

δύστανε μοίρας, ὅσον παροίχει.

Instauration®

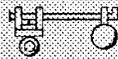
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OCTOBER 1991



IVAN
THE
TERRIBLE
WAS
TERRIBLY
RUSSIAN

The Safety Valve



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

□ *Instauration* should thank a Jewish racist like the unspeakable Alan Dershowitz, the chattering choragus of chutzpah, for making its task easier.

288

□ It is an error to describe South African Cape Coloureds as mulattoes. They do not remotely resemble such creatures. The Coloureds are essentially a cross between Hottentots and the Malay slaves of the old Dutch East India Co., plus a dash of white blood mainly from passing seamen.

South African subscriber

□ The Jews will change sides if they think it is in their interest. Don't forget that they were already cooperating with the Italian fascists on the Palestine issue during WWII. Don't forget that Zionist and SS negotiators arranged to let numerous young Jews go to Palestine in return for 10,000 American lorries. It was the American government that turned down the plan. Note also that Austria's Dr. Kreisky had good grounds for accusing Simon Wiesenthal of being a stool pigeon for the Gestapo. We don't need the Jews as allies—ever. They always parasitise their friends.

Austrian subscriber

□ I recently met two professors from Michigan State University. They told me about a lesbian feminist professor who is insisting that a new position for her female lover be created in the English dept. I said that they had better consult the *Karma Sutra*. They were highly amused, but told me that I would be out on my ear if I made politically incorrect jokes of that kind at Michigan State.

485

□ The Italian clothing manufacturer, Benetton seems to have stores in every mall in the nation. Among its ads I've found most offen-

sive: the black child and the white child, seated on potties kissing each other; the black hand on the pregnant white woman's belly. At any rate, their admen have finally offended types with more clout than I have. One ad depicts a priest kissing—get ready for this—a nun! (Guess which group flexed its ecclesiastic muscle over that transgression!) The other, which wrinkled my nose a bit more, reportedly shows a newborn complete with placenta and umbilical cord. Benetton is doing its bit in our rush to maximum tastelessness.

190

□ Why is it that the stiffer the upper lip, the more smug and socially conservative a region, the more likely it is to hitch its star to the lib-min establishment?

Canadian subscriber

□ I have photocopied and distributed fairly widely the booklist that appears from time to time on the last page of *Instauration*. Some recipients have actually smiled and welcomed the leaflet. Minds are changing.

481

□ In the people's republic of Cambridge (MA) no mailbox is safe from fag propaganda fliers. Complaints to the postmaster have no effect, even though it is illegal to deface federal property and though the authorities know exactly whom to approach. The poofs always leave the name of their org: Queer Nation. The postal authorities are afraid that even a slap on the wrist would be considered gay bashing.

021

□ You have no idea how much I look forward to the wit and info I get out of *Instauration*. There are always at least 30 people behind me reading it.

758

□ I was taken to see *Robin Hood*, one of last summer's extravaganzas, by a friend who wanted to see how Kevin Costner handled the title role originated by Errol Flynn back in the 30s. Oh, what major script and role changes have come about to suit our politically correct age! KC first encounters a Moor in a Saracen prison during the Crusades and helps him escape, thereby earning his loyalty and eternal gratitude. Who be dat Moor? No lighter (forgive the pun) artillery than Morgan Freeman! He accompanies Robin Hood to Sherwood Forest where the puzzled residents, who have never seen a black, are so bold as to ask him from time to time if he is "painted." Once more, I deeply resent Hollywood's revision of a classic story and am even more resentful of being manipulated—along with a vast audience of untutored children. Hitler well knew the value of propaganda. For a group that professes so stridently to detest him, the Hollywood crowd is doing a bang-up job of filling his Nazi boot-steps!

445

□ I happen to like some kinds of "black" music, particularly when it is played by whites. So I allowed myself to be talked into a recent con-

cert by James Brown and Little Richard in Atlanta. I guess I was depravedly curious about Jaillbird Brown and "bisexual" Richard. At the beginning of the concert they played (I kid you not) the *Black National Anthem*! It was a great bore, even to the 85% Afro-American audience. Then Little Richard got up with his virtually all-white band and actually apologized for having only one black. (He himself appears to be Hispanic.) His was the only good act; all the other bands (all-black, each and every one) frankly stunk, including James Brown, on whom half the crowd walked out. Atlanta-based, New-Southy Delta Airlines put on this bummer. I and my girlfriend were almost deafened by the noise level, which literally pained our eardrums (a warning of hearing damage) and by the rank obesity of both crowd and performers, especially the lead singers. Not a hint of yuppie slim-and-trimness. These people don't even try not to look gross.

200

□ The basic philosophy of the U.S. government is to take from the productive to give to the lazy—at home and abroad. No wonder our standard of living stopped growing a decade ago. How long before us slaves rebel?

159

□ The U.C. Berkeley American Cultures requirement, implicit in its very title and approach, is that there is no such thing as an "American culture." As it spreads among our universities, this assumption could become a self-fulfilling prophecy, one that puts the social cohesion of the nation at risk.

941

□ In 1968 the newly elected, charismatic Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, sickened by the uniformly white Christian character of the Canadian population, embarked on his crusade to achieve what he fondly described as "racial balance" in Canada. At first he was thwarted by the Immigration Act which gave preference to people who could readily be assimilated. He soon eliminated these roadblocks by placing left-wing cronies in charge, following which tens of thousands of blacks swarmed in from the West Indies, while highly qualified Britons and Europeans were turned back. Although the

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demoralized electorate finally saw what Trudeau was up to and put him out, he was succeeded by a "Conservative" government which is so pro-coloured immigration that it makes Trudeau look like a right-wing radical. Despite intensive brainwashing the normally wimpish Canadian white male is beginning to recognize the threat. Every day brings news of new black-white confrontations. The tension is rapidly escalating.

Canadian subscriber

□ Consider the murder of Rabbi Meir Kahane! Did anyone care? I don't care. The Mongolians burned down a synagogue? So what? Akeem the Dream gets paid \$6 million a year. Somebody painted a swastika on Abe Foxman's house. Who cares? Not me! My mortgage payment is due. Israel kills, maims or arrests thousands of Palestinians each year. So what? My team is in the big game tonight, and I bought a new hat.

775

□ Ex-Surgeon General Koop's statement that it's practically impossible to get AIDS during a surgery or dental operation is utter baloney. I've talked to a friend who's a surgeon. He says the slightest nick during surgery—a common occurrence—or bleeding gums during dentistry will open a path for the infection. Koop is a liar.

177

□ Even in Victoria (B.C.), a city known for its "Britishness," the Chosenites and their WASP renegade friends wield great influence.

Canadian subscriber

□ This is what your kids are watching on MTV, from the Pet Shop Boys' current hit video, *Jealousy*: A beautiful young white girl poured into a skin-tight mini-sheath enters a posh restaurant with her arm draped around the posterior of her young white male companion. Soon she ogles a Mike Tyson clone seated across the room, inviting him with a come-hither look to follow her to the lavatory. There she takes him into a toilet stall. Now come graphic scenes of him slobbering all over her as their legs interlock. With TV dripping pure poison daily into tens of thousands of American households, the wonder is that our country has not yet collapsed entirely.

304

□ I agree with your reasoning regarding Instauration keeping a low profile. Better to conduct a stealthy guerrilla campaign than to mount a hopeless Pickett's charge against the ignorant. I just feel sorry for all the closet Instaurationists who have heard dark rumors about the magazine's existence, but who have been unable to locate a copy. I feel even worse about the great unwashed mass of people who do not even know the magazine exists. Our day will come, however. The day before the Russian revolution the chief of the Czar's secret police probably passed his evening daydreaming about how he would spend his retirement pay.

802

□ Might we not disregard German-born British philologist Friedrich Max Müller's strictures

of a century ago and, once again, refer to our glorious ancestors as Aryans? To say that this is a term pertaining only to linguistics is to fall into an obviously baited trap, for the term Indo-European is also defined by modern experts in much the same way. Max Müller should have realized that words have histories. If we decide to employ the word Aryan to denote an ethnic taxon, we will change the word's history—perhaps our own.

117

□ Whatever gave your contributor the idea that Othello was a Negro? And I wonder whether he knows the meaning of "black man" in British idiom. The phrase was used as late as c. 1960 by Agatha Christie in one of her detective stories with its correct meaning, i.e., a white man with black hair and a swarthy or sunburned complexion. That usage arose naturally among a population in which black hair and swarthy skin were very rare, and at a time when Negroes were either quasi-legendary inhabitants of a distant land or bizarre creatures which few had ever glimpsed. Othello was a Moor (*Maurus*), a Semite or Berber from northern Africa, who may or may not have had some admixture of Congoid blood, but who was a "black man" in the sense which I have indicated. See the introduction to that play in the Oxford edition of the tragedies, edited by Craig, et al., c. 1912; frequently reprinted.

618

□ Instauration becomes more compelling each month. It is unique in American publishing. Without it I would be a lonely fellow.

669

□ The Duke Fest in New Orleans this past July 4 was really a blast. The crowd was a thrill to behold—so many beautiful young women that I hardly knew where to look next. David Duke really knows how to throw a party: good food, live music, reporters with camcorders, feds with telephoto cameras, snooping police. It was great. I'll be back next year.

577

□ Casual friends seem to delight in telling me how bad the white man was to the Indians. They prattle on and on about the wickedness perpetrated on those noble Native Americans. They know all the facts because they saw *Dancing with Wolves*. But I get the last laugh by stating that since they do not care how many Iraqis Bush killed, I see no reason to care about the dead Indians.

292

□ One occasionally reads some silly things in your publication, and the article on Renoir and Pissarro (August 1991) ranks among the silliest. Your critic Richard Swartzbaugh seems to say that an artist who puts paint on the canvas in little dots rather than long brush strokes is tainted with Marxism, leveling tendencies and related evils. What about artists from earlier eras who put on paint in such a way that the brush strokes were invisible? It seems to me that if the white race is so great, its members, especially those who aspire to critique art, literature and music, ought to be able to recognize great talent and render homage to it, without carping about the supposed racial origins

of its creators. Personally, I would take any painting of Pissarro—early or late, pointillist or not—over Renoir's syrupy portraits and ridiculous waxy nudes. Of all the Impressionists, he is the most overrated; at the end of his career he got really stale. Pissarro, on the other hand, spent his last years bravely going in a new direction, as did Monet. Most of the Impressionists considered Pissarro a kind father figure. He painted with and gave advice to a great many of them, and helped a couple of his fellow artists in their struggle with depression and alcoholism, two demons he himself faced with considerable courage over his long and prolific career. Renoir, on the other hand, seems to have been a rather disagreeable and self-righteous character. And, as the article states, it certainly didn't bother him to take money from the Parisian Jews he professed to hate, especially the particularly objectionable Misia Natanson, whom he painted on numerous occasions.

Nordic female

□ A state official in Austin (TX) resigned his seat overnight after being accused of a racial slur, which was uttered, not in the presence of a Negro, but in the presence of another white man. The offender denied he said it, so it's his word against the other guy's. No one was insulted even if he did say it, since no one knew of the incident until the other white guy chose to go public with it. So we have a case of "no harm, no foul" causing a man to resign from public office, while people accused of all sorts of chicanery—financial, moral, sexual, ethical—are still among us as "public servants," even if they do occasionally get a slap on the wrist. If this poor guy in Austin is forced to resign instanter because of what he allegedly said, then a good many of his colleagues down there should be shot on sight for their misdeeds.

800

□ There have been quite a large number of rapes and murders committed by black men around the Berkeley campus against white women. The Feminazis (as Rush Limbaugh likes to call them) have organized "fight rape, take back the night" rallies and hysteria fests that blame rape on "the white male power structure" and similar bogies. Naturally, being the good ideological robots that they are, they keep away from the issue of race, though it is there as plain as day for all to see.

945

□ Quite a contrast between Instauration and National Review in their remembrance of Greta Garbo (1905-1990). Instauration made a simple, graceful tribute to "the supernatural presence that faithfully mirrored all the beauty of the most beautiful race." NR came on like a banal, Hollywood pitchman: "Greta Garbo RIP...The single word 'Garbo' defined a whole era in movie history..." The different characters of the two journals were evident.

Canadian subscriber

□ Instauration should have one female and one male Majority Renegade each month, with the Renegade of the Year chosen from the monthly winners.

902

Is another Ivan the Terrible waiting in the wings?

Russian “Democracy” Is a Non-Starter

Russia is always good for a laugh, a tear or a revolution. Slavic genius produced one of the great, great writers—Dostoyevsky, whose works were banned during much of the Bolshevik period and whose anti-Semitism (viz. *The Diary of a Writer*) would land him in jail in Western Europe, if he were around today, and it would cost him his livelihood in the contemporary U.S.

Slavic stupidity was one important cause of the Russian Revolution—almost as important as the deadly prole brew of Marxist, Leninist and Stalinist appeals to man’s lowest instincts.

Still Russia, with or without all or some of its satellite republics, remains a superpower. Anyone who disagrees must discount the 30,000 nuclear bombs of varying destructive power—from factory busters and city busters to (if the U.S. is the target) state busters. Even with the Soviet Union in pieces, the Russian republic will retain its superpower status. It will still have a population of nearly 150 million and a land mass of 6,592,800 sq. mi., compared to the 3,618,770 sq. mi. of the U.S.

Western liberals are rejoicing at the turn of events in Russia. They actually believe that dyed-in-the-wool Communists, all of whose adult years were spent serving a gang of despots, will shed their ideology (religion) as easily as they shed their wives and unborn babies in quickie Russian divorces and quickie Russian abortions. They actually believe that a stony-faced apparatchik like Gorbachev’s one-time foreign minister, Eduard Shevardnadze, who in his youth wrote a poem honoring Stalin, has had a genuine change of heart and that opportunism has played no part in his well-timed conversion to everything he had built his career opposing.

Western liberalism dives even further into irrationality by thinking that people who have had no experience whatsoever with democracy are going to peacefully set up and peacefully support a government hardly distinguishable from what passes for a political system in Paris, London and Washington.

There is nary a trace of any democratic predisposition in the Russian soul. When Russia is in tumult—as it is now and as it has often been in the past—almost anything can happen. Whatever turns up, it won’t be democracy. What goes around comes around. Russians have been addicted to autocrats for more than a millennium and to autocratic commissars for nearly three-quarters of a century.

A few years from now, when the liberal bleatings on the front pages of the N.Y. Times and Washington Post are safely buried on microfilm, the media will probably be both surprised and horrified to find that Russia is once again under some monolithic ruler who slaughters his people or perhaps several monolithic rulers who slaughter each others’ people as well as their own. It is fitting to recall that no Western country has ever had a monarch

called Edward or Louis or Wilhelm “the Terrible.” Ivan IV, who bore that unamiable moniker, was the archetypical Russian czar who evoked many sympathetic noises in the Stalinist period. He was also held in fairly high esteem by the motley crew that tried to pull off that pathetic 76-hour putsch. We may be sure that a wiser and tougher bunch will try again in the future, possibly with more success. Neo-Stalinists won’t cease ruing the loss of communism. Chauvinists won’t cease ruing the loss of empire. The people will want bread. When they don’t get it, they will back one of the first charlatans or would-be Bonapartists who promises them more than an intermittent crust.

It is now holy scripture in the West that democracy is the only permissible form of government. In spite of its sacrosanct status, it is not doing too well these days. Crime mounts. Inflation creeps. Pollution dirties. Morality sinks. Art becomes an obscene eyesore. The more democracy abounds, the worse things get. In Russia even the first fitful stirrings towards democracy are compounding, not easing, the economic problems. Owing to Western influences, the possibility that a few decent, intelligent, dedicated men cannot rule better than a hungry mob of muzhiks is deemed pure heresy.

The solution to what ails Russia is not democracy, not putting on a political puppet show that mimics the West, but an intelligently run authoritarian state that brings out the greatness of the Russian people, not their baseness. The long-term answer is a breakup into independent states or ethnostates whose independence is justified by their citizens’ racial and cultural uniqueness and singularity.

There was a time when democracy worked in the U.S.—the time of a homogeneous, mainly WASP, population. When homogeneity goes, as it has gone, democracy becomes a racket, with the most racist groups—blacks, Jews, Hispanics—battling for the biggest slice of the economic and cultural pie, as the Majority disintegrates into powerlessness and is only saved from outright dispossession by the inertia that slows up the extinction of any large social order.

Genuine democracy has a genetic base. The founding fathers of the U.S. had the gene. Pseudo-democracy, the kind now riding high in the West, is a cultural perversion of the genetic inheritance, which is lost when the core population becomes vitiated or outnumbered. Let the Russian DNA be searched from one strand of the double helix to the other. It’s a safe bet that any democratic gene will be conspicuously absent.

The pandering preachers of democracy in the West might remember that all Russians, living and dead, have gone through incredibly hard times. The survivors and those to come may have even harder times awaiting them. Russians have hit bottom several times before in their blood-soaked past, and have bounced back several times. It

will take even more disasters than they are currently facing to do them in for good.

As for the United States, it has not yet hit bottom, but it is getting closer every day. When it hits, it may not bounce back, because the only people who could do the bouncing, the people who built the country from scratch and who ruled it until a half-century or so ago, will no longer be around in sufficient numbers.

The Russian racial core is consolidating as the satellite republics are cast loose. A most hopeful sign. The American racial core is disappearing and being replaced with motley population groups who have had as little experience with democracy as the Russians have had. A most distressful sign.

