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Discovery Can Be A Bloody Business

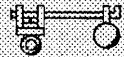


Indians pour molten gold down the throat of one of Columbus's men as other Indians (in the background) roast the severed leg of a Spanish captive in preparation for a cannibalistic feast.

Spaniards set their ferocious dogs on Indian prisoners and watch imperturbably as the hounds bite off a few heads.



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.

Sure, those in the high-dollar bracket must pay their "fair share," but how about a "fair share" of children in the low-buck set?

400

I tried to send a copy of Instauration to someone incarcerated in an Illinois jail. The mailroom people sent it back. They explained they can't let black gang "literature" through, so they have to give the same treatment to Instauration.

606

Does it really matter—Bush or Clinton? Both are establishment lapdogs eager to roll over on command. Both are hollow. Both point up the corresponding vacuity of most Americans, those childish rubes who believe in Space Visitors, Hollywood Heroes, The Holocaust and all such Chosen euhemerism.

Canadian subscriber

A young white Manhattanite was, for reasons too deep to fathom, walking in Hoboken (NJ) at 1:30 a.m. on a Sunday recently when he was set upon and beaten by a gang of young Hispanics and blacks, the oldest of whom was —get this—12! No robbery involved, just "yuppie bashing." His nose was broken, a tooth may have to come out, and his eyes are giving him trouble.

217

I do not have to tell you how impressed I was by the editorial, "America Is Dead" (June 1992). One sentence was superb! "We were done in by parasitism at the top and barbarism at the bottom." Congrats.

731

The recent Washington Heights riots had the character of an armed insurrection by foreign nationals. Many participants waved Dominican flags. These newcomers have created a

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Wilmot Robertson, editor

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"community" in northern Manhattan with the highest crime rate in a crime-ridden city. Most Dominicans are mulattoes who have little regard for U.S. law, even less for North American cultural values. Isn't the diversity of a multiracial, multicultural society stimulating?

223

Demands are growing for reparations to American blacks for the trauma of separation from their ancestral homeland. Surely the ideal solution would be to cure the trauma by sending them back.

042

Experts differ as to which modern weapons are most lethal: nuclear missiles or biological and chemical weapons. They're all wrong. It's bare feet. These are the deadly weapons that permit 2 million Mexicans to invade California yearly.

921

My trip to Virginia Beach was predictably melanin-riddled. On July 4 there was a beauty contest in a small park by the boardwalk. As multicultural as the crowds are on a typical holiday weekend, I found it interesting that the contestants did not at all reflect this diversity. My goodness, one would have thought that only females of Northern European extraction were worthy of competing! Surprisingly, not one voice was raised in protest. Then again, maybe it wasn't so surprising, seeing as how it was impossible to walk two blocks down the beach or boardwalk without coming across a black male with a white woman in tow.

Actually, I'm thinking it may be time to consider a new double standard. No, not between the sexes, but within the female sex. I know two middle-aged females who chose minorities for their second husbands. Since they both churned out some of the most beautiful, blond, blue-eyed children you've ever seen during their first marriages, perhaps they can be forgiven for a lapse in their post-reproductive years. If a white female wants to take a walk on the wild side, better she should do it after her child-bearing years are behind her. But how to explain it to the kids?

752

I had previously hesitated subscribing to Instauration because of what I had incorrectly believed was a high subscription price. After reading the August issue, I now feel the magazine is worth every penny, nay, worth more than every penny of the \$30 fee. On practically every page I found something to laugh at. Of course, not everything in the issue was funny, but I must laugh at insanity in order to hold on to my own sanity.

952

It is no secret that a few Instaurationists have a habit of throwing stones at our Constitution from time to time—like when Instauration categorized Ross Perot's negative feeling of the Constitution as a "plus" since he felt it was outdated. Labeling the Constitution as outdated because of the countless violations committed against it by our oath-taking Congress is like

saying gravity is outdated just because some astronauts escaped the earth's gravitational field and made it to the moon. Most Majority members today don't know how to read. They believe the Constitution was formulated in order to "give us rights," rather than to protect those natural rights which were alive and kicking before the document was conceived. It should be understood that he who is not aware of his natural rights has no rights! Ironically, if it hadn't been for the many Constitutional violations committed by the parasites in Washington, Mr. Perot would never have been able to reach the status he now enjoys as a rich quitter.

553

The Democratic ticket this election quadrennium is perfectly balanced. When Clinton selected Gore, he got a running mate who didn't cheat on his wife, who did go to Vietnam and who did inhale when he smoked pot.

339

I can't help comparing Slick Willie to sick Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*. These two empty suits are so obviously cut from the same cloth that it gives me the willies! Willy Loman was described as having nothing more going for him than a smile and a shoe shine—not a bad description of Willie Clinton. Willy Loman, however, was not in a position to become commander-in-chief of the nuke-loaded U.S. Armed Forces. Hence Willie Clinton's potential for tragedy—ours, that his, not his—is far greater.

111

Robert Throckmorton's description of U.S. grants to Israel as "payola" is poor usage of the language. When one gives payola, at least something is received in return.

926

Is Holocaust revisionism becoming a religion? Certainly the blind and vicious persecution of its adherents is reminiscent of Christianity aborning.

Canadian subscriber

I apologize for my long absence from the list of loyal subscribers to Instauration. During the last few years I have been plagued by the typical scourges of modern-day America: divorce, loss of a business, loss of a home, loss of

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my primary family, unemployment and the unwanted status of habitual offender in rights procurement. The above trials and tribulations have proved to be, symbolically speaking, a dramatic mental steroid. One of the primary strengths derived from the legal battles inherent in these troubles is an invaluable pool of paralegal knowledge acquired from assorted public officials, independent research, networking, officers of the court, other paralegals, being in propria persona in court, and helping other Instaurationists and activists to solve their own problems, e.g., the Metzgers.

972

□ If Majority members would fight for our original Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, then they should also be willing to fight for a Re-Declaration of Independence that would revise these WASP documents and principles and restrict them to apply to WASPs only.

902

□ How many takers do I have on a bet that Hillary will get a cabinet post in Bill's new administration? Say, attorney general?

329

□ The article "Black Johnny Rebs" (Aug. 1992) is valuable. In England, one can still quote it in a cocktail party context. The sources are given and can be learned by heart. Let the enemy check them if I don't have time.

British subscriber

□ I read a small article, "Court tosses out kosher rules," when the New Jersey Supreme Court invalidated state rules that impose standards for food preparation under Jewish kosher laws. It said the rules violate constitutional separation of church and state. While reading, I wondered why we still have to pay the rabbis every time we buy some Heinz product, Post Grapenuts, Kraft mayonnaise, every brand of imported olive oil, Palmolive and Proctor & Gamble products, even Glad-Lock Zipper Bags. The list goes on and on. All these items are marked K or U.

781

□ Hey, I certainly appreciate N.B. Forrest's tribute to T.R. Fehrenbach (May 1992). Having lived in Texas for the last 16 years, I was aware of him, but the only book of his I ever read was a coffee table extravaganza filled with aerial photos of Texas. Since Lone Star is still readily available in the mass market bookstores of Texas, I picked up a copy and started plowing through it. This guy doesn't labor under any illusions when it comes to the human race! He understands that survival is a far greater motivator than ideals. Best of all, there's absolutely no retro moralizing as a sop to the contemporary reader in search of guilt trips.

760

□ A friend handed me a dated paperback on Eva Braun, wife of Adolf. While naturally skeptical of its contents, I stuck with it for a while. Then the author ensnared himself in a whopper. He wrote how he himself, being in the vicinity of a concentration camp, smelt a strong burning flesh odor emanating from the camp's crematory. This despite the sworn testimony of experts in the Zündel trial that crematories pro-

duce neither flames nor smoke—only odorless gasses. One "survivor" swore he saw "flames 40 feet high" shooting out of the crematory and could determine the nationality of the corpse by the color of the flames. Under cross examination by Doug Christie, this character confessed to having heard the yarn from yet another "survivor." The Holocaust legend teems with such lies and damning inconsistencies. But when the liars are found out, they are never, never confronted by the media, be they Jew or Gentile. One would think that just by accident the media would finger one of these beggars. But they never do. Instauration is on the mark when it reiterates that America is dead, dead, dead.

Canadian subscriber

□ Never have I heard such hollering as I've heard here at Indiana State Prison. Makes one wonder if monkeys have a built-in microphone in their throat. If this is any indication of life in the ghetto, I feel sorry for the neighbors.

Inmate

□ The Navy pilot (Zip 077) who wrote in defense of the Tailhook Association said that prostitution is "a perfectly legal profession" in Las Vegas. While prostitution certainly exists in Glitter City, it is not legal (as it is in some rural Nevada counties). Theoretically the Tailhookers committed a crime by hiring hookers. The pilot concludes by writing, "If we had a corps of Puritans manning our Navy's fighting planes, we'd be in deep trouble." I'm not sure what kind of "trouble" he's talking about. Is he saying that these aviators—deprived of their alcoholic orgies—might rebel against dropping bombs on Iraq or the other enemies of Israel? If so, bring on those Puritans.

892

□ Instauration's point (Aug. 1992, p. 9) about the public having no guns in Japan and many guns in Switzerland, while both populations have low crime rates, effectively rebuts the standard European argument about the high American crime rate being due to the widespread possession of guns

Swiss subscriber

□ If Slick Willie slithers into the White House, will they play Inhale to the Chief for this draft-dodging, harlot-hopping hop-head?

Canadian subscriber

□ We mustn't criticize spoiled children. They might throw a tantrum. We must praise whatever they do or the poor things may lose their cool. Doesn't all this sound like the media-mandated attitude toward People of Color?

871

□ It is unfortunate that more people do not subscribe to Instauration. If they did, we would have had more room for N.B. Forrest to really take the country club buffoons apart. These people think they are so very smart, so very hip. They do, however, represent the smart money. They speak in esoteric parables about how relationships are so important to a rewarding life. They are so far out of touch with reality that they wish and hope that a Chinaman or Japanese would move in next door and develop the property down the street. But the buffoon himself will not take over the development be-

cause it is too much work. He would rather watch golf on TV. He would never help David Duke pay off those horrendous campaign debts. Why should he? Duke didn't win.

577

□ I believe that Romeo from the Ozarks on the cover of Instauration (Aug. 1992) is too innocuous a description for Clinton and that the caption for Gore, Governor from the Likud, emphasizes the most significant single concern that the Democratic presidential candidate shares with his running mate. Gore's brown-nosing of Yitzhak Shamir is a form of obeisance practiced by Clinton and seems deserving of a similar title to the OBN (Order of the Brown-nose) awarded by Private Eye magazine for similar conduct performed by British subjects in this part of the woods.

English subscriber

□ Instaurationists who think miscegenation between white American females and African-American males is a 20th-century phenomenon are apparently unaware that the problem was so great in the colonies that in 1681 the Maryland legislature decreed Negro children of white indentured mothers were to be classified as free. Also, one of contemporary history's best-kept secrets is that the number of whites indentured to free Negroes and to American Indians was so great that in 1670 the Virginia legislature was moved to outlaw such practices. "It is enacted that noe negro or Indian, though baptizid and enjoyned their owne ffreedom shall be capable of any such purchase of christians. . ." (Statutes of the Virginia Assembly, Vol. 2, pp. 280-81; original spelling). Christian was a euphemism of the period for white.

Edward Kerling

□ The Austrians survive by laughing at what can't be helped. Item: Towards the end of WWI, a Prussian and Austrian officer met and had a talk. "With us," said the Prussian, "the situation is serious, but not hopeless." "With us," replied the Austrian, "the situation is hopeless, but not serious." Item 2: The Austrian folk hero Graf Bobbi is an aristocratic bloody fool who is not as simple as he lets on. He had the following conversation with his friend Rudi: Bobbi. "Rudi, I need to be denazified." Rudi. "But Bobbi, you should have been denazified 45 years ago!" Bobbi. "You don't understand. At that time I wasn't a Nazi yet."

Austrian subscriber

□ Passing thoughts: When Fat Face got married, it's a wonder he trusted nephew Willie enough to let him kiss the bride. And have you heard of the Rodney King deck of playing cards? One spade and 51 clubs.

406

□ I've noticed when any Populist or strong leader comes along to save our country from being overrun by colored immigrants, he is always a "Nazi" or "dangerous Fascist." If we don't have a counterplan for unity and defense to save our people, if we don't realize our peril and shame, we don't deserve to live—and it's for certain our children won't.

276

□ I don't understand why Instauration pays so little attention to religious matters. Hasn't

The Safety Valve



the editor noticed that colored immigration, a multiracial society and miscegenation are more acceptable in those parts of Europe which have been traditionally Protestant? Traditional Catholics are willing to die for their race and faith. Think of all the "right-wing" dictators in 20th-century Europe. Think of where nationalism thrives. Is it just a coincidence that the majority of Aryan women who murder their babies through abortion are Protestant? Yes, there are exceptions, such as the Anabaptists in America and the Boers in South Africa. However, these two groups are strengthened by their conflict with the people with whom they have had to share their land. In Europe, nearly all Protestants (and "modern" Catholics) have surrendered without a fight. The most reactionary, "extreme right" organization in Britain is the Latin Mass Society. Interesting to note that when the modern mass is celebrated, all races attend. When the traditional rite is celebrated, only whites attend.

British subscriber

□ Prediction: the Conniver from Kennebunkport will defeat the Romeo from the Ozarks (great moniker, Wilmot!) with the most impressive Desert Storm-like barrage of dirty, dirtier and dirtiest tricks since the era of the Padrone of the Pedernales. King George was no file clerk at the CIA—he was its director for one year and one of its agents (according to FBI files) for at least two decades. (The two U.S. Navy ships used in the Bay of Pigs were code-named "Barbara" and "Houston"; the whole operation was called Operation Zapata, which happened to be the name of Bush's oil company.) Bereft of the "vision thing," Bush presides over an America hurtling netherward: economically, racially and spiritually. Political and economic tricks won't deal with fundamentals. *Après le déluge, nous!*

200

□ A Chicago suburb Human Relations Council, controlled by blacks, attempted to combat black-on-black juvenile gang violence by making a video. It showed that only 30 deaths were alleged to have been committed by "white supremacists" in the last 20 years, whereas in the first six months of 1992 there were approximately 2,000 black-on-black gang murders. After those who had a political or financial stake in perpetrating the evil "white supremacists" as murderers myth protested, the Council agreed to "tone down" the video. The mass media for the last few years have been reporting that "crime is invading the suburbs." Unfortunately, the newsmongers fail to report that nonwhites moving into the suburbs are the cause of the crime.

463

□ I wince for my country. I sigh when my fellow citizens breathlessly glorify the "Dream Team." "Didja hear? We got another gold!!!"

190

□ Speaking of blond jokes, sensitivity demands we call them what they are—racial slurs. Would we allow kinky-hair slurs? Or slant-eyes slurs? Black-eyes or brown-skin slurs? What about that blond Swede in

Göteborg jailed for referring to some alien from outer Asia as a "dark-head?" Even Rush Limbaugh, who should but does not know better, thinks blond jokes are funny. The objects of these hilarious insults are genetically Nordic blonds, along with all the non-Nordic bottle blonds. Blond jokes are unmitigated slurs against Northern Europeans, including a substantial segment of white Americans. Why do we laugh so much at them? Because Nordics are too smart and self-confident to whine about them. That's why "Brits" are in and "Japs" are out.

981

□ When celebrated New York architectural historian and urban planner Lewis Mumford broke unexpectedly in the late 1930s with his old friend Frank Lloyd Wright (architect-father of the "human dimension" in American housing design), the break was attributed to what most observers thought was Wright's fairly well-documented egocentrism. Few, even among their mutual friends, suspected a deeper motive. Mumford, illegitimate son of a Jewish father who had married a black-haired daughter of Zion when writing for the Greenwich Village-based Dial magazine back in the 20s, became enraged in the late 30s by Wright's support for the anti-interventionist America First movement that threatened to block Roosevelt's itch to go to war against Hitler Germany.

895

□ The drug laws only protect the weak, allowing them to reproduce and populate the nation. Unless the drug laws are repealed, our next generation will be worse than this one, if such a thing is possible.

558

□ I wish to express my appreciation for the gentlemanly, thoughtful writing of N.B. Forrest, whose opinions I always find entertaining and worthwhile.

220

□ If women want to be in the Navy, they should man (woman) a ship with females only. Let them show everybody what they can accomplish. The brains are there, but can they perform physically like the men? There is still a difference between the sexes.

Texas mother

□ For the Jews, the Clinton-Gore ticket offers a way of "paying back" Bush for having lagged on the loan guarantee for Israel. The Jewish press is currently trumpeting the Democratic slate as not only good for Israel, but for every other "Jewish agenda," particularly the matter of keeping the hated Jesse Jackson (still not forgiven, despite his annual mea culpas, for his "Hymietown" remark of years past) down on the political farm. "Albert Gore is such a mensch," bespoke one Jewish insider regarding the senator's performance at a local Jewish gathering in Washington. Another said, "There is a clear sense of triumph this year—a feeling that [we] Jews have taken back [our] party." The upshot is that Arab-American politico James Zogby (an ironic moniker, if there ever

was one, for a supporter of Arab causes) finds the Jewish heat in Democratic circles rather hellish these days.

