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

As a nation, Israel did not exist for about 2,000 years before 1948. It came about in ancient times as a consequence of invasion, although some would like us to believe that God was the general with the flashing sword. Was its re-creation at the cost of outraging or offending hundreds of millions of Moslems and Arabs an act of utter idiocy? The idea that God gave the land to the Zionists may go over with ignorant tribesmen, but it hardly will sell to enlightened people. Rabbis have kept the Jews in hot water for multiple centuries and their ability to do so does not support the widely held belief that Jews are a people of superior mentality. If Jews are the best that God and man can do, then the future of mankind is hopeless.

If everybody hates the Afrikaner so much, why the hell don't they leave him alone? The answer is, of course, greed. Everybody wants a piece of his flesh because they want what he has wrought. He subdued a hostile environment, made it livable, and now everybody wants to steal it from him.

The notion that Israel is our "only true friend" in the Middle East is, at bottom, nothing less than a canard. The founders of Israel were and are Marxists who have little regard for Western capitalism. Currently, over 90% of Israel's economy is state-directed. Moreover, the Zionists' belief in a state religion should further put us on guard. But most important, the very idea of Zionism embodies the notion of expropriating the property of others.

Please print this letter. My Confederate ancestors, some of whom came from Missouri and Kentucky, cry out from their unmarked graves for justice. Let's clear up the argument once and for all surrounding the controversy over whether or not Missouri and Kentucky were admitted to the Confederacy. A message from President Jefferson Davis was received by the Provisional Congress of the CSA on Nov. 11, 1861, informing it that he had signed the Act admitting Missouri to the Confederacy on an equal footing with all other states. A similar message informing the Congress that the President had signed a similar act admitting Kentucky was received on Dec. 10, 1861. Both Missouri and Kentucky sent voting members to the Senate and House of the CSA Congress throughout its existence. See Journal of the Congress of the Confederate States of America (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1904). As Instaurationists should know, we cannot depend on the "facts" presented to us by modern historians. We must go straight to the source for reliable information.

The Chosen are prominent in law, medicine, clothing, higher education and real estate -- among other occupations. Some of these used to be honorable professions. They no longer are. Is there a correlation here?

With the increasing number of Orientals here, I'm expecting any day now that the Rotten Apple will soon be observing Marco Polo Bridge Day or the Rape of Nanking Day. They are really starting to nose out the Jews here in small business. Fruit stores, Chinese restaurants and massage parlors are springing up all over town.

As for Jesse Helms, I guess he felt it wasn't worth it to "fight the good fight." I wonder what pressures were brought to bear to make him change. His defection is a good lesson for Instaurationists. No politician can be trusted.

Cholly is pretty much on the beam in his reply (April 1986) to "Bluecollar and Proud of It" concerning elites and the common man. Although I strenuously object to the premises propounded by my elitist-loving friends, I am appalled at the "Proud of It" attitude and Blue-collar's idea that the common man is the "backbone of this country." The common man has never made much of a contribution to the U.S. except his tax money and his willingness to be cannon-fodder for wars that are directly contrary to his best interests. The modern common man is incredibly ignorant, alarmingly fettered by religion and "patriotism," disgustingly easily led by his enemies, and astounding hard to convince to do anything substantial in the interest of himself and his posterity. Where in years past common people made sacrifices to ensure a better future for their children, they now refuse to have children in order to make a better today for themselves.

I am one of those Cholly mentioned who considers himself as good or better than those members of the elite of whom he has real knowledge. My contempt for our present elite is virtually boundless, but my disgust with the common man is almost as great. Those idealizing the common man should recall the grandjuries which cleared and then charged Bernhard Goetz, and, even worse, those juries which awarded millions of dollars to persons injured in the act of committing crimes and to women claiming to have become nymphomaniacs because they were hit by trolley cars. Trusting your fate as a defendant in a jury trial to twelve common men picked at random from the population must surely be the American form of Russian roulette.
ing out inefficient workers. "Jobs" which are preserved by restrictive practices do nothing for the self-image of those who hold them. I am afraid the service sector is the only employer possible for many of those people being laid off in factories and offices. But the service sector is a sector for human choice, and we should know how to choose in favour of our own. Racial, not national, authoritarianism is the solution. Meanwhile, protectionism means a lower standard of living (through misuse of resources) and more unemployment in the longer run.

British subscriber

Personally, I side with the white Christians against the anti-Christians, not because I like the creed, but because anti-Christianism is just one more way to dispossess us. Christianity was once a white strength. Curiously, I believe its absence during that now passed age would have been an even greater strength. Today I see Christianity -- applied or practiced -- as a foe quite as great as the federal government. Yes, indeed, we would have been far better off had we not picked Christ up out of the sand and the back alleys, dusted him off, Aryanized him, and made something out of him and his creed. I will not mourn his or his religion's passing. Nor, if the reverse were to come to pass, would I mourn our passing, for "red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in his sight."

I worked in a hospital in San Francisco for eight months. From a nurse I learned that many "unwed" girls who had babies in the hospital were married. They told authorities they weren't because they couldn't afford the insurance that paid for obstetrics. So forget the illegitimacy statistics. They are based in part on what people tell hospital authorities. And who checks on the truthfulness of those statements?

I read the snivelings of Zip 205 and I was not impressed. Part of her problem is where she lives -- D.C., the bellybutton of La Cesspool Grande. If her highest estimation of a future life is to be the wife of a federal bureaucrat, and if she really wants to stand on a windy corner in January viewing the Inaugural Parade, then I would say that she chose the right place to be. Why are you there, anyway? Culture? You've got to be kidding. If you want to be inspired by buildings, your best bet would be to invest $25 in a picture book. I went to the Lincoln Memorial and forever lost interest in democracy. Besides the litter blowing in the wind, I saw more foreign gooks in strange costumes than I ever want to see again. I had to pinch myself to believe I was in America, let alone the American capital. A big salary? So, your living expenses are also big. I suggest you go to Small Town USA and find a job there. Besides being in a quieter, safer place to live, you'll also find that white males have not become extinct.

During an evening of telephone chatting, I asked some teacher friends how they resolved the grading issue, when it was so evident that masses of "passing" students could not correctly add two simple fractions. Here follows a sampling of the grading formulas that were offered:

1. 60% tests, 40% attendance. If you warmed your seat each class day without a hitch, you accumulated 40% of your final grade.
2. 50% tests and 50% "effort" computed as above. If you don't bug the teacher, your effort grade is 100%.
3. 25% tests, 25% homework and 50% "class participation" computed as before.
4. 10% tests, 40% "class participation," 50% "effort." This is a favorite for summer school.
5. Ten times the square root of your test average when class attendance is not compulsory. Thus a 49 average becomes a 70 on the report card.
6. Tests 20% and homework/class "activity" 80%.
7. The test average plus the student's IQ. The fellow that gave me this one claims he hasn't hit 100 yet. He "teaches" math to the athletic scholarship crowd at a super-jock college.
Our newspapers are as full of Winnie Mandela as yours are, which is not surprising as nearly all Western newspapers march rigidly in lockstep to the same tune, and Winnie is quite an appealing name. It makes her seem so human, and serves to obscure the fact that her soulmate is a murderous criminal, who prefers to remain in prison rather than abjure violence -- unless he is merely trying to keep away from Winnie. It must, however, occur to those members of our race who are still capable of independent thought that while we are shown all those carefully selected photographs of Winnie, we are never shown any heart-warming photographs of Frau Hess or of Hess the younger and his family. Mandela, the primitive Communist thug, must be set free, but Hess, the Peace Emissary, must not be.

317

South African subscriber

I am concerned with what shape America will assume after the second American Revolution, which now seems inevitable. I do not want to see this country become a carbon copy of Nazi Germany or any other fascist regime. So what model do we look to or what period in America's past should we try to emulate? Is there enough of a Staatsvolk left in America to lead an authentic American revival?

984

Zip 293 (Jan. 1986) should be applauded when he writes that the Statue of Liberty is "the symbol of everything that went wrong with America." Bang on! Kali is an Indian goddess who is in the process of committing suicide. Never before have I thought of Ms. Liberty as an incarnation of Kali. But it fits perfectly. I don't think the statue should be destroyed. We should keep it to remind us of what our parents have done. How they were duped! She isn't a Trojan Horse, but a woman of good will -- blind good will.

932

When a guy feels all alone in the racial struggle, it's nice to know that there are intelligent people out there who read and write for Instauration and who are not Nazis and KKKers.

850

As an Italian American I resent your continued vituperative attacks on Mediterraneans. Month after dreary month Instauration is filled to the brim with such slander. No, we are not unassimilable. We want to be a part of the Majority and do not want to be cast with Jews, nonwhites and their ragtag coalition. Of course the Italian-American leadership is riddled with race traitors and renegades, but no more so than the top echelon of the Majority. If properly led, the average Italian would gladly fight alongside his racial cousins against the common foe. Remember that we, too, are European and white, and that divisiveness in this time of peril can only hasten our demise. I, myself, if called upon, would give my life to preserve an America that is true to our Western ideals.