Geography and racial-cultural boundaries already in place will aid the Russians in their devolution. American Majority members, strewn about the country in suburbs and distant boondocks, won't have such an advantage—which makes the establishment of ethnostates much more difficult, if not impossible. Chances are that the U.S. in 50 years will bear some resemblance to the Russia of today.

An Ivan the Terrible appears when a state is *in extremis* and needs an iron-fisted leader who is brutally immoral and totally intolerant of tolerance. Russians have already had several such strongmen. America's first Ivan, if he should ever materialize, is not due till the first third or middle of the 21st century. When he comes, any comparison with Russia's Ivan IV will not be invidious.

Bonfire of the Ideologies

There has not been a king or dictator in the U.S. since 1776, though Franklin D. Roosevelt came pretty close. There has not been any democracy either. Democracy is one of those fantasy words that describes something that can never happen. The masses can never rule because they haven't the foggiest idea of what the alternatives are, let alone the ability to make sensible choices.

The ruling class in the U.S. has evolved with time and technology. Merchants in the North and plantation owners in the South dominated the country until 1865. American culture peaked during the reign of the Robber Barons (1865-1933). The Cathedrals of Capitalism were the great train stations.

Some of the old Robber Baron families aspired to the patina of respectability and even deification accorded to the aristocracies of ancient lands. But they were basically weak, and many members of the second or third generation were prone to petty vices. Their power was based on money, not land. Money is very fluid, going where it will and showing no loyalty to any man.

This single-minded pursuit of money increased the instability of the Robber Barons' rule. Massive immigration was used to fill the sweatshops of the growing industries, expanding the potential for ethnic and class conflicts beyond those already established in the British Isles and the Old South. A semblance of stability was achieved by the Ku Klux Klan in the South restraining the blacks and the state militias elsewhere suppressing minor insurrections euphemistically called "strikes."

The Great Depression that started late in 1929 soon ended the shaky empire of the Robber Barons. Unlike Austria-Hungary, the American Empire was not dismantled. The New Deal replaced the Robber Baron aristocracy with a bureaucracy. Big Business increasingly was run by managers rather than entrepreneurs. Formal ownership was transferred to an army of anonymous and powerless stockholders. Political power followed a similar path. Voting was extended to the broad, uneducated masses and hence became a meaningless exercise. "Mob rule" does not mean the mob rules, but rather the rule of those who have the

power to manipulate the mob.

The American socio-political system is quite complex. There is no rigid hierarchy, so no one knows precisely who is above and who is below. Government agencies, elected officials, the judiciary, corporations and special interest groups vie for power and prestige in a game with rules so complex as to be meaningless. These rules comprise "The Law," which makes law school a prime path to the Mandarin Caste. Accounting or other business school studies, engineering, and science are possible routes, but most people with such training remain in second-tier positions as specialists.

You can identify a true Mandarin by the way he (or she) hops from one high-level position to another, regardless of the type of activity involved or whether the organization is public, nonprofit or private. Mandarins do not dot i's or cross t's, draft contracts, putter around in a lab or program computers. Mandarins make the important decisions, such as the ethnic composition of the country, who gets how big a slice of the national pie, what is "moral" and what is taboo, and everything else that really counts.

The masses get to select the clowns that entertain them by filling up elected offices. It's like television with only two channels: Democrats on the left side of the dial and Republicans on the right. To prove there is "free speech," a few neo-Nazis and unrepentant Maoist Communists are allowed to mouth off. Since the Nazis are supposed to want to kill off one-half the population and the Maoists the other half, this makes almost everybody feel good about The Establishment.

Communism failed because it tried to regulate everything down to the last detail. Even the tiniest enterprise like a newsstand had to be a state industry. There were no incentives except to climb the party hierarchy. Not just the idle rich, but everybody belonged to the parasitic class. The words of Marx and Lenin were gospel. Not even a murmur of dissent was permitted. The secret police had to watch everybody at every moment. The Almighty State was overwhelmed by the need to make the most trivial decisions.

The American Mandarin Caste is far more effective. The

power elite concentrates on the *important decisions*. There is absolutely no debate about anything of real significance. You are free to choose whether you want American or Swiss on your cheeseburger, but you have less influence over the most vital aspects of national life than the most downtrodden peasant in the days of Stalin's Soviet Union. You can read dissenting opinions and often find supporting factors on the back pages of the newspapers, but they are not of any consequence. The mob only hears the voice that shouts the loudest.

Ideally the American people would be governed by the Mandarins the way a good farmer manages his animals—for maximum sustained yield. This is what Plato had in mind when he designed his Ideal State. The Philosopher Kings would be a noble bureaucracy that would make all the decisions. The masses would be treated kindly, like so many dairy cows, and milked on a regular basis. The U.S. version of *Animal Farm* does not work that smoothly.

Without a rigid hierarchy there is an endless battle for power and prestige. Money definitely counts, especially since it reduces the motivation to steal or take bribes, which occasionally can lead to embarrassing incidents such as jail sentences. While the masses worship overpaid athletes and trashy entertainers, the Mandarins engage in endless intrigues.

Most of those who seek the presidency have a poor self-image and need a title and instant access to a helicopter to feel good about themselves. Exceptions have been FDR, who was a Robber Baron turncoat and Mandarin revolutionary, and George Bush, America's answer to Caesar Augustus. Cabinet officers, CEOs of major corporations, and even a few academics, are the top of the Mandarin Caste that cycles through the "revolving doors" of business, government and other institutions. Just below them are hordes of political appointees, vice presidents in charge of something-or-other, and an assortment of other bigwigs such as foundation executives.

The Mandarins like to think of themselves as a "Meritocracy." They have power, supposedly, because they have the intelligence and expertise of Philosopher Kings. However, their real skills lie in power brokering and intrigue, not management or decision making. Few are as dull as the average citizen; fewer still are exceptional in any way. Their primary talent lies in finding out what the people above them want to hear. When a problem comes up, they immediately delegate it to the appropriate technocrat. In case of serious failure, blame the Japanese, some Third World dictator or the "insensitivity" of society.

During very brief periods a king, dictator or emperor may exercise considerable clout. The feudal aristocracy retained some power in Europe for many centuries as long as agriculture dominated the economy. Scheming kings worked to centralize power through wars, threats and bribes. The primary force, however, was the growth of commerce and urbanization. Real control passed into the hands of the central bureaucracy. In some countries the king (or emperor) was simply dismissed as irrelevant (France, Germany, Russia), but in others monarchy has been retained as a quaint curiosity (Britain, Sweden, Japan). In no case did power

ever pass into the hands of "the people," least of all under the banners of socialism or communism.

During the first century or so of the U.S. the people had a rare amount of freedom, though little power. This was due more to the low population density than any virtues of the Constitution or other institutions. For the isolated farmers and ranchers in the West, Washington and its scheming were as irrelevant as the King of Siam. But today Americans are just numbers in the computers of the IRS and other government agencies, whether they are farmers in the boon-docks or civil service bureaucrats. The country is totally *wired* from coast to coast, and the Mandarins pull the strings or, should we say, "manage the data bases."

There are over 100 nations on planet Earth, most now in the UN. They range from the Stone Age to the Space Age in their cultures and technology. But there is only one important political question to ask about each, "How good is the Mandarin Caste?" France has lots of polish, but not much competence. Britain is similar, but somehow more moribund. Germany and Japan have less style, but are better at getting things done. The U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are quite mediocre, each in its own peculiar way. The rest of the world contains few surprises.

When a ruling class goes bad, as in France in the 18th century, Russia in the 19th, and the U.S. in the 20th, there is not much to do but sit and wait for it to self-destruct. The dull-witted and cowardly masses will "rise up" only after life has become so difficult that they have little to lose. Revolutions only overthrow governments after they have collapsed almost totally and cannot maintain even a semblance of order.

In the U.S. in the past 58 years the record of the Mandarins points to one disaster after another. What had been a promising new Western nation has been turned into another Brazil. America's temporary technical and financial dominance were the gifts of Adolf Hitler, however unintended. Russia was set back by Lenin's socialism, and Russia, Japan and Germany by Hitler's imprudent wars. (Napoleon had been a similar disaster for France.) The U.S. inherited much of Europe's technical expertise and many of its global markets. But the Mandarins here have squandered the Führer's boon on internal political intrigue, inefficient infrastructure and esoteric social experiments. Many of the once bountiful resources of the North American continent also have been wasted.

There is nothing that can be done to speed up the demise of the Mandarins. Even if there were, there is no guarantee that what replaced them would be an iota better. All that can be done is to examine the real problem seriously and not look for some mythical salvation from yet another vacuous ideology dreamed up by hare-brained intellectuals. The only way to keep a Mandarin Caste responsible is to identify it and what it is doing and not let it blame its crimes on the helpless masses through some rhetorical device such as "socialism" or "democracy."

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The Jew of Malta

Although Christopher Marlowe's brilliant play was enormously popular for generations after its first performance in London in or about 1589, it is not entirely surprising to learn that the last major production of the drama in England was in 1964, on the 400th anniversary of the playwright's birth. Prior to this, with the minor exception of a performance by the Phoenix Society in 1923, we have to go back a staggering 150 years to find a time when this great work was last in vogue!

This spring the Royal Shakespeare Company revived something that passed for the play, performing it in repertory at the Barbican Theatre, following a successful season at Stratford, which began in July of last year. Apparently the theatre-going public has been judged to be sufficiently "well conditioned" to attend a bowdlerized version of the drama.

A concrete and metal rabbit warren, the Barbican Theatre, owned by the Corporation of London, is a perversely suitable venue for this tale of usury and betrayal. The new production, directed by Barry Kyle, has won the praise of critics for its blunting of the rougher edges of Marlowe's otherwise unacceptable "anti-Semitism." Indeed, Barabas, the villainous Jew, emerges from this version almost as much sinned against as sinning—the intended impression being that there was little difference between the behaviour and morals of Christians and Jews. This feat of disinformation was accomplished by allowing Barabas a number of humorous ad libs, and the juxtaposition of props (such as filled coffers) with Gentile characters, thus emphasising the hypocrisy of the Christians when they decry Jewish avarice. The production can also be perceived as an attempt to turn what was originally a tragic farce into pure burlesque, to turn what was originally a cautionary tale into an evening's entertainment for the liberal arts-loving, theatre-going public. Even so, there are moments when the audience's amusement at Barabas's clowning changes to incredulity and confusion. Try as the director might, the underlying genius of Marlowe's penmanship shines through. One particularly delicious moment for observing this metamorphosis came as Barabas's well-known soliloquy draws to a close (*Act II, Scene III*):

Then after that I was an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the gaols with bankrouns in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals,
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.

It is impossible not to contrast the expert, professional greed of Barabas with the more spontaneous and incompe-

tent covetousness of the Christians. It is also made clear that Barabas's greed is purely self-serving, not racial (*Act V, Scene III*):

And he from whom my most advantage comes
Shall be my friend.

Even Barabas's own daughter Abigail is little more than a possession, to use and if necessary take terrible revenge upon. But still, Barabas is aware of his wider identity (*Act I, Scene I*):

They say we are a scatter'd nation:
I cannot tell; but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;

Barabas sees himself as being part of a wider community of co-religionists, each at odds with, but prospering from, his host community, and all prepared to treat with invaders if a better deal can be so struck. Finally, Barabas betrays Malta to the Turks, and his reward is his appointment as Governor. But, as he explains, this is not a satisfactory outcome for him (*Act V, Scene II*):

For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Aesop speaketh of
That labours with a load of bread and wine
And leaves it off the snap on thistle-tops.

Barabas would rather have a pliant Gentile take on the onerous responsibilities of government, while he sits back in the shade making money. He hopes the deposed Governor Ferneze will fit the bill, and tells him (*Act V, Scene III*):

Thou seest my life and Malta's happiness
Are at my arbitrement; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both.

Clearly thoughts of good government do not enter into it! Malta becomes a possession to be bartered. Barabas, though domiciled in Malta, is a true citizen of the world! He repeatedly says that it does not matter if he lies to Christians. This is reinforced by his repeated asides to the audience or to Abigail, the only other major Jewish character—asides that show his contempt for those amongst whom he lives and prospers.

The last and, perhaps for the purpose of Marlowe's play, most significant aspect of Barabas's psyche is his terrifying propensity for vengeance. Everyone who crosses his

path is either poisoned or provoked into a deadly quarrel. Even his own daughter becomes the target of his wrath, for the unpardonable sin of falling in love with a Christian and then becoming a nun when Barabas disposes of her suitor (*Act III, Scene IV*):

Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,
Be bless'd of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse.

It must be explained that it was for a long time a common literary motif for the unsympathetically portrayed Jew to have a daughter, who through the love of a Gentile sincerely adopts the Christian faith. Perhaps the last example of this was Isaac and Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

In contrast, Barabas's antagonists, while far from perfect, are made more human by their failings. Ferneze al-

was that Abigail had returned his affections. Barabas hates Lodowick since he is Ferneze's son. In the Royal Shakespeare Company production Lodowick becomes an upper-class twit, and a coward to boot!

Two monks, Jacomo and Bernardine, are the only Christians to succumb fully to the temptations of riches. Barabas plays them off against each other until they both meet a sticky end. However, in this instance Marlowe is clearly attacking the corruption of the Roman Catholic Church, a common theme in late Elizabethan England.

Even a courtesan and a thief, who attempt to extort money from Barabas by blackmail, show that they are aware of their wider social responsibilities. When the enormity of Barabas's murderous activities becomes apparent, they turn him in and so forego the possibility of enjoying his treasure. Barabas cunningly wiggles out of this predicament and tries to play off the Christians against the Turks to his own advantage. However, true to the moral tradition, he finally comes to grief in a boiling cauldron—a trap he sets for others. Even while roasting in the grasp of death, Barabas cries out his hatred (*Act V, Scene V*):

And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have bought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christians, dogs and Turkish infidels.

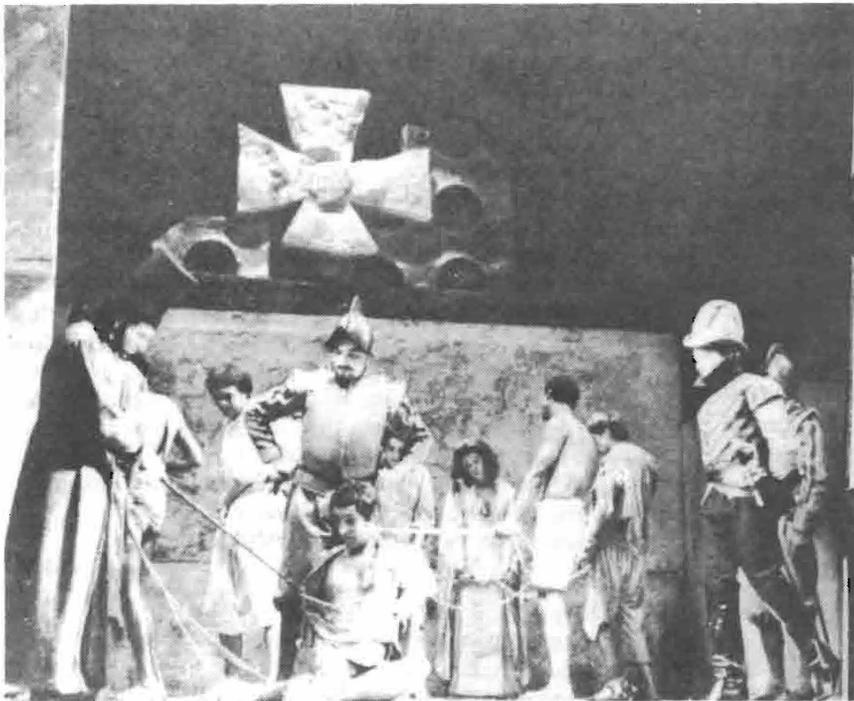
There are those who claim that Marlowe knew very little about Jews and their customs. Nothing could be further from the truth. It's true that no professed Jew was to be found in the Merrie England of Good Queen Bess. But Marlowe had travelled widely on the Continent, engaging in secret business for his government, for which he won handsome reward from the Royal Treasury.

Furthermore, Marlowe's portrait of Barabas is clearly defined. We find little or no religious "anti-Semitism" of the "Christ-killer" variety. A closer examination of the play than is possible in this brief review would reveal an infinite number of subtleties, which build up to form an intricate portrait of what Marlowe clearly believed to have been Jewish traits. Barabas is no mere bogey man, labelled "The Jew of Malta," for the sake of

convenience.

How long will it be before this play is again revived? Although the RSC production was hugely entertaining, a performance true to Marlowe's original intentions will certainly have to await the advent of healthier political climes, when such a great theatrical work will no longer be taboo!

The above article by Eric Butler, slightly edited for American readers, appeared originally in Spearhead, the monthly publication of John Tyndall, leader of the British National Party. For those who might wish to subscribe to Spearhead, its address is P. O. Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW. A year's subscription surface mail (12 issues) is \$30.



Barabas buys a Gentile slave

ways acts with the wider interests of Malta uppermost in his mind, although he is hardly cast in the heroic mould. When the Turks demand tribute from the island, he imposes on the Jews the burden of payment. After all, they hold all the liquid assets and made their fortunes from a trade that could only thrive under the regulation and protection of the civil power. It could hardly be an act of extortion to expect these Jews to be forthcoming in a time of need. When a Spaniard offers help in repelling the Turks, Ferneze summons up some courage and resolves to turn Malta into a bastion of Christendom.

The friends, Don Mathias and Don Lodowick, are set at odds and mutual destruction by Barabas, not for gold, but because they were Abigail's rival suitors. Mathias's "crime"

The Worth of an Angel

Much ink has been spilled in *Instauration* in recent months concerning the fate, worth, care and handling of “angels”—those impish, sun-haired fauna of the Northern world who arouse in us such passion and protectiveness. I wish (yes, again) to say something about these quasi-supernatural creatures and about the extent to which we as racial activists should go to ensure their safety and ours.

In my “Horned Angel” piece (Aug. 1990), I never meant to offload the whole weight of our current racial misfortune on *The Beautiful Nordic Woman*. I have only asked that she be given her proper share of the blame and that we do not fall prey to a falsely grounded rescue fantasy in characterizing her situation. There is truth, like it or not, in the smug words of black activist television host Tony Brown when he says that the white woman is often a very willing racial “victim.” With this I have no quarrel. What I oppose is the assumption that every white woman must “want it.” And when it comes to the celebration of white womanhood, I would like to see less emphasis on our cover girls and more on our wives, mothers, teachers and artists. Less on Cheryl Tiegs, so to speak, and more on Margaret Sanger. The angel, like beautiful women the world over, is prone to failures that stem largely from her own unmerited deification. Often she has less to offer than has the woman of an earthier and less exalted physical inheritance. She is not evil or even innately exhibitionist; far from it. But she is—frequently, I contend—spoiled rotten.

This does not mean that I advocate pacifism in response to the mistreatment of any white woman, be it street-jive pimp harassment or the daily indoctrination aimed at her racial and psychic dissolution. In fact, I go further than most *Instaurationists*. For one thing, I have never understood the reluctance of some of our folk to delve into what should be a proper and viable answer to violence. For what is it, after all, that makes meaningful responses objectionable? Is it that persons—or innocent persons, perhaps—are apt to be hurt? Surely persons (and innocent ones especially) can be hurt as much by a policy of nonresistance or by any policy requiring them to respect the lives of aggressors who do not bother to respect theirs. If pain, injury, or injustice is the ill to be avoided, then an inhibited response to aggression may fare just as badly as one that is full-bore. Other objections (say, that violence is morally presumptuous, or that its ends are uncertain) are open to similar rejoinders.

One *Instaurationist* wrote a couple of years ago, in a very insightful piece, that he did not advocate violence, but predicted it. Some hyperthyroid types on our side may advocate violence for its own sake. What I advocate is survival. By this I do not mean wanton brutality, blanket terrorism, anarchy per se or viciousness. But I believe that law—be it civil, state or federal—is subservient to principle, and that principle warrants self-defense.

As to particular strategy, more can be said another time. There is, of course, a great difference between merely talking about change and making it happen. For the moment I want only to stir in a few receptive readers the thought that the literal shielding of their sisters and daughters from alien aggression is no longer something merely to be fancied or debated in the mind’s eye. Current antiwhite violence is not only a fact. It is a foretaste of certain disaster. The question remains as to what we can allow ourselves by way of response.

Last, may I add, I was quite struck by the cover of the August *Instauration*. For on it is portrayed an angel—a likeness strangely

like that of my own mother in her youth, before a life of unending hardship had fully taken its toll. An angel, indeed, the likes of which this world may rarely see again. Not a debutante, mind you, nor a photo fantasy in the service of some well-financed peddler of adolescent wet dreams; rather, a woman who labored from childhood to raise her own siblings, and who developed both varicose veins and heart trouble while still awaiting her first courtship.

Pictured on that cover is a real life victim, a creature who will require our protection as the present alien coalition of media and government continues to head off (via mind control, forced race-blending, “hate crime” legislation, et al.) our efforts toward racial survival. Make no mistake about it. In time, and given our present direction, our women, angelic or not so angelic, will be not only sought after, but hunted like animals in the street by predators who will have them for the taking. Those who think otherwise would do well to research what happened to German women at the end of WWII.

Is this fair and beautiful creature, then, really worth saving? Bet your soul on it.

A.F. SVENSON

Zip 752 Sounds Off on Angels

I am growing a bit weary of Richard McCulloch’s ramblings about angels. This guy has a worse blonde fetish than the richest Jew or the blackest professional athlete. Look, I’m as concerned about the future of the race as anybody, but I don’t think it’s helpful to put NAPS (Nordic-American Princesses) on a pedestal. Here in Texas, we have plenty of such females. They know they’ve got that in-demand look and they never forget it. The state beauty pageant overflows with them. Every day at 5:00 they pour out of office towers all over Dallas and Houston. But because they are so pampered, the object of veneration not only by their racial brethren but also by the state’s numerous browns and blacks, they can often be insufferable. Stuck-up was the word I heard most often in college. As has frequently been remarked in the pages of *Instauration*, they are the ones most likely to cross over to the dark side. So let’s stop flattering them. Let’s hear it for the Alpine and Mediterranean women among us.

Look, I know genes are important, but when they are contained in a dumbed-down American package, maybe it’s time to consider the cultural component. I happen to work with a young woman from Italy with the usual off-white Mediterranean look. But with her old world charm, intelligence and background, she would take precedence over any “all-American blonde,” if I were in the market for marriage. Please bear in mind I am not talking about a countess, but just an ordinary young woman by European standards. She may be a tad darker than her Northern European sisters, but at least you could count on her to transmit Western culture to her children. Do you think you could count on some Nordic MTV-fed bubblehead to do that?

I also must confess that every now and then I come across a Mexican girl of pure Spanish extraction, or very close to it, who is a work of art. A dash of Indian blood cannot deface their beauty—indeed, if the skin is not darkened too much and the Indian facial features are not present, the hair may attain an even more lustrous sheen than it would with pure European genes.

The Bookshelf

1. Luciano Cheles, Ronnie Ferguson, and Michalina Vaughan, eds., *Neo-Fascism in Europe* (London: Longman, 1991).

Fascism now means "Boo!" more than anything else, especially in America, but historically it advocated worship of the State (something much more than what Pogo called the "gummint"), making it leftist on the collectivism-individualism axis. When it comes to the universalism-particularism axis, however, fascism took the right-wing position. The book's several chapters seem to cover the various Western European countries pretty well and emphasize that the threat of fascism, which is defined as having more of a cultural than an economic base, is not too ominous anywhere. Only Le Pen in France, John Tyndall in England, and their followers and offshoots put much weight on race. The book also has a chapter on holocaust revisionism, full of name-calling, shallow counterarguments and much evasion. It is much the worst chapter in the book.

2. Edmond Demilons, *Anglo-Saxon Superiority: To What It Is Due (A Work Dealing from a French Point of View with the Causes of the Superiority of The English-Speaking Peoples)*. Translated from the French (1887) by Louis Bert. Lavigne (London: Leadenhall Press, Ltd., 1899).

This now very scarce book was well received and discussed in France in its day. Its thesis is that the Anglo-Saxons in Britain and America were pulling ahead of France and Germany because the Anglo-Saxon educational system (and, derivatively, the political system) emphasized self-reliance. Since then, collectivist and maternalist government has grown in all countries, in such a tandem fashion that it seems almost organic (which is the same as saying it is inexplicable). The word race, typical of books of the period, is used throughout, but the book itself is not really racist, in the sense of ascribing racial roots to the Anglo-Saxon spirit of individualism. I do not know how or even whether this spirit of individual enterprise can be recovered, short of space colonization, but I am quite unable to envision any instauration that is not led by racial Europeans.

3. Kenneth J. Gergen, *The Saturated Self: Dilemmas of Identity in Contemporary Life* (New York: Basic Books, 1991).

The thesis is that better-off workers in the global information economy play so many diverse roles that they cannot claim to have much in the way of a stable personal identity or even more than a tenuous hold on reality. Any depth of personality is replaced by only superficial attachments, which evolve automatically from the life-long pursuit of a single career. The author of this most engaging book strives to see opportunity in what appears to be a surfeit of freedom. But I cannot help note that, once again, it is racial Europeans who have set up this social situation, unprecedented in its extent. We've long had our "citizens of the world" (Goethe comes to mind), but now this is happening to large numbers of us. Recall Robert Frost's line: "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." Cannot ethnicity provide a much needed home identity and stable anchor for each of us? Remember also the principle of great art: variation within rules, in this case chosen identities (job, location) within an

unvarying racial identity. It is those of mixed race who will be without a home, and the least happy of men.

4. William Strauss and Neil Howe, *Generations: The History of America's Future, 1584-2069* (New York: Morrow, 1991).

The authors claim to have discovered a sort of deterministic pattern in U.S. history: 88-year cycles of four generations. Idealists are replaced by passives, who are replaced by civic activists, then by compromisers. Whereupon the whole cycle repeats. The "G.I." activist generation (born 1901-24) has given us all our presidents since Ike. The next wave of activists started being born in 1982 and will start taking charge around 2025. As I read it, nothing much will get done or can get done to solve our problems until then. The good sign is that we won't forever sink! But will deeds of the new activist generation be constructive?

5. Richard B. McKenzie and Dwight R. Lee, *Quicksilver Capital: How the Rapid Movement of Wealth Has Changed the World* (New York: The Free Press, 1991).

This is a book about how fast things are changing. The thesis is that computer technology is making capital so mobile that national governments have just about reached the limits of their ability to tax and regulate. Much more hopeful is another aspect of the continuing computer revolution—that of making monopolies of both education and communication obsolete. It takes tight control to keep all the evidence of racial differences out! Still, I worry deeply about what will happen if people move around as fast as information and capital, which would encourage biological as well as geographic mixing. Governments may simply be unable to stop the former if people can move about too freely. In this case we will have to learn that racial identity is something so important and so necessary an anchor in a world of change that giving birth to a child of mixed race is unconscionable.

All the books mentioned above are ponderable. All have racial implications. If Generations: The History of America's Future is on the right track, it is earlier than we think, since nothing much active will begin until about 2025. But will there be enough of us still around to rally? More generally, what is the minimum critical mass of racial Europeans, both in absolute numbers and as a population percentage, it will take to keep the world progressive? If we rally, what will we still be unable to alter? The computer revolution will continue, the economy will become more globally interlocked, our selfhood more fragmented. Several of these books suggest the limits in which we will have to work.

ROBERT THROCKMORTON

Ponderable Quote

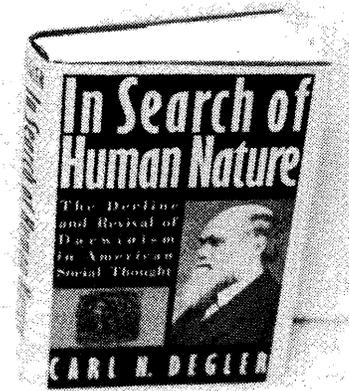
Equality is a delusion by means of which those mistreated by fate deny reality. The doctrine meets the needs of those who do not wish to be answerable for anything, and enables them to lay the blame for themselves somewhere else.

Richard Powers, *The Dilemma of Education in a Democracy*

In Search of Human Nature

In the matter of racial differences, it is fair to say that Westerners have been in the Dark Ages for at least half a century. It has been almost impossible for even top-ranking, social scientists to do unfettered research in this field without jeopardizing their jobs, their tenure, if they are professors, and their respectability

Carl N. Degler, a Pulitzer prize-winning historian, has written a book, *In Search of Human Nature* (Oxford, N.Y., 1991), that throws a ray of light on this forbidden territory, but only a thin ray. Degler traces how the tabooization of racial studies was engineered and how it is finally coming to an end in the guise of a "return to Darwinism," despite the best efforts of the liberal-minority ideologues. (The author, of



course, is much too circumspect to use such a term.)

Degler to the contrary, this is not exactly the real story. Darwinism had never been dethroned, nor has his theory of natural selection, except in the minds of religious fanatics and a clutch of latter-day Lamarckians.

What Degler has done, by stretching a point or two, has been to connect the progress made in genetics, the renewed biological interpretation of human behavior and the rise of sociobiology as a sort of Darwinian legacy. He almost makes it appear that Jewish anthropologists like Franz Boas and Ashley Montagu were anti-Darwinists. Not true. These professors of equalitarianism were admitted Darwinists as regards evolution and natural selection, but they totally divorced Darwin from race. They were members of that weird cult that, inspired by their own minority racism, spouted anti-racism in order to suppress any and all racial manifestations by other ethnic groups, particularly any outbursts of what is loosely known as Aryanism.

The chief value of Degler's book is not his thesis, not the so-called return of Darwinism, but his unearthing of little-known facts and episodes of the long-simmering nature-nurture controversy—facts that tend to support the naturist cause. Stephen Jay Gould, whose rabid Semitism has been besmirching biology and genetics for lo these many years, is sharply criticized for attacking H.H. Goddard, one of the truly great hereditarians, for assigning feeble-mindedness to a single gene, though Goddard wrote time and time again that he was doubtful about such an easy feat of reductionism.

In the matter of eugenics, once a respected science and now in the scientific doghouse, Degler writes that as far

back as 1912 such notables as Winston Churchill, Charles Eliot of Harvard, the Webbs and even Harold Laski officiated at the first International Congress of Eugenics in London. By 1930, at least 30 American states had sterilized some 12,000 defectives and criminals, 7,500 in California alone. In Wisconsin, socialists actually voted for sterilization bills. On the other hand, Germany had to wait until 1933 and the arrival of Hitler to pass a sterilization law. In 1927, Degler reminds us, the Supreme Court voted 8 to 1 that a Virginia law permitting the involuntary sterilization of the feeble-minded in state institutions was constitutional. Hear the "liberal" Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the fallopian tubes. Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

Degler rightly describes Franz Boas, a Jew from Germany, as the man responsible for turning American social scientists away from biology and herding them into a dreamland (or wasteland) of omnipotent culture. One of Boas's crowning glories was an experiment that "confirmed" the offspring of Italian immigrants in America had head shapes that differed from those of their parents. This finding was accepted with hardly any objection by the cowed social science establishment. Boas, incidentally, bore a scar on his cheek from a duel in a German university provoked by what he characterized as an anti-Semitic slur. In his latter days, Boas went to the extreme of advocating intermarriage as a cure for racism.

Thanks to Boas and his ardent cheerleaders at Columbia University, the most ardent being women, and thanks to behaviorists like John Dewey, John D. Watson and B.F. Skinner, culture and cultural pluralism airbrushed genetics and biology almost entirely out of the U.S. education picture. As a result of the teachers and preachers of both dogmas, Americans both in and out of school were taught that all peoples and races were equal, that what a person became in life had little or nothing to do with genes and everything to do with environment, social class and upbringing. Consequently, it became almost a liberal article of faith that anyone could reach any goal or position in life, even president of the U.S., if the behaviorists got hold of him at an early age.

Margaret Mead is accurately described by Degler as Boas's prize pupil, but he doesn't go into her lesbianism or care to report that her behaviorist classic, *Coming of Age in Samoa*, was skewered by Australian anthropologist Derek Freeman. A similar omission concerns Arthur Jensen, whose name only appears once in the 400-page book—in a footnote! Lothrop Stoddard's great work, *The Revolt Against Civilization*, is put down as a "eugenicist tract." In contrast, Walter Lippman's typically Jewish diatribe against Stoddard is treated somewhat sympathetically. Degler applies the same pejorative term, "eugenicist tract," to Madi-

son Grant's *Passing of the Great Race*, which he also tries to write off by commenting on the book's "dubious influence." Degler, however, does emphasize the damage done to the naturalists by the incessant, intemperate attacks on intelligence tests by Otto Klineberg, a Columbia University psychologist. The author wonders (p.180), "What motives stood behind his [Klineberg's] industrious effort to disprove a racial explanation for social behavior?" The reader cannot help but think that this is Degler's way of indicating that he does have an inkling of at least one of Klineberg's motives. This supposition is borne out by a later paragraph (p. 201):

A number of the prominent social scientists who took part in the crusade against the use of tests in support of racial differences were immigrants or children of immigrants: Boas, Kroeber, Klineberg, Goldenweiser, Sapir, and a more recent student of Boas, Melville Herskovits.

Always with one eye carefully focused on his "standing" in the establishment, Degler makes the obligatory curtsey to "the murderous horror of the Holocaust," and writes, correctly, that it gave a great boost to the nurturists. Anti-Nazi mania was largely responsible for the 1950 UNESCO statement on race, produced under the editorial supervision of the most rabid of all equalitarians, anthropologist Montague Francis Ashley Montagu (né Israel Ehrenberg). The first statement was so totally false in its dismissal of genetic influences on human behavior that an amended version

was drawn up—hardly an improvement because it implied that all races and people had the same mental traits. Ashley Montagu, by the way, was famous (infamous, if and when the social sciences ever break free from lib-min censorship) for saying "man has no instincts."

In Search of Human Nature ranges widely over the various routes and detours that have led to the current state of raciology. Degler sees some good in sociobiology with its path-breaking studies of animal behavior, including the behavior of that most brilliant and at the same time most confused of all animals—*Homo sapiens*. Conversely, he is not too sympathetic to the critics of sociobiology, who almost to a man are Jewish and who have tried to throttle this mind-broadening new science by falsely describing it as a prelude to "genocide" and a "neo-fascist doctrine."

Space prevents a longer and more comprehensive discussion of Degler's encyclopedic study. Suffice it to say that whole chapters are devoted to ethology, the incest taboo and gender differences. While discussing the latter topic, the author cites the sexual standoff in Israeli kibbutzim, where girls have courageously resisted the commands of Jewish elders to dress and shower with boys.

Much better, much wiser and much more honest books need to be written on the history of racial studies. But considering all the falsehoods, disinformation and tortuous balldyoo that have all but frozen human thought on this all-important subject, we have to thank the author for opening the door at least an inch or two to a room that has been shuttered for several generations.

Summer of Our (D.C.) Discontent

The current racial box score of the nation's capital, which is 76% black, stands as follows:

Mayor Fashion-Glasses (Sharon Pratt Dixon) caused an uproar by announcing her intent of carrying out a campaign promise to dismiss 4% of the city's bloated 50,000-person municipal workforce. To the \$80,000-a-year middle managers she targeted, Little Miss Goggles threatened what amounted to an "outrageous economic disenfranchisement," a violation of the blacks' inalienable right to public employment, which is just as sacred as their claim to a welfare check. It was the lady candidate's promise to clean house that persuaded a majority of blacks to vote the Dixon ticket. Although she could have done so without all the fuss merely by depending on the city's annual personnel attrition, she chose the politically more explosive, high-visibility approach—a bafflement to politicos who now wonder if her apparent lack of savvy will eventually sink her. Adding insult to injury, the mayoress slashed the city's giveaway checks an average of \$15 per month to 56,000 D.C.-ites.

Thanks to ex-mayor Marion ("I be clean 26 months") Barry, the district's finances are in a hopeless shambles. Merely to bring the shortfall within the bounds of reason, \$300 million must be slashed from the budget. Since these layoffs and the pruning of the social handouts that accompanied them will save only \$20 million, much more must be done. First to go will be cost-of-living increases for City Hall drones and their welfare cousins. Blacks, who have only known an ever larger public trough, now see the city being forced to live within its means—that is, if one excludes the \$400 million the city takes away from Congress each year. As things stand, D.C.'s traditional habit of borrowing to meet its everyday expenses has weakened its credit rating so much that loans are now very pricey. With a huge pension liability entirely unfunded, with the city's tax base slowly but surely slipping away to the presumed safety of hinterland Virginia and Maryland, D.C.'s political blacks recognize the need for reform, if only to improve the city's tarnished image.

Even immigrant Latinos who often make D.C. their first point of entry now

leapfrog to the suburbs at the first possible chance. A favorite landing spot is nearby Prince George's County (MD), once the racially pure abode of Carolina good ole boys and northern blue-collar ethics, now becoming a sinkhole of violence and social decay. The rapidly increasing non-white population already demands those perks of minorityism which usually spell doom everywhere: "culturally sensitive" police depts., schools and municipal governments. While D.C. currently wishes only for home rule (the better to tax those tens of thousands of jurisdictional runaways who make their dollars in the city but live in the 'burbs), the ultimate, long-run solution may be to annex Prince George's County outright. With its endless acres of free land, D.C. would then have room to expand the only viable industries it ever developed—youth detention centers, short-term jails, long-term penitentiaries, drug rehab centers, half-way houses, shelters for the homeless, homes for abused women and children, and mental institutions for just about everyone else.

IVAN HILD

The Real Lesson of Vietnam

For the last 15 years or so, there has been no surer guarantee of boredom and banality in American journalism than the appearance of the phrase, "the lessons of Vietnam," in a Sunday supplement think piece. What accompanies it is invariably a lot of bogus deep thinking about "the American crisis of confidence" or lucubrations to that effect.

What is the real lesson of Vietnam? To me there was always something incomplete and unsatisfying about the standard interpretations. To the conservative the Vietnam War is viewed as an example of "America's failure to stand by its friends" or at least a dramatic demonstration that military power should either be used massively or not at all. To many conservatives it was a "noble cause," as Reagan observed. To liberals Vietnam was a case of imperial overreach which failed to take into account the "limits of power" and the strength of indigenous Third World nationalism. To Jewish radicals, like Noam Chomsky, Vietnam was proof positive of the fundamental depravity and barbarism of American imperialism, fueled by capitalist hegemonists and Western racists. This was, after all, the war which inspired Susan Sontag's notorious quote about the white race being the "cancer of history." The dispassionate observer must acknowledge that there are kernels of truth in all but Sontag's position. But is there another component in the Vietnam tragedy that may have been overlooked because of the current rigid ideological limits—particularly in regard to racial issues—which are so strictly enforced in American public life?

The "real lesson of Vietnam" was finally driven home to me while listening to a radio broadcast circa 1985. The experience could best be compared to the Achievement of Satori in Zen Buddhism, i.e., instantaneous, total enlightenment and understanding resulting from years of patient work and self-discipline. The occasion was a broadcast on Amerasian children in Vietnam featured on National Public Radio's *All Things Considered*. According to the report, the Vietnamese government was then making a special effort to get all the Amerasian children out of Vietnam and into the U.S. The urgency was a result of the fact that the oldest of those children were entering reproductive

age. Obviously, Hanoi did not want their offspring entering into the Vietnamese gene pool.

I could only shake my head and laugh bitterly. Great vistas of understanding opened up before me. I had been blind, but now I could see. The tremendous powers of resistance exhibited by the forces of Vietnamese Communists as they stoically withstood the crushing blows of the American technological jackhammer was not a product of their allegiance to vague Marxist doctrines of class war and Hebraic ranchism. It was a product of Vietnamese racism! For nearly a century the Vietnamese had been deeply humiliated—first by the French and then by the Washington regime. The burning desire to escape this mortifying subservience provided the inner will which enabled Vietnamese peasant boys to withstand earth-shaking carpet-bombing from invisible armadas of B-52s. Moreover, this diamond-hard Vietnamese racialism was no new thing. Long before the advent of French colonialism, the Vietnamese had acquired a powerful sense of peoplehood in the course of their resistance to Chinese oppression.

Remember the great "mystery" as to why "our" Vietnamese were militarily worthless while the North Vietnamese were such formidable foes? The South Vietnamese soldier had been put in the excruciating position of fighting beside, not against, his white humiliators. After the Cuban Revolution of 1959, Fidel Castro was once quoted as saying that Cuba "would never again be an American brothel." The South Vietnamese soldier was asked to risk life and limb in an effort to maintain a similar American brothel in the southern half of Vietnam. In so doing, he had to accept the further humiliation of being told how to fight by paternalistic Western advisers. Surely those South Vietnamese soldiers were well aware of the low opinion that the Americans held of them and their military skills. Inwardly they must have felt themselves to be just what the Vietnamese Communists called them all along: "puppet troops."

From the perspective of the American Majority, there is obviously enormous historical irony—and perhaps even tragedy—in all of this. As all of us who lived through that time well know, the loudest voices raised against the American participation

in the war and in support of Vietnamese nationalism belonged to those liberals, radicals and minorityites who also worked then (and now) against "racism" in the U.S. All those Jewish suburban class-warriors of the Students for a Democratic Society who in 1964 agitated for "civil rights" in Mississippi and in 1968 shouted, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh. The NLF is gonna win!" were simultaneously supporting the powerful racism of the Vietnamese while savagely attacking the racial consciousness of the American Majority. The success of this campaign is clearly indicated by the racial dynamics inherent in that National Public Radio report about the American hybrids. While the Vietnamese were practicing a doctrine of racial purity straight out of an SS manual, the U.S. has become, in effect, the world's racial dumping ground. Consequently, when the Vietnamese decided to get those Amerasian children out of their gene pool, the logical place was to dunk them in our muddied gene pool.

The question is, how much longer a system founded upon such massive inner contradictions can survive. As all Instaurationists know, the only thing more certain than death and taxes is that the American racial situation is going to get worse—much worse. Eventually it will get to the point where the American Majority will finally recognize that its collective existence is endangered, just as a person with a gun pointed at his head recognizes that his own existence is endangered. No human being can casually submit to such mortal danger, the will-to-live being the single most powerful human drive. As unlikely a prospect as it now seems, some day the Majority's will-to-live will exert itself. Perhaps then the world will witness acts of heroism and fearlessness on our part comparable to the courage and fearlessness exhibited by the Vietnamese peasant soldiers in the face of America's high-tech military onslaught.

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Ponderable Quote

How I hated marrying a Jew—how I hated their nasal voices, and their oriental jewelry, and their noses and their wattles.

Virginia Woolf



Jews and Blacks Clash on Two Continents

In late August a car in a Jewish motorcade in Brooklyn went through a red light, climbed a sidewalk, killed a seven-year-old Negro kid and seriously injured his seven-year-old female cousin. In compliance with the eye-for-an-eye instruction laid down in the Old Testament, a gang of ten Negroes killed a young rabbinical student from Australia. Such was the beginning of a three-day, full-scale riot in Brooklyn's Crown Heights, populated by some 300,000 minorityites, mostly Negroes, surrounding an enclave sheltering 30,000 members of an ultra-Orthodox Jewish cult. There were massive racial confrontations; stores were looted and burned; 229 persons were injured, 164 of them police officers. To make matters worse, the young Negro believed to be most responsible for killing the rabbinical student was arrested, but not the Jew who ran over the black children.

Interestingly, the Jewish-black clash in Brooklyn—hyperbolic Jews called it a pogrom—was not confined to Mayor Dinkins's "gorgeous mosaic." It reached 6,000 miles overseas to a hotel in Israel, where 200 newly arrived Soviet Jews brawled with 600 newly arrived Falashas (black Jews from Ethiopia). Newspapers showed photos of wounded Soviet Jews; none of wounded Falashas.

Some Israelis—and some Jews in Brooklyn—are certainly having second thoughts about all the stacks of money and all the propaganda that their racial cousins have poured into Negro civil rights campaigns. They are beginning to recall what Daniel (VIII, 7) tried to tell them long ago about "sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind."

Anti-Semitic Negro Prof

Reaping the whirlwind can also be applied to what the Jews have been doing to Western history. Martin Bernal, a Jewish professor of government at Cornell, has now come out with the second volume of *Black Athena*, a driveling tract which demeans and depreciates our Greek heritage and brazenly attributes almost every advance of civilization to Ancient Egypt, whose population Bernal, perhaps maliciously, describes as black.

Negroes have picked up on the works of Bernal and other Jewish "historians" and used their writings to confect a half-baked theory of history, which attributes almost everything good in the story of mankind to

Negroes, designated as "sun people," and everything bad to whites, described as "ice people." The foremost propagator of this grandiose, pseudo-scholarly nonsense is a City University of New York professor, Leonard Jeffries, who has now narrowed his all-embracing attack on whites to Jews, especially Jews in the pre-Civil War slave trade, and to members of the "conspiracy, planned and plotted and programmed out of Hollywood [by] people called Greenberg and Weisberg and Trigliani" to destroy black people.

The names don't ring a bell, but at the very sound of them Jews started foaming at the mouth. It so happens that any WASP who is even remotely critical of Jews in public is immediately called an anti-Semite, a charge which will end his career and make him a pariah in the eyes of everyone, including his fellow WASPs, who will immediately desert him. But most blacks, having little or nothing to lose, and much to gain if they stick together, are not fazed by these tactics. Professor Jeffries refused to apologize and, having tenure, was not ignominiously canned.

About all the Jews could do is rant, rave and threaten to remove their sizable financial contributions to the college. As is their wont, they wouldn't answer Jeffries's arguments (he had a point in regard to the slave trade). Instead they unleashed a bitter disinformation campaign, such as asserting that Arthur Schlesinger Jr., one of the Jews named by Jeffries, was not a Jew at all, but a Unitarian. In point of fact, Schlesinger's father, Arthur Sr., was 100% Jewish, though he did marry a WASP lady named Bancroft, which means Arthur Jr. is a half-Jew. That lineage hardly makes Jeffries out to be a liar.

It's a pretty slick trick to attempt to change a person's racial background by confusing it with his religious affiliation. It may work with N.Y. Times readers, but it didn't convince Jeffries's supporters, many of whom don't read much and, if they did, wouldn't be seen dead with a copy of the N.Y. Times.

Clownish Hearings

The circus has come to Washington town again, circus being the most accurate term for the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on the nomination of Supreme Court justices. The clowns, of course, are the senators and their nerdish staffers, plagiarizers and ghostwriters.

What is more circus-like than Senator Kennedy pompously chiding Thomas for

stereotyping women, or Metzenbaum's posturing about morality (see Inklings). Horizontally speaking, Kennedy has contributed mightily to female stereotyping. Moralist Metzenbaum is currently being sued for participating in fraudulent book-keeping.

Thomas is a middling intelligent lawyer who has been elevated to the top of the legal heap, not because of his lawyerly expertise, but because of his melanin. He is a black black, not a mulatto, which is a welcome change, since practically all prominent Negroes these days have a wealth of white genes. What is not a welcome change is his "conservative" Episcopalian white wife, whom he married after casting off his Negro spouse. He has a son with the latter. So far, thankfully, no offspring with the former.

Conservatives say they are happy with Thomas—an alleged crusader for free markets, less government, welfare cuts and all that right-wing jazz. Instaurationists, on the other hand, know very well that when the chips are down, Thomas will vote black, if only to reinstate himself in the good graces of the liberals and NAACP types who have been portraying him as a redivivus Uncle Tom.

Organized Jewry is worried about Thomas's supposed anti-Semitism. He once gave some verbal boosts to Louis Farrakhan, the Chosenites' current Great Black Fear. Some liberaloid blacks, like Virginia Governor and presidential candidate Douglas Wilder, have asininely fretted about his possible allegiance to the Pope, although he shed his Catholic upbringing many moons ago and now attends a sort of Holy Roller Episcopalian church in Washington. Pro-choicers are alarmed that he may have a hand in killing *Roe v. Wade*. Falwellites are worried about those marijuana butts he puffed a few times in his callow youth.

Instaurationists are not worried. When you attend a circus, you don't worry about the clowns. You laugh at them.

Jewish Book Thieves

In late June the FBI arrested Barry Marc Goldman, 36, a Government Accounting Office attorney, for stealing presidential writings, historical letters and photographs from the Library of Congress—a \$40,000 haul.

Two months earlier a Maryland radiologist, Harry R. Katz, was apprehended for pilfering Library of Congress historical documents.

Meanwhile, Stephen Blumberg, his sentence still not fixed, languishes in jail for stealing 21,000 rare books from libraries nationwide.



Affirmative(?) Smashup

The demon rum and driving make a poor team, whether the drunk is at the controls of a car or a subway train. Motor-man Robert Ray, a black, although a full-page report in the N.Y. Times never mentioned his race, learned this lesson the hard way when he killed five people and injured 172 by accelerating his subway train to the point where it jumped the track shortly before midnight on August 27 in a Manhattan station. He emerged with only a scratch. When he walked back from his cab through the first car, full of twisted steel and twisted bodies, he had nothing to say. He just stepped over the dead and injured and exited. As an Instaurationist wrote:

Both CBS and ABC reported that Ray, apprehended 13 hours after the crash, had a blood level of .21, twice the legal limit for drunkenness. Now in my heyday, I could (and did) toss 'em down with the best of drunks. But ye gods! After 13 hours I'd be sober—miserable perhaps, but sober. Do mud people metabolize at a radically different rate?

Next time you take a bus, subway, or especially a plane, first check who's at the controls. Is the driver, conductor or pilot there because of skin color? Did he flunk his exam, but was given a passing grade because of race-norming? Most important, did he get the job because of affirmative action?

Ray is a born-again Christian, divorced and living with another woman and her two children. A known heavy drinker, he is not exactly the kind of person to be put in charge of moving tens of thousands of people every day or every night around and under Zoo City. But somehow he got the job.

Blessed Oblivion

Longtime media favorite Clark Clifford, together with Jewish partner Robert Altman, chairman and president, respectively, of First American Bankshares, have been fronting for almost a decade for the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (better known as the Bank of Crooks and Criminals), run by money-laundering, terrorist-financing Pakistanis and other assorted Islamites. Allah be praised! It was most profitable! Clifford and his Jewish man Friday made millions by borrowing millions from First American to buy—and later cash in—stock that soared in value. They made millions more—who said anything about

conflicts of interest—by acting as the bank's lawyers. Altman did so well he ended up marrying six-foot renegade WASPess Lynda "Wonder Woman" Carter, who is now making a movie about a 30-year-old babe posing for Playboy. Although Lynda claims to be a born-again Christian, she let a rabbi conduct the wedding ceremony, after which she was given a black Jaguar by Aga Hassan Abedi, BCCI's founding father. Altman housed Lynda in a \$5 million Maryland mansion with 16 bathrooms.

That shrewdest of Washington insiders and fixers, Clark Clifford, claims he never knew that BCCI had bought control of First American. Altman also professes total ignorance, despite his frequent flyer trips to the Middle East to receive instructions from Muslim bank officials. When it suits the purpose of two of the wisest of Washington's wise guys, suddenly they play dumb.

BCCI, Manuel Noriega's bank of choice, gave Jimmy Carter's charities \$8 million over the years and put Andrew Young, who once called the Ayatullah Khomeini a saint, on its payroll for \$50,000 a year. Huge amounts were also poured into the congressional pot. Some day the names of the bribed politicians may be made public, but don't count on it.

Blacks in Politics

Dallas County Commissioner John Wiley Price, who has been threatening Texas whites with violence for years, finally put his muscles where his mouth is. He was charged with felonious assault after breaking the ankle of a carpenter and engaging in a fistfight with a jogger.

Another Texas Negro, Larry Evans, a member of the Texas House of Representatives, died of a crack cocaine overdose in August. One hour after his body had been found, he rose from the dead and voted three times in the Texas House. How else could these votes have been officially recorded? Cynical reporters had a less miraculous explanation. Houston Mayor Kathy Whitmire, House Speaker Gib Lewis and many of the most prominent Texas lawmakers, along with 1,000 lesser fry, attended Evans's funeral.

Isiah Turner, high-and-mighty Washington state bureaucrat, after being forced to resign for turning in the most inflated expense account in the state's history, easily got a \$76,000-a-year job as employment and training director in Richmond (CA), beating out 47 less venal applicants.