780

□ I cannot understand why our Joe Blows sell themselves so cheaply. They are happiest when they simultaneously wear their hats backwards, watch TV and drink sugar water. They consider this lifestyle of theirs the apex of accomplishment. If you ask them what is new, they reply "nuttin." Before long, when the Japs and Chinese really start to kick their buns, it will be too late for our fools to recover. Something tells me they're going to cry out "it's not fair" when they find out that they are going to have to go to work, like the coolies, and pay rent to the Japs.

775

□ I enjoy Instauration as much as it is possible to enjoy the written word. I feel a great sadness for those poor souls who, for whatever reason, don't read the greatest magazine in the world.

280

□ Okay. Granted that the Veep stacks up as little more than an overprivileged rich-snit whose position in life derives from an accident of birth and whose position in Washington may derive from the psychoneurotic needs of George Bush for an unimpressive understudy. But what has the spelling of "potato" got to do with anything? The Quayle-haters have become so maddened in their lust to defame their quarry that they're beginning to create a Quayle sympathy vote. The real issue, however, is the persona of Quayle's boss, the man who seems to take such satisfaction in pushing lead soldiers about a sand table instead of doing the job he was elected to do.

202

□ This past December, along with my father, I and a racially conscious buddy had the opportunity to visit Germany and Austria for an 18-day trip. We rented a car and drove all over the Fatherland meeting everyone from an aging but feisty Death's Head S.S. commando to Austria's new hope, Jörg Haider. As if this trip, a gift from my father, wasn't enough, I returned home to find a subscription to Instauration under the Christmas tree, a present from my mother.

These days I spend my time between classes putting together a racial fact sheet clipped from xeroxed pages of Instauration. I send the 20 or so copies to my friends, whose parents were too cowardly or lazy to instill the proper ideals in their offspring. I'm very happy to say that, with Instauration's help, I have succeeded in de-programming about two-thirds of my friends, with the rest leaning the right way. What a joy it is to see lights appearing in dark minds. Waking up people who belong to my generation (I'm 22) isn't so hard when you consider it is the first generation to have faced total integration in college and the workplace. Nothing educates like firsthand experience.

303

□ Like orchids, democracy won't grow everywhere, and a lot of effort is wasted in trying.

Danish subscriber

* * *

No Sniveling About Columbus, If You Please

The 500th anniversary of the discovery of the Americas is upon us. As might be expected in these days of ethnic touchiness, a great wail has arisen from the aboriginal inhabitants of North and South America, and a great moan from the descendants of African slaves brought to these continents. The lament of these folks is that Christopher Columbus, or Cristóbal Colón as the Spanish call him, would have been better off staying home.

The high crimes and misdemeanors charged against Columbus and the Europeans who followed him include:

- a. *The despoliation of a paradise.*
- b. *The murder and enslavement of innocent, edenic, autochthonous peoples.*
- c. *The wipeout of superior cultures and religions, and their replacement by the hateful, heartless European way of life.*
- d. *The introduction of African slavery, a terrible injustice to the slaves and a deathblow to Africa, whose growth was stunted, if not destroyed, by the swinish, cruel Europeans.*

There is some truth in every one of these claims, though similar accusations could be made against every empire-building race that ever existed. It is certainly accurate to say that the advent of the Europeans brought unspeakable suffering and near extinction to the native peoples, such as the 90% decline in the populations of Mexico, Peru and Central America in the hundred years following the conquest. Most of the decline can be attributed to the diseases of the Europeans—smallpox and a host of other deadly microbes—against which the Indians had no immunity. In the Caribbean the arrival of the Spanish led to something close to genocide within a few decades. Sickness, war and endless slave labor in the gold mines made short work of the brown-skinned islanders.

The charge of despoiling the environment of the New World is also not without foundation. The chronicles of the early explorers describe lands far different from the ones we see today. Again, the Caribbean Islands were perhaps the hardest hit. Vast stands of tropical timber disappeared almost overnight. Spanish techniques of cattle ranching damaged huge areas in all parts of South and Central America. Some of the results of European colonization are only now being seen in their full dimensions. What is possibly the worst ecological disaster in the Western Hemisphere, the denuding of the western third of the island of Hispano-

la, began when the French founded their sugar colony there in the 17th century. That colony would eventually become the black Republic of Haiti, a textbook example of Malthusian theory at work.

There is also no question that a number of thriving native cultures were crushed and thoroughly destroyed, the Aztec and Inca Empires being the two most familiar cases. Hundreds of other smaller, more primitive peoples were also submerged in the European tide. In nearly every case the culture of the conquerors took root and ended for all time the lifestyles of the locals.

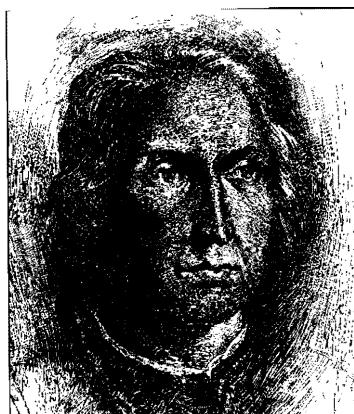
As far as the behavior of the colonizers is concerned, Europeans have little to be proud of. The Spanish were distinguished by their cruelty, greed and religious fanaticism (on which they had no monopoly). The Portuguese were easily the most debauched and degenerate of the newcomers, a situation not improved by the steady racial corruption of their homeland. The English, relative latecomers, had fewer natives at hand to kill, but their duplicity and brutality in dealing with Indians unfortunate enough to come within their reach was of mythic proportions. The English also gave the Spanish a run for their money when it came to greed, though they seldom bothered to paper it over with twaddle about saving Indian souls.

African slavery is another bullet that is tough to dodge. The proof of the Europeans' responsibility in this regard can be seen in any present-day crack house, prison or welfare line. There is a rough justice in this universe. We have paid and continue to pay for the importation of these dark people from the Heart of Darkness.

So, Instaurationists might ask, what does all this prove? That we should go weeping through the streets in sackcloth and ashes, bemoaning the sins of our fathers?

The conquest of America by Europe was an inevitable historical and racial process. The stronger, more vital and more daring race pushed out a weaker one, and brought in a more primitive race, the blacks, to do the dirty work of conquest: clearing the forests, draining the swamps, growing the cash crops that sustained the colonies.

To attempt to establish some sort of blame or guilt for all that happened is simply absurd. The discovery, conquest and taming of the two American continents was merely another chapter in the long history of the human race. And a brilliant chapter it was!



Chris was above good and evil

With all the pain, death, cruelty and greed, the epic of the exploration and conquest of the Americas is without question the grandest that has ever unfolded before human eyes. It is natural that the contemporary descendants of the losers in this process, the slaves, racial turncoats and the miserable leftover Indians, should bitterly assail the victors. In the scheme of history, however, their complaints are raindrops on a granite boulder.

Nature, a cold mistress, is unforgiving and cares nothing for human agony. The European expansion into America was part of a natural process, the overflowing of the life force from its European cradle. Do we cry when a lion brings down an antelope? We recognize the kill to be a law of nature. Do we begrudge the leader of a wolf pack his harem?

There is no harm in taking an honest look at the conquests of America. Dishonesty in history is the worst sort of academic flimflam. Lies in the physical sciences are soon found out. Lies about our past are much harder to uncover and can warp and twist our understanding of the real world. There is ugliness in the history of the European presence in the American continents, just as there is ugliness in the history of pre-Columbian America. We must look at the whole picture.

For an Instaurationist there is much more to be learned, much of immediate and urgent interest to us, as we try to

understand the America of 1992. "There is nothing permanent but change," said the Greek philosopher, Heraclitus; one man wins, another loses, one lives, another dies, one procreates, another watches his bloodline die out. Life is no piece of cake. Mother Nature, as Tennyson wrote, is "red in tooth and claw." Her only interest in us is to see that we reproduce. How and when and where is not her concern.

There is no fairness in life, no mercy, no second chances. If we, the descendants of the Europeans who conquered the Americas, allow Asians, blacks and mongrels to overwhelm us and expel or exterminate us, few will mourn our disappearance.

For the most part the Aztecs, the Incas and the lost tribes of the Caribbean and North America are little more than a memory. The only tangible reminders are a few scattered human fragments, historyless, knowing nothing of their ancestors. Walk through the slums of any Peruvian or Mexican city. You will meet the descendants of the proud Incas and the noble Aztecs, diseased, drunken and ragged, long ago broken and cast aside.

There will be no court of appeal when the land our forefathers gave their all to win is taken from us, and we leave our children without their birthright. There will only be the grim smile of the Almighty pondering the foolishness of His creatures.

N.B. FORREST



In the old days women met handsome gentlemen as they traveled about Europe in luxurious trains. Now, if they buy a Eurailpass, they will meet another kind of person, one with a high degree of nostrilosity, who will try to win their affection, not with his good looks, but with the gift of a bejeweled bracelet. Such seems to be the message of this ad which has appeared in several magazines.

American Graffiti (X)

The Perot Phenomenon

He was no soldier, nor did he have the requisite political will to rule. He was merely an independently wealthy man who stood above the parties and factions. Observe, though, how people responded to the manifestation, as if they had been waiting for years for his appearance. Unlike the graying, country-club Republicans or the minority-studied Democrats, Perot's people were mostly white, cutting across generational lines and all economic levels.

That outpouring of hope and expectation went well beyond any mere dissatisfaction with the economy or distaste for incumbents. Democracy eventually and inevitably yields to Caesarism, to the general who speaks in words that are understood and inspiring to a lowly private, to the man on horseback who uses the most revered symbol of respect in democracy—money—to seize or to achieve personal political power.

Before a Caesar appears there is a genuine—although usually unvoiced—yearning on the part of the people for a strong leader who will set right a society smashed upon the rocks. The yearning is for a pure government: where Caesar rules there are no shadows and background noises. In Caesar's realm the "operators" of political action committees and lobbies are carted off to prison.

Jews from both the so-called Left and Right reacted hysterically to the Perot phenomenon. Pundits like Abe Rosenthal and William Safire mumbled darkly in print about the dark ambitions of the Texan. Ideologues deplored the candidate who belonged to no party. They sniffed the air and sensed that their Money-powered ideologies would not fly in the jet stream of Caesarism.

It was the media, the pundits and the Republicrats that pressed Perot on the "issues." Instinctively, his supporters know that was only a trap—they did not care at all about issues, positions or "platforms." Caesar, like a monarch, is above such trivialities. And when this false Caesar raised the white flag before the battle was hardly joined, the anguish of his followers was like the grief expressed by a child over a fallen father.

Perot has called it quits, though there are hints and threats of a last-minute Great Return. The yearning, however, remains. Is there a man of considerable personal wealth



in America with a burning desire to rule, to truly call the shots and not be a mere mouthpiece of Money or Jewry? Is there one man who has seen the Majority core that comprised the forces of Perot, who understands that this great force can be a springboard to political power? Is there at this very moment an American Caesar, sitting in some great estate, contemplating these things?

If history is a guide, we can most certainly respond in the affirmative.

Anti-Americanism Is Race-Preserving

The wave of Filipino nationalism unleashed by the fall of Marcos has finally forced the United States to evacuate its long-standing military bases in that Third World land. This means a dramatic drop in the number of white American soldiers and sailors who will be bringing home a Filipina. (A recently closed business in the Philippines is a "School for Brides"; in the past 20 years 19,000 Filipinas betrothed to American soldiers graduated from this school, after heavy classroom study on the mysterious ways of the white man.) Hopefully, other Oriental nations will resist the lure of the dollar and refuse to allow American bases on their territory.

Wherever American influence extends, miscegenation and other malignancies follow. In fact, the world has never seen a greater agent for miscegenation than the American military. Whether we buy our way into some Asian country or invade a Latin one, it is certain that dusky brides will soon be setting up housekeeping in the U.S., usually with a little half-caste in the womb. Some of these dumb, propagandized white soldiers actually sink so low they marry Third World whores.

AMERICANS GO HOME! What a fine slogan!

Then there is our 50-year-old practice of sending non-white recruits to the European heartlands, to muddy up the bloodstreams from which we originated. Fortunately, a resurgent nationalism and anti-Americanism in Europe—led by France—is making NATO and its affirmative action troops less and less welcome. The long downhill ride of the stateside economy coupled with demands that money once appropriated for "defense" be diverted to welfare programs, will hopefully accelerate the expulsion of the American defenders of European freedom.

AMERICANS GO HOME!

Anti-Americanism is also racially invigorating on the home front. Note that Negroids living in the U.S. once called themselves "colored." Then it was changed to Negroes, then blacks, then Afro-Americans and now African-Americans. Soon, perhaps, they will drop the hyphen and make it simply "African," a more accurate term. Latin

Americans could follow suit: "Latino" or "Hispanic" are all we need to know about them; on what slice of earth they were born is immaterial. The sly patriotism of Asians living in the U.S. will retard that group's willingness to properly identify themselves for a while, but as the sun sets on the contemporary nightmare of the American Dream, they too will journey back to the lands of their honored ancestors.

And then perchance we, the European Americans, who have found in a flag-waving patriotism the last refuge of our idiocy, will return to our cultural and racial roots and say, proudly, that we are Europeans whose heroic or desperate forebears sailed to a new land and colonized it. And after our anti-colonial war against the mother country, we called ourselves Americans and felt ourselves unique in the world. Yes, at first we thought ourselves quite special, but lately we have come to realize that we had long ago lost our way and have made a terrible mess of everything. Ignorant and cocksure, we have spread our poison over the earth; the true Evil Empire. And now, we Europeans, we good Europeans, who were born into the great North American land mass, now we repent, and now we suffer for our sins. The dream is over. We have awakened.

AMERICANS GO HOME! To Your European Roots!

Smilin' Presidents

Some years ago this publication proposed the dynamic thesis that the voters will always elect as president the major party candidate with the most telegenic smile. Time has not diminished the validity of this idea; it has become a virtual Law.

In 1976 Jimmy the Tooth flashed his way to victory over Jerry the Goof, but was no match later for the professional smiler from Hollywood. The funereal faces of McGovern and Dukakis doomed them before they started.

However, there is another key factor in the electability of an aspirant to the White House. History tells us that candidates with names ending in "n" (as in "Clinton") have an enormous advantage over those whose names end in "h" (as in "Bush"). It's true there are a lot more n-enders in the surnames of the general populace than there are h-enders, but that very commonality is comforting to the electorate. Bush is the only h-ending president, while a long procession of n-enders has squatted in the Oval Office.

We led off with Washington, and throughout the 19th century we've had Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Van Buren, two Harrisons, Buchanan, Lincoln and Johnson. (Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln are also the best known and probably most respected presidents, which may have been a help to subsequent n-enders.)

In this century we've been blessed with Wilson, Truman, Johnson, Nixon and Reagan. The latter was a double n-ender, his middle name being Wilson.

True, Bryan, Stevenson and McGovern were losers, as was Nixon in 1960, but these candidates were simply overwhelmed by Smile Power, potent even before the Electronic Jew invaded our parlors. Bryan was as lugubrious as they come; Stevenson got hooked by a famous grinning idiot;

McGovern was Bryan's partner in the undertaking business; and Tricky Dick was easily out-enameled by Jake the Rake.

All of which brings us to the 1992 presidential election. As of this writing the polls have Bush behind Clinton. The major problem is that George's thin preppy grin just does not measure up to the megawatt candlepower of the fully exposed Clinton molars. Combined with the unpresidential last name, it is plain that Bush may soon have to hit the ex-president's lecture circuit to earn sufficient bucks to keep up with the Rockefellers.

I therefore offer the following sound advice to the Republican presidential campaign. Forget trying to stem the damage done to George's image by the deteriorating economy or the Read My Lips fiasco. Instead, pull your candidate out of public circulation for a week (perhaps "to study bold new initiatives") and smuggle into the White House the best plastic surgeon in the world. (Pledged to secrecy, of course.) Have the surgeon reshape the President's mouth to allow him a display of pearly whites to rival those of a Cheshire cat or matinee idol. (Artfully applied makeup just before public appearances should hide the scars.)

Second, have your guy change his name to Bushman. This will not only give him that urgent "n" factor, but should also garner a significant number of black votes.

I'll submit my bill for this wise counsel to the Republican National Committee, right after the election. (If George wins, my fee will be a paltry \$2 million, plus the appointment of David Duke as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.)

Quick Sprays

- I know someone who called Jerry Brown's 800 number. A harried black female answered, "Brown for President," and asked the inquirer if he wanted to pledge a contribution to the campaign. She quickly took his name, address and phone number, and said he'd be hearing from the campaign. No thanks, no enthusiasm. While she undoubtedly answers many calls every day, a less perfunctory performance would have been more in keeping with a campaign trademarked by "We the People." In any event, now that Jerry Brown—the politically correct Populist—has set the precedent of successfully broadcasting his 800 fundraising number over the airwaves, it is a tactic for any future Whiteside candidate to keep in mind. And to staff his phone banks with volunteers who do not grow weary of repeating the same basic message to a countless number of daily callers.

- More on wimps: 19th-century criminologist Cesare Lombroso attributed most criminal behavior to biological flaws. He once observed that habitual criminals often have receding chin lines. Even though Lombroso is, of course, out of style today (despite his Jewish background), most forthright prison wardens and guards will attest to the accuracy of the observation. My own observation is that this is also a common trait of miscegenating wimps. (Chinless readers should remember that this is a general observation; in any case, direct all angry letters to the editor.)

VIC OLVIR

A complete guide to the exciting new prime time shows

Fall 1992 TV Preview

SUNDAY NIGHT

The Super Chief! (comedy, 7:30, CBS). Yakima Washington, a half-black, half-Indian bureaucrat, is placed in charge of an Indian reservation in Arizona where he finally learns to appreciate the rich tapestry of his multicultural heritage. Season premier: Yakima finds out that he's not the only mixed breed on the reservation when he makes the acquaintance of a half-black, half-Indian hooker of Nigajo lineage.

The Flintsteins (cartoon, 8:00, NBC). Animated series about prehistoric Jews in the Stone Age suburb of Rockville Centre, Lawn Guyland. Featuring the voices of real-life husband and wife Yiddish comedy team, Ben and Sylvia Gallstone, as Barry and Sadie Flintstein. Season premier: Barry and Sadie find it difficult to keep kosher at a saber-toothed tiger roast.

The Song of Solomon (comedy, 8:30, CBS). Solomon Siegel is a nice Jewish boy who breaks his mother's heart when he drops out of medical school to pursue a career as a lounge singer in Las Vegas. Season premier: Ever the gambler, Sol makes a bet with bandleader Moe Meltzer that he can bed the tallest shiksa showgirl at the Tropicana within 48 hours.

Teacher's Pet (comedy, 9:00, Fox). Percy Limpet, a gay high-school teacher, stays in the closet to avoid the wrath of a homophobic principal, only to discover that his manly posturing attracts unwanted attention from his female colleagues. Season premier: Percy initiates a teenage boy into the gay way of life and then finds out the boy's father is a cop.

The Philadelphia Lawyers (drama, 10:00, ABC). Fletcher Desmond is a Chestnut Hill WASP who went to an exclusive prep school. Melvin ("Mental Anguish Mel") Maltzman is an Oxford Circle Jew who was valedictorian of his over-crowded public high school. Though they frequently find themselves on opposite sides of the fence in the courtroom (Fletcher works for a center city insurance company and Mel is a crusading personal injury lawyer), both are united in their quest for maximum fee income. Season premier: Mel undergoes a crisis of faith when he must decide whether or not to sue his synagogue after his mother's slip-and-fall incident.

MONDAY NIGHT

Teenage Mutant Negro Turtles (cartoon, 7:30, Fox). Animated series based on the comic book exploits of those fried chicken-munching super-heroes named after the NBA all-time greats—Earving, Chamberlain, Russell and Abdul-Jabbar. When it's time to play ball, they stand tall, but when it's time to get a real job, they retreat into their shells. Season premier: The Turtles meet their match when they encounter four white rabbits named Cousy, Havlicek, Mikan and Maravich.

Indiana Cohn—Nazi Hunter (adventure, 8:00, CBS). Indiana Cohn, swashbuckling Israeli scholar, travels the world in search of nonagenarian Aryans in nursing homes. Harrison Schwartz stars as the dashing, cosmopolitan globe-trotter who vowed on the graves of his tattooed parents that he would never let the world forget the Six Million. Season premier: Indy vows "Never again, never again!" after encountering a slew of logistical problems when he transports a brain-dead ex-Nazi on a life-support system to Israel for trial.

Where the Heart Is (game show, 8:30, ABC). Homeless people from around the nation compete for a six-month, all-expenses-paid stay at a local Motel 6. In addition to the aluminum can collecting contest and the cheap wine tasting competition, entrants vie for gold medals in these events: most noxious body odor, toughest stubble, funniest shuffle, most lurid lurch, most original panhandling line and funkiest wool cap.

Cal Trek (comedy, 9:00, CBS). Ramesh Kapeesh, Poon Tang and Francis X. Khan star as three nerdy roommates at Cal Tech who find that their many triumphs in the lab do not translate into social success with white women. Season premiere: On their way to South Central Los Angeles to try to pick up some USC coeds, the boys are accosted by a black teenage gang and have a memorable multicultural experience.

Such a Deal! (game show, 9:30, NBC). Concentration camp survivors compete against Talmudic scholars to see who can come up with the most believable Holocaust stories. Contestants are judged on originality, plausibility and sincerity. The winner takes home a \$6,000,000 jackpot!

TUESDAY NIGHT

The Eddie Candor Show (talk show, 7:30, Fox). Always controversial, always outspoken, Eddie Candor, the king of chutzpa, the only talk show host in America who revels in soft-pedaling his Jewishness. Eddie lends his special brand of abrasiveness to the airwaves, along with his white bread sidekick, Larry McGoy.

Homegirl Inga (comedy, 8:30, ABC). Swedish exchange student Inga Carlsson (Gudrun Nordstrom) comes to America and discovers that she has been assigned to live with an inner city African-American family on welfare. Season premier: Inga tries wearing burlap bags to school in an attempt to fend off the overbearing male attention she receives at Malcolm X High.

East L.A. 90022 (drama, 9:00, CBS). The lives and loves of Chicano gang members in East Los Angeles. Season premier: Gang leader Sangriento Sanchez decides to run for city council because he figures it's the only way to make sure the city fixes the Whittier Boulevard potholes that have been tearing up his low-rider.

The Grossbergs of Gross Pointe (comedy, 9:30, ABC). Murray Swerdloff plays Irv Grossberg, the head of a wacky Jewish family masquerading as WASPs to gain entrance to an exclusive country club. Season premier: Irv finds it hard to hold his tongue when his golf partner, a descendant of Henry Ford, gives vent to social theories very similar to those of his illustrious ancestor.

Green Achers (comedy, 9:30, NBC). The Green family, as tiresome as they are tireless in their environmental obsessions, create nothing but chaos and ill will in their efforts to save the planet. Season premier: It's a clear-cut case of right and wrong when the Greens disrupt a screening of the environmentally insensitive film, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* at a local lumber-jacks' social club.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

I Love Lupe (comedy, 8:00, CBS). A widower with two teenage daughters hires a spunky Mexican illegal (Chu Chu Chicle) as his housekeeper and soon finds that his uptight Anglo ways are in conflict with her folksy, earthy wisdom. Season premiere: When INS agents come calling, Lupe tries to pass herself off as a visiting Alaskan Inuit—hence an American citizen—who has acquired a tan during her sojourn in Southern California.

The Rodney King Show (game show, 9:30, Fox). White Angelenos go under cover to follow Rodney King as he zooms up and down the freeways and boulevards of L.A. Any contestant lucky enough to capture another of Rodney's numerous arrests on home video wins a one-way ticket out of L.A. to the Pacific Northwest, plus two year's living expenses.

Sisters In Law (drama, 10:00, NBC). Two black female law students, outraged over the Senate's shameful treatment of Anita Hill, open a store-front practice to assist sexually harassed females. Season premiere: The girls have to decide if their nighttime lesbian relationship can survive their daytime professional relationship.

National Geographic for People of Color (documentary, 10:00, ABC). The famed cinematographers of *National Geographic* visit nudist colonies, topless beaches, adult cabarets and tanning salons in Europe, Canada, the United States and Australia to catch Europids in their *au naturel* habitats. Season premiere: A visit to a skin cancer clinic in Sydney, Australia.

THURSDAY NIGHT

The Interracial Dating Game (game show, 7:30, Fox). The premise is simple: Each week beautiful nubile blondes take their pick of three bachelors (a Negro, an Hispanic and a Wog) without knowing which bachelor is a member of which ethnic group. At the end of the show, the bachelorette with the darkest suitor (according to the melanometer) wins the grand prize: an all-expenses-paid visit to a state-of-the-art rape crisis clinic.

Dysfunctional Family Feud (game show, 7:30, ABC). A motley assortment of spouse abusers, child abusers and substance abusers compete to see which white family can provide the most tearful confessions and sincere penitence. Winners receive a customized, 12-step program tailored to their needs by a Jewish headshrinker/author, a self-acknowledged expert in his field.

Seoul Brothers (comedy, 8:30, NBC). Two brothers (Wot Sup Dok and Lok En Kee) emigrate from Korea to open a liquor store in South Dallas where they interact with the zany felons, crackheads, welfare mothers, gang members and dope dealers of the black underclass. Season premiere: Serious misunderstandings arise when the brothers discover that the English they learned at school is poor preparation for understanding the black English spoken by their customers.

Izzy's Angels (comedy, 9:00, NBC). A Jewish talent agent named Izzy (Lenny Vogelstein) takes on only beautiful shiksas for clients and manages to keep them "satisfied" even though he never finds work for them. Season premiere: Izzy's in a tizzy when he has to send his "lucky" casting couch to the upholsterer for repairs.

The Al Sharpton Show (talk show, 10:00, Fox). You'll never need to turn up the volume when Big Al's on! The rotund reverend promises a solid hour of his unique blend of race-baiting blather and oldtime religion. Is it the Gospel truth? You be da judge!

FRIDAY NIGHT

Omar Pyle, USMC (comedy, 8:30, ABC). LaConga Drumm, America's first black female astronaut, already has her hands full combating pernicious racial and sexual stereotypes. But her life really turns topsy-turvy when her mother moves to Houston to help her search for Mr. Right. Season premiere: Expecting balmy weather, LaConga's mother arrives after a norther sweeps through Texas and is surprised to find out that NASA's in de cold, cold ground.

The Blueberry Hillbillies (comedy, 9:00, CBS). A family of West Virginia hillbillies inherits an apartment house in Blueberry Hill, a black neighborhood in a large midwestern city. When they arrive to oversee their investment, they experience culture shocks aplenty, and find plenty of thrills on Blueberry Hill! Season premiere: Uncle Jed, the patriarch of the clan, almost starts a riot when he tells the neighbors he's going coon hunting.

The Dykes Sisters (comedy, 9:30, ABC). In order to blend into their suburban San Francisco neighborhood, Bertha and Gert, a lesbian couple, pose as divorced sisters who share a household to save on expenses. Season premiere: Bertha has to scramble for explanations when one of the neighbors, a cashier at Penney's, wonders why she spends so much time shopping in the Men's Dept. when she has no man in her life.

America's Sexiest Home Videos (game show, 10:30, Fox). American swingers show all in homemade bedroom videos while competing for parts in professional porno productions and lifetime supplies of condoms. Categories include Interracial, Mixed Doubles and Stupid Pet Tricks.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Public School (game show, 7:30, Fox). White students in neighborhood schools compete against black children bussed into the neighborhood to see which group knows the most about the other's culture. At the end of the season the white team with the most points will receive partial scholarships to their local community college. Members of the leading black team will get full scholarships to the Ivy League college of their choice.

Yo, Mamas! (comedy, 8:00, CBS). Black female roommates in D.C. work at government jobs by day, while spending their evenings and weekends in frustrating search for black men with jobs—and without police records. Season premiere: Figuring they're sure to meet some respectable black man, the girls volunteer to work for a campaign to remove Confederate monuments from Northern Virginia, only to find out that all the men working on the project are Jews from the ACLU!

Wonton Woman (comedy, 8:30, ABC). Wy Mee, a Chinese teenager, defies her old-fashioned parents and advertises in men's magazines for a husband who will take her to America. Season premiere: When a man named Washington answers her ad, Wy Mee assumes he is a descendant of the nation's founder, but soon finds out otherwise!

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay (comedy, 9:00, Fox). Two heterosexual roommates, Danny and Jerry, try to pass for gay in order to take advantage of the liberal "longtime companion/spousal" benefits program at their places of employment in San Francisco. Season premiere: After telling everyone at work that his roommate is a prize-winning interior decorator, Danny has to figure out how to accommodate the boss's wife, who insists on hiring the slovenly, color-blind Jerry to redo their home.

JUDSON HAMMOND

You Took the Words Right Out of My Mouth

It isn't often that we get a chance to hear one of the Holy People dumping on their brothers. A recent column by Michael Tomasky, aptly entitled, "Public Enemies," furnished one of the finest examples of this sort of matzoh-slinging to appear in print in a coon's age. Tomasky's piece was so dripping and slathered with raw Talmudic venom that I had to read it three times before I was able to distill out all the mud.

Tomasky's hapless target was none other than the Honorable Stephen Solarz. Steve, as we all know, has been engaged in a desperate struggle to be named nastiest Jew in America. Frankly, I admire his efforts and he has certainly won my vote. Unfortunately for Solarz, he is also involved in an election fight of a more conventional kind, namely for representative from the 12th district of New York.

Racial gerrymandering having turned this weirdly shaped territory into an "Hispanic district," Tomasky, along with a gaggle of so-called Hispanic (read Puerto Rican) radicals, are offended at the thought of Solarz trying to represent the district in Congress. The race is getting hot and dirty—real dirty. A creature named Rafael

Mendez of the New Alliance Party is one of the pols who would like to give Solarz the boot.

Tomasky slings more heavy-caliber insults at the Hebrew homeboy than a whole posse of Instaurationists could fire off in an entire issue of the world's best magazine. A sample of the homage paid Israel firster Solarz: "His decision to run [in that district] shows his arrogance and opportunism." Mention is made of the banking habits of Solarz "and kindred grotesqueries." He is called a "reptile" and referred to with his initials "S.S." To be fair, Tomasky looks out for the legal rights of Solarz with the statement, "As foul a villain and as rank an opportunist as the man is," he has the right to run in the district under the law.

As for Solarz taking the moral high ground, "it would normally be metaphysically impossible." To wrap it up, Tomasky demeans Steve as a "sniveling capitalist." "The cheapest sort of whoring opportunist in politics."

Well, that is what I found in the first third of Tomasky's column. Moving to the last paragraph we see that he has not

doffed his caftan. He calls Steve "a scum pseudo-reformer." Whew! I do believe that if Tomasky started to write an editorial on someone like Pat Buchanan you would have to stick a pencil down his throat before he got the first sheet of paper in the typewriter. Otherwise, he would swallow his tongue or start to flail himself with chains.

The editorial was in the Village Voice (Aug. 4, 1992), the nation's Number One Kook Sheet and a fitting place for steamy outbursts, if you can find room for such "serious fare" in between the ads for homosexual telephone calling services and personal ads from three-legged Peruvian transvestites looking for soulmates.

When you read this kind of bizarre written spittle from Zoo City freaks, you begin to understand just how screwed up this country really is. Remember, to Tomasky, Solarz is a violent reactionary, a pillar of traditional America.

When the official war starts, there is going to be a tremendous clean-up job to do. Don't forget to bring your hipwaders.

N.B. FORREST

Blacks' Time-Preference, Immorality and Failure

It is no accident that blacks are prone to rioting, drug-taking, stealing, murder and abandoning their families. All these activities are a direct consequence of what has been referred to by genteel observers as short time-preference and by less-genteel observers as child-like irresponsibility. Children, as opposed to adults, are characterized by the desire for immediate pleasure or instant gratification, with a consequent inability to postpone present indulgences for future (and potentially more rewarding) ones. One of the most important lessons which parents teach their children concerns "self-restraint" and "discipline," both of which are simply different terms for the notion that greater pleasures can often be obtained by postponing those at hand. But to what, we may ask, does lack of discipline and absence of self-restraint lead? The answer, very simply, is to criminality. For just as short time-preference leads to the desire to "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die," it also leads to the desire to rape rather than date, to take the money and run, to shoot now and ask questions later. Short time-preference is the cause not only of

blacks' extraordinary criminality (they are nine times more likely to be convicted felons than whites). It is also the cause of their tendency to smash and grab (which in large groups expands into rioting), whether in anger at "racist" jury verdicts or in explosive exuberance at a recent Chicago sporting event. Short time-preference also gives rise to such non-criminal or relatively non-criminal (though equally destructive) acts as drug-taking or selling drugs, family abandonment, and even the blacks' legendary irresponsibility at keeping appointments, as reflected in the phrase "CPT" or "Colored People's Time."

There are two interesting results of blacks' short time-preference, which may keep them from learning longer time-preference. They involve what we call in systems theory a feedback loop, a process that feeds on itself. Because black males, as a result of their short time-preference, have a tendency to abandon their families (fully 70% of black children are raised in single-parent homes), black children do not have adequate role models. Consequently they cannot be effectively taught the discipline and self-restraint that an in-

tact family would impose on them. An even more important result of their short time-preference is black failure. Not only does success require long time-preference (as in self-discipline), but the activities encouraged by short time-preference—criminality and irresponsibility—actually lessen the chance for success, since no one wants to hire a criminal or a person who cannot seem to show up for work on time. Here we have a second feedback loop in operation, for failure begets failure.

The important lesson which may be derived from the above discussion is simply that what is moral turns out upon analysis to be precisely that which is good for people in the long term. And the applicability of this lesson to the present discussion is that, since blacks care little for the long term, this explains not only why they are so often not moral, but why they are so frequently failures.

JOHN BRYANT

The author's most recent book is *Systems Theory and Scientific Philosophy* (University Press of America, 1991).

Solution to a Vexatious Problem

In the recent rebellion following the Rodney King trial many of Atlanta's white "mediacritics" were disturbed when African Americans sought them out and gave them a taste of the violence blacks had given whites and Koreans in Los Angeles. If I remember aright, one journalist moaned to his assailants that he was "on your side." Tragically, in the excitement of the moment, this utterance did not immediately stop the crusading righteousness of the youths. Who can blame them? How were they to know for sure that this whitey, squeaking for mercy, was actually a friend? Some whites did indeed humble their hearers, praise diversity and multiculturalism, and labor mightily to understand Afrocentrism, even to the point of entertaining African Americans in their homes. But this particular writhing, wiggling whitey, the marauding blacks mused, might be a Klansman seeking to escape just chastisement. They needed more conclusive evidence than the fearful utterances of someone about to be stomped.

