

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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JUNE 1992

America Is Dead

Dead in body; dead in mind; dead in spirit.

We, the racial glue of America, have now become unglued. We have allowed our once glimmering, now trash-ridden cities to be periodically looted and burned, and we have been conditioned to pay the desecrators for their desecration, always hoping that the sum is great enough to deter them from uncorking their Molotov cocktails for another five or ten years. We have watched supinely as our media became *their* media, which they transformed into a battering ram to reduce us to Orwellian zombies. Every race has been flattered and favored but ours—in education, jobs, welfare, government contracts—even in the arts. “They” wallow in affirmative action; we cower in negative reaction. And we sit and take it. . .and take it. . .and take it.

The unconscionable number of replays of that slyly edited videotape was an antiwhite tour de force. Having stirred up the cauldron, the TV commentators and editorial writers feigned outrage when the lethal brew boiled over. The descendants of the inventors of trial by jury are now being forced to adopt a two-tier justice system. If a jury of 12 good men and true should come in with a displeasing verdict, a second jury will take over—the black mob—and proceed to dispense “justice” with arson and pillage.

We still perform marvels in space, but we can’t get it together on terra firma. We are in a war in which we are forbidden to identify our enemies, half of whose ranks are filled by our own bemused and miseducated people. In all the electronic palaver, in all the mountains of print about what happened and didn’t happen in Los Angeles, not a word was heard about racial differences and that 15-point IQ deficit; not a word that blacks are now committing more violent crimes against whites than against themselves (see p. 17); not a word to the effect that riots can be easily and immediately stopped by a volley of live bullets. Instead of being ordered to fire, the police were told to retreat. When they dared show themselves again in their plastic armor, they were pelted with rocks—and we saw them stand there and take it. . .and take it. . .and take it.

America is down the tubes. But there is hope, a faint hope, for our race. Western Europe is still far behind us on our path to oblivion and may react before the point of no return.

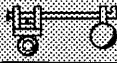
Fate has three possible scenarios in store for the American Majority: (1) We can make a desperate attempt to recover our lost preeminence, end the farce of democracy and again rule the minorities that now rule us; (2) We can distance ourselves from the horrors of our multicultural, multiracial prison and form one or more “ethnstates” in areas where the nonwhite population is relatively small and population shifts will not be too impractical; (3) As our birthrate converges to zero, we can simply melt away in a welter of race-mixing and end up as a Third World state.

Whichever way we go, America will not be a latter-day Lazarus and come back from the dead. America was created by a certain people (Northern Europeans) who brought with them certain predispositions which coalesced into free-spirited, individualistic institutions easily adaptable to the settlement of a continent inhabited by savages. Even if the Majority by some miracle managed to climb back in the saddle, it would have to rule with a brutality that would hardly make the game worth the candle. Coddled minorities, as we are discovering, are a constant threat to the social order. If the ethnstate solution route is taken, America would be chopped into pieces. As for the third alternative, there would be very little “American” about a Third World state, which would sooner or later get around to expelling or massacring the remaining whites. Recall what happened to the French in Haiti. Recall the fate of whites in black Africa who were harried and hounded out of their homes, businesses and government posts once the tribal chiefs took charge again.

The loss of our land, our history, our heroes, our pride, our self-respect and our morale was not entirely our fault. In our blind altruism we trusted those we welcomed in our midst. We couldn’t bring ourselves to believe that we would be insulted and betrayed for our good intentions and for all we did for those whose lives in their own homelands, including the African homeland, were a sordid history of savagery and despair. We could not bring ourselves to believe that those with whom we shared our civilized ways would not become like us. Only a few of us understood enough history to know that these peoples were inalterably different and had long ago been programmed to destroy what they pretended to absorb. We were done in by parasitism at the top and barbarism at the bottom.

We have lost our country, but have we lost ourselves? We won’t know the answer to that question. But our children and grandchildren will.

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.

□ A Paki recently asked me, "Why does the Pakistani bomb merit suspension of American aid; the Israeli nuclear arsenal not?"

401

□ My brother had the misfortune to live across the street from ex-San Antonio Spurs basketball coach Larry Brown, who may or may not be one of us. Famous for feting his black storks—11 of the 12 team members were Negroes—Brown threw a huge party about once every two weeks to entertain "those who can jump." My brother and his wife called these affairs "zebra parties." Every last African stilt drove up in a gleaming new BMW, Mercedes or Rolls. With him was a white girl, usually a blonde.

782

□ Hillary Clinton is easy to figure out. Early on when she discovered that she was married to a tarnished Golden Boy, she probably decided to make a life of her own. If they divorced tomorrow, her lifestyle would hardly change. She stayed with him, but has no illusions. That's the way of the liberated female. More power to her, I say, even though she wants to create a zany new law that allows children to sue their parents. If I'd sued my old man when I was a kid, he would have fixed the judge and jury, and I'd be the one going to the jug.

588

□ I was listening to Rush Limbaugh who said his official position on the Haitian boat people is that "anyone who wants a better life in America is entitled to come here unless they have a contagious disease or something." He's listenable at times, but he's no friend of ours.

217

□ I salute Instauration's efforts to champion Majority rights in a country whose leaders have long ago sold out to minority racism. Your peri-

odic exposés of who is really who in the finance and entertainment worlds have been particularly revealing. Why don't you publish a list of companies and firms involved in the food and other consumer industries that are still Majority owned? That way people like myself could choose to buy their products instead of those of Jewish-owned companies. That would start hitting them in the one place it really hurts.

982

□ Henry Ford is supposed to have said, "History is bunk." I have read that what he actually said was, "Written history is bunk."

021

□ I am enraged at (1) the media, (2) my liberal, wealthy, Christian friends, (3) our idiot president. The ripple effects will go on for the rest of my life. Can you imagine tomorrow's schoolroom discussions? Every child will remember exactly where he was when Thursday's (April 30) verdict on the Rodney King trial came down (as we do for the day JFK popped off). The message of America's colossal judicial failure will be etched into his brain and ballooningly perpetuated like the Six Million myth. Because of the media's slant (and refusal to give more than scant mention to the segments of the tape we didn't see), white guilt will be intensified and expanded. More positions of authority will be awarded to inept blacks. It will become increasingly difficult to arrest and sentence black criminals because, aside from their now guaranteed armor of "rage," fewer competent, ambitious whites will be eager to enroll in our law enforcement agencies. Of course, the incalculable bill for the prodigal programs that will proliferate "to make sure that nothing like this can ever happen again" will be paid by our children and grandchildren.

190

□ The Jewish writer Leo Rosten tells the story of the boy who murders his parents and then begs the judge for mercy. "On what grounds?" asks the judge. "Because I'm an orphan," says the boy. Apologists for Israel remind me of that "orphan." Their chutzpah is staggering. Turn on any TV show and be turned off by check-kiter Stephen Solarz & Company "objectively" preaching the gospel according to AIPAC, the powerful Jewish lobby. Read thorny Rosenthal, cracked Kristol and that synthetic gem Safire, not to mention the zillion movies and syndicated TV shows representing the Israeli point of view hallowed in Hollywood. Yet the tiniest voice of opposition which manages to survive this minefield and sneak into print by some miracle is immediately smeared as "unfair" or "anti-Semitic."

453

□ We are supposed to be cheering about the "collapse of communism" and the spread of "democracy," "Westernization" and "free marketry" into Eastern Europe. But nowadays the witches' brew that passes for "Westernization" strikes me as being far more of a minus than a plus for whites. Francis Yockey warned of this

in *The Enemy of Europe* where he argued that America not Russia was the real danger to Europeans. Russian hegemony in Europe, he wrote, would only temporarily prevail by means of brute physical force, while American hegemony, by appealing to and actively encouraging everything weak and decadent in the European psyche, would be much more damaging and destructive.

329

□ The article in the April Instauration about California, "The Melanization of California," should have been entitled, "The Invasion of California." The state is already a Third World degenerate, corrupt, irreversibly declining society and things are far worse than the author says. He writes that California will soon be a very unpleasant place to live. It is now a very unpleasant place in which to live.

902

□ With Rubbergate and Dopegate, the last drops of residual respect for Congress have been spent. Even liberal dolts must finally agree with what Instauration has preached for so many years: Common crooks now infest those once-hallowed halls of governance.

682

□ I am sitting watching Channel 27 in Dallas, which bills itself as "The Talks of Texas" because from 8 to 11 each evening it programs nothing but talking heads: all Jews or half-Jews. It doesn't take long to get the drift of these shows. The topics are banal, sleazy or pseudo-controversial. The interlocutors are pro-female, pro-equality, pro-race-mixing and pro-love. By the latter, I mean any type of twisted sexual relation is condoned, so long as the participants say they are "in love." A long-term homosexual couple is condoned, whereas a heterosexual male who logs a few hours at the local gentlemen's club is a villain. Addiction to every substance and combinations thereof on the Periodic Chart of the Elements is discussed, usually by some warm, fuzzy Jew or Jewess with a Ph.D. who has deigned to leave his or her ivory tower of psychobabble to enlighten the audience and, by sheer coincidence, to plug a book he or she has written on addiction. The aforementioned chap who visits the gentlemen's

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club doesn't just have an eye for the ladies; he's a sex addict. That fat slob over there is a foodaholic. If he says otherwise? Tsk, tsk, he's in denial. He really should seek professional help. Or at least buy my book. Often the most entertaining aspect of these shows is the audience, which looks like a spillover from a professional wrestling arena. Anyone espousing opinions within shouting distance of Instauration will be hooted down by a rainbow coalition of blather-skites.

725

□ As things now stand, the Big Crumble may be closer than perceived. How exactly it might occur is a tough thing to forecast. It might have a USSR-like quality in that a seemingly insignificant (external) event propels a shock wave (of mortal dimensions) through our crumbling political innards. Or it might be more classically "American" with some fig leaf of justification in the form of a constitutional convention aimed at "legally" transferring the last remaining wealth of the productive classes to the descendants of Jesse Jackson. With our national debt rising at an incalculable rate, what the nonwhites finally inherit may be small change. The beauty of emigration is that the individual is freed of his former government's debt obligations. For us whites, Europe in the 21st century may offer a flicker of hope. If we can ever get our overseas cousins to let us back into the Great White House, this sad (liberal) experiment will have been left behind us. On the other hand, if the Europeans say no. . .

220

□ Bill Clinton and Dan Quayle recently had a meeting in Washington. The meeting was brief because they were exchanging war stories.

401

□ I have met many policemen who agree in the strongest possible terms with our racial views and antipathies. Both David Duke in his campaigns and I in my run for office experienced numerous acts of kindness from cops, ranging from zealous bodyguarding to friendly tip-offs to overlooked speeding violations. Cops are drawn from the general populace, and are no better and no worse than the families they were raised in.

John Nugent

□ Speaking before the Knesset, the late Menahem Begin called the Palestinians "two-legged beasts." Israeli Army Chief of Staff Rafael Eitan called them "cockroaches in a bottle." Do we hear an outcry from American Jews against such racism? Another Israeli general, Mattityahu Peled, spoke more truthfully, "Now we [Jews] are the Mongols of the Middle East."

922

□ There's something symbolic about Kirk Lyons' move to Black Mountain (NC). In the 30s there was a college there, I think, which can be called a forerunner of UC-Berkeley. It attracted left-wing teachers and students. Some even had talent.

048

□ I'm sure I don't have to remind Instaurationists of the results of the March 17 referen-

dum in South Africa. Neither do I have to spell out what those results mean for South African whites—namely, dispossession and unparalleled violence, culminating in civil war. That is why it is more important now than ever that we in the U.S. aid our racially conscious brothers and sisters in South Africa as much as we can. As the troubled times ahead will not be shaped by electoral politics, there is little use in supporting the Conservative Party any longer. The only hope for white South Africans lies in the Afrikaner Resistance Movement, P.O. Box 4118, Pretoria 0001, South Africa. Our kinsmen there face an all-out fighting war. Compared to their situation, we should almost consider ourselves lucky. The situation in South Africa can be seen as a microcosm of the world's racial situation: a small, dedicated white minority finds itself outnumbered and outfinanced with its ranks riddled with traitors. Give the ARM fighters enough help and they may overcome. Never forget, the fate of white South Africa may be the fate of the white race worldwide. We owe them our support.

181

□ China's billion people to the south; Japan's billions of yen to the east. Can an anarchic Russia hold on to the white race's essential *Lebensraum*: Siberia?

Dutch subscriber

□ Well, all the editor of Instauration's criticisms seem to have been right on target. His tombstone should bear the inscription, "I told you so."

302

□ Clinton has a dynamic program that will get our sluggish economy moving and a foreign policy that will keep our enemies at bay. I hear her husband also has some kind of a program.

600

□ If Canada should join the U.S., you Americans won't be getting a racial shot or two. You'll be getting millions of white wimps and mud people. You'll be getting some great natural resources, but by no means will you be re-enforcing your depleted ranks with some healthy genes.

Canadian subscriber

□ Here in Vancouver the Hong Kongers continue to pour in with all their money. Our neighborhood was 95% white as recently as 1980. It is now about 50% white, 50% Hong Kong Chinese. When they move in, they knock down the existing homes, cut down any trees that may be on the property, and proceed to build what we refer to as Monster Houses, which have a garishly different architectural style and boast three to four times the square footage of the surrounding homes. The other week a neighborhood Chinaman cut down two giant Sequoias on his property that date back to the 19th century. There were only three of these trees in British Columbia.

Canadian subscriber

□ Consider the aphoristic tale of the French Grand Prix held in Lyons in early 1914, just prior to the outbreak of the white racial insanity known as WWI. The French are in a festive mood. They crowd the finish line, waiting excit-

edly for the first race car to arrive, which they assume with patriotic fervor will be one of their own. Alas, here comes the winner, a Mercedes-Benz driven by a German. The French applaud politely. Then comes the next car, again a Mercedes. The French watch in silence. Soon the third-place car roars into view. *Zut alors*, another *maudit* Mercedes! That did it. The crowd screams obscenities and shakes clenched fists at the poor German second runner-up whose friendly wave served only to infuriate French spectators. So much for winning—be it 1914 or 1992, be it Lyons or Albertville.

Canadian subscriber

□ Pat Buchanan's Zulus are gradually moving in on our former "safe" area in Richmond (CA). Three of them stole one of my cars (a 1978 Ford) from in front of my residence at 1:30 p.m. That's right, in broad daylight! The motor was too powerful for them, so they could only manage to control the car for seven blocks. There they managed to demolish the car against one of the few trees left on our block. A cracked windshield indicated one of the thieves probably had a severe headache (or hopefully worse). They're good at stealing, but damn poor drivers. Fifty to 100 autos are stolen daily in my town.

948

□ Instaurationists should face it: Duke, Buchanan, Metzger *et al.* form a medley of shades in the spectrum of the right. They have differing priorities, agendas and approaches. They do not—nor should they—march together in lock-step. Unless they betray the cause of freedom, they deserve support. When some disgruntled critic praises one of these Majority leaders while denigrating another, he is doing the enemy's work.

032

□ In my experience I have never known a committed, philosophical rightist to go over to the loony left, though I have known many to give up the struggle and just fade away. I do know a dozen former lefties who today might qualify as Instaurationists. Almost all people when young and ignorant are supporters of left-wing establishments. The curse is that most retain their ignorance for life. To think that their votes count as much as those of genuine Majority achievers points up the fatal flaw in the democratic system.

902

□ In April at the Westheimer Art Festival in Houston I was able to get 400 more signatures towards putting Ross Perot on the presidential ballot. I am aware that many intelligent people say that we need a total breakdown in order to get it together. But for some reason I am unable to sink myself in the mess of Clinton potage.

775

□ We have two beliefs about race in America—one formal and official, which is dramatically liberal (racial differences deemed purely cultural and therefore changeable); the other being "real world," a mixture of liberal and conservative. The logic of the argument that Americans should invest heavily in education to change the personality of our dysfunctional



nonwhites is obviously liberal. Many, if not most, Americans disagree. They may disagree because they are racially conservative or because they simply don't think the resources exist to accomplish the task. Most whites today look not to a nation linked by racial bridges but separated by racial walls. The political will to support massive investment in culture-changing therefore just doesn't exist. Back when race-mixing was a debatable subject, economists should have been more forthright in identifying the likely outcomes we now face, such as our loss of world economic leadership. Like many other social establishment liberals, they avoided speaking out because it seemed inconvenient for their "position." Moreover, the whole debate seemed carried out within a restricted framework of liberal social intimidation. The 21st century is going to deliver America a very serious surprise exactly because the subject of race has been treated so warily.

220

□ Speaking of cause and effect, the other day I went to a supermarket in a predominantly minority area (sadly, not too far from my own neighborhood) for the express purpose of buying Tony's Pizza (on sale, three for \$5). While I have come to expect a plethora of defaced or partially opened packages at this store, I had a particularly hard time finding three intact pizza boxes. When I looked at the covers, all became perfectly clear. Each box proclaimed it contained a poster of an NBA player.

752

□ Basically the decline of the West is due to wrong values. This worship of material wealth—money, power, me and mine and to hell with you and yours—is the primary cause of our down-going. There is a name for this self-centered, self-protective, fearful, anxious, mindset: "consensus trance."

754

□ America's self-centered working classes will chase the carrot of materialism as long as they think they can catch it. When it gets out of reach, they will stop running. Then the booze and the boob-tube will take over completely. Healthier and more industrious societies will reduce the U.S. to colonial status—hewers and drawers and hot-dog hawkers. The process is well underway.

Canadian subscriber

□ In "Death Throes of Exterminationism II" (Instauration, April 1992) the author hit on the real significance of the Holocaust. It is a weapon to destroy the West plain and simple. It is the most important issue we face. Once the Holofoax is destroyed, we can concentrate on the people who promoted it and their full agenda. I picketed the offices of the California Aggie while distributing leaflets with the full text of Bradley Smith's anti-Holocaust censored ad. I can tell you that handing out leaflets is not my idea of fun, but it is one way to get out the message. I can also tell you that if you were not an anti-Semite before you started, you will become one. The little Hebrews come up and tell you that you should not be allowed on campus,

that you are a neo-Nazi, that your material should be censored. I now understand why Jews are universally disliked. I also understand why others have concluded that we cannot coexist with them in the same political system.

956

□ Since he is so worried about keeping his philandering under wraps, Clinton might heed the story about the Duke of Wellington. Threatened by a blackmailer about his indiscretions with women, the Duke declared, "Publish and be damned!" and hurled the scumbag down the stairs. Luckily the Duke didn't have a job to lose or a family to support. He was already the hero of the nation and certainly he wasn't likely to be sued by any of the women he had seduced. So the comparison with Clinton isn't exactly apt.

220

□ Open any magazine these days and you'll see pictures of blacks and whites socializing. Since "diversity" is now our religion, you'd think that at least half of these pairings would be black female-white male. But no, nearly all are black male-white female, the latter in most cases being a blonde. The reason is buried deep in the human psyche. Subconsciously, women are still property, the most treasured property of all. Depicting a white man with a black woman would be politically incorrect in the extreme. Diversity may be our religion, but the message here is the subordination of the white race to the black.

British subscriber

□ Homosexuality should be treated like prostitution: tolerated but not accepted. Otherwise the family, the core of any healthy civilization, starts to go under. One reason there is much less crime in Japan is that 99% of youngsters grow up in a traditional family, an institution now scorned in America. This is why Instauration's anti-gay stance is quite important. Homosexuality is just one more assault on our world, and not the least important.

600

□ Zip 331 tells us (Safety Valve, Jan. 1992) that "The destiny of humanity should have been to reach the stars." I totally disagree. Man's destiny should have been to live beautifully and happily here on earth. I prefer the moon over Miami to the moon landing. [Editor's note: This is pure heresy.]

328

□ I admire William F. Buckley Jr. as a debater, but as a writer he makes the simple seem muddled and complicated with his stilted prose and circumspect approach to most issues. Sometimes he doesn't make much sense. What does he mean when he calls Wilmot Robertson "an exhibitionist," and why would Robertson remind anