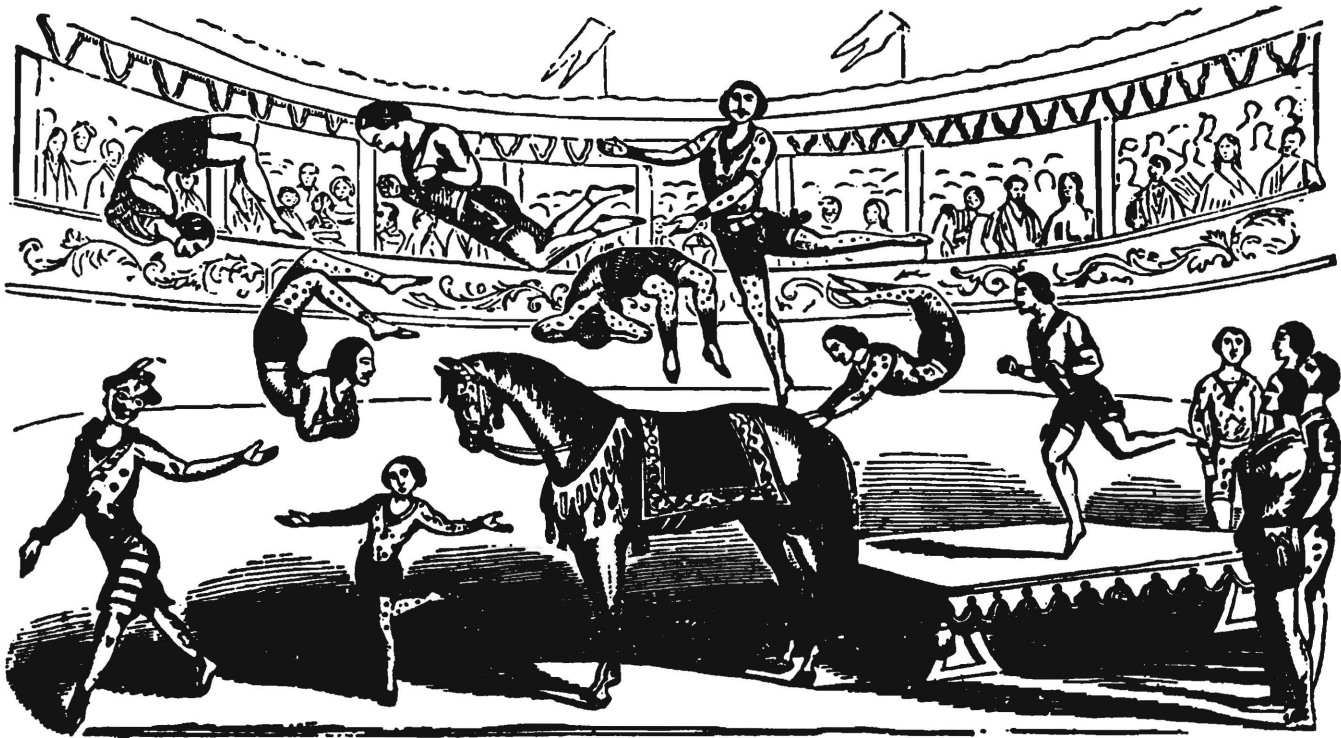


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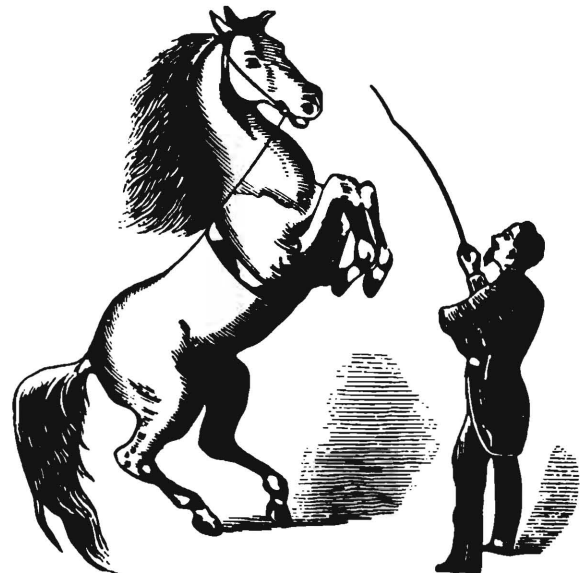
Instauration®

VOL. 11, NO. 11

OCTOBER 1986



THE
POLITICAL
CIRCUS



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

Editor's Note: *Newsweek*, whose letters column reeks of dispiriting platitudes, underdogish fatuousness and a weepy form of antique whiggery, claims that the Safety Valve "seethes with racial hatred." So let the seething begin.

Who said Bishop Tutu was antiwhite? On yesterday's televised interview with Peter Jennings, he came out with one of the clearest and strongest pro-white pronouncements any public figure has dared utter in recent years. First, he pleaded with the U.S. to overthrow the "South African despotism." As an unambiguous recognition of our power and influence, this is highly complimentary. When did he ever beam a message to the Bushmen or the Hot-tentots begging for their help? Second, he painted a dramatic picture of hundreds of "his people" living and sleeping alongside "endless buckets of nightsoil" that they have no way of getting rid of, while just a few yards away is one of the most affluent white communities in the world. A dramatic contrast indeed! And what a magnificent eulogy to the hard-working and intelligent Afrikaners. Thank you, Bishop Tutu. Hearing whites praised is always pleasant; it is doubly pleasant when it comes from the quarter least expected. We eagerly await further comparisons.

953

If we let Joe Sobran go down the drain, as his professional colleagues at the National Review seem to be doing, then the message will go out to our Jewish literary overseers that the American Majority is just as spineless as the Jews have always believed.

109

Oberleutnant Waldheim was not an officer with a command. What he wrote or typed were not his but his superiors' thoughts and findings. It is quite possible that Waldheim did not actually know about the removal of Jews from Salonika, which the so-called Einsatzgruppen or units of the Gestapo organized as a safety precaution against sabotage and hostile acts. It was a measure of desperation, because the wars in Yugoslavia and Greece had officially ended by April 17 and May 4, 1941, respectively. After that there was no front line, no opposing trenches. The armies of Yugoslavia and Greece and their British helpers had capitulated. After some months a former Austrian army sergeant of WWI, Tito by name and a Croat by birth, came upon the scene with thousands of guerrillas, who started a frightful war of terror against the occupation forces of Germany, Italy, Bulgaria and Croatia. The carnage was vicious. No quarter was asked or given by either side. Waldheim saw no actual fighting during these years. I remember a German fort near the Montenegro border, high up on a mountain, which could no longer be supplied except by helicopter, because the partisans controlled all the roads. Vietnam veterans know what it means to fight an enemy who cannot be seen, is only barely heard, but is always there -- who will never fight in the open but is always ready to kill and maim from behind. Now we are told that reprisals by Germans were war crimes.

Austrian subscriber

I've rejoined MENSA, hoping against hope that I'll one day persuade someone in the group to debate Arthur Butz. Perhaps you already know that there are SIGs (Special Interest Groups) within MENSA. My idea is to start a Taboosig which would provide a forum for the most unconventional ideas or beliefs.

British subscriber

An item in the June *Instauration* claims that Negro runners are faster over short distances than whites. From this is ventured the suggestion that there is a racial difference in muscle type, blacks having a preponderance of "fast twitch" and whites of "slow twitch" muscle fiber. Sports is a fascinating subject from this point of view, in part because the stopwatch is the segregating mechanism. But there are big unknowns. New records are constantly being set. Does this mean runners are constantly improving? Is the stopwatch measuring natural ability or new discoveries in technique? Until such questions are answered, it is wrong to conclude that the athletic superiority of Negroes in so many track and field events is racial. Money is available for elite runners, so all they have to do is run, sleep and live under the direction of a coach -- money that appeared when long-distance running became a fad. It comes mainly from shoe companies. It used to go to local (American) white boys. Lately it goes to blacks, preferably imported from Kenya. As a result in the shift of subsidies, the stopwatch may soon tell us that blacks are superior to whites in slow twitch as well as fast twitch muscle fiber. But will this reflect natural ability -- a biological difference between the races? I am inclined to think not.

It used to be that cars which broke down in heavy traffic often belonged to Negroes. I notice this situation is changing. The other evening I was caught in a herd of new Cadillacs inching ahead in air-conditioned splendor, a surprising number of them driven by impatient blacks. It was whites of both sexes who were standing by broken-down Pintos, looking desperate and put-upon. Isn't this what's happening in the field of athletics as well -- even perhaps in the short-distance events? I know that this puts me in the category of people who doubt the Holocaust figures, but then I am in that category. It all seems connected somehow. (Cholly will understand.)

072

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□ On vacation in Britain this summer I listened to the BBC at night and heard the "ethnic" programming that has infected it. Amazingly, the melodious voice of the black moderator from the Carib islands resounded with all the same sloganeering against the British Majority -- racism, police brutality and the rest -- that we here have come to accept as the stock-in-trade of black propagandists in the U.S. However, as best as I can see from the letters to the editor in the large newspapers, Brits are not about to swallow that stuff as easily as Americans do.

201

□ The ongoing attack of Mr. and Mrs. Podhoretz and various other Jewish neoconservatives against conservative Catholic Joseph Sobran, wrongly claiming that several columns of his were inspired by anti-Semitism, is only one more example of the hypersensitivity and ethnocentrism which continues to pervade matters of interest to Jews. Simply put, anything less than unalloyed agreement with the Jewish viewpoint is met in the press by slanderous charges of bigotry. Only recently the identical tactic was used by the Decter-Podhoretz duo against homo Gore Vidal when he attacked the Reagan administration's uneven-handed foreign policy toward Israel.

By resorting to neo-McCarthyite assaults, Israel Firsters have been able to frustrate honest debate by the body politic on U.S. aid to Soviet Jews and the huge American military program aimed at anti-Israel Arabs. Without access to the media, and shut off by charges of anti-Semitism, writers such as Sobran will not be able to exercise their ability -- and right -- to present the political viewpoint of Catholic conservatives on matters dealing with the Soviet Union and Israel.

In the past dozen years or so, the tolerance of Catholics toward Jewish criticism of their church has been little short of exemplary. They have passively accepted prominent Jewish writers taking loud potshots at such hallowed Catholic institutions as the Holy See and the priesthood without so much as a murmur of public criticism. This anti-Catholic Jewish overkill is divisive and produces religious and racial hatred. Writer Sobran is correct in attempting to develop an honest political dialogue over such matters and should be praised, not condemned, for his valiant efforts.

220

□ Your item about young Joe Kennedy refusing to accept a campaign contribution from Senator James Abourezk (Sept.) makes me wonder if a civil rights suit could be filed under such circumstances. Since campaign contributions seem to be considered as freedom of speech, and since the contribution was turned down because Abourezk is an Arab American, isn't this racial -- or at least ethnic -- discrimination and a violation of Abourezk's fundamental rights? Much crazier suits have been won in this nation's courts.

212

□ Instauration is what the National Review promised it would be in 1955.

022

□ The piece about Léon Degrelle (June 1986) was absolutely correct except for one point. What hurt Degrelle was indeed the foreign policy of "der Führer," but to call this policy one of "unbridled expansionism" is a Rooseveltian (or Baruchian) misrepresentation. Hitler succeeded in liberating German populations in Czechoslovakia and Poland, arbitrarily put under foreign domination by the victors of WWI and systematically oppressed by their foreign masters. After the dissolution of the Habsburg monarchy, Austrians wanted desperately to join Germany, but were prevented from doing so by the victors. One cogent reason for anti-German propaganda (before, during and after WWII) was the success of National Socialist economic and social policy, considered by the wirepullers of Western society to be a deadly threat, which in a certain sense it was. But as this motive could not be advanced publicly, it was Hitler's foreign policy which had to be used as the chief argument for cranking up an anti-German war. So "unbridled expansionism" was described as menacing nothing less than the whole world. At the same time, the association of Degrelle's movement with Hitler's was also only the pretext for a more profound but unmentionable motivation. A pity that even Instaurationists continue to swallow these false pretexts.

Dutch subscriber

□ I was reading the article on Hawaii in Best of Instauration 1978 when I remembered a conversation I had with an executive of a large corporation on an airline flight. He was just returning from the island paradise to take up a new assignment stateside. In the course of our casual conversation, he mentioned how happy he was about leaving Hawaii. He said his children were tormented in school, particularly on Hawaiian Independence Day, when they were punched and had chewing gum put in their hair. Haoles (whites), he complained, were the last to be waited on at the gas pump and some stores. It was even unsafe for whites to jog in their own neighborhoods. Once while playing golf at a local course, he inadvertently hit an Oriental woman with a golf ball. She immediately ran to a giant Samoan, who tried to assault him. Hawaii is always pointed to as a model society, one where all the different races live in harmony. This is not true for most middle-class whites. Hawaii may be a tropical paradise, but not for us.

424

□ It took some paperwork to get into Hungary, but the trip was rewarding. People, food, art, musical performances are fantastic, and prices are unbelievably cheap. There are virtually no Negroes, but I learned from the Jewish Museum in Budapest that there are still 25 synagogues. In Vienna I saw a most remarkable exhibit of physical anthropological materials in the Naturhistorisches Museum, which boasts the largest collection in the world. It is "racist" in the best sense of the word.

310

□ I am no longer a conservative. There is nothing about the present alien internationalist U.S. that I want to conserve or preserve.

902

□ Perhaps I'm wrong, but I can't help feeling that for the first time Instauration has done something which has hurt our cause. I'm referring to the incredibly tasteless and thoroughly revolting picture on the cover of the June issue. Leo Frank may well have deserved such a fate. But the article writes of Georgians being portrayed "as vultures, ghouls and savages" in the Yankee press. By God, after seeing the creatures ranged about the hanging corpse on the cover, I agree with them! Never have I seen such a cluster of retardates, throwbacks and cretins. They look like something out of Deliverance. I shudder to think that those are Northern Europeans standing there -- and Southerners at that. After seeing it, no one will ever convince me that the lynchers were "judges, businessmen and ministers." Please do us all a favor and forgo this approach in the future.

782

□ "Great Old Mags" (June 1986), particularly the reference to the Bulletin, has my sentimental senses aching. The newspaper which "In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads" (correction, "used to read") provided me with an early taste of financial independence when in the early 30s, at age 13, I took over a 30-customer Night Extra edition route in a small town 60 miles west of Philadelphia. My Bulletin route days lasted only two years, but I subscribed for years afterward because I thought it was a great newspaper. As for the New Yorker, I agree it has been trading on its past glories for decades. I was not exposed to the more intellectual publications in my early days. My reading world was the Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest and American, all of which were down-home American in concept. To me, their passing was just as lamentable as the Bulletin's. Whether we read Vanity Fair or Colliers, we had little inkling in those days that within half a century our Plymouth Rock-Liberty Bell heritage would be so utterly supplanted by today's Johnny-come-lately Statue of Liberty dross.

333

□ I have had some contact with Arabs here, who have been approached by anti-Zionist right-wingers for money. The Arabs think, not without reason: Why don't you do it yourselves? You belong to the most civilized, advanced people on earth. You are powerful and nearly all the material means are at your disposition. This struggle requires spiritual preparedness and sacrifice. You beg for help from the Arabs whose territories were occupied by the European powers, the powers who brought the Jews to Palestine and who up to now have been opposing and sabotaging the Arabs' struggle against the Jewish usurpers and stealers. All the white nations, especially the U.S., are backing Jewish aggression. The American air raid on Libya, say the local Arabs, has done enormous damage to white interests everywhere. I have been assured that to ask for help from people our governments by one means or another are seeking to destroy is a waste of time. As one Arab told me, "I never heard of a truckful of dynamite being driven by a white to shatter the headquarters of the ADL."

Argentine subscriber

□ South Africa has 18 million blacks, of whom about 800 met a violent death last year. Cook County (IL) has about 2 million blacks, of whom about 900 are killed each year and nobody thinks much about it. The rate per capita for black violent deaths is 10 times higher in Cook County than it is in South Africa. In Zamboanga in the Philippines, with 387,000 people and 333 deaths, browns are killing each other at 19 times the rate of blacks in Cook County. Shouldn't Congress vote sanctions against the Philippines and Cook County and insist that American firms withdraw their businesses from these areas?

606

□ Thank you for your excellent article in *Stirings* (July 1986), "A Constitutional Amendment." The Pace people told me they received a "flood of orders." One small Eastern college said it had made the Pace book required reading in its course on the Constitution. Your description of the contents of Pace's book was outstanding.

901

□ The new Cholly format of questions and answers is very good indeed. It is not only informative and educational, but it does give some direction. So, too, in a smaller way, does John Nobull.

330



□ Five months ago I was thinking of flying off to Israel to work on a moshav -- after all, I'm an almost unknown and unimportant racist. But then, while looking through some old *Instaurations*, I came across a letter about a woman tourist who'd been arrested in Israel, her real offense being an anti-Israel letter she'd written to her local paper several years before.

British subscriber

□ France's new government has returned to the former election system, which enabled the Left to gain an absolute majority in 1981 and if it had still been in force would have given the same majority to the conservatives in the recent election. The next election, which may be called by Mitterrand at any time, ought to provide the Right an absolute majority unless public opinion swings back to the Left. Without proportional representation, however, the Communist Party and the Front National are going to have some hard times.

French subscriber

□ I was electrified with joy at Sobran's column with its compliments for *Instauration*. I wrote him a letter congratulating him on his courage. I also read Buckley's piece in the *National Review* (July 4). I respect Buckley's intellect, but I think his piece is cowardly. It did not mention the central issue, Sobran's favorable remarks about *Instauration*.

741

□ I don't want to play down Pace's plan. He's on the right track. But I believe it must be broader, more comprehensive and rooted absolutely on a rock-solid foundation.

402

□ Your work becomes grander all the time. What a journal is *Instauration*. There is nothing comparable on earth.

215

□ Well, we celebrated the glorious Fourth. It was rather sad. It's no longer Independence Day. It was "National Immigrant Day." Did the television producers ever pour it on! The commentators talked of Americans, all the while presenting and praising a bunch of Third Worlders and blacks. It's still the U.S., but it's no longer America. The days of America are past. What a shame! It could have been a great country. We are no longer a nation. A nation is made up of people connected by blood ties, language, customs and religion. We have become a polyglot country. "Give me your tired and huddled masses." Well, they've come and they've brought the Third World with them. As one of them aptly said, "I am happy to be in America where everything is free." There was nothing free when my ancestors came to this country. No Statue of Liberty to greet them. If everyone can be an American, then nobody is American. I have changed my nationality. I am now an Englishman of Dutch descent.

631

□ Buckley started his magazine with a motley crew of former Communists and CIA alumni: two groups decent Americans would avoid. E. Howard Hunt, who couldn't even pull off a third-rate burglary at Watergate, was WFB's boss in Mexico. Early on, many conservatives believed L. Brent Bozell, not WFB, should be *numero uno* at the *National Review*. He seemed more stable. As with so many others, Bozell fell out with Bill, his brother-in-law. That may be to his credit. Why a sad sack like Whittaker Chambers became the patron saint of *National Review* reflects WFB's judgment -- or lack of it. The guy was Henry Luce's idea of an intellectual, a windy moralist -- and a posthumous recipient of a Medal of Freedom from Reagan. He also happened to be a traitor. Why is Buckley so sensitive to objections from Jews? Do they know, just know, he can't stand them and therefore they zap him any chance they get? He does dance to their tune by jumping into print to vent his own hardly unavoidable feeling that Jews are a gigantic pain in the posterior. Cholly has explained the Buckley type so well: monied family, private schools, Yale, no combat experience, CIA agent, sailor, married to a Canadian heiress, wonderful and faithful friend. But in the final analysis, this type is gutless, accommodating to his enemies and lacking in leadership. Buckley better watch his step. If his core supporters finally decide he has become a captive of the neoconservatives, *National Review* will go the way of the *Literary Digest*.

912

□ Just before Christmas I worked for a couple of months in the occupied West Bank of Golders Green, one of London's Jewish quarters. I kept quiet about my politics, but still managed to be sacked twice in a fortnight, the first time -- believe it or not -- by an ex-member of the *Bund Deutscher Mädchen* who once had the honor of presenting a bouquet to Adolf Hitler.

British subscriber

□ The June 1986 cover of *Instauration* was in the worst possible taste. Only weaklings revel in pictures of lynchings. If that is the magazine's constituency, count me out. *Instauration* would do well to preserve a reputation for fair play, decorum and upright values. When it loses that, it will have lost its only appeal. A magazine for losers will not last long.

208

□ Enjoyed the piece on Percy Grainger (May 1986) and would like to add a personal observation. Back in the mid 1930s he played at Central College in Fayette (MO). I remember him as being good-looking, interesting and energetic. A few days after the concert the word got around that upon finishing the recital that same night he had walked from Fayette to Boonville (about 15 miles), enamored of the moonlight and overflowing with energy. The feat made quite an impression, for even then virtually everyone had come to depend on the automobile and walking such a distance was simply *infra dig*. His interest in restoring English to its Anglo-Saxon purity reminds me of William Barnes, a Victorian scholar who had the same idea and carried it much further.

923

□ Hullo, it's that "childless female Instaurationist" once again. I wanted to let all the fine Instaurationists whom I heard from both publicly (in this forum) and privately in the course of the illuminating debate over my point of view to know that I am going to be married early this fall. The intended is of Anglo-German extraction, tall, blue-eyed, and quite a decent fellow all round. Wish us luck -- I know you will. And I'd like to particularly thank Cholly for his excellent insights into the Nordic female dilemma; the gentlemen who wrote with encouraging words; and the Glendale man who sent me all those stamps for my wedding reception. It's a big, big country, and sometimes it's a wonderment that there seem to be so few good characters left to find in it, but through Instauration, I have been exposed to a grand bunch, and will, I hope, continue to be.

205

□ Here the government sits between two famous chairs. Another big step to the left means political hara-kiri. Big business is furious. Its plans for a quick takeover when nobody was looking (as in Rhodesia) have collapsed and our strategic minerals (cobalt, vanadium, chrome, platinum and manganese) are not yet in its greedy hands.

South African subscriber

□ Zip 328 (September) likened what he called your "articles putting down Christianity" to a "stab in the heart." What are the actions of 98% of the churches in this country but vicious stabs into the body of white culture and society? If most Christians don't like integration, why don't they run the race-changers out of their temples? Virtually every church in my area has signs on the lawn in Spanish, Korean and God-knows-what, encouraging the muddies to participate in services held there.

223

□ How about those whites in small Kansas and Iowa towns who don't have to deal with large numbers of nonwhites, who look down on Klansmen in Chicago, or who revile the whites in South Africa, and so on? Cholly and several others have said it before. The biggest problem isn't the minorities, but our fellow whites.

675

□ A television program I happened to see yesterday presented a meeting of blacks and whites in Concord (CA) in which the blacks were airing their grievances, whining, as usual, about white discriminatory actions and attitudes, while the whites, as usual, were very much on the defensive, although I sensed a stiffening and a kind of last-minute realization of the hopelessness of all mollycoddling. Some speakers, including the mayor and the superintendent of schools, though polite enough in their language, gave unmistakable signs of yielding no further. One black woman, complaining about Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn and similar books still on the library shelves, lamented that while children might find "Nigger Jim" picturesque as a character, the expression "nigger" would stick in their memories and later in life might be used as a "racial epitaph" [sic]. Would that it were so!

915

□ The tag end of the Reagan years seems to resemble more and more the ludicrous excesses of the final Carter years. Right when we are recovering from our betrayal of Marcos and the more recent doing of Israel's bidding in regard to Libyan bombings, we get these crocodile tears and expressions of "outrage" from Big Bagel Ronnie over the self-defensive actions of the South African government in knocking out the ANC terrorist bases in adjoining black lands. Some years ago I thought Reagan's foreign policy was merely hypocritical and cynical, but now it looks completely schizophrenic. Or perhaps it is because the Big Bagel sees everything through yellow-tinted, star-shaped glasses. Thorns in Israel's side constitute a "world terrorist threat," but when another country south of Libya tries to survive as a white island in a sea of black hatred by a defensive military strike, it warrants not praise but "outrage." What's good for the goose is verboten for the goose.

787

□ I betcha the people of tiny Austria elected Kurt Waldheim just to spite the troublemakers who seemed bent on rendering him "unfit to live among the good people of the world" -- meaning you-know-who. What is so disturbing is that these elements have total access to all government files, and the Department of Justice seems afraid of them. A Jewish biggie columnist labeled Waldheim "a secret Nazi in the United Nations." This weirdo used to be a speechwriter for the White House!

109

□ David Stockperson is Ronnie's John Dean.

111

□ The remark in the article on Moorcock (May 1986) about Mosley's alleged halitosis puzzled me. I met him a number of times, and my acute sense of smell was never offended. However, Mosley was something of a bon viveur. The garlic in the French dishes he often consumed may have offended the nose of someone who had not partaken of those comestibles. Or it might have been the cheese!

British subscriber

□ I've been reading Johann Strauss, the End of an Era by Egon Gartenberg, and I'm absolutely whammied, transfixed and dumbfounded by Viennese life way back then. "In its suburbs, in its innumerable dance halls Vienna laughed, loved and lingered. There in heedless ecstasy bourgeois and aristocratic Vienna, each in its own way, gave themselves over to the joy of joys, the waltz. In 1832 there were 772 balls attended by 200,000 people or half of Vienna's populace . . . [T]he number of waltz dancers in Vienna on a single evening . . . amounted to about 50,000 people."

932

□ For Nordicists, Dennis Schmidt's Twilight of the Gods: The First Name (Ace paperbacks, \$2.95) is worth reading. And so is The Poetic Edda by Lee J. Hollander, which has just been reissued by the University of Texas Press. It's in paperback and has an instructive bibliography.

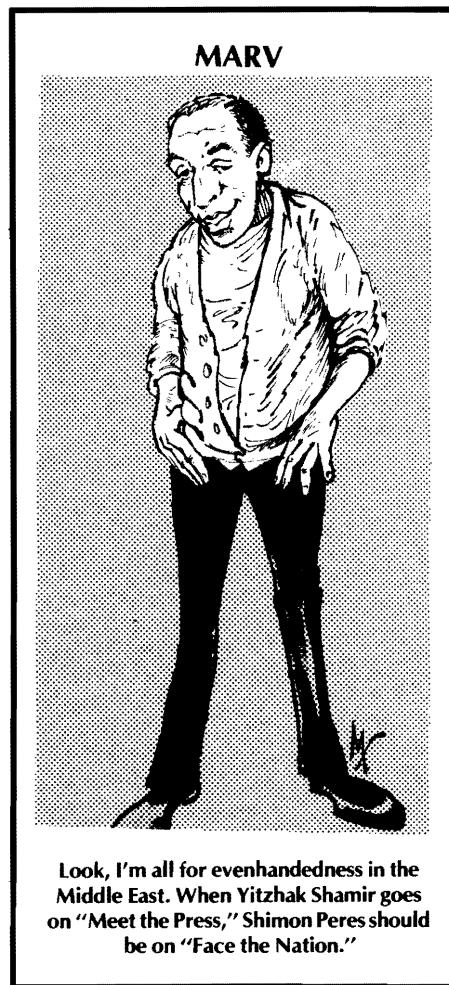
802

□ Sobran wrote Instauration is "openly and almost unremittingly hostile to blacks, Jews," and so on. Actually, as I read the magazine, it gives endless demonstrations of nonwhite hostility to whites.

334

□ A friend, who is a devotee of pornographic movie cassettes, recently confided to me that he is always mystified by the heavy representation of Jews in this particular field. It seems he has been noting not only the names in the list of credits that unfold after this garbage, but the visages of the people who do the zoo routines before the cameras. It puzzled him that so many of the male performers are obviously Semitic, while the females are invariably blonde Northern European types with Midwestern accents. Since this particular gentleman is totally devoid of any feelings of race, calling himself merely a "white man," it struck me that the Jewish role in this lurid field must be screamingly apparent for him to have noticed it. And yet, no one -- no one -- ever accuses the Jews, editorializes about the Jews, or rebukes the Jews for their none-too-discreet relish of an "art" form so blatantly degenerative. Of course, from our point of view, the real tragedy lies in the enslavement of so many of our young people to the carnal appetites of a hate-filled minority which exults in degrading and bestializing us.

807



□ Mitterrand's son many years ago spent some time in a kibbutz. Also, it's often contended that Mitterrand's wife is Jewish. I ought to add that until 1960, going to Israel was a current practice for French non-Jews, even those who were anti-Semites. Mitterrand's and all the French politicians' contacts at any level with Jews are meaningless, for double jeu is the practice in French political circles. Israelis are well aware of this. They know that Mitterrand is always ready to make deals with Arabs while praising Israel. Le Pen and everybody in France behave this way. This is part of the French mentality, the absolute opposite to the sense of faithfulness. Just a few traditionalists, a few monarchists and some genuine aristocrats (genuine by education or with titles going back to pre-Louis XIV) practice honesty and fairness in politics. They are totally marginal, of course.

French subscriber

□ Some years ago, kosher conservative Tom Bethel (Beth-El?) wrote a column for The American Spectator titled "The Once and Future Israel." Bethel explained that the real reason the USSR went anti-Zionist after 1948 is not anti-Semitism in its ruling elements, nor is it geopolitics, but rather the fear that the tremendous energy that the Jews had provided communism would be sidetracked into the service of Zionism. A recent survey of Soviet emigrants to the USA (90% of whom are Jews) concluded that Soviet Jews are much more affluent than their goyish comrades. Their wealth merely whets their appetite for the good life, and that appetite can only be satisfied in the USA. Hints from diverse sources, including Solzhenitsyn, David Shipler and Freedom House convince me that charges of Soviet anti-Semitism are false. I believe the charge is a canard used by U.S. Jews to lobby Congress to sacrifice the national interest to Jewish interests. I also surmise that the Russian Majority is as doomed as we are. The Party's anti-racist ideology is as rigid as that of our establishment. The differential birthrates in the USSR foretell the end.

770

□ Relatives of friends of mine, belonging to the Volga Germans, who were deported in 1941 to Siberia and Kazakhstan, are now living at Alma Ata. A young man of the family went to work in the gold mines at Nova Zemlya. After two years he returned home. With his earnings he bought a house and got married. Now he is going up there again, taking with him his younger brother, to make more money so he can raise his standard of living. Russia has changed a lot in past decades.

German subscriber

□ The Russians comprehend who runs the show here. That's why you'll see Israel getting cozier with Russian neighbors and eventually with Mother Russia herself!

600

□ The attack on Libya signals the total insanity of present-day America. Seventy plus percent of the American public supposedly approved of the raid. Regrettably, the average American does not seem to be able to address the reasons for terrorism. It seems to be very easy to stir the redneck to feelings of ultra hostility to them thar camel jockeys. Redneck Joe just can't wait to go risk his touted neck and vacuous head in defense of a cause that is not his and which is contrary to his best interests. If there was any doubt about who was calling the shots or running the store before the Libyan bombing, none exists now.

322

□ Lady Liberty and the Chosen had a field day and night. Hollywood and Las Vegas tastes prevailed and were forced on innocent bystanders who came to honor the statue and an idea. Our genial President and his wife had to go along -- smilingly. Shirley MacLaine did her stuff and I betcha not many remembered her appearance a few years ago on TV news dressed in a Cuban army uniform while attending a victory celebration put on by Cubans in Washington. The biggest joke of it was the introduction of a few hundred Elvis Presley impersonators. How utterly thrilling! The most sane and appropriate "shtick" was the French cavalry drill team, a superb piece of horsemanship and discipline. One pleasing observation: the Jewish anthem, God Bless America, is slowly losing out. "A good time was had by all"? Not on your life!

222

□ One positive result of the insider-trading scam on Wall Street: The venue for the class reunions of our "prestigious" business schools has been set. They will be held at various federal correctional institutions.

100

□ A 21st-century letter to Dear Abby?

Ko Ko and I fell in love about a year ago. Many of my friends were shocked when we announced our marriage plans. Perhaps it's because of our age difference. Ko Ko is only seven. I'm past 30. But since gorillas reach child-bearing age at six, our age difference is not so great. My friends were also shocked because racial prejudice against gorilla-kind still exists in America. Even though gorillas learned how to speak in sign-language over 70 years ago, back in the early 1970s, some humans still resent mandatory sign language courses in public schools. In the late 20th century, many Americans resented bilingual (Spanish) education. I ask you, where would those Americans be now that Mexico has annexed Texas and California and Cuba has anshlussed Florida? All those who couldn't speak Spanish were executed.

Ko Ko and I were married in the American Church of the Gay Blade. Our present inhabitants of the White House, President Idi Amin III and his First Gentleman, Martin Luther Queen, are also members of this church.

934

□ There is an ominous trend in this country which should give any thinking American pause. I am speaking of the ongoing, concerted, behind-the-scenes effort to subvert the Constitution, which guarantees due process, and to substitute in its place a corpus of international law which can reach into this country at will and exercise jurisdiction over any citizen. How else does one explain the extradition of John Demjanjuk -- a citizen of the U.S. for more than 30 years -- to Israel, without any trial; there to be tried for a capital offense, allegedly committed in another country, by a state which didn't even exist at the time of the crime, and whose victims were not Israelis? Convoluted? You bet!

But consider, as well, the matter of Andrija Artukovic. The court chose to accept documentation which was undoubtedly tainted from the Communist country requesting extradition. Once extradited, he was declared physically and mentally competent to stand trial, even though the poor soul was obviously senile and frequently fell asleep in court. Moreover, in an incredible revelation of the true nature of this trial (vengeance against a Croatian patriot who was fiercely anti-Communist), he was not allowed to present an effective defense. Why? Because the judges heard the prosecutor's witnesses and were satisfied that he was guilty!!!

There was not one iota of difference between the due process enjoyed by the defendant either here in the U.S. or in Yugoslavia. Bail was denied in both countries, the accused found competent to stand trial, the prosecution's documents were accepted without challenge and an adequate defense was not allowed. If Americans don't start paying attention to the erosion of individual rights in this country, they are going to wake up one morning to find that they have become world citizens with all the rights and privileges therein!

926

□ Rev. Donald Wildmon was quoted in Satcom Sam's June column as saying, "I have never seen a single [TV] program where a Jewish person was presented in a negative light." That isn't surprising, but apparently the reverend doesn't know about "Remington Steele." Friends of mine who watch this NBC series regularly swear that the villain or villains are almost invariably Jewish (or Jewish-looking), the good guys just as regularly WASPs. They are stumped trying to figure out the nature of the "game" which a very small part of the Hollywood community is so obviously playing here.

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□ Young white women, those who don't look too bright and also those who are way overweight, are much more likely to have little ones in tow than those who are slim and intelligent-looking. This much I'm sure every Instaurationist has noticed, to his or her despair. But I have also noticed repeatedly that very short young white women -- those 5'1" and under -- are now more likely to have small fry in tow. The tall ones are all out "realizing" their lofty potential. The conclusion is inescapable; the (fewer) whites of the future will, on the whole, be dumber and dumber.

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THE POLITICAL CIRCUS

AS THE COMING of spring is traditionally confirmed by the appearance of the first robin, so it is that the quadrennial political circus known as presidential elections have their own peculiar harbinger: a sudden increase in the quantity of overheated ozone floating about, a gaseous and nauseating aroma poxing every town and hamlet in the fifty states. Concomitant with the offensive scents and noise is a dramatic rise in the stock selling value of undiluted hypocrisy. It is said, commonly, that in America anyone can grow up to be President of the United States. Quite true, anybody can, and usually does.

Fully two years plus before Americans troop to the polling booths to elect another disaster masquerading as a statesman, there are already a number of "hats in the ring." George Bush tries hard to appear "presidential," but even tossing around some foul language can't erase his image as an impossible wimp. Gary Hart endeavors to beef up his positions on the issues. Mario Cuomo pursues an ethnic strategy and hopes that Anglo guilt and a predilection for the exotic will be enough to catapult him down Pennsylvania Avenue. And always, lurking in the background and wondering if the memory of Chappaquiddick has at long last faded, is that cagey member of America's royal family, he of the dukedom of Massachusetts.

The startling parade of etiolated mediocrities -- genuine moral pygmies -- entering and exiting the White House in this century will surely have historians of the future scratching their fly-specked and dandruff-ridden scalps as to how the hallowed halls of this great republic managed to stand as long as they did. It is also quite possible that those future chroniclers of the American past will gather together over their afternoon coffee and share many a thunderous bellylaugh while contemplating the gaggle of defective dwarfs who have presided over the destiny of the American nation these past eighty years.

After McKinley was assassinated by a madman (the *prima facie* evidence of his insanity being that he sacrificed his own life to gun down an insubstantial fantoccino of America's robber barons), Teddy Roosevelt blustered onto the scene, a cocksure symbol of the Yankee at last come into his own, strutting onto the world stage like an understudy ham actor at last given his chance. The new America which Roosevelt represented was one which had emerged strong and curious from the immolation of the Civil War, wide-eyed, naive, open-hearted, but ready to use the mailed fist against any power straying into America's perceived areas of interest, an incipient American Empire still paying lip service to an Anglo-Saxon concept of "fair play." This America -- a gullible country bumpkin with bulging young biceps -- was ridiculously easy prey for that ancient race that had for millennia dealt successfully with worldly wise emperors and philosopher kings. Teddy Roosevelt had the honor of being the first American presi-



Contemporary view of Roosevelt's warmongering.

dent to attempt to intervene in the internal affairs of another nation (Russia, in this case) on behalf of Jewish interests.

While the porcine Taft dozed through his reign (1909-13), powerful forces were gathering on both sides of the Atlantic. The long, halcyon European peace was soon to be shattered. In the United States, emergent Zionism made ready to point in the proper direction the destructive potential of the overgrown, rump-scratching entity, *Patria America*.

Enter now the ex-college professor, the sermonizing world-saver, Woodrow Wilson, a man given to promoting sententious programs without the slightest idea of what truly transpires in the real world of men and politics. This pedantic "idealist," with ambitious plans to refashion the map of the world to ensure a "permanent peace," fulfilled his irresistible destiny by assuming the puppet's role for the marionette masters of the international banking fraternity. After obeying his master's voice by drumbeating the country into a war against the true national interest, he ignominiously passed from the scene.



Wilson overweighted the Dove of Peace

In the twenties, Calvin Coolidge, moving into a White House scarred by the Teapot Dome cronyism of the suddenly deceased Prohibitionist, Warren G. Harding, operated on the premise that "the business of America is business," thereby demonstrating to the political universe America's perpetual adolescence. Coolidge -- much admired by the current occupant of the White House -- practiced a bit of gunboat diplomacy in Central America, but on the whole was content to sit back and let things take care of themselves, a mirror reflection of the hedonistic American spirit. His laconic manner -- so a story goes -- once prompted a woman at a White House reception to gush: "Mr. President, I bet my husband my week's allowance that I could make you say three words." "You lose," replied Silent Cal. But a broadside penned by the iconoclast H.L. Mencken forever pinned to the display case this innocuous totem of America's tragicomic sleepwalk: "Democracy," wrote Mencken, "is that system of government under which the people, having 60,000,000 native-born adult whites to choose from, including thousands who are handsome and many who are wise, pick out a Coolidge to be head of state. It is as if a hungry man, set before a banquet prepared by master cooks and covering a table an acre in area, should turn his back upon the feast and stay his stomach by catching and eating flies."

The fool's party came to a crashing end in the Depression, with Hoover snorting through its early stages. No sleepwalker was his successor, the twisted and rancorous Franklin Roosevelt, lovingly referred to as "FDR" by an entranced *boobus Americanus*. Unlike Wilson, Roosevelt had no scripted program to save the world, only a burning desire to stay in office as long as possible, to drape himself in the trappings of power, even though the substance of power was being exercised by shadowy backstage wire-pullers. In this respect, Roosevelt set the tone for all subse-

quent Presidents to this day: a willingness, an alacrity, to destroy Western Civilization and the people who created it, if need be to sacrifice the American nation itself, so as to perpetuate a totally bogus and long-running drama with themselves starring in the lead role of Great Statesman. That the actual power is wielded by the invisible lords of the American-based international cartels and the ubiquitous Zionist entity matters not a hair to them. It is enough if the suckered audience believes that the puppet walks and talks under its own power.

Roosevelt has sometimes been described as "evil," but neither he nor those who came after deserve the appellation. To be genuinely evil takes a volition of will, an almost heroic resolve that bespeaks a strong -- albeit warped -- character. No 20th-century American President has possessed these qualities. They could more aptly be described as base and ugly little men, selected out to be President by virtue of their Lilliputian moral stature.

Harry Truman now carries an historical image of a feisty little guy who took on all comers in bare-knuckled combat. Needless to say, his bumptious pugnacity stopped abruptly short of the door of the House of Zion. Truman's private opinions about Jews and nonwhites never deterred him from performing his assigned role. Even the dullest thespian well understands that he can be replaced at a moment's notice by the producers and directors. The show must go on.

Eisenhower, war hero and master politician, made a deal with Earl Warren at the 1952 Republican Convention to short-circuit the ambitions of Robert Taft, a man encumbered with a few genuinely held principles, politically inexpedient and therefore anachronistic. While Eisenhower's tenure saw oligarchic American democracy penetrate to the far corners of the earth, Earl Warren's Supreme Court introduced a radical form of democratic equalitarianism to the surprised world conquerors themselves, those rude, hard-working Americans who moved unconsciously through the whirlwinds of history, blithely unaware that those malign forces that their brain and strength helped spread over the globe would one day return and fly down their own throats. The 1954 Supreme Court decision integrating public schools was a heavy gambit in the middle-game of white extermination. "What," croaked *boobus Americanus*, incredulously, "have we done to deserve this?"

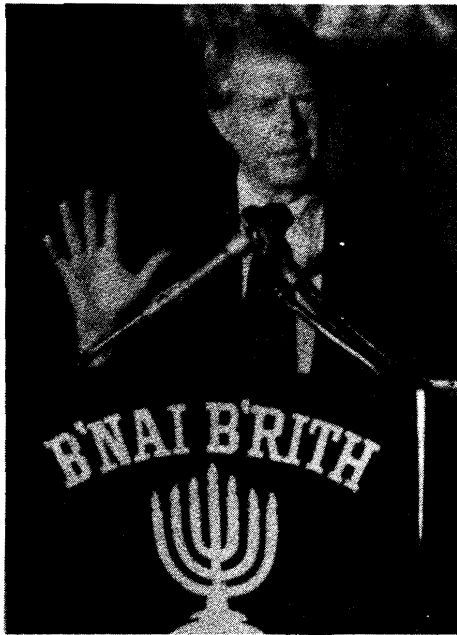
Prince Jack Kennedy, the Mickey Rooney clone, owed his election to ballot box fraud engineered by his loyal Chicago plebeians. The scribbling rabble then proceeded to spin glorious tales of Camelot, presided over by Princess Jackie, who, as her subsequent eclectic love life demonstrated, was happier with a Jewish South African mogul and a billionaire Greek shipping magnate than she was with a philandering Irish politician. Kennedy unhappily caught a bullet in the head, thereby covering with media darkness his pusillanimous duplicity, and bestowing on his unworthy self a goodly dollop of historical mystique, not to mention the hilarious veneration of his image practiced by a substantial portion of the planet's impoverished airheads.

Lyndon Johnson can be properly characterized as an unclean entity, a soiled and polluted package of democratic capitalism. Up to his neck in the vainly shed blood of

his own soldiers, pulling the sheets over his head while his Israeli "allies" destroyed a ship and sailors of his own navy, his clumsily mouthed integrationist slogans demonstrated conclusively that liberal suspicions of his Southern background were completely unfounded and unnecessary. The masters of the show grandly permitted him his puffed-up ego and the stolen fruits of his rapacious greed.

It lifts the human spirit to observe a man of principle suffering torment because he will not betray himself. The press-induced misery of a vacuous opportunist brought down because his wooden personality irritated the media wolves is not tragedy, but rather a cheap, sad melodrama in which all parties, jowls dripping with hypocrisy, covered themselves with dishonor. Nixon's place was taken by the political time-server Ford, who in a healthy organic society might possibly have been elected mayor of some time-forgotten burg in the middle of nowhere.

Jimmy Carter was hand-picked and groomed by Rockefeller International. In carrying the ball downfield for his plutocratic patron, he forgot to zig and zag and stumbled into a muddle of trouble when he ran head-on into that all-powerful lobby, which perceived that Jimmy was less than 100% dedicated to its private interests. Even Jimmy's Zionist-worshipping preacher friends couldn't extricate him from the pile-up, and thus the man who attempted to sneak into history with a flashing row of teeth was left lying limp onstage, unsmiling now, his strings neatly severed.



**Carter
displeased
the Chosen**

See now on center stage Ronald Reagan, the clowning glory of the American presidency, the logical successor to a swarm of third-rate *poseurs*. Ronnie is an attempt by the now badly frightened American middle-class *boobus* to dam the course of a raging flood that threatens its very existence. Naturally, this reversal is to be accomplished with neither effort nor agony, but rather by political magic and legerdemain. So it is supremely and amusingly proper that a genuine actor was chosen for the task. Homilies delivered in dulcet tones, mock-heroic calls to "America's greatness," Coueistic lullabies to the great unwashed, telling them that things are getting better and better, delight-

fully painless narcotics designed to pacify the nervous spectators, and the price of admission to this eye-glazing show is nothing more taxing than a quick trip to the nearest voting booth.

Reagan is a series of snapshots, shadows on a screen, quick smiles, one-liners. As the meddling minority fashioned Hollywood in its own image, so it modeled this product of Hollywood to effectively hoax the populace into believing that their new President was not only one of their own, but one who would remove all threats to their hedonism. Reagan seemed noble and resilient when he was shot. Under the glare of lights and cameras, the life-long thespian emerged, aware of the audience, eager for its applause.

A man who welcomes master terrorist Menahem Begin to the White House and whose State Department issues a visa to Rabbi Kahane, and then promises a "war on terrorism" suffers badly from a lack of integrity or a dearth of brains. The American people will rightfully pay a great price for putting up with the hypocritical antics of this presidential phantom who barks to the tune of Zionism while grossly misunderstanding the nature of Islamic fundamentalism. The latter phenomenon is a weapon that could be used most effectively against the Soviets by anti-Communist Ron the Con, but all political tactics must boomerang when they fly into the gale winds of *Israel über Alles*.

Fearful conservatives love their 40th Chief Executive, even though the deficit soars (and hyper-inflation hibernates but is positively not dead). "American" companies export jobs en masse, the integrity of our national borders is a joke, Jewish fanatics in the Justice Department prosecute old men in a pettifogging "anti-Nazi" witch-hunt, and "constructive engagement" -- far more than outright hostility -- impales upon native spears the future of white South Africa. American conservatives are the pallbearers of the white race, and the First Actor leads the funeral procession.

Meanwhile, the 1988 election campaign "heats up," as the media floozies have it, and all candidates for the nation's highest elective office (excluding here the offices of the respective board chairman of B'nai B'rith and Chase Manhattan) must perforce faithfully follow certain hallowed guidelines, among them a declaration that they will energetically seek and/or maintain "peace." There are, naturally, differences among each faction as to how this is best accomplished. Some of the Democratic candidates want to convert the defense budget to the use of welfare mothers; perhaps with twenty million or so black babies each year squawking their way into life, the Russians would stay far, far away. All wish a continuation of massive military and economic support for that gallant democracy, Israel -- in the interests of "world peace," you know. Some think peace is best served by interfering in the Soviet Union's internal affairs on behalf of the lox-and-bagel dissidents. And, finally, blissful peace is certainly preserved by making Red China a gift of the high-tech secrets of the West. Shalom!

Candidates must also profess an unbounded love for all humanity -- except, of course, those perverse folk who oppose their candidacy. Also requisite is a breathless tone of prayerful adoration when referring to "the voters,"

much as a medieval churchman might have spoken of "Almighty God."

"I don't care what the polls say, The Voters will decide," is a commonly heard pledge of faith at election time. When charged with some unanswerable transgression, a candidate will usually reply, "Well, we'll just let The Voters be the judge of that."

The shaping of hollow men in the image of great statesmen is the task undertaken by the high priests of electioneering, the political consultants. It is they who meditate long and hard upon the nature of The Voters, they alone who know the rituals and devotions necessary to encourage The Voters to intervene on the side of the candidate who signs their paychecks. A few years ago one particular consultant boasted how he had won a local election by keeping his man out of sight and erecting giant billboards all over town that displayed an American flag and the simple slogan: THREE CHEERS FOR JOE DOAKS! The public got their first glimpse of the man they elected by a landslide only when Doaks emerged from hiding to take office. Strange are the ways of The Voters, and full of mystery.

Inanities such as the above once prompted Mencken, in an earlier and perhaps more innocent time, when the looming death of our people may not have been as apparent, to call America "the greatest show on earth." The circus that Mencken so humorously observed, the comic interlude between the Civil War and the 1930s, and probably beyond, is now folding its tents and preparing to leave. Tragedy rides hard on the heels of farce.

Contemporary American Presidents, and all the candidates for that office, are not interested in the true exercise of power, only in its trappings. Most of them are well aware that their power is extraordinarily limited: no decision they might make that offends either organized Jewry or the international corporate and banking cartels will be tolerated. When the simple-minded Jimmy Carter perceived himself as a Great Statesman and attempted to project this laughable image to the world by mouthing a few mild concessions to the Palestinians, he was taught a quick and brutal lesson. The incumbent lost his incumbency.

As the phony politics of coalitions crumble and the diverse populations in America fractionalize into mutually hostile racial and cultural entities, the secure positions of the unseen movers and shakers will be threatened. The future seekers of *real* power in America -- not power simply of place or position, or a power filtered through dense alien screens -- will have their base in the dynamic racial and cultural energies of their own people. They won't need mediocrats or Zionists to interpret the world for them, nor will they require a smiling palefaced shyster to hand them a mere percentage of the national booty; they'll have the power, or will perceive that they have the power, to grab whatever share *they* decide they'd like. In this respect, the presidential ambitions of Jesse Jackson are a herald of the politics of a "nation" broken down into a number of racial, cultural and spiritual clans, each striving for the power to implement its own programs and serve its own interests.

Since there is precious little white in Jackson's rainbow (his recent appeal to dispossessed white farmers will end when his followers invade the boondocks to fraternally

camp out on the farmland, or when the farmers themselves migrate to the unemployment rolls of the nearest large city), his campaign marks the official entry of the Third World into America's internal political process. The Third World's hostility to Israel was an element of the last Jackson campaign, and had Zionist leaders biting their fingernails to the quick. The racial politics of the future will have them tearing out their hair. The maturation of the Jackson constituency -- mainly blacks, but a good percentage of Hispanics, joined by deracinated liberals, militant feminists and Sunday Marxists -- into a self-conscious national voting bloc, is the start of the finish for coalition politics, the politics of treason and the painted lie. It is the first, faint death knell for the anonymous wirepullers.

In truth, the more rapid and frenetic the pace of racial politics, the more promising is the future for whites in this country, even though we will be left totally out of the equation in the beginning, our creative efforts, our goods-producing industries, our property, our women mere booty for the swelling alien tide -- though they be broken and ruined, the whites *must* at long last join the game. In truth, whites will *not* play this dynamic racial and cultural game until they *are* broken and ruined: only the fires of war can melt the golden chains. And although we will be the last to play, we bring to the show the most talent and ability. Whether it will be enough to succeed, that is to say, enough to finally transform America from a tawdry side-show into a culturally ascendant racial state, is yet hidden in the mists beyond the horizons of history.

In any event, the monstrous role America has played in this century, that of a prime saboteur of Western Civilization, is crawling to a finale. And each and every white man and woman conscious of his or her own past and of the present grave danger should give heartfelt thanks to those Fates that let them be born at this time, to be actually able to have some real impact, however small, upon the process of history, an impact that will be the only kind of immortality that we can ever know. It is a privilege beyond measure to be able to move upon this historical stage as a self-directed actor, to make one "vote" *really* count, to have more *real* power than any of the sorry spectacles that have in recent years primped in the Oval Office.

We of this generation and the next are marvelously blessed, to be allowed to take a part in the great drama on which the curtain now slowly lifts.

VIC OLIVIR

City of Santa Monica Schedule for Holiday Refuse Collection January to December 1986

New Year's Day.....	Jan. 1, 1986	No collection
Martin Luther King Day...	Jan. 20, 1986	No collection
Lincoln's Birthday	Feb. 12, 1986	Regular collection
Washington's Birthday ...	Feb. 17, 1986	Regular collection
Memorial Day	May 26, 1986	No collection
Fourth of July	July 4, 1986	No collection
Labor Day	Sept. 1, 1986	No collection
Thanksgiving Day	Nov. 27, 1986	No collection
Christmas Day.....	Dec. 25, 1986	No collection

INJUSTICE AT JUSTICE

With the OSI Scorecard Reading 19 Americans Denaturalized, 14 Ordered Deported and 9 Actually Deported, Agency Director Neil Sher Insists that All 100+ Soviet Witnesses Involved Have Told the Whole Truth and Received No Undue Coaching!

THE CHORUS OF VOICES raised against the crude Nazi-hunting methods of the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations received a luminous reinforcement in the pages of the *Los Angeles Times* last April 28 and 29. Robert Gillette, the *Times's* correspondent in Warsaw, was permitted to lay out much of the case against the OSI in two lengthy articles which arguably proved the agency's director, Neil M. Sher, to be a shameless liar and a willing Communist toady.

Gillette's first article began by describing the agreement reached orally in January 1980 between the OSI and the Soviet KGB to prosecute Soviet refugees with Axis connections who fled to America at the end of World War II. "To the Justice Department's surprise," wrote Gillette, "the Soviets asked nothing in return for supplying the evidence the Americans wanted."

But there was to be no formal written agreement, only an oral understanding, making this a unique arrangement between the superpowers at a time when relations in every other field were rapidly deteriorating.

Six years later, this Soviet testimony had been largely responsible for 19 naturalized Americans having been stripped of their citizenship. Fourteen of these same men had been ordered deported, and nine had actually been deported, including one -- 78-year-old Fyodor Fedorenko -- sent to the USSR, where, on June 19, he was sentenced to death in a Crimean courtroom.

Concurrently, added Gillette, and "largely without public notice," some U.S. judges and defense lawyers have "voiced serious misgivings about the use of Soviet evidence, especially witness testimony, in American courts."

Although in the majority of cases federal courts have accepted it as valid, there are at least four cases in which judges have rejected Soviet testimony entirely or in part as seemingly coerced or invented, or for other reasons "not worthy of belief," as one appellate opinion phrased it.

In addition, a committee of the American Bar Association has considered a recommendation to organize a formal study of the problems raised by the use of Soviet evidence but so far has taken no action on the proposal.

The "at least four" judges who rejected Soviet testimony in OSI cases have been joined by others who have issued dissenting minority opinions while serving on judicial panels. Most notable was the sharp dissent registered by Chief Judge Ruggero J. Aldisert of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals (Philadelphia) in the case of Serge Kowalchuk. The OSI sought to revoke Kowalchuk's citizenship on the familiar ground that his American visa application of long

ago concealed wartime membership in a Nazi-controlled police force in his native Ukraine, which was accused of killing some Jews in the town of Lubomyl.

As is generally true in OSI cases, the evidence that Kowalchuk participated in the local atrocities came solely from carefully selected and coached Soviet witnesses. A district court, though skeptical of the Soviet testimony, ordered the defendant stripped of his citizenship. A three-judge panel of the Third Circuit Court reversed the ruling by a two-to-one vote. Then, on September 23, 1985, the full court voted eight-to-five to revoke citizenship. When the U.S. Supreme Court later turned down Kowalchuk's request for a review, the way was open for his eventual deportation to the Soviet Union.

The majority of the Third Circuit Court reasoned that, whether or not Kowalchuk really took part in the persecutions, he had clearly given "voluntary assistance to enemy forces" by working as a local police clerk(!) and was therefore ineligible for U.S. citizenship (but, the majority neglected to add, was eminently suited for forced repatriation to the East as part of "Operation Keelhaul," the post-war Allied operation which cost perhaps a few million anti-Communist lives).

In his passionate dissent, Chief Judge Aldisert noted that Soviet legal restrictions had "denied Kowalchuk the opportunity to conduct even a primitive preparation of a defense . . . the most basic of due process rights." As Gillette and many other critics have explained, the Soviets are free to select which documents from their archives are brought forward for the OSI's perusal, with the interests of the Soviet state, not individual justice, the foremost consideration:

The Soviets have refused to give prosecutors or defense attorneys from the OSI access to wartime archives to search for other evidence that might bear on a defendant's guilt or innocence . . .

In addition, the Soviets strictly control the Americans' access to witnesses.

Of more than 100 Soviet witnesses used in OSI cases to date, not one has been permitted to appear in an American courtroom, and cross-examination by American lawyers is usually restricted in Soviet settings. The lack of safeguards has caused *even Canadian legal experts* to regard the OSI's style of Nazi-hunting with ill-disguised contempt!

In Gillette's opinion, "the sharpest rebuke the OSI has yet received from a federal court came in 1983." The case was that of Juozas Kungys, a naturalized Lithuanian policeman accused of killing Jews during the Nazi occupation of his country. U.S. District Judge Dickinson R. Debevoise,

who did the rebuking, found that OSI attorneys not only did nothing to ensure that Soviet evidence was not "coerced or otherwise tainted by improper pressures," but actually contributed to the intimidating atmosphere by their "extreme deference" to the Communist prosecutors.

Gillette concluded his first article by mentioning the third grievance which many defense lawyers have with OSI methods (the first two being the lack of due process and the complete unreliability of Soviet testimony). This third complaint is the "fluke of American law that requires [alleged Nazi war criminals] to be tried in civil, not criminal, proceedings, even though the consequences -- loss of citizenship and deportation -- can be as severe as many criminal penalties."

Standards of evidence are less rigorous than in criminal cases. And because these are civil cases, the defendants do not qualify for public defenders. Most are blue-collar pensioners with modest savings, but defense costs have run as high as several hundred thousand dollars, which private law firms must absorb on a *pro bono* or charitable basis.

Robert Gillette's big scoop came in his second article, where he described how, in July 1983, in the Ukrainian city of Cherkassy, a Soviet official risked his career if not his life by confiding to an American diplomat that Soviet witnesses had indeed been extensively coached prior to testifying before the OSI team. The official voiced his amazement that Americans were being "taken in" by an obviously staged performance, asking, "Don't you people know that we remember what we are told to remember, that we say what we are told to say?" The listening diplomat, who was later debriefed in Finland by Neil Sher and other OSI representatives, also recalled the conscience-stricken Soviet as saying, "This is the way the [Soviet] regime tries to legitimize itself in the eyes of Ukrainians, by discrediting the emigrés."

Moscow had just assured the OSI that its five witnesses had been brought to Cherkassy only one day prior to their depositions, yet this brave official, speaking "with some emotion," revealed that the five had actually been in Cherkassy "for well over a week of intensive coaching and rehearsals." The American diplomat who heard this admission did his duty by promptly relaying the information to the OSI. But the OSI, true to its fiercely partisan character, declined to pass it on to John Rogers Carroll, the Philadelphia trial lawyer who was defending the alleged Cherkassy "war criminal" (a man whom the *Los Angeles Times* wisely declined to name, given the threat of JDL terrorism against OSI targets). Since this unnamed defendant was in extremely bad health, he reluctantly agreed to surrender his U.S. citizenship in return for the OSI dropping its threat of deportation. An angry John Carroll told Gillette that his client -- maintaining his innocence and eager to clear the family name -- would never have surrendered his citizenship had he and his lawyer been informed of what the brave Soviet official had confessed in Cherkassy.

Yet this latest of many OSI scandals goes even deeper. In an interview with the *Los Angeles Times* (January 1986), agency director Sher stated that there was no evidence

whatsoever that the Soviets ever dictated how their witnesses should testify. Subsequently, Sher was asked how he could reconcile this blanket claim with the pointed warning from the Soviet official. Sher's sickeningly glib response was that the OSI had concluded the incident had no significance.

We looked at it very carefully [Sher said]. It was clear to us that there was no hard evidence about anything, that these witnesses were not compromised . . . It was clear to us that what was said was an offhand remark, nothing hard to it, a comment by someone who may have been disgruntled.

Quite obviously, the nature of the situation made it impossible for the "disgruntled" official to produce "hard evidence." But neither was any of the evidence officially presented at the OSI's Cherkassy hearing "hard." Carroll recalls that the main Soviet witness was "as absurd a witness as I have ever heard testify" in a long career of trial practice. Even the "KGB guy sitting next to him" was embarrassed by the performance. Only one of the five Soviet witnesses was asked to identify Carroll's client from photographs -- and he gave an equivocal response. "One has to wonder why," says Carroll. "They were witnesses to atrocities by someone in that village, but they were never asked to establish who. It left a substantial evidentiary gap."

Gap or no gap, the OSI would surely have pushed recklessly ahead to deport Carroll's client, had the anonymous Soviet official not come forward. Only the placement of his warning on the OSI's internal record, and certainly not the ill health of Carroll's client, led the OSI to settle for a compromise. As Carroll puts it:

I keep close track of these things, but this was one of only two cases I had ever heard of in which they agreed to settle. They said they did it out of consideration for the guy's health, but that's patently false. They never do anything for anyone's health.

Carroll noted the deportation to Yugoslavia of the bed-ridden alleged "war criminal," Andrija Artukovic. Had Carroll been told of the Soviet official's statement in time, he would, at a minimum, have obtained a deposition from the U.S. diplomat who heard it so he could impeach the Cherkassy testimony. And, he told Gillette, "I certainly would not have advised my client to hand over his certificate of naturalization."

As for John Demjanjuk, the OSI's "prize catch" to date, he languishes in an Israeli jail, whence he is dragged into a Jerusalem court sporadically and locked in a glass cage like the late Adolf Eichmann. No jury, hostile judges and a defense attorney who must fight against insurmountable odds to present even a half-hearted case for his client. It's the Moscow show trials and the Nuremberg kangaroo courts all over again. To deliver an innocent American citizen up to such a legal system, one that feeds on revenge, hate and anti-Gentile racism, will remain an ineradicable blot on American justice and demonstrates once again that whatever Israel wants from the United States, Israel gets.

Theseus fought and killed the Minotaur to end the annual tribute of seven youths and seven maidens that Athens had to send to King Minos of Crete. Unfortunately, there is no Theseus on the American scene to stop the delivery of American citizens to their executioners in Communist Europe and Israel. In fact, we recently saw the humiliating performance of a latter-day anti-Theseus, Vice-President

George Bush, who went to Israel not to rescue John Demjanjuk from the clutches of his Zionist tormentors, but to don a yarmulke and kiss the Wailing Wall (see page 17).

It's a strange feeling, a strange and abhorrent feeling, to realize that your own country has become totally subservient to a tribal regime at the Asiatic end of the Mediterranean. But it looks like we'd better get used to it.

Who are the cultural imperialists now?

MIAMI IN A VISE

TO RECAP RATHER BRIEFLY how it all got started, in the early 60s there was a migration of Cubans fleeing Castro's tropical "workers' paradise." Many of them were among the hardest working and most skilled elements of the island's population. The migration, which included many doctors, lawyers and other professionals, was looked upon favorably by the so-called humanitarian and civic-minded elite -- and most Miamians sympathized with the newly arriving refugees, either out of good old-fashioned altruism or guilt for the way President Kennedy had lost his nerve and botched the Bay of Pigs operation.

The first-wave Cubans were so enthused at the prospect of becoming Americans and learning English that they downplayed their native culture and language. Some even volunteered for the Vietnam War. Although by no means Northern European in their ways and customs, most of the earlier arrivals were definitely white and therefore candidates for assimilation. Later arrivals, however, were darker in skin color and had much humbler occupations. Many no longer came from Cuba. The endemic economic and political instability of Latin America and the Caribbean stimulated a growing influx of other Hispanic refugees into South Florida.

Soon the "Anglo" or non-Latin white was beginning to feel like a stranger in his own home. The newcomers were beginning to exercise considerable economic and political power, while the so-called "melting pot" was beginning to bubble with signs of what might be called ethnic indigestion. One of Miami's most powerful and well-respected young Cuban leaders sagely commented that the demographics were more like a tossed salad, with each population group retaining its own flavor and distinction.

The low exchange rate for the dollar in the late 70s caused more contingents of Latin Americans, this time of the well-to-do variety, to move to the gringo El Dorado. Sales of condominiums and Mercedes boomed, along with the construction of office buildings to house the banks and lawyers which followed the movement of funds.

Then came the 1980 Mariel boatlift, a *Camp-of-the-Saints*-style mass migration in which approximately 125,000 Cubans, mostly from the lower classes and many from Castro's jails and insane asylums, poured into Florida in a few short weeks. Facing an election, President Carter decided he could ill afford to risk alienating the Hispanic,

particularly the Cuban, vote. So he allowed Castro to control the immigration policy of the United States.

Despite the continuous bleating of the local media and local business and civic leaders about our wonderful city being "enriched" by so many different cultures, some Anglos realized, long before Mariel, that our community had embarked on a course of cultural, if not racial, suicide. I was having dinner with two very prominent and highly educated Latins at the high tide of the sea-borne migration. One was an affluent businessman, the other a lawyer, a partner in a topflight firm. They both were grinning broadly at the prospect of the increased political power arriving in the fleet of small boats transporting cargoes of Latins. "It is very good for us," they gloated. Then they looked rather carefully at me to sense my reaction.

As the boatlift continued, there eventually arose a great public outcry, stimulated by a number of Anglo radio talk show hosts. The *Miami Herald* played it cool until the bandwagon, helped along by the soaring crime rate and increasing racial confrontations, really got rolling. Miami blacks, having been left in the economic dust by the industrious Cubans, were ready to "air their grievances," all



Miami street scene

the more so because of what they considered to be the outrageous acquittal of ten police officers charged with beating to death an unarmed "brother" who had been fleeing police cars on his motorcycle. The result, as Miamians try unsuccessfully to forget, was a first-class, big-league riot with \$150 million in damages and 18 dead, including a number of whites who were literally torn to pieces. Some other disturbances have occurred since the Liberty City riots, but nothing on the scale of the 1980 explosion. This is not to say that the black sections of town are not still seething and that the police don't view them as powder kegs that could go off at any time. Some black areas are so dangerous that no white in his right mind would drive his car there, even in the daytime.

In November 1980, the Cubans promoted a bilingual campaign which was so absurd and divisive that it was handily defeated at the voting booth, though it probably would win today, owing to the ever increasing Latin component of the population. The Hispanic community has continued its process of congealing, not melting, and Latin organizations continue to proliferate. The *Miami Herald* recently counted 178 different Hispanic organizations in Dade County.

After 1980, the dollar depreciated in value and most Latin American economies collapsed. A prime reason for this bust was the runaway expansion of the economy in these countries that was fueled by the pie-in-the-sky lending policies of major American banks. The fallout in Miami has produced lots of empty condos and acres of unrented space in new office buildings. Domestic corporate migration into Miami has been virtually zero for years. If you tell an executive he has to move his wife and children from Boston or Connecticut to the company's Miami branch, the first person he calls is not the mover, but a headhunter in an executive employment agency. The market for retirees in the Miami area, along with domestic tourism, has also dried up.

The emigration of Anglos began years before the riots, soaring crime rate, drug plague and the boatlift. Despite the Chamber of Commerce rhetoric and the media noise about how great things were in the city, the sons and daughters of white working-class families were unable to get jobs unless they spoke Spanish. The *Miami Herald* published a study which stated:

Forty-two percent of all Latins interviewed . . . said Spanish is the language they speak most frequently among themselves at work, up from 35% who responded the same way in a similar study conducted two years ago. Conversely, those [Latins] who say they speak English most frequently among themselves has dropped to 15.9% from 27.5% in the 1983 survey.

The trend is continuing.

The events of 1980 were the catalysts for the greatest Anglo exodus yet. As the *Miami Herald* stated:

Between 1976 and 1984, the number of non-Latin white voters in Dade decreased by 100,000. In the same period, the number of Latin voters increased by 71,000. In 1984 alone, 39,150 white people in the prime of their careers left Dade. Almost 95% of those were American born.

This trend, too, is continuing.

Today, vast areas of metropolitan Dade County are virtually all black or all Latin. (Latins, by the way, hold blacks in low esteem.) In the large supermarkets in the Latin areas, you'll find 50 magazines in Spanish, none in English. In many shopping malls and restaurants that were filled with Anglos only a few years ago, you will rarely find a lock of blond hair or a pair of blue eyes.

Walk into the terminal at the Miami International Airport and all you see are people of varying shades of brown and all you hear is Spanish. Metropolitan Miami is really no longer an American city. It is more like Casablanca -- the Casablanca of the Caribbean, exciting sometimes and certainly never dull. The palm trees still sway in the tropic breezes. The bay still sparkles. Beautiful neighborhoods still exist in the few remaining Anglo enclaves. But all the rest has been Hispanicized.

Walk down Flagler Street to the courthouse and see if you really feel comfortable with the passersby. They will make up the juries that will be determining the fate of Anglos in future court cases. Speaking of court cases, a good friend of mine who has represented prominent insurance companies for the last 13 years tells me he can't recall a Latin who didn't commit blatant perjury in the courtroom. Naturally no one goes to jail for such an offense. The jails are so full here you have to be a menace to civilization to be sent to prison.

Miami has become a Third World community of various Hispanic and other minorities all promoting their own race, culture and language, a community so filled with flamboyant crime and drugs that a popular TV show depends on the doses of daily terror for plot material. While the national media get all excited about the cocaine death of a black basketball player, we have more than one such death every week. A bust of 500 pounds of marijuana or \$10 million worth of coke is so common that the press relegates it to the food pages. Unless they are particularly gruesome or unless the victim is a prominent public figure, murders -- we have one a day -- are hardly noticed, perhaps because the perpetrators (and thankfully as yet most of the victims) are invariably blacks or Latins. I once asked the Miami Police Department and the Dade County Public Safety Department, "Why don't you give us a racial breakdown of the criminals and victims? Surely with all those statistics you keep and all the new computers you bought, you must have the information!" Both departments replied that they didn't have it, although they acknowledge they have had many requests for same. Without question, the *Miami Herald* and other media, in the interest of keeping the white community docile and mesmerized by notions of brotherhood, have deliberately withheld the figures. It is admitted, however, that there were 199,104 serious crimes in the county in 1985. Almost every family I know has been a victim of a felony (some two or three times) within the past 24 months.

Many of the Anglos that remain here live in lovely homes in relatively insulated and orderly areas and are not yet sufficiently aware of the extent of the minority dynamics at work in Miami or of the minorities' growing disdain for the diminishing Anglo power structure. They simply can't be-

lieve that most Hispanics harbor racist feelings toward them. You have to speak Spanish fluently here if you really want to know the score.

The good-hearted, church-going Anglos, including those who welcomed the refugees so warmly, or pretended to, are resented, envied and under such an unmitigated racial assault that even their private clubs are denounced and targeted for destruction, principally by Jewish reporters, though no one has ever had a bad word to say about the racial "purity" of Jewish and Cuban country clubs.

Isolated in their homes and clubs, many of the well-meaning, woolly-minded Anglos remind me of Evelyn Waugh's Africa, where the British in their private clubs stolidly drank their gin and tonics, while the savages outside prepared to massacre them. Even the large Jewish population here is somewhat intimidated by the expanding Hispanic juggernaut, although Jews continue to prosper in their usual ethnocentric manner. Miami Beach, for instance, is still their "turf." Only the whites of Northern European heritage are prevented from expressing themselves racially, operating racially and enjoying the countless benefits of racial networking.

I had an upscale Central American say to me during the Mariel boatlift:

Why are you letting all these people in? Just because they will be eating Kentucky Fried Chicken, wearing Levis and watching the Dolphins play football doesn't mean they are going to be Americans in your sense of the word. They are bringing with them a very different kind of cultural and political baggage.

The Latin American politics of Miami and its suburb of Hialeah is very much like the politics of Santo Domingo and Mexico City. The wheeling, dealing and stealing make the late Mayor Daley of Chicago look like a Sunday School teacher. At this very moment, the FBI and a grand jury are investigating most of the politicians in Hialeah, while in Miami a dozen or more Latin cops have been arrested for a variety of crimes, ranging from dope trafficking and robbery to homicide.

Latins are constantly under the gun for money laundering, sometimes involving staggering amounts. In the case of Ramón Milián Rodríguez, the amount was \$100 million.

Last year it became known that accountant José Gómez was the individual who for years falsified financial statements for ESM Securities for under-the-table fees of \$200,000. ESM Securities' demise was the largest securities firm failure in U.S. history (\$320 million).

This year, Alberto Duque, a Colombian, and half a dozen Colombian and Cuban associates were found guilty in federal court of engineering what prosecutors called one of the largest bank frauds ever (\$122 million).

From my own extensive dealings here, I can assure the reader the differences between the Anglo and Cuban communities are multidimensional -- sometimes glaring, sometimes subtle. The Cubans, for instance, only contribute about 15% of the blood supply of area hospitals, yet they use up half of it. I've had buyers of major department stores tell me that Latins have forced them to wire and chain clothes to the racks because shoplifting has become so

rampant. In one location in Hialeah, a community now 90% Latin, practically half the more expensive dresses disappeared out the front door before they were wired together. You better believe this is not Switzerland.

One thing you can say for most Cubans is they are industrious. Another point in their favor is their understanding of the true nature of Castroism and its threat to Central America. This is more than I can say for Tip O'Neill and his gang in Washington. Actually, some Cubans are warm and friendly people and are dutifully becoming Americanized. The great majority of Latins, however, will never assimilate. There are just too many of them and a great many are not *sangre azul* Spanish types from Chile or Spain, but are varying mixes of Indian and Negro. Assimilation won't happen; it can't happen. In fact, the reverse is happening.

Present-day Miami boasts three Spanish-language television stations, eight Spanish-language radio stations, three Spanish-language newspapers, probably half a dozen Spanish gossip and political tabloids, and God knows how many magazines, either their own or Spanish-language editions of U.S. publications.

We now have a coalition of Hispanic groups vociferously appealing to the FCC to block the sale of five Spanish-language television stations, including Miami's WLTV 23, to Hallmark Cards Corp. It is not enough that the stations broadcast in Spanish; they must be owned by Hispanics as well.

Today Latins number approximately 928,000, or about 45% of Dade County's population. The truth is, the Planning Department probably doesn't have a clue as to how many Latins are really here. Practically everyone I know has an illegal alien working as a domestic. Officially there are more than 14,000 Jamaicans and more than 60,000 Haitians. In all those booming baby factories out there, whether in Mexico, Colombia or Trinidad, you can be sure that everyone wants to come and indeed is planning to come.

The Anglos remaining in Miami can be categorized as follows: (1) those awaiting retirement, at which time they plan to move up the coast to central Florida or as far north as North Carolina; (2) those established in business who still find it too difficult and too costly to move; (3) those who are so mindlessly liberal and equalitarian they wouldn't mind if the entire populations of not only Latin America, but Africa and Asia, moved in. They will probably stay until death does them part from their beloved minorities.

Most of the Anglo yuppies and social butterflies still around are mainly interested in trying to make a lot of money to impress one another with their homes, cars, yachts and business successes. Those of us who attempt to make some contribution to the community are left with the feeling, "What community?" It is certainly not the community any sensible Majority member would want for his children. Although most feel uneasy about what is happening, God forbid they should make a remark in defense of their race at a cocktail or dinner party. Admittedly, some feeling of group solidarity does exist among the Anglo holdouts, but there is a much greater feeling of resignation.

The one step Majority members in this area should take immediately is to reverse the dangerous nonsense about equality we have been hearing from churchmen, politicians, the media, educationists and other assorted liberals and sellouts. We need to relearn the obvious fact that there is more than just a geographical difference between Geneva and Lima, Boston and Bogotá, Sweden and Mexico.

I'm sickened by the obliteration of my community and by my proximate dispossession. I am equally sickened by

the Anglos who, because of their continued belief in the most absurd aspects of present-day social Christianity and liberalism have virtually abdicated their responsibilities and spend most of their time on the golf course, sailing, watching TV or drinking. They better get on the ball or they're going to have lots of jabbering mulatto and Latin grandchildren singing "Feliz Navidad" around their future Christmas trees.

FORGET THE ENEMY -- WATCH YOUR "FRIEND"

THE AMBIVALENT REACTION of L.J. Davis, contributing editor of *Harper's*, to Robert Mathews, the late head of The Order, reported in *Instauration* (Sept. 1986), was, I believe, extremely significant. Here was a rare admission in print of the way millions of America's white liberals and moderates think privately about the Third Worldification of their cities. In an especially illuminating passage, Davis wrote (*Harper's*, July 1986, p. 55):

Like all political terrorists, Mathews believed that every perceived enemy action calls for an equal and opposite reaction, or, at the very least, the closest facsimile thereof that can be contrived. Is this such a hard concept to fathom? God help me, I have thought of applying it myself. Like you, like Mathews, I have lain awake at night, mind ticking over, contemplating the failed social policies of the last half-century and listening for noises on the roof, and I have found myself wondering where, if I were to blow up the low-income housing project two blocks from my besieged home, I would place the charges.

Note that Davis *assumes* the average reader has fantasized about revenge in the same terms as he and Mathews. For one who lives "bunkered down," as he puts it, in minority-infested Brooklyn, the assumption is reasonable.

My own life has been spent mainly in liberal, middle-class surroundings, yet, more than occasionally, I have been startled to hear the most unlikely people reveal hidden visions of justice, such as "lining up every drug addict in America and -- bang!" Never have I egged such people on because I myself have never uttered such fantasies (though I may have had a few).

Davis got away with his written admission (confession?) because, as he hastened to add, he is the father of two adopted black daughters. As for Joe Average, he gets away with the rare *spoken* remark along these lines because everyone *knows* he's a nice guy who went door-to-door for George McGovern back in '72. The only person who can never get away with speaking his fantasies is the right-winger or the racist (the two aren't synonymous). The latter will be taken strictly at his word, at least by his enemies, no matter how much he may convince himself he was only joking when he made his dumb crack about "throwing some people in gas ovens."

When it comes to that ugliest of subjects, mass murder, no one in America today should have a cleaner conscience than the typical Instaurationist. I believe it was Montesquieu who declared that no crime in the annals of man was so hideous that he might not have committed it. Intentionally or not, his candor spoke for the greater part of our species. A beast lies in each of us, and may be activated by beastly circumstances.

What makes the Instaurationist all too unusual in contemporary America is his recognition of this beast and his determination to prevent the creation of those racial-social-demographic realities which almost certainly will activate the beast in millions. The Instaurationist is that rare individual who fully grasps the causality behind Ulster, Lebanon and South Africa. He sees America rushing toward its fate and wants to do all in his power to end the rush.

For wishing to clear the air, even at the cost of some bloodshed, the Instaurationist is called a "hater." If he accepts this designation, he degrades himself and yields the high moral ground to his enemies. He is *not* a "hater," but a man who understands human nature -- his own and others' -- and despite all inducements has not driven this understanding, this precious knowledge, from his consciousness.

The Instaurationist has some very private and very heavy crosses to bear. One of these is the would-be "ally" who approaches him in public and talks loud nonsense about "killing Jews." The reaction to any such person should be exactly as if he had said, "Let's go bomb the White House. I have the stuff right in my car." In both cases, the individual is either an *agent provocateur* or a complete idiot.

Since the enemy agent is a well-understood phenomenon, let us consider the idiot. First of all, the people whom he is attempting to stir up have probably contributed 100 times more time and money to the white survival movement than he has. Consequently, they will share his dislike for certain groups. If they are prominent Majority activists, they will be forced by circumstances to occasionally associate with those whom they might rather not see -- from the flaming liberal with the occasional good idea (whom they seek to further enlighten) to the bona fide nutzi (whom no one can ever enlighten).

The leader, as leader, is vulnerable in many ways. He knows that if his group ever begins to take off, the local paper can pull out its file on him (or, rather, the local ADL can pull its file and give it to the paper). The likely result will be a page one libel reporting that, "In 1975, Mr. X attended a party, at which Mr. Y was also present, and was heard making statements about shoving six million more Jews into gas ovens. A good time was had by all." This same Mr. Y, incidentally, may have later "seen the light" and joined Mother Teresa in the slums of Calcutta. Indeed, it may have been Mr. Y who carried along the fatal micro-tape-recorder -- "for his own protection," of course. Before leaving for India, he may have walked down to the local ADL office and handed the boys all of his old tapes as a goodwill gesture, explaining, "Oh, yes, that's X laughing in the background." As for X, the foursquare white survival leader now about to be defamed, he might very probably have been outraged by Y's cracks when they occurred, and might have insisted that Y never be invited back. (Ironically, this very closing of social ranks against the violence-prone Y may have accounted for his subsequent switch to a "new cause.")

Mr. X, being a thoughtful man of the world, well understands that some wholly innocent minority members might suffer if his cause prevails. He will do everything he can to avoid it. Balanced against that is the recognition that his own people are suffering here and now.

A wise Palestinian once said, "We Arabs talk about pushing the Jews into the sea -- and we do nothing. The Jews talk about treating the Arabs like brothers -- and treat us like dogs."

It doesn't take long for a percipient Instaurationist to discover the remarkable inverse correlation between the big doers and the big talkers. A subspecies of the idle big talker is the violent talker. Should real manly action ever be demanded of him, he'd probably break down. But for now he glibly talks about pushing innocent Jews into ovens -- thereby causing many Jews to dance with joy.

The last remark should be clarified. Very few Jews are happy to see the average guy speak violently against their people. But the worldly wise Jew readily makes one exception. He is *delighted* to see vicious, crazy talk in the presence of those who wish to come reasonably to terms with the Jewish problem.

That shouldn't be so hard to understand. When a Rabbi Kahane talks wildly about maltreating Arabs and is then seen in the company of a leading Israeli politician, Arab propagandists from Marrakech to Baghdad burst into wide grins. Score one for the Arab cause.

Jewish propagandists play these games better than anyone else. By constant repetition, they assure every man and his brother that *all* anti-Semitism is mentally associated with the *ultimate* anti-Semitism. The feeble-minded anti-Semite falls for this Pavlovian mystique and links his own rightful grievances (at least subconsciously) to the idea of Jewish extermination. So many people, both pro- and anti-Jewish, are conditioned to accept these absurd linkages that nearly all opposition to Jews withers away.

Thus, the idiocy of the bloody-talker can hardly be overstated. We must always assume that such a person has a tape recorder in his pocket. Regardless of motives, the

"friendly" fool and the spy are equally bad deals. For the young fool, an exception can be made. But even here, a word to the wise ought to be enough.

It's a tragic world we live in, where good people get stepped on regardless of who prevails. All honor to the pacifist or saint, if he is sincerely that. Those of us who have elected to go the activist route know that bad things can and do happen in the midst of a larger good. We must each make our peace with the imperfect karma of a sometimes evil universe.

But we also recognize that the symbols of this evil, in our time, have all been unjustly arrayed on one side, thereby condemning race-conscious Westerners to utter passivity in the face of a total onslaught against their heritage. We know all too well how easily these carefully crafted symbols can be used to lay our side low *in a moment*, and how helpless we have become in wielding effective symbols of our own in self-defense.

Today, more than ever before, professional Jews are using words as weapons against our people, our culture and our destiny. All the missiles on earth cannot fight an arsenal holding Holocaust, anti-Semite, racist, Six Million, gas ovens, Anne Frank, bigot, Auschwitz. Each one is a mind-stopper; together they can turn a world upside-down.

Only years of discipline on our part can right this verbal arms imbalance. Progress *is* being made. In the meantime, consider the lethal force of the "friendly" idiot who, a drink in his hand, sidles up to a group of earnest Instaurationists and says, "Boys, we didn't get enough of 'em. Six Million, hell! I'd roast Anne Frank in my own oven!"

That man is a terrorist, and his target -- intended or not -- is *you*.

Disgusting Performance



If he kisses the Wailing Wall today, what will George Bush kiss when he runs for President?

Jailhouse Jottings

A Philosophical Inmate writes:

Could a person's motivation for what is generally considered an immoral act become, under certain circumstances, moral? Today a large and growing segment of America's white prisoners represents a significant segment in the Majority network. No doubt many prisoners enter the network with a sincere desire to work for their people. Unfortunately, others join the fight merely to legitimize their war of revenge against a system that "let them down."

There exist within these dinosaurs of stone and steel, these prisons, a pervasive realization that the ex-prisoner will be able to weave himself back into society's economic fabric, but never its social fabric. Consequently, the outcast status of the ex-prisoner will often serve to rationalize his continuing personal failure. This makes it relatively easy for him to vent his frustration by severing the few tenuous threads that still bind him to the social order.

The "they let me down" revenge philosophy seems unique to the West, with its "me" generation and its obsession with the rights and well-being of the individual overshadowing group duties and responsibilities. In the case of the ex-prisoner, no contract exists to restrain him from striking out against "the others."

A sociobiologist might say the social ostracism of the convict is an attempt to isolate his criminal genes from the national gene pool. Prosecution and confinement could be interpreted as demonstrating nature's means of protecting the nation's social and biological health.

Whether the large and growing U.S. prison population is due to a decline in social hygiene, the baby boom of the past, the alien boom of the present, or is merely a symptom of a heterogeneous society conscious of its increasing contradictions, remains to be seen. If the seeds of revenge are inherent in the act of confinement, prisoners will continue to declare war on society. Such being the case, how can we find any room for our ideals while living in this nightmare called reality?

A family with its instinctive bonds of love and protection is a microcosm in a nation of family communities. A nation in essence is an extended family with government a macro-reflection of the micro-units. Since the government has a moral and paternalistic responsibility to maintain the security and stability of its people -- its extended family -- this paternalism is not to be confused with the distrustful and paranoid eye of "Big Brother." Rather, it is a paternalism that should maintain an environment favor-

able to nurturing its citizens' creative capabilities.

Contemporary America has become the world's amusement park with free rides for all. Our cash-register culture now symbolizes the "good life," and our social engineers teach us that the path to happiness can best be trod by the average intellect. The great middle class of the mind, our status in this immortal state, is the status of a hostage held aboard a rudderless ship sailing to nowhere.

Whatever is done to destabilize a system that fails to maintain its moral obligation to provide security and stability for its people must be deemed moral. It follows that a personal act of revenge directed against an immoral system becomes a moral act. If this is really true, the revenge of even the petty criminal, an unknowing partisan in a very moral cause, must be viewed as an attempt to destroy that which destroys us.

An Activist Inmate writes:

A good example of how much white prisoners have to put up with happened to me and a friend of mine recently. On disciplinary lock-up, all recreation time (two hours a day) is spent in small fenced-in areas called "dog cages," almost exact replicas of Ezra Pound's "gorilla cage." There are 16 cages in a row, two inmates to a cage. The noise is ear-blasting, as everyone shouts back and forth to the occupants of other cages. Out of about 45 people in the cages and the adjacent small yard, there are usually no more than five to eight whites. My partner and I were in the last cage exercising, as we do every morning, pretty much minding our own business. In the two cages next to us were three blacks and a half-breed who wishes he were black.

As I was doing my sit-ups, I tuned in to the conversation next to us. The black and the half-breed were talking about beating up "whiteboys," a term they use when not calling us "beasts," "devils," "Klansmen" and "Nazis." When they realized they had a couple of whiteboys next to them, the conversation grew progressively louder. I usually don't pay attention to this kind of talk because after a while you realize that it's all noise. Some guys just have to yell out how tough they are -- I guess with the hope that everyone else will then be too scared to mess with them. Though, as I said, I usually pay this no mind, the diatribe from the adjoining cage became more and more directed at me and my partner. Both of us are active and conscious Majority members and don't try to hide it, but at the same time we don't go around spouting hate-monger-

ing opinions or looking for trouble. All we do is try to look out for our people the same way other races do for theirs. But to non-whites, that still makes us monstrous racists and bigots.

It was pretty funny, however, to hear our hip neighbors talk about how bad us "racists" are, especially since they were proclaiming how they could never be racists -- this coming from a black Muslim and a half-breed that do nothing but rap about black this and black that and how they'd like to beat up whiteboys. For almost two hours we took this running commentary on what the Muslims will do one day to us and our race. (Nothing heavy, of course, just revolutions and general massacres.) Trying to talk to them would be useless because they are the type who would rather support the NAACP than Farrakhan. They'd rather hate us than worry about their own people.

There's a lesson to be learned here. If you are Jewish, black, Hispanic and what not, you have every right to support your race. If you are white, you have a different right. You must only support minority members and nonwhites. Don't ever try to look out for members of your own race if you have the misfortune of being a Majority member. Understandably, the attitude, "I'm afraid to be white," is prevalent through most correctional facilities. In the American prison system, the Majority is a minority. What makes the whole business really bad is that those who stand up for our people not only have to face the minorities, we also have to watch our fellow Majorityites, the liberal ones and scared ones, who spit on us as they side with our enemies. That's why at times it feels as though we are fighting a losing battle. If it's not the liberals who would have everyone believe that all inmates are equal, it's the white inmates who are too scared or too lazy to act. I've pointed this out not as another prison horror story (those come a dime a dozen and are often outrageous fabrications), but in the hope that *Instauration* readers can begin to savvy the attitudes of our "equals." Maybe some of our own on the outside might be ashamed or angered enough by what goes on in the inside to let their brethren in chains know that they still care. Majority members better open their eyes before they all wake up a minority, like those of us in prison have already done. Then we won't have to sit and listen powerlessly to the Muslims and others as they talk about what they have planned for the whiteboys.



Letter to a Taboo Worshipper

In a recent issue of National Review, William Buckley Jr. wimpishly dissociated himself and his magazine from Senior Editor Joseph Sobran, after the latter had dared to find a few faults with Jews in his nationally syndicated column. Buckley chastised Sobran for not observing the taboo, which he admitted prevents all objective writing about Jews in the Western world. The following is an open letter from an Instaurationist to Buckley, satirically reproving him for being such a chicken.

Dear Mr. Buckley,

Having established a National Review policy which, in effect, asserts that a "taboo" may hold a higher position than the truth, particularly if the truth is unpleasant, unpopular, painful or economically threatening, I look forward to your extended remarks concerning taboos in your "Notes & Asides" column.

May I respectfully suggest that you, also speaking for your colleagues, dissociate yourself from those writing critically about the Gay Liberation Movement, particularly those attempting to infer a relationship between Gays and AIDS, Gays and sodomites, Gays and catamites, Gays and bestiality, as well as those taking a negative posi-



tion on kiddie porn. Another taboo I think might well be overdue is the one that makes invidious comparisons between blacks and academic achievement scores, or between blacks and unwed teenage mothers on AFDC, or, for that matter, the percentage rate of male blacks as compared to the total prison population. Another taboo would

concern the subject of Mexican "wet-backs" as well as any articles which criticize an open-door policy for illegal (undocumented) aliens arriving in the U.S. with or without the help of the "Sanctuary Movement."

And while I'm at it, I think it is a damn shame the way some of these conservative writers handle Ellie Smeal and her NOW group. That should be another taboo! I'm also well aware of the disgraceful way drug dealers are treated, with some of those right-wing writers actually calling for the destruction of the coca plants grown for the cocaine market. The coca planters and drug dealers have to live too, you know. So, it is only reasonable to place a taboo on the subject of drug trafficking.

Mr. Buckley, I feel you might be wise to consider limiting the subject matter of your journal to articles about the budget, the Republican Party's predominant political concern. It is a safe and dull subject!

Actually, once you get to thinking about it, there is no end to the number of taboos you could introduce. I'll try and send in a few ideas now and then, just to be helpful.

Cordially,
338

**Nordic Genes Can Lighten, Brighten,
Beautify -- Perform Almost Any Miracle
of Heredity -- Except Scrub Away
That Tell-Tale Tarbrush**



Sammy Davis Jr. and ex-wife May Britt



**Daughter Tracey Davis
at her wedding to Guy Garner**



The Verb "To Jew"

A young lady named Jean Gonick was so embarrassed when a male magazine publisher injected the expression "tried to jew me down" into a luncheon conversation that she wrote an article about it for the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution Magazine* (June 8), even suggesting that racism might be "a basic thinking disorder that should be treated in clinics throughout the country."

She may have her wish someday, the way things are going.

Though hearing "jew" used as a verb is deeply traumatizing for some delicate young liberal ears with scant experience in the real world, the fact is that the publisher was succinctly describing a profoundly important biosocial reality. Here is the context from Gonick's article:

"I collect art," [the publisher] said, assiduously refilling my glass with a well-bred wine. "You might say it's a passion of mine. Of course, the hardest thing is closing the deal. I just bought a fabulous piece in Paris from a man who tried relentlessly to jew me down."

My brain popped the way it does when it records something that doesn't seem real. Had the erudite Mr. Day actually used the phrase "jew me down," or was I losing my mind? And if he'd really said this to me, hadn't I better let him know I didn't like it? . . .

I fantasized the objections:

"Mr. Day, this is an outrage!"

"Mr. Day, anti-Semitism does not become you."

Now hold on a minute there, sister!

The social anthropologist, Edward T. Hall, has spent a lifetime studying just the sort of occurrence which "Mr. Day" was describing; and he has studied them along explicitly ethnic lines. Hall has found that as one moves northwestward in Europe, people *prefer* sticking to a set price, whereas those living near the Levant *prefer* bartering whenever possible.

"Prefer" is the key word here because Hall is not talking about any "silly old customs" handed down unthinkingly and unfeelingly across the centuries, but about the way Mr. Sven Olsson and Dr. Yussef Akbari honestly *prefer* to live their lives today. (On Hall's work, see "A Race of Freaks" in *Instauration*, March 1986, page 27.)

Though Hall does not go into the differential biology underlying such preferences, other researchers do. *Instauration* plans to examine some of their voluminous evidence in the future.

At a time when Nordics from Stockholm to Sydney are being overrun by racial Levantines, they had better be pretty clear on this. The last thing a "Mr. Day" wants to do is spend all day haggling over prices. It's not

in his nature. A phrase like "jew me down" is far less offensive or destructive than forcing an entire race -- our race -- to change its preferred values and lifestyle.

That's one writer's honest opinion. But perhaps Jean Gonick knows a nice clinic that can "set me straight . . ."

Homogeneity Accounts for Japan's Success

Western Europe, pretty well devastated by WWII, suffered a labor shortage when it started to rebuild. It decided to solve the problem by bringing in "guest workers" from Mediterranean countries, Turkey and Africa.

Japan had similar economic problems, but solved them differently. The government agreed it would not bring in foreigners. It believed an oversupply of workers would play havoc with the labor market, not to mention the damage it would do to Japan's racial unity. In the end, Tokyo felt the best way out was automation. This not only increased production, but resulted in higher quality products, while doing away with the world's generally held pre-WWII opinion that "Made in Japan" was a stamp of tawdriness.

Japan's postwar immigration laws were so strict that only a few Koreans managed to acquire legal entrance into the country. Illegal immigrants amounted to perhaps 500 Indo-Chinese and some 2,000 Koreans. Illegals don't do very well in Japan because Japanese businessmen refuse to hire them. As for refugees, there are not more than 2,000 and they are largely Vietnamese. It is interesting to note in this connection that some anthropologists believe that the Vietnamese are the closest racially of all Asian peoples to the Japanese.

Luckily for Japan, it has no Sanctuary Movement, nor are there any libertarians and civil rights bleeding hearts trying to turn the country into a racial potpourri. A side effect of Japan's immigration laws was that the unemployment rate fell so low that every Japanese who wanted to work was able to find a job.

Japan makes it hard for foreign men who marry Japanese women to secure permanent residence. Applicants must prove they are financially stable and have lived in Japan for more than three years.

Racial homogeneity must also have had some influence on Japan's low crime rate. In 1980 there was only one armed robbery for 10,000 people in Tokyo. The figure for New York City the same year was 286/10,000.

What bears most of the responsibility for

Japan's miraculous recovery after WWII? What has brought about its present dominant position in world markets? If anyone believes that the desire to preserve the country's monoracial demographic structure did not have a lot to do with it, let him come up with a better explanation.

Debt Goes Up, Farms Go Down

Burke County is Georgia's largest farming county. Currently, there are 375 full-time farm families. By the summer of 1987, there may be only 30 left, according to veteran farm extension agent William H. Craven Jr. The county had a farm debt of \$4.5 million in 1974, and of \$125 million in 1984. In 1980, there were 201,000 healthy acres of crops; in 1986, 107,000 wilted acres. The great drought of '86 is being called the last straw by farmers throughout the Southeast.

Reserving Racism for the Rich

America's Jewish organizations have lately grown very solicitous of the special "ethnic needs" of the elderly. The new line being handed out is that ethnic consciousness is "vital to healthy aging." As Dr. Natalie Gordon, chief of social services at New York's Jewish Home and Hospital for the Aged, explains, "As you age, there are so many losses -- loss of physical capacity, financial loss, loss of friends, neighbors, social supports. The one piece you hold onto is that part of yourself that belongs to a particular group of people."

Dr. Robert N. Butler, a professor of geriatrics at New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine, cautiously refines Dr. Gordon's message: "Cultural mores are important, but they must be seen in a broader framework. If the economic situation is poor, then ethnicity is less important than social class and availability of economic support."

For example, if one is a wealthy old Jew with money to spend on cultural artifacts and trips to Israel, residence in an all-Jewish condominium in Miami Beach or Hollywood might be just the thing. But if one is, say, an old WASP or black struggling to get by, race loses most of its significance, and residence in an integrated public housing project is appropriate in the interests of "class solidarity."

Dr. Butler didn't quite say that, but somehow one knows what he's driving at.

Most old Jews wish to be among their own kind. That is the message being forcefully delivered in documentary films and other projects sponsored by major Jewish organizations. This concern would all be

very touching were it not for the existence of Jewish gentlemen like Avery Friedman, a professor of housing law at Cleveland State University, who has helped to ruin the daily lives of millions of Americans. Friedman, who almost certainly lives in a nice neighborhood himself, has personally filed *more than 500* "fair-housing" lawsuits around the country, charging that various housing projects do not have enough Negroes and Caucasians living side-by-side.

The mass misery which just one such suit (not filed by Friedman) can bring was shown in east Texas last year, when 36 counties were charged by U.S. District Court Judge William Wayne Justice with not sufficiently integrating their public housing projects. In one town after another, families and elderly single people, both black and white, were ripped from their homes and forced to move across town and be surrounded by people of another race. The local housing administrators are mad as hornets about Judge Justice's order, but they have to enforce it to keep their jobs.

Many poor white families have dropped out of public housing altogether rather than move in beside blacks. Others will quit once they see what integrated housing is like. But, as always, the *elderly* poor will not be able to flee.

Our Heroes, His Villains

He loathes George Washington and Abraham Lincoln -- and because he is a member of the Nebraska State Legislature, Senator Ernie Chambers is able to do something about it. He has managed to banish the portraits of George and Abe from the legislative chamber to a small hearing room.

Chambers, a black who calls Washington and Lincoln "suckers," accuses the former of mutilating his slaves, "clipping their ears like branding animals. If that wasn't bad enough, he produced bastard children with his slave women."

Chambers damns Lincoln for (of all things) the Emancipation Proclamation, which "let black men fight on the side of the Union . . . Black men saved the hide of this Union."

No doubt if Chambers' peculiar mindset continues to spread through Nebraska, Washington's and Lincoln's portraits will soon be banished from the hearing room and burnt in a bonfire. In their place Nebraskans will probably see the portrait of that truly great American, black Nat Turner. What makes Nat so great? He killed 10 white men, 14 white women and 31 white children in his gory slave revolt.

Can a country hold together when it has two entirely different sets of heroes? It can't and it won't.

Anti-WASPism

A balmy and brash piece of racist writing, if there ever was one, appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* (July 4, 1986). It was a column by one Michael Kilian, who had to be an Irishman still fighting the Battle of the Boyne. Not satisfied with the huge Independence Day hype about turn-of-the-century immigrants and the rehabilitated Miss Liberty, Kilian turned his word processor into a hate machine aimed at the Old Immigrants, with special venom reserved for WASPs.

Kilian kicked off with a scowl and sneer at the Americans who "dress up in white pants and blue blazers, the descendants of the 'terribly nice' English people who brought civilization to New England and the Old South along with witch hunts and slavery." To add zest -- and a little outright falsification -- to his libel, he accused "them" (meaning WASPs) of trying to put down ethnics by describing them as "wretched refuse of your teeming shore." Apparently he had never heard of Emma Lazarus, the author of the immortal phrase, who was not by any stretch of the imagination a WASPess.

Kilian continued to buzz WASPs by remarking that the so-called First Families arrived on these shores some 31,750 years after the first Indian families and that the first ~~white~~ to be born in non-Hispanic North America was not Virginia Dare, but Snorro Karlsefni, who saw the light of day in Vinland (Newfoundland) in A.D. 1007. Next, in an abrupt and illogical transition, he quoted a friend who told him that the ground rule for success in present-day America is "think Yiddish, dress British."

Kilian then produced his biggest whopper. "The overwhelming majority of Americans with English surnames were neutral in the Revolution or fought for the King." Is he asking us to believe that the Continental Congress, the Constitutional Convention and the officer corps of Washington's army were composed largely of Finkelsteins, McGillicuddies, Tarrazinis, Brasovitches, Marvs and Willies?

Kilian signed off with a few below-the-belt jabs at the British Royal Family, after he had tried to prove that Liz and Phil, Di and Charlie, and Andy and Fergie were gods and goddesses of WASPery. He gloated over the late Admiral Mountbatten's marriage to a half-Jewess, who cuckolded him with black Paul Robeson and brown Pandit Nehru.

What Kilian did not say is that American TV, by no means a WASP enterprise, seems to be far more enchanted with the British Royal Family than is Joe Majority member.

Question: Where would Kilian be today if the Americans of English descent he detests (envies) so much had never existed?

Answer: Back in a peat bog, grubbing for fuel for the coming winter.

Are Blacks Turning Right? (Or Is the GOP Turning Left?)

It should have been clear just how drastically the political winds had shifted when, in 1984, straw votes in some all-black Washington (DC) high schools showed Reagan beating Mondale. The liberal machine got another rude jolt last fall when a Washington Post-ABC News poll showed 37% of blacks nationwide giving Reagan a positive rating on his performance -- up from around 10% in similar polls a year or two earlier.

Recently, a survey was made of the opinions of 105 recognized "black leaders" and 600 randomly chosen black Americans. The results appeared in *Public Opinion* (Sept. 1985), one of the seemingly innumerable slick "neo-con" journals. On most questions, as was anticipated, the black rank-and-file came out well to the "right" of the black elite. For example, 77% of black leaders favor preferential treatment for blacks in jobs and colleges, while 77% of the total black population rejects the idea (at least when talking to a pollster who is likely to have been white). While 91% of black leaders approve of marriage between blacks and whites, only 77% of the rank-and-file agree (a figure which Mr. Farrakhan needs to chip away at).

Last November's elections brought new evidence of a black shift. New York Mayor Ed Koch, decried as "tough" on racial minorities (we aren't convinced), carried every black district in the city by margins of between two- and three-to-one. In New Jersey, Republican Governor Thomas Kean's reelection landslide brought him more than half of the black vote. This happened even though more than half of New Jersey's blacks reside in Essex County, the power base of liberal Democrat Peter Shapiro, who was Kean's opponent. Previously, Shapiro had carried more than 90% of the black vote.

Hispanics, too, are moving in large numbers toward the Republican Party. Several Asian-American nationalities have never *had* to switch (except in Hawaii, where they vote as a Democratic bloc). All this nonwhite restlessness presents both a danger and an opportunity to the white survival movement. The danger, of course, is that the whites will be swamped in what could become "their own party," the Republican.

If the Republican conventions begin to fill up with nonwhite faces in a decade or two, many whites will feel instinctively that they must turn to a third party. Having been pushed out of both major parties in a generation, the pushed should be loath to permit a third swamping.

No News Is Black News

All last spring, listeners to DC's black jive-talk WOL-AM were bombarded with spot announcements trumpeting the arrival of what station owner Cathy Hughes mysteriously called "radiovision" -- a breakthrough that she reiterated, almost to the point of nausea, would completely change the life of every Washingtonian. "Radiovision gonna revolutionize duh whole citeh!"

Small wonder that the unveiling of "radiovision" scheduled for late April became the topic of considerable speculation around the wine-bottle-littered no-man's-land that surrounds the station's offices. Smaller wonder that radiovision, when finally revealed, amounted to no more than the installation of a streetside picture window. "You gonna be able to look right in as we puts on de programs." Some passersby did, but in general radiovision was greeted by the locals with less than stupendous acclaim. Stationmistress Hughes, miffed that her brainchild did not immediately usher in the New Era, blamed the *Washington Post's* "insufficient coverage" for the public relations flop. "Dey allus writes about de bad stuff in de black commun'ity. Hows come dey doesn't writes about de nice stuff -- like radiovision. Hell, man, we's had about thutty, fohty families out der at the opening, an' der wuzn't no fights!"

No quitter, Ms. Hughes was soon promoting another gimmick: black community purchase of the much larger and considerably more powerful NBC-owned WKYS (AM and FM). "If de white folk dos't want to report de good stuff about de black commun'ity, den we's jes gonna have our own news!" Although no one is talking about it in public, there does exist the possibility that WOL and WKYS could be combined into a black radio network covering the whole of Chocolate City.

Will Ted Turner Never Learn?

Ted Turner caught flak recently from Jewish groups because Jews/Israelis were not permitted to compete in the Goodwill Games in Moscow, which were sponsored by Turner. Ted, of all people, should have been more sensitive to the feelings of Jews. He has walked the dangerous path of "anti-Semitism" before.

Back in 1977, tired of paying inflated salaries to his Atlanta Braves baseball players -- salaries engineered by the sharp 3,000-year-old bargaining practices of agent Jerry Kapstein, Turner sounded off thusly:

Kapstein is the only guy I dislike more than Adolf Hitler and [baseball] Commissioner [Bowie] Kuhn. I'm kidding about the commissioner, of course. I'll tell you the way Kapstein conducts his business and the reason I don't like him -- after all, you should have some reason to dislike a guy besides the fact that he wears a full-length fur coat and is a Jew. He's taking \$3 million out of the game and I'm losing \$15 million . . . I wrote him that he was doing his players a disservice and I signed the letter, "Yours in Christ."

After *New York Times* sports writer Red Smith, currying favor with his Jewish overlords, reported Ted's words, the mea culpa, apologies and embarrassing self-abasement -- in short, the old beg and crawl routine that is the automatic aftermath of such remarks, even intended in jest -- went into overdrive. The first thing Ted did was to blame his words on his "big mouth." Then he sat down and wrote a long, groveling letter to the Atlanta branch of the ADL, praying for forgiveness. After that, he put almost his entire staff to work apologizing to irate Jews across the nation.

Now he's put his foot into it again. Ted, won't you ever learn?

Demo Dummkopfs

We've always known that many of the loudest mouths in Congress are attached to the dumbest brains. But we never believed any congressman was so mentally bereft he would flunk a simple current events quiz. Altogether dismaying is that when given a five-question surprise test during a series of television interviews of 17 candidates for the soon-to-be-vacated Senate seat of Maryland's Charles Mathias, the participants couldn't even answer questions in their own self-advertised fields of expertise. Michael Barnes is the chairman of a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee and would give Israel Fort Knox and all its contents if he thought he could get away with it. Yet in spite of his avid support of Israel, his avid hostility to any weapons sales to Saudi Arabia and his horror of Apartheid, Barnes didn't know the name of the present prime minister of his beloved Israel, didn't know that the U.S. had sent Stinger missiles to Saudi Arabia in 1984, and didn't know the name of the head of his beloved African National Congress. Ironically, George Haley, the brother of Alex "Roots" Haley and one of the two black candidates in the running, was equally ignorant when it came to the last question. All he could think of was "Sambo," a name which has become anathema for blacks. The correct answer is Oliver Tambo, the active head, or Nelson Mandela, the symbolic head. Haley also didn't seem to know much about

Stingers. He described them as "missiles that come forth into the nation."

Linda Chavez, the attractive, anti-affirmative action Hispanic who eventually won the Republican nomination and is married to a huffing-and-puffing Zionist, answered four out of the five questions correctly. A LaRouchite and two other Republicans came in second with three out of five. Rep. Barbara Mikulski, one of those Women's Libbers, did so poorly (she got a 1.5 with Barnes) that she tried to get the microphone turned off. She couldn't have been more wrong when she named Jonas Savimbi, the leader of the anti-Soviet insurrection in Angola, as head of the ANC.

After winning the Democratic primary, Mikulski has a good chance of becoming the next junior senator from Maryland. She and her ignorant ilk are the heirs of a system of government that died with the ending of literacy tests and the introduction of the one dummy, one vote principle. Since mental retards are allowed to vote these days, it could be argued that they should also be allowed to run for the Senate and the House. And, as some of the candidates for U.S. Senator from Maryland have proved of late, that is precisely what the dummies are doing.

Latest FBI Crime Count

The following figures are too important to be in the Talking Numbers department. They are screaming numbers.

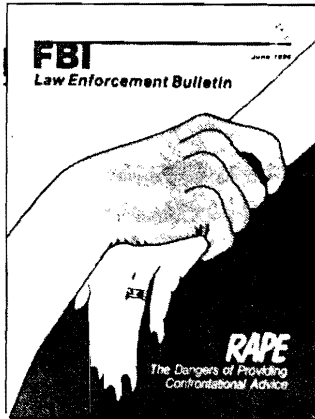
Recently released FBI statistics show a total of 381,890 arrests for violent crimes in the U.S. in 1984: 204,014 whites; 174,084 blacks; 2,697 American Indians or Alaskan natives; 2,095 Asians or Pacific Islanders. The breakdown for the arrests of the two most violent crimes was (1) murder - 7,339 whites; 6,133 blacks, 91 AIAN, 93 API; (2) forcible rape - 14,929 whites; 13,013 blacks; 208 AIAN, 157 API.

When chewing over these numbers, remember that blacks comprise only 12% of the U.S. population and that the white figure includes Hispanics and members of unassimilable white minorities. To be unremembered is the old saw that black-on-black crimes still outnumber black-on-white crimes. Even if only 15 or 20% of black violence was directed against whites (a conservative estimate), the number of white victims of black criminals each year is horrendous.

Crime figures will never have any really persuasive weight until we know the number of offenders and victims of each crime category by race and subrace. Hispanics should not be included in the white figure, and Americans of Northern European descent should be given a separate classification. Only then can we prove what we know to be the truth -- that the minority war against the Majority has become a full-scale guerrilla war with at least one or two

thousand Majority members killed by non-whites each year and tens of thousands wounded or raped.

How many whites go into black ghettos and Hispanic barrios to murder, rape and/or rob? Practically zilch. How many blacks and Hispanics leave their inner city hives and go on crime expeditions in white neighborhoods? If available, and they are not, the numbers would be startling. We only wish that someday the FBI would have the guts to publish them.



Speaking of rape, the FBI used the above illustration on the cover of the June issue of its *Law Enforcement Bulletin*. It received less than a warm welcome. The relatively few copies that had been distributed were called back and a new illustration was ordered pronto at a cost of \$15,000. As anyone familiar with U.S. race relations can guess, the black hand was replaced by a white one. Never mind that black rapes account for nearly 46% of all rapes, a figure almost four times that of the black share of the population.

In discussing the recalled cover, FBI Assistant Director William Baker said it was "racially insulting." It follows that a white hand would not be racially insulting. American Express obviously feels the same way. In several recent TV spots that show the perils of taking cash along on vacations, the blondism of the robbers who pocket the tourists' wallets is dramatically evident.

Down Come the Walls

Once upon a time U.S. racial dynamics dictated that Jews were to be kept out of the big commercial banks, the blue chip corporations and the airlines. This rule is now as dead as *Plessy vs. Ferguson*. Carl Icahn has bought TWA, Gerald Greenwald is president of Chrysler Corporation, and the Bronfmans own 20% of Du Pont. Meanwhile, one Jew -- we forget his name -- is getting awfully close to the top of the AT&T hierarchy.

Jews now sit on the boards of some of the bluest of the blue chips. Even the unbreach-

able walls of the biggest banks have fallen. You'd think that Joshua was back again and blowing on his trumpet. Boris Berkovitch is now vice-chairman of the once all-WASP Morgan Guaranty Trust. Robert J. Lipp is one of the Chemical Bank's four presidents. Citicorp has made Lawrence Small head of its corporate department. Manufacturers Hanover Trust has two Jewish executive vice-presidents.

There is some movement the other way. The largest Jewish private banks, investments firms and department stores have been opening their doors a crack or two for WASP and other Majority executives. But has anybody ever heard of, will anybody ever see, a non-Jewish CEO of Seagram's, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or the New York Times Co.?

Socking It to Ivan

Dennis Prager is a young rabbi heretofore best known for a book he coauthored with Joseph Telushkin, *Why the Jews? The Reason for Anti-Semitism*. Its thesis is that the world has picked on Jews for 3,000 years solely because Gentiles envy their superior traits. "The higher quality of Jewish life is objectively verifiable," assert the authors. For a demolishing rebuttal of this



Rabbi Prager

overweening thesis, see Joseph Sobran's column in *National Review* (Aug. 5, 1983).

Rabbi Prager was in the news again last June when he and his wife, Janice, organized a "Hate the Rooskies" rally for Hollywood glitzers. Excellent reasons can be advanced for disliking some Russians, yet reporter Benjamin Stein's account of the Pragers' Ivan-bashing extravaganza (*Wall Street Journal*, June 18) sounded too much like *Ye Olde Jewish Orchestration* to please some tired ears:

On a recent night at the Mark Taper Forum of the Los Angeles Music Center, a gathering of stars of big and small screen turned out to hear speeches about Soviet atrocities in Afghanistan -- Soviet atrocities committed by Russians against women and children in the Panjshir Valley, and in Pol-i-Charki Prison.

Dennis Prager, a local rabbi and radio

talk show host, told the audience that the Russians had killed one million Afghans, and that this was a real genocide, "not just any genocide, but a Soviet genocide. The murders were not done by just anyone. The Russians killed those people . . ."

Is this a watershed in Hollywood? . . .

The stars present at this fundraiser for the Afghan Jewish hospital were not the "old guard" of Reagan pals such as Bob Hope or Efrem Zimbalist or Robert Stack. Monday's glitter was from men and women who would normally run with the prevailing "progressive" tide in Hollywood.

Recall the words of Rabbi Prager: "The murders were not done by just anyone. The Russians killed those people." The Russians as in "Let My [Jewish] People Go or I'll Keep Twisting Your Arm Till You Cry 'Uncle!'"

Felipe Quits in Disgust

Every once in a while, though the "onces" are becoming fewer and farther between, a ray of light emerges from the drug and crime megalopolis known as Miami. Felipe Rivero, a commentator for radio station WRHC, quit his job not too many weeks ago because of the raft of complaints, organized and unorganized, that came in following some remarks he made that were leery of the Holocaust.

Rivero's farewell address was poignant:

I do not believe in the holocaust. It has been the greatest slander. The purpose was to defame and divide the German people, to turn them into a society of apologists, to take away their national pride. In this country you can say you don't believe in God, but you can't say you don't believe in the holocaust. Then some kind of an inquisition gets you. I may be wrong. I may be right. That's not [the issue]. Do I have to be branded as some kind of criminal, just for saying that? Do I have to be persecuted?

Murder of the Month

July's blonde-of-the-month murder victim was 16-year-old Suzanne Coleman. After attending a Saturday night motorcycle race in L.A., her boyfriend forgot where they had parked his car, and they wandered into the nonwhite wasteland near the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. In no time, they were held up at knife-point and Suzanne was relieved of her purse, which contained all of \$2. Later, when they tried to retrieve the purse with the help of a Hispanic "protector," Suzanne was shot twice in the head. She died a few hours later in the California Hospital Medical Center. The gunman was described as having a "medium Afro."



Cholly Bilderberger



FROM THE MAILBAG:

Dear Cholly:

Any news from Sutter Lang?

Devoted Fan of His

Dear Devoted:

As I reported some time ago, Sutter has decided that the lazy Majorityites rather than the resultant minorityites are the real enemy. Now he has gone even further. Over lunch recently, he told me he has formulated what he is not hesitant to call The Lang Program.

"It is based on reality rather than fuzziness," he began. "I think you will appreciate that — oh, I'm sure you will. We last survivors, our wagons pulled together in a circle for our last stand, imagine that if we are to survive, we must somehow convince our fellows of North European descent of the terrible funk they have fallen into in regard to the minorities, who have taken over so completely that the whites — as I call them to avoid the bulkiness of 'North European descent' used over and over — yes, as the whites back down and out.

"I was, until very recently, as committed to this dogma as anyone else on our side. They only need to see the light, I told myself. Education! Facts! Even a lump of excrement like George Will could be put back into shape if we had our hands on him for three weeks. To be honest, if I had my hands on him . . . and for a mere three hours.

"My approach may have been extreme — nothing like a good drubbing to make a man pay attention — but basically I believed that my fellow whites were possible material, so to speak. But now [he leaned forward conspiratorially] I have seen the light. I should have seen it long ago; so should we all. The secret — which has been as plain as the nose on your face all this time, only none of us would take a good look at what was so obvious — is that the great majority of whites — ninety-nine percent-plus, at least — are *not possible material*. Somehow — it doesn't matter how — they have become impossible material. They have changed from masters to slaves in . . . practically in our lifetimes.

"I arrived at this conclusion through — don't laugh — pure deduction. Look at the evidence. Minority masters of every color in the rainbow lording it over the indigenous white population, white turncoats fawning on their superiors and doing their dirty work . . . what does it mean, this mad contemporary scene, if it doesn't mean that whites are slaves? Which means a slave mentality. *Irreversible!*

"Whites are terminal now. Just bodies. Garbage. If you ground them up, they wouldn't make good manure. On their hands and knees, foreheads plastered to the ground, rumps in the air. Begging for domination. For forty lashes. Humiliation!

"There is, I grant you, a thin layer of whites at the top who think they're running things. They even share the minority view that the great bulk of whites are serfs if not slaves. Always have, in the modern, watered-down version of J.P. Morgan capitalist paternalism. Low-profile, Paul Fussell out-of-sighters. They think they're still in charge, that they've only let a few of the 'best' minority types into the inner sanctums to have a piece of the pie. They don't yet realize that although they still have a lot of money, they have no real control, that the minorities are in charge, and that their position is about as secure as that of antebellum cotton planters or the Russian upper class just before 1917. They don't at all realize that they'd have to start fighting *now* to have any chance. In that sense, they're no different from their serfs — just no damned good.

"I could go on and on, but you get the idea. The stupendous point is that white Americans are slaves, now and forever, and the only question — this is going to be a stupendous question, I assure you — is: Who is going to be their masters?

"Before you give me the obvious answer, 'the minorities,' let me anticipate you by adding, 'at the moment.' Do you begin to catch my drift? The slaves are a permanent condition; it is a waste of time to talk to them or expect anything from them. They are settled; they are the constant. The variable, on the other hand, is the identity of the masters. To date it is the minorities. But their rule has been very short. It is not written in stone; it is not unchangeable. The fellahin of Egypt — the slaves in that part of the world for millennia — have remained constant for five thousand years, but their masters have changed scores of times. Alexander, the Ptolemies, the Romans, the Arabs, the British, and probably a lot more that I don't know about.

"The only real action in America right now is the conflict between the various minority rulers. The Jews are the most successful, because they are the smartest. But the blacks have numbers and an innate brutality which scares even the Jews. The Asians are growing rapidly, both in numbers and power. The Hispanics have numbers and will play a larger and larger part. And don't forget the Mafia.

"All these groups are jockeying for power, squabbling but not in open conflict over the prize: the vast herd of white slaves, mindless and docile, but so valuable because they have more skills than any other group of slaves in history. They are boobs and slobs and, in your description, their mouths hang open and they stagger from store to store. But from a takeover standpoint, they can build roads and bridges and businesses that function. They aren't blacks brought over to pick cotton and work in the big house, and unable to do anything else. They're able to do *anything* mechanical. They're the greatest slave treasure in the history of the world!

"Can you imagine Shakespeare looking at the contem-

porary scene? Why, with his background in the struggles between the factions in the world up to and including his lifetime, he'd be right at home. He'd see it immediately for what it is: a struggle for mastery between the masters. Just jockeying now, but bound to get bloodier and bloodier. A repetition of history, Tudor versus Plantagenet, Guelph versus Ghibelline, Caesar versus Pompey. To Shakespeare, all the action was at the top, between the masters. We've had a little interlude of democracy, but that's well over, and we're back to the real world and the way matters have always been settled. At the top, between rulers, over booty, slaves, empires.

"Which brings me to The Lang Program. In a nutshell, it's this: Why shouldn't we — the one percent of the whites who aren't slaves yet — get into the action? Why shouldn't we get together and contest the supremacy with the Jews and the rest of the minorities?

"Remember that it's not a question of huge numbers. The Mafia is in the thousands. The Jews claim they're less than six million. Effective, intelligent blacks and Hispanics are much less than that. As for ourselves, we don't need more than a few million. In hard fact, at the very core of what we need to get started, we don't need more than a few thousand. From there we could expand as needed.

"Have to have good men, remember. No nuts, no cranks, no fools. Need brains, experience, courage, background, breeding. Inevitably an upper- rather than lower-class bunch, sort of like the old OSS in World War II. No questions asked about former affiliations. A smart liberal convert is better than a dumb conservative. An FDR working for *us* would be a huge plus.

"The big change, of course, would be that we'd have to shift our thinking. Instead of following purely racial lines — us whites and them nonwhites — we'd have to think along purely dominant lines — us masters and them slaves. This isn't a situation we brought about or are supposed to like. But it's the way things are, and if we are going to survive we must adapt to what is, not what we think it is, or want it to be.

"It may be hard, I grant you, for us as whites to face the fact that ninety-nine percent of our fellow whites are not like us. They look like us, they talk like us, they act — in all the little ways — like us. But they're not like us in what matters, in the deepest and most important sense. It's like some sci-fi movie, they've been brainwashed or soul-washed — or both — by some bloody evil force.

"But it doesn't matter how it happened. What we have to live with is that it has happened. We can't live any other way. If we — we one percent — keep trying to 'educate' and appeal to slaves who don't want to be educated or appealed to — but just want to be slaves and told what to do — we're going to phase out. And in short order. Or sink down and become slaves ourselves.

"Superficially, this may seem to go completely against the racial theories which hold that we're all brothers in the same blood and the rest of it. But in a more profound sense, maybe it doesn't. You can be blood brothers, and one of you can still be king and the other a vassal. We're so confused by all this democracy nonsense that we've forgotten that.

"Anyhow, that's The Lang Program. Actually, that's too

tame a title. Whatever it ends up being termed, it should be a call to arms and glory and dominance, the same call that Alexander trumpeted. And Caesar. And Elizabeth the First. It's above all a Viking call, to battle and booty and immortality one way or the other. It's the great surge of male pride in the doing of it, in the accomplishment. And if it doesn't last 10,000 years, who cares? What matters is the here and now, the realization of the so far unrealized self . . . all of that. And more.

"Of course, that inspiring stuff is metaphoric. The actual struggle to dispossess the minority rulers and substitute ourselves would be very hidden in its inception. And probably stay hidden until the final showdowns with the rival despots.

"Don't ask me about the mechanics of how we'd get started and how it would work! I don't know. All I know is that there'd have to be some sort of group, some sort of organization. The important thing would be an irrevocable understanding — of the fact that American whites are irreversible slaves and that the only question of our time, or of times to come, is who is to rule them — and an irrevocable commitment to taking on the job of rule. Against all comers. Or all who've already arrived.

"It's a matter of noble commitment. Of fealty to liege lords. Of absolute rule tempered with chivalry toward the ruled. Of casting out the 'putrefying corpse' of democracy once and for all. (What the hell, it's already been cast out. We aren't turning these white Americans into slaves. They're already slaves. We're just doing them a favor and giving them a chance for better treatment under us than they're getting under the minorities.) Of unremitting hostility toward rival rulers. There's only room, obviously, for an ultimate rule by non-slave whites, and that means it's war to the death against any who challenge our claim to pre-eminence. We have, after all, the legitimacy. Our right to rule our people takes precedence over the right of any outsiders to that position."

He paused. "What do you think?"

"I think it's great."

"You aren't kidding me?"

"No, I think you've offered a brilliant analysis of the situation, and the only solution for non-slaves."

"But will it work?"

"I have no idea."

"What would it take to get it going?"

"I'll do what I can — write a column about it. Unless you have any objections."

"No, of course not. Have to start somewhere."

Ponderable Quote

As a direct result of the MBE program [Minority Business Enterprise provision of the Surface Transportation Assistance Act of 1982] . . . we have not received subcontract work when we have been the low responsive, responsible bidder. . . . The sole reason we have encountered resistance in the market is that we are a white-owned enterprise.

G.L. Nylen, president of Coral Construction Co., Wilsonville, Oregon

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Mere Talk. Act III, Scene I. A bedroom in a modest suburban house in Surrey. Through the window a little orchard is visible. The scent of apple blossoms and the trill of a thrush are heard. Chloe is sitting on a chair with her slim legs crossed. Cynthia is sitting on the bed with her arms round her knees. She has been crying.

CHLOE. Darling, you know that I love you like a sister and that I don't gossip -- that's to say, I don't gossip about what matters. Would it make it any better if you tried to tell me all about it?

CYNTHIA. Yes, I must. Otherwise, I'll bury the memory, and it will fester. But it's so hard to begin. *(Chloe gets up, hugs her and kisses her gently on the cheek.)*

CHLOE. There now. Leander would say that was an awful waste, us kissing each other.

CYNTHIA. Yes, but you know I don't even want to talk about Leander now. I just don't want to hear about men for a very long time.

CHLOE. Bert helped you.

CYNTHIA. Yes, dear, dear Bert. But he's more like a force of nature.

CHLOE. I know what you mean.

CYNTHIA. Well, what happened you'd hardly believe. Hysteria invited me to tea -- said she had something very important to discuss. Luckily I told you.

CHLOE *(dryly)*. Yes, very lucky. Hysteria has a reputation for that kind of thing.

CYNTHIA *(bursting into tears again)*. Oh, Chloe, Chloe, how horrible it would have been if you hadn't helped me. It was all so squalid and degrading.

CHLOE *(kissing her again)*. Would you like to rest now?

CYNTHIA. No, I'll tell you all about it in a minute. Oh, Chloe, how beautifully dressed you are. I just love that little Parisian number, and that enormous aquamarine ring. Eugenies says that you'll look just as distinguished when you're fifty.

CHLOE. Yes, and he said that you were the original archetypal beautiful blonde. Maud told me. You know, for a long time I didn't much like Eugenies, but now I'm beginning to see his masculine point of view.

CYNTHIA *(puzzled)*. But why didn't you like him?

CHLOE. Well, I once went to a dinner at Catriona's, off Church Street. There was a young Negro ahead of me on the pavement, obviously high on drugs, and I loitered a little so that someone could go in front of me. Then Eugenies came up and passed me. The Negro stopped him, drew a knife and held it to his throat. Eugenies seemed very frightened, but later I realised he was pretending. He

pleaded with the mugger not to hurt him, told him he understood how frustrated he must be, and promised to give him all his money. Then he held out his wallet, and when the mugger came forward to take it, punched him suddenly in the neck with his open left hand. The mugger gasped and gasped, but couldn't cry out, and Eugenies then kicked him in the stomach and abdomen, coldly and destructively, so that he collapsed on the pavement. Eugenies ordered me to go on to Catriona's, but when he thought I had gone round the corner, I saw him look round to see if anyone was looking. The he deliberately kicked the poor Negro in both eyes. He may have been blinded. I came back and protested at this cowardly behaviour, but Eugenies said he had no more faith in the law, certainly not in

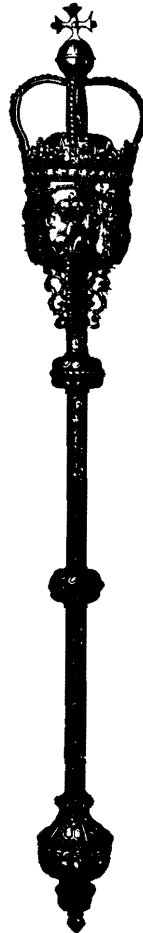
the Notting Hill area, and was taking no chances on being recognised. He said I wouldn't have been able to defend myself if he hadn't happened by -- which is true enough -- but I felt he was so ruthless, so lacking in a sense of proportion.

CYNTHIA. A couple of days ago, that story would have shocked me. Now I don't know. What happened to me was this: Hysteria had invited me to her flat for tea -- said she had something very important to discuss. When I got there she played the part of My Lady Bountiful -- silver tea service and all. What it boiled down to was that Hainfeld was inviting me to take an extra holiday on his yacht, moored off his Sardinian villa. She stressed what an honour this was, how it would help me in my career, and how I could spend a week in Rome first, ordering whatever clothes I liked. It reminded me of a Sunday colour supplement article I read about Lord Kagan -- you know, the one who went to prison and was then welcomed back into the House of Lords. It said he used to tell the mother of any young girl he wanted how he could offer her daughter entry into the best society and give her all sorts of luxuries if she would consent to be his mistress.

CHLOE. Ah, yes, "high society" for the masses.

CYNTHIA. What she offered me was what I have been wanting so much, but now it suddenly seemed so cheap and vulgar. I told her that I just wasn't interested, and she pulled out all the stops, cajoled me, said I would lose my job -- without severance pay (which wasn't due for another couple of days) -- threatened me with being pushed out of publishing

altogether, even hinted that "that pretty face wouldn't look the same after an accident." But I wasn't interested. Then she calmed down and said I looked all in. She said I should take a nice lukewarm shower, as it was so hot. I was grateful and went into the bathroom to undress. There was no key in the door, but I thought that hardly mattered, with only a woman in the flat. While I was in the shower, I heard



her go out of the front door. Then pop music was turned up loud on the stereo. The bathroom door opened and Chandra came in with two Indian friends.

CHLOE. A bad moment.

CYNTHIA. I felt a horrid, sickening feeling in my stomach and tried to grab a towel and leave, but they pulled me into the sitting room. Two of them gripped me, and Chandra spoke into my ear, telling me all about the degrading things they were going to do to me. No one would believe that I had been raped because Hysteria would testify that I was Chandra's lover and was trying to blackmail him. I couldn't move and it was so hard to defend myself from what they were trying to do. What was going to happen in the next two hours presented itself to my mind with horrible clarity. And I knew that Hysteria would return at the end and expect me to go to Rome and Sardinia. Then someone rang the front doorbell.

CHLOE. That was Bert.

CYNTHIA. Yes, bless him. One of the Indians held both my arms while Chandra put a handkerchief in my mouth and put his hand over it. I heard a scuffle in the passage and then Bert came in with another big, shouldery man and a slim one with a camera. All three had masks and gloves on, so I pretended not to recognise Bert. The slim one took a lot of pictures, the first of them showing me being held down. Then they released me. Chandra turned off the pop music, and all the Indians looked frightened. Then the big man with Bert told me to go into the bathroom and get dressed. I was still naked but I didn't care any more. I just walked out and dressed myself quickly. When I got back, the big man was telling Chandra that the photos would prove rape was being attempted, in case they felt like calling the police. He said he was going to kick each of them, just twice, where it would do most good. He told me to wait outside on the front door, which I did. The pop music was turned on loud again, but I could hear each of the Indians pleading and groaning in turn as they were held and kicked. It was dreadful.

CHLOE. What happened then?

CYNTHIA. I was taken to a doctor. He said I badly needed rest and wrote a letter to Hainfeld which was taken round by special messenger. That turned out to be important, because it meant I got my severance pay. They could hardly fire me while I was officially ill, but the notice of dismissal came afterwards, of course.

CHLOE. What do you want to do now?

CYNTHIA. I must try to get some kind of job nearby, perhaps with a nursery gardener. I can help Mummy, and she can help me.

CHLOE. And Leander?

CYNTHIA. I can't face any man just now. Perhaps later.

CHLOE. But you were grateful to Bert, weren't you?

CYNTHIA. Oh, yes, yes, so very grateful, though I did plead with them not to do the kicking. Did he ever take you out? He said he was going to.

CHLOE. Oh, yes, he took me country dancing. I rather think the dancers were mostly members of the National Front or some such organisation. They loved it when an American Southerner stood up and sang, *Rednecks, White Socks and Blue Ribbon Beer*. Bert says the dances are basically English and that we have lost hold of our own folk traditions

for too long. I must say I enjoyed the dancing. It was tremendously demanding, and reminded me vividly of eightsome reels, Strip-the-willow, and the Dashing White Sergeant. (After a pause) Cynthia, darling, Leander is here. He's down in the garden, standing very quietly so as not to frighten the robin on the spade. Will you see him?