The relationship of fear to truth is a tricky one. It troubled me so greatly I looked for an answer to the problem in an older religious environment. In France dur-

ing the suppression of the Albigensian heresy, when asked how the godly and devout would know they had a heretic in hand, a learned cleric explained: "Kill them all! God will know his own." Although this simple and logical explanation sufficed for white Frenchmen in the Middle Ages, it is less satisfactory today. As we are all aware—or better be aware—minorities in general and African Americans in particular are more moral than whites could ever hope to be. Nevertheless, I would look for an escape route if I found myself in a traditionally black area of town at an unpropitious moment.

When, in the waning days of his administration, President Carter permitted Cuban refugees to enrich the cultural diversity of this nation, a little remarked fact appeared in the news media. In order to shorten the need for elaborate communications, the Cuban criminal classes used to have their specialties tattooed on the flesh of their right hand between the thumb and forefinger. Thus, by the exchange of introductory handshakes a savvy hitman would immediately know his opposite number for, say, a forger.

I propose that whites who wish to be

spared in the next tidal wave of black rage consider having the green, black and red Pan-African colors tattooed on their right hands in the shape of the African continent. They might also want to consider having the initials, P.B., which would stand for "psychologically black," imprinted on the African tricolor. Sikhs are required to wear their turbans and long hair as a visible and unmistakable indication of their adherence to their religion. Similarly, this tattoo pattern would require that we whites be forever on guard for opportunities to be of service to the African Americans we have so grievously wronged.

Being branded with the African tricolor might permit us to experience *in petto* some of the rejection and hatred that blacks have suffered since slavery days. It would also identify whites who oppose full multicultural and multiracial diversity. At an appropriate time their names and addresses could be provided to mobs bent on punishing the descendants of those who snatched them away from their peaceful, progressive, paradisiacal African homelands.

300

Whatever Happened to the J Word?

Zip 914 writes: A book in my local library, published under the auspices of the California legislature, contains the U.S. and California Constitutions, along with various other documents. Among the latter is the Magna Carta. The translation from the Latin is from Sources of English Constitutional History by Carl Stephenson and Frederick G. Marcham. In comparing this version with the corresponding parts of the translation in Stubb's Charters by Ernest F. Henderson, I found a few discrepancies.

Stephenson/Marcham

10. If any one has taken anything, whether much or little, by way of loan from Jews, and if he dies before that debt is paid, the debt shall not carry usury so long as the heir is under age, from whomsoever he may hold. And if that debt falls into our hands, we will take only the principal contained in the note.

11. And if any one dies owing a debt to Jews, his wife shall have her dowry and shall pay nothing on that debt. And if the said deceased is survived by children who are under age, necessities shall be provided for them in proportion to the tenement that belonged to the deceased; and the debt shall be paid from the remainder, saving the service of the lords. In the same way let action be taken with regard to debts owed to others besides Jews.

Henderson

10. If any one shall have taken any sum, great or small, as a loan from the money-lenders, and shall die before that debt is paid, that debt shall not bear interest so long as the heir, from whomever he may hold, shall be under age. And if the debt fall into our hands we shall take nothing save the chattel contained in the deed.

11. And if anyone dies owing a debt to the money-lenders, his wife shall have her dowry, and shall restore nothing of that debt. But if there shall remain children of that dead man, and they shall be under age, the necessities shall be provided for them according to the nature of the dead man's holding; and, from the residue, the debt shall be paid, saving the service due to the lords. In like manner shall be done concerning debts that are due to others besides money-lenders.

Nostalgia Trip

AN OLD FLAME FLIPS

Not many moons back, on the tiny platform of a remote railroad station high in the Engadin Valley near the Swiss mountain spa of St. Moritz, I chanced to meet nothing less than the illustrious figure of every man's memory, M.O.G. (My Old Girlfriend) who, I was to learn, had become (thanks to endless semesters of grueling academic slavery) the successful administrator of a bucolic, out-of-the-way enclave of higher learning in the cow country of New York State. In the days when we were, to speak, an item, a principal point of disputation was our divergent perception of blacks, tens of thousands of them who were then flooding into the residential areas of my beloved Philadelphia from points south. M.O.G., who had been reared in the hothouse atmosphere of "Christian Optimism" of the Empire State's Chautauqua region, believed that blacks, if only given the proper hothouse opportunity, could surely be tamed. I, having witnessed a decade or more of their urban marauding following their liberation from the regimentation of "Southern racism," thought otherwise. (But since the courts, Philadelphia's prevailing social establishment and, ultimately, the Pennsylvania State Police tended, then as now, to side with M.O.G., our argument remained in the realm of pure dialectics.) Now, seated across from me at a sunny table in the geranium-decked terrace restaurant of a dusty Swiss *Bahnhof*, this lady, I thought could surely speak with authority on the matter of black potential, regardless of my own biased opinion. "How is it," I inquired, "up there in the factoryland of the mind, where so many dark ones from New York City, Rochester, Buffalo and Syracuse approach the hallowed halls of learning?" After a pause for thought that took us both back to the memory of our own shared leafy campus days, she broke the silence with a single sentence: "They're simply incapable of hacking it."

Do You Remember?

In good old pre-affirmative action days, an honest (white) college youth made his summer mite by driving an ice-cream truck (Good Humor, Dairy Dan, Mr. Frosty, take your pick) through the neighborhoods of many a steamy city. These vehicles, loaded with large refrigerated ice chests, were

pickups sans power assists. Guiding these jolly beasts about fry-pan hot suburbs day till night built up muscles and character, but not bank accounts. Profits, which included eating unsold merchandise, were minimal. Most lucrative routes wound through Jewish neighborhoods. Mine passed through the woodsy Cheltenham area of North Philly, where Chosen doctors, lawyers and handbag moguls hung their hats and yarmulkes on a summer's night. Since Jews don't drink much, their passion was slurping ice cream. Their vanity, which delights in demanding vast personal attention from callow young ice-cream peddlers, paid off handsomely. Coming across a Jewish lawn party amounted to hitting the Mother Lode. The tough part involved stomaching the screaming, ill-behaved battalions of progeny.

Black neighborhoods, strange to say, were also lucrative coin-producers. Too lazy to walk to the neighborhood grocery, where higher-quality ice cream was for sale at far cheaper prices, blacks awaited the arrival of the jingling trucks of summer with unconcealed excitement. The difference between Jews and blacks emerged after sunset, when the sinister shadows of night offered opportunities for theft. More than one driver-salesman was hijacked. The loot was usually minimal, because the looters never quite figured out where the day's receipts were always hidden—in an empty Dixie Cup deep in the ice chest.

Gimme the Good Old White Days!

What is it about the musical image of a 1920s hotel band thumping out a melodious Jerome Kern tune, an elegant 1930s gown gliding across a polished marble ballroom floor, or the shadowy flicker of a 1940s Hollywood starlet moving across the silver screen, that creates, in Majority minds, such a fondness for the "better life" now long disappeared? I dare say nothing more than the simple feeling of nostalgia for an essentially exclusive world of whitedom. In the world we currently endure, the mood of ennui is such an automatic and enveloping sensation that most of us experience it even without understanding it. Memories of pre-ennui times came cascading back to me the other evening while watching good old Fred MacMurray hustling his winsome girlfriend across the busy intersection of what Hollywood was

presenting that year (circa 1937) as a typical American city scene. What, explicitly, was it about this image that evoked such nostalgia? Simply that in the background crowds not a minorityite could be seen. Not a one. Not in a thousand persons shown. Not only that, but this particular slice of middle America, made in Hollywood, was nearly 100% Anglo-Saxon in its racial makeup. Obviously, such was the way the movie-going public of that time wanted things. And, if you'll recall, they wanted them this way in reality as well as in the movies. Today, by the sights and sounds of everyday life, the whites haven't changed. They stay away from films in droves because the story lines and casting are basically antiwhite. As for today's lifestyle, it's all about building walls (not bridges) against the swarming minority onslaught. What has changed is Hollywood's and Washington's willingness to deliver the goods.

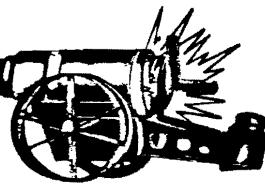
A point of ponderable irony about "color," it was engineered into film by Technicolor, the first successful venture into tinting film. Invented by a Jewish MIT professor, it was used in Anna May Wong's 1923 *Toll of the Seas*. But until the mid-30s it was considered too expensive. Might we not stretch matters a tad by suggesting that "color" in our national life still is?

Hurray for Hollywood

Racial coding may have reached its ultimate glittering peak back in 1930s Hollywood when Eddie Cantor starred with Lucille Ball in Sam Goldwyn's farce, *Roman Scandals*. In the Roman bath scene, dozens of scantily clad Nordic beauties are attended by maidens of dusky extraction, straight from the Harlem office of Central Casting. As if the film's racial message might somehow have escaped the sensibilities of its Depression audience, Eddie Cantor cavorts about in classic Jolson style (including blackest of vaudeville black-face) bellowing darkly melodies of no seeming significance. For the 25¢ it took to view such blather, few (white) patrons were likely disappointed. Or, more importantly, offended. Today, rivers of (white) blood would run in front of the Bijou's marquee, as minorities staged a classic "protest demonstration."

IVAN HILD

BACKTALK



Where Are Our Spokesmen?

Is it just me or does it seem like European white racialist leaders and activists are of a much higher caliber than their American counterparts? While Europeans are blessed with intelligent leaders like Jean-Marie Le Pen, John Tyndall and Jorg Haider, we are represented by a variety of Hollywood Nazis, hooded Joe Sixpacks and other well-meaning, but frankly uninspiring "spokesmen." The only mature, intelligent outlets for American racists seem to be Instauration, which unfortunately is unaffiliated with any organization, CAUSE Foundation, which focuses solely on the legal front, Dr. William Pierce's National Alliance and Gerhard Lauck's NSDAP/AO, which is primarily concerned with aiding and abetting underground movements in Europe and legalizing National Socialism in Germany.

Virtually all of the writers in the Safety Valve seem like extremely intelligent people. I'm sure most other groups have at least some members who are a credit to the movement, but why is it we rarely see them interviewed on TV, running for office or making their beliefs known to the general public in some other way? If I had a nickel for all the simple-minded rightists (some, no doubt, plants) I've seen babbling away on talk shows, I could buy a lifetime subscription to Instauration.

Zipless

Bush Isn't All That Bad

A reader recently wrote in to point out that N.B. Forrest was wrong about George Bush (Backtalk, July 1992). The letter was in my opinion a sour, bitter attack on those in our movement who offer glimmers of light coming from the vast black hole that is the existing American political system. The writer spewed forth a torrent of abuse, explaining in some detail why Forrest (and Instauration's editor) were totally wrong about Bush and his fellow prepies. In the view of the writer, all such vermin are essentially human garbage, best left out by the curb on trash pick-up day.

The writer went on to say he went to school with people like Bush and that they are all amoral losers, mattoids who are beyond salvage and not worth bothering about. He snorted at Forrest's mention of Bush's patrician background and New England ties.

First, I would like to say that the writer has a point. Perhaps Forrest (and others) have been a bit too easy on Bush & Co. in recent issues of Instauration. Perhaps we got drunk drinking deep from the well of articles on him standing up to the Israelis, or his stand against letting in a flood of filthy Haitian illegal immigrants. (If the writer had ever lived in South Florida, he would understand why Forrest is willing to give George so much credit for his stand on this particular issue.) It is also true that it is important never to lose sight of our ultimate goals, to know who our real friends and enemies are, and to understand the true situation the country is in. I admit I too may have erred in giving Bush too much credit. Having said all this, however, I would like to respond to what I believe is a flaw in my critic's thinking.

It seems that many of us (and I fall into this mode of thought from time to time) would like to build a pure, crystal-clear movement of right-thinking, decent, trustworthy Majority patriots—and to hell with the rest. To be sure, such a core group must exist to ensure that no matter how big or powerful we eventually become, we will not allow political expediency to determine our actions or ideology. When we reach the point of development that will call

forth a nationwide council of leadership to help guide and direct our progress, then by all means we can and should use stern measures to determine who is and who is not fit to play an important role or hold a critical position in the Majority movement.

Unfortunately, this is 1992. While the objective conditions for our movement (I use the term loosely) have improved vastly over the last ten years, and dramatically in the last three, we are still a long, long way from where we can even begin to plan the strategy for a Majority resurgence. Look at France and Austria. Both have strong, thriving (if usually small) political parties that are openly dedicated to advancing key political objectives that we would like to see advanced here at home.

What is our situation? Well, there has been much thunder and shouting surrounding the unsuccessful efforts of David Duke and Pat Buchanan. Here and there, a number of valiant local Majority candidates have tried their luck and missed the bus. Nevertheless, so-called "racists" are gaining more serious publicity day by day. The Holocausters are growing frantic as their tissue of lies is shredded at an ever-increasing rate. The Chosen are growing uneasy as support for their vicious little police state ebbs. The image of Jews as disloyal swindlers is starting to take hold among a growing chunk of John Q. Public.

But the best news is the ominous rumbling from the Great American Middle Class, with race, crime, drugs, economic decline, illegal immigration and faltering educational systems finally beginning to bore into the minds of the sheep. Let us hope that the stirrings are not too late.

We have come far in a short period of time. Make no mistake! There will be no going back; not for us, not for them. The Majority's wheel of destiny has started to turn. Nothing will stop it.

But what are we to do now in the closing months of 1992? For one thing, we must stop our childish refusal to recognize political reality. This war—and a war it most certainly is—will involve tens of thousands of individual battles, fought on thousands of different battlefields. We will make and discard allies. Some of us will fall along the wayside; some will betray their own kind out of greed, fear or sheer stupidity. There will be political battles, legal battles, cultural battles, educational battles and battles among religious congregations. There will also be, I fear, fighting in the streets, although we should pray to high heaven that any such bloody rows will be few. Meantime, we should be preparing ourselves to win those which may arise.

The writer who criticized me was partly right. George Bush is no Majority champion and never will be. He is a man with damn few principles and many political debts. What he does, he does to win votes. This is all true, as it is true of most of Bush's fellow New England bluebloods. (You may rest assured that no man who signs his articles N.B. Forrest is overly friendly to that particular crew.)

Where my critic was wrong was in giving the impression that the Majority movement can or should stand aside, holding its collective nose and casting into the outer darkness anything or anybody who is not heart and soul, 100% with us. We do not have that luxury.

If the President of the United States has the guts, in this day and age, to dump Haitian illegal immigrants into a U.S.-owned holding pen in Guantánamo Bay on the eastern tip of Cuba rather than let them land in Florida, then bully for him, whatever his real

reasons! If he opposes a \$10-billion dollar loan guarantee to the Chosen, even if it was for just a few months, then we should be thankful. At least he focused attention on something that normally would not see the light of day. Does this mean that we think he is a great guy? Of course not. But he isn't Morris Dees or Howard Metzenbaum either. Would you care to trade Bush for one of them? Or, more to the point, for Bill Clinton? The writer used the standard, "There isn't a nickel's worth of difference between them." Sounds good in print. Want to see it put into practice? Mr. Critic, your chance may come in January 1993.

When Hillary Clinton is writing federal government policy, Ron Brown is selecting candidates for vacant federal judgeships and Mario Cuomo is foisted on the Supreme Court, then it will bring home to you in the most unpleasant way the fact that, with all his faults, George is not the worst of all possible worlds.

I recently wrote an article suggesting that it might prove good "shock therapy" for Majority Americans to have the Democrats win the White House this time around. I still believe that such a thing might prove useful, but the human cost would be terrible. I am certain that we would not get through four years of a Democratic administration without economic collapse, foreign policy disasters and domestic violence that would make the L.A. riots fade into insignificance. Some hardliners would choose this path and, as I've said, it has its attractions. It would surely separate the wheat from the chaff. It might also burn down the wheat field and the barn.

In closing, I would like to say to my critic: No hard feelings. It is your right to disagree with me and any other Instauration writer. It is your duty to express your opinion so that we all can move towards a more refined and purposeful program of action and ideological preparation. Let's hear more from you! If you are like me, you have a demanding job, a wife and kids, leaving little time for writing. Make time and let us all benefit from your ideas.

N.B. FORREST

Brave Negro Troops? You Gotta Be Kidding!

I was certainly surprised at the alleged bravery and combat efficiency of Negro troops, as described in Edward Kerling's article, "Black Johnny Rebs" (Aug. 1992). I have never read anything about the Wythe Rifles, but the Confederate force at Big Bethel was Cox's Brigade, which included the First Carolina Regiment, known later as the Bethel Regiment. According to Kerling, General Lee must have recruited and trained a Negro infantry force and, at the outbreak of war, committed them in the first battle.

Regarding the employment of Negroes as soldiers in the Union Army, this began in 1863, when they were first used in an experimental way at the siege of Vicksburg. Before the end of the war there were about 100,000 Negroes in the Union Army. Most officers of high rank were not favorably impressed by the Negro troops. General Sherman considered them a joke. General Grant kept them in the rear guarding his wagon trains (W.E. Woodward, *Meet General Grant*, Horace Liveright Inc., 1928).

If the blacks were so brave and gallant in 1861, their bravery certainly deteriorated during the ensuing years. In WWII a black unit of the 2nd Infantry Division was given the name, "Eleanor's Running Angels," because of its propensity to break and run when attacked. German General Walther von Brauchitsch, in his debriefing after the war, stated that when the Germans planned an attack and Negro elements were present, they would always attack the black units first because they would retreat immediately after a few shots.

During the Korean War the black 24th Infantry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division, was known as the Bugout Boogies due to its habit of retreating rather than fighting. The 24th, an all-black regiment, was the only regiment in the history of the U.S. Army that

lost its colors for cowardice in face of the enemy. After many members of the regiment were court-martialed, many more discharged or reassigned, the regiment was broken up as a black unit.

General Chesty Fuller, USMC, had this to say about blacks in his book, *Marine*:

An all-Negro artillery battalion, sent to the front, was delivered by a Negro transport battalion to its place in the front lines. On the way back, at night, the transport men were ambushed by six North Koreans, and the four hundred truckers ran without a fight, leaving the vehicles standing with lights burning and motors on. The Reds burned the trucks and hiked up the road into the rear of the artillery battalion, which they sprayed with fire. The Reds took all guns.

So much for the black "fighting man."

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Let's Not Censor

I am disturbed by the censorious letters that all too frequently appear in the Safety Valve, in which the writer says he doesn't want Instauration to print anything more on a certain subject or anything more by a certain author. These attempts at censorship are usually in response to some author or some subject that has stirred up controversy among the readership and contributors—in other words, in response to ideas that have moved people, that have stimulated, motivated, agitated, angered or excited them, and caused them to think and to write.

I myself have never asked that any subject, article, idea or author be censored or repressed. Nor do I understand the mentality of these would-be censors and stiflers of the free interplay and discussion of ideas so necessary if Instauration is to fulfill its primary and important purpose and promise. This concerns me personally, because some of these censorious attempts have been directed at me, or at certain subjects which I have introduced to Instauration in the several years since I began writing for the magazine. To my surprise, my "Save the Angels" article (Feb. 1990) sparked a lengthy controversy which only now appears to be cooling down, after revealing many negative feelings among contributors towards "blonds"—by which is really meant members of the Nordish or Northern European race. In addition, there were sharp differences of opinion about how we define ourselves and what it is we are trying to save. A number of censoriously minded Safety Valvers have petitioned the editor to put a lid on this debate. But I say it is important to let these ideas be expressed, to get them out in the open where they can be fully discussed, examined and answered. We need to get our act together; to first know who we are and what we stand for, before we can form any genuine movement and before we can take our message to a broader audience with any serious hope of success.

RICHARD McCULLOCH

Ponderable Quote

The gravest charge against the modern city is not merely that its continuous unrest starves the soul, brutalizes the senses, destroys repose, develops insolent and savage impulses—but worse than all this, it murders the will and destroys personality, thus sapping the fountain of life. The collective instincts of the herd-groups in which we move strangle at last the individual, and man becomes a grain of dust blown hither and thither by the breath of a crowd.

Thomas Dixon Jr., *The Life Worth Living* (Doubleday, 1905)

A post-modernist Nazi poetizes the Los Angeles riot

Ghetto Brain

SUNRISE

Welcome to Los Angeles
Where the police run from the thugs
As the sheep cheer
Rosy-fingered Dawn is brought to you by
The people of L.A.
And their combustible materials

AGENDA

Wed. - Friday: Riot (Do not burn down post office)
Saturday: Pick up welfare check from post office
Sunday: Church

THE BLACK JESUS

It seems to me that the great event
According to your ministers and priests
Was when you smashed that fire extinguisher
Over that white mf's back

AT LEAST THE KU KLUX KLAN

At least the Ku Klux Klan
Never burned down their own homes
So their babies had no place to sleep
Never burned down their own stores
So their babies had nothing to eat
Never abused their own children
Never committed a Hate Crime against their own infants
Never made their kids suffer three days of war

JOBS

You claim you want jobs
But you burned down 44,000 of them
Let's make a deal
We'll give you jobs
But Martian-head Jesse Jackson has to take one

CAN WE ALL GET ALONG?

Well, Rodney,
Seeing as you people can't get along with anybody
Not with us or the Jews or the Koreans
Or anybody else who risked their lives
To sell diapers and *TV Guides* in your infernos
Seeing as you people can't even get along with each other
Can't look at each other without shooting
That you can't stand each other
I would say that the answer is no

THE VOICELESS

The "White Agenda"
White spokespersons
There isn't any
There aren't any

THE WHITE POWER STRUCTURE

Considering the fact that you have already destroyed
Millions of our little towns
Where we played hide-and-seek by the streetlight
And listened for the popsicle man

I thought this latest escapade of yours
Would prompt an apology
Or at least you would say nothing
Instead we got a declaration of war
With no strings attached
And our government continues
Welding together the gas chamber
They are making for our grandchildren

THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO

Things are such
That the mayor of Chicago
Thanked the people of Chicago
For not burning down the city of Chicago
As if they had a reason to

1/100TH

If we were 1/100th as racist
As you say we are
You could not have held your riot
There would be no race problem
If you were 1/100th as Christian
As you claim you are
Your neighborhoods would be so wonderful
We would do anything to live there
And you would chase us out with a flaming X

U R SO UNDERSTANDING

While you said you did not condone
All the violence and gleeful mayhem
You told us it was all understandable
What else could we expect?
You had to get our attention
That's fine
But when you wake up at midnight
And see the smoke from the burning cross
I know you will not condone it
But I am sure you will understand

THE HAPPY ONES

I saw a photograph of two young Black women
Skipping out of a store
Loaded down with goodies
And from the look on their faces
From their leafy Edenic smiles
I could see that their looting had no political dynamic
They just did not know the difference
Between right and wrong

THE PH.D.S

You tell us that you came here in chains against your will
And that if you are violent
It is because the White Devils taught you how to be violent
Well then, congratulations!
Your thesis is the best we have seen
The families looting together were inspired
Stealing Reggie Denny's wallet—a master's touch
And when you made that old Korean woman say through her sobs

"Take everything, but please don't burn it down"
You surpassed your teachers
And we are proud
And as White Devils we are jealous

CLICK CLICK CLICK GOES THE TV
Hey White Man
You know all those Black guys
Running around in your TV set?
Yes, some are playing basketball
And some are dancing on *Soul Train*
Some are teaching us how to be proper citizens
And some are predicting the weather
But, see them there
Yeah, them
That's not *American Gladiators*
You see some of them are click click click

SOME BLACK RAPPERS
Some Black rappers have said
That we should listen to their music
To try and understand the pain they feel
No, you should watch reruns of *Ozzie and Harriet*
To see the high standards
We have set for you

STEREOTYPING
You burned everything that would burn
Stole everything but the ashes
Beat every innocent creature you could capture
Blamed us
Demanded to be rewarded for your criminal acts
And then wrote letters to the editor
Warning of the dangers of stereotyping

GOD DAMN YOU, GEORGE WASHINGTON
God damn you, George Washington
And Tom and Ben
May you roast in the oven of Hell
For bringing this Curse to our promised land

When I got old
I wanted to grow roses and a pot belly
And water the lawn unafraid
Instead I am preparing for a violent end
One way or the other

You are not our Founding Fathers
You are our executioners
You murdered us

RASHEED'S WHITE FANTASY
Okay, which one of you
Broke into Frederick's of Hollywood
And stole Madonna's underpants?

THEY ARE NOT ANIMALS WHO DID THIS
They are not animals who did this
To say so would slander my dog and my cat
And do not call them Black people
That is too broad
For it cannot be imagined that the gentlemanly Bushmen
Would approve of such actions
They call themselves African Americans
Let that suffice

HOW WELL DRESSED THESE LOOTERS LOOK
How well dressed these looters look
In their Subarus stuffed with treasure
Tell me, you poor poor
Wretched starvelings
How many of you lost your golden necklaces
During all the fun?

GHETTO BRAIN
It was not a ghetto when we lived there
And pregnant eighth-graders never had to duck
Automatic weapon fire
You made it a ghetto
With your ghetto brain

HAVE WE APOLOGIZED TO HITLER YET?
Have we apologized to Hitler yet?
Have we told him how sorry we are?
That it would not even matter if all
Those Jewish sexual fantasies were true?
Don't we wish Hitler were standing before us
On top of a Panzer tank
In the middle of silent Los Angeles
So we could kiss his boots?

THE HOLOCAUST
It began fifty years ago
Not ended
It is going on right now
All over
Everywhere
Every second
It is the real Holocaust
And we and you deny it

MARTIN LUTHER KING
So what would your Martin say of all this?
I have yet to hear his name invoked
What does that fellow have to say
He whose principle activity consisted of
Spitting in the faces of people
Who were minding their own business

AFTER WORK
When we home at night
After a hard day's work
Don't we wish that we would see
Nazis Nazis everywhere
And swastika wind chimes jangling
And posters and banners of Hitler Hitler everywhere
In black and red and green and yellow
And purple and orange and blue
And lilac bushes and flowers
And baby ducks and brooks
And Chopin's music floating through window screens
And White children White Children playing everywhere everywhere
And nothing but White people
In cars in stores all over all over
Everywhere
Everywhere
Don't we wish we would see all this
Instead of what we see now
When we get home at night
After a hard day's work?

SON OF STUKA



Let the Sleazier Guy Win!

Disoriented, disconcerted and discomfited by the media when the presidential elections roll around every Leap Year, Majority members tend to focus too much of their attention on the candidates of the two major parties, and ignore their political retinue—the consultants, staffers, trenchermen and party hangers-on who will be swept into cushy jobs or back into their cushy jobs if their candidate wins. In the present-day political scene, the *Gretchen Frage*—the crucial question as the Germans would call it—is not who is elected president, but whom he will recommend for his cabinet, the Supreme Court and the federal departments and

agencies, as well as what breed of "political scientists" he will summon to Washington to whisper in his ear how best to handle domestic, foreign and, especially in these thin-wallet times, economic policy.

After nearly four years of Bush, it is fairly obvious what kind of people can be classified as faithful Bushites. In the main they are middle-of-the-road Republicans, defense contractors, big business, respectable Jews like Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, conservative Negroes like Joint Chiefs Chief Colin Powell, conservative Hispanics like Linda Chavez, and conservative women like Phyllis Schlafly. Bushites also include some tough-on-crime and anti-immigration voters, though he does little to comfort them. Even less comforted are Reagan groupies, the Old Guard fuddy-duddies, fundamentalist pulpitiots and pro-life door blockers.

The Clinton gang, as might be expected, is more diverse and ideological. Vice-presidential aspirant Gore is one of the Senate's leading Israel Firsters and the Israeli lobby is Clintonian to a man, as are the moneymen of Hollywood. Harvard lawyers guard against any cap on damage awards. Demos' economic brain-trusters,

almost all of them Jewish, take a jaundiced view of corporations and are just about the West's last defenders of Marxism. In a Clinton presidency the White House welcome mat would also be out for junk bond salesmen, inside traders and minorities of all sizes, shapes and colors, including the limp-wristed variety.



A fruitful time was had by one and all at a Gay Pride rally in Washington (DC) staged in June by Clinton's most devoted followers

The mediocrats hardly bother to hide their political predispositions. Time magazine has gone overboard on Bill and Hillary, glorifying them as late 20th-century reincarnations of Zeus and Athena. President George is not portrayed as Lucifer or King George, but he is generally front-paged as a tax-waffling political bumbler who has lost a few of his marbles.

Clinton, of course, is slicker than George. Although he's a scalawag, he's won the support of millions of white Southerners, some of whom have overlooked the fact he has inherited some Amerindian DNA from his mother. He's also won the allegiance of millions of minorities by promising them juicier government handouts and bigger doses of affirmative action. At the same time, he has displeased millions of those who worry about sleaze in high office and making a draft-dodger the nation's commander-in-chief. But again, it's not the man who counts in the presidential race so much as the players he brings with him. Despite Bush's wheeler-dealer sons and some fast-buck Republican sugar daddies, it can hardly be disputed that the Clinton gang tops the Republican gang in the sleaze business.

As for Hillary, a dark-haired, chubby, bespectacled, nerdy female in her high school and college days, who somehow metamorphosed into a blondined butterfly, she now stands meekly by her husband during his pedestrian speeches and holds an umbrella over his head to shelter him from the raindrops, while demurely bobbing and nodding her head in visual agreement with every unfulfillable promise and smiling sweetly at every strained witticism.

What wonders of hypocrisy politics performs! Hillary's wifely pose was still not in place a month or two after hubby had thrown his hat in the ring. The chilly marriage that had its ups and downs, including long stints of male philandering, needed a little time to thaw. If memory serves, Hillary let it be known that she was not a cookie-baker and was not the "Stand By Your Man" Tammy Wynette-type. But that was many poll points ago. Today, the couple reeks of connubial bliss. Now that everything has been remodeled—the hair, the face the personality—Hillary is doing better in the polls.

Will the real Hillary re-emerge and remetamorphose when and if she moves into the White House? Will the butterfly revert to the catty caterpillar? Will a late 20th-century Lysistrata hold forth at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., ready to lead a woman's "no more loving" strike, not to end a war, the purpose of Aristophanes' heroine, but to put the quietus on machismo and male supremacy?

How should Instaurationists react to all the obsessive electioneering that is befogging the political atmosphere? First, we should realize that we are in one of those messed-up times in history when government is totally out of sync with the governed. Multiracial democracy is big in the press these days, but it never quite works. It almost destroyed this country in Civil War days and it is guaranteed to destroy it in the not-too-distant future. If Clinton and his boys get in, the destruction will take place sooner rather than later. His "inner circle" is riddled with minority racists who cannot wait to tear asunder what the Majority's forebears put together. All the more reason we should root for Mr. Sleaze. Under his aegis the dollar will hit bottom, the deficit will get elephantiasis, inflation will double-digit and crime will become intolerable—all the necessary ingredients to produce the Big American Bang.

A breakup of the U.S. is the only solution for all concerned, particularly for the Majority which now inhabits a country dominated by a hybrid anti-Majority culture. We, the cultureless, can only recapture what we have lost by force or by sep-

aration. Too degenerate to take the first route, we are perhaps too disorganized to take the second. But if we don't get ourselves back on track pretty soon, come a few more decades and no longer the Majority in name or in fact, we will be: (1) hewers of wood and drawers of water for a minority coalition (dictatorship); (2) forced into a diaspora from the New to the Old World back to our racial roots; (3) the worst scenario, just plain massacred—the fate of whites in Haiti, the only certifiably Negro state in the Western Hemisphere.

So go to it, Willie! Even if you lose, we won't despair. From our point of view the only serious difference between you and Bush is that a second Bush administration would postpone by a few decades the Day of Reckoning, when like will have one last chance to congregate with like and when, the Norns willing, the word minority, meaning racial minority, will disappear from human speech, since minorityites will have their own states and we will have ours.

Mario McCarthy

In one of the taped phone calls to his paramour, Gennifer Flowers, the Romeo from the Ozarks noted that Mario Cuomo, the Cicero from Albany (NY), "acts like a member of the Mafia." Though the accusation did not sit well with the New York governor, party loyalty made him forgive, if not forget. Eventually he came out with a ringing endorsement of Clinton and saved his considerable store of animus for the Republicans, which he unloaded by the mouthful when he appeared on CBS's *Face the Nation*.

Mario bristled at the word "culture," which he heard at the Republican Convention in Houston, mostly from the mouth of Pat Buchanan, who, Cuomo intimated, pronounced it like *Kultur*. "What do you mean by culture?" Mario steamed. "That's a word they used in Nazi Germany?" He went on to hint that Republican "racism" inspired GOP attacks on his favorite city. "Why do they attack New York all the time? . . . I'll tell you why. Because when you see New York City, you see all those different colors, all that ethnicity, all those poor people." Mario also smelled some racism, even a tad of anti-Semitism, in Republicans who came down hard on Woody Allen, whose latest mistress is of tender years and has epicanthic folds.

What may have put Mario in such an ugly mood was Clinton's big lead in the polls, a lead which he himself might have had if he had chosen to run. Cynics, however, thought Cuomo's refusal to run was not the fear of losing, but the possibility that some truth might be found in what

Clinton said to Gennifer in that famous phone call.

As proved by his outburst, Mario relies heavily on what has been described as the *argumentum ad Hitlerum*. "My enemy is fond of oatmeal; Hitler is fond of oatmeal; ergo, my enemy is fond of Hitler. One of the many problems with that syllogism is that Mario, being a self-proclaimed liberal and a Democrat, can get away with these outlandish charges and not be charged with McCarthyism and outright slander. If Quayle had resorted to such twisted logic to attack, say, Gore, he'd have been roasted from coast to coast as a late-blooming clone of Joe McCarthy. The N.Y. Times had a field day with Quayle's spelling of potato. Some months later, the nation's most influential newspaper called him Vice-President "Quale." As with all liberal goofs, this one died quickly on the vine.

Not only Clinton but many others "in the know" have floated rumors for years about Mario's links to the Cosa Nostra. That he is overly sensitive to the gangster connection was borne out by his idiotic statement in 1988 when, after lamenting the dislike of Southerners for Italians, he denied the Mafia existed. "It's nothing—it's a word that someone made up."

Despite Mario's loose-cannon theatrics, the media still pin most of the guilt for dirty politics on the Republicans. And the charge generally sticks. Accusing others of your own sins is one of the oldest and most successful ploys in the con game known as multiracial democracy.

Political Payback

For Jews, the Clinton-Gore ticket offers a way of "paying back" Bush for having lagged on the loan guarantee for Israel. The Jewish press is currently trumpeting

the Democratic slate as not only good for Israel, but for every other "Jewish agenda," particularly the matter of keeping the hated Jesse Jackson (still not forgiven, despite his annual *mea culpas*, for his "Hymietown" remark of years past) down on the political farm. "Albert Gore is such a mensch," bespoke one Jewish bigwig re the senator's performance at a local Jewish gathering in Washington. Another said, "There is a clear sense of triumph this year—a feeling that [we] Jews have taken back [our] party." The upshot is that Arab-American politico James Zogby (an ironic moniker, if there ever was one, for a supporter of Arab causes) finds the Jewish heat in Democratic circles especially uncomfortable these days.

