cockburn lost his job at the *Village Voice* for accepting a \$10,000 research grant from a moderate and highly respected Arab institute. Many cases like Cockburn's have been documented, proving that simply matching Jewish "philanthropy" dollar for dollar will not solve the problem. Father Timothy S. Healy, president of Georgetown University, returned some large Arab gifts to that school partly because "his Jewish friends screamed at him privately," even after he wore a yarmulke to a Jewish service on campus.

- The Jewish community has long enjoyed a "special right" in the National Council of Churches, one which loyal Christians can only envy. According to Findley, "A representative of one of the largest Protestant denominations observes that the American Jewish Committee had 'much more effect' on the content of National Council study materials than his office, even though his denomination accounted for the purchase and distribution of three-quarters of these publications."

- At a "peace conference" held in Sacramento in 1983, one of the keynote speakers was Rabbi Lester Frazen, who, the year before, had joined fundamentalist Christians in a jubilant march celebrating the utterly unprovoked Israeli invasion of Lebanon. Frazen and the official Sacramento "peace community" forbade the opponents of the invasion to commemorate its victims.

- The "aesthetic prop," which is often wielded by Jews to selectively portray *kibbutz* members as blond, blue-eyed and handsome, is forbidden to the Palestinians. In 1981, Jewish TV producer John Wallach caught hell from other Jews for his even-handed documentary on the West Bank. The most common complaint, he recalls, was that "too many" of the Palestinian children shown had fair, attractive features.

- In 1982, Richard Broderick, a columnist for Minnesota's *Twin Cities Register*, reported inequities in the American media's coverage of the Lebanon invasion. Local movie distributors, a leading source of advertising revenue, threatened Broderick's editor with the paper's destruction unless he was silenced. He was. Then, a while later, Broderick wrote a column describing how Minnesota Senator Rudy Boschwitz was using the media to manipulate public opinion in favor of Israel. Three weeks later, Broderick was out of a job.

Findley recounts many similar tales of journalists committing what amounts, in economic terms, to suicide attacks. Yet this researcher knows, from his own work, of a great many other sacrifices which go unreported here, for want of either space or knowledge.

The Long Roots of Suppression

It is almost impossible to find fault with the first 11 chapters of Findley's book (12 counting the introduction). The epilogue, alas, called "Repairing the Damage," is filled with the worst kind of cant -- incredible as that may seem. Repeatedly, the author speaks of free expression being inhibited only "on one subject," "in one vital area," "on one controversial topic." A liberal Republican all his life, Findley apparently cannot conceive that his grim experience since learning the other side of the Middle East story -- *after* having served 11 terms in Congress -- has been the same experience, shared even more bitterly for decades, by the thoughtful advocates of a dozen equally "unkosher" positions.

Yesterday, the writer of this article watched a *CBS Evening News* report on the crisis in a white Philadelphia neighborhood where blacks are trying to move in. Naturally -- inevitably -- the reporter took the side of the blacks, and took it very strongly. Can Findley recall having *once in his life* seen a national news report where the cause of white resistance to the urban takeover by minorities was championed? Yet this same CBS broadcast cited a recent Cleveland poll showing that 45% of all whites in the metro areas believe that "all-white neighborhoods are best" -- i.e., believe it strongly enough to tell a stranger at their door.

The truth is that the American media are many times more open on the issue of Palestinian rights (and Israeli wrongs) than they are on certain vital domestic topics. Yet Findley refuses to show any sympathy for the frustrated and badly frightened victims of those other forms of Jewish-leftist bullying with which *he happens to agree*.

The truth is that Findley is very well informed about Jewish strong-arm tactics in the 1960s and beyond, where Palestine is concerned, but woefully ignorant about earlier times and other places. In one place in his book, he gets all bent out of shape about the awful *New York Times* editors who, in 1982, struck a *single word* from the dispatch of their Beirut correspondent. When Thomas Friedman referred to "indiscriminate bombing" by the Israelis, the boys in New York blue-pencilled the adjective.

Poor Paul needs to have his consciousness raised! At the time of the "Russian" Revolution, crack reporters from the *London Times* and other major Western newspapers watched in despair as entire dispatches were *regularly* tossed into the waste can by Jewish busybodies back at their home offices. In this way, the world was kept from knowing that a *Jewish Revolution* was, in fact, transpiring. The same thing happened almost as regularly with dispatches from Central Europe during the 1930s. A *Jewish network* -- much of it actually *anti-Zionist* at that time -- was determined that the world would never hear the German side of things.

In trying to explain *why* organized Jewry does the things it does, Findley comes up with a one-word explanation: "fear." So far he is correct. But behind that fear, for Findley, lies an equally implausible cause: the Holocaust. To him, Jewish history seems to have begun in 1933. Findley never pauses to reflect on the origins of the ancient phrase "for fear of the Jews," which, early in this century, had missions of well-informed people trembling in countries like Ger-

many, Hungary and Russia.

On the subject of political intimidation, Findley writes, "Thirty years ago we knew it in a more virulent form as McCarthyism." Now, he continues, McCarthy's tactics "have found their way back into our political process The process is less visible because, unlike Senator Joseph McCarthy of yesterday, today's would-be enforcers of political conformity often shun the limelight."

Is Findley aware that some old pols who understood the McCarthy era very well *from the inside* have said that the true enforcers of political conformity were McCarthy's foes? -- that the most effective Hollywood blacklist by far was not the short-lived and very public anti-Communist one but that maintained secretly for decades by the industry's Reds and fellow travelers?

The word "simplistic" is overworked, yet Findley's "solutions" are precisely that. He is hung up on human numbers, and seems to feel that 200,000 active members of the Israel Lobby are not really so many. History proves otherwise. He says that the "same qualities" found in these 200,000 lockstep Jews "can be found in other citizens." This is incredible coming after 300 pages documenting almost fantastic displays of Hebraic clout. Surely the concepts of ingrained "temperament" and "personality" mean something to Findley.

Is Findley suggesting that "just plain folks" from Iowa can move to places like New York, buy up things like

department stores, and otherwise again wield the sort of clout which their WASP forefathers did? Alas, history, as manifested in the evolution (and devolution) of great cities and institutions, is strictly a one-way street. Manhattan and Los Angeles real estate is in the hands of the Jews, and no one ever beat the Jews at their own game. The answer, for Gentile majorities throughout the ages, has been to insist on playing a different game. Geopolitical partition, for example, would cut off the centralized Jews from their American empire as surely as Indian independence severed the British from theirs.

"Nowhere is free speech more restricted in America than within the organized Jewish community." So writes Findley in closing. How can he hope to be called less than a "full-fledged anti-Semite" after that? With his name already "mud" in Jewish circles, Findley has little to lose by exploring how Douglas Reed, a British journalist who spent a lifetime exposing coverups greater than any described in *They Dare to Speak Out*, traced the "Jewish fear" idea back to the group's ancient history and ideas (notably in *The Controversy of Zion*).

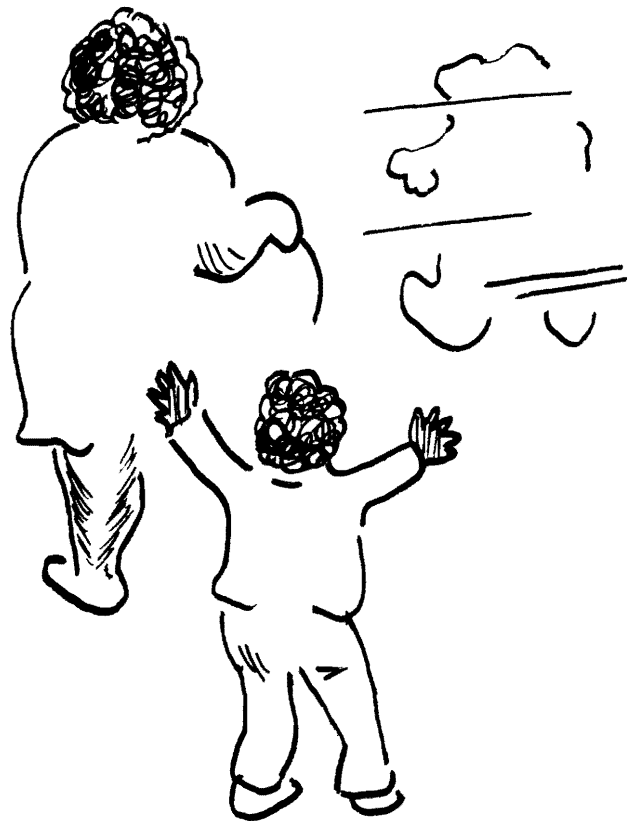
If, as Findley insists, "a dangerous erosion of free speech is occurring in the United States," and if, as he also insists, its origin lies "within the organized Jewish community," then it is only fair that he examine the analogous detective work which others have undertaken in earlier explosions of Jewish racism.