306

The networks and the newspapers are assuring me that as an American I have been "traumatized" by the blowing up of the Challenger. Count me out of that consensus. I regret the deaths of the crew (although after many decades of antiracist haters exercising a deathgrip on the American government and American institutions, I won't concede that anyone -- astronaut or whatever -- who actually enjoys playing in this cesspool on any level can be termed a "hero"). The black crewman once said that while growing up poor in the American South he dreamt of becoming an astronaut. Yet his immediate ancestors living on a continent honeycombed with lakes and rivers "never dreamt a sail," as Thomas Dixon once put it. In every sense -- cultural, racial, scientific -- the three minority members on the craft were hitchhikers. The networks showed over and over again -- in living color -- the explosion of the spacecraft, thereby pandering to the lust of democratic man for spectacular tragedy at a safe distance. While I was watching I thought of the Germans, who had been the principal developers of rocket technology, and whose defeated soldiers and civilians had been treated so dishonorably after WWII (while at the same time we and the Russians were busy stealing both their technology and the scientists responsible for it). I also thought of Arthur Rudolph, the scientist who contributed so much to this essentially Faustian reach to the universe, and who after years of service was shamelessly kicked out of the country by sick fanatics and Jewish jackals in the Justice Department. Although many highly qualified British, Germans and Scandinavians deserved to go on space missions, NASA was too busy searching for Mexicans, blacks, Jews and Orientals to glorify people who spring from races that could not ever have developed this technology that comes from the soul of Northern European man. Undoubtedly the space program will continue, but to me it has all become a metaphor: a body is sinking rapidly into the quicksand, up to its armpits now, while the mud-splattered and imbecile head, blindly unconcerned with what is taking place, continues to lay careful plans for a glorious future. Unless an eleventh-hour realization of its peril shocks it into grabbing for whatever overhanging branches may be near, the finely chiseled dolichocephalic head will suffer the fate of the Challenger.

886

One thing I've noticed about debates on immigration reform. The civil libertarians say we won't accept a Worker Identification Card. I wonder. Most of us would agree to any kind of I.D. if it meant that undocumented workers would be kept out. Yet we have all these freaks on TV saying we won't. Milton Friedman doesn't speak for all of us.

902
survived under a paternalistic system very well. Times I am almost ready to agree with those they will continue to 'shuck and jive' because might have something there.

druggies will have expired on these riches. Most them, I believe blacks are cunning, highly disci­ test scores. After a lifetime of dealing with blacks who think we are the dummies. They solution.

fee crop, and most pushers will have filed for Colombian farmers will be back planting a cof­

able to obtain them free of charge at their local

riage. The white South African has created a vast civilization of which he is justly proud, but now it is threatening to be his grave. He and maybe whites throughout the world are at a crucial juncture. He has to choose, finally and irrevocably, between his civilization and his race. It is time that whites think seriously about the theories of the anarchists, especially Proudhon, who proposed a simpler and more basic social order. This order would be one that the white race could live with and still be a race. Unfortunately, anarchism is still a dirty word with whites in all countries, who, as god-fearing "conservatives," still believe in such ideas as "civilization" and "law and order."

Instauration could not have come up with a better choice for Majority Renegade of the Year than Newt Gingrich. For those of us who are acquainted with Newt's antics and skulldug­ gery in Washington (99% of which are never reported by the media), it was indeed refresh­ ing to read an accurate account of this latter­ day Truckler. In what was otherwise an excellent article, it was disappointing that nothing was mentioned of "Just Plain" Newt being one of the 99th Congress's premier draft-dodging wimps.

Try not to feel bad about the brouhaha in the January 1986 issue concerning 17 versus 13 stars (thank God they were only five-pointed). We're all human. I remember back about 1943, when shooting into the sun in an Ohio bean field, I downed a hen pheasant. The shock, the embarrassment, the misery! Well, grandmother said, "It's taste good" and though it took a bit more stuffing, all at the table agreed it was an exquisite bird. Characteristically, no one suggested that "eating crow" would be better fare.

My plan to win the war on drugs is simplicity itself. The President appears on TV telling those who desire cocaine and other drugs they will be able to obtain them free of charge at their local post office. Within two years most hardcore druggies will have expired on these riches. Most Colombian farmers will be back planting a coffee crop, and most pushers will have filed for unemployment. Alas, several Miami banks will have closed their doors. Economics, not appeals to morality, is the issue here. It is also the solution.

Libya, whose leader has offered to join Rea­ gan in combating international terrorism, has lately been described by our President (and the media) as a threat to American security. But this is only Israel speaking through Reagan's mouth. The big shots in Jerusalem correctly foresaw that the death of one or two Israelis at a ticket counter in Europe would not be just cause for mounting another air raid against Pal­ estinian women and children. So Zionism's principal agent, the U.S. President, was called upon to advance Israeli foreign policy. In no time we were putting pressure on the Arabs by deploying naval forces around the Gulf of Sid­ ra. This, of course, was to counter the threat of Libyan warships which are stationed off Mary­ land and New Jersey.

One more reason to dislike Jesse Jackson. His candidacy for elective office, previously a no­ no for religious leaders, could unleash another group of screwballs such as Pat Robertson. No one had guts enough to tell Jesse that church and state don't mix. Robertson and his ilk can thank Jesse for breaking down that barrier.

I like the Q-and-A format of Cholly's recent pieces. Makes for interesting reading. Most im­ portant, it breaks up the page. Readers hate a solid page of type.

It's nice to see the Judeo-Christian heritage materializing so beautifully in the aircraft-carrier diplomacy being waged against that nation of camel drivers.
Fiction as burlesque

AN ENGLISH WRITER'S ANTI-SEMITIC CONUNDRUM

AUTHORS who write in the genre known as fantasy have some singular advantages over those who choose to limit their wordcraft to reality. While all fiction (even the naturalistic school) is by definition fantastic, in that it is to some degree invented, created and shaped by an imaginative mind, it is nonetheless true that writers who dwell in fantasyland revel in the phantom winds that unfurl and swell their literary sails. They have an awful lot of fun with their printed page magic; if they are sufficiently deft, a reader can hop aboard and happily be seduced by the wondrous illusion.

Michael Moorcock, an English novelist, is a master magician. Having made his reputation with numerous works of fantasy and science fiction, he outdoes himself in two recent novels: Byzantium Endures and The Laughter of Carthage.

A brief overview of these books might suggest they are historical novels, as they take the reader through the chaotic years that followed the 1905 uprising in Russia. Crammed into the pages are Moorcock's microscopic attention to detail and local color, to precise descriptions of Russian cities and steppes, even of particular streets and sections. The same Baedeker treatment is given to European and American cities. The author expertly imparts the idea that he has actually been in the places he describes, and in the thick of the events he writes about.

Any skilled literary fantasist can create this illusion of reality, this fictional solidity that allows his figures to glide more or less undetected through stone walls. The reader must relax and spike his critical judgment to enjoy this sort of literature, which is why fantastic fiction is not everyone's cup of tea, though others who have a taste for it will read little else. It is possible that Moorcock actually did spend hundreds of hours digesting the books, magazines and newspapers relating to the decades in question. Personally, I rather suspect that he did little more than cursory research to lay the historical groundwork for these two curious literary items.

Moorcock's two novels are written in the form of an autobiography of one Maxim Arturovitch Pyatnitski, or "Pyat," born in the Ukraine around the turn of the century. We are never told directly that Pyat is a Jew or a half-Jew, but he is circumcised (rare for a Russian in those days), his father was a revolutionary who met an untimely end, and he is sufficiently deft, reader can hop aboard and happily be seduced by the wondrous illusion.

Michael Moorcock, an English novelist, is a master magician. Having made his reputation with numerous works of fantasy and science fiction, he outdoes himself in two recent novels: Byzantium Endures and The Laughter of Carthage.

Yet Pyat is no stuffy Tsarist conservative: libertinism is his glory and cocaine his daily fuel. (There was so much sneg in Russia at that time, he says, that both sides fought the Revolution and civil war on cocaine energy.)

Throughout his Candide-type adventures Pyat, a self-proclaimed engineer, carries in his valise a number of futuristic technological plans, most of them absurd, as well as a blueprint for a scientific Christian utopia. (Moorcock's experience in the science-fiction genre gets a workout here.) The precision of biographical and geographical detail is thus counterpointed by a character of obvious fantasy: the result is a sporadically entertaining mirage.