780

No Chains for Spiegel

A 55-count criminal indictment has been handed down against Thomas Spiegel, whose Columbia S&L in Beverly Hills went belly up and may ultimately cost taxpayers at least \$500 billion (that's \$500 billion, not \$500 million) in the next 30 to 40 years. Spiegel paid himself \$21 million in salaries and bonuses from 1983-87 as he flew his family around to fancy vacation spots in his company jet. Columbia was founded in 1974 by Spiegel's father, Abraham, a multimillionaire Holocaust survivor. It's interesting to note that Irish-American Charles Keating, whose S&L did not buy as many Milken junk bonds as Spiegel's did, was led away in chains after his indictment, whereas Chosenite Spiegel spent no time in jail and very little time in court, walking out free as a bird after pleading not guilty and posting a \$1 million bond. Something racial going on here?

Spin doctors have trouble medicating 240 million people. Once in a while something slips through the cracks, such as the ad for a NOVA TV program on Boston's channel 2. Everyone apologized, recanted, smote their brows and even cancelled the show, but no one could undo what was "did."

The NAACP called on brother Negroes to stop all contributions to channel 2, a PBS outlet. But just how much money and how many Negroes contribute to a PBS station?

NATURAL ATHLETES

Witness the speed, stamina, and strength of animals in this breathtaking celebration of nature's champions.

ANIMAL OLYMPIANS

Tonight at 8:15pm

A NOVA special.

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Primate Watch

UNGODLY MEN OF GOD: The trial of **Rev. Francis Luddy** of Somerset (PA), accused of sexually assaulting fellow religionists over a period of six years, has been delayed by the Allentown-Johnstown Catholic diocese's refusal to release some of the archival records. . . . **Rev. Norbert Mady** of South Holland (IL) has been charged with molesting two altar boys. . . . **Eammon Casey**, Bishop of Galway, Ireland, decided to resign and become a missionary when Connecticut newspapers discovered that Peter Murphy, 17, of Westport (CT) was the supposedly celibate prelate's son. . . . **Rev. Philip Magaldi**, a parish priest in north Texas, pleaded guilty to stealing more than \$120,000 from Sunday collection plates in the years he was preaching the gospel in Rhode Island. . . . **Rev. T.J. Jemison**, head of the nation's largest black Baptist denomination, pleaded innocent to a perjury charge. He denied under oath he had offered a million-dollar bribe to Desiree Washington, the beauty contestant raped by **Mike Tyson**, to buy her silence. (It was weirdly coincidental that the allegedly perjurious statement was made when Jemison was on the witness stand back in June testifying in the bank fraud trial of **Edmund Reggie**, Ted Kennedy's new father-in-law.). . . . The appointment of **Rev. Jane Spahr**, an un closeted lesbian, as co-pastor of a Rochester (NY) Presbyterian church was approved nine to one by a Presbyterian judicial commission. . . . Two priests in Atlanta have been accused of child molesting: **Rev. Anton Mowat** was sentenced to six years for fondling four altar boys; **Rev. Stanley Idzik** was sent to a treatment center, after being caught sexually abusing two young brothers. . . . Seven lawsuits have been filed against **James Porter**, former parish priest of St. Philip's Church in Bemidji (MN) by men who claim they were abused by Porter when they were children back in the 1960s. Porter, 57, unfrocked of his Catholic priesthood, but still perhaps a Catholic, now upholds family values with his wife and four children.

#

Mordechai Levi, the convicted felon and bossman of the trigger-happy Jewish Defense Organization, triumphantly announced he had hounded an old Klansman, William Hoff, 57, out of both his job and his apartment. . . . Another "Jewish triumph" was celebrated in Brooklyn when **Hersh Jaroslawitz**, 42, an ultra-Orthodox Hasidic Jew, kicked a 13-year-old Puerto Rican, Shawn [?] Lozada, in the groin while accusing him of shoplifting a \$1.25 pair of

goggles from a variety store owned by one of Hersh's many relations. Police obligingly did not classify the Hasid's assault as a hate crime.

#

Debra Voth, 34, was on the jury that condemned **Louis Vitalba**, 28, of second degree murder in Palm Desert (CA). Later she fell in love with the killer and divorced her husband. Planning to marry Vitalba, she drives 67 miles twice a week to visit with him in a cramped prison reception room. In January 1991, Vitalba up and killed a man who tried to stop him from beating his ex-wife.

#

Tourists and locals who take the guided **Gay History Tour of New York City** are informed by the giggling driver, as they are bused by Alexander Hamilton's old home, that the first U.S. Secretary of the Treasury was a homo. As one historian who specializes in Hamiltoniana put it, the queer guides are trying to "impugn the reputation of one of America's greatest statesmen."

#

Carlos Lopez, 37, of Corpus Christi (TX) thought a hospitalized woman had put a curse on him, so he stabbed her to death in her hospital bed, along with another woman who shared the victim's room. In the Bronx, another Hispanic, **Jose D. Martinez**, convinced that his wife was cheating on him, killed her, his girlfriend [why her?] and his wife's niece.

#

Willie Carter Spahn, Jimmy the Tooth's 45-year-old nephew, is on his last legs. He lives in a cruddy San Francisco hotel shooting up free methadone. Once a boastful bisexual, whose jail time amounted to 23 years, he's been married five times and has one or two children, depending on what paper you read. Willie says Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Rosalynn write him "every now and then. . . they're aware of me."

#

After corporate raider **Theodore Forstmann** had his \$93,500 Mercedes-Benz 500 SEL stolen some months ago, he immediately leased a duplicate, which was stolen three weeks later. Today, he is chauffeured around Wall Street and the Upper East Side in a BMW. Forstmann's fellow Jewish financial sharpshooter, **Henry Kravis**, has had his Mercedes 500 SEL stolen only once. Altogether 138,838 vehicles were stolen in Zoo City last year, 2,087 at gun point. . . . In Newark (NJ), Negro auto thieves have an exciting new hobby! They use their stolen wheels to ram police cars. Sometimes rammers will

let a fancy model lure a cop cruiser to an intersection, where the stolen junk car can plow into it.

#

A seven-year-old pickaninny in the first grade of an Indianapolis public school pleaded guilty to raping a female classmate (race unspecified) in the girls' restroom.

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Benjamin Thomas Atkins, 23, a homeless black crack addict, is the prime suspect in the strangulation murders of nine young women in the Detroit area. Hard to believe, but all his victims were also black.

#

Jesse Jackson's multimillionaire half-brother, **Noah Robinson**, finally got his comeuppance when he was given a life sentence and fined \$6 million for, among other peccadilloes, helping to expand the drug business of the El Rukn gang, hiring a gang member to murder one of his employees and skimming \$650,000 from the Wendy's restaurants he owned. In his court pleadings, Noah likened himself to Nelson Mandela and blamed all his legal troubles on white racism.

#

William Hart, Detroit's onetime police chief, who looted the police secret service fund of \$2.6 million, got ten years. Unless the city's police and fire pension board changes its mind, however, he will continue to receive his \$53,000 annual pension while in jail.

#

America's most Zionistic daily, the **New York Post**, which even out-Chosens the **New York Times** and **Washington Post**, pleaded guilty to inflating its circulation figure by 50,000, a felony for which the rag was fined \$10,000. Meantime, the Post's circulation dept. was accused of having close ties to a Mafia crime family that deals heavily in drugs. Chosenite **Peter Kalikow**, some of whose enterprises are in bankruptcy, is the Post's owner.

#

A black named **Nathaniel White** killed the first of his six women, Juliana Frank, 29, by slitting her throat and cutting her upper body open from neck to waist. "I did exactly what I seen in the movies." He was referring to the 1987 sci-fi flick, **Robocop**.

#

Penthouse has revived the old rumor about Senator Strom Thurmond's illegitimate Negro daughter. The porn magazine reported that Strom admitted that he had been giving "Essie" (not her real name) money over a long period of years. But Strom, however, stoutly denies the fatherhood charge.

Talking Numbers

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The recently appointed Jewish co-CEO of Time Warner, Gerald Levin, runs the world's largest media and entertainment empire. While the other Jewish co-CEO, Steve Ross, is ailing with prostate cancer, Levin, unapologetic about Warner's hot seller, Ice-T's "kill the police" rap, eked out \$12.6 million worth of stock for himself in a financial coup which also enriched Ross by some \$74 million, but left Time Warner and its stockholders with a debt of \$14 billion.

#

Carl Icahn used his congenital gift for deal-making to take over TWA, once one of the world's great airlines and the pride of its founder, Howard Hughes. Icahn then proceeded to drive TWA into the ground by selling off some of its key assets and taking some of the proceeds for his own personal profit. Another Chosenite, corporate shark Charles Hurwitz, is fastening his grip on Continental Airlines, also in bankruptcy. The fine print in the deal forces the airline to pay Hurwitz's Maxxam, Inc. a \$12,875,000 fee for investing in Continental. Among his other acquisitions, Kaiser Aluminum, to name one, Hurwitz gained control of Pacific Lumber in a shabby junk bond deal which put the company so heavily in debt it is now chopping down the disappearing redwoods at twice the usual rate. Speaking of airline wreckers, the Pritzkers of Chicago had much to do with the demise of Braniff. Behind all these sad tales of insolvency looms Professor Milton Friedman, who lobbied, lobbied and lobbied for airline deregulation, which opened the gates for the scavengers.

#

Owing largely to intermarriage, the world Jewish population, 17.4 million in 1991, will shrink to 12 million by the year 2000, to 11 million by 2020. So predicts Sergio Della Pergola, a professor at Hebrew University, Jerusalem. If a half-Jew counts as more of a Jew than a Gentile, generally the case, it wouldn't be inaccurate to count two half-Jews as one full Jew.

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80% of American Jewish adults are registered to vote, compared to only 50% of non-Jewish adults. What's more, they are at least twice as affluent than their non-Jewish counterparts.

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In 1968, 7,244 children were born to mixed-race parents (white mother, black father). In 1988 the figure jumped to 33,875. In 1968, 2,375 children were born to a different mix of miscegenators (black mother, white father). In 1988, 17,070 of

these newborn swelled the U.S. mulatto population.

#

In 1950 the Jewish population of New York City was about 2 million. Today it is 1,027,000. The Jewish mini-diaspora was most notable in the borough of Queens, whose Jewish population declined by 83,200 (26%) in 1988-1991. In their search for greener pastures, the Chosen also abandoned the suburbs in droves. In Nassau County the number of Jews dropped 33.6% in the same period; in Westchester County, 23.3%.

#

Rabbi Abraham Cooper, of the seriously untrustworthy Simon Wiesenthal Center, claims "up to" 2,500 Nazi war criminals live in the U.S., a figure which could go "down to" zero. Neil Sher lords over the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations, where he and his 40 bureaucrats have been Nazi-hunting for 13 years, during which time he has filed 80 cases against suspected war criminals, winning some, losing some, with some still in abeyance.

#

Robert Rubin, a pro-Clinton drum-beater, and Stephen Friedman, the two Chosen co-chairmen of Goldman Sachs & Co., made \$15 million each in 1991, more than any other Jewish CEO—and any other non-Jewish CEO—of a major Wall Street investment firm. Goldman has 142 partners, a few of whom took home \$5 million or more in the recession year of 1991. In 1990, also a recession year, Lawrence Hilibrand (arguably Jewish) made \$23 million as the top arbitrage broker of Salomon Inc., at the very time Salomon was being nailed for cheating in U.S. Treasury bond auctions.

#

More than 46 million Americans work on computers, a mere 0.004% of whom claim "repetitive stress injuries" from pecking at keyboards. Nevertheless, an army of lawyers is mobilizing to sue the 57 leading computer and telecommunications firms, alleging that their clients have suffered inflammation, swelling and pain because of poorly designed keyboards. Customers may expect a sharp rise in the cost of computers, if juries start awarding hundreds of millions of bucks to people with sore fingers.

#

"Why does a university start a Jewish Studies program?" The answer: "To endow its medical school." In 1966, 60 colleges and universities offered Jewish Studies courses, in addition to the regular curricu-

lum, which as always is heavily Jewish oriented. Today, the number of institutions of higher learning that offer all-Jewish courses ranges from 450 to 500. Stanford has one entitled, "The Body, Sex and Gender in Ancient Judaism."

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29% of those who took SATs this year were minorityites; average white score: 933; black 737; Asian American 945; Mexican American 797. Oregon students came up with the best state average, 925; New Hampshire second, with 923. Average private school score, 994; religiously affiliated schools, 913; public schools, 895. Overall, the male average was 927; female 875.

#

A survey of 4,000 black students indicated they are more comfortable and do better at black colleges (grade average 2.6) than at predominantly white colleges (grade average 2.43). 26% claim they have "excellent" relations with white faculty on black campuses. Only 15% of blacks in predominantly white colleges said the same.

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About half of those arrested in the South Central Los Angeles riots had extensive mug sheets. 46% were black; 45% Hispanic. In 1991, 179 blacks and 340 Hispanics were killed in L.A. gang wars.

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97% of white crimes are committed against whites, but one-half to two-thirds of black crimes are committed against whites. Black preference for white victims is 2.4 times that of white preference for black victims. (Michael Levin, *Journal of Social Philosophy*, Spring 1992)

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The murder rate nationwide in 1991 was close to 1/10,000; in the District of Columbia, 8.6/10,000.

#

In the Negro sex derby, Mike Tyson had a factotum who kept a computerized black book of his boss's dalliances. Excluding one-night stands and groupies, the book contained 1,300 names. But the ex-boxing champ has a long way to go, once he serves his rape sentence, to catch up to black superstud Wilt Chamberlain, whose self-proclaimed world record of 20,000 couplings still stands.

#

69% of the world's 1.7 million AIDS cases are in Africa; 16% in the USA; 6% in Europe; 9% in the Americas (excluding the USA); 1% other. Cause of AIDS in the USA: 58% homosexual sex; 23% intravenous drug use; 6% homosexual sex plus drug use; 2% blood transfusions; 1% treatment for blood clotting disorders; 6% heterogeneous sex; 2% other. Racial breakdown of U.S. AIDS cases (1981 to June 1992): white 53%; black 29%, Hispanic 16%; other 1%.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle—John Nobull

The August issue of *Instauration* contains a protest by Zip 902 against what he feels is the editor's bias in favour of atheism. I cannot speak for the editor, but I do think that various forms of Christianity, which undoubtedly fulfilled useful historic roles, now constitute serious impediments to our survival. This does not, however, mean that what our editor calls "the religious gene" has ceased to influence our behaviour. Indeed, as G.K. Chesterton once said, when people cease to believe in God, they don't believe in nothing, they believe in anything.

I think it is easier now than at any time in the last 300 years for an intelligent *a priori* thinker to believe in a divine plan. The reason is that, more and more, non-linear thinking is replacing linear. Let me explain what I mean. Newton, like Descartes, was first and foremost a linear logician—if A and B, then C. Both would have indignantly rejected the notion that they thought in terms not far removed from the syllogists of the Middle Ages, although their logic was in fact the culmination of such thinking. The main difference was that the linear logicians accepted the findings of the scientific method, while to the framers of syllogisms the pronouncements of authorities were usually sufficient to establish facts.

With the development of quantum theory by Max Planck, Niels Bohr, Werner Heisenberg and others, a new ball game has come into being—non-linear thinking. To put it in a nutshell, quantities of matter and radiation large enough to be observed constitute discrete bundles called quanta, which do not react in ways which can be explained by Newtonian physics. Thus quantum mechanics, rather than classical mechanics, are used to explain the behaviour of electrons and nuclei within atoms and molecules. The application of quantum mechanics led to a number of interesting discoveries which are not germane to the issue here. What is germane is the apparently random behaviour of the quanta.

Though quanta seem to react randomly, there is always some method in their madness. They interact to form patterns, in such a way that the most diverse phenomena appear to influence each other (like the hypothetical butterfly flapping its wings in China and creating a storm in the U.S.). This non-linear causality has given rise to chaos theory and its technological applications, such as "fuzzy logic." In fact, chaos theory is a misnomer. Apparent chaos produces definite patterns, and these can only be controlled when as many as possible of the variables are taken into consideration. In other words, non-linear thinking encourages holism, the most holistic of all theories being that

of a divine plan. The idea of God formulated by Alexander Pope in his *Essay on Man* fits in nicely with chaos theory:

*Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms and systems into ruin hurled
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.*



Oswald Mosley's theory of higher forms also fits in well with chaos theory. He postulated that entropy (as defined by the Second Law of Thermodynamics) is offset by the inherent tendency of life to create new forms, using previous ones as "building blocks." Since the most primitive forms of life are cells, these cells are eventually built into very complex systems while retaining their cellular identity.

The complex systems interact, as in the Gaia theory, which is a sort of personification of multifaceted Nature—like the vision of the Great Goddess in the *Golden Ass of Apuleius*. The goddess appears to the hero in all of her many wonderful manifestations, as he, transformed into a donkey, stands on the beach on a starlit, moonlit night.

James Dale Davidson and Lord Rees-Mogg, whose books *Blood in the Streets* and *The Great Reckoning* contain prognostications which could have been (and perhaps were to some extent) derived from *Instauration*, expect that religion will be given a new lease on life through the application of non-linear (by which they mean holistic) thinking.