CYNTHIA. No -- yes, just for a little while. Then he must go back to London, and I must go back to sleep.

CHLOE. You didn't mind him being there in the hotel at Breuil. I remember one morning when you both came down separately to breakfast with studied unconcern. But you looked so tired and so satisfied, like pussycats curled up by the fire. You didn't get much skiing done that morning.

CYNTHIA. It all seems so long ago. Do send him up. (Chloe gives a low whistle out of the window. Enter Leander, exit Chloe.)

LEANDER. You're looking as beautiful as ever. Will you marry me?

C. What a question! This isn't the right time to think about such things.

L. What better time could there be?

C. Oh, Leander, you're so impractical. You only have a little cottage to live in, and you're shortly going to lose your job. How would we ever manage?

L. Eugenies says I shall always be able to edit coffee-table books, and you could do some job connected with flowers. Anyone would jump at the chance to have you selling for them.

C (smiling wryly). It's not quite the life I had planned.

L. No, but there would be compensations. I worship you.

C. Yes, until you have been married a month or so, and had your fill of me. Then I imagine your natural dominance would reassert itself. You might even neglect me.

L. Look into my eyes.

C. You're just a seducer. You know what effect they have on me. I used to wonder why you blow down your nose at me. Now I know. It's a trick they use when taming horses. Very flattering, I'm sure!

L. I'll tell you another trick I use. When the pupils of a girl's eyes are dilated, you can be sure she is responsive.

C. You're really a scheming fox. But sometimes you remind me of a stag in a woodland glade.

L. And you are like a doe:

A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,

Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged.

C. But I am not immortal. I shall grow old.

L. So shall I, but when we are old our children's children will still be young.

C. I didn't think men were much interested in children.

L. I can believe that the biggest of all thrills would be making you pregnant.

C. You want to own me physically?

L. Yes.

C. But I shall be free in the house, in the garden, and in my mind?

L. Of course.

C. Then I'll marry you.

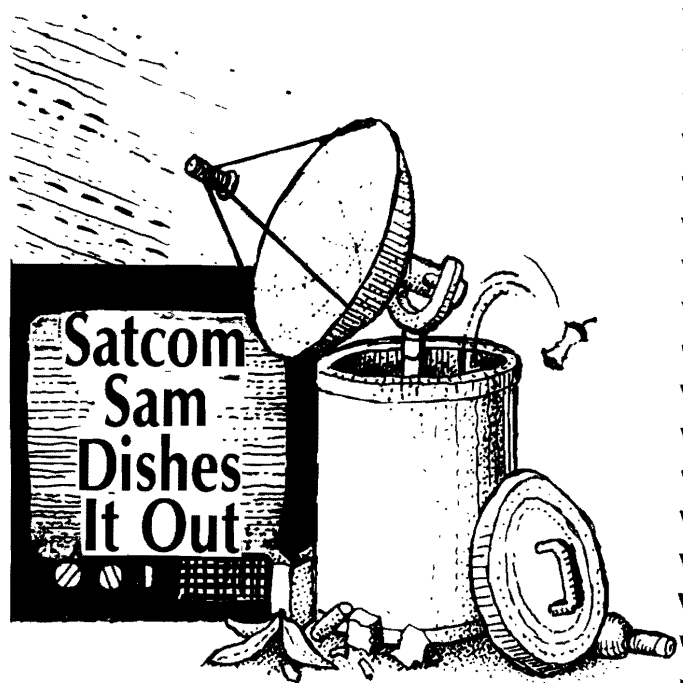


They called them the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on the nomination of William Rehnquist as Chief Justice and Antonin Scalia as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. What a supreme misnomer! They were not hearings; in respect to Rehnquist they were a trial, the underlying purpose of which was to hope against hope to "get something" on him and thus deep-six his nomination. It made for interesting boob-tubery because the trial has been a favorable dramatic device of writers from Plato to Shakespeare to Dostoyevsky to Erle Stanley Gardner. But the misnamed hearings did little to enhance the American judicial process, except to show once again that racism in this country is rapidly becoming the monopoly of the so-called anti-racists.

PBS carried the hearings on one of its several transponders on Westar 4. C-SPAN (Transponder 13, Galaxy 1) videoed them when the House and Senate were not in session. Cable News Network ran them live on its o/v (occasional viewing) Transponder 14 of Satcom 3R for about half the time. By switching back and forth I was able to see almost all of the "Big Shew," as Ed Sullivan might have described it. I solved the problem of the late-night C-SPAN replay by taping it on the VCR while I was in dreamland. Who wants to hear Fat Face in his weird mix of Harvard and lace-curtain accents pronounce "can't" as if he were addressing the author of *The Critique of Pure Reason* or talk about "airy-ers" (areas) at 2:30 A.M.?

The two heavies in the drama -- big bad Rehnquist and little bad Scalia -- were advertised as hard-bitten conservatives situated on the outer edges of respectability. Since Rehnquist was born in Milwaukee and probably has some German genes, he was doubly suspect. It was quickly revealed he had signed a deed for a house in Phoenix which had a covenant preventing its resale to nonwhites and a second deed for a summer home in Vermont which had a paragraph intended to freeze out members of the "Hebrew race." Rehnquist, relying on standard legal repartee, didn't "recall" such restrictions in his deeds, though on second thought a few days later he did remember that his lawyer had sent him a letter about the anti-Jewish covenant in the deed to the Vermont property. Need it be said that all such written manifestations of the desire of people to associate and live with their own kind had long since been outlawed?

Such lapses of memory, of course, are permitted the senator from Chappaquiddick or Senator Metzenbaum, who made a brief phone call and was paid \$250,000 for a tip on a real estate deal, money to which he wasn't entitled, since he wasn't a registered broker or lawyer in the District of Columbia. Why, even the pride of Camelot, John F. Kennedy, had bought a house in DC in 1957 that had a no-Negro clause. But brother Teddy said John knew nothing of this, though just a day or two before he had firmly chastised Rehnquist for not having known about the



racist restriction in his deeds.

As Kennedy, Metzenbaum, Simon and Biden pried and pried, other Rehnquist sins were discovered. A host of rehearsed Democrats testified that he had subverted the sacred voting process by intimidating Hispanic and black voters in some long-forgotten election in Arizona. What he had done, apparently, had been to ask a few wetbacks if they could read. How insensitive, thought Kennedy and Metzenbaum, the senators with the most sensitive antennae for minority voting blocs! At any rate, the unproven harassment of voters, plus the racist deeds, made Rehnquist a super-bigot in the eyes of super-cover-upper Kennedy, at the very moment a new book on Chappaquiddick, *Senatorial Privilege*, is the subject of a lawsuit before it has even been published. The author, Leo Damore, asserts that Fat Face tried to get his pal, Joe Gargan, to take the rap for the drowning of Mary Jo.

Scalia received a milder and more civilized reception from the dirt-diggers of the Judiciary Committee. After all, race is everything in present-day American politics, and Scalia's father came from Sicily, the ancestral home of the Mafia and of millions of Italian voters, who, as every Democratic wardheeler knows, are to be courted and cozened, since they have been leaving the party in droves. Scalia, however, doesn't quite fit in the minority mold. Although his hair is not blond, his eyes are not blue and his head is not oblong, he is a pretty reasonable facsimile of a rapidly assimilating Mediterranean and is married to an Irish woman who has presented him with nine non-minority-looking kids, some with fair hair and light eyes.

Rehnquist's race was against him, so he was treated with contempt and disdain by the senatorial inquisitors. Scalia had a minority connection, so he was

saluted at times as a latter-day Christopher Columbus by senators of both parties, even though he was much less forthcoming and more evasive about his judicial leanings than was Rehnquist. No matter how many "conservative excesses" could be found in Scalia's decisions as an Appellate Court judge, no Democrat or Republican senator in his right mind would vote against him. Although Italy, like Germany and Japan, fought the U.S. in WWII, somehow the Italians and the Japanese have been forgiven, while the Germans still have to watch their step. American officials can go to any Japanese or Italian military cemetery to honor the dead, but the media moan and groan when they go to Bitburg.

Senator Biden used the hearings to grandstand, flash his Ultrabrite teeth and play the wise guy in order to polish his image for his upcoming try for the Democratic presidential nomination. Kennedy, totally miscast, played Jehovah and Jesus Christ at alternating, embarrassing moments. Super-Jew Metzenbaum concentrated on assassinating Rehnquist's character. The suspiciously named Simon, who claims he is a Lutheran but doesn't resemble one and who rode into the Senate on anti-Percy billboards and commercials paid for by a Jewish multimillionaire from Los Angeles, camouflaged his hatchetry with a holier-than-thou approach. No one on the Republican side seemed to much care about what was being said. Chairman Strom Thurmond defended both nominees, but his 80-plus years slurred his words and blurred his logic. Mathias, the liberal in a Republican mask, slyly praised and criticized both candidates. Heflin, by means of pompous oratorical cadences, tried to pretend he was not the aging redneck he looked like. Hatch rose loudly to the defense of the defendants, but his interruptions and non sequiturs were mostly counterproductive. A few Republican senators never showed up until the camera was scheduled to point in their direction.

All in all, the hearings were an exercise in meaninglessness. The Burger Court, which has approved affirmative action (black racism) on more than one occasion, was not all that different from the Warren Court. The Rehnquist Court, if there is such a court, will not stray more than an inch or two further out into the conservative wild blue yonder. The Supreme Court is basically a political as well as a legal body and goes with the media flow as supinely as the White House and Congress. According to Sandra Day O'Connor, most of her colleagues have now agreed on a consensus on affirmative action, certainly the most important legal issue of the day, if not the century. Sandra, like a few other justices, was supposed to be a conservative when appointed, but her voting record puts her much closer to the very safe and very opportunistic middle of the road. She has stated that the court will probably approve all affirmative action programs that are not the direct cause of whites losing their seniority or their jobs.

Rehnquist and, to a lesser extent, Scalia, are called extremists because they hold the Constitution in greater awe than Brennan and Marshall, who vote their ideology far more bullheadedly than any other members of the Nogood Nine, but are not called extremists because of the media's deep and abiding affection for the left and the fringe left.

It is this longstanding affection which turns Senate hearings on the nomination of non-leftist judges into trials. Oh, they're fun to watch, but they have little to do with justice and much to do with political theater. But isn't this to be expected in an age that elects an actor President? If the boss is a thespian, why be surprised if the lower echelons try to get into the act?

Despite all the efforts of the Democrats and the mediocrats, despite some last-minute smears by Bill Moyers on the *CBS Evening News* and the *New York Times* on its news and editorial pages, the committee's verdict came in on August 14. Both defendants were found not guilty, Scalia unanimously, Rehnquist by 13 to 5. The nominations then went to the full Senate, where smear virtuoso Simon tried to raise questions about Rehnquist's discontinued use of a pain-killing drug and brought up an ancient memo on eavesdropping. Other Democrats blew up their committee remarks to full-fledged orations. One hundred lawyers sent in a last-minute denunciation and someone dredged up a hoary tale about Rehnquist's alleged mishandling of a trust for an in-law. All to no avail. On Sept. 17, the full Senate confirmed him 65-33. This month, Chief Justice Rehnquist will take over from the departing Burger (will the 80-year-old Brennan and the 77-year-old Marshall ever depart?) and Antonin Scalia (98-0) will fill the Associate Justice slot vacated by the High Bench's new *primus inter pares*.

* * *

Three terrorist incidents dominated TV news in the first part of September: the hijacking of the Pan-Am jetliner in Karachi; the synagogue massacre in Istanbul; and the attempted assassination of General Pinochet in Chile. In the first two incidents, the word terrorism was freely used; in the third, not once. Terrorists don't kill right-wing strongmen in Dan Rather's dictionary.

* * *

Good News! Peggy O'Shea, who scribbles dialog for the banal TV soap, *One Life to Live*, tells us in *TV Guide* that the mental climate of video audiences is not right for explicit race-mixing. But listen to the convoluted way she backs up her argument: "A black man in love with a white woman might lose face with his own people, so I would run away from the story on that basis." So that's it. We don't have black-white bed scenes not because they might offend whites, but because they might offend blacks. God help us whites, every one!

Talking Numbers

0 1 4 7 11 5 9 7 2

The U.S. religious census (1984) is the handiwork of the National Council of Churches, for whose politics we have no sympathy and in whose figures we place little credence. Total church membership is 142,172,138, up 1% from 1983. Total number of religious denominations, 224. Protestants number 78,701,677; Roman Catholics 52,286,043; Jews 5,817,000; Eastern Church (Orthodox) 4,052,668; Old Catholic, Polish National Catholic and Armenian churches, 1,024,582; Buddhists 100,000; various non-Christian sects, 190,168. Mainline Protestant churches (Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopalian) continued to lose members. Catholics and fundamentalists gained a few.

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Britain has tolerable 3% inflation and intolerable 13% unemployment (3.4 million out of work). Manufacturing output dipped 4.3% in the last decade, compared to a 61% rise in Japan and 22% in Italy. In the last five years, university budgets have been snipped by 20%.

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U.S. prisons are operating between 6% and 21% over capacity.

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The UN Archives in New York City bulge with 50 million pages of documents, including 36,000 files on "war criminals."

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25% of the 3 to 4 million compulsive gamblers in the U.S. are Jewish. (Source: Robert Custer, chief of the treatment services division of the Veterans Administration Mental and Behavioral Sciences Service)

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Japanese use more facial tissue than any other people (5.5 lb. per person per year). Americans use more toilet paper (14.3 lb.) and paper towels (8.3 lb.). The average Malaysian and Singaporean uses only 2.2 lb. of toilet paper per year. Nations with large Hindu or Moslem majorities use much less. Their populations prefer water to paper.

#

In a poll that queried Australians as to whom they would least like to have as neighbors, 35.9% said Aborigines. Vietnamese came next (31.8%). Between 9% and 15% of the Aussies disliked the idea of living next to Greeks, Italians and Germans. Another Australian poll found 53% against the U.S. air attack on Libya; 36% approved; 11% were "don't knows."

Fewer than 2,000 Jews (according to Jewish figures) remain in Ireland. In 1945 the Emerald Isle was home to 4,500. Jews first arrived in Ireland in 1079, but were not allowed to become citizens until 1813.

#

Jesse Helms put on another display of his newly acquired opportunistic affection for Zionism by successfully introducing a bill in the Senate that allocates \$83 million for a new embassy in Israel and \$41 million for a new consulate. Both buildings must be located within 5 miles of the Knesset, which is in Jerusalem. If the plans for the embassy and consulate go through, the State Department will have to abandon its policy of not recognizing Jerusalem, conquered by the Israelis in the 1967 Six-Day War, as the capital of Israel. Presumably, construction would be done by Israeli companies, pumping more than \$120 million more U.S. dollars into the laughable economy of that country.

#

Communist states have killed 95.2 million people in the 20th century; other "non-free" governments 20.3 million; "partially free" governments 3.1 million; "free" governments 800,000. International wars have killed 35.7 million in the same period; civil wars 6 million. (Source: *Wall Street Journal*, July 7, 1986, p. 12).

#

Estimates of the number of Frenchmen killed by other Frenchmen in the 1944 left-wing and Communist purges of Vichyites and collaborators range from 4,500 to 120,000. Of the 10,000 or so jailed, most were free by 1953. The mistress of Jacques Doriot, the French fascist leader, was given a one-year jail sentence for sleeping with him.

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The world population, now 5 billion, jumps up another million every 4 to 5 days.

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11,401 whites left South Africa in 1985; 17,284 arrived. Most of the quitters were of British descent.

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The media, as expected, bitterly attacked the report of the Meese commission on pornography, although a *Time* magazine poll showed 72% of Americans want the government to crack down harder on smut and a majority agreed that filthy pictures and the like do lead to rape and sexual violence.

Morocco has built a 9-foot-high, 1,550-mile wall of sand and stone to defend its claim to the Western Sahara and guard against guerrilla incursions. India is threatening to build a 2,300-mile fence to stop illegal immigrants sneaking in from Bangladesh. The 840-mile barrier dividing the two Germanys is now 25 years old. The "highest tech" border is the barbed wire fence that stretches along the entire length of the Syrian-Israeli frontier. It is loaded with trip wires and sensing devices and protected by mine fields and pillboxes. 28.5 miles of the 1,933-mile U.S.-Mexican border has a chain link fence.

#

Free postage for congressmen and senators may go as high as \$146.2 million in 1986, although only \$95.7 million was appropriated. Senator Alan Cranston is the biggest postal freeloader, having spent \$1.6 million on mass mailings in July through September of 1985. He is up for re-election this year.

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"Dear Abby," otherwise known as Abigail Van Buren, otherwise known as Pauline Friedman, is 67 and stands a smidgeon over 5 feet. She claims she receives 3,000 letters a day. Her twin sister, "Ann Landers" (Esther Friedman), gets almost as many. Some papers take both columns. Father Abe owned a chain of movie theaters in Iowa. Abigail was stolen from I Samuel 25; Van Buren from the 8th President.

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More than half of all public school students will belong to minority groups by the year 2010. By next year, 25% of all kindergarten students will come from below-the-poverty-line homes.

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In 1860 the North had 10 times more industrial workers than the South; 9 times more industrial plants; produced 20 times more pig iron; had 24 times more railway locomotives, 32 times more firearms; 500 times more general hardware.

#

According to Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Northern version of Senator Claghorn, one-third of the children in the present-day U.S. and half of the children in New York City will have been on welfare at some time before they reach age 18.

#

Blood tests on 300,000 new recruits for the Armed Services (from Oct. 1, 1985, to March 31, 1986) revealed the black rate of AIDS infection to be more than 4 times that of whites. The actual figures: blacks, 3.9 per 100,000; whites, 0.9; other races, 2.6.



ROY COHN, the ugliest and perhaps the most shyestish of Jewish lawyers, was finally disbarred in June and died of AIDS the next month. Character witnesses in his 27-day disbarment proceedings included such good friends as William F. Buckley Jr. and super-Zionist William Safire, the *New York Times's* warmongering columnist. When Cohn was hospitalized for his loathsomely acquired disease, President Reagan sent him a "get well" telegram. The late Senator Joseph McCarthy hired Cohn as an assistant, along with another young, bushy-tailed Jewish lawyer, David Schine, presumably to defuse Jewish attempts to derail the Wisconsin senator's anti-Communist campaign.

☆ ☆ ☆

Although once married to an American named Goldstein or Goldberg, **MA ANAND SHEELA** kept her Asian-Indian name and will continue to keep it in prison, where she has been sent for wiretapping, immigration fraud and handing a glass of poisoned water to two Oregon officials, as well as pulling off a food poisoning caper that sickened 750 people. The Bhagwan, her former boss, is now reported to be gurning in the Bahamas.

☆ ☆ ☆

CLARA COHEN, an Auschwitz survivor, put up £200,000 (\$300,000) in property and jewelry to bail out her son, Ronnie, who was involved in a multimillion-pound gold swindle in London. Ronnie then jumped bail and disappeared, most likely into one of those dreary concrete housing hives in Israel. When court officials tried to get their hands on Mrs. Cohen's collateral, she claimed she was broke and that her only source of income was a monthly reparations check from the West German government. What she had done was sell her property, homes and jewelry and sent the proceeds, £225,000 to her daughter in Israel. The judge ordered her to pay up in a year or go to jail for a year.

☆ ☆ ☆

MORRIS B. ABRAM, onetime ardent defender of rape-murderer Leo Frank, has resigned as vice-chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission and moved up to become chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, which makes him the nation's top-ranking Jew. While on the Civil Rights Commission, Abram, a former president of the United Negro College Fund, wangled commission jobs for two of his son's friends, who were then given incredibly fast promotions, one from GS-7 to GS-12 in 13 months.

Ambassador to Austria RONALD S. LAUDER was conspicuously and snubbingly absent from the inauguration of President Kurt Waldheim. The U.S. was represented by Chargé d'Affaires Felix Bloch, who is as Jewish as his boss. Lauder is the son of hectomillionaire Estée Lauder, the cosmetics queen.

☆ ☆ ☆

Although he pocketed some \$12 million from illegal insider trading on Wall Street, **DENNIS B. LEVINE** had the chutzpah to sue the Internal Revenue Service in an effort to force the lifting of an IRS assessment against him for \$8.5 million in unpaid income taxes and penalties. This, in spite of the fact that Levine has been allowed to retain his present lavish Park Avenue cop. Nothing is known of the whereabouts of his Ferrari.

☆ ☆ ☆

MORGAN FAIRCHILD, a very Nordic-looking actress, was flown to Rome for a 3-day shopping spree in the private jet of "good friend" Ely Calil, a very swarthy millionaire from Lebanon.

☆ ☆ ☆

His nose jobs and stomach flattening operations grossed as much as \$8 million a year, but the malpractice suits against **Dr. RICHARD DOMBROFF** piled up until he was indicted for fraud, along with his estranged wife, his chauffeur, Joseph Salada, and three unlicensed doctors, Norberto Jurado, Padinjarathara Mohan and Linda Choi.

☆ ☆ ☆

LYNDON JOHNSON was kind to Robert Parker, a black protégé for whom he procured the job of first maître d' of the Senate dining room. But as Parker complains in his new book, *Capitol Hill in Black and White*, LBJ never kicked his habit of calling him "boy" and "nigger," even at the high tide of the civil rights crusade. Lady Bird, writes Parker, was no more tolerant. When a black Secret Service agent reached out to help her descend from her limousine, she ordered him to "move your hand."

☆ ☆ ☆

MILTON JOHNSON, a black serial murderer, was convicted of slaying four women in a Joliet (IL) ceramics shop. Altogether he stabbed them 43 times before they expired. Johnson was also found guilty of kidnapping, raping and killing a young 18-year-old fiancée and almost killing her fiancé. All the dead and wounded were white.

Scraping the bottom of the TV taste barrel, the 52-year-old face-restructured, silicon-refashioned, cellulitized, peroxidized creature known as **JOAN RIVERS** has become, according to Mick LaSalle of the *San Francisco Chronicle* (June 9, 1986), the comedienne of the 80s. Typical Rivers two-liner: "Edgar [her Jewish husband] had a heart attack and I'm to blame. We were making love and I took the bag off my head."

☆ ☆ ☆

CONSERVATIVE DIGEST, which has puffed its true circulation figure of 15,000 up to 50,000 and pumps out crashingly boring right-wing Republican boilerplate each month, was given a dressing down by a federal judge for copying the cover design and other aspects of *Reader's Digest*, the monthly bible of middle-class babbity.

☆ ☆ ☆

A federal judge reprimanded **Rep. MERVYN DYMALLY** (D-CA) for condoning the use of false names by six female members of the law-busting Black Hebrew sect to get U.S. passports to enter Israel. One of the convicted Negresses worked for him in his 1984 re-election campaign.



Scofflaw Dymally

☆ ☆ ☆

Two black half-brothers, **JACKIE SHEPHERD** and **WILLIE TALLEY JR.**, robbed and killed David Berkley, a Jewish anthropology postgraduate student, on a Detroit street. They then took the dead man's keys and license and went to his home, where they killed his wife and her 9-month-old baby. In May, the murderers were sentenced to life imprisonment. Attending the trial was Norman Felton, a Hollywood TV writer and producer, the father of the slain wife (24 stab wounds). Felton surely must have had his hand in the standard video fare that always depicts whites as the bad guys.

To get into the mind of **HAYNES JOHNSON**, the *Washington Post* reporter and TV personality (*Washington Week in Review*), go out and buy *The Landing*, the new novel he hacked out with Howard Simons, a former *Post* managing editor. The plot hinges on a Nazi sabotage team sneaked into the country by submarine in WWII to start a race war in Washington by randomly killing blacks. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and a *Post* columnist, Courtland Milloy, raved about the book and said it was guaranteed movie material. Besides bashing Nazis and rednecks, the spy novel was praised for eulogizing blacks. Remember Johnson's "artistic bent" the next time you read one of his news stories in the *Post* or see him on TV.

☆ ☆ ☆

She won a lot of plaudits from Bronxites, did white Southerner **HAZEL SMITH**, when she deserted to the anti-Dixie side in the "race troubles" of the 60s. Her renegadism was so intense it won her Lexington (MS) newspaper a Pulitzer Prize. But latter-day abolitionists have short memories and shorter streaks of gratitude. A few months ago, sick in the pocketbook and sicker at heart, Hazel Smith lost her newspaper, her home, even her furniture, and had to leave town and move in with a younger sister.

☆ ☆ ☆

DANIEL THOMAS, the leader of the hardcore black Ski Mask Gang that preyed on Florida whites, raped the wife of the man he mortally knifed as the latter lay dying by her side. The electric chair finally received him, kicking and screaming, in April, a decade after the crime.

☆ ☆ ☆

Hardly had he arrived at Stanford when black freshman **JOSEPH E. GREEN II** demanded that his Western Culture course, which he termed "an evil," be replaced by a course that studies all the world's cultures, with particular emphasis on the oppressive nature of Europeans.

☆ ☆ ☆

James Strain, a blond St. Paul (MN) 17-year-old, had a strong affection for his portable stereo, so strong that when **TWO BLACKS** tried to snatch it from him, he fought back. He was shot and killed pronto. One more addition to the expanding list of Minnesota's black-on-white murders.

☆ ☆ ☆

Also in St. Paul, **THREE 14-YEAR-OLD BLACK GIRLS** laced the coffee of their school's assistant principal with iodine. The poison attempt failed, however, when the intended victim felt a "burning sensation" in his mouth and decided not to swallow the polluted brew.

DANIEL ELLSBERG, the spy who was never jailed, Hollywood actor **ROBERT BLAKE** and author **ANNE DRUYAN**, wife of nuclear winter doomsayer Carl Sagan, were among the hundred nuke spooks arrested for trespassing on a bomb test site in Nevada.

☆ ☆ ☆

WILLIAM GLENN, former president of Pennsylvania's only minority-owned bank, and wife Mildred, were indicted for conspiracy and misusing the bank's funds.

☆ ☆ ☆

The National Conservative Political Action Committee was fined \$15,000 for election law violations, some of them incurred by **ARTHUR J. FINKELSTEIN ASSOCIATES**, a polling and consulting firm which had been hired by NCPAC to help it plan strategy for the 1982 election against New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

☆ ☆ ☆

In its issue of July 4, 1986, **NEW SOLIDARITY**, the LaRouchite propaganda sheet, condemns the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill, which would grant amnesty to millions of illegal aliens, as "genocidal" and "viciously racist and explicitly hostile to our southern ally and neighbor, Mexico."