Without this heavy component of fantasy these novels almost certainly could not have been published, definitely not by such a conspicuous conglomerate wheespspoke as Random House. The mask of the fantastic protects and allows Moorcock to range over a smorgasbord of opinions and ideas, some of which sound like the most racial paragraphs of Henry Ford's The International Jew. There are most assuredly writers and journalists laboring on the good ship Establishment who occasionally chafe at their golden chains, who are sometimes possessed by a pathetic desire to spit from their mouths the coin of the realm that gags the truth. Possibly Moorcock can be numbered among this mutinous crew, and now, donning his motley masquerade garb, is thumbing his nose at his ever smiling but demanding taskmasters.

On the other hand, the bizarre twists that Moorcock attaches to the racial and cultural views expressed in these novels, like the strange twists of character he imputes to his protagonist, suggest that the author set out to execute a sophisticated symbolic caricature of a world supposedly dead and gone. Moorcock's motive in writing these works is much more interesting than the books themselves. As I know nothing about the author other than what is contained in the brief biographical note on the flyleaf, I will leave it to others to decipher the riddle, should they consider it worth the effort.
Pyatnitski is born in Kiev in somewhat impoverished circumstances. Even before he reaches puberty he invents a motorized hang glider contraption. His mother then sends him to live with his merchant uncle in Odessa, where he takes up with artists and bohemians, and also with a Jewish whore. From there he departs to a scientific academy in St. Petersburg, where he falls in with cocaine-snorting dilettantes, Marxists and anarchists, while stoutly maintaining his anti-revolutionary opinions. When the Kerenskyites and later the Bolshevists do a number on the Tsar, he returns to Kiev and becomes a technical adviser to Ukrainian nationalists (almost, but not quite, inventing a devastating laser beam to destroy the Red Army). Fleeing to Odessa, he is captured by revolutionary bandits led by Nestor Makhno, an historical figure. Here he discovers his childhood sweetheart to be a camp-following whore/nurse. Eventually making his way to Odessa, he fights with an Australian contingent of the anti-Bolshevik Allied Expedition, then escapes by boat to Constantinople, “buys” a young prostitute from her parents, makes his way with her to Rome and then to Paris, living on dreams, generous friends and the ever-present cocaine. All the while he is pursued by a Jewish Doppelgänger, who he believes is a Soviet commissar out to destroy him.

Armed with grandiose plans for “cities in the skies,” he sets up an aircraft company with a bisexual (yes, Pyat engages in that sport as well) Russian nobleman whom he knew in St. Petersburg. When the company fails and there is talk of his being arrested for fraud, he ships off to America, first New York, then Washington, and then, of all places, Memphis, where he outsmarts a couple of Southern con-men who take him for a rich Russian aristocrat. With the collapse of his ambitious and preposterous schemes for establishing himself as the leading scientist of the South, he tours the country lecturing for the Ku Klux Klan, at that time (the early 1920s) at the height of its power.

When he is beaten up in a small Western town as a result of Klan political infighting, he wends his way to San Francisco, where he is reunited with a cockney actress he had met in Russia, a Mrs. Cornelius, whom he regards as his guardian angel (despite the fact that she once bore a child by Leon Trotsky!). He joins her somewhat sluttish acting troupe and ends up in Hollywood, where he hobnobs with the cinematic gentry, among them his hero, D.W. Griffith. The Russian bemoans the fact that the “greatest cultural figure of the twentieth century” is down on his luck, due to the perfidy of Hollywood Jews. All these adventures take place before the protagonist, a buffoon acting within the framework of a farce, turns 22. (A sequel is implied; thus can make heroes and heroines of wretched drug fiends and alcoholics, most of whom died deservedly early deaths. And as for their white imitators, they were traitors to their heritage . . . . Where white apes black, there Carthage has entirely conquered.

A drug fiend who condemns drug fiends, a quasi-Jew who castsigates Jews, a multilingual cosmopolitan who bemoans the destruction of a contradictory civilization now turning on itself? No clear answers are discernible, which is most likely the author’s intention.

We see Moorcock constantly quick-changing Pyat from one embittered Paul Revere to a slapstick vaudevillian joker, Pyat as Paul:

The twentieth century is a graveyard of well-intentioned heroes and unrealized dreams. When they talk about their mythical Six Million they never consider the real victims of Socialist Reductionism: the magnificent, golden visionaries, the clear-eyed fighters for Order and Justice, the tireless, selfless Knights of Christendom who, from Deniken to Rockwell, took up the sword against Bolshevism only to be cut down by cowards, deceived by traitors, betrayed by followers who lost their nerve at the crucial moment.
A few moments later Pyat is once more the burlesque comic: "If it had not been for Hitler, who took everything too far, Italy would now be the world's most advanced nation."

The New Statesman thought that Pyat's personality was "a model of moral and cultural bankruptcy that can serve as a paradigm of the failure of Western civilization itself."

Well, maybe, but why such a crooked road? Is Moorcock venting his frustration at the antiwhite philo-Semitic establishment by smuggling forbidden thoughts into his fantasy? Or is it all his idea of a great cosmic joke? If these novels are meant to be a simile for our civilization, then I don't believe the author has done a particularly good job of it. The mad jumble of insights and absurdity combined with the rambling, wordy nature of the novels, the dull trivia and somewhat self-indulgent prose, add up to a confused -- though often interesting -- parody.

Reading Moorcock set me to thinking about the future of the novel. Byzantium Endures runs about 370 pages and The Laughter of Carthage 560. How many readers will plow through 900 pages of these two novels or, for that matter, through the many others published each year, many with much less basic writing skill than that sometimes displayed by Mr. Moorcock? Can it be possible that serious readers are genuinely engaged, for example, by a tedious account of Irish drunks working in a Buffalo cemetery, so described in the highly praised novel, Ironweed (written by a Gentile but published only when the author's mentor, Saul Bellow, pulled some strings with his pals in the publishing game)? Five hundred or a thousand pages of Cervantes, Dostoyevsky, Dickens or Stendhal are an investment in a great experience; but the Western novel (like all other Western art forms, save one) is "finished," so to speak. We will not again see the likes of such authors. Minor artists working in the great traditions will always be worth reading, but, today, only if they have something of importance to say, something that engages the imagination and spirit of people of significance. That is to say, something political. Even burlesque must have some underlying relevance and coherence.

The Camp of the Saints was a stylistically flawed novel, yet it read beautifully because it dealt with a matter of world-shaking significance, a political problem; readers could not put the book down. Though novels far more "finely wrought" than Raspail's are popping out of the publishers' presses every day, almost all of them are dead before they hit the desk of the first sycophantic reviewer. Dead, even if they are "critically acclaimed." Dead even if they top the best-seller charts. It is far better to walk among the trees destined to die so that these time-wasters can see daylight than it is to read fiction without meaning for the lives of late 20th-century Westerners.

In these times a novel that does not deal with politics -- true politics, racial and cultural politics, the only kind that matters -- is a presumption. Five hundred pages of precious verbiage that says nothing is 500 pages too many. Politics (in the sense described) is the last true art form left to us; racial and cultural politics is an art yet to be brought to its final, Faustian development. The many Western artists yet to come (yes, they will come, these Caesars) will be irresistibly drawn to politics, the only remaining art form that has the power of spiritual fulfillment.

No novelist coming after the end of the 19th century can ever be a great artist, nor any painter or musician. There will not be another Dickens, as there will not be another Wagner. But, for the artist of politics, the world is yet to be formed. From the formlessness of today the political artist of tomorrow can shape a masterpiece. The clay, though flawed, has great creative possibilities, capable still of being shaped into a terrible weapon. What we have created we can destroy, and rebuild, with our science as handmaid to our art, our political art, our last and our greatest creation.

In the world-wrenching dramas to come writers will be little more than minor actors. Their day of genius is done. But they can give their lives and their work meaning by writing of the things that have meaning: politics, and the peripheral issues that spring from the political impulse. Politics again becomes an expression of the soul, a function of the spiritual: a compulsive necessity to the most advanced and significant people who are the inheritors of those titanice, magical forces that created Western Culture.

For those who fear an outpouring of dull works of propaganda, let them be reminded that all works of art are propaganda, if only for the expression of a cultural bias. Propaganda -- in the modern sense -- is a subconscious bias become articulate. Like anything else, it can be done well, done artfully (as by Leni Riefenstahl in film), or done badly. The future may well see political propaganda elevated to high art.

VIC OLIVIR

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"Here wasn't a decent worker or peasant among them." According to Geoffrey Bailey in The Conspirators, "with a population ratio of 1.77%, Jews in Lenin's Russia made up 5.2% of the total party membership, 25.7% of the party's Central Committee and from 36.8% to 42.9% of the ruling Politburo, while among Soviet diplomats and especially senior officials of the secret police, the percentage of Jews was even greater" (Harper, NY, p. 129). But what of the Bolsheviks' foremost enemies -- the White generals? Most textbooks (and all Hollywood film renderings) portray the leaders of the armies that fought the Reds as reactionary, plutocratic, cruel and heartless oppressors of the masses.