HEARD IN THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

THE first Negro you see today, in the street or workplace, will, 100-to-1 odds, have a vivid idea of things that to you are unimaginable. He has, unbeknownst to most whites, notions of spooks, witches, magicians and things there are no names for. This dawned on me suddenly. I had assumed, because my normal sources of information made no mention of superstitions of American Negroes, especially of urban and northern Negroes, that such did not exist. Then one day in a flash of revelation I became aware of the *mojo* phenomenon (one doesn't know if the word is a proper name and capitalized because it never appears in print). Since then I have asked questions and been exposed to an entirely new dimension of reality, one that, in terms of physical space, is as close as the nearest Negro.

I record here a talk to my class by a black engineering student (no less!). An anthropologist would call such a person an "informant" because, while others of his group remain silent and sullen, he talks about himself and *them*. I record from memory, so some expressions may not be entirely correct, although the gist is there. Here, in this first anecdote, the student seems to be remembering witnessing the birth of a child, but his memory is couched in magical terms.

"When I was ten or so," he said, "my grandmother suddenly became big around the middle; she said she had a spirit in her. She went to an old lady and got something



which looked like toilet paper floating in vinegar, only it wasn't that. Then we went out into the woods where she applied this to herself. At that moment a black creature dropped out of her belly and ran into the woods. Then her middle was as small again as normal."

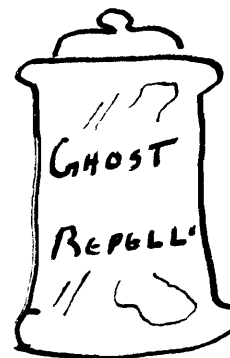
"My stepfather is from South America," he continued. "He killed three men, beating them to death with a club. They were witches. He knew they were witches who wanted to witch him and hurt him because they looked especially hard at his shadow. If a person looks at your shadow, you know he is a witch."

He was full of such tales. "The women of our house in Chicago were being bothered, you know, molested, by a ghost of the house's original owner. My mother went to an old lady who gave her some stuff in a jar. We put this on a dresser in the bedroom. Over the dresser we hung a sword. Around the bed we put some stuff. We heard the ghost walking around the room. Then the door opened and he left; he's never been back."

He said that some magic is worked with menstrual blood, which a woman mixes in a man's food to attract him to her. Hair caught in a comb should be burned, for fear it might come into the possession of an enemy and be used for sorcery. It would seem that many of these blacks have personal enemies who might be contemplating sorcery against them. Each semester I sound them out on this, asking if anyone knows what to do with loose hair caught in a comb. I wait a minute or so, then comes a tiny whisper from the back of the classroom: "Burn it." White students are puzzled and have no idea what to do with such hair. For the blacks it is old hat. The usual name for this superstition is mojo. In the South one comes across the term "hoodoo," meaning, "who do it?" In other words, when a person is in pain or has a run of bad luck, it is not some *thing* -- a virus, for instance -- but some *one*. In essence this is the basic assumption of all witchcraft: the belief that witches have malicious souls which can escape from their bodies and travel about and attack men, women and children.

The word mojo crops up only occasionally in public. I caught it once in a comedy routine by Richard Pryor. In my class it is a sort of insider joke comprehensible only to blacks. The more intelligent blacks, however, are rather evasive as to whether they believe in such things. They are likely to answer that, although they don't believe in mojo themselves, "things that science can't explain do happen."

FRITZ MORGAN



Husband's Ponderable Quote

When we first began this work, we thought at some point we'd come across a former Nazi criminal who had some remorse. We never have. They are, I'd say, happy men, psychologically quite well-adjusted. All of them look 10 years younger than their peers. They have good family lives, they make good livings, they love their children. Most important: They have no conflicts and certainly no guilt.

Serge Klarsfeld, Nazi hunter,
Chicago Sun-Times, Dec. 15, 1985

Wife's Ponderable Quote

But they are normal people. They are handsome looking, nicely dressed. This is a problem. When you see Nazi criminals in the movies, they are portrayed with leather coats and cruel eyes. In person, almost none of them look that way.

Beate Klarsfeld, Nazi huntress,
Chicago Sun-Times, Dec. 15, 1985

A MATTER OF HEALTH

THE burgeoning health food industry, the wholistic (or "holistic," as it is sometimes spelled) health movement, the doings and inventions of the "New Age" folk, are one part unscrupulous huckstering and one part a sincere and dedicated seeking after alternative preventive and remedial therapies. Given the peculiar nature of democratic man in end-game play, it is not surprising that this should be so. Nor should it come as a surprise -- at least not to any reasonably astute physician of the souls of us moderns -- that the above-named environmental movements should be enjoying today an unparalleled popularity.

There is no dearth of "authorities" among the doughty warriors of this hustling New Age movement, and claims, counterclaims and contradictions run rampant. One now-deceased wholistic health authority once wrote a book titled *Are You Confused?*, an indication of the lack of coherence in the natural health movement. The book succeeded only in adding to the confusion. And one wonders sometimes if the authorities always practice what they preach. I once knew a popular "nutritional counselor" who frequently and secretly binged on pizza and french fries. And I have yet to meet a vegetarian who was not an incurable sugar freak.

Some activists in the wholistic health movement have an idyllic vision of what life was like before civilization raised its corrupting hand. One chap of the "frutarian" persuasion used to adamantly insist that man's natural diet was fresh fruits, and nothing but. "Before tools and hunting and fire, primitive man picked fruit from the trees and was healthy," he'd declaim. His eyes twitched and he appeared perpetually hung-over (probably from eating all those grapes); nevertheless, I never had the heart to tell him that his beloved Primitive Man likely evolved from Advanced Ape because the first tool he ever used was a club to kill animals, so as to consume their flesh. As regards the simians, studies done among the wild African chimpanzees have demonstrated that their favorite dish is any small game they are able to catch.

Suspect causal reasoning is also practiced by the wholistic people. For example, it has been ascertained that the inhabitants of a certain area of the Soviet Union are extremely long-lived. It is also noted that most of these people consume a great deal of yogurt. Ergo the syllogism: eating yogurt makes for a long life. Frequently, reporters will ask an American who survives a hundred years the "secret" of longevity. Answers have been varied: Don't drink alcohol. Drink a glass of whiskey a day. Sleep ten hours. Never sleep more than four hours. Help other people. Mind your own business. And so on. Cause and effect are not only confused but unknown.

Many believe that they can attain robust health and

survive a dozen decades if they load up on vitamins and other supplements, an idea given a boost by Durk Pearson's best-seller on "life extension." It's illustrative of a fundamental fallacy of the wholistic industry, i.e., that genetic faults and inherited organic diseases can be erased and that health and longevity can be achieved by manipulating a sufferer's internal or external environment; that diet, food supplements, massage therapies, exercise regimens and such can make a silk purse from a sow's ear.

Another consideration, even more important, is the ignorant assumption that if it were indeed possible to extend life indefinitely, it would be a good idea to do so. Life that has run its course, life devoid of all future possibilities (if there were any to begin with), life -- like diseased art -- for its own sake, life without meaning, purpose or sense is as appalling a vision as the thought of being forced to attend a meeting of the League of Women Voters, or to have to drive to work each morning while listening to a cassette containing the soporific simplicities of the late Robert Welch. "Life," as a precious value in and of itself, joins the numens "humanity" and "democracy" in the Imbecilic Temple. Durk Pearson quotes Woody Allen, "Some people try to achieve immortality through their offspring or their works. I prefer to achieve immortality by not dying." The nightmare idea of an immortal Woody Allen compels one fervently to pray that the sun will explode tomorrow.

Good health, physical and psychic, is a necessity of positive life. Good health, vibrant health, means much more than a mere absence of disease. It is primarily an ancestral gift. If one's parents and more remote forebears were vigorous and well constituted, the chances are improved that their descendants will be likewise. The English Nietzschean, Anthony M. Ludovici, has pointed out that many generations of breeding in isolation, combined with a ruthless elimination of the physiologically unsound, is the only firm foundation for a population of healthy and good-looking people. Poor health -- and the more or less vague psychical and physiological disturbances from which most suffer, even when we consider ourselves in "the best of health" -- is, according to Ludovici, the result of modern random breeding. As the various parts of the body are inherited independently from each parent, the mating of physiological and psychological dissimilars can only cause genetic chaos and impaired functioning of the bodily parts, as well as a perpetual sense of dissatisfaction and dis-ease. Ludovici saw endogamy as the genetic basis of public health, provided that recessive and disease-carrying genes were systematically purged. He cited as an example the beneficial marriages of close kin in predynastic and early dynastic Egypt. "Like should marry like," Ludovici said, but he was too much of a realist to believe that this dictum would likely be obeyed in the modern demo-

cratic meld, where random breeding from disparate parents is the rule rather than the exception.

Even the barest suggestion of eugenic reform is apt to have the leaders of the democratic and Christian mob howling in fury. A few years ago a distinguished medical scientist argued that a host of specific genetic diseases could be eliminated within a few generations by a national program of amniotic fluid testing (amniocentesis) of pregnant women and the aborting of fetuses that are found to be tragically stricken with an unlucky combination of disease-creating recessive genes. That this humanitarian proposal, which could banish untold suffering and misery in the world, received little attention is proof that sound ideas wither in an unsound age. (The abortion controversy, which sets a rootless individualism against an unrealistic absolutist morality, is yet another illustration of the shallowness which surrounds discussions of contemporary issues. An increased fertility of the healthy and intelligent, and abortion and birth control for those who are not, are the vital issues which should be talked about, but rarely are.)

Modern medicine has demonstrated its ability to cut infant mortality rates and to prolong life generally, but has not yet come up with a formula for imparting vibrant health and fundamental genetic soundness in a population. Many people who would have perished early in life in less artificial conditions now drag themselves crankily through complaining decades as a result of the miracles of modern science. When doctors fail to give them relief from chronic aches, pains and general malaise, they often turn to the nostrums of wholistic health.

Nothing said above is to deny categorically any merit to the wholistic health movement. Its members often grossly exaggerate the benefits to be obtained by their systems, but then, so does orthodox medicine. In any case, no wholistic

practitioner armed with an Affirmative Action-obtained medical degree is going to cut into your flesh.

At the very least, people who are encouraged to question the popular wisdom that a Big Mac with a side of fries is a nutritious, life-sustaining meal may also begin to question other sham verities of the American century. It is also hard to argue with the proposition that anyone can benefit from a proper diet, exercise and food supplementation. If the quality of one's own life can be improved with such techniques -- and it is likely that this is the case -- they are legitimate subjects of inquiry. (Perhaps one day a supplement will be developed that will foster those prerequisites of widespread health -- racial cohesion and racial solidarity -- which the white folk could swallow down with their morning's ration of wheat germ and fortified milk.)

In his autobiography, Nietzsche insisted that "diet" was a question of far more import than the questions of philosophy or morality. And Ludovici himself was highly enthusiastic about the benefits he received from his special diet and from the "Alexander method" of conscious posture control, a wholistic modality of the 1920s. (See his *Religion For Infidels*, 1961. Ludovici lived into his 90s.)

Basic truths must be faced unflinchingly. Individual health is enmeshed with racial, cultural and political health, which in turn are locked into generalized mental and emotional health. The problem of health must be addressed, and without superficiality, but it is absolutely certain that, in all spheres of life and living, the American people will continue for some time to come to cling to their comfortable, optimistic and ignorant attitudes, in the happy belief that if they can just smile through it all today, the pain will go away tomorrow.

VIC OLVIR

WORDS THAT SPEAK LOUDER THAN ACTIONS

In his crazy but truthful novels about Jewish life in America, Philip Roth zeros in on language as a Great Revealer. On page 107 of *Portnoy's Complaint*, we find:

[T]hat nothing was never simply nothing but always SOMETHING!, that the most ordinary kind of occurrence could explode without warning into A TERRIBLE CRISIS, and this was to me *the way life is*. The novelist, what's his name, Markfield, has written in a story somewhere that until he was fourteen he believed "aggravation" to be a Jewish word. Well, this is what I thought about "tumult" and "bedlam," two favorite nouns of my mother's.

On page 259, the author recalls the temper tantrums of a typical Jewish boyhood:

Another of those words I went through childhood thinking of as "Jewish." Conniption. "Go ahead and have a

conniption-fit," my mother would advise. "See if it changes anything, my brilliant son." And how I tried! How I used to hurl myself against the walls of her kitchen!

In a similar spirit, the compilers of *The Jewish Almanac* (Bantam) provide a list of "50 English Words That Sound Like Yiddish." Along with "conniption" and "tumult," one finds fetish, shush, shyster, and some words like "bedraggled" which "may have to be pronounced with a shift in accent to gain the full effect; e.g., bedridden should be beDRIDden."

Much more revealing than this list, however, is another one in the same volume, entitled "Yiddish and Hebrew Words Used in the American Language." The 236 words listed and defined come from Hebrew in 121 instances; from Yiddish in 78; and from Yiddish, but with a Hebrew origin, in 37.

Needless to say, there are nothing like 114 Yiddish

words in "the American language" today. Even *chutzpah* is not found in all the more recent lexicons. The compilers admit that they have mined offbeat reference works like Flexner's *Dictionary of American Slang* to come up with "such rich Yiddish terms as *plotz*, *menteh* and *kvell*," which they implore American lexicographers to take seriously.

A Language Fit for Don Rickles

If Philip Roth hints that the Jewish vocabulary offers a clue to the Jewish soul, *The Jewish Almanac's* listing of Hebrew- and Yiddish-derived words makes the connection embarrassingly obvious. Here are a few entirely typical Yiddish entries:

- Shemazel. One who always has bad luck.
- Shikker. Drunk; a drunk.
- Shlemiel. A loser or fool. ("Not unlike 'nebbish,' 'shemazel,' and 'putz,'" add the compilers -- though "putz" is also listed as "vulgar for penis.")
- Shlep. To drag a load. (A "shlep" is "one who gets stuck with a dreary task.")
- Shlock. Cheap; poorly made.
- Schlong. Vulgar for "penis."
- Shloomp. Unkempt; sloppy. A sloppy person.
- Shmaltz. Kitschy music or art.
- Shmata. A rag; raggedy clothes.
- Shmear. A bribe.
- Shmeikle. To flatter insincerely; to swindle, con or fast talk.
- Shmise. To crushingly defeat a foe.
- Shmo. Modified form of "schmuck" (see below).
- Shmootz. Filth.
- Shmooze. To "verbally putz around."
- Shmuck. A fool.
- Schneider. A card shark who "shmises" his opponent (see above).
- Shnook. A fool or sad-sack.
- Shnorrer. A Jewish beggar.