While running for mayor of Jackson-

ville (FL), Charles A. Lewis thought one way to pick up some badly needed votes was to hire two men to paint an anti-Negro slur on his home. He believed the hoax would make voters forget the mid-campaign disclosure that he had once been convicted of larceny. It will be interesting to watch the election returns come November 5.

Kennedyana

Ted Kennedy Jr., 29, proudly announced in mid-July that he had just ended a three-week stay at a Connecticut de-boozing clinic. Like father, like mother, like son.

Fat face, incidentally, has hired long-time Kennedy groupie Frank Mankiewicz, of the Hill & Knowlton public relations flackery, to pretty up the cheesy character of his animalistic nephew, Willy Smith. Hill & Knowlton has (or had) an equally infamous client—the crooked banking conglomerate BCCI.

Another Kennedy relation, Thomas Skakel, nephew of Ethel and the late Bobby, is the prime suspect in the murder of a Connecticut teenager back in 1975. The state attorney general revealed new evidence has been obtained in the case as a result of the publicity surrounding the satyric Palm Beach imbroglio. Not only was the girl killed by a golf club belonging to Skakel's father, but the young Skakel was the last person seen with her.

What bothered liberals most about the outflow of anti-Kennedy allusions to the over-sexed doings in Palm Beach is that their hero has not yet been charged with any crime. Quite so. But what he did commit was a heinous act against paternal decorum—namely, waking son Patrick and nephew Willy in the wee hours on Good Friday and cajoling them into joining him to check out the action in Palm Beach's hottest *boîte de nuit*.

Bushyana

Jeb Bush, the President's second son and currently a big-time Miami real estate operator, switched religion (Episcopalian to Catholicism) to please Columba, his Mexican fiancée, when he married her in 1974. The daughter of a Mexican avocado grower named Garnica, who abandoned his family, Columba is the mother of what granddaddy called his "little brown ones": George Prescott, 14, Noelle Lucia, 12 and Jeb Jr., 7. Jeb's wife didn't give up her Mexican citizenship until 1988, when, after praying long and hard to the Virgin of San Juan, she seconded her father-in-law's nomination at the Republican National Convention and took to the campaign trail to stir up Hispanic votes for the GOP.



Waspishly Yours

I was sitting in my second-hand Volkswagen outside the laundromat, waiting for the dryer to do its stuff on the week's load of clothes. Three little white boys were still inside, shooting the breeze as they folded their families' clothing. I had carefully negotiated my way past their grounded bikes en route to my car. In the process I vaguely noted the presence of three slightly older black "youths."

I had just settled back in my 1972 Bug when a sudden movement warned me that "something was up." The black kids had stolen the white kids' bikes! All three of them were riding away at top speed, headed for the bridge that would take them across-the-river-and-into-the-ghetto. When they caught on to what had happened, the white kids futilely gave chase on foot. As they ran I heard the pitiful wailing of the youngest, a six-year-old who had just been given a new bike for his birthday. His crying prompted me to realize that my role as an observer was cowardly. I revved up my VW, drove over the bridge and passed the three black thieves pedaling along the pedestrian walkway. At first I considered pulling over and braining them with the sawed-off baseball bat I kept in the back seat. But not wanting to find myself on the front page of every newspaper in the country and the target of endless denunciations from Human Rights Commissions, I drove on, praying that I would see a cop. I scooted around for three or four minutes, ruefully pondering the appropriateness of that eternal truth, "You can never find them when you need them." When I came across a patrol car, I alerted the two cops and wished them success as they sped off.

I had done my duty. When I drove back across the bridge to find the victimized kids, I saw quite a crowd in front of the laundromat. A police car had also arrived, which reassured me that "things were in the hands of the authorities." My appearance caused a momentary stir, because I was the "man who saw what had happened." I gave my account and descriptions to the cops, and hung around for a few minutes as I listened to the boys' fathers describe the bikes (which had cost an average of \$80 each). Since it was obvious they would be hard put financially to get their kids new bikes, I fumbled for my wallet and gave the three boys some "ice cream money." As I drove away I didn't quite feel like the Lone Ranger, but I guessed I had done about all I could under the circumstances.

On my way home I couldn't help feeling a sort of perverse pleasure. My powerful conviction on the necessity for a geographical separation of races had been reinforced. Experiences which strikingly confirm one's *Weltanschauung*, however painful initially, usually offer long-term compensation. But I was bothered by the thought that if I had been more on the ball I might have prevented the theft of the bicycles. If I had been immediately suspicious of those loitering blacks, if I had yelled out, "Stay away from those bikes," if I had warned the kids in the laundromat, all those ifs added together might have saved the situation.

How many times have I read a letter or an article in some mainstream publication from a college-educated Negro moaning about some old white lady who got very nervous when he entered the elevator or passed her on the sidewalk. The point was, "See how psychologically humiliating it is for me as an educated black to suffer from the attitudes of racial whites who assume that I am a common street criminal!" Similar sentiments are expressed about taxi drivers who won't pick up blacks and shop owners who

won't buzz them in. Incredibly, one of the country's fundamental social problems has been defined as white fear of Negro criminality, not Negro criminality per se.

Ask yourself how many times you have read denunciations of George Bush in the minority-tilted media for using "Willie Horton" in the 1988 presidential campaign, as if white fear of Willie's Negro criminality was some kind of decoy. One of the lessons I've learned, perhaps the most important lesson these days, is that it pays to be *more* suspicious of Negroes wherever you meet them, not less. Better safe than sorry. If in exhibiting these suspicions we wound the self-esteem of some sensitive Negro with an affirmative action baccalaureate, no apologies are due.

To be white in America is to have heard much—too much—about the suffering of American blacks. We've all seen drawings of the slave ships and the auction blocks, and no one can deny the reality of that suffering. But completely overlooked these days is the other half of the equation, the one that Lincoln noted in his wartime speech to a group of black leaders when he observed that, although they suffered from our presence, we suffered from theirs.

With all the remarkable advances in computer technology, we might anticipate that in a decade or two a machine will be constructed that can tabulate on a scientific basis the respective amounts of sufferings the two races have caused each other, keeping in mind that any honest calculation of Negro suffering would require the subtraction of the enormous ongoing benefits blacks have received by virtue of living even marginally in an advanced industrial society. Their suffering would seem to be on a downward arc, while ours may be only just beginning. I most certainly know that it has begun for my laundromat "tykes sans bikes" who, thanks to some hotshot cops, happily got their bikes back within an hour. Unhappily, the thieves were never prosecuted.

Rare indeed is the critical, in-depth profile of South Africa which fails to refer to the 3 million blacks who have been uprooted from their homelands by the now defunct apartheid laws. This is always presented as the final, telling blow which reveals just how wicked the government is that operates in that unhappy country. While such a view accords nicely with the "reverse Manicheanism" of the lib-min coalition, which paints the forces of evil white and the forces of good black, an observant American may notice that the phenomenon of racial uprooting is hardly a one-way street.

Consider Chicago! As recently as 1950, its total population was about 3.6 million (3.1 million white and the remainder black). According to the 1990 Census, Chicago's population is 2.8 million, only 1.05 million of whom are white. Consequently, Chicago has lost over 2 million whites in 40 years. Some would have moved to the suburbs because of improved economic circumstances. But a great many have been "uprooted," much against their will, purely for racial reasons. Remember the bitter resistance of the whites in Marquette Park to Reverend Martin Luther (Plagiarizer) King Jr.'s "open housing" marches in the summer of 1966? Clearly those folks did not want to leave. Today, however, they are gone and the area is just one more black blotch to the expanding ghetto. "We shall overcome" was their watchword, and that's what they have done.



Ethnically Yours

In the July Instauration, Zip 144 evokes an old and honorable chestnut of American political history: that of the genial Irish pol, portly and short, in shirt-sleeves and vest, leading the nation's urban ethnic millions to their proper (Democratic) reward. A sweet thought, though mostly myth. Irish clannishness it was that drove millions of the ethnic others to vote a strange and Protestant ticket labeled (horror of horrors) G.O.P.—that is, until the Great Depression knocked the whole equation of American politics totally out of kilter. (The same Irish stubbornness about power-sharing persuaded millions of European ethnics to quit the Irish-dominated Roman Catholic Church.) Whether for reasons of political expediency or open-hearted high-mindedness, Republican politicians lost no time in including a minor Mario, simple Stanislas and humble Hans on the G.O.P. ticket, usually to excellent effect, particularly in heavy-industry states like Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio.

Ethnic clannishness, however, is hardly unique to the Irish. By dominating the Democratic Party since the 60s, Jews have become the target of blacks and other minorities who complain bitterly about Jewish money and Jewish pushiness. But no matter what the pundits say, it's not likely that Jews will take a walk from the Democrats, for two very important reasons: first, the blacks, politically and socially isolated more than ever, desperately need allies, so much so they're likely to offer enormous concessions to keep the Divinely Chosen from wandering; second, Jews themselves, in spite of a lot of contrary noise, are really not wanted in the body politic that now counts itself Republican. American politics over the last 20 years has become racial politics. Viewed that way, Jews are an alien influence (to be spoken of as if they were a collective John Sununu or David Duke). About one thing, Zip 144 is decidedly correct. The Irish, having made it solidly into the nation's middle class, and even marginally into its upper-middle class, are completing the switch to the party of the whites. There, something interesting is taking place; they're being met and welcomed home by Mario, Stan and Hans.

The passing of Philadelphia's former mayor Frank Rizzo is thinning out the ranks of those of us who think well of our kith and kin. Rizzo's roots were deep in the Italian ethnic group, one of the two that dominated Philly from the 20s onward, the other being the Irish Catholic. In the 40s and 50s, South Philadelphia Italians fought the black onslaught to a standstill. Because of the political leadership of men like Rizzo, even through the 60s and 70s black social mayhem never penetrated the hardcore ethnic enclaves that stretched from south of Market St. to the airport.

Rizzo was not only loved by Italians; he was cheered in the boroughs of just about every white group in the city. During his time as police chief, black criminals walked cautiously and extremely lightly. It was rumored that arrested black rapists were dragged to the roof of the nearest rowhouse, then dispatched to the paddy wagon the quickest way possible. Some survived.

Rizzo was furiously hated by his enemies—mostly liberal, well-heeled Jews powerful in the Democratic Party who emerged with the passing of WASP patricians Clark and Dilworth. Never given an honest shake in the Jewish-dominated city press, he was most at home touring the city's white working-class wards in a squad car on a rainy winter's night or on a Sunday afternoon in mid-summer arriving shirt-sleeved in a northeast German beer

garden to the beery cheers of hundreds of supporters. Rizzo's demise, from a heart attack while campaigning for mayor, may mark the end of any semblance of civilization in a city once known for its Protestant dullness, but now seething in a cultural nightmare of social decay. The bells tolled in all the city's parish churches for the Big Guy with the Big Stick.

Though Semitic domination of the Party of Jefferson and Jackson goes back to the day of FDR (and to the social peculiarities of his wife, Eleanor), Jewish clout in Democratic politics peaked in 1963 with the elevation of Lyndon Johnson to the presidency. Within a few months politically savvy Jews correctly understood that they could gain enormous leverage over the White House by offering the Texas Democrat something he was desperately (and unsuccessfully) seeking from the nation's Ivy League establishment: personal acceptance. Invidious comparisons of his down-home style with that of the recently fallen Prince of Hyannis raked the Texan's ego, which in the best of times was of no small dimension. By "validating" the persona of Johnson every way they could, New York Jews grabbed a hold on history that worked to their advantage both here and abroad for years to come. It's said that in his last years in office, Johnson wised up and lashed out against anti-Vietnam and pro-Israel Jews with equal venom. (It's also said that Franklin Roosevelt had no deep affection for the intellectual Jews crowding his administration. One story that's still repeated around the White House has Roosevelt yelling from the splendor of his bath not to let that "damned Jew Morgenthau," then Treasury Secretary, come up the stairs for a scheduled meeting. Unfortunately, the admonition came too late. The visitor had bounded up the stairs, two at a time, and was then standing in the bedroom doorway.) The current view of Jewish relations with the White House, at least from the Arab perspective, is that Bush is the most evenhanded and knowledgeable of all recent presidents.

Back in the far-off days when abolition, as a social force, was getting up steam, its sponsors liked to inspire it with feverish Bible revivalism. When the Civil War broke out, it wasn't the preachy abolitionists from New York who marched to the battlefield; it was the impressed conscripts from backgrounds too poor to afford the \$300 needed to remove their names from the lists of the Grand Army of the Republic. Actually there was no objective reason for any abolitionist, rich or poor, to shoulder a rifle in the War of Secession, which wasn't about abolition at all, though the Northern warmongers cleverly disguised the conflict with a moral fig leaf. Summed up in the deceptively innocent term, "states rights," the war spawned an endless list of wrongs, not the least of which was the *ignis fatuus* of racial integration.

That public morality was far from the minds of the Northern industrialists was later proved by the brutal treatment they accorded the soldiers returning from Vicksburg and Gettysburg to the mines, mills and factories. Though Yankee manufacturers benefited enormously, both during the war and after, they reacted to attempts to organize unions with all the violence at their command. Private police forces—later deputized to act as agents of the government—drove the workers from their homes, murdering some, starving many, and leaving the rest disoriented and demoralized. The union movement didn't recover for half a century.

Footloose in the Ould Sod



Cork Airport Motel. Good food, basic Irish steakey and veggie stuff. Cork downtown, dreary, drizzly, grey weather. A "Chinese" restaurant offering Vietnamese fish sauce and Vietnamese Imperial egg rolls is Irish owned and staffed. Only one wog in the kitchen.

Bus ride to Cork University. Visited the faculties of language and social studies. Gaelic and English titles on doors. On the way down and back, too many old tumble-down countryside buildings. West Corkmen do not pull down an old structure. They ignore it or perhaps, by their lights, they are planting it, expecting it to grow into a legitimate ruin.

The Bandon River winds through a wooded countryside, green and quiet. The most ancient stories and archaeology of Ireland dwell in the thick dense woods. For most of the island's populated history the people lived along the rivers and stream banks, or on dried and exploited bogland, or on what little pasture they could form or find, mostly along the wind-blown Connacht coast. The rest of Ireland, wild, dense, green, almost untraversable, was left to the huge boars, wild canines, the elk and to the dark imaginings of the tiny isolated settlements at the river fords or forks.

Bandon was a garrison town during the first century or so of British rule. Soccer supposedly got its start in such places, whereupon the locals needlessly politicized it into a no-no. An older publican interviewed on Radio-Telefis Eireann tells a story of a young chum of his who, caught playing rugby by the chum's father, was knifed to death by dear ould Da. The bartender had been in the rugby game, too, but apparently his own dear ould Da didn't slice him up.

Bantry Bay is a deep, beautifully situated fjord. The Royal Navy weathered there; nearly the entire home fleet. The bottom is lined with French and British ships of the empire-building era and the Napoleonic wars. It's one of the few scenes of a French naval victory, a small one abetted by a storm. During the battle the French landed the Ascendancy leader, Wolfe Tone, who uprose, failed, got caught and hanged. Part of the reason for the complete failure of "the Year of the French," 1798, lies just down the road from Bantry's Wolfe Tone Square. Bantry House is the seat of the Earls of Bantry, the Leigh-White family. The founding ancestor led a small local levy against the French, the Bantry Light Horse, and for his efforts was elevated from obscure country squire to obscure country Earl. The present title holder is said to be a distressed Nebraska farmer who returned home to take over the earldom after his elder sister had refused it. Several big cannon of the Nelson-Napoleonic fleets, "Long Nines," have been dredged up and placed on the front lawn. Out back, the elder sister, ex-Earllette, is watching the children and the dogs, while the Earl and his Austrian wife are showing paying visitors around. The Irish of all types and classes have a strange nonchalance about their dogs, all of which are utter and absolute mutts. The horses and indeed the farm animals are objects of pedigreed concern; horses extremely so. Ireland is horse country.

Bantry has a few ballad bars, old-fashioned music sessions over Guinness suds. Modern piano bars are displacing them in the bigger towns. The music bar has a professional musician and a lot of sing-along. The ballad sessions offer amateurs the chance to chortle. The genuine do-it-yourself folk songs are gradually giving way to a sort of compromise between TV fare and the centuries-old McCoy.

The best hotel and pub in Bantry is run by a sometime senator

of the nationalist Fianna Fail party. The other hotel is Anglo-Irish, shoddy, very quiet. The other pub is run by a moderate liberal Fine Gael party man, married to a small New Zealander gal given to wearing large bright orange sweaters. His son is something of a world traveler, offering unsolicited views on how the Americans treat their blacks so dreadfully. Tip O'Neill is said to frequent the place when visiting an unnamed crony who lives farther down the Bay. I was told his gut rested on the bar at about the same level as my elbows. The Irish are highly annoying in their custom of singing and ballading about the warts and faults of the British, but then mindlessly rallying to arms under the Union Jack, whose two main crusades in this century should have been enough to repel even the most martial numskull.

Closing time, the national anthem. The piano pub next door breaks into Gaelic. It's a pretty song—all the more so to me, whose ancestors came from the extreme western fringe of the Gaeltacht, the language's survival area. My grandparents would not permit their kids to learn aught but English, but spoke Gaelic to one another in the kitchen, rasping and sibilanting in the old tongue about who in town was going to bed with whom, while my aunts, then teenagers, strained to catch what was being said. Now I, like the rest of the Irish, occasionally turn to the Gaelic tapes and try again to pick up a few phrases.