Consider General Lavr Georgievich Kornilov, arch villain of Eisenstein's Ten Days That Shook the World. He was short and wiry with a Mongolian look. Kornilov's father, while technically an officer in a Cossack regiment, actually held a rank closer to that of sergeant major in the regular army. Later the elder Kornilov resigned and accepted a post as a petty clerk in Siberia in order to earn more money to provide for his son's education. General Kornilov's mother was a simple Cossack woman. Through hard work and effort, young Kornilov obtained entry into the Siberian Cadet School, then passed with distinction into the Mikhailovsky Artillery School and was commissioned. As a lieutenant with empty pockets, he moonlighted for extra money by giving language lessons to fellow officers.

Next let's check out General Anton Ivanovich Denikin, leader of the White Army in the Kuban. Most college texts emphasize Denikin's iron adherence to the policy of forced Russification. In fact, Denikin's mother was Polish and his father was a serf who did not enter the army until he was 30 and only became an officer at 52. Like Kornilov, young Denikin rose up through the ranks, putting in a year as a common soldier before he obtained a commission. Never once attempting to hide his Polish origins, he promoted Russification because he saw it as the only alternative to the balkanization of the Czarist empire.

While Communist "historians" still refer to Kornilov and Denikin as upper-class "Czarist exploiters," they were both of humble origin and had inherited no money and no land -- unlike the Red generals, Brusilov and Tukhachevsky.
The almost forgotten Orpheus of Nordicism

Percy Grainger

AND HIS “BLUE-EYED” MUSIC

In 1983, Instauration carried some comments on Spielberg’s film, E.T. The reviewer asked plaintively, “Instead of having a crummy little worm come down to us from heaven or outer space or wherever, why not a visit from a lovely Nordic princess?” The question is rhetorical and the answer obvious, given the allegiances of today’s cultural arbiters. Five decades earlier, though, Americans were blessed with just such a visitation. The venue was the Hollywood Bowl, where in August 1928, the brilliant Australian virtuoso and composer Percy Grainger conducted a series of concerts described by his biographer as “orgiastic riots of Nordicness.”

Percy Grainger was then at the height of his popular acclaim. Born in Melbourne in July 1882, he was the only son of John and Rose Grainger. Father John was a prominent architect and talented painter, a heavy drinker and a notorious philanderer. Shortly after the birth of his child, he infected his golden-haired wife with syphilis. By 1890, suffering from alcohol and nicotine poisoning, he was packed off to England for a rest cure. From then on Rose supported herself and her son by giving piano lessons.

Percy was her best pupil. Apart from three months of formal schooling, he was entirely home-taught. By the age of twelve, when he held his first concert series, Melbourne’s music lovers were so taken by the handsome young prodigy that a benefit concert ensued, the proceeds of which enabled him to continue his musical studies at Frankfurt-am-Main.

By the turn of the century he was ready to launch his career in London, where he performed a series of recitals to boisterous acclaim. His popularity was assured when, in 1903, he toured Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, playing always to packed houses. On his return to London he was “lionized” by the old and new aristocracies, and guaranteed a successful career as a society pianist.

There were greater depths, however, to Percy Grainger, and his contemporary musicians were quick to recognize his many-sided genius. Conductor Sir Charles Williers Stanford featured him as a soloist, and he played frequently under the baton of his friend, Hans Richter. Edvard Grieg admired his piano virtuosity above that of all others. Sir Thomas Beecham asked Percy to become his assistant conductor. Richard Strauss introduced the young Australian’s compositions to Germany. Several tours of Europe and Scandinavia were completed, always to packed houses — save for royal command performances in Norway. A life of honors and rewards were his for the taking. There were only two obstacles to a highly successful lifetime career: his high moral principles and the period in which he lived.

From the age of four or five, Rose had introduced her son to the Icelandic sagas, which always remained his favorite reading. Among other works, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Hans Christian Andersen and Freeman’s History of the Norman Conquest were read aloud to him daily. Years later he wrote, “Out of the Freeman book the Battle of Hastings had become (& still is) an acute personal tragedy. My duty as a composer seemed clear: to turn back, in my music, the tide of the Hastings battle, by celebrating all seemingly Old English (Anglo-Saxon) & Norse character-
maneuvered into another internecine war, he considered the coming conflagration in purely racial and cultural terms. He had little sympathy with the Germans, believing that a German victory would threaten the smaller Nordic cultures of Denmark and the Low Countries. Furthermore, Germans were to his mind the least Nordic of the Teutonic peoples. Actually, his opinion of all Europeans -- other than the Dutch and Danes -- was low: “Europeans are neither gentle nor fighters. They are merely riff-raff [cheap white trash] for the most part.”

A pacifist and nursing a burning ambition to become Australia’s first major composer, Grainger had no wish to die in the trenches. In September 1914 he and Rose left for New York. Eighteen years later he wrote, “I know that my music will bring more honour to Australia than any soldier-work I could have done in British armies.”

The British reacted strongly against those in their empire who were not zealous and dedicated partisans of warfare with arrests, internments, vicious personal attacks and mindless vilification. Hans Richter, for one, was so contemptuously vilified that he returned his honorary musical doctorates to Oxford and Manchester Universities. Even in New York, Percy was not immune. In England, private and public attacks were made on him, his works were dropped from most concert programs, and many friends and acquaintances flatly refused to answer or acknowledge his letters.

Whatever slanders were put about, though, his musical genius was undeniable. By March 1915, he had played to thunderous applause and jubilant critical acclaim in both New York and Boston. In the same season he stormed Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Chicago. When Woodrow Wilson dragged yet another predominantly Nordic nation into the European carnage, in an impetuous moment Percy enlisted as a saxophonist with the 15th Band of the Coast Artillery Corps, subsequently taking out American citizenship.

At the end of World War I, Percy resumed his career as a pianist, largely in order to finance his dream of producing a series of concerts consisting entirely of what he termed
"Blue-Eyed" music -- relevant compositions by Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians.

Having always been avidly interested in folk music, Percy completed an arrangement of a Morris Dance tune, *Country Gardens*. This was to be his greatest public hit, selling 35,000 copies annually for over twenty years. Royalties from his compositions earned $10,000 to $15,000 a year. He gave three command performances at the White House.

Nevertheless, the slander and vilification that followed him from England never completely died away. To the old malice was added jealousy -- envy of his success, his winning ways with women, his musical brilliance. For his outspokenly open racism and anti-Semitism he also earned the hatred of those who never forgive and never forget. His enemies were determined to have their pound of flesh, first personally and then professionally.

Percy's relationship with Rose had always been unusually intense and emotionally intimate. They loved each other as few mothers and sons ever have. She was the one center of stability in his life -- friend, comrade, business partner and devoted manager. By 1922 Rose was a physical and mental wreck, partly as a result of tertiary syphilis. (Fear of passing on the contagion had caused her to employ a nurse for the first five years of Percy's life, in order to minimize physical contact.)

A tragically false rumor was deliberately circulated in New York, alleging that their relationship was incestuous. Insulted, disgusted, at her wit's end and physically decrepit, Rose died in a fall from the 18th floor of Manhattan's Aeolian Building. The police report stated that she either jumped or fell.

Percy was so devastated he thought of suicide. Perhaps it was only the memory of Rose's belief in his greatness and his mission that kept him alive. He plunged himself more deeply into his work, giving up most of his social life. Very soon he began to look years older. He survived, but he never got over the bitter personal loss.

He also suffered financially from Rose's death. Left on his own, he was a poor financial manager, giving away his money as fast as he earned it. He supported at least nine people, and was a lavish benefactor of musical causes and other charities. Even more financially injurious was his inability to deal with the shystering tactics of the musical establishment. From the moment that they were guaranteed a princely income from *Country Gardens*, his main publishers, Schott and Schirman, contrived to let his other money as fast as he earned it. He supported at least nine people, and was a lavish benefactor of musical causes and other charities. Even more financially injurious was his inability to deal with the shystering tactics of the musical establishment. From the moment that they were guaranteed a princely income from *Country Gardens*, his main publishers, Schott and Schirman, contrived to let his other money as fast as he earned it. He supported at least nine people, and was a lavish benefactor of musical causes and other charities. Even more financially injurious was his inability to deal with the shystering tactics of the musical establishment. From the moment that they were guaranteed a princely income from *Country Gardens*, his main publishers, Schott and Schirman, contrived to let his other music go rapidly out of print. By printing a small and shabby initial run, they could limit his outlets as a composer, and then claim with circular logic that the composition had not sold well enough to justify keeping it in print. In that way, his most serious and ambitious works were denied a hearing, with the result that many came to think of him as the author of only a few lightweight and extroverted piano pieces.