These 19 Yiddish words (several of them derived from Hebrew) appear consecutively in the glossary (though intermixed with four purely Hebrew words). The fuller definitions given by the compilers provide additional negative meanings.

Clearly, this is the natural language of a Don Rickles: "You *shmuck!* Always *shlepping* your *shlocky*, *shloomp* *shmootz* around!"

The "sh-" (or "sch-") sound brings out the hostile and negative streak in the European Jew, and yet almost the entire listing of Yiddish words in *The Jewish Almanac* is in this same ugly spirit. A few more examples:

- Farblunget. Botched up; confused.
- Greps. A belch or burp.
- K'nocker. A big shot or braggart.
- Nudnik. A pest, nagger or obnoxious person.
- Zhlob. A clumsy, sloppy dolt, usually overweight (in other words, a "shloomp.")

One looks in vain for Yiddish words conveying meanings opposed to these. While the better classes of European Gentiles were endlessly refining their vast vocabularies for the beautiful and pleasant people and things in life, Europe's Jews -- many of them rich and well-educated, with plenty of time to pursue the ideal, if they so chose -- were just as untiringly inventing new words to express the coarse thoughts which apparently filled their heads to bursting.

As for the ancient Hebrew words, which really are a part of the English language, several have positive meanings:

- Abigail (from the Hebrew name meaning "my father's joy"). A lady's maid-in-waiting.
- Jubilee. A grand celebration.
- Paradise (from the older Persian word for "orchard"). A place of bliss or delight.
- Shalom. The greeting "peace be with you."

But even the Hebrew-derived words carry a moderately high quotient of unpleasantness -- armageddon, bedlam, beelzebub (meaning "lord of the flies"), cabal, delilah, gehenna, jeremiad, moloch, onanism and pilpul.

Of the 78 words listed as being Yiddish, and without any derivation, 51 are very negative in meaning. Another 19, mainly nouns, are neutral (bagel, blintz, gefilte, shnozz, and others). Three refer to money: fin, gelt and hondle. Four more are mushy, smothering "Mrs. Portnoy" words -- specimens of endomorphy run wild:

- Bubeleh. A term of endearment.
- Kvell. To gush over a loved one's success ("My son, the doctor . . .").
- Shmaltz (Yiddish for "chicken fat"). Overly sentimental music or art.
- Zaftic. Plump, almost fat, often used in referring to a woman's derrieré.

The 78th word is *mentch*, from the German word for "person." It is the *only* clearly positive word in the whole lot, meaning "a kind, decent person," someone with "common sense, flexibility when called for, and compassion." Yet even this "rarest" of Yiddish words must give the thoughtful Gentile pause when he hears a Frank Sinatra, a Meyer Lansky or a Simon Wiesenthal being saluted publicly as "a real mentch."

Ponderable Quote

I look at the *Dallas* TV program and feel a deep pity. They never seem to read a book and they have such problems . . . those who live in European countries have noticed the same thing about the television series *America feeds us*: nobody reads, nobody thinks, nobody generates an idea other than a money-making or murderous one.

Vigdis Finnbogadottir,
President of Iceland

THE PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS IN SOUTH AFRICA (II)

Our internal liberal enemies must surely be delighted with the way things have been moving of late, though they are never satisfied and only scream for more and more concessions and retreats and surrenders. Sharpeville in 1960 was a good start. It was rather like Amritsar in 1919, which we were only allowed to forget when the Indian Army staged another one under Mrs. Indira Gandhi, that aroused no comment. In Sharpeville, the police, surrounded by a huge mob of blacks egged on by their screeching womenfolk, refused to disperse when ordered to do so and then surged forward, whereupon the police opened fire and killed over seventy of them. The resultant shriek of liberals was immediate and expected. It was considered absolutely iniquitous that the police should have saved themselves from being mutilated and hacked to death, as had in fact happened shortly before in Cato Manor near Durban, where a handful of white policemen had been caught by surprise and hacked to small pieces which were afterwards removed in sacks. Naturally, if the black mob had killed seventy white policemen, the liberals would have been delighted, for whereas black-on-black violence is not worth reporting, and white-on-black violence sets the world on fire, black-on-white violence is greatly applauded, especially when it is the white upholders of the law who are slaughtered, for laws always cause the lawless blacks to suffer! Sharpeville caused a great panic among wealthy English-speaking people, many of whom sold up and left for England, their properties being bought for a song by astute Jews who naturally had a much better understanding of the situation and agreed with Verwoerd, who dismissed it as "episodic." One would have thought from the English reaction that it was the police who had been killed and not the blacks, and that there was no protection left in the land.

Nevertheless, after so many years, Sharpeville was wearing a bit thin, and something else was needed. Steve Biko, a martyr to the cause, was reasonably good, except that few had ever heard of him. And now we have Tutu and Boesak, who are also quite good except that they are both clownish. Something really devastating is badly needed, and the present unrest could well provide a setting for a really good massacre if the armed forces would only open up on the rioters with real live bullets, preferably on rioting "children." This is no doubt why the Government is being so



cagey about using more than kid-glove methods, though mistakenly so because if there had been another Sharpeville at the very onset, there would have been no more trouble. As things are, the situation has reached a stage where criminal gangs appear to have taken over in the black townships, extorting money from their victims in the name of various political organizations, and where the police are being taunted by elusive gangs of young Coloured hooligans who smash a few shop windows and car windscreens and quickly melt away. This would appear to indicate that the unrest is beginning to peter out. Foreign television crews, who so often betray a foreknowledge of where and when an incident is going to occur, have been reduced to their old tricks of paying Coloured youths to stage riotous scenes. Nevertheless, it remains a farce to declare a State of Emergency in the Cape Peninsula and not censor that extreme ultra-liberal rag, the *Cape Times*, which even now never has a word of criticism for the Coloureds but never ceases to attack the hard-pressed, understaffed police force. This shortage of police in a so-called "police state" has long needed to be remedied, but it is not something the liberals will agitate for.

A recent development, in the face of a seemingly irresolute Government, is that a deputation of the country's leading men of commerce, headed by Mr. Gavin Relly, the chairman of Anglo-American (what else?), has gone to Lusaka, the capital of Zambia, formerly Northern Rhodesia, whose President is Dr. Kenneth Kaunda (his degree being an honorary American one), to hold talks with the ANC leadership -- against the wishes of the Government, which has rightly said the meeting was disloyal to the young men who are sacrificing their lives defending South Africa's safety. The bespoken press has predictably praised it as a

"constructive move." It takes us back to Rhodesia again, where the Government and Big Business were pledged to "partnership" with implacable Marxist primitives. As a result of their visit, the magnates of commerce have managed to discover that the ANC is dedicated to violent revolution and would nationalise all big business corporations such as Anglo-American. Why they had to go all the way to Lusaka to find that out is a mystery, but it does enable us to be thankful that we are not ruled, at least directly, by Big Business, which thinks only of turnover and dividends and the growth rate. All that Relly's visit achieved was to give the ANC a much-needed boost, though it must be pointed out that in the Rand Club, whose ruling coterie has always been the Relly group, the talk has long centered on the inevitability and even desirability of black majority rule. The idea is that under black rule there will be no more sanctions and international animosity, and no more labour problems or anything like that, and that the new black rulers would not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, even though the ANC has just said it would do exactly that. Even worse, no thought is given to the probability that Russia will take over, whose forces are right next door in Angola, and who are the real directors of the ANC. This only goes to show that to be really stupid you have got to be a little bit smart.

President Kaunda of Zambia, who is actually a missionary-educated Nyasa native, is like his ailing country a good object lesson for those in the West who have eyes to see and ears to hear, if there are any left. A noted lachrymatic, he halts in the middle of a speech when he comes to the word Apartheid and buries his head in his hands and is racked with sobs for a good five minutes at a time before he can continue, which is not a bad break for those who have to listen to him.