The Irish language was probably formed by at least two different Celtic lingos, mixed with at least two different pre-Indo-European languages resembling Basque. Atop this linguistic mish-mash, divided into four significantly different dialect areas, the bookworms and eggheads of the last and highest literary centuries of the Irish language imposed an ostentatiously complex grammar and spelling system. The keepers of the language turned it inward, made it a private holding, and rendered it practically impossible to learn save by birth and birth alone. Nevertheless, the sentiment it commands enables most of the population to sing a few songs in it. The national anthem does indeed sound better in Gaelic, just as old Roman Catholic services sounded a good deal better in Latin.

Sometime after the arrival of Christianity, a Munster or south-west Irish bishop was encouraged by superior secular and ecclesiastical authorities to make some organized sense of his population in west Munster. Accordingly, anybody who was not already recorded in proper Christian style as a something else was arbitrarily recorded as O'Morchada. Instant Murphys! A large, ready-made clan! The clan or name subsequently produced a few Munster and lesser kings, several democratically chosen because the pseudo-clan itself had practically no known common blood and hence nothing to justify a fight over dynastic legitimacy. Large and amorphous, the Murphys were subsequently stuck with a smaller group of uninvited guests, well organized and combative. The O'Sullivan name means "one-eyed." It is literally the same identical Gaelic word found in the saying, "In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king." This proverb is rather unflattering to the Murphys of west Cork.

The O'Sullivans managed to be involved in a number of historic massacres, both on the sending and the receiving end, including massacres of O'Sullivans by other O'Sullivans. One O'Sullivan, descended from the "Wild Geese" gentry fugitives after the fall of Limerick, participated in that butchery of Parisian clergy and gentry known as "The Terror." He drove them onto a large barge in the Seine, set it afire and sank it.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle--John Nobull

Discussion of racial differences is one of the two big taboos of our failing civilisation, the other being discussion of the Holocaust. All zoologists are perfectly well aware that all species tend to contain subspecies with a greater or lesser capacity to interbreed. Most of them accept Darwin's hypothesis that new species result from subspecies becoming so differentiated that they can no longer interbreed. Similarly, geneticists are well aware that Mendelian laws apply to the breeding of human populations as much as they do to any other breeding group, plant or animal. But they are very wary of demonstrating how much the importance of heredity outweighs that of the environment. The same is true of researchers into the nature of intelligence.

The existence of a liberal mafia determined to obfuscate all racial issues can no longer be denied. The emergence of the political correctness mania in American universities is a *reductio ad absurdum* of a movement which began with Franz Boas in the 1920s. Academics who oppose it must reckon with denial of tenure, denial of increments in pay and loss of employment. Consequently, the zoologists, geneticists and researchers into intelligence have to confine themselves to those parts of their disciplines which do not directly conflict with the great environmentalist shibboleth.

Given these circumstances and the cowardice of most teachers, the general populace may be forgiven for imagining that "all those racial theories" were abandoned by serious scientists years ago. But this is definitely not the case. The most prestigious summary of the present state of knowledge is found in the latest edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The one-volume *Propaedia* refers readers to the two other parts: the multi-volume *Micropaedia*, which provides short articles on specific names and subjects; and the multi-volume *Macropaedia*, which deals with larger subjects in greater depth. The concise *Propaedia* and the voluminous *Macropaedia* are less frequently consulted than the information-rich *Micropaedia* because most people want answers to specific questions and are not interested in the big picture or more profound discussions of important questions.

On pages 138-39 of the *Propaedia* the names of many articles are given which deal with human evolution, human heredity and racial differences. The articles on evolution evaluate the different types of early hominids. The articles on human heredity include one on the inheritance of behavioral traits. A whole section is devoted to "the nature and origin of races," including "Aspects of racial diversity," "Old hallmarks of race" (e.g., colour, hair form, body measurements, features such as eyes and nose) and "New hallmarks" (e.g., blood traits, amino acids, enzymes). This is followed by articles on "Modern measures of race: blood groups and genetic evidence," followed in turn by "A geographical taxonomy of the living races: Caucasoids; Congoids and Capoids; Australoids and Oceanic peoples; peoples of East Asia; peoples of Indian subcontinent, peoples of the Western Hemisphere—North, Central and South American Indians."

The information in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* dealing with human evolution takes it for granted that physical differences between different hominids imply differences in behaviour and dif-

ferent skills, that the biological basis of human heredity is to be found in the genetic code, and that the starting point for the study of inheritance is to be found in the astonishing similarity of one-egg twins (who share the same heredity) as compared with merely fraternal twins (normal siblings). It is further stated that specific behavioural traits, far from being merely cultural, are "affected by inheritance."

In regard to the differences between human races, we are informed that, far from the old racial "hallmarks" being outdated, they are reinforced by the findings of haematology and the study of amino acids and enzymes. The headings which concern the taxonomy of the living races of mankind might have been written in the 1920s. The facts have not changed; and the articles in the *Macropaedia* and *Micropaedia* reinforce this categorisation.

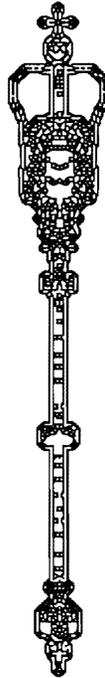
So, despite the denial of any significance in racial differences chivied into the infamous United Nations' statements by Montague Francis Ashley Montagu, the basic facts about race remain essentially as taught by serious anthropologists in the 1920s, strongly reinforced by the findings of genetics and medicine. To be sure, some important developments such as Carleton Coon's hypothesis that the Negroes were hominised through crossbreeding with Europids, and Australids hominised by crossbreeding with Mongolids, are missing. But no doubt is left as regards the existence of measurable differences between racial groups. Indeed, the environmentalists tacitly recognise racial differences when they promote the interests of the minorities. Only when our interests are concerned do our illogical persecutors deny the validity of race as a scientific concept.

The Likud Party mainly represents Sephardic Jews of Middle Eastern origin, but the Ashkenazim, who hail from Eastern Europe, are far more aware of Israel's weak moral position in the eyes of the world. A straw in the wind is provided by the outgoing British Chief Rabbi, Lord Jakobovits (ennobled by Mrs. Thatcher). The oxymoronic Jewish peer objects to the settlement policy on the West Bank and has stated publicly that the Israelis cannot eternally "lord it" over a million and a half Arabs, who will eventually become a majority: "One has to recognise that the Palestinians have legitimate aspirations which cannot be denied forever." In an opposite and more typically double-loyalist vein, Dr. Jonathan Sachs, the incoming Chief Rabbi, has said that Jews in the diaspora had no right to criticise Israel, "even when she was in the wrong."

At all events, it is now respectable in Britain to criticise Israeli policy in the conquered territories. Douglas Hurd, the British Foreign Secretary, has stated openly:

Anyone with a sense of humanity must sympathise with the Palestinians. Their lands are occupied. They have no political rights and they are daily the victims of a misguided policy which believes that the security of Israel must rest on closed schools, illegitimate settlements and even collective punishments.

Not so long ago, David Mellors, Foreign Office Minister of State, had to resign for saying no more than that.



The television summer of 1991 set a new record for tasteless obfuscation and racial disinformation. The tasteless dept. was highlighted by PBS's *Tongues Untied*, a labial homosexual show which had the hubris to treat black queers both lachrymously and friendly-like. Another hot weather horror was NBC's *The Murder of Little Mary Phagan*, which retried Chosenite Leo Frank some 75 years after the fact and found the killer not guilty. The guilt was heaped on Southerners in general and on those who wanted justice served in particular. The bisexual Jew, Steve Roth, who hired two blacks to disfigure a pretty young Majority model, was not identified as such in NBC's *If Looks Could Kill: The Marla Hanson Story*. The villainous black lawyer (based on the character of Alton Maddox, the Tawana Brawley hoaxer), who put Marla on the stand and attempted to transform her into a slut, was—you guessed it—turned into a white. It's getting so that black-on-white or Jew-on-Gentile crimes show up later in TV shows with the racial roles diametrically reversed.

If anyone should serve as an uplifting role model in this day and age, it should be a TV personality who commands a huge audience—someone like Phil Donahue. Unfortunately, Donahue is a perennial prevaricator who gets away with it by cloaking his fabrications with a laminate of goody-goody liberalism. At times Phil seems to lie for the pure fun of it. To take a crack at the Catholic Church and New York's Cardinal O'Connor (for prohibiting a gang of queers to use St. Patrick's Cathedral as a meeting place) Donahue concocted a newspaper article, for which he forged a letter from a nun. He claimed it was written to him back in June 1957. Despite all this premeditated fakery, Phil continues to use his microphone to slash and burn whatever institutions remain in this benighted country. One of the most pathetic summer shows was an on-camera homosexual wedding staged by Donahue.

The three highest Q scorers on TV (meaning the stars and producers who give advertisers the biggest bang for their bucks) are Bill Cosby, 53, Michael Jordan, 53, and Stephen Spielberg, 45. (Source: Spy magazine)

Mary Hart, the co-host of the glitzy *Entertainment Tonight*, is expecting her first child in January. She is 40. Her husband? Someone named Burt Sugarman.

It's no surprise that Pee-wee Herman, of minority-tinctured *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, was caught while having a fling at audience participation in an adult theater. It was not the first time Paul Reubens was arrested for a sex offense. It was even less of a surprise that so much of the media hastened to forgive, excuse and forget. If the campaign keeps up, Pee-wee may be due for an Emmy.

From A.F. Svenson. A perfect slice of life, media and legal system was served up in neat fashion on a recent episode of *The People's Court*. The sole feature was a case in which a 13-year old black plaintiff named Kenneth sought

damages from a white father who had struck him with his fist in a row over the father's daughter.

The confrontation occurred after Kenneth and two of his friends had chased the defendant's daughter home with the intention of doing her bodily harm, if they had managed to catch up with her. Kenneth and the girl had been going together during the summer, but afterward had had a dispute during which she called him "a nigger." "Why were you chasing her?" asked his Chosen honor judge Joseph Wapner. "I don't know" was the reply. Pressed further, Kenneth admitted, "I wanted to hurt her." The daughter's father then described a situation in which he had, while unarmed and beset on three sides, pushed away one of the chasers before disarming and striking Kenneth. He also produced two written eyewitness accounts to support his story, as well as the weapon used by his black attackers. It was a piece of timber about the size of a Louisville Slugger.

The climax of the case was an angry statement from Kenneth's mother, a self-described part-time grocery clerk, in which she claimed that the "white man" had responded with excessive force after he had already seized her club-wielding son's weapon. She claimed that the white had thereby removed whatever threat there had been to his safety. Wapner interrupted and gave her an admiring look. "You're a very intelligent part-time grocery clerk," he intoned, before announcing a recess.

The verdict, need it be said, was a foregone conclusion. Prior to its announcement, court lackey David Llewelyn crowed, "the overwhelming majority" (an ironic phrase) of courtroom observers favored the black plaintiff. Wapner followed suit, pausing again to lavish praise upon the black mama, who, he drooled, had presented her case as well as had any lawyer in all his years of experience on the bench. After tossing a casual word of sympathy to the white father ("your daughter was being threatened, you thought"), he admonished him for having shown no better judgment than a 12-year old and awarded Kenneth both his legal expenses plus \$800.

"What's your reaction to Judge Wapner's verdict?" chirped a smiling Llewelyn when the loser made his way out. The defendant, a model of white restraint, again mentioned the supporting evidence of his witnesses, adding that he nonetheless respected both the law and the judge. At no time in any of the proceedings was there a single word of admonition, from Wapner or anyone, to the young black assailant, who presumably would have committed mayhem had his young female prey been less fleet of foot.



From *Zip 077*. Last night I had the pleasure of watching *Conagher*. The hero was white. Indians were the bad guys. There were no persecuted blacks and Jews, no nasty Nazis. The one white villain had long hair. No hidden messages. Faith, hope, charity and chastity were "in" for a spell, along with hard work. Even the kids were well-behaved. No kinky sex scenes, no gun-tub language. A great performance by good actors. An obviously Christian effort. Halle-lujah, Ted Turner! May your tribe increase!

From *Zip 121*. One Sunday I watched a PBS show called *Asia Now*, which dealt with the ubiquity of vending machines in Japan. Not only are the machines everywhere, but practically everything can be bought from them. When interviewed, the Jap executive of a company that manufactures vending machines, stated he had attempted to introduce them into some foreign countries, but vandalism often proved to be too much of a problem. He added that vandalism isn't a problem in Japan.

Of course, it isn't. Race is ultimately an extension of the family. In a homogeneous society like Japan's an individual Nip would no more trash a vending machine than he would go about vandalizing a room in his family's house. On numerous occasions I've walked many blocks in Manhattan trying to find a functioning public phone—one that some minority junkie, wino, thief or punk has mercifully decided to leave intact. When I managed to find one, the booth smelled so strongly of urine I felt I was conducting a conversation in an army latrine.

Last night I had a touch of insomnia, so I flipped on my bedside radio to the *Larry King Show*. I wanted to find out who his guest was. As much as I can't stand King (once known as Harvey Lawrence Zeiger), he occasionally invites someone interesting, like Hedrick Smith. I tuned in during a commercial, after which King came back on and announced, "My guest tonight is a great American, Morris Dees." Dees was plugging his self-glorifying autobiography, *Season in the Sun*, in which he recounts his battles with the Klan and other "hate groups" in oleaginous and hyper-sentimentalized detail.

Larry King was right. Morris Dees is a "great American," because America today is the wretched sort of multi-racial monstrosity towards which the likes of Dees and King can feel allegiance and even enthusiasm. It is the country that can blow 100,000 Iraqis to smithereens in less than a month with state-of-the-art weaponry for the great benefit of Eretz Israel, while smugly congratulating itself on its superior morality and bravery. It is the kind of country in which a creature like Morris Dees can sport a media halo, the kind of country in which Chosenites like King use their TV and radio shows to chide and badger the American Majority about "racism" around the clock. Does King either know or care that once that awful "racism" is gone, his supply of sexy blond shiksas—he shed what may have been his eighth wife in 1989—will be gone as well?

Usually whenever American TV focuses on Nazis

there's a quick cut to a pile of corpses, just in case we missed the point. *60 Minutes* some months ago waxed enthusiastically about Weimar Berlin, with its jazz shows, transvestite nightclubs, brothels and ashcan art. Then, "tragically," the Nazis took over and put an end to all the fun and games. A few weeks later a *60 Minutes* report on East Germany's neo-Nazis showed a bunch of German skinheads lurking threateningly outside a newly opened "sex shop" in Dresden. One of the neo-Nazis interviewed stated ominously that he and his friends were not going to allow such filth in their town.

It has become the Iron Law of American Life that whatever the Nazis were for, Americans must be against. Our Zogmeisters must believe they have made this response almost instinctual. Otherwise, the sight of a group of determined young men ready and willing to smash up a porn palace might appeal to some people who live in a country where *Roseanne* was, at least for a week, the most popular show on television last summer (Nielsen ratings for Aug. 19-25). I wonder if it ever occurs to the producers of *60 Minutes* that putting an end to the degeneracy of the Weimar Republic might not be something to regret and mourn. At the upper reaches of CBS News where what the American public is allowed to think is meticulously determined, somebody is just not thinking things through.

My local PBS station carries a show on Sunday afternoon (when nobody's watching) called *European Journal*. I'm pretty much of a fan. It's an intelligent weekly round-up of the important European happenings that never make it in the commercial-ridden network evening news. Even the "big" stories like German reunification, which were covered by the big-time anchormen, are handled much more competently by this show. And I don't have to put up with the likes of Mr. Rather!

One Sunday a video clip featured a story about French gendarmes fighting drug peddlers in the Paris Métro (subway). One particular sequence showed a couple of tough-looking plain-clothes cops getting off at a station to "question" a group of four or five black Africans, who were just "hanging around" (which their race does so expertly) and who were very likely selling and using drugs. It was an all-too-familiar sight. It was like watching an American news-cast.

The combination of a subway station and a menacing group of blacks Up To No Good filled me with a sense of doom. The *mise-en-scène* posed that ever more fateful and ever more unanswered question: Will the white world ever wake up and smell the coffee? Is every urban concentration in the West fated to become a dirty and dangerous Africanized black hole?

Ponderable Quote

Who believes that the whites and blacks can ever amalgamate in America? Or who wishes it to happen? Nature has set an impassable seal against it. Besides, is not America for the whites? And is it not better so?

Walt Whitman, 1858

The View from the White Tip

Notwithstanding the constant raising of nonwhite wages and the encouragement of trade unionism, there are constant strikes, the crime rate has reached "new" peaks, and the country is in a state of semi-anarchy. Only the outdated whites are a force for stability. South Africa also happens to be bankrupt, and its currency practically worthless. The financial mess is not due to sanctions but to sheer doctrinaire insanity.

Investors require stability, which they had with Verwoerd (regardless of world enmity and punitive measures), but do not have with de Klerk. Economically South Africa began to decline the moment it started to move away from Verwoerdian principles, a change that began almost immediately after he had been stabbed to death in Parliament by a half-breed from Mozambique. In Verwoerd's time, when apartheid was firmly in force, the growth rate was 8% and inflation 1.5%. Today, inflation is at least 18% and the growth rate is zero. Yet the press still keeps warning us of the economic lunacy of apartheid!

Unlike the blacks, to whom democracy has ever been incomprehensible, South Africans have always been staunch democrats, though for obvious reasons only among themselves. Certainly, until de Klerk came along, the notion of majority rule would have been regarded as madness. Ostensibly it is for this reason, involving the denial of "human rights" to natives, that the Western nations have made a pariah out of South Africa. Admittedly, both Britain and the U.S. are careful to retain their undemocratic power of veto in the UN, and it is noticeable that the American accent is on "minority rights," not majority rule. But we are not supposed to be conscious of these things. Nor, I imagine, are we supposed to be aware that the U.S. has not imposed sanctions on Israel.

It is not South Africa's vast mineral wealth that has motivated the unprecedented world assault upon her. It is apartheid and white minority rule. South Africans were simple enough to believe they could manage their country the way they wanted it and not the way others wanted it. To the enemy, you see, all we fair-skinned South Africans are really Germans and therefore highly dangerous. This is why we have to be put down, the men preferably underground and the blondes in alien beds.

Another factor in America's eagerness to bring South Africa to its knees is the belief that it possesses nuclear weapons or at least a nuclear capability. The country has a nuclear reactor; it produces enriched uranium; it has successfully tested medium-range guided missiles; it is believed to have successfully exploded a nuclear device somewhere in the Antarctic, which was spotted by an American satellite. Whatever the truth, de Klerk has resolved all doubts by undertaking to sign the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, committing the country to neither building nor acquiring nuclear weapons. It is a "historic" decision on his part, one which his predecessors in office refused to make. But de Klerk is nothing if not obsequious. Russia has expressed its relief and satisfaction.

De Klerk's main concern now—and has been from the beginning—is to get the blacks to the negotiating table, or more correctly to the table under the spreading ju-ju tree, where the whites dance round and round and then all fall down. He wants negotiations so that he can produce a "new" constitution agreed to by all, a worthless scrap of paper calculated to impress Americans who revere constitutions. The trouble is, blacks don't negotiate, they

demand. And why haggle with a capitulated foe? Since it is the Zulus who have to be subjugated now, all Mandela's energies have been directed to that end. Unfortunately, after nearly seven years of war, Mandela's Xhosas have been getting much the worst of the conflict, which is why Mandela has been castigating the government for not putting an end to it.

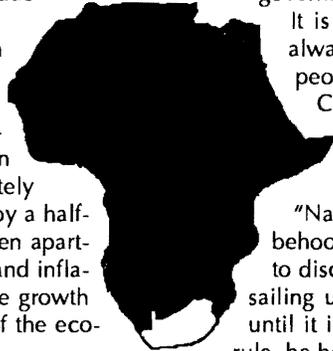
It is noteworthy that "our" gold-mining press, which has always urged the abolishment of "privilege bestowed on people for simply being born white," has never accorded

Chief Buthelezi, the anti-Marxist Zulu, anything like the adulation it has always heaped on Mandela, the Xhosa Marxist revolutionary. Even more significantly the press croons over de Klerk, notwithstanding his "Nationalist" label and the colour of his skin. Therefore it behooves us to take a close look at this artful dodger and try to discern what it is that motivates him. To begin with, he is sailing under false colours, the better to deceive the unwary until it is too late. Posing as a Nationalist dedicated to white rule, he has long been working for the opposite, for black rule.

Sometime ago the weekend Cape Times featured a review of a book, *F.W. de Klerk, The Man in His Time*, written by Dr. Willem de Klerk, F.W.'s brother and a founding convenor of the far-left Democratic Party. The review concentrated on the doctor's successful efforts to cure his brother of his nationalist delusions. What came out strongly was F.W.'s ambition, his desire at all costs to be top dog and his fear of being on the losing side. It was a portrait of a cynical professional politician, not without beliefs of his own, but one who would stop at nothing to gain power. Churchill would have recognised de Klerk's state of mind in an instant. So would Roosevelt.

As another election is not due before 1994, de Klerk has plenty of time in which to wreak irreversible damage to the national structure. Unless you saw his photograph you would swear he was a Xhosa himself, he is so cunning and destructive. *Mutatis mutandis* he would like to receive a reassuring vote of support for his "reforms" from the white voters, over and above their suicidal support in the last elections.

Frank and jovial in the company of foreign politicians, de Klerk is quite otherwise in the company of local political figures, particularly one like Jaap Marais, the head of the Herstigte Nasionale Party, a fearless and highly intelligent man who pulls no punches. Then the President becomes very cagey and uncommunicative, as Jaap found when he headed a right-wing delegation that reminded de Klerk his government had broken all its promises and was giving the ANC everything it wanted without receiving anything in return. Jaap sought assurances that the rot would stop, but to no avail. This was enough to cause Colonel de Wet, the leader of the commandos (the collective name for all the Boer armies), to talk about mobilising his forces. Since Dr. Treurnicht himself has declared that whites will never capitulate to black radicals, it is clear that there is trouble ahead. Jaap Marais pointedly warned de Klerk of this at the conclusion of their fruitless talk. A slight foretaste has been provided by an explosion that wrecked a former white high school in Pretoria that had been reserved for ANC offspring presently in Tanzania. Even as I write, a second explosion has demolished what was still left of the school. Mr. van Tonder of the Boerestaats Party has spelled out the message: Not in our Land!



Primate Watch



SUMMER CRIMES AND TRIALS

Black-on-White: Atlanta police are looking for **Terry Redd**, suspected of killing Laurene Johnson, whose body was found with 20 stab wounds a few days after she had hired him to do yard work....**Kevin McKiever**, male, and Alexis Welsh, female, dreamed day and night of careers in the theater. After Alexis made it and became a Rockette, McKiever, perhaps because of racial envy, perhaps because of frustration, perhaps because of the XYY chromosome, up and murdered her.... Henrik Ronnvall, 27, a Swedish computer engineer training in Dallas, was shot to death by a **robber** outside his apartment, to which he was returning after a late night party....A "youth," name withheld, struck a 16-year-old white, Chad Crites, in the eye with a metal rod, badly damaging the retina of his left eye. The attack, totally unprovoked, was triggered when other "youths" attending a summer high-school session in Alexandria (VA) urged the assailant to hit "a white boy."....Believing himself a victim of racial discrimination, **Michael Rahming**, a hospital employee in Costa Mesa (CA), shot and killed his supervisor and severely wounded two other officials....**Teresa Nix** and boyfriend **Robert Hogans** abducted Pamela Bandy from a Pontiac (MI) carwash, locked her in the trunk of her own Cadillac, which they used for their own driving pleasure, leaving her in the trunk until she died a horrible, lingering death five days later....A visiting German ballerina, 27, was allegedly robbed and raped by **Rollin Stephenson**, 20, at 1:50 a.m. at a Zoo City subway station....**Chester Runions**, 38, was charged with raping and nearly beating a 48-year-old mentally retarded woman to death in full view of motorists on a busy Santa Monica (CA) street. No one attempted to stop him. It took some time for the police to arrive....San Diego Police Officer **Henry Hubbard Jr.**, a suspect in several other sexual assault cases, was arrested for the attempted rape of a woman and the attempted murder of two men who came to her rescue....**Thirty teenagers** launched two separate, pre-arranged attacks on three students at a Selma (AL) high school. One of those arrested said, "Their job was to kill a white girl."....In San Antonio (TX), Valerie McPherson was killed while jogging only a mile from her home. The city newspapers first refused to mention the race of the killer, although the victim, before she died, identified him as a **Negro**....Within a few days another woman jogger was raped in Central Park (NY). Don't they ever learn?

Black-on-Black: In a Richmond (VA) court **Robert Lee Thomas Jr.** pleaded guilty to the stabbing and strangling death of his paramour, Alatheia Pankey, who was three months pregnant, and to the burning deaths of her two illegitimate toddlers, aged 1 and 2. He said Pankey had criticized his performance after a stint of love-making on the floor of her apartment....In St. Louis, **Willie James Ball Jr.** doused gasoline over his car and set it on fire as his daughter, 11, and two sons, 7 and 9, were sitting in the back seat. He tried but failed to force his wife into the burning vehicle. Two cops dragged the children out before they were badly burned. "Just a few seconds more, and we would have lost the kids," said one policeman....San Bernardino (CA) Police Officer **Craig Armstrong**, after pretending his three-year-old foster daughter had been kidnapped, confessed he had murdered her because she had gone into the kitchen at 2:00 a.m. to get a snack....A newborn baby, after being killed by blows to the head, was dumped, presumably by the **mother**, in a garbage chute in a Brooklyn (NY) housing project.

Hispanic-on-White: **Three teenagers** confessed to the shotgun murder of Richard and Dorothy Holgate, after the couple surprised them robbing their Uvalde (TX) home....Police are looking for **two Mexicans** who took turns raping a 46-year-old Lakewood Park (FL) woman....**Michael Perez**, a New York City cop, was arrested and charged with sodomizing and raping a 34-year-old Flushing woman.

Asian on White: **Four Asians** (some or all Vietnamese) were arrested in Philadelphia after a racial row in which David Reilly, 18, a high-school basketball star, was hacked to death with a meat cleaver and two of his friends were injured, one critically. A delayed skirmish of the Vietnam War?

Justice Delayed: **Ricardo Pouza**, a 14-year-old black adolescent, shot and killed José Yaniz, a Hispanic father of three, after stealing \$25 from him in a Miami stick-up in 1989. Two murder trials ended in two hung juries, a black woman holding out for acquittal in the first trial and all five black jurors voting not guilty in the second....The execution of **Richard James Wilkerson**, who, with **other blacks**, murdered two Hispanics and two whites in a Houston amusement center in 1983, was stayed at the last moment by the Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

OTHER PRIMATES

A native of Jamaica, **Julian Cowell**, 23, after murdering Debra Bowling, a 37-year-old California woman working towards her doctorate in biopsychology in Zoo City, cut her body up into several large pieces. (The victim's race was concealed by the media.)

Hosea Williams may have been a civil rights hero, but to Atlanta police he's a pain-in-the-coccyx. In July, three days after drunk driving charges against him were dropped, he rear-ended a car, then left the scene of the accident after failing to bribe the driver of the damaged vehicle not to press charges.

Georgia lady of the evening **Millicent Pierce**, presumably white, was charged with killing her Negro psychiatrist husband, Michael, two months after the mixed couple had appeared on a Geraldo TV show that featured men who married prostitutes.

Six months after the Senate Ethics Committee found Senator **Alan Cranston**, the worst of the Keating Five, had "engaged in an impermissible pattern of conduct," nothing has been done. Jesse Helms, apparently the only committee member who wants something done, released documents proving a Keating employee had personally delivered checks totaling \$250,000 to Cranston.

Speaking of the Keating Five, a Jewish lady, who called herself **Sarah Mandell** and said she was 90 years old, collared Keating during the first day of his trial for issuing now-worthless junk bonds and accused him of taking "all my money away," a sum she said amounted to \$100,000. Turned out her real name was Sarah Solomon. She was 80, not 90, and her losses only amounted to \$5,000. Inflating figures seems to be a Jewish habit.

Black lawyer **Raymond Newman**, after billing Los Angeles County for \$1.3 million for three years of phony legal work (during much of the time he was wining and womanizing in Hawaii, Mexico, Las Vegas or New York), asked for a court-appointed attorney to defend him in his trial for grand theft. He said he was broke.

Kelsey Dorsett, a highly regarded black and the former chairman of the Miami-Dade County Chamber of Commerce, was accused in August of cheating the state of Florida out of \$187,966 in sales taxes....Florida companies were bilked out of \$500,000 in insurance premiums by another minorityite, **Michael Rubell**, who

Primate Watch



never bothered to obtain coverage for the health insurance policies he peddled. He used his embezzled hoard to pay for a ski resort condo, diamonds, maid service and personal fitness coach.

#

It's hard to believe that a former deputy assistant secretary of the Air Force would plead guilty to accepting a bribe while in office and to conspiracy to defraud his government. But belief comes easier when we learn his name, **Victor D. Cohen**.

#

The dubious honor of being the greatest mass killer in recent memory must go to **Julio Gonzales**, responsible for the deaths of 87 persons in the Happy Land social club, which he set on fire in revenge for having been ejected after brawling with his sweetheart. He received a life sentence in August after a jury refused to buy his insanity plea.

#

Decorated for his detection of illegal immigrants, **Joseph Occhipinti**, an immigration agent, watched his bubble reputation burst when he was convicted of shaking down illegals for as much as \$16,000.

#

As an ordained deacon in the Greek Malekele Church, CONservative propagandist **Paul Weyrich** has been known to wear a clerical collar and his long robes, even when attending non-church functions.

#

Claiming that only her "bottom half" is Italian, Boston comic and onetime producer of TV commercials **Suzi Landolphi** visits 150 college campuses a year in her well-hyped crusade against AIDS. Her most photographed gimmick is to stretch a condom entirely over a student's head.

#

This past summer theater-goers in New York City were treated to a topless version of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer's Night Dream*, imported by Jewish producer **Joseph Papp** from Brazil. **Mel Gussow**, the Chosenite critic of the Chosenite N.Y. Times, gushed in true culture-bashing style: "Through graceful use of nudity, the production underlines the natural primitivism of the story."

#

The rap group, **3rd Bass**, consists of one black, **Daddy Rich**, and two Jews who describe themselves as "Jewish Christian atheists."...Lawyers for the **Geto Boys**, a Hispanic rap group, say their clients may have been "temporarily hypnotized" by their lyrics extolling raping and killing

when they murdered a Dodge City (KS) man last April.

#

In his August 15 column **Tom Wicker** of the N.Y. Times, possibly the loathsome of the many Southern scalawags who have sold their souls to Zionism, based his argument for massive reparations to Negroes on West Germany's huge reparations to Jews for the Holocaust.

#

Holier-than-thou retired Supreme Court Justice **William J. Brennan Jr.** admitted that last year he received \$20,000 in cash and the forgiveness of \$120,000 of a \$170,400 mortgage from Charles E. Smith, a Washington (DC) real estate wheeler-dealer. The superliberal judge received \$80,000 of the financial manna before he retired.

#

The University of California, Berkeley, is not only going multicultural; it is going Stone Age. One of its law professors, **Philip Johnson**, has come out with an anti-evolutionary tract entitled *Darwin on Trial*. When asked on William F. Buckley Jr.'s *Firing Line* about the possibility that the races of mankind might have evolved separately, Johnson replied that the very thought horrified him.

#

Karen Greenberger was found guilty of second degree murder and kidnapping in the death of showbizzar Roy Radin. Greenberger, the girlfriend of movie mogul Robert Evans (don't let the name fool you), hired some hitmen to liquidate Radin who, she believed, was cutting her out of the profits from *The Cotton Club* movie.

#

The N.Y. Times obit of **Martin Solow**, a writer of banal ads who died in August, stated he "played a major role in broadening the use of Yiddish words [e.g., maven] in mainstream American advertising."

#

When black baseball star **Rod Carew**, who obviously knows the racial score, was asked by a sports card collector if he was a Chosenite, he replied very politically correctly, "Unfortunately, I am not Jewish."

#

Ricco Valentino, the informer who set up three naive Aryan Nations members in a bombing plot, which never came off, has been sued by Robert Swartz, who claims he was defrauded of \$97,000 by Valentino in a business scam.

#

Black Role Models: The complaint in a \$20 million lawsuit filed against boxing

celebrity **Mike Tyson** mentions his "history as a serial buttocks fondler of black women." Tyson stands accused of goosing 10 of the 23 candidates in the 1991 Miss Black America Pageant, which he attended as a promotional stunt. Last year's winner, Rosie Jones, multiplied his legal woes with a criminal rape charge and a \$100 million civil suit for sexual assault. It all fits with Tyson's well publicized, sadistic spiel: "I like to hurt women, when I make love to them....I like to have them scream with pain, to see them bleed. It gives me pleasure."

Another black devotee of the Marquis de Sade, funk rocker **Rick James**, is out on \$500,000 bail after he and his bottle-blond mulatto consort were charged with torturing and sexually molesting a woman (race unspecified) for two days in his Hollywood Hills (CA) home.

#

Jewish Financial Finaglers: Miami prosecutors accused Dade County's Circuit Judge **Roy T. Gelber** of taking \$81,000 in bribes from undercover agents for fixing the cases of drug dealers. To avoid a charge of conspiracy to commit murder, Gelber pleaded guilty to racketeering. Valuable Byzantine mosaics disappeared from the Greek Orthodox Church of Cyprus in 1979. Serendipitously, they reappeared when **Peg Goldberg**, an art dealer, tried to unload them on the J. Paul Getty Museum for \$20 million.

Senator **Howard Metzenbaum**, often preened by the media as the protector of the common man and the guardian of the nation's morals, is on the wrong end of a \$3 million suit for fraud. He, his daughter, **Barbara**, and a Jewish shyster named **Gerald Wedren**, sold their interest in the Little Tavern restaurant chain without telling the buyers that the books had been cooked. In 1984, Metzenbaum almost got away with picking up \$250,000 as a finder's fee for a brief phone call to push the sale of a Washington hotel.

Peter Kalikow, man-about-town owner of the N.Y. Post, has filed for bankruptcy. His paper, however, will keep publishing and keep beating the drums for the dispossession of the Palestinians. Among his unpaid debts: \$107,000 owed to high fashion, mucho pricey Bergdorf Goodman. The Chapter 11 filing will prevent his \$8.5 million, 137-ft. yacht, his \$7 million collection of rare cars and his \$6 million Long Guyland vacation spread from being seized, at least for a breather of 120 days, during which Kalikow hopes to refinance. Earlier this year he failed to pay \$50 million in loans. Nevertheless, he tells his creditors that he has a net worth of almost half a billion.

Talking Numbers

1.83 71 12 100.013 .03% 43 57 31425 π

Jericho, supposed to be the world's oldest town, was an oasis 8,000 years ago. 2,000 years later it had a population of 2,000 on 10 acres surrounded by the fabulous walls, which came tumbling down when the invading Israelites, at the command of Joshua, gave forth a "loud shout."