The new medium of disc recordings should have ensured the livelihood of a pianist-composer whose genius was universally acknowledged. But Percy's first contract, with Columbia, was exclusive and gave the company final say over which works would be issued. Inevitably, they selected his performances of the works of other composers, almost never his own compositions. This unhappy practice continued after he had negotiated a new contract with Jack Kapp of Decca Records. His mature works were ignored. In 1950 he and Leopold Stokowski collaborated on an RCA recording of those ebullient early works that had never been allowed to find an audience. As a result, Columbia asked him to conduct a recording of some of his other compositions. RCA blocked the proposal.

Percy continued to compose, to rearrange earlier works and to adapt folk songs, but all outlets for his serious works had been effectively closed by what amounted to a publishing and recording embargo, which he was powerless to end. His later years were largely spent on the establishment of the Grainger Museum at the University of Melbourne, and in experimenting with gliding sound effects not unlike those heard in some recent electronic music.

Generating his early interest in linguistics, which had made him fluent in at least six European and Scandinavian languages, he never lost interest in his old ideal of English language reform. Believing that his mother tongue was corrupted by too many Southern European influences, he tried to create a modern form of the language, purged of non-native elements. He even engaged a full-time research assistant to help with this "Blue-Eyed English," of which the following is a sample: "I have always believed in the wish-for-ableness of building up a mainly Anglo-Saxon-Scandinavian kind of English in which all but the most un-do-withoutable of the French-begotten, Latin-begotten and Greek-begotten words should be side-stepped & in which the bulk of the put-together words should be wilfully & own-up-to-ly hot-house-grown out of Nordic wordseeds."^8

In February 1960, in White Plains, Percy died of abdominal cancer. His lovely Nordic Princess Ella was beside him. At the very last, Grieg's 1907 comment may have been fulfilled: "Like a god he is lifted above all suffering, all struggle."^9 To the end he pathetically tried to bring and keep Nordic music before the public, driving his sick body beyond its limits in the attempt.

Percy Grainger's crusade was a failure. His compositions are seldom played outside Australia, and even there it is only the light, exuberant work of his youth that is heard. Very few of his serious compositions have ever been recorded. Most of those Nordic composers whom he admired, befriended or helped have suffered a similar treatment -- Grieg and Delius being the only real exceptions. The Grainger Museum in Melbourne keeps his flame burning to some extent, although it is starved of funds; and the University of Illinois has had the initiative to issue private recordings of some of his compositions. A few younger pianists and composers have recently begun to "rediscover" him, but hardly anyone interested in folk or medieval music, in the revival of both of which he played a crucial role, has even heard his name.

A suitable epitaph for Percy Grainger may be written one day. In the interim, we could do worse than heed the words of Dr. Kaare Nygaard, his American physician: "Of course he was a genius -- whatever that actually means. Among many other things he also impressed me as being almost a..."
human Saint." We can perhaps hope that if and when our culture is liberated from its cacophonous occupiers, the unrecorded and unperformed music of his maturity will delight the ears of those for whom it was written and from whom it has been withheld for these many years by those whose favorite instrument is the drum.

**SELECTED RECORDINGS**


Salute to Percy Grainger. English Chamber Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, et al., 2 volumes, Decca SXL 6410; 6872.

**Anthropological Double Talk**

Part of living is noticing differences between one thing and another. Every school kid who admires athletic prowess has noticed that blacks run short distances very fast and jump very high. With no malice or racism they wonder why this is so. They are not likely to find out why in The American Journal of Physical Anthropology or any other anthropology journal, whose writers do not acknowledge that race exists.

Since anthropology is essentially the study of race in some sense or other, the subject does now and then intrude into academe’s officially raceless view. I have been perusing the assiduous labor, over a 20-year period, of a host of paid scholars. I will dig deeper in the future, but this is what I have come up with now.

Peredes (Current Anthropology, Feb. 1984), “On the Concept of ‘Race’: an Ironic Footnote.” He laments that, although anthropologists have repeatedly said that the word ethnic group should be substituted for the word race, the public has not yet got the point. “The older usage of ‘race’ survives in colloquial parlance in at least some rural areas of the American South.” Worse, the word was used in the older sense even in a standard intelligence test for adults.

Beals, Smith, Dodd (Current Anthropology, June 1984), “Brain Size, Cranial Morphology, Climate and Time Machines.” At one point Beals et al. state flatly: “Hominid expansion into regions of cold climate produced changes in head shape. Such change in shape contributed to the increased cranial volume.”

The article is probably trying to provide an alternate theory to that proposed by Darwin, that the larger brain being more intelligent gives its possessors a better chance to survive. According to Beals et al., the brain increases in size simply to keep warm, because it is known that a small head cools faster than a large head.

What is useful about this article is that it summarizes the current data, courtesy of the computer, on the distribution of brain size throughout the world. “Each degree of equatorial distance adds 2.5 cm$^2$ to the volume... Global means for populations in temperate and cold climates is 1,386 plus or minus 6.7, while that for hot-climate populations is 1,297 plus or minus 10.5. [There is] an absolute difference of 89 cm$^3$.”

Although the authors claim that the larger brain is a direct adaptation to cold climates, nowhere — until their last response to “comments” — do they disclaim the idea that there is a relation between brain size and intelligence. The commentators, however, with one notable exception, chose to read the article as a refutation of the “Darwinian” explanation of brain size. For instance: “The paper of Beals and colleagues [is] an important contribution... against a direct relation between cranial capacity and intellectual capacity.” This seemed to be the general consensus. One commentator, however, chose to ignore this conclusion:

The brain uses so much energy that extensive brain enlargement would be incompatible with survival in food-scarce environments unless it provided cognitive skills enabling increased foraging efficiency and/or increased cultural adaptation to harsh circumstances. The fact that a correlation between cognition and brain size has not been convincingly demonstrated does not mean that it has been disproven.”

**Ponderable Quotes**

The issue of race is becoming constantly more delicate among thinking Freemasons. Traditionally Negroes have not been admitted to the lodges of the United States. A Negro, Prince Hall, established the first Negro lodge in Boston. It has spread across the country, with its own Scottish rite reaching up to the thirty-third degree. In most states the Negro lodges are considered clandestine or irregular. Offering some for complete democracy in Freemasonry in the United States is the present stirring of conscience in some grand lodges to admit Negroes into their member lodges. All other racial groups — Latin American, Oriental and American Indian — are now freely admitted.

Arthur Waite,
_A New Encyclopedia of Freemasonry_

We were lucky the British were prejudiced colonizers. If there had been more intermarriage, it would have destroyed the purity of our race and culture, not theirs.


**NOTES**


ADL Terrorist Exposed

Right-wing newsletters generally concentrate on free-market and supply-side economics with a heavy seasoning of doomsaying and financial tips. Very seldom, if ever, do they pay any mind to the racial conflict. For this reason, our hat goes off to Laird Wilcox, who puts out the Wilcox Report, the December 1985 issue of which contained a real scoop.

Back in 1981, Wilcox was invited to participate in a panel discussing a TV documentary, “Armies on the Right,” made by WCCO, Minneapolis. Wilcox writes:

Included prominently in the documentary was a segment on the activities of two leaders of the New York City branch of the Christian Patriots Defense League, identified as “John Austin” and “Jim Anderson.” Both “Austin” and “Anderson” had attended the 1981 CPDL Freedom Festival in Flora (IL), where they taught a course in street combat and techniques of hand-to-hand violence called “street action.” They were also observed listening in on conversations and taking photographs of other festival participants and their families.

During this videotaped segment of “Armies on the Right,” both “Austin” and “Anderson” flaunted their hatred toward racial minorities, and in terms much more extreme than one normally hears from bonafide CPDL members! “Austin,” for example, referred to a group of young Hispanics on the street as “subhuman trash” and “cockroaches.” “Anderson” stated that he was a “racist.” Both “Austin” and “Anderson” were behaving in the manner they imagined would represent the stereotype of a far-right-winger.

On 7 October, 1981, several months after the WCCO documentary was filmed (but before it was aired), the same “Jim Anderson” was arrested by the New York City Police Department on charges of possession of an unregistered rifle and carrying a weapon in public view. “Anderson” and an accomplice, identified as Kevin Reid, were arrested when they were observed brandishing a sniper rifle on the roof of an apartment building. That arrest was reported on page three of the New York Daily News of 8 October, 1981, the following day. However, in the [newspaper story], “Anderson” was identified by his real name, James Mitchell Rosenberg!

James Mitchell Rosenberg, alias Jim Anderson, alias Jimmy Mitchell and others, is a paid agent provocateur of the Anti-Defamation League. [Wilcox then writes about his dealings with WCCO’s producer, Jim Hayden, and cameraman Paul Henschel, who interviewed him at his apartment in Kansas City (MO).]