Having never been to South Africa, he no more knows what Apartheid is than a Western politician. Sweden, which has just written off some \$5 million of Zambian debt to ease his country's economic problems, has always been one of this particular African bloodsucker's favourite countries. While he was there some months ago to visit his old buddy, the late Olof Palme, and collect some more white money, he warned that unless South Africa scrapped Apartheid and moved quickly to majority rule by releasing Mandela and submitting to the ANC, and that unless Western govern-

ments supported the boycott against South Africa, which the doctrinaire socialist Scandinavian countries have always un-faillingly done against their embattled kindred, there would be a revolution in South Africa that would make the French Revolution "look like a children's Sunday morning picnic." It is not realised in Sweden or anywhere else that Kaunda has been warning of a French Revolution in South Africa for well over 20 years now. One reason for his endemic doomsaying is that he wants people to know that he is not just another ignorant black, but is an educated man who has not only heard of the French Revolution, but might even have read about it.

When Kaunda was handed Zambia by the British he wasted no time in dealing with Alice Lenshina, a prophetess of the Lumpa sect of the Bemba tribe in the far, thickly-wooded north of the land, who claimed that she had died in 1953 but had been immediately resurrected. The trouble was that Alice's followers, who had all been issued with "passports to heaven," did not like Kaunda and refused to vote for him, whereupon he sent his army and police units into action and wiped them out, killing over 600, mostly by burning them alive in their huts, before Alice surrendered.

Sanctions against South Africa would hit Zambia badly. Nevertheless, Kaunda wants them imposed because he feels sure the Western governments will make good his losses, as they always have in the past. Meanwhile, visitors to Lusaka must have noted the latest symptoms of gathering economic decay. The country's prestige skyscraper, meant to celebrate the copper-based expectations of the most mineral-rich parts of Africa, has only one elevator that works. The operator sits on top of the lift and guides it to its various floors according to the shouts of the passengers inside. The country is desperately short of capital for its basic food, and its principal export, copper, has fallen heavily in price and production. Payments to the International Monetary Fund take a heavier proportion of its export earnings each month. On top of this, there is the non-functioning of the marvellous railway the Chinese built for Zambia, from Kapiri Mposhi in central Zambia to the British-built railway in the neighbouring lunatic asylum of Tanzania, so that Zambia should not be dependent on the South African railways for its copper exports. All the Zambians had to do was to drive the locomotives and maintain the rail, but in spite of earnest Canadian assistance, they just can't hack it. Usually the drivers get blind drunk and overturn the trains because they cannot understand that brakes should be applied when sharp curves are approached. If trains stay on the rails when they are straight, why should they fall off just because the rails are curved? This brings up the fiasco of the Food for Starving Africa movement, which is due entirely to a

complete ignorance of Africa. How absurd to suppose that where, in Africa, you have a port, there you will find working cranes. Or that where you have roads, there you will have transport. Or that where you have a railway, there you will have trains. These were reasonable expectations when the colonial powers still existed, but not since "Liberation." Even Live Aid's Bob Geldof is disillusioned about Africa now, and the stars have faded from his eyes. "The more you learn, the more frustrated you get," he said. The one thing we can be sure of, however, is that if the blond people of South Africa were starving, no country in the West would lift a finger to feed them.

At the so-called Commonwealth summit meeting at Nassau in the Bahamas, South Africa, which is not a member of the Commonwealth, was given six months in which to mend its ways and hand over power to the blacks, failing which the great black Commonwealth will really get tough and pass a lot of nasty resolutions at yet another costly summit meeting. It was an ultimatum after the style of President Reagan's. Dr. Kaunda, now known as the Commonwealth's elder statesman, made a passionate plea to Britain to recognise the ANC. "My dear sister Margaret, I plead with you, the ANC is not a terrorist organisation," he told Mrs. Thatcher, and he went on to make an emotional plea for sanctions against South Africa so as to avert a catastrophe which, he said, was less than two years away and would be worse than the French Revolution. The logic of this was elusive, as was his statement that whereas Nelson Mandela and Oliver Tambo, the head of the ANC (if we exclude Joe Slovo) had been asked to renounce violence, the real violence came from the South African government. Everyone at the meeting agreed with him, including Mr. Rajiv Gandhi and the Commonwealth secretary-general, Sir Sonny Ramphal, Indians who should have been thanking South Africa for saving their fellow Indians from slaughter at the hands of the Zulus.

The Australian prime minister, Mr. Bob Hawke, also pressed for sanctions against South Africa, almost as if he did not realise that once South Africa has been disposed of, his country must be the next on the list. Suddenly it would be found that Australians too are unspeakable racists oppressing the Aborigines. Australian politicians never seem to suspect this, and perhaps they would not mind anyway, as they are trying their best now to hand their country back to the Aborigines. Perhaps it is not for nothing that many of them commonly address one another as "comrade."

The Commonwealth crusade against South Africa is claimed to be essentially moral in character. It was not mentioned at the meeting that the hosts, the political leaders of the Bahamas under the prime minister, Mr. Lyden Pindling, rake in an enormous undeclared income from the

narcotics trade. The whole Commonwealth setup is such a farce that I think I should mention that South Africans are not the only white racists in South Africa. It should be brought to the Commonwealth's attention that the white rhinoceros, which is confined to South Africa, refuses to mix with the black rhinoceros. (At one time there were a number of white rhino in the Nimule Game Reserve in the equatorial province of the Sudan, on either side of the Nile. When I was last there, about 20 years ago, there were still a few left. No doubt they have since been wiped out like the elephants around Lake Albert in adjoining Uganda, which used to be as densely packed as cattle.) Apart from the colour of their skins, white rhino, which are greatly outnumbered by the black rhino, have much thinner lips (grazers) than the thick-lipped black rhino (browsers) and are also much more stable in temperament. But above all, they will never, never miscegenate! Surely the Commonwealth should see to it that these four-ton white racials are quickly wiped out.

Mrs. Thatcher has remained opposed to sanctions against South Africa because they would not work and would have a bad effect upon the British economy, putting some 250,000 people on the unemployment rolls. Nevertheless, she has followed the Reagan line part way. She has withdrawn Britain's military attachés, while pledging millions of pounds in aid to Marxist President Samora Machel of Mozambique, in the form of food and raw materials and, not least, weaponry, so as to help him put down the anti-Marxist Renamo. This is at a time when from my office window I watch as the British vessel, *England*, calls to collect materials vital to the construction of the new military airport in the Falkland Islands.

We have always been given to understand that Mrs. Thatcher hates "wets" and refuses to have them anywhere near her, in which case it is impossible to understand how she puts up with the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, who is not only a "wet" but a positive soak, perhaps in more senses than one. He is a man who has "profound feelings" about the "evils of Apartheid" and wants to see "more movement more quickly." He has urged President P.W. Botha to "take the earliest possible steps" to open "effective dialogue with genuine black leaders" and has expressed "considerable concern" that the South African Government has paid no heed at all to the Commonwealth summit meeting in the Bahamas. He has also voiced his deep concern about the behaviour of the South African police in suppressing legitimate black protest demonstrations. He is so obsessed with South Africa that he was presumably astonished when blacks in England started large-scale rioting, stoning, burning and smashing, burning Indians alive, and even more ominously, opening fire on the police

with shotguns (one Bobby killed). Television has a contagious influence, and it came as a shock to the complacent British who had been watching the rioting in South Africa on their television sets to suddenly find that they had the same situation on their own doorsteps, especially as they had always dismissed as absurd Enoch Powell's urgent warnings over the years that this was exactly what was going to happen unless the blacks were quickly repatriated. Britain's new Home Secretary, Mr. Douglas Hurd, after fleeing for his life from black rioters in Birmingham, exclaimed: "This is naked criminal hooliganism and nothing can condone it. It must be utterly condemned and resisted." Why does he not tell that to Sir Geoffrey Howe? And why is it that Hurd and his ilk have never condemned black rioting in South Africa but only the white attempts to control it? Why is it criminal in the United Kingdom but justified in South Africa?