#

In the latest Fortune list of the world's billionaires, 2 Jewish families made the top 10: the Reichmanns of Canada (\$12.8 billion); the Newhouses of the U.S. (\$12.1 billion). John Kluge, of uncertain and indefinable racial origins, was given a net worth of \$7.1 billion.

#

5 and possibly 7 of the 10 U.S. corporation execs who made \$10 million or more in 1990, according to the Forbes 800, were Jews.

#

The U.S. voting age population (as of April 1, 1990): White, 152,057,841; Black, 20,401,645; American Indian, Eskimo or Aleut, 1,262,267; Asian or Pacific Islander, 5,190,275; Other race, 6,193,413. Hispanic origin: 14,596,559. (Since Hispanics, according to the Census Bureau, can be of any race, their number must be subtracted from the other categories. A fair guess is that 90% of them were listed as whites.)

#

Of the 28 courses currently approved for the Ethnic Studies Requirement at the University of California, Berkeley, 7 are concerned with the American Jewish experience.

#

8.4% of American blacks are Roman Catholics; 5.1% belong to predominantly white Protestant denominations. Most Negroes stick to all-black churches, 46.8% to 3 National Baptist Convention groups.

#

The World Bank reports that countries now spend more than \$1 trillion a year on arms and the military. High-income nations allot \$860 billion; developing nations, \$107 billion.

#

Marianne Ragins, an 18-year-old black in Macon (GA), was offered \$258,000 in college scholarships, after she graduated third in her high-school class. The families of the white students, who came in first and second, will probably have to pay all or a large part of their college expenses.

#

An auction of 10,000 items in the late Andy Warhol's estate brought in \$25.3 million. The dabbling queer made infan-

tile portraits of celebrities from photographs, called them art and sold them to plutocrats as degenerate and tasteless as himself.

#

The "average Democrat" in the House voted with Rep. Bernard Sanders of Vermont 75% of the time. The "average Republican" House member was not so supportive, meshing with the Jewish socialist on only 18% of the votes. 718 corporate PACs gave \$3.75 million to the 1990 election campaigns of the 75 congressmen who were the most faithful Sanders' goalongs.

#

Israel's per capita defense spending, the world's highest, is \$1,373.91.

#

42% of marriages in Britain end up in the divorce courts. Nearly all the plaintiffs are women. 6 times more blacks and 4 times more Asians in Britain come down with diabetes than do whites.

#

A 5-nation survey of European 18-year-olds revealed that the Dutch are the tallest (male average 6', female 5'6"). Germany placed second (5'11", 5'6"); Switzerland third (5'10", 5'5"); Britain fourth (5'9", 5'4"). France, whose males are a tad shorter than Britain's, brought up the rear.

#

The National Crime Survey, which interviews victims, stated that 34.8 million crimes were committed in the U.S. in 1990. According to the FBI only 14.5 million crimes were reported to the police in that year—proof positive that more and more Americans suffer crime silently.

#

To impress people with the poverty of the English language, academic culture mulchers have long insisted that Eskimos have 17 to 23 different words for snow. The N.Y. Times, always the biggest mulcher, once boosted the figure to 100. A new book, *The Great Eskimo Vocabulary Hoax*, assures readers that the Eskimo lingo has no more words for the white stuff than English English or American English.

#

A Democratic pollster, Geoffrey Garin, claims 31% of David Duke voters were mainly motivated by race; 26% just wanted to protest; 24% were angered at the welfare system. 66% thought Duke had changed his former views.

#

In Haiti the 5% mulatto population sits in the catbird's seat. In Jamaica, the 17% mulattos are on top; in the Dominican Re-

public, the 25% whites, with the 60% mulatto group next and the 15% blacks at the bottom. In Cuba the 70% Cuban whites (Fidel is one) lord it over the 15% mestizos and 15% blacks. (To the casual visitor mestizos and blacks account for far more than 30% of Cubanos.)

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Blacks represent 1.1% of college professors, 1.8% of American Ph.Ds and 2.5% of the nation's working scientists and engineers.

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By age 70, 1 in 8 American blacks have glaucoma, compared to 1 in 50 whites.

#

About 250,000 new cases were filed in federal district courts in 1990. Some 25,000 of the civil cases will be kicking about and running up attorneys' fees for more than 3 years.

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7 million children who were claimed as dependents in 1986 IRS tax returns disappeared in the 1987 returns after taxpayers were told to list Social Security numbers of every dependent, 1 year old or older. 11,000 returns claimed 7 or more children in 1986; none made such claims in 1987.

#

The U.S. Treasury will shell out \$642 million to settle 100,000-plus refugees in the U.S. in 1991.

#

In 1980 minorities were the majority in 163 U.S. counties; in 1990, 186. Only 3 of the 10 largest U.S. cities are still majority white. (Jews and Southern Europeans in Census Bureau reports are not counted as minorities.)

#

26% of Israeli flits use condoms. 147 Israelis have come down with AIDS in the past decade. 90 of them are no longer of this world.

#

As of 1990, in the United States, there were 211,000 black/white married couples. As of 1987 there were 56,000 white male/black female married couples—11,000 more than in 1980.

#

Various Jewish organizations come up with varying numbers for the totality of U.S. Jews. Since the Census Bureau is forbidden to do the job, the latest guesstimate, which appears in the *1991 American Jewish Year Book*, is 5,981,000 or 2.4% of the U.S. population. Jews, by happenstance or perhaps not by happenstance, now comprise 7.3% of House members; 8% of senators.

#

It's a 1 in 3 shot that an American woman, who is not a virgin, has had only 1 sexual partner in her lifetime. (Harper's Index)



Canada. When Patti Starr talked—even whispered—politicians listened, particularly those of the Liberal Party, to whom she has illegally funneled more than \$139,000 of charitable funds. All Patti had to do was lift up the phone and the “people who counted” would be at the other end.

But this summer Patti’s phone calls were few and far between. It’s not too easy to call from the woman’s jail in Brampton. Patti, once the powerful head of the Toronto section of the National Council of Jewish Women was caught with her panties down, so to speak, for taking liberties with a \$747,000 grant and diverting \$33,000 (Canadian) supposedly destined for charity into her own bank account.

Many prominent Canadian Jews appeared as character witnesses for Patti at her trial. Copious tears were shed. Patti even went so far as to countersue the government for defamation and abuse of power—all to no avail. She got six months in the slammer and a \$3,500 fine. Today she washes dishes in the jail’s kitchen and clothes in the laundry.

One wonders how many Patti Starrs are plying their trade in those U.S. Jewish organizations which pass their tax-exempt money on to Israel, part of which in one way or another generally ends up buttressing the blustering Israeli military.

A Negro pressure group, backed up by the League for Human Rights of B’nai B’rith, has demanded the suspension of Montreal Constable Guy Denis, who dared to suggest that one way to help curb black violence in Canada would be to send colored immigrants back whence they came. At last report Denis, previously absolved of five complaints of harassing blacks, has been taken off street patrol and assigned to administrative duties pending one more investigation.

Charged with infecting three Ontario women with AIDS, Charles Ssenyonga, 34, awaiting trial for aggravated sexual assault and criminal negligence, was let out of jail after depositing only \$300 of a \$5,000 bond.

The spacious gardens and back lanes of Vancouver’s residential areas are proving too much of a temptation for the developers’ bulldozers, who are busy turning “the village by the rain forest” into a cement wilderness of apartment houses and office buildings. One of the principal developers is Pakistani immigrant Stephen

Sander, who heads something called “Consciousness International Foundation.” About 80% of the profits from his concrete monstrosities flow from this charity into the Third World.

Not only is Sander unwilling to come up with the back taxes owed his adopted city, he is also unwilling to pay support payments to his first wife, Margaret Rothwell, and for their four children. Currently Sander is in court for underreporting his income by \$1,182,324. Although Sander correctly understands the white man’s wish to give his wealth to his colored brethren, he hasn’t yet understood the mechanism.

Britain. Someone set fire to Charles Saatchi’s £60,000 green convertible Rolls. The advertising mogul, a bosom pal of Mrs. Thatcher and descendant of a family of Middle Eastern Jews, blamed it on a non-Jewish neighbor who claims an extension to Saatchi’s £1.75-million home had done £100,000 in damages to his own domicile. Saatchi resorted to the usual Jewish tactics in such cases, saying he had been the target of “racial abuse.”

For seven years some £25,000 belonging to the London School of Economics was siphoned off by the “distinguished international historian” Antony Polonsky to subsidize unauthorized research on Polish Jewry. As Instaurators might suspect, Polonsky won’t be sacked.

Filthy rich Nicholas Rothschild, 39, and his wife Caroline, 35, have adopted a most un-Jewish-looking Romanian orphan, a blonde, blue-eyed baby girl named Chloe. Chloe will be living on her father’s 2,500-acre spread in Hampshire. Chloe’s new grandfather, Edmund, resides in a mansion nearby and employs 160 servants (Sunday Mail, June 2, 1991).

Six out of ten women in London with AIDS hail from the Dark Continent.

Norman Solomons, 57, once known as Glasgow’s biggest slumlord, has a new job: marriage broker for a race-mixing outfit called Thai the Knot. He introduces lonely Scotsmen to Thai women. Cost of Solomons’ package deal, which includes a trip to Thailand and “limitless introductions,” runs about £4,000.

David Rubin, son of a revered Hasidic rabbi, has dropped out of sight after appar-

ently cheating investors out of £100,000 in a series of shady financial scams that promised investors a return of as much as 5% a month. British authorities have difficulty finding out about what he was up to because London’s Jewish community has clammed up and won’t talk about “one of their own.” Rubin’s now unoccupied £500,000 home, among its other luxuries, has three kitchens.

When Peter Stockley, a 16-year-old white, applied to take a 30-week fire-fighter training course in London, he was informed it was restricted to “women, and men and women of Afro-Caribbean, Asian and African origin.

The Newham Council in London wants to rename some streets in the borough of Nottingham to honor various non-British queers. Vidyapati Drive would commemorate a 15th-century Bengali fag poet; Tsehe Simon Nkoli Road, a black South African homo agitator; Andre Lorde Ave., an obscure Afro-American lesbian scribbler of jingles. The idea is that, if a white straight lives at 120 Vidyapati Drive, he will be forced to develop a more favorable idea of the street’s eponymous nonwhite pervert.

As managing editor of a company that owns the British edition of Penthouse, Ms. Isabel Koprowski, who calls herself “a nice Jewish girl,” gave the benefit of her wisdom to the Friends of the Union of Jewish Students: “I don’t see what’s wrong with making money out of sex or any other business....Hitler started by burning books and ended by burning people.”

Professor Geoffrey Alderman, a former president of British Jewry’s Board of Deputies, recently told off his fellow Jews in this fashion: “Many circles in Anglo-Jewry don’t bat an eyelid about financial wrongdoings....I have not heard of one rabbi who has publicly condemned the Guinness gang, and I don’t think that any harm would come by telling the truth.” American rabbis, it might be noted, have been equally silent about the Milken, Boesky and Robert Altman money jugglers in the U.S.

Speaking of Jewish crooks, Peter Ronson, the 15th richest person in Britain, whose fortune is estimated at £500 million, was jailed for one year for his part in the £25-million illegal attempt to take over Guinness Distillers. Earlier this year he was let out for a day in the company of a rabbi to attend a synagogue. Also in the party was Tony Englemann, a tax dodger and former owner of a strip joint, who stopped



Will Bush Pull It Off?

How does it feel to be a citizen of the most powerful nation on earth, perhaps the most powerful in history, yet be beholden to a tiny, racist, economic basketcase in the Middle East? It should be a severe blow to every American's pride, at least to those Americans in the know. The sad thing, however, is that most leading politicians, the people who are in the know, don't worry about a loss of pride, mainly because they lost theirs long ago when they entered politics. They simply pocket their money from the pro-Israeli PACs and vote as they are paid to vote. It's a pretty pathetic situation, and the bribes have been passed out for decades (\$4 million to congressmen in the last 12 months). It has cost the country tens of billions of dollars, tens of thousands of jobs (buying Israeli products, particularly weapons that could be made better and cheaper in the U.S.) and hundreds of lives—the strafing of the *U.S.S. Liberty* and the bombing of the U.S. Embassy and the Marine barracks in Beirut, to name three of the bloodiest incidents. In regard to the purchase of Israeli weaponry, listen to that brown-noser of Zionism, Les Aspin (D-WI): "I'm happy to report that the House of Representatives has voted to buy 50% more Israeli-made equipment than requested by the administration."

Will it ever end? Not since Eisenhower stopped the 1956 British-French-Israeli blitzkrieg on Egypt dead in its tracks has any American president dared to cross swords on matters of substance with American Jewry. Every president since Eisenhower has been made to eat crow if he so much as uttered a mild objection to the payola demanded annually by "the only democracy in the Middle East." Two minor exceptions to this "political commandment" were two arms sales to Saudi Arabia.

In early September, however, something happened that should make browbeaten American non-Jews take heart. George Bush actually threatened to veto the latest Israeli raid on the U.S. Treasury—a request for \$10 billion in loan guarantees—if Congress and the Israeli lobby (they often act as if they are one and the same) do not put off addressing the request for four months, so as not to throw a spoke in the wheels of the Middle Eastern peace conference that Bush and Secretary of State James Baker have been laboriously trying to organize.

Jews in the U.S. and the Israelis in their Middle Eastern satrapy could hardly believe this sudden burst of insubordination. They immediately ordered out 1,000 or more of their political shock (shlock) troops to descend on Washington and both beg and badger Congress, while their racial cousins overseas pondered and plotted an even more forceful response. As expected, at least one Knesset member openly called Bush an anti-Semite.

Will Bush stick to his guns? Or will the confrontation end in some shabby compromise? Recalling the one-way nature of U.S.-Israeli relations in recent decades, no one should take signs of a White House shift away from Israeli-firstism too seriously.

But just suppose the miracle does occur. Just suppose that Bush doesn't throw in the towel and that Israel and Congress are brought to heel. Given this victory Bush might be able to restore some honor and consistency to American foreign policy, not only in the Middle East, but elsewhere. The U.S., which forced Iraq to disgorge Kuwait, subsidizes a state which has repeatedly invaded Lebanon and still occupies a part of it. The U.S., which is sternly against nuclear proliferation, winks at Israel's build-up of a huge nuclear arsenal. The U.S., which believes in the self-determination of peoples, has given away over the years more than \$46 billion to a state which has dispossessed an entire people, the Palestinians.

Bush will be in for a rough ride if he persists in his refusal to bow and scrape to Jewry. It is quite true, as Andrew and Leslie Cockburn write in their book, *Dangerous Liaison*, "every administration leaves office having conceived an intense dislike of the French and the Israelis." Even Jimmy Carter, the president who pushed through the Camp David Accords, basically a huge bribe to Egypt to defect from the Arab cause, said that one of his prime motives for running for reelection in 1980 was to remain in the White House for another four years so he could "f . . . the Jews." The National Security Agency had intercepted a conversation between Menahem Begin, then Israel's prime minister, and New York City Mayor Koch. The two were figuring out ways to prevent Jimmy the Tooth from getting the Democratic Party's nomination for president for a second term.

Bush has never come out and denounced the \$10 billion loan guarantee which, if Israel defaults, as it is almost sure to do, could possibly cost the U.S. as much as \$17 billion. All he has said is that he doesn't want the issue to interfere with the peace process for the next four months. He didn't say, as he should have, that with 100,000 American children homeless, with a high rate of unemployment, with a recession that shows few signs of ending, with the annual budget deficit running over \$200 billion a year, the U.S. is hardly in a position to cosign a \$10 billion note to be used not for American citizens but for the resettlement of Soviet Jews from one foreign country to another.

Bush is a professional politician, which means that he puts votes and favorable media treatment above the interests of his country. At the same time, he is a WASP and a super-preppy. In his Bush of Arabia pose he euchred us into a foreign war, one of immense benefit to Israel. Unlike his post-WWII predecessors, however, he didn't end the war without victory (Korea) or in defeat (Vietnam). He won his war hands down. He also showed surprising spunk (for a U.S. president) when he told the queers who besieged his Maine vacation home that the AIDS plague could be reduced if they changed their behavior. Bush also refused to consider reducing or commuting the sentence of convicted Jewish spy Jonathan Pollard, whose ex-wife is currently holed up in an Israeli psychiatric ward, against her will—or so she says.

Bush's confrontation with world Jewry may be the start of something big or it may fizzle out any day. Sooner or later, however, some president will have to summon up the guts to say no to Zionism if what is becoming de facto INAT (Israel North American Territories) is not to become de jure INAT.

Dial Dollars for Duke

David Duke now has a 900 number. Dial 1-900-PRO-DUKE to hear his insightful comments on affirmative action, welfare reform and immigration. The cost is \$5 per minute, and the profits will go to his campaign for Louisiana governor. October 19 is the day of truth, the day of the open primary.

Stirlets

- Roger Lee Kelly decided to give Chosenites a taste of their own medicine. Since Jews spy and monitor non-Jews, Kelly asked, why can't non-Jews spy on them? So Kelly, a Ku Klux Klan leader, joined the NAACP, "so I could know what they are up to."

- In a sort of defiant Barbara Fritchie gesture, Virginia Kenyon, a rare type of Harvard undergraduate, hung a Confederate flag out of her dorm window. "If they talk about diversity," she asserted, "they're going to get it."

- Last year a black gang beat Russell Coats, a white Brookville (FL) teenager to death. Visited by a reporter a few months ago, Gene Coats, the victim's father, stated, "If there was a voice to represent the white people, other than a foolish organization like the Ku Klux Klan, then I would definitely join."