[We discussed a peculiar experience they had while they were interviewing the leaders of the New York City chapter of the CPDL. Henschel said that “John Austin” insisted on wearing a false mustache during the interview and that he and “Jim Anderson” would frequently huddle together and speak in low tones, as if they were concealing something! Both Hayden and Henschel seemed uneasy about these two characters. I explained to them that there was, in fact, widespread infiltration by police agencies and by the ADL into right-wing groups. Often, the most fanatic and vicious members of these groups were actually plants. This seemed to interest them but, for one reason or another, we didn’t pursue it further. Both “Austin” and “Anderson” were left in the documentary.

On 7 December, 1981, I was flown to Minneapolis by WCCO for the premiere of “Armies on the Right,” in which I was quoted as an authority on extremist groups, and to participate in a 90-minute call-in show, “Town Meeting,” immediately following the documentary. Also taking part in the “Town Meeting” program was, among others, one Morton Ryweck of the Anti-Defamation League!

At one point during “Town Meeting,” [it was] stated that “Jim Anderson” portrayed in “Armies on the Right” was really James Rosenberg, “a Jewish infiltrator,” and that “John Austin” was a member of the American Nazi Party. WCCO “Town Meeting” moderator Pat Miles interjected that “we’ve been told by the leadership of the CPDL that that’s not true!” I chimed in with the observation that while I couldn’t comment on this specific case, infiltrators do occur in political groups. Ryweck immediately killed this line of conversation by injecting that we shouldn’t “lose sight of the thrust of the program” and not just “get hung up on one or two individuals.” So much for that! The troublesome topic didn’t arise again.

Rosenberg’s activities as an agent provocateur are much more extensive than the WCCO-CPDL affair, however. In 1979, Rosenberg was identified as leader of the Confederation of Independent Orders of the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan in Pittsburgh (PA). Rev. Raymond Doerfler [a Klan member], described Rosenberg as the “brains” behind the group. In addition to compiling lists of members and sympathizers, Rosenberg was observed suggesting violent and illegal activities. In March 1978, Rosenberg was party to discussions culminating in an alleged plot to provoke [his Klan group] into bombing the Trenton (NJ) headquarters of the NAACP. In July 1978, Rosenberg was named by sources within right-wing groups as a key figure in orchestrating a clash between Ku Klux Klan members and anti-Klan forces in Jamesburg (NJ) . . .

Rosenberg also attempted to infiltrate the Mountain Church, headed by former Ku Klux Klan member Robert Miles, in Cohoctah (MI). He attended several meetings, did his usual confidence act, was spotted as an agent provocateur and sent packing back to the ADL! Rosenberg has also been seen with members of the Progressive Labor Party and the International Committee Against Racism (INCAR), both violence-prone groups on the far left, as well as the notorious Jewish Defense League, an admitted terrorist cult espousing fanatical Zionism.

Rosenberg is a militant Zionist himself. He claims to have served in the Israeli military. According to sources familiar with Rosenberg, he also served as a briefing officer at a Tel Aviv Holocaust documentation center controlled by Rabbi Meir Kahane, the founder of the Jewish Defense League.

The ADL’s involvement with Rosenberg is a matter of public record. During a deposition taken from Irwin Suall, ADL “Fact Finding” Director, on 10 July, 1984, in the matter of Lyndon Larouche vs. NBC . . . the question of Rosenberg’s undercover work for the ADL came in.

Suall’s testimony was a masterpiece of evasion as Larouche’s attorney tried to pin down his extensive involvement with Rosenberg. Suall did admit to having contact with Rosenberg during “the last few weeks.” ADL attorney Barbara Wahl, noting that the deposition is a public record which might fall into the hands of newspapers, directed Suall to refuse to answer questions about Rosenberg and invoked the New York “shield” law, which is designed to protect the confidential sources of bona fide newsmen and not ADL libelers and ritual defamers, Suall, of course, is in no sense a bona fide newsmen! . . .

The ADL’s unconscionable hoax perpetrated against television station WCCO aside, I have reason to believe that the James Mitchell Rosenberg case is merely the tip of the iceberg concerning ADL black operations against the American right-wing, and I have further reason to suspect that ADL operatives may have been implicated in acts of “right-wing” violence.

The Wilcox Report Newsletter is published irregularly by Laird Wilcox, P.O. Box 1832, Kansas City, MO 64141 ($13 for 10 issues).
Dangerous Legal Precedent

"A Los Angeles jury awarded $5.25 million in damages to Mel Mermelstein, a Nazi concentration camp survivor, who said he was emotionally tortured by the taunts of a man who kept telling him the Holocaust never happened."

So said the news. This is what Zip 926 thinks of the matter:

One of the great principles of Anglo-American law has always held that every man is entitled to his day in court; that he may not be judged until he has had an opportunity to present his side of the controversy.

Now, in a dangerous precedent, a Los Angeles Superior Court jury on January 17, 1986, sat in judgment of a citizen of another country who was not even present to defend himself! In publishing his conviction that no Jews were gassed during World War II, Ditlieb Felderer, a Swedish citizen, was found to have libeled Mel Mermelstein, a Long Beach (CA) resident.

The U.S. Supreme Court long ago held that a state could not obtain jurisdiction over a non-resident unless he could be found and served within the state or unless he voluntarily submitted to the jurisdiction of the court. Since the State Department refused to allow Felderer into this country following his conviction in Sweden for approximately the same "offense" (one which Mermelstein pursued with vigor), how could he respond to a summons, even if he chose to?

One is left to wonder whether those twelve jurors, good and true, who so casually sat in judgment of a citizen of another country, without ever hearing his testimony, will live to rue what they have done to our legal system.

Mermelstein's suit should have been thrown out by the first judge it was assigned to, if for no other reason than he has no more chance of collecting $5.25 million from Felderer, who is practically penniless, than Felderer has of getting $5.25 million from the Wiesenthal Foundation for publishing his anti-Holocaust literature.

Ditlieb Felderer, incidentally, is a partly Jewish Austrian who moved to Sweden some years ago. At one time he was a member of Jehovah's Witnesses and was married to a woman from the Philippines. He has done some interesting Holocaust research, having probably made more visits to Auschwitz than any other Holocaust skeptic. But he has made such tasteless remarks and sent out such tasteless items in the mail to Holocaust survivors, some of it under the misleading imprint of the "Jewish Information Service," that any jury which viewed them would develop intense feelings of sympathy for the recipients. Because of the insulting and irritating way he presented his research (e.g., sending ashes and hair to former concentration camp inmates), Felderer's work on the Holocaust must be considered as counterproductive as it is productive.

A Minneapolis Month

Americans used to think that Minneapolis, the biggest city in a state with a high proportion of Scandinavians, was a paragon of urban law and order compared to what goes on in the heterogeneous megalopolises of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Philadelphia. No more. As the following news, most of it occurring last January, from Minneapolis shows, the city is fast catching up with the depravity that has become the norm for most of metropolitan America.

- John Peter Nunn, a black, was convicted on two counts of attempted first-degree murder and six counts of second-degree assault. While robbing a furniture store, he shot one employee.
- Three black Minnesota Gopher basketball stars were arrested for raping an 18-year-old white girl.
- Security was tightened at a Minneapolis-based airline after a rumor that "a Libyan sympathizer" tried to hire a local citizen to plant a bomb in a commercial plane flying to the U.S. from Canada.
- After a two-day trial, Ron Edwards, president of the Minneapolis Urban League, was found not guilty of possessing a handgun without a permit. Edwards was arrested while sitting in a car with another black, who has just robbed a white woman of her purse.
- Representative Randy Staten, the only black member of the Minnesota legislature, pleaded guilty to writing 76 bad checks to local supermarkets. He was slapped on the wrist with a year's probation.
- Ben B. Reuben paid a $5,000 fine and was permanently barred from running or supervising a brokerage house. He had been selling unregistered stock at exorbitant prices.
- Raymond Presley, the city's highest-ranking black police officer, was suspended without pay for 20 days. Noted for his absenteeism, Presley had gone off to play golf several times while he was supposed to be on duty. Not one to accept discipline gracefully, he charged that the Minneapolis police department was a "racist institution."
- Minneapolis parents pleaded with school officials not to tamper with the public school system and to put a higher priority on quality education than on desegregation.
- Robin Stillday, a black, pleaded guilty to raping a white woman who had artificial arms.
- In 1970, one in ten Minneapolis youngsters were minority members. In 1980 the ratio was one in four. Some 14,700 students, one-third of the city's public school enrollment, are living in fatherless families. More than 900 illegitimate babies were born in Minneapolis in 1984, up 30% in seven years.
- Police are looking for a 24-year-old black who raped a white woman at gunpoint. He forced her into his car as she was walking toward a bus stop at 7:00 A.M.
- William Rubin and Janet Karki were convicted of bilking investors of millions of dollars in a securities fraud. While living with Karki, Rubin secretly married a Majorit manicurist.
- Indian leader Dennis Banks, now on parole in South Dakota, may be brought to trial in Minneapolis for transporting firearms and explosives -- charges which he has been successfully avoiding for 11 years.

As far as can be ascertained, not one descendant of Minnesota's Scandinavian population appeared in the crime news during the month of January, unless in the role of a victim. Every one of the criminals or the accused was either a black, an Indian or a member of a white minority. So goes the cycle of civilization in Minneapolis and many other parts of the U.S. Whites build; others unbuild.
The Current Political Muddle

As the nation approaches the 1986 midterm congressional elections, a mood of apprehension hangs over Washington. Most political pundits recognize that the Reagan administration has abandoned its promise to reduce government interference in the lives of the citizenry. Although the welfare bureaucracy has been slimmed down from the gigantic to the mammoth, Affirmative Action and “community action” programs are still sedulously percolating.

Like most presidents who have found their political impotence revealed to the public, Reagan seems to be retreating back to that favorite political last resort, foreign policy. As past campaign imperatives run aground on the shoals of practical politics, the administration’s emphasis shifts toward such esoteric matters as the “East-West equation” and “Middle East terrorism.”

Interestingly, much the same political shifting is going on in the Kremlin -- and for many of the same reasons. Since the socialist empire has long proved its congenital inability to deliver on its promises for a classless economic paradise, grumblings on the home front are being dealt with by fabrications of external causes. With both camps committed to this international standoff, we have, presto-chango, a sum-demic perversions of Lyndon Johnson’s Great Society.

On the other hand, the Jewish vote, after tenuous flirtation with the Republicans, did flare to become a hot and enduring romance, only to reward Reagan for his obedience in “taking the necessary action” against Gaddafi & Co. The President has apparently decided to carefully sidestep the contempt that Jews developed for Jimmy Carter when that pathetic creature tried to mediate the Middle East struggle along the lines of Christian equity. The Zionists have always wanted the whole pie, and they are not in any hurry to define the architectural limits of the crust.

Meanwhile, the most loyal Democrats, the 28 million blacks, are beginning to have second thoughts. In the Northeast, a growing black middle class is questioning the inability of welfare (basically a payday for black Democratic votes) to lift the black poor to a higher rung on the economic ladder. It’s possible that the black political leadership (not at all the same thing as the black middle class) may someday acknowledge what some of us have always known: that welfare is as destructive as drugs to the black underclass. And, for the millions of blacks actually trying to follow society’s rules -- let’s face it, a lot of hard work just wouldn’t get done without them -- racial favoritism and Affirmative Action diminish their individual achievements.

If this budding trend away from welfare takes on any sizable file of its own, the Chosen may have to go elsewhere to find allies. With a significant number of American beginning to take the measure of Jewish ambitions (though staying as quiet about it as ever), the list of Zion’s potential political friends seems to be embarrassingly small. The Protestant fundamentalists are having doubts about the size of their own bedrock support, now that some of their emissaries in Israel have been hit with all manner of anti-Christian violence. This leaves the Jews with the fags, the libbers, the drug culturists and the warmongers -- people who always turn up on the good-guy side of every liberal equation.

Although more than 51% of births to black teenagers are illegitimate, compared to an alleged 19% illegitimacy rate for white teens, Time (Dec. 9, 1985) was behooved to put an unwed 15-year-old, blue-eyed blonde on its cover to illustrate its feature story, “Children Having Children.” Since all kinds of Indians, Asians and Hispanics are lumped by statisticians into the white race when making black and white comparisons, it is doubtful if even 10% of America’s illegitimate offspring are born to blonde teenagers. Yet a Nordic girl, Angela Helton of Kentucky, had to take the photographic heat for the wayward behavior of huge and appalling numbers of unwed baby-making nonwhites and assorted dark whites.
Permissible Slander

The war against the WASP is heating up. Take a look at the cute little piece of ethnic libel entitled What Do WASPs Say After Sex?, written and illustrated by Matt Freedman and Paul Hoffman (St. Martin’s Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010, $3.95). This is pure racism in the old Julius Streicher vein, with the racial slurs being directed against the target race in the form of dirty jokes and cartoons loaded with accusations of bigotry, homosexuality, frigidity and even bestiality.

Here, for example, is what appears on the cover.

What do WASPs say after sex?

Matt Freedman & Paul Hoffman

And on page 30.

What do you get when you cross a WASP and an orangutan?

I don't know. But whatever it is, it won't let you in its cage.

And on page 39.

What do WASPs say after sex?

"Thank you very much. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

She's the one wearing the wire brassiere.

And on page 53.

How do you tell the WASP woman at a nudist colony?

Despite more and more literature like the above, Majority members -- not Jewish racists -- are still being blamed for the country’s endemic racism.
Untrustworthy Critics

"Shoah is a crashing bore," asserts an Instaurationist® in whose artistic discretion and taste we have the utmost confidence. Yet 99% of American film critics gushed over it. Only one "famous name," that of Pauline Kael, a Jewess, had the guts to react to Shoah honestly. She called this nine-hour Holocaust hatefest against Poles and Germans "logy" and "a long moan" and admitted she wasn't able to sit through more than half of it. As punishment for this act of supreme insensitivity, the Zion- maniacal New Yorker (Feb. 1986) devoted a whole page of vituperation to Ms. Kael, in which we were embedded such pejorative niceties as "moral idiot."

The same situation was more or less en- coered in the reviews of The Color Purple, a movie that had to be sacred because it was directed by Steven Spielberg and because it had a black theme and a black cast. Only a few blacks and the white critic John Simon (presumably a Jew) of National Review were courageous enough to demur. Simon summed up the universally acclaimed hit with the words "infantine abomination."

A new flap over The Color Purple arose when, after being nominated for 11 Acade- my Awards, it failed to win any. This hap- pented before, in the late 70s, but that movie didn't have the benefit of Spielberg and a black cast. The Hollywood NAACP and other groups protested the obvious "raci­ sim" of the decisions, and even some blacks who had criticized the movie's un¬ flattering portrait of Negro men screamed that it should have won some awards.

We have now reached the point in popu¬ lar and so-called serious films where the content or message dictates the approval rating of the critics. A pro-black, pro-Jewish or pro-Hispanic movie, even though an arti¬ stic horror, rates three or four stars. A pro- WASP movie or play, though beautifully acted and directed, would rate only one or two stars and might even result in some street demonstrations and boycotts, if by some miracle it managed to make it before the cameras.

Style and substance are the inseparable props of art. All the minority racism in the world and all the cowardly kowtowing of critics will not change this immutable law. Defying it may allow craven reviewers to hang on to their jobs in this Age of Men¬ dacity and will fill the pockets of Spielbergs for a few decades, but it will not prevent Shoah, The Color Purple and similar cine¬ matic and TV tearjerkers from ending up in the ever more crowded junkyard of bad cultural jokes.

Nut Killer Called Rightist

It wasn't exactly a pleasant Christmas Eve for the Goldmark family of Seattle. A brut¬ ish nut named Donald Lewis Rice broke into the Goldmark home and, flouting a toy pistol, brandishing some handcuffs and uncorking a bottle of chloroform, bound and beat father, mother and the two chil¬ dren to death, though the father and one son held on to life for a few more days in the hospital. When Rice was apprehended, the media immediately made the quadruple murderer appear to be a fascist, anti-Semitic or right-winger of the worst type. He had confessed he committed his heinous homici¬ des because Goldmark was a Jew and a Communist. Rice's charges were universal¬ ly denied, though Goldmark's mother, Sal¬ ly, had been a member of the Communist Party for a time in the 1930s and his father, who came from New York, had won a fa¬ mous libel suit against a man who had ac¬ cused him of being a Communist. As for being Jewish, although the papers said he wasn't, the name does not sound too Ar¬ yan, and Goldmark, a lawyer, was always on the ultra-liberal side of every cause. In fact, he and presumably his family were so liberal that the four of them (the two sons were 12 and 14) let a crazy with a toy pistol kill them one by one, apparently without even putting up a fight.

The aura of racism which the media fast¬ tened on Rice should have been removed, however, the minute it was found that after his crime he took refuge in the apartment of one of his closest buddies, a Negro, and when it was discovered that another of his close friends, a white woman who was something of a guru, had been married three times, twice to blacks and once to an Iranian. The racist angle turned out to be another of those media pipedreams, but who would have known it? Not a word of Rice's hybrid connections was allowed to seep out in Seattle's "impact press," which cavalierly kept this news to itself. What editor these days would let the truth spoil a good story?