Our concern should be to prevent traditional religious groups (almost all of which have sold out to the enemy) from exploiting this new situation. At the same time, we should be willing to think out our position *a priori* in the light of scientific discovery, while also taking into consideration the innate aesthetic predispositions of our race.

Above all, we need to develop our aesthetic view of the world in contradistinction to the poisonous moralism of the Judaic tradition. We know that Chartres cathedral was deliberately designed to ascend to the truth by means of beauty. It was not only a holistic conception but also a form of divine aspiration. What art has our age produced? Barely more than a fragmentation of experience which is deliberately designed to besmirch and destroy holistic aesthetics. Only the mentally and physically diseased are allowed to represent our civilisation. We must develop our aesthetic and religious sense, beginning with what has not been destroyed, namely our appreciation of attractive human beings, our love of nature, and our wonder at the beauty and infinity of the starry cosmos.



Waspishly Yours

Robert Manning and his sidekicks from the degenerate Jewish Defense League are suspected by the FBI of so many shootings, bombings and killings, that it's hard to keep all the crooked lines straight. So far as the FBI knows, the first victim was Patricia Wilkerson who was pipe-bombed into her grave in 1980, supposedly as the result of a real estate dispute between rich California developer William Ross and a Brenda Crouthamel. The allegation is that Ross hired Manning as a hit man and that poor Patricia, innocent bystander, in effect, was killed by a pipe-bomb mailed to Courthamel.

Israel, as I reported last month in this column, has stubbornly refused to extradite Manning and his wife Rochelle for the murder of Palestinian-American Alex Odeh in 1985. That would have been too political and would have posed and imposed too many questions concerning state-supported terrorism. Besides, wasn't it obvious that Manning was a patriot with dual citizenship defending the rights of Eretz Israel? (Question: Did Mossad bother with the niceties of extradition when Israel wanted to get rid of Gerald Bull, not to mention many others?)

Survivors of Manning's dangerous friendship call him a "Hell's Angel" type, a brawny, unstable and erratic six-footer. He loves to pick fights, particularly fights with somebody smaller. It's not certain that he reads without moving his lips. Maybe his conversion to Judaism is comprehensible, after all.

So where does a converted Jew with the FBI presumably on his *tokus* run to ground? Where does a Chosenite scamper to for impenetrable immunity? Where is the one place in the world he would be safe from Mossad and protected by the CIA? You guessed it. The Mannings were soon spotted seeing the sights in Tel Aviv and other golden ghettos.

Husband and wife were finally arrested over two years ago in their lair in the illegal settlement called Kiryat Arba on the West Bank. (We call the settlements illegal; so does the UN. But what's one more illegality to professional fugitives?) Robert Manning's résumé lists him as a deprogrammer, a job which may have involved kidnapping Jewish children who had been lured away from their parents by fanatic Jewish cultists, forcibly twisting the kids back into shape, then extorting ransom from their parents who were so overjoyed to get their "kidnapped" children kidnapped back that they rarely complained to the police.

My favorite among Manning's multitudinous scams is the one reported by Robert Friedman, author of *The False Prophet: Rabbi Meir Kahane, From FBI Informant to Knesset Member*. Mouth-foaming fundamentalist, holy-roller Hasidic Jews won't let their women have a divorce without the consent of their husbands. Humane Mr. Manning, terribly distressed by any form of gender discrimination, reportedly kidnapped Hasidic men for a price and tortured them until they agreed to let their wives go.

When bully-boy Manning was not ambushing Arabs, bullying them into defending the PLO, then beating them to a pulp when they did, he ran an Intifada tour. Friedman describes it as a "12-hour excursion through West Bank hot spots in an armored rough-terrain vehicle. . . [F]or \$30, not including lunch, day-trippers could visit a refugee camp near Bethlehem," where Jewish tourists could gawk at the Arab geeks within sight of the stable where an upstart Jewish heretic was born and eventually crucified for blasphemy because he challenged the authority of the power-hungry Sanhedrin.

If U.S. government officials wanted the Mannings, they had to settle for having them arrested on the West Bank, regardless of whether that implied Israeli sovereignty, and only on the condition they be arrested for the "non-political" murder of Mrs. Wilkerson. After all, she was only murdered for real estate, not like the thousand and more Palestinians killed by the Israelis during the Intifada. Is it any wonder that Jews make the best stand-up comics in the world? Any wonder that they had the chutzpah to bargain with Yahweh himself for a real estate deal that gave them the land of the Canaanites in perpetuity, so long as they never became atheists, which most Israelis are? So Manning was arrested by the Israelis on the West Bank for the murder of Mrs. Wilkerson and not for the murder of Palestinian American Alex Odeh.

What about Odeh?

On October 11, 1985, Alex Odeh, 41, was blown apart by a pipe-bomb in the sunny town of Santa Ana (CA). He had survived the social acid rain of drought-stricken sunny southern California; survived the rappers' smog and the turf wars of South Central L.A. long enough to acquire an education, start a family and become a community college teacher.

What was Odeh's odious crime? Selling arms to Iraq and Iran (as did Israel)? Killing 29,000, as the Jews did in Lebanon? Ending the lives of 34 American sailors on the *U.S.S. Liberty*? Did Odeh kill babies with tear gas (not Zyklon B) by firing canisters into locked maternity wards? Why was that odious Odeh so odious? Because he was preaching peace and compromise, that's why. Because he was underscoring the common interests, not the differences, between the Palestinians and the Jews.

Odeh was the Western Regional Coordinator of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. He made speeches on behalf of the Palestinians, for, like millions of others who had been displaced by Zionists, his roots were in Arab Palestine. Jews feared him for the same reason they hate and fear Mrs. Hanan Ashrawi, perhaps the wisest of the Palestinian representatives to the current Middle East peace negotiations.

Now that the Supreme Court has decided that it's okay to kidnap terrorists anywhere in the world and drag them back to America, what are you waiting for, Mr. Bush? Why wait another minute for the Mannings to be extradited? Jews, who are not unlearned in barratry, will continue to resort to ploy after ploy to keep them out of a Gentile jail. Why not just go in and grab them the way the Jews kidnapped Eichmann? Are you waiting for Jews to forget you stalled their \$10-billion giveaway disguised as a "loan guarantee?" Or did you prefer to wait for the election of the Rabin government before paying the Israelis off for voting "right." They wouldn't vote for you anyway, no matter how much deeper you'd put the country in a hole to prove that you have a kosher hole in your head. Clinton has the yummy yarmulke vote capped. Do what's right for a change. Turnabout is fair play. If you're going to let AIPAC kidnap our electoral process, you have the right to kidnap Manning and put him on trial for murder.

So do the right thing, George. And if you still have any moral scruples left and feel squeamish about alienating the Jewish vote by kidnapping Manning and bringing him back to justice, remember Eichmann—and keep saying to yourself that you're just keeping kidnapping kosher.

V.S. STINGER

The producer of the *Today* show is Jeff Zucker, 27, a bratty Chosenite, one of whose recent brainstorms consisted of having Bryant Gumbel interview a pregnant Filipino hermaphrodite. Surprise, no surprise! A few days later it was discovered that Gumbel's half-man, half-woman monstrosity had been a shill cross-dressed as a woman and inflated with a fake belly. Gumbel apologized, but Zucker was proud as an NBC peacock about his latest hoax. The Zuckers never cease to complain about the crude, brutish, animalistic behavior of insensitive goys. At the same time, they never cease to try to turn us into animals with the crapulous pre-Cambrian TV effluvia with which beset our brains and senses around the clock.

Twice on Sunday, Radio Finland airs a five-minute news bulletin in Latin, supposedly a dead language. The only other Latin broadcasts emanate from Vatican Radio. On the *Nuntii Latini*, Finnish scholars discourse on everything from *alsulegia glacialis* (ice hockey) to *abductio aeria* (hijacking).

Back in June, Dan Rather was an honored guest at a benefit put on by the Jerusalem Foundation in New York City. It was one of those endless money-raising affairs that Jews depend on to finance their military aggression in the Middle East and their cultural aggression elsewhere. This particular shindig was dedicated to asserting the Israelis' right to keep and rule East Jerusalem, which the Israeli Army seized in the 1967 war and which had been the eastern half of an Arab city for 1,200 years. Moreover, until the proclamation of the Jewish state in 1948, not just Jerusalem but the entire land of Israel had not belonged to the Jews since the Romans expelled them in a series of bloody wars in the first and second century A.D.

Dan, who claims to be a neutral and unbiased anchorman, was not at all uncomfortable about moderating a panel discussion at the meeting. Nor did he get up and leave when Henry Kissinger sniggered, "You can't really believe anything the Arabs say," a statement that could more accurately be applied to whatever Henry the K says.

In regard to Kissinger's credibility, a new book written by a fawning Chosenite, Time magazine hack Walter Isaacson, let it be known that Henry is just about the greatest statesman to hit the planet since Metternich. Isaacson also indicated that his hero should have been eternally grateful to Nixon for appointing him Assistant for National Security Affairs and later, Secretary of State. Instead, behind his boss's back, Henry called Nixon "our drunken friend" and said he "had a meatball mind." Kissinger also claimed responsibility for keeping the "drunken lunatic" from "blowing up the world."

In his spare time, between his divorce from his Jewish wife and his marriage to a renegade WASPess, Kissinger's infatuation with blondes and the bright lights led him to date Hollywood actresses, starlets and in one notable case, a famous porn queen. In his tête-à-têtes in the Oval Office, Nixon claimed it was great fun to be with Henry, the son of an Orthodox Bavarian Jew, "because we could talk about all those beautiful broads."

What a magnificent thing is democracy! What high-minded leaders it bestows on us!

In 1989, after scratching a crude swastika on his face in a San Francisco restroom in an unsuccessful attempt to boost the ratings of his low-IQ talk show—he blamed the amateur tattoo on Skinheads—Morton Downey Jr. took a well-deserved exit from TV, a permanent one most viewers hoped. Alas, Motormouth, now 60, is back on a Washington (DC) radio station befouling the air from 9 to 12 noon every weekday with more pollutants than the exhaust from a thousand car engines.



On a 1 to 10 scale of loathsomeness, Morton Downey Jr. rates an 8, Howard Stern (see below) a 9, and the posturing pathological primate of prime time, Geraldo Rivera, rates an unchallenged 11. A double loyalist who splits his loyalty not between the U.S. and some other country, but between Puerto Rico (his father's native hearth) and Jewry (his mother is one), Geraldo, like Downey and Stern, knows there's nothing like a good old brawl with white racists to give a lift to falling ratings. In 1988, it may be remembered, he suffered a fractured proboscis after provoking the ire of white separatists and Skinheads he had invited on his show. On this occasion his guests objected more than vocally to his insults and raucous smears.

So it was old home week for Geraldo in August when he flew out to Janesville (WI) to film a KKK rally. In no time he got more than he bargained for. First, one Klansman said something that sounded like "Go home, Geraldo, you dirty spic." Next, a Majority activist named John R. McLaughlin was so angered by Geraldo's antics that a fight erupted. After local police pried the two apart, both combatants were led away in handcuffs. McLaughlin had to spend the night in jail. Geraldo posted \$300 bail and was soon on his way to a hospital to have some stitches taken in one of his body parts. The local prosecutor, overcome by the big TV star in his midst, promised not to press charges against Geraldo. He made no similar promise in regard to McLaughlin. A right-wing paper, the *Viking Viewpoint*, P.O. Box 25046, Chicago, IL 60625, summed it all up rather neatly. "Geraldo cannot float like a butterfly or sting like a bee, all that Rivera can do is fall like a tree!"

From Zip 220. By all odds he's the most dirty-mouthed of all the scabrous-tongued radio talking heads. Heard mornings in the drive-time slot not only in New York, but also in Philadelphia, Washington and Lotusland (L.A.), Howard Stern earns millions a year sounding off on excretory topics, the sexual escapades of teenagers and the biological architecture of young women he ogles as they traipse along Third Avenue. With the singular exception of Jews (Howard's half that on his father's side), he specializes in

taking wild swings at WASPs and sundry ethnic groups. Until August 1, when it was canceled, he also hosted a raunchy late-night weekly TV show over New York's WWOR-TV and a dozen other syndicated stations. A typical offering: A dozen bikini-wearing buxom blondes recruited from the northern New Jersey hinterland mud wrestling men in their BVDs.

It was with considerable amazement that auditors of his morning radio broadcast recently heard Howie departing from his typical scatological routine for an uncharacteristic survey of a burning Gotham issue:

They're swarming us! They're turning a First World nation into a Third World cesspool. They don't even know how to use a toilet. We ought to ask every one of them how they go to the bathroom. If they say, "on the floor," we ought to ship them back. Let's face it, these Latinos are taking us down the tubes. We've got to shut the door! For God's sake, shut the door! No more!

Howie's black female sidekick of several years, the usually loquacious and tittering Robin Quivers, seemed to agree with the above remarks by her silence. Is the Negro-Jewish rift widening into an Hispanic-Jewish rift?

Howie had these pearls of wisdom to say about the South Central L.A. dustup:

They should have ordered the National Guard to shoot to kill! I think we should deport every illegal they arrested! How come we didn't hear from the KKK crowd on this one? Seems to me this was their "big chance."

Lest anyone should think for a moment that Howie is a Jewish convert to the David Duke camp, hear this: "David," he declaimed on one show—so loudly that every B'nai B'rither and ADLer in listening range could not fail to hear—"is for me a real suck."

Howie is so racially incorrect that the listeners of his morning radio program are almost exclusively white. A sample call-in: "I go to C.W. Post College [on Long Island] and the blacks there can't even read. My degree's gonna be worthless." The jabbering demi-Jew was so miffed at the Clarence Thomas/Anita Hill tiff that he staged a "Here come de judge" episode for his live radio audience by dressing up an actor in a gag store rubber African face mask. To celebrate Christmas, he produced a mentally retarded black whom he introduced as Tiny Tim. Senator Al D'Amato, a Stern aficionado, partied with him. Joan Rivers, another paragon of Jewish high culture, gushed, "I think he's the best, the brightest, the smartest. I love him."

Howie is married and has two one-quarter Jewish daughters. His wife of 12 years has probably forgiven his oral sewage because hubby brings home so much bacon. Roseanne, of all creatures, is unforgiving. She calls him a "racist and sexist" and denounces him for "saying disparaging things about child-abuse victims."

Stern pitches a schizophrenic brand of social politics that mirrors the sickness of America. Wouldn't it be ironic if someone got on the phone during one of his shows and whispered the magic word, Instauration, into his and his listeners' ears.

Satcom Sal descants. Last night I inadvertently tuned in ABC's *Entertainment Tonight*, a twist of the dial that turned

out to be as enlightening as it was distasteful. I first learned that the next two episodes of *One Life to Live* would feature the AIDS quilt. A clip from the forthcoming drama showed a weeping military officer standing at the grave site of his son. Then came shots of the real life "extras," many of whom were kin or friends of AIDS victims. The leading lady was shown reverently fingering the sacred tapestry of the quilt while one of the young male (presumably straight) co-stars told of his greater tolerance and understanding since he was awarded a part in this moving drama.

My God, we are a nation that feels free to burn, cut, spit on, urinate and stomp on our own flag, while we treat an aberration such as the traveling AIDS quilt like the Shroud of Turin!

The same program brought to my attention a new all-color sitcom called *Martin*, named after its black star, Martin Lawrence. The show is making its debut on the Fox network. "It will feature urban humor that everyone can relate to." A sample of such humor, as enunciated by one of the blacks on the show: "What difference do race make? When the lights go out everybody black."

Don't say you weren't warned.

From Zip 121. Some months ago I heard on *Nightline*, the electronic pulpit of Ted (Howdy Doody) Koppel, several references to "conservative columnists Abe Rosenthal and George Will." The instant I heard these words I finally understood what Confucius was talking about when he said the "rectification of names" was an essential prerequisite to the establishment of a good government and a harmonious society. To call Abe Rosenthal, onetime editor of the N.Y. Times and now a columnist for the "newspaper of record," a "conservative" is an exemplary example of the Orwellian distortion of language. Anyone who has observed Abe's career knows that the only thing he's really interested in conserving is the Jewish hegemony over Western civilization. The same remarks apply—in spades—to George "Yitzhak" Will.

It so happens that a few nights later I heard Will on Larry King's radio talk show. After many minutes of boring chatter about baseball, Will finally got down to the nitty-gritty and started talking about Jews. Without citing any source, he claimed some unnamed demographer had calculated that there would now be between 100 and 200 million Jews in the world, if the Chosen had not suffered so much persecution at the hands of the non-Chosen over the last two millennia. While relating this sad "fact," Will's voice took on a note of melancholy, apparently at the thought of having been deprived of the opportunity of living in what would have been a more predominantly Jewish ambiance and, ipso facto, a more wonderful world.

While Will would have us believe that his sadness had deep, historical roots, there may be a more practical side to his sense of loss and regret. The "conservative" pundit makes well over a million dollars a year from his various journalistic activities, including thumping the tub for Zionism. Perhaps Will suspects that in a world with ten times as many Jewish egos to massage, he would be pocketing ten times as many bucks.



Canada. The witch-hunting industry lost a big one in August when the Canadian Supreme Court ruled 7 to 0 that the law prohibiting the dissemination of false news was unconstitutional, and overturned 4 to 3 the conviction of Ernst Zündel under that law. It was a signal victory for the doughty German-born Canadian who, though his numerous enemies would never admit it, has done more than any other person in Canada to prevent neurotic Jewish revisionists and their clique of yes men from making a mockery of human rights, particularly the right of free speech.

Zündel fell afoul of Jewish "monitors" (read censors) when he published a British booklet questioning the Six Million. He had barely sold a few copies when he was arrested and charged with violating Section 181 of the Criminal Code, an Orwellian statute that made it a prison offense to "spread false news," meaning that any criticism of Jewry must be ipso facto false, anti-Semitic and therefore criminal.

The following is a brief chronicle of Zündel's long and exasperating tangle with the people who are so hipped on Holocaust hype that they practically want to cut out the tongues of anyone who dissents one iota from their various theological myths.

Jan.-Feb. 1984. Zündel makes several appearances in court to comply with various legal niceties. On one occasion he and his 12 bodyguards had to force their way into the courtroom through a screaming mob of jostling, kicking, spitting Jews.

Sept. 1984. When a bomb blows up part of Zündel's home and office, all his insurance policies are immediately canceled, except for his car insurance, which was raised from \$550 to \$2,400 (Canadian).

Jan. 1985. The first Zündel trial. Experts appearing for the defense express grave doubts about the existence of gas chambers. Nevertheless, Zündel is convicted, sentenced to 15 months and taken to jail in handcuffs. He is out on bail the next day.

Feb. 1987. The Ontario Court of Appeal overturns Zündel's conviction.

Summer 1987. The Supreme Court affirms the Appeal Court's decision.

Fall 1987. Zündel is charged again for the same crime.

Jan. 1988. The second trial begins, as the judge takes judicial notice of the Holocaust, which just about destroys Zündel's defense. Meanwhile, Fred Leuchter, a U.S. expert on executions working for Zündel,

finds practically no traces of Zyklon B-triggered compounds in so-called death chambers in Auschwitz, Birkenau and Majdanek, but does find significant traces in delousing chambers. Once again, Zündel is convicted; this time his sentence is reduced to nine months.

1990. Zündel loses his appeal.

1991. Zündel now appeals to Supreme Court. Meanwhile, he is fined \$23,000, later reduced to \$10,000, in a trial in Germany for challenging the existence of gas chambers.

Aug. 27, 1992. The Canadian Supreme Court's decisions.

Needless to say, Canadian Jewry was horrified by the Supreme Court's action and doubly horrified when Zündel announced he was going to take off where he left off when the courts silenced him. He promised to fight the good fight against Jewish tampering with history. Since their vengeance is rarely cooled by a setback or two, Jews decided to resort to that peculiar aspect of Jewish law which presumes that a person is guilty until proved innocent, and, if proved innocent, is still presumed guilty and kept in confinement until some other charges can be raked up against him. This kind of justice, which has a vaguely Talmudic ring, would not have been to the liking of Thomas Jefferson, but would certainly have appealed to Lenin. It is the kind of justice that has kept an innocent John Demjanjuk in an Israeli jail for several years.

Another martyr of Jewish injustice is James Keegstra, now appealing his \$3,000 fine for violating Canada's gag law against promoting racial hatred (see *Instauration* Aug. 1992, p. 26). Keegstra, a onetime Alberta schoolteacher who has been run through the inquisitional gauntlet almost as long as Zündel, is appealing on constitutional grounds. The government prosecutors are also appealing. They want the fine increased.

If there were no Jews in the world, would there be less or more hatred? It's a tricky question that will never be correctly and honestly answered until someone, perhaps a Jew, invents a hate meter. The results might be surprising if an average HQ (hate quotient) was determined for members of different races. Those who talk so volubly about hate crimes, hate groups and hate laws might themselves have an inordinate amount of hate in their innards.

The media have the habit of stating

that Zündel and his ilk hate Jews, but the media never discuss the surfeit of Jewish hatred. Is it by any chance possible that Jews hate Zündel more than he hates them? Many Germans, during the 12-year reign of Nazism, certainly hated Jews, but for the last 60 years, Jews have been hating Germans. If measured on a hate meter, which would have the biggest HQ, Germans or Jews?

One Jew with an extremely high HQ is Valery Fabrikant who arrived in Canada from Minsk 14 years ago and soon worked his way up to be a professor of engineering at Concordia University, Montreal. In August, Fabrikant went on a hate binge that ended with three fellow professors shot dead and one other professor and a university employee seriously wounded. We don't know exactly the source of Fabrikant's hate—some said it was a dispute over tenure—but whatever the reason, it blossomed into a kind of hate that was far more lethal than the hate which arises from disputes over an anti-Holocaust booklet or over what a schoolteacher told his class about the less inspiring aspects of Judaism.

Something extraordinarily "hateful" appeared in the weekly Montreal tabloid, Photo Police, which came out with a blazing front-page headline, "*Les Blancs en ont assez des Noirs*" (Whites are fed up with Blacks), superimposed over a menacing Negro face. Inside the scandal sheet, which has a circulation of 100,000, were six more pages with the same headline and all sorts of eyebrow-raising statistics and statements about Jewish power.

The Quebec Human Rights Commission wanted Photo Police punished instantaneously for "fomenting racial hatred." Among the flood of criticism, no one bothered to check out the paper's claims about the huge disproportion between black and white crime rates. At least for the moment the publisher of Photo Police, Yvon Dubois, was not apologizing. "It's not by hiding these problems that they will disappear," he quipped.

Swarms of immigrants, legal and illegal, and larger swarms of visitors come to Canada and mill around without anyone bothering them. The Metzgers, Tom and John, who arrived in Canada in August to address the Heritage Front, were grabbed minutes after they had finished their talks, thrown in jail for almost a week and deported forthwith after a star chamber session which recalled the worst days of Torquemada in Spain and Ariel Sharon in Lebanon.

Britain. Paddy Ashdown, leader of the Social Liberal Democratic Party, complained that a few years after he had had an affair with his secretary, the political commentators spent so much time saying the love life of politicians was completely irrelevant that they had no time to talk about any subject that was relevant.

Kinky Friedman, penny dreadful novelist and former leader of a rock group known as the Texas Jew Boys, is a hit in Britain. He's worked out a deal with Faber & Faber to publish three of his detective novels in a one-volume edition. In the 1970s, Friedman wrote several songs with such titles as, *They Don't Make Jews Like Jesus Anymore* and *Proud to be an Asshole from El Paso*. One of his ditties, *Men's Room*, features a man who wonders about a portrait of Jesus on the floor of a public toilet.

A former adviser to Prince Charles, Leonard Johnson, has flown the coop after being accused of fraud in the management of one of Europe's "show case" minority business and recreation projects. Only a few weeks later Michael Showers, a "highly" regarded immigration adviser to the British government, was charged with taking part in a £2 million drug smuggling operation that involved 12 kilos of heroin. Need it be added that both Johnson and Showers are as black as Sister Souljah.

Denmark. The results of the Danish referendum on the Maastricht Treaty illustrates how little, even in a model democracy, the establishment is in tune with the masses. Although almost the entire media and nearly all politicians of all parties supported Maastricht, Denmark's entrance into a Unified European Community was rejected 51% to 49%. Everyone was so sure that the "yeas" would have it that no contingency plans had been developed in case the bill was defeated. According to the Treaty of Rome, each step in the unification of Europe must be unanimous. Despite this proviso, other countries are proceeding as if the Danish vote had never happened.

Attempts have been made to show that the Irish referendum (2 to 1 in favor of Maastricht on a turnout of just over 50%) canceled out the Danish results. Few wanted to remember that Ireland had received over £6 billion in EC subsidies over the years and that Prime Minister Charles Haughey was promising more billions for the masses if they voted "correctly."

After defeating the best-laid plans of the European unification brigade, Denmark continued to astound everyone by winning

the European Cup for the first time. The Danish team won its victory without the luxury of a single black player. For that matter, the other finalist, Germany, also fielded an all-white team. How strange that England now feels it necessary to spot several blacks in its team, which doesn't seem to do any better than when its players were ethnically purer. The infusion of blacks only began in earnest after a Minister of Sports had been appointed. Did political pressure and social engineering have something to do with the introduction of black players? Don't bet that it didn't. Cheering for the national team now means cheering for blacks, the kind of forced attitudinal change that delights race relations bureaucrats.

France. *From our correspondent, Honoré de Saint-Rambert.* The French "*politico rentrée*" (politics as usual, after the month-long summer holidays are over) took place Saturday, Aug. 22, with the "*grand discours*" of Jean-Marie Le Pen at La Trinité-sur-Mer, his hometown in Brittany. To the surprise of many, including some of his own supporters, Le Pen declared that his country should avoid intervening in the Yugoslavian mess. France, he said in effect, has not the military capacity to engage in this conflict which has become a real "*guépier*" (wasps' nest). He then reminded his listeners how he had steadfastly opposed French participation in the Gulf War.

President Mitterrand recently shared Le Pen's view of the Yugoslavian conflict, ditto Pierre Joxe, the French Minister of Defense, who insisted that not 10,000 but several hundred thousand troops would be needed to end the internecine bloodbath. Jacques Delors, on the contrary, a stubborn leftist Roman Catholic and now president of the management team of the European Community, was all for intervention. The net result is that Le Pen's maniacal warrior image has been considerably softened, which greatly disconcerts his opponents.

Le Pen's opposition to the Maastricht Treaty stood him in good stead with the large segment of the French population that puts France first and Europe second. Practically all the other leading French political figures were for Maastricht, Communists excepted.

Mitterrand, who is now being treated for prostate cancer, insisted that the French vote yes on Maastricht. Both the Assemblée Nationale and the Senate voted aye, one-third of the members not attending. But it was so obvious that their vote did not reflect public opinion that Mitterrand finally implemented an old section of the

French Constitution which called for a referendum on matters of special importance. The results of this referendum, which took place on Sept. 20, gave a squeaky 51% to 49% victory to the pro-Maastricht crowd.

The three French major powers-that-be—the Masonic lodges, the Roman Catholic Vatican II Church and the Jewish lobby—were all in favor of Maastricht. Orthodox Jews, however, kept their counsel. The emergence of a gigantic civil servants' state has no great interest to average Jews for it hardly meshes with their instinctive itch for anarchism. Masonic lodges and churchmen were also aware of the danger that a civil servants' state poses to their own organizations.

In his speech at La Trinité-sur-Mer, Le Pen found the right word for those who concocted the Maastricht Treaty: Les Maastricheurs (a "tricheur" being a cheat). Much as they detest Le Pen, French mediocrats could not resist repeating the *bon mot*.

Germany. *From a subscriber.* Foreigners are flowing into Germany at the rate of one every 14 minutes. The biggest influx is coming from what used to be Yugoslavia. Even little towns are being overflowed with Africans, Cambodians, Sri Lankers and Czechs. Russian Jews and non-Jews are pouring into Berlin. It all adds up to a demographic disaster, as the people's anger at the increasing number of aliens in their midst reaches the boiling point.

Taxes are soaring. Article 16 of the German Constitution states that Germany will accept political refugees. What many foreigners are doing is to swear they are political refugees, then lose their passports. They then proceed to another German city and make the same claim, collecting government handouts wherever they go. Many "refugees" pocket as much as 1,000 DM (\$600) per month. The scam is so widespread that German authorities have instituted a fingerprint system to try to catch those who come back time after time to the same city to collect more welfare checks under different names.

If you look closely at the so-called neo-Nazis who are trying to resist this human inundation, you will see them giving a V for Victory sign, not the Hitler salute, as the media would have Americans believe. Most of those actively opposed to the flood of migrants are simple people who are trying to save their country from being de-Germanized.

In the small town of Neuwied where I stayed with relatives for two weeks, one morning during a casual two-hour stroll I counted about 420 people. Sixty-eight of them, if you'll forgive the word, were non-Aryans. I even saw a black delivering the



mail. On German TV that night a Nestlé chocolate commercial featured a pretty blonde munching a chocolate bar while walking hand in hand with a flat-nosed Negro.

A word about the Chosen. Jews are making inroads into the Green Party. Rita Sussmuth of the Christian Democratic Union keeps pushing for more loans and more grants for Israel. Marcus Wolfe, one-time head of the East German Secret Police, is now awaiting trial. The son of a Jewish writer, he was responsible for the deaths of hundreds of anti-Communist Germans.

Spain. Last summer, Fidel Castro made a dramatic trip back to his roots, the province of Galicia in northwestern Spain. His peasant father first saw the light of day in a small, unprepossessing stone house in Lancara, whose villagers joyously pelted Fidel with red carnations during his visit. Strange to say, the Cuban dictator is not the only famous 20th-century Gallego. Francisco Franco was born in a stately home in a town only an hour away from Lancara.

Franco was everything Castro was not: a right-wing dictator, a staunch Catholic, a professional soldier. Yet the atheistic Communist actually had nice things to say about the straitlaced anti-Communist, and Franco returned the compliment. Not for the first time in history blood turned out to be thicker than ideology. Both Franco and Castro hated the U.S. Franco once asked Cuba's ambassador to Spain to tell his boss "to give hell to the Americans." Moreover, Franco never allowed Spain to join the U.S. embargo against Cuba. Though it will come as a surprise to most Americans, when Franco died, Castro solemnly proclaimed a week of mourning in Cuba.

Serbia. The old adage, "It takes one to know one," lends a certain amount of credulity to the recent anti-Semitic comments of Bobby Fischer, onetime world chess champ, whose mother happens to be Jewish. One of a kind, Bobby claims an international Jewish conspiracy kept him from defending the title he won in 1972 in Iceland when he beat Boris Spassky, then numero uno, now only 101. At this writing he is doing fairly well in his \$5-million match with Spassky. Bobby has won four games, lost two and had several draws in a match that will last until one player wins ten games. His new flame, Zita Rajcsanyi, an 18-year-old Hungarian-born chess whiz,

never leaves his side and is a constant rooter.

Bobby may know a lot about chess, but, according to the media, he is a dunce in politics, history and Jews. He claims that Bolshevism was just a front for Jewry and he has absolutely no use for Israel. At one point he publicly expectorated on a letter from the U.S. Treasury warning him about breaching U.S. sanctions against Serbia.

While cannons are booming only 50 miles away from the classy resort, Sveti Stefan, Fischer and Spassky are engaged in their own war. If by chance Fischer wins, plans are afoot to get him to play Gary Kasparov, the current world champion, whom he has characterized as "one of the lowest dogs around." It would be an interesting match between an anti-Semitic American half-Jew and a pro-Semitic Armenian half-Jew.

Russia. As reported in *Instauration* (Sept. 1992) Igor Shafarevich, one of the world's top mathematicians, has refused to apologize for his criticism of Jews and will not resign as a foreign associate of the National Academy of Sciences. In his book, *Russophobia*, Shafarevich did the impermissible: he asserted Jews were responsible for the Russian revolution, which is not exactly a lie, and that Jewish inhabitants of Russia were intent on destroying Russian culture, which is at least partly true. But truth is no defense in the U.S. and elsewhere in the West when it comes to criticizing Jews. In these matters the free world is unfreer than the unfree world. Even the most respectable and reputable Westerners crawl and grovel when accused of some anti-Semitic slip of the tongue or pen. Eastern Europeans, especially Russians, many of whom have imbibed anti-Semitism in their mother's milk, will often fight back. Today, anti-Semitic street ballads, such as the one below, can be bought for a ruble.

For many years the Zionists
Were the most devoted Communists
But now they've changed their colors
In pursuit of dollars.

The democratic creed
Of this barbarian breed
Pours from each TV tower
And keeps the Jews in power

They sell off our rockets and tanks
Bribed by the dirty Yanks.
For a bit of foreign cash
They'll let our nation crash . . .

Black Africa. Sometime in the near future the former European colonial powers could be receiving a reparations' bill from the Organization of African Unity for \$130 trillion. Nigerian Chief Bashoren Alibo says this sum represents losses to Africans due to colonial plunder, unnecessary deaths and reduced production caused by colonialism and slavery. Alibo believes as many as 140 million blacks were shipped to the New World in slave ships, of whom 100 million either died at sea or from overwork in plantations. The Nigerian tribal chieftain offered as a precedent German reparations to Jews. The real objective of the reparations' ploy is to force the cancellation of the \$270 billion debt black Africa owes the West, plus some add-ons for pain and suffering.

South Africa. From a subscriber. *Instauration* (May 1992) remarked about the whites in South Africa voting to "dispossess" themselves. The statement certainly applies to those who voted yes in favor of de Klerk's plan to share power with the black majority. But it does not apply to those of us who voted no. We make up about half of the Afrikaners and a sprinkling of English-speaking whites.

The situation is very serious here and we are under no illusions that our survival as a free and independent white nation in Africa is now in the balance. We, the white right-wingers, quite understand that by sharing power with the black majority we will soon lose what power we have. As has been the case with Kenya right down to Namibia, there is no such thing as letting a white politician remain in power on the eve of "independence." De Klerk is so vain as to think he is going to be the exception to the rule.

The hardcore of the Afrikaners, plus some English-speaking whites, realize full well that a titanic struggle awaits us. Some would prefer a quick solution by negotiating for a separate nation. The vast majority of us, however, do not think that Mandela and the people he represents would ever allow us to have a homeland of our own.

We know that we will have to fight and that the struggle will go beyond mere negotiations. To state it more directly, we believe that the struggle itself will, in the final analysis, determine the border of whatever fatherland in South Africa we will wrest from the enemy.

History, we trust, will one day be able to say members of this youngest generation of the only indigenous white nation in Africa proved true to the blood that flowed in the veins of their forefathers and to the values of the culture and civilization they created in what was once an African wilderness.