In Britain, America, South Africa or wherever, blacks break the law with impunity because they do not even know what law is. With them, criminality is a way of life. The blacks in England are sure the whites oppress them because their slums and unemployment prove it and because white Socialists tell them so. They cannot comprehend that they would make a slum out of a palace and are largely unemployable. This is why in England, as in South Africa, they kill Indians, who, in spite of their colour, are employable and prosper accordingly. The British police, for their part, have only had experience in dealing with civilised people and are completely unequipped to deal with people who are in an eternal revolt against civilisation. The police have always been very reluctant to carry guns and have not really needed to do so, until now. They have tried pleading with the blacks. They have even begged forgiveness for their past deeds and have asked for another chance to prove they are not really white racist pigs! Even with white criminals and hooligans, such an approach would immediately invite renewed law-breaking. One can only suppose the police have been made to realise that white-on-black violence, especially by white policemen, is viewed as second-hand anti-Semitism, especially after Jewish judges have caused an uproar in the kingdom by giving only mild slaps on the wrists to black animals who have been exercising their democratic right to rape blonde girls. Yet since the London riots, which were significantly well organised, the mood has changed and the police are going to use plastic bullets and tear gas, just like the South African police. Like the South African police, they have the white nation solidly behind them, barring only Communists, Socialists, upside-down liberal intellectuals and the eternal aliens.

Back in South Africa, however, the abdication of white rule is proceeding apace.

After having consented to share power with Coloureds and Asians, the outnumbered whites are being psychologically prepared to share power with blacks as well. In the U.S., South African Ambassador Herbert Beukes announced that Apartheid was soon going to be dismantled altogether and that the future included "political participation at the highest levels for blacks." President P.W. Botha, however, contradicted this by stating that the Group Areas Act, the linchpin of Apartheid, is not going to be repealed, that white residential areas and schools must remain white and that "the white child is entitled to be educated in the milieu of his own white culture." He might well be considering that he has gone too far along the liberal road to retain support for his National Party. Recent by-elections have shown the truth of this, with his party's majorities in the 1981 General Election having been drastically reduced in four out of the five contested seats, with one seat being lost outright to the *Herstigte Nasionale Party* (the Reformed National Party), a party adhering to *Verwoerd's* policies and whose leader, Mr. Jaap Marais, is surely the most intelligent politician in the country, which is why he is never interviewed by foreign television. The seat is in Sasolburg in the Free State, where oil is produced from coal and where the electorate is naturally more intelligent than those in most other towns and dorps. It is the first time the National Party has been defeated in the Free State since 1953. However, the voting percentage poll was low, about 65%, which indicates that many National Party followers can no longer bring themselves to vote for the party nor bring themselves to vote against it.

Mr. P.W. Botha has expressed his surprise and sense of hurt that notwithstanding all the changes he is making, the West only heaps further demands and insults upon him instead of praise, a good example of this being the Western rage at his statement that disinvestment would force South Africa to repatriate its one and a half million foreign mine workers, as if this were his fault and not the West's. There was renewed Western rage when, in response to demands that Mandela should immediately be freed, Botha said it would be more fitting if Hess were to be freed.

Reverting to an appeasement line, however, Botha protests that boycotts of South African goods will hurt the blacks, whom the West is so much concerned to help, more than it will hurt the whites, whom everyone wants to hurt. It leads one to assume that, even at this late hour, he has no real understanding of the situation. If he had, he would not be doing what he is doing. South African politicians, like politicians everywhere in the West, are unread people. They do not have to pass any examinations to be elected (Botha himself was a Free State University dropout). They know nothing about race, beyond mere

skin colour, and still less do they know anything about the history of the Aryans in India and the meaning of the caste system, which should be compulsory reading in all our white schools. Only yesterday I was made to realise, while conversing with a group of typically fine blond youngsters, that they had never heard of Arminius (Hermann), without whom there would never have been an England or America. Our children are kept deliberately ignorant of their racial history, and never dream that they speak a basic Indo-European tongue much older than the Pyramids. They actually are of the opinion that they are a race of hybrids, and have no idea that they are in fact a very pure and ancient race, as their biological refinement attests. Least of all do they realise how much their beauty and purity is envied and hated, even while it is instinctively respected.

In staunch Christian South Africa itself, the intelligent but of course essentially gullible ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church all have a mastery of Hebrew, though not a one of them knows a word of Sanskrit. P.W. Botha, in searching for some kind of essential unity among South Africans of all hues, has hit upon their common belief in God, without realising or caring that their religious beliefs are entirely incompatible. It is true that many blacks in South Africa have become nominally Christians in so far as they can understand the religion at all, but this does not mean they have abandoned their traditional beliefs. Blacks worship the spirits of their ancestors, who reside in their cattle and sometimes snakes, and have to be placated if disaster is to be warded off. Then there is their belief in, and dread of, witchcraft, to which belief there are no exceptions, no matter how sophisticated or overtly civilised the black may appear, including those in clerical vestments. Then there are the Indians, Moslem and Hindu, who hate one another, and who both despise the Coloureds, who are divided into Christians and Moslems. So we can see that the supposedly uniting belief in a God is chimerical, and that all we really have is religious division. This is because, unknown to Mr. Botha, races create their own religions and religions do not create races.

The difference between blacks and whites is so wide it can never be bridged. Put simply, the two are as different as they look, which is an immense difference, a difference that extends to their very bones, marrow and brain cells. The average black here scores only 70 to 75 points on IQ tests, making him the equal of white morons. Much the same disparity applies to the differing time scales of the two races. Whites usually plan and organise with a time scale of about 25 years in mind, whereas a black, if he plans at all, does so on a time scale of about three months, which is the time it takes a crop of maize to ripen. Yet in South Africa the white man is being asked by the

West, and now even by his own politicians, to entrust his future and that of his children to a people who are mostly moronic. Blacks never share power with whites, so why should we share power with them? Blacks never give us anything, so why should we give them anything? What are they to us? We owe them nothing, though they owe us everything they have. Why should we always be expected to be generous toward the blacks when all we get from them are threats and demands? Why should we adopt a philosophy of give and take when we do all the giving and they do all the taking?

Economically, South Africa is now in a bad way. Everything has gone wrong, all at the same time, from years of drought to the fall in the price of gold. At the beginning of 1981, the rand was worth well over a dollar and now is worth less than half a dollar, and the country's foreign debt amounts to \$22 billion. This is still a mere bagatelle compared with the national debt of the U.S., but it is proportionately almost as bad. It was in 1981 that the American Federal Reserve exploded interest rates and thereby attracted billions in foreign money, including at least two billion from Harry Oppenheimer, though an ordinary South African was not allowed to transfer more than a few hundred. With world TV attacking South Africa round-the-clock, the foreign banks jumped to the conclusion that the oppressed blacks were at last rising up in an unstoppable revolution and promptly demanded repayment of their loans.

This run on the South African Reserve Bank was initiated by Chase Manhattan, with its unsurpassed leftist political record, and South Africa was naturally unable to meet its payments, with the result that the West has now decided that the best way to get South Africa to pay up is to boycott her products. We have had ultimatums from Swiss bankers, and even from mighty Luxembourg, to mend our ways within six months, the same time limit given by the British Commonwealth. The skulls of these moneylenders seem to be impenetrable. It may have something to do with the speed of modern jet planes, which reach South Africa in half a day from Europe and seems to prevent the passengers from realising they are in another world and not still in the Alps, especially when they fly down to Cape Town in our winter and see all the snow-covered mountains. They do not seem to realise that children either do not know what they want or else want something else as soon as they have got it. In any case, why do they so seldom have anything scathing to say about Black Africa, which will never be able to pay its loans from the West and instead demands that the West should write off all past loans and start up all over again as if nothing had happened.

Yet in spite of everything, South Africa is still essentially sound and will soon enough recover. Industrially she is very well run

and is intrinsically a very wealthy country. She will pay off her debts and could probably do it now if she had to. In fact, Americans could well be advised to invest in South Africa right now, when their dollars can buy them the earth. The fact remains, however, that the present South African Government is largely to blame for everything that has gone wrong, politically and financially. Stability is the first thing investors look for, and under Verwoerd and unadulterated Apartheid they had it, and the country flourished accordingly. But now, surely, after the nationwide upheaval caused by "reform," the Government cannot afford to press on with its policy. Yet it says it is going to do so, come what may, like a programmed robot that has been set in motion in one irreversible direction.

On the military front, things have been going better. In a supposed feint at the tottering SWAPO, the South African armed forces struck deep into Angola to assist Jonas Savimbi's UNITA, which was being hard-pressed by a massed Russian- and Cuban-directed strike, supported by Russian helicopter gunships, against his headquarters in the southeast of the country. The enemy had obviously estimated that the South African armed forces would be too preoccupied in coping with internal unrest to be able to help UNITA, an absurd notion probably fostered by the Russian mastermind in Basutoland, Vladimir Gavushkin. As it happened, the South Africans went in and shot down all the gunships, routed the Angolan forces, and saved Savimbi. This was most reassuring, as I had previously worried about South Africa's evident desertion of UNITA and Renamo. In reply to the inevitable press outcry, Minister of Defence General Magnus Malan, stated that the army would continue to support South Africa's friends against the common enemy and there were no apologies to be made. It then came to light that the air force has been actively assisting Renamo as well, if in a smaller way, in spite of the Nkomati Accord. This was revealed when Frelimo forces, acting in concert with troops from Zimbabwe, overran a Renamo base in the central Mozambique district of Gorongosa,

in the province of Sofala, and found carelessly abandoned diaries or documents proving this assistance, which South Africa has not denied. These papers also revealed the foreign minister, Mr. Pik Botha, as a traitor to his country, though I am sure Pik Botha is no more than a very confused man, afflicted by the liberal virus. This would all go to suggest that the generals and the leading politicians do not see eye to eye.

What still worries me, however, is that the Defence Force has adopted a so-called "80-20 formula," (80% socio-economic and 20% military) designed to find a "solution through political and economic means" to meet the internal and external threats to the country. This rubbishy intellectual thinking is not good for soldiers. It makes them forget that the Defence Force is essentially a *force*, just as newspaper readers are persuaded to forget that their police force is a *force*. Similarly, General Malan himself has recently outlined the Communist strategy for the takeover of South Africa, except that he has only identified Russia as the enemy, and not America, and in this at least he is following the Government line. But why is it that it never occurs to our masters that America is clearly a bigger and more immediate menace than Russia?

Let us ask, would the fall of white South Africa be good for the West? Obviously it would not; the West would clearly be the weaker for it. And would it be good for the blacks and other nonwhites? Again, obviously not. There would be a great slaughter among these people and they would in any event starve. Then who will South Africa's desired fall be good for? Clearly, it would only be good for the Soviet Union, though in the long run not even to her, when the Yellow Peril starts to make itself felt.

To sum up, I am not worried about any foreign threat, but I certainly am worried by the doctrinaire egalitarian antics of my own Government. In the meantime, the Western hysteria about Apartheid is like nothing more than the dancing mania of the Middle Ages, though this time caused by the bite of tarantulas of a different order.

Ponderable Quote

The American branch of the world Z.O.G. [Zionist Occupation Government] has dismantled our industry, and debauched our currency. The churches teach a false religion of internationalism and racial suicide. The Jew controlled media incites all the races of the world and even our own women to hate us. The White man is in the toilet, it has been flushed and all the world laughs as Whitey goes down, down, around and around. It is up to your generation to climb out of the sewer and resurrect our people. It may not be fair, it is certainly not safe, profitable or popular, but it is cold hard fact. If you want a future, you will have to fight for it. Good luck, White Brothers.

David Lane,
incarcerated member of The Order



Hidden Hand

Who did the American people elect as President in 1980 and 1984 -- Ronald Reagan or Norman Lear? Don't be too sure of your answer. Ronnie chooses our federal judges -- but so does Norm.

"Archie Bunker" would not be tickled to learn that a left-wing Jew and his organization, People for the American Way, have retained a hidden hand in the selecting of judges during the administration of his beloved Gipper.

The story begins in 1952, when the American Bar Association began evaluating potential judges for the White House. For the past 34 years, U.S. Presidents have taken the names of those they wished to nominate for federal judgeships to the ABA and let that organization give a thumbs-up or thumbs-down. The liberal-dominated ABA has, in turn, solicited comments on the intended nominees from ultra-liberal groups like the Alliance for Justice and People for the American Way. Right-wingers were not invited.

Though Presidents are not formally bound by the ABA's recommendations, its disapproval has been the kiss of death in practice. Reagan, while naming more than 250 of the 743 federal judges now serving, has gone against the ABA's advice only once. Many a good man who opposed things like affirmative action and forced busing was lost to public service as a result.

All this may change because the conservative Washington Legal Foundation has filed a lawsuit charging that the ABA acts as a federal advisory committee while meeting in utter secrecy. According to Paul D. Kamenar, the foundation's executive director, "They operate in secret, Star Chamber-like proceedings in collusion with liberal, left-wing groups."

Those whom a U.S. President wishes to nominate to a judgeship may never even learn they were under consideration -- unless Norman Lear or someone of his ilk clues them in.

Nan Aron, who directs the Alliance for Justice, is incensed by the uppityness of the conservatives. "We were cut off," she moans. "The administration would like to have carte blanche in this area . . ." One would never guess, listening to her, that the President's nominations must still proceed through the Senate Judiciary Committee, an elected body whose deliberations are public.

Subsidized Trash

The House of Representatives has authorized \$167 million annually for the next five years for the National Endowment for the Arts. Some of the money is earmarked

for funding "small presses and minority presses with a track record of publishing contemporary literature of the highest quality." Somehow, Howard Allen and *Instauration* have never received any of this payola, unlike the more fortunate Gay Sunshine Press (\$30,000 for its books; \$15,000 for its magazine) and the Panjandrum Press (\$25,000 for its books). These two publishing houses are distinguished for their deep interest in homosexual writing. An anthology published by the Gay Sunshine Press in 1977, with the help of *your* money, contained these trendy nuggets of literary art:

I touch the motorcycle seat which was
just glued to the a-- of my god
Still retaining the a--'s warmth.
My god eats Kentucky chicken,
drinks Coca-Cola
And from the dawn colored slit of his
beautiful a-- he ejects s---

Asking Hard Questions

In the early 1980s, the average combined SAT score for high-school seniors planning to major in education was barely 800 (on a scale of 400 to 1600). According to the National Institute of Education, getting rid of an incompetent teacher who challenges his or her dismissal in court often costs taxpayers \$100,000 or more.

Between 1640 and 1700, when most New Englanders worked the land, the literacy rate for men was between 89 and 95%. Book importers did a booming business. Today, three centuries of mindless philanthropy later, Boston's real literacy rate is estimated to be 60%. Internationally, the U.S. ranks 49th in literacy among the 158 members of the United Nations.

It was in 1965 that Lyndon Johnson handed over the first \$1.3 billion of federal money to the nation's poorest schools, under Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. LBJ declared that it meant "more to the future of our nation . . . than any law I have signed or ever will sign." This statement is a grammatical as well as a logical monstrosity, and was spoken by a former teacher.

Today, every inner-city school in the land is filled with "classroom aides" -- paid for by federal funds -- working alongside regular teachers. But the \$50 billion spent hasn't made a dime's worth of difference, according to critics like Professor Marshall Smith of the University of Wisconsin. "So where's the impact?" he demands. "The inner-city junior highs are an educational wasteland."

Right-wing "subversives" working deep within the Reagan administration's Department of Education are beginning to de-

mand that the same hard questions about costs and benefits be asked and answered in education as in any other field. Our do-nothing educators and their learn-nothing charges are an ideal breeding ground for self-satisfied equalitarianism, but what else is all that money buying?

Autre Temps, Autres Moeurs

Any American who stayed in Libya after February 1 *could* be fined up to \$50,000 and *could* be sent to prison for ten years if he should fall into the clutches of the U.S. Department of Justice. In this connection, it might be interesting to remember that Jane Fonda & Co. openly consorted with North Vietnamese officials in Hanoi, the capital of a country with which we were at war, and at the time of her visit was torturing American prisoners in the same city. Was Jane fined? Was Jane jailed? Not a bit of it. Jane came back to the plaudits of the liberal-minority coalition, and Hollywood and video-tape buyers have proceeded to give her more money than ever.

Fire Hazard

Hair grease may temporarily flatten and straighten the woolly hair of blacks, but it can also cause permanent scars on the scalp. The petroleum jelly found in many of these products is inflammable. Not only that, but when the hair does go up in smoke, toxic fumes can get in the nose and cause painful irritation as far down as the lungs. Richard Pryor and Michael Jackson, take note.

Blacks Are Free to Misbehave

Farrakhan rallies seem to be full of Jewish reporters these days. Walter Ruby of *Jewish World* was on hand at New York's Madison Square Garden last October, interviewing members of the audience as they filed out. Nearly all were enthusiastic about the Minister of Islam, and nearly all gave Ruby their names.

Adilah Bilal explained that he was a professor of black studies at Youngstown State University (Ohio), then let it all hang out:

I agree with Farrakhan that the U.S. government is a puppet of the Jews and the United States is a wicked place to be. The Jews have the money and power. If they are such good people, why do they continue to do those terrible things?

Next, George Flake, after explaining how he worked in a garage owned by Jews, said this of Farrakhan:

He's absolutely right. The Jews are the devil. They exploit this country the way my boss exploits me. The evil in the Jews is obviously something genetic.

A companion of Flake's chimed in, "Have you read *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*? It's all made clear in that book."

Less fanatical was Richard Orange, a young black psychologist who makes more than \$60,000 a year in Manhattan. "I don't think [Farrakhan's] really anti-Semitic," he said. "Overall, I was very impressed . . . He proved tonight that he is real and has appeal."

Here are three easily traceable blacks whose "bad attitudes" were read about by many thousands of Jews. Will the Anti-Defamation League pay the employers of Bilal, Flake and Orange a visit? Will it even bother entering their names in its computer banks?

A white man who said to reporters half of what Bilal or Flake said would be looking for work -- any work -- in short order. But Jews are afraid of blacks. They know that creating a scene at Youngstown State would only win thousands of new black converts to Farrakhanism. They remember what happened when they got Jimmy Carter to fire UN Ambassador Andy Young for talking to a PLO representative. He was fired all right, but tens of thousands of blacks became anti-Semitic overnight, while other tens of thousands who were already anti-Semitic, became more so.

Brave Talk, Muddled Thought

Getting into the swing of Affirmative Action, the program that says with a loud whisper "No WASPS wanted," the Navajos have enacted a new law which orders any company doing business with their reservation to hire Navajos first and non-Navajos last. An incorrigible white, Ronald Vertrees, the president of a small Denver company, had the guts to challenge the Navajos' racist policies with a sizzling letter:

Given the historical facts, we consider ourselves to be members of the conquering and superior race and you to be members of the vanquished and inferior race.

We hold your land and property to be spoils of war, ours by right of conquest. Through the generosity of our people, you have been given a reservation where you may prance and dance as you please, obeying your kings and worshipping your false gods.

We send you missionaries and teachers to move you toward the light of civilization at whatever speed you are capable. Please confine yourselves to that reservation until you have attained a higher level of culture and sobriety. Do not presume to pass laws affecting your betters.

With all the ethnocentrism loose in this country, the Navajos are getting pretty hep. They immediately forwarded Vertrees's letter to the press and to Mobil Oil, one of Vertrees's customers. Mobil immediately cancelled its contract with Vertrees. It is very unlikely that any white firms will rush to Vertrees's rescue by giving him enough new business to take the place of what he lost from Mobil.

When the press contacted Vertrees, it expected the usual craven apology. Surprise, surprise! Vertrees announced he had "meant every word" of what he had written. He added, for good measure, "The Navajos are a Stone Age people. If it wasn't for us, they'd still be carrying clubs and bows and arrows instead of driving pickup trucks." Then, in line with the muddled thinking on race of so many Majority members, Vertrees spun off into the wild blue yonder:

I just don't believe that the Navajos, or anybody in this country, ought to have a separate nation. The reservations ought to be abolished. The Indians ought to move into the cities. They ought to marry white people . . . I'm for fundamental equality.

Blasphemous Critic

It is difficult and distressing to live at a time when we are forced to honor unheroic heroes and worship ungodly gods. We have been educated to kneel before such names as Leonard Bernstein and Gustav Mahler, although in our heart of hearts we know there is something terribly unworthy about these musical divinities. If we dared to criticize them, it would be considered the worst form of iconoclasm. It might even be considered (heaven forbid!) a sign of anti-Semitism.

That is why it is so refreshing to read British newspapers once in a while. God knows, in many ways they exhibit lower animal tastes, if such is possible, than the U.S. press, and their liberal bias is, in the main, just as emetic. But on occasion they do carry articles by such caustic and fearless critics as Auberon Waugh and Peter Simple, who are not afraid to go after the clay-footed gods and heroes that American critics supinely hold sacred.

Take the following remarks of Peter Simple in the London *Daily Telegraph* (10/8/85):

The other evening, happening to be in a room with a television set, I spent, partly in the line of duty, partly out of masochism, an hour or so watching a programme in which the conductor Leonard Bernstein gave an account of Mahler and his music.

Years ago I saw a film of Bernstein sweating and heaving with emotion on the podium as he conducted some unfortunate symphony. It was one of the funniest things I have ever seen . . .

Although I regard Mahler, in Vaughan Williams's words, as "a travesty of a composer" . . . Bernstein's account of Mahler made me feel genuinely sorry for the poor man.

Bernstein is no doubt right in stressing the "Jewishness" of Mahler's music. But he went so far as to imply or even say outright that Mahler, a Jew, had entered the Roman Catholic Church solely in order to get himself a job as principal conductor of the Vienna State Opera.

This is to accuse Mahler of the basest hypocrisy, falsity and low-minded opportunism. How can Bernstein admire such a man? And as for Mahler as a composer, wouldn't such vile behaviour entirely discredit and make nonsense of the anguished strivings of the music Bernstein conducts with such eye-rolling, breast-beating intensity?

Firebug

In the past year or so, a couple of anti-Semitic acts, first blamed on Gentiles and later found to be the work of Jews, have been reported in *Instauration*. Now blacks are getting into the game of cooking up phony stories of white bigotry.

In Salem (OR), December 23, 1985, the house of a black man, with the ironic moniker of Robert T. White, was destroyed by fire. Part of a wall that was still standing was spray-painted with the buzz initials "KKK," along with a racial slur, which the prudish press was reluctant to print.

White claimed he was in Los Angeles at the time his home, insured for \$60,000, was burglarized and set on fire. White pocketed his insurance money, but then, in Omaha a few months ago, he received a different kind of settlement. He was arrested. Police said the charges against him had to do with the house fire.

Art Critic Praises Non-Art

David Gucwa, an animal handler, submitted some "paintings" made by a 14-year-old elephant named Siri, a resident of the Burnet Park Zoo in Syracuse (NY), to Jerome Witkin, an expert on abstract art. Witkin, who was not told he was looking at the work of an animal who "painted with his trunk," was rapturous.

These drawings are very lyrical, very, very beautiful. They are so positive and affirmative and tense, the energy is so compact and controlled, it's just incredible.

Witkin made a further ass of himself by guessing that the artist was female and of Far Eastern background.

With critics like Witkin directing and shaping our artistic tastes, it's no wonder that what passes for modern art is little more than a series of animalistic doodles.