Legalizing Genocide

The Genocide Treaty is merely one more milestone in the worldwide crusade to halt in its tracks any and all objective criticism of minority groups, especially Jews. As such, it was bound to be approved one day by the invertebrate and dilatory U.S. Sen¬ ate. Like the Martin Luther King holiday, the annual billion-dollar tribute to Israel and the "hate laws" that already exist in several states and several foreign countries, the Genocide Treaty is designed to stifle any discussion of the major part that racial differences are playing in the world crisis. Making it illegal to criticize them as a group allows dynamic minorities to act under a special protective shield and thereby maintain their certain political and economic advantages over majorities, who can be criticized and slandered at will.

The Genocide Treaty criminalizes not only acts against minority groups, but whatever might psychologically injure them. This makes unlawful any word in speech or print that can be interpreted as causing them "mental harm." A newspaper editorial or column that, say, ques¬ tions the Holocaust, even a phone call that contains a racial slur, will consequently be a crime. In practice, however, no one in the more than 90 countries that have signed the treaty has yet been arrested or convicted under its provisions.

Also, much has yet to be done before an American citizen can be hauled before an international court and punished for geno¬ cide. The Senate's approval contains sev¬ eral reservations that have to be worked out in both Houses of Congress before this in¬ ternational statute can supersede U.S. law. Until such necessary legislation is passed, this country's adherence to the treaty is purely symbolic.

From an Instaurationist point of view, we would like to see the Genocide Treaty en¬ forced immediately by having the ever¬ obliging Justice Department arrest some Kansas citizen and send him to Switzer¬ land, Uganda or elsewhere to be tried by black, yellow and brown judges for object¬ ing, say, to affirmative action quotas. The court proceedings might turn out to be quite interesting. It would also be interest¬ ing to have a U.S. Supreme Court ruling on the international court's ruling.

And wouldn't it be embarrassing for the Jews, who wrote and promoted the Geno¬ cide Treaty, to have it first applied to the Israelis, whose killing and uprooting of Pal¬ estinians is today's principal example of genocide?

Black Apartheid Booster

Some white South Africans may think it very clever of their government to pay $390,000 a year to William A. Keyes to act as one of their American lobbyists. Others, certainly most Afrikaners, might think it a total waste. Keyes is one of those fast-talk¬ ing black Republicans who make a hand¬ some living out of providing the only black face at GOP gatherings.

Not so long ago -- in 1978 -- Keyes hitch¬ hiked to Washington from his home in Gas¬ tonia (NC) and got a job as a mail sorter. For no particular reason, except skin color, he was soon hired as a research assistant for one of those numerous and totally ineffec—
tive Republican study groups. From then on it was up and away. The Republicans were willing to pay almost anything to a freakish black who would spout anti-welfare cliches.

In 1982 Keyes was moved into the White House as a “domestic policy adviser.” In his spare time (or was it on government time?) he founded a PAC to finance black Republican candidates. This stratagem, of course, came to nothing. But in this unenlightened ninth decade of the 20th century, when race is involved, a man is not credited or debited for what he does, but for his physiological aura. Climbing further up the ladder of successful failure, Keyes finally engineered his South African connection and now will pocket practically all his annual $390,000 stipend, subtracting only chicken feed for his one employee.

Yes, Bill Keyes has it made! Henceforth, he will have plenty of time and plenty of dough to indulge his favorite occupation -- dating white females.

Philly’s on Fire

All over America, young white men are going to prison for fighting back against outrages vastly greater than those known by the insurgents at Lexington and Concord. In Philadelphia, Vincent Callahan, 20, Thomas O’Donnell, 22, George Stewart, 25 and an unnamed minor may soon be joining the swelling ranks of political prisoners. Last December 12, they allegedly attacked an unoccupied house in that city’s threatened all-white Elmwood neighborhood -- a house which the Establishment was cynically using as the thin edge of another black wedge.

Ah, you say, but their arson (a gallon of gas on the floor and a match) was cowardly and despicable, hardly the stuff of Valley Forge -- now a parklike, suburban setting 15 miles northwest of Elmwood, where, in the dead of winter, well-heeled conservatives may be seen, driving slowly around in their heated cars, thinking lofty thoughts about the Founding Fathers.

Does anyone think for a moment that Callahan, O’Donnell and Stewart would not greatly prefer spending a cold winter in the countryside, training for combat with the likes of General Washington, to doing such a deed as they are charged with? Alas, our age of technology, centralization and government infiltration has rendered the George Washington approach less than viable.

Philadelphia’s black mayor, W. Wilson Goode, and the rest of the Establishment will surely see to it that these young men rot in jail for years to come. Yet William Tecumseh Sherman, out of pure spite, burned hundreds of beautiful Southern mansions, and monuments to his memory continue to adorn the Northern landscape. Much more recently, the Anglo-American bombers levelled Europe’s “art city,” Dresden, despite the lack of military targets. They were called “heroes.” And just last May, Mayor Goode himself gave the order to drop a concussion bomb on MOVE headquarters with the result that sixty $100,000 black homes were burnt to the ground.

The four young men of Elmwood, or whoever torched the unoccupied $20,000 house, did it because it was the only way they knew to fight against the forces which are fast driving all working-class whites from all U.S. cities.

While making comparisons, let it not go unnoticed that Mayor Goode imposed a “state of emergency” on the 70-block Elmwood area last November 22 not because of any deaths or assaults but because crowds of young whites had gathered on two successive nights to noisily protest blacks moving into what some reporters admitted was a “white island in a black sea.” The Goode decree, which was lifted only on January 3, forbade groups of four or more people “from gathering or congregating upon public highways or public sidewalks or in other outdoor places in the area.”

The South African government, under extreme provocation, with black killings mounting into the hundreds, finally issued such a decree last summer. The American media howled in unison. Yet not one peep was heard from the media when Mayor Goode suspended the civil rights of the whites in Elmwood.

D.C. Horrors

Over the last few months, readers of Washington’s major papers have been treated to a series of vile murders perpetrated by members of the city’s black “under-class” (as the welfare bureaucracy terms it). In the latter part of 1985, “The 8th & H Street Gang” relieved one of their racial number -- a 49-year-old mother of nine children -- of about $20 and in the process cut short her life in a particularly sadistic fashion. They impaled her on an iron bar.

In mid-January of this year, the same anthropological milieu produced another horrible murder: the decapitation, disemboweling of a five-year-old child by her own mother. Appar­ently, driven by the influence of “truth medicine” -- LSD and its parallel agent, angel dust -- the child’s remains were reported scattered all around the mother’s apartment. Said one of the investigating police officers, “It’s the most gruesome thing I’ve ever witnessed. I’ll never forget it in my life.”

Such is life in inner-city America. Though whites try to forget it, they are daily hostages to the threat of just this kind of sadistic brutality by a race that has never been able to make the transition from the drum to the drawing room.

Thanks to patronizing liberal welfareists who have convinced urban blacks that their problems arise solely from white racism, the dark-skinned drug culture goes on its hallucinatory way, picking up steam like a runaway locomotive heading straight for the passenger terminal. Few blacks, if any, have the common sense to understand that they alone are responsible for their desolate condition and they alone hold the key to what they do or don’t do with their lives.

Nowhere is this cultural delusion better expressed than on a local black-owned radio station, WOL-AM. There, each morning, the listener hears host Cathy Hughes moaning about “oue problems in deh racist society of dis America.” Beyond that, Ms. Hughes offers a vapid menu of racist platitudes about “hows de black folk gots to spend de money in de community -- jes’ like de white folk does.” On those rare occasions when someone with enough sense to think beyond the next marijuana joint calls in, he usually gets the fast hustle, “You be thinkin’ jes’ like de white man, brothuh!”

And, in fact, it is there -- in the mental cynicism of the black community’s leadership -- where the worst offenses of cultural disinformation are committed. At the local level, it is the Cathy Hughes of the world rationalizing and prevaricating. At the national level, the spiel is put out by high level personalities. In the end, it’s the black proletariat, mystified by the sophisticated complexities of white European culture, that stumbles into the self-defeating impasse of blaming others.

To be sure, the white liberals have all gone to the suburbs, driving their BMWs and Merkurs to the outlying Semitic country clubs, while the rest of us are left to endure the consequential social disorders. Aside from the Reverend Farrakhan, the blacks just cannot figure out what is happening, other than to occasionally note that it is their own folk who are dying like flies in the street.

Too Jewish for Jews

The play, Be Happy for Me, closed after one performance on Broadway. It was so awful that the New York Times, generally quite tolerant toward Jewish forays into the dramatic arts, could find nothing good about it and dismissed it as “Jewish, male menopause comedy.” Even in their home base there is a limit to the amount of Jewishness that Jews will put up with in their films, plays and books.

Ponderable Quote

I would level this country with the sweep of my hand, if I could.

Alice Walker, author of The Color Purple