☆ ☆ ☆

ROBERT LITTLE, former director of Detroit's Social Services Department, **FERD HALL**, director of the city's Office of Equal Opportunity, **HAROLD MURDOCK**, the president of the Detroit School Board, and **AGNES MANSOUR**, the present director of the city's Social Services Department, have all been accused of grave misconduct in office. Some may go to jail. All are black with the exception of Ms. Mansour, whose family originated in the Levant.

☆ ☆ ☆

WILLIAMS, a college founded by WASPs and financed largely by WASP money, awarded seven honorary degrees in June: (1) Zbigniew Brzezinski, a first-generation American of Polish descent and former National Security Adviser; (2) **EDGAR M. BRONFMAN**, head of the Seagram liquor trust and the World Jewish Congress, who took time off from his campaign to destroy Kurt Waldheim; (3) Harry T. Edwards, black Circuit Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia; (4) bearded, Brooklyn-born Howard M. Goodman, a molecular biologist; (5) Meg Greenfield, the *Washington Post's* know-it-all Jewess; (6) Ved P. Mehta, a talented writer born in what is now Pakistan; (7) Cynthia Ozick, a novelist who turns out novels and short stories with a heady Jewish flavor. Not a WASP on the horizon.

Remember the "homeless" six-year-old in the Hands Across America hype? In real life she is Amy Sherwood, who was under contract to **KEN KRAGEN**, the promoter of the ballyhooed event. Kragen said he didn't see any "relevance" in telling the millions of cross-country hand-holders about his deal with Amy or that she and her "homeless" family had moved into a comfortable apartment two weeks before airtime.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALFRED TAUBMAN, the shopping mall mogul, now controls Sotheby's, the "British" auction house. Wife Judy, a former Miss Israel, once entered into a bidding war with Basha Johnson, the Cinderella maid from Poland, who married one of America's richest men, the late J. Seward Johnson. Mrs. Johnson wound up paying \$21,000 for a couple of needlepoint pillows.

☆ ☆ ☆

Back in March 1983, **CHARLES ROTHENBERG**, presumably in an attempt to get back at his ex-wife, splashed three gallons of kerosene around his motel room, lit a match and rushed out, thereby consigning his sleeping six-year-old son, David, to the flames. David somehow survived the fire with burns over 90% of his body. His son horribly disfigured for life, father Charles will be eligible for parole in 1990.

☆ ☆ ☆

The first arrest for capsule poisoning was given surprisingly little media coverage. **EDWARD A. MARKS**, 24, of Southern California was charged with putting rat poison in nine Contac, Teldrin and Dietac capsules. Thankfully, the crime was discovered before there were any victims, though it cost SmithKline Beckman \$8 million to recall the products. Marks's plan was to sell the company's stock short in the belief that the bad news would send it down. The shares fell, but not enough to net the young entrepreneur any substantial profit.

☆ ☆ ☆

Another goon has been elected head of the crook-dominated Teamsters Union. Shortly after being elevated to the \$225,000-a-year presidency (he got \$755,000 in pay and expenses for various union and non-union-related jobs in 1984), **JACKIE PRESSER**, who carries around a paunch bigger than that of his racial cousin, Ariel Sharon, was indicted by a federal grand jury for payroll padding.

☆ ☆ ☆

Government agents found and seized \$1.5 million in cash and a small hoard of gold when they raided the home of **ALBERT C. LEVY**, a Colorado cocaine peddler.



Britain. An English Instaurationist reports on the latest "thought crime" trial in the once sceptred but now benighted isle: John Tyndall, the head of the British National Party, is well known to Instaurationists; John Morse, a party official, isn't. He's a tall, bespectacled, bearded 35-year-old with light brown hair. University-educated and a former resident of Rhodesia and South Africa, he's a highly intelligent, utterly dedicated fighter for the cause. From the outset he has been prepared to go to jail for his beliefs.

The judge was a Yorkshireman, Derek Clarkson. At least three-quarters of the prosecution belonged to the Tribe. Timothy Cassell QC had the assistance of a Mr. Solly, a Mr. Topolski and a Negress.

As to the jurors, the original twelve, who had supposedly been chosen at random, consisted of seven whites, three blacks, an Asian and a Jewess. Since the defense had the right of challenge to six jurors, the non-Aryans were duly replaced by Englishmen. John Tyndall offered the opinion before the trial got underway that if the jurors sympathized with his ideas they would return a verdict of not guilty. As the "anti-fascist" magazine, *Searchlight*, pointed out, if twelve white jurors from inner-city London could convict, if whites who had first-hand experience of "multiracialism" could find the defendants guilty, then the latter would be seeing their most likely supporters turning against them.

Current British law decrees that no one may publish material which "abuses, threatens or insults" blacks, Asians or Jews. No reciprocal law exists to protect whites, a situation which even minority-coddling Lord Scarman admits is unfair. That aside, the evidence, taken as it was from only a tiny fraction of the literature published by the British National Party, admittedly referred at times in scathing terms to Jews and blacks. But, as John Morse queried, couldn't the prosecution find the same "abuses" in the tabloid press in the same fashion, dissecting it bit by bit, picking out a word here and a word there? And didn't these same tabloids often have racialist and rather aggressive headlines? Evidently not. The Establishment never prosecutes them.

Tyndall's followers attended the trial every day and tended at first to underrate Cassell. Later, he bucked up and, with Morse in the witness box and then Tyndall, began to interrogate in a way that would earn approving nods from the Mossad. Even the BNP's policy of compulsory repatriation or resettlement of nonwhites was dragged in. Wasn't this policy in itself a threat to blacks and Asians, Cassell suggested, well aware that nationalist parties have had repatriation as the main plank in their programs for years? The two Johns stood up

well to their ordeal. At one point, Morse even managed to dumbfound the eloquent Cassell. "Oh, come, Mr. Morse," Cassell, a patrician Jew of well over six feet tall, cajoled as he leaned over towards the defendant, his gold signet ring flashing in the light. "Oh, really! Can you honestly give us one example, just one, of a revolution that took place *without* violence?" To which Morse retorted, "Well, what about the Reform Bill of 1832?" Cassell drooped like a punctured balloon.

On July 16, the sixth day of the trial, came the jury's verdict. Days before, John Tyndall had warned that the mood would swing from hope to despair and back again, depending on whether the defense was properly arguing his case or the prosecution was going great guns or whatever. As we waited for the jury to mull over their decision, the general mood was of cautious hope. Only three steadfast jurors were needed to foil a majority verdict of 10-2. Assuming the worst and the verdict was guilty, surely there'd be only a suspended sentence or a heavy fine.

Amazingly, the jury returned a unanimous verdict of guilty. John Tyndall was given two terms of a year's imprisonment to run concurrently and John Morse was given one year.



John Tyndall

Throughout the trial, London newspapers carried story after story about a whole series of violent crimes by blacks which, apparently, left the jurors unmoved. So how does one explain the behavior of the twelve whites from inner-city London? Perhaps the ancestors of Messrs. Cassell, Solly and Topolsky had the answer hundreds of years ago when they summed up whites as *goyim* -- cattle, easily herded cattle.

For those who would like to write these political prisoners, their addresses are:

L26447 John Tyndall
L26448 John Morse
HMP Wormwood Scrubs
Du Cane Road
London, W 12, England

One bit of good news. Tyndall and Morse are sharing a cell and both are in good spirits. Naturally, they're keen to hear from all well-wishers. They may both be eligible for parole in six months.

Till then, the British National Party is in the hands of Richard Edmonds, the acting Chairman. An engineer by trade, he's a blond, blue-eyed giant of 6'4", hardworking, shrewd and courageous. Under his direction the party members will soon be undertaking a massive poster campaign, calling for the release of the two Johns.

* * *

In an advanced stage of arteriosclerosis for the last seven years of her life, the Duchess of Windsor was little more than a vegetable. During this time she was glommed onto by a French Jewess lawyer, Suzanne Blum, who became her adviser, guardian and, some say, her jailer. In 1980, Blum found a young British lawyer, Michael Bloch, to whom she entrusted the task of becoming the Windsors' biographer. A few months ago in Britain, *Wallis and Edward, Letters 1931-37. The Intimate Correspondence of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor* was published by Weidenfeld and Nicholson. Bloch and Blum stand to make as much £1 million out of the book.

As *Private Eye* reports, "These embarrassing letters . . . have destroyed what little reputation the Windsors had left." It is ironic that the Duke, who was not known to be overly affectionate toward Jews, should have his letters fall into the hands of the Chosen. *Private Eye* also pointed out that Blum and Bloch offered no proof that either of the Windsors had ever given them permission to publish their correspondence.

* * *

Lord Young, a Jewish immigrant from Lithuania, is Employment Secretary in the cabinet of Margaret Thatcher. But he is also considered to be, as the *Sunday Mail* reported (June 20, 1986), "so close to the Prime Minister that even her Kitchen Cabinet of political advisers dare not cross him." And of course if the noble lord needs additional firepower, he can always call on his brother, who heads up the BBC.

Holland. From an itinerant historian. Although I visited the Anne Frank House early on a Sunday morning, it was soon filled with a large number of visitors from many lands, including Japan. The large house, with its very steep steps typical of Amsterdam homes, is mostly devoid of furniture but is filled with displays, documents and printed matter. The captions are in Dutch

and English. Many leaflets have to do with anti-Semitism in Europe and in the U.S. The people who prepared them were well aware that not everyone considers the famous *Diary* to be genuine. An article in French containing Professor Faurisson's doubts is reproduced but is without an English translation. A picture of crematoria is captioned:

One of the gas chambers at Auschwitz. This extermination camp was the biggest one, and with its four crematoria it obtained a daily capacity of more than 9,000 gassed and burned people.

Since a crematory unit requires about two hours to reduce a corpse to ashes, even a child should be able to recognize the absurdity of such a statement. One leaflet has the German text (also untranslated in English) of an article which points out that about 55 million Jews would have had to be killed to obtain the 33 tons of gold stated at the Nuremberg "war crimes" trial to have been obtained from the teeth of dead Jews. On the bottom floor of the house there are exhibits pertaining to the alleged hostility toward Jews currently developing in the U.S.

A leaflet given to visitors sketches the fate of Anne Frank:

On August 4, 1944, a truck with German police and their Dutch cohorts appeared at the door The last transport of Jews from Westerbork took them to Auschwitz In late October Margot and Anne were deported . . . to the concentration camp Bergen-Belsen. This camp [was] packed with prisoners from other evacuated camps. Anne and Margot both came down with typhus. They died within a short time of each other in March 1945.

To how many visitors to the Anne Frank House has it occurred that these statements are strong evidence against the Extermination Thesis? Auschwitz was evacuated before the Soviet forces captured it in late January 1945. Inmates were transported toward the west, to such camps in Germany as Bergen-Belsen, which became hopelessly overcrowded and poorly supplied as a result of the paralysis of German transportation caused by Allied bombing. If it had been the objective of the German government to kill off all the Jews in its relocation and labor camps, certainly the frail child, Anne Frank, who could hardly have been expected to perform useful work, would have been one of the first prisoners in Auschwitz to have been sent to her death. Instead, the Germans used precious fuel, personnel and rail facilities to transport her toward the west during the final desperate stages of the war. (*Condensed from Bulletin #3 of the Committee for the Reexamination of the History of the Second World War.*)

Israel. In the presence of Zionist lovers like Jack Kemp, the Israelis unveiled the prototype of the Lavi fighter bomber, for which U.S. taxpayers have already shelled out \$1 billion and may be asked to cough up \$15 to \$20 billion more. A few weeks earlier the South African Air Force introduced its new Cheetah attack jet, in many ways as good a plane as the Lavi. The Cheetah was developed at not one penny's cost to the U.S. and was built despite U.S.-imposed sanctions on weaponry which would have accelerated its production and reduced costs. What more interesting, what more instructive example of how two different peoples go about solving the same problem! One country does it on its own; the other does it by trans-Atlantic lobbying.

Saudi Arabia. *From a subscriber.* I came out here to Saudi Arabia to work on a data processing contract. My basic incentive, besides the adventure and challenge of experiencing a new culture, is tax-free income, plus such benefits as free housing and generous travel allowances. Also, since the U.S. is entering the terminal stages of a fatal disease, it seems wise to become a little detached -- mentally, physically and financially.

This being an Arab country, the news does not have the automatic pro-Zionist slant found in "advanced" nations. However, Saudi sympathies do not necessarily lie with the white race. The media here espouse the same anti-Apartheid and anti-white South Africa line that can be found in any establishment American publication.

Still, reading the news here is a refreshing change. There is much coverage of Israeli spying on the U.S. Practically every day there's an article on the subject on page one of the *Arab News*. Expatriate workers (American and British) soon throw off the Zionist brainwashing they absorbed before coming here.

What, to me, is most interesting about Saudi Arabia is that it is a multinational, multiracial society that is officially sexist and nonequalitarian, with no apologies offered. Islam is the state religion and no other is allowed. Islamic law is the only law. Miscreants may be beaten with a cane; thieves can have their hands cut off; and serious criminals are beheaded -- all such punishments being meted out in public. On any Friday (the Islamic Sabbath), I can visit "Chop Square," a parking lot by a busy marketplace, and watch a beheading.

This is a country where men hold hands and kiss each other in public, but it is not permissible for a man and a woman to do the same. Public kissing between the sexes is absolutely forbidden. Heterosexual dating is also illegal, and a man and a woman who are not related cannot travel together in a car or eat together in public. Restaurants have areas for families and areas for singles. If a man and a woman are sharing a table in the family section, the Religious

Police (the Mutawa) may demand to see their marriage certificate. Failure to produce it may mean arrest.

Magazines, advertisements and paperback novels with "romantic" illustrations are liable to be blacked out by a censor's pen. Even pictures of kissing are banned, as, of course, are any revealing photos of women's bodies. No movies are allowed because of the fear of what might happen in darkened theaters.

Homosexuality is widespread, although Islam severely condemns it. A friend who works in a blood-testing lab -- and ought to know -- tells me AIDS is rampant.

Saudi Arabian culture is officially sexist. Women are forbidden to drive cars and are banned from most jobs. The employment of servants is such a vital status symbol that most Saudi females have so little to do they live lives of crushing boredom. One measure aimed at ameliorating the situation is the creation of women's amusement palaces -- playgrounds for women.

Expatriate workers come here from many countries. Compensation is generally correlated with skin color. The darker the skin, the less the pay. Non-Saudis and non-Westerners are called Third Country Nationals or TCNs.

Being an American, I am a late-arriving member of a diminishing group -- diminishing because we want too much money. With the catastrophic fall in oil revenues, cost-cutting has become mandatory. British expatriates work for much less than Americans. Pakistanis are cheaper still, though perhaps slightly better compensated than Filipinos. The Koreans who have been working as security guards for my employer are being replaced by Thais. Workers from Bangladesh, Sri Lanka and Yemen fill many of the lower-echelon slots of the Saudi employment scene. At the bottom are blacks from Eritrea and other Horn-of-Africa provinces.

Married Westerners will almost always qualify for job grades which include the right to bring spouse and family. TCNs almost never qualify, so practically all of them are unattached males.

Individual Saudis want to enter the job market in management positions and have a strong disinclination to work their way up. They will, however, work under the direction of a Westerner, since they recognize that all technology comes from the West. But TCNs are never allowed to join the management ranks in this country, which formally renounced slavery only in 1962.

Pakistan and Saudi Arabia (both Islamic nations) are extremely close allies. I am informed by Pakistani friends that a large unit of their country's army is always billeted in Saudi Arabia. It is a mutually beneficial arrangement. The Saudis pay for the Pakistani military presence and are repaid with security and training. The Saudi military is reputed to be nearly useless.



When a group of armed religious fanatics seized the Islamic Holy of Holies in Mecca a number of years ago, the troops who dug the rebels out of the holy places were Pakistanis, not Saudis. Or so I am told.

The Saudi Arabian kingdom was founded on an alliance between the house of Saud and a fanatical group of Islamic fundamentalists, the Wahabis. The public enforcement of strict Islamic law is part of the bargain by which the royal house continues to rule in collaboration with the Ulema, the Islamic religious leadership.

Saudis are brought up in a rigidly controlled environment where they never have the opportunity to learn self-discipline. When they reach the West, with its thousand and one temptations, they explode like over-inflated balloons. They are doing what their culture subliminally predicted they would do. But when they return home, they put on their Saudi robes and revert to their Saudi ways.

My experiences with Saudis have been positive at all times. I find them to be a gentle people, many of whom have a very friendly attitude toward Americans. Those who have visited the U.S. retain warm memories. Although our Israeli-dominated foreign policy toward them is a near disaster, it surprises me how little of their justifiable anger toward the U.S. government is directed toward individual U.S. citizens in their midst.

Angola. An inkling of the permanent Great Divide in American foreign policy could be discerned in the recent visitation of Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta to the black Communist banana dictatorship of Angola, the former Portuguese colony on the west coast of Africa. Although Young was greeted as clamorously by the Angolan government as Stalin was by his Party Congresses, his hosts have been snubbed by the Reagan administration, which backs Jonas Savimbi, the leader of the country's anti-Soviet guerrillas and one of the favorite blacks of the American conservative crowd. Reagan wants to give him \$15 million, a request that -- with much difficulty -- he has just managed to get through Congress.

The 30,000 Cubans dragooned across the Atlantic by Castro have managed to keep the Angolan commissars in their catbird seats, but Fidel's minions have not been able to do much about Savimbi. Nor have they been able to prevent devastating South African raids into the south of the country in retaliation for Angolan support of the SWAPO forces trying to terrorize the whites out of South-West Africa (Namibia).

The Cuban troops have scored minor successes, however, in successfully guarding the \$450 million Chevron Oil drilling

operations with 12 offshore rigs, which are operated by 100 American oilmen and technicians. American-pumped oil has been supplying the Angolan Reds with half of their foreign exchange -- \$580 million in taxes and royalties last year, most of it going to the military. To prevent this treasure from being sabotaged by Savimbi, the Cubans are protecting Chevron's 14 square mile compound with a small army.

What a jack-in-the-box of paradoxes! Accompanied by an investment banker from Salomon Brothers, the mayor of a major American city visits and hails a Red regime that the White House would like to see overthrown. Reagan calls the Soviet Union an "evil empire," yet Young openly consorts with and praises a Soviet satellite in Africa. What's more, American conservatives support Jonas Savimbi in his desire to destroy a capitalist-run enterprise that is about the only successful large-scale economic enterprise in Angola.

Not paradoxically, Angola is an economic paraplegic. After all, it's a black African nation and a Communist one to boot. Once the Portuguese were driven out, the country started going downhill. Of late the slide has been accelerating.

Young's five-day visit was organized by his good friend, Stoney Cooks, who is on the receiving end of a \$294,000 contract to be Angola's PR man in Washington. When Young, who claims he has white relatives in Louisiana, returned to the States, he lobbied congressmen to scuttle Savimbi and take up with the Marxist junta, which had driven him around in a convoy of five glistening Mercedes, stuffed him with lavish, unproletarian seven-course dinners and lubricated him with endless unplebeian glasses of bubbly, while the average Angolan man in the jungle was lucky to get a thimble full of coconut milk.

South Africa. *From a subscriber.* Your March issue's insight into the mind of David Lange, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, was horribly illuminating, even if unsurprising. It is what we are bound to suppose, not so much a man pressured into "thinking" that way, but a man who just naturally fits into his present postwar office as an "enlightened" Commonwealth leader. He displays a mind obstinately shut to reality, completely brainwashed by Lysenkoism, and, as you say, one shudders to think what the Reagans and Thatchers might write if they had the time to answer their mail. I am sure they would write in the same vein, which would be quite enough to explain why the West is going down the drain so fast and why the British Empire has disintegrated.

A more recent example of Lange's activities has been his banning of an All-Black

(New Zealand) rugby tour of South Africa. The All-Blacks (the name, not the color, of the team) have defeated every other national team in the world, but have not been able to call themselves the world champions because they have not played their old rivals, the Springboks (South Africans), owing to bans and boycotts of sporting links with South Africa by Western politicians, supposedly for fear of what the black African states might do if such bans are not imposed, but actually because all Western politicians are as minority-tilted as Lange himself.

Both South Africa and New Zealand are mad on rugby, but when the All-Blacks were on the eve of departing for South Africa, two New Zealand lawyers managed to find an obscure legal point on which the tour could be stopped unless it had government approval. Their work was successful, and Lange exclaimed that he had never felt so proud in his life of his legal profession! Nonetheless, the Kiwis were not to be put off even at the cost of their jobs, and South Africa obviously arranged that, at the very least, they would not be out of pocket for making their unauthorized tour. And so they came, notwithstanding Lange's threats and laments.

I saw the games on television, and awesome they were, with the rampaging Kiwi forwards, full of fire and fury, on the attack, wave after wave of them, the late Empire's natural stormtroopers, looking more like 30 men than 15, and as quick and clever as the French in switching their attacks from one side of the field to the other if they were held up at any point. They could only be stopped by the most resolute crash-tackling, and as no padding is worn in rugby, the first-aid men were kept busy. Theirs was a non-stop attacking game which had destroyed every other national team they had played, but this time they were up against enormous Afrikaner forwards weighing up to 300 pounds and quicksilver 200-pound backs of equally Herculean build who were able to hold them and wear them down, and in spite of not having played international matches for many years, South Africa won the test matches by three to one. As the neutral Welsh referee remarked afterwards, there is nothing in rugby to compare with an All-Black versus Springbok test match.

One was impressed by what tough, fanatical men there were on both sides, so reassuring in these days of Western softness. So in what way does Lange represent New Zealand, when he is so completely out of sympathy with his people's self-expression? In fact, he is not a man at all; he is much more like a woman than a man, and a soft woman at that. But then we have to ask how on earth it was that the New Zealanders ever voted for him -- and against Muldoon, who is very much a man. Did he only have to lisp a few liberal slogans about social justice?

Is it worth mentioning that a curtain-rais-

er to these great test matches between South Africa and New Zealand had been a match in Europe between the Northern Hemisphere and the Southern Hemisphere, in which the "Colonials" -- New Zealanders, Australians, South Africans and a couple of Argentines -- had overwhelmed the British and French, who, in spite of their clever play, simply did not possess the physique and concerted ferocity of the Colonials. The colonial children of Mother Europe are superior in physique and manliness to the native-born children, yet in spite of this they have failed to breed. Perhaps this is because their lands are comparatively barren and harsh. Another point is that English South Africans are nothing like as strong as the Afrikaners or as tough as the New Zealanders and Australians. They hardly ever feature in Springbok rugby teams or in wrestling or boxing or athletics. These are completely dominated by Afrikaners, and the only "English" who can challenge them at rugby are the New Zealanders, who with the Australians can clearly beat them at athletics, though never at wrestling and boxing. Yet English South Africans, who have by far the lowest criminal record of any racial group in the country, are well built and handsome, much more so than the native English themselves. The finest of their children indeed, boys as well as girls, are so shapely and beautiful they would be viewed with something like amazement in Europe. It really is a pity the sordid politicians of our original homelands are so determined to wipe them out.

The current right-wing backlash has received a great deal of attention, especially when the Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging (Resistance Movement) stopped Pik Botha from speaking in the northern Transvaal dorp of Pietersburg. The marked reluctance of the police to act against the AWB has caused panic in Liberal circles, by which I mean Nationalist circles as well. It is estimated that in the northern Transvaal no more than three Nationalist politicians would be able to keep their seats if an election were to be called, and this situation is bound to spread. This was shown by the huge right-wing rally on 31 May at the Voortrekkermonument in Pretoria, where more than 50,000 people gathered. There, Mr. J.A. Marais, the leader of the Herstigte Nasionale Party, aptly said that the Afrikaner of the present day is not fighting for his freedom, as in former times, but for self-preservation. As he put it, the choice given the Afrikaner is suicide or servitude, both of which are equally unacceptable. The newspapers have told us that this fast-growing white backlash has taken the West by surprise and that Westerners in general are quite bewildered by it all. That is to say, they are only now beginning to see why the government has to be so deceptively careful with its reforms. Nevertheless, Pik has stated that nothing would stop him from "Reform." There speaks the true lib-

eral masquerading in Nationalist garb. Reform has been an unmitigated disaster from the very outset, but to its conniving liberal architects it cannot possibly be wrong. It is only the world that is wrong and more liberalism will put it right again.

I suppose the other big news is about the black squatters in Crossroads in Cape Town. It is never pointed out anywhere that South Africa is a capitalist country like other Western nations, not a Communist country, and that the basis of a capitalist country is the inviolability of private property. Therefore, when blacks in their thousands settle like a swarm of locusts on other people's property, something has to be done about it. Nor, I suppose, is it ever pointed out that these blacks are not South African blacks, but illegal immigrants from the Transkei. Foreign blacks, who are supposed to loathe Apartheid so much, are always trying to get into South Africa, and there are always a couple of million foreign settlers from the "liberated" territories who return as fast as they are expelled. South Africa is in much the same position as the U.S., with its hordes of illegal Mexican immigrants.

The Transkei, which is about the size of Belgium, has the most fertile soil in all South Africa (not the worst, as foreign newspapers have always claimed), yet the inhabitants are starving and expect whites to feed them. Verwoerd's policy of independent homelands for the various tribes is surely the best scheme that has ever been devised, yet in spite of massive white aid, the blacks just can't make a go of it, and whites are blamed for it.

What we have here is blacks killing blacks, not freedom-loving blacks killing repressive whites. Presumably this is played down because it defeats the international message of a concerted black uprising against the tyranny of Apartheid. In the meantime, Mrs. Winnie Mandela, wife of the jailed ANC leader, carefully costumed and coiffured (wigged) by white liberal women, and taught how to look tragic for the camera, has revealed herself as being as much a primitive savage as her Communist husband by her call for liberation with matches and petrol-doused tyres.

Mrs. Mandela, who just might be Mandela's only wife, was honored shortly afterwards by the University of Utrecht, which awarded her a doctorate of law degree. Nevertheless, her message was clear, at least to white Africans. It was as clear as Bishop Tutu's "horrendous" realization that black domestic workers could easily administer arsenic to white infants. What is equally clear is the usual sickening hypocrisy of the Western moralists in refusing to say a word of condemnation of the ANC's unspeakable habit of executing black "sell-outs" by putting petrol-soaked tyres ("necklaces") around them and burning them alive. The silence of these moralists is deafening, but can you imagine the screech

if whites were "necklacing" blacks? As it is, Western liberal propaganda is entirely taken up with police brutality against innocent black "children." On the other hand, I feel I should retract previous statements about the black lack of inventiveness, because "necklace" burnings prove the opposite. Who else in the world has thought of using the white man's wonderful rubber tyres and the white man's wonderful petrol, and the white man's wonderful matches, for the purpose of burning people alive?

* * *

The Mayor of Cape Town, Leon Markovitz, who succeeded Mayor Kreiner, who succeeded Mayor Bloomberg, put on a big act by pleading with colored Muslims protesting the American bombing of Libya. It is probable that the great mass of Americans have no idea how much they are despised and hated by the people in Africa they do everything to support. They cannot realize that no one can ever respect a sucker, any more than the Cape Muslims can realize that America was acting under orders from Israel.

The Cape Muslims naturally ignored the silly Markovitz, who appears to have illusions of grandeur, and the police moved in and dispersed the savages, whereupon Markovitz promptly accused the police of brutality.

Meanwhile, a row has blown up over Zimbabwe's criticism of the Reagan administration's South Africa policy at U.S. Independence Day celebrations in Harare (Salisbury), which were attended by former President Carter, who promptly walked out, followed by America's British, German and Dutch lackeys. What had happened was that Witness Mangwende, Zimbabwe's Foreign Minister, had criticized the Reagan administration for failing to apply sanctions on South Africa while imposing them on Nicaragua and for bombing Libya instead of Pretoria.

Washington has been Zimbabwe's biggest aid donor since its independence in 1980, and America is now demanding an apology. Meanwhile, it has cut off all aid. So far President Mugabe has emphatically stated that he does not intend submitting to white blackmail! In Zambia, too, President Kaunda has stated that in refusing to apply total sanctions against South Africa, the U.S. and Britain have shown themselves to be only half-civilized! This, from a central African savage!

* * *

In recent months, South Africa has had a steady stream of headline-hunting visitors. The former West German Chancellor, Willy Brandt, a onetime Stalinist and double agent, is the only German positively idolized by our rodent press. Predictably, he called for the imposition of total sanctions, the abolishment of Apartheid and the immediate release of Mandela. He was fol-



lowed by a steady stream of strange creatures, the self-styled Commonwealth "Eminent Persons Group," consisting of a dumpy West Indian woman, a "Dame," a Nigerian general whose oil-rich country is renowned for its bankruptcy, its corruption, its expulsion of a million Ghanians and its crating of a diplomat in the hold of a British airliner under the supervision of an Israeli gangster. The semi-chameleon, Malcolm Fraser of Australia, was also one of the visiting meddlers. They all demanded the instant release of Mandela and the instant sharing of power with the ANC, to be followed instantly by outright black rule and white subjugation. It was to put an end to this constant criticism of South African domestic policies that we left the Commonwealth. Yet here we are being treated as if we were still a member. Verwoerd would never have allowed any of these "fact-finding" tours by this foreign rabble. But he was conveniently assassinated.

The departure of the Eminent Persons was followed by a tour by Sir Geoffrey Howe, the British Foreign Secretary, who was given a public dressing down on TV by Kenneth Kaunda in Lusaka and treated as if he were an importuning errand boy. Then he was told by Mugabe that his mission to divert African states from their demand for total economic sanctions against South Africa was futile. Finally, his main target, Nelson Mandela, refused to see him. With his tail between his legs, he returned to Britain.

This constant scurrying around Africa by Western politicians can only be due to their conviction that black men are the same as white men and that power must be handed over to those who breed the fastest. The unqualified majority must rule and not the qualified minority because the opposite would be immoral and unacceptably undemocratic, except in Israel. Hyenas close in on a dying lion, and South Africa, with its present crazy reforms, has invited the packs from afar. The matter of "reforming" South Africa has always been of the utmost urgency as her continued existence is a standing threat to the shining Western ideal of racial integration and mongrelization.

Australia. A man described as "very pale and coughing and wheezing" has been going around robbing stores in Sydney by waving a syringe in front of the employees and threatening to inject them with "AIDS virus."

* * *

John Bennett, head of the Australian Civil Liberties Union, decided to test the waters for Australians who might like to move to China. He wrote the following note to the Chinese Embassy at Canberra.

I wish to settle in China and become a citizen of that country. Could you forward a form allowing me to apply for permanent residence in China and indicating the procedure to obtain Chinese citizenship?

Apparently the Chinese, who are always crying racism because Australia doesn't open its doors wide enough to Asian immigrants, are not at all interested in a migration in the opposite direction. The Chinese Embassy replied in these words:

Your letter of Feb. 20 about your wish to live in China, it is regrettable to say that conditions are not sufficient to meet your desire yet. We appreciate your good sentiments toward China and hope you may go to China for sightseeing in the future.

Bennett repeated his written request a few days later, but got the same written brush-off.

Isn't it funny -- or is it -- that Australians who want to keep Australia white are called racists by the Chinese, but the Chinese who want to keep China yellow are not called racists by the Australians?

* * *

The aborigines are noted for the sacred sites which they continue to recognize all over the Outback. But in the southwest corner of Victoria state lies a sheep ranch which the "abos" continue to shun as unholy. It was here, under Queen Victoria, that a man named Fraser was given 100,000 prime acres for sheep-grazing. The trouble was that the land was occupied, so Fraser had his employees shoot the nomadic black people on sight. Five hundred were soon dead, but the pace wasn't fast enough to please Fraser, so he had his men poison all the water holes with strychnine. Thousands of "abos" perished miserably. A few survivors figured out the source of the problem -- though not the human deliberation behind it -- and approached the Fraser ranch house to ask for good water. Frazer ordered these 20 men, women and children shot and fed to the wild dogs and vultures.

And that is how Malcolm Fraser, the anti-white, half-Jewish prime minister of Australia between 1975 and 1983, came to inherit a large sheep ranch.

The *Spotlight* could not resist telling the story of Malcolm Fraser's grandfather in its August 4 edition, because Fraser had behaved so genocidally himself on Ted Koppel's *Nightline* TV show of July 22. Confronting a representative of South Africa's moderate government, he screamed: "If you don't stop Apartheid in six weeks, we'll tear your country apart."

Even more hypocritical was a second Fraser remark: "Never in history has there been one people treated so badly by another people than the blacks of South Africa by the whites." He wasn't talking about the Hottentots either, who fared nearly as badly under South Africa's early white settlers as did the Amerindians in the New World and the aborigines in Australia. No, he was referring to South Africa's Negroes, who came from the north at the same time the Afrikaners entered the almost empty land from the south.

Brazil. The old notion of this country as some sort of miscegenated, multiracial paradise is fading fast, as millions of blacks flee the poverty of the tropical north and invade the peace and plenty of the white, temperate south. The London *Economist* (May 10, 1986) presented a few of the salient facts.

Among Brazil's 135 million people are 60 million or so self-described "non-whites." But the number is really meaningless because the census-takers often let persons identify themselves by race, and "passing" to a lighter shade is a national obsession. (One Brazilian survey listed 125 colloquial expressions for shades of nonwhite.)

As young blacks and browns pour into the cities and towns of the white south, the crime wave crests. Officials of the new civilian government are calling it a "civil war." One hundred and fifty thousand teenaged criminals are currently being held under court order, and 95% of them are officially nonwhite.

White Brazilians, not being a wimpish lot, have little tolerance for Negro activism. When blacks timidly raise the subject of racial discrimination, they are promptly accused of "reverse racism" for bringing it up. After all, everyone knows Brazil is a multiracial paradise!

Mexico. Drug and human traffic across the U.S.-Mexican border is overwhelmingly one-way -- northward -- except for one very unpopular article of commerce -- AIDS -- which is heading south. Since 1983, 60 cases of this dread malady have shown up in Guadalajara. Mexican health officials say the carriers were returning farm workers who picked up more than fruits and vegetables in Gringoland.

Unponderable Quote

[W]e have to develop a new theology of why we don't convert Jews to Christianity . . . [Christians] have a theological stake in helping Jews marry Jews.

Rev. Michael B. McGarry,
Paulist priest

Blacks Owe Whites

Some blacks have been threatening, demanding and even thinking of going to court to get reparations for the work their ancestors performed in slavery times. The idea keeps popping up in letters to newspapers. A letter on this subject, but with the argument reversed, appeared in the *Chicago Sun-Times* (July 28, 1986). The writer said that black Americans "owe billions of dollars and man-hours to the majority of whites who acted generously to the majority of blacks."

Damage-seeking Negroes were dunned as follows:

[Y]ou owe society hospitals and clinics, churches and schools, youth clubs and summer camps, homes for the aged, the handicapped and the disabled, food, clothing and shelter for the orphans. Not paid for with tax dollars, but sacrificed out of the average income of folks like my parents and grandparents.

Racial Differences Recognized

What are equalitarians going to do about Dr. William Lawson of the Metropolitan State Hospital of Norwalk (CA), who has come out flatly with this dogma dasher: "Failure to take into account racial differences in dosage requirements [to treat mental illness] may have lethal consequences"?

Blacks experience hallucinations and delusions more often than whites, which leads psychiatrists to diagnose their illness as schizophrenia when in reality they are only suffering from depression. Asians, blacks and Hispanics often respond differently from whites to drugs affecting the brain, which means they may require different dosages.

In other words, the equalitarian dogma, which has wreaked such havoc in politics and education, can actually cause physical and mental harm when applied to treating the mentally ill.

Everybody's Going to Jail

Glenn Miller, the head of the White Patriot Party, based in North Carolina, is one more sacrificial victim offered up by an obsequious Southern court to the liberal-minority, neoconservative anti-free-speech lobby. A jury found him and his assistant, Stephen Miller (no relation), guilty of violating a consent decree that prohibited his group from operating a paramilitary organization. Glenn can get a year in jail and a \$2,000 fine; Stephen six months and a \$1,000 fine.

Per usual, the prosecution was largely based on the "confessions" of an informer. James K. Holder, an ex-Klansman, testified that Miller and his group were plotting to overthrow the U.S. government by force, not a very likely possibility for an organization of several hundred men who mainly live in the North Carolina boondocks.

Knowing the state of free speech in this country, Glenn Miller was not surprised by the jury's verdict and promised that his gung-ho group would carry on. He attributed most of his woes to a pathological "anti-racist" millionaire, Morris Dees, whose ex-wife, Maureen, has accused him of promiscuous sex orgies that would have made Donatien Alphonse François, the Marquis de Sade, weep with envy.

As part and parcel of the ongoing attack on the First Amendment, the federal judge ordered the two Millers not to have any contact whatsoever with any member of the White Patriot Party or any other Majority activist group. In fact, Glenn Miller had to write a letter to all his associates and followers warning them not to contact him, and the judge had to approve the letter before it was

sent out.

Wonder whatever happened to that old American perk known as Freedom of Association?

Gutsy Yale Guy Gores Gays

Yale has been going gay so fast and furiously that it has now become a disciplinary offense to criticize the all-powerful panies. Last spring during GLAD (Gay Lesbian Awareness Days) the student body was subjected to an orgy of gay films, gay poets reading their gay verses, AIDS lectures and gay sex symposia. The precious proceedings were topped off with a gay dance in a Yale dining hall.

A lonely straight student -- apparently there are a few left in New Haven -- decided not to let this homo hootenanny get by unscathed. So he had some posters printed up which he slapped on university walls and bulletin boards. The posters proclaimed, "BAD WEEK, Bestiality Awareness Days, sponsored by the Bestiality Awareness Alliance, BAA." The acronym was a take-off on Yale's celebrated Whiffenpoof song, much of which was borrowed from Kipling. ("We are poor little lambs who have lost our way, baa, baa, baa.")

A BAD film was scheduled for Monday, a lecture by Professor Baaswell on "Pan: the Goat, the God, the Lover" for Tuesday. On Wednesday, Professor Bleatmore, a Dartmouth graduate, was to expound on "The Impact of *Homo erectus* on the Origin of New Species." There was a "Barnyard Rush" for Friday and a lecture on *Rover vs. Wade*.

No sooner were the posters up than the author, whose name was withheld by Yale bigwigs, was put on probation for two years. The accused's appeals to First Amendment rights and Yale's much touted freedom of speech was unavailing.

In a letter to outgoing Yale President A. Bartlett Giamatti, the student wrote,

If my sentence is not overturned, please advise me as to other views that I am not allowed to criticize, so that I won't unknowingly violate my probation and the standards of Yale University.

Jeffrey Hart of Dartmouth, a columnist, a professor and one of the few conservative faculty members surviving in the toddling-to-totalitarianism Ivy League, suggested that the student should sue Yale for \$100 million. He would be certain to receive a large settlement, Hart contended, because Yale would become the laughing stock of the world if the case ever got to a jury.

Spreading the Word

Want to broadcast the *Instauration* philosophy far and wide? Dirt simple. Install a telephone message unit. Just call your local phone company and order a "personal phone" with a jack. You can't use the phone you already have. Then take a ride to your nearest Radio Shack outlet and buy a TAD Duophone 100 telephone announcement machine (\$49.95). Also pick up a one- or three-minute cassette tape.

When you get home with your phone and machine, record your first message. Next print up several hundred leaflets containing the text of your message and the message center telephone number, roll them up and put rubber bands around them. Drop the scrolls in driveways, on porches, in the vicinity of mailboxes (but not in them) and anywhere else you feel they will be picked up and opened. In two days' time the message unit will be going full blast as the number spreads by word of mouth.

The average monthly charge for this device is only \$17. If liberal bigots don't want to hear it, they don't have to dial.

A note to the fearful: Phone companies are forbidden by law to disclose the name of the person maintaining the message machine.

Recommended Reading for Kelts

For subscribers of Keltic ancestry, whether Irish, Scottish, Welsh or Breton, the writings of Morgan Llywelyn are strongly recommended. Over the last six years she has written some five novels dealing with the history of the Keltic peoples.

Her book, *Lion of Ireland*, is the story of the great 10th-century Irish King Brian Boru. This was followed by *The Horse Goddess*, the tale of the Keltic-Scythians of the early centuries of the Christian era. *Bard -- the Odyssey of the Irish* relates the story of the migration about 1000 B.C. (some say 400 B.C.) of the Milesian Irish to Ireland from Spain, where they had remained for some time following their voyage from the Eastern Mediterranean and Scythia. These three books were published by Houghton Mifflin (Boston) in 1980, 1982 and 1984, respectively.

Llywelyn's latest opus is *Grania*, the story of the famous Irish sea-queen, Grania O'Malley, who refused to humble herself before Elizabeth I, stating, "I am a queen also."

Asked about the novels, Morgan Llywelyn replied, "Most of the characters are taken directly from Irish and Norse history. All I have done is summon them to us through the mists of time."

Author Llywelyn leaves no doubt as to the racial characteristics, both physical and mental, of her principal characters. There are no obligatory minorities, except for a short, dark Phoenician who appears in the proper historical context.

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Cheers for Andrea

This was the suprising but very welcome three-column headline that appeared over a recent article in the *Tampa Tribune-Times* (July 20, 1986): ISRAEL IS IMPINGING ON FREE SPEECH IN U.S.

We know nothing about Andrea Brunais, the author, who is described as a freelance writer, but we do know that she has written what few have dared to write. Too bad she isn't syndicated. Or is she?

One of Brunais's points is that the few commentators (count 'em on your fingers) who have occasionally had the guts to see some flies in Israel's ointment -- such as columnists Georgie Anne Geyer, Rowland Evans, Robert Novak and the late Nick Thimmesch -- have been immediately castigated as anti-Semites. So have the out-of-office politicians who haven't given their hearts and souls to Zionism, such as Charles Percy, Adlai Stevenson III, Paul McCloskey, Paul Findley and J. William Fulbright. Brunais reinforces her argument with a defeatist quote from the generally courageous Joseph Sobran:

Ethnic matters are especially surrounded by taboos and double standards that favor the least scrupulous disputants. It is no fun being smeared, believe me. It becomes especially painful when the smear is extended to my friends. So I will think twice before again addressing the topics that have brought on this pain. Let the taboos prevail.

Zionist censors are all over the airwaves, Brunais reminds her readers. She cites the PBS TV program, *Flashpoint, Israel and the Palestinians*, which was banned by PBS stations in Washington and New York. The chicken-hearted managers were reluctant to air once -- even once -- a program, half of which provided viewers with the Israeli side of the Arab-Israeli feud, half the Palestinian side. It was the latter half that caused the cancellation of the whole program. Viewers are held in such low contempt that they dare

not be exposed to Arab propaganda. They might be taken in. But it's quite all right if they fall for the Zionist line.

Brunais goes on to show how Americans of Arab descent are being physically attacked (three killed so far) in their homes and offices and vilified in the movies, on TV and in advertisements. Anti-Arab "literary" treatments range from James Michener's view of a super-moral Israel in *The Source* to Leon Uris's racist paean to anti-Arabism, *The Haj*.

Brunais next focuses on Anthony Pearson's book, *Conspiracy of Silence*, which proposed that the attack on the *USS Liberty* was deliberate. After U.S. book distributors refused to touch it, McGraw-Hill withdrew a \$150,000 offer for the American rights. In regard to the *Liberty*, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, ex-Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who is trying to stir up a congressional inquiry into the tragedy, had this to say:

I spent weeks on the Hill testifying about the *Pueblo* in the most minute detail. But nothing like that's ever been done for the *Liberty*. The difference in the way these two events were handled is mindboggling -- I think, without a doubt, that those 34 men who were killed on the *Liberty* were killed deliberately, on purpose, in a preconceived operation.

Brunais's essay ends on a ringing note, one not often heard in this land of the brainwashed:

Americans must get involved if they wish to retain their hard-won freedoms. The stakes are too high -- and not just in terms of our billion-dollar foreign policy. In the Middle East, where ancient conflicts fester in modern incarnations, no one has a monopoly on morality. In America, where free speech once reigned, citizens must become informed -- at least enough to exercise their rights. Only when we promote "evenhandedness," only when we resist the censors, only when we demand the right to hear all petitioners -- only then may we avoid whatever fatal end listening to only one voice leads to.

The Day I Quit

The mother came in to apply for aid on behalf of her 14-year-old daughter who had just given birth to her first child. Who is the father? is the first thing we ask. *It's my disabled husband. May we interview him? Sholey.* In he comes, \$500 suit, \$200 shoes, the works. The pimp-mobile is parked outside.

How did this happen? *Well, you see, we is so poor that we have to sleep three or four in the baid and during the night I jest naturally makes a mistake, thinkin' it's the wife when it's the daughter -- and she ups and gets pregnant.*

How do you come by such beautiful clothes and have such a new car? *Yo' cain't expec' me to go lookin' fo' a job onlest ah looks decen', cain yo'? An' dat cah belong to mah brother. Mah name Bill Johnson and his name is Phil Johnson. He works at Boings an' lives in de attic so's he kin save up fo' de cah since he is jes' nuts about cahs. But I cain't work nohow on account of mah lame back. You jes' look at all them medical records. Jes' put the new baby down there with the other eight kids we already got and don' give me no lip or ah'll call in mah lawyer.*

I had worked in the Welfare Department several years and thought I had heard and seen everything. When the interview was over, I submitted my resignation, effective immediately.

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Books That Speak for and to the Majority

***The Dispossessed Majority** by Wilmot Robertson. No one who reads this all-encompassing study of the American predicament will ever again view his country in the same light. The author brilliantly recounts the tragedy of a great people, the Americans of Northern European descent, who founded and built the U.S. and whose decline is the chief cause of America's decline. Although replete with cogent criticism of the people and events which have brought America low, the book ends on a positive, optimistic note, which envisions a resurgent American Majority liberating its institutions from the control of intolerant intellectuals innately programmed to destroy what they could never create. Over 100,000 copies sold. Updated, expanded edition; 613 pages, index, bibliography, 1,000 footnotes. Hardcover, \$25; softcover, \$10. Condensed paperback Popular Edition, 364 pages, no scholarly frills, \$3.95.

***Ventilations** by Wilmot Robertson. The author of *The Dispossessed Majority* firms up and expands some of his key ideas. In 14 probing essays he answers his critics, comments on Watergate, Russian anti-Semitism, women's liberation, foreign affairs, and tells young Majority members how they can best oppose the reverse discrimination that is making them second-class citizens. Also included is a blow-by-blow description of the attempted suppression of *The Dispossessed Majority* by the media establishment. The last two essays propose both a moral and practical solution to the ethnic dilemma by transforming the U.S. into a racial confederation. Softcover, 115 pages, \$4.95.

***Race and Reason and Race and Reality** by Carleton Putnam. In response to the black power agitation of the 50s and 60s came two searching, scholarly, objective, last-word studies of the equalitarian movement. When everyone else was silent, Carleton Putnam -- lawyer, airline executive and historian -- spoke out. In reasoned, crystalline prose he methodically demolishes almost every point, argument and cliché in the liberal-minority ideological handbook, warning us in advance of the affirmative action programs that were bound to follow. Softcover, both books for \$8.50 (total 317 pages), \$5 separately.

***Why Civilizations Self-Destruct** by Elmer Pendell. If we are to survive we must reverse the lethal age-old process that increases human quantity while reducing human quality. In the precivilized states of man, natural selection produced a superior variety of human being whose intelligence and industriousness were eventually channeled into building an advanced social order that protected instead of eliminated the unfit. When the protected outnumber the protectors, civilization begins to die. If we follow Dr. Pendell's advice, we could be the first to successfully defy this apparently inexorable life-and-death cycle. 196 pages, index. Hardcover, \$12.

***Best of Instauration - 1976, Best of Instauration - 1977 and Best of Instauration - 1978.** A choice selection of the contents of the first three years of *Instauration*, Wilmot Robertson's monthly magazine. The original page size has been retained, which means that the 116 pages of each book represent at least 348 ordinary book pages. Virtual encyclopedias of revisionist history, the two volumes look at the world from a Majority perspective. Brilliant, factual writing on philosophy, history, literature and current events that cannot be found in any other contemporary publication. Softcover, 1976, 1977, \$10 each; 1978, \$12.

The Mediator by Richard Swartzbaugh. The author, an assistant professor of anthropology, explains how and why the mediators and go-betweeners who abound in America exert great influence over our daily lives. The book's subtitle could easily be "The Unmasking of a Powerful Establishment." Hardcover, 133 pages, index, \$5.95.

The Might of the West by Lawrence Brown. The best of all possible antidotes to Spengler. The author, a scholar-engineer, says Western civilization did not begin in Greece but in medieval Europe. The Renaissance was a time of reaction, interrupting Western progress by turning it backward to Athens and Rome. The eternal conflict with the Levantine culture hobbled the West's scientific and cultural growth with dogma and irrationality. The wealth of information in this epochal study conclusively demonstrates there was more light than darkness in the Dark Ages. Hardcover, 549 pages, index, \$20.

The French Revolution in San Domingo by Lothrop Stoddard. A grim, frightening, lucid account of the step-by-step destruction of white civilization in the richest island in the New World. By the time the Negro emperors had taken over, every single white colonist, together with his wife and children, had either fled or been massacred. The end result was Haiti, today the poorest and most rundown of the West Indian islands. Softcover, 410 pages, \$9.

Camp of the Saints by Jean Raspail. Ghastly, shuddering, mind-reeling scenario of what is in store for the Occident if liberalism and apathy continue to weaken the Western will to survive. The author, a bitterly sardonic Frenchman, charts the dying convulsions of France from the day a million famished Third Worlders pile on a fleet of leaking hulks in Calcutta and sail off to the land of milk and honey. The first great uncompromising novel of modern times. Originally published by Scribner's. New paperback edition with new preface by the author. Hardcover, 311 pages, \$12; Softcover, \$8.

The Ideal and Destiny by Richard McCulloch. An 11th-hour philosophy for racial salvation. Championing the cause of Northern European man, this extremely intelligent diagnosis and prognosis of our time of troubles tells us how to rise above the nationalism, internationalism, and religious and class sectarianism that have broken us asunder. To ensure our resurgence, the author has developed new and constructive ways of understanding history, economics, sociology, political science, anthropology, culture and aesthetics, especially the latter. He launches a bitter attack on altruism, which he defines as the quest for nonexistence, and on the "metaphysical significance" given by the media to all the failed programs and programmers of society. Hardcover, 534 pages, \$20.

A New Theory of Human Evolution by Sir Arthur Keith. The greatest modern anthropologist is almost unknown to the American reading public, and the media monopolists are unabashed. This is Keith's major work and contains the principal threads of his ideas about evolution and the constructive role played by nationalism and prejudice in race building and genetic progress. No book offers a more penetrating rebuttal to the Boas school of anthropology, whose unfounded assertions about racial equality have dominated Western thought for most of this century. Hardcover, 451 pages, \$15.

The Crowd by Gustave Le Bon. The great, half-forgotten French prophet jumped the gun on Freud, Ortega and Pareto in a study of the popular mind. Crowds, wrote Le Bon, do things which individuals would never do. They have a personality of their own, often a destructive personality, and they are the unruly offspring of mass democracy. Le Bon's low opinion of historians, his rueful opinion of religion and his high opinion of race are refreshingly controversial and mentally stimulating. Softcover, 207 pages, \$8.95.

A New Morality from Science by Raymond B. Cattell. An internationally prominent social scientist rejects liberalism and racial leveling in a profound and challenging work that searches for new ethical values from the domain of science. The author's eminently sensible proposals for a new evolutionary ethic based on behavioral genetics rather than on religious, liberal or Marxist dogma have been greeted by book reviewers with almost total silence. Published in 1973 by Pergamon Press. Softcover, 482 pages, index, \$15.

The Conquest of a Continent by Madison Grant. The classic work on American racial history. The author, beginning with the founding of the colonies by Northern Europeans, examines the genetic components of every state in the U.S. and every country in the Western Hemisphere. By making race his central theme, Grant enriches his pages with events and trends that have escaped the attention of conformist historians. Hardcover, 393 pages, index, \$15.

Race by Dr. John R. Baker. The world-renowned Oxford biologist has assembled almost all the available physiological and historical evidence to prove that races differ mentally as well as physically. It provides the reader with the excited feeling that he has discovered a whole new fund of knowledge, almost a secret knowledge, since the facts have been kept from him for so long. There are many keys to history -- Toynbee's, Spengler's, Marx's, Freud's -- but surely it is time to have a book that may well provide the master key. Softcover reprint of the 1974 Oxford University Press edition, 625 pages, profusely illustrated, bibliography, index, \$10.

Toward a New Science of Man by Robert Lenski. One of the greatest living constitutional psychologists explores the deeply rooted biological forces which underlie white despair and disintegration by quoting from and commenting on the wisdom of the ages. The search for behavioral causes of decline uncovers many little-known relationships: eye color and reactivity; social mobility and fertility; somatotype and personality; human beauty and symmetry. Some 2,000 quotations from over 500 great writers on such all-important (and often neglected) topics as Nationalism, Parasitism, Dominance, Shame, Sexual Selection, Migration, the Nature of Conflict, and "all the ideologically hot subjects of our day." Softcover, 251 pages, illustrated, index, \$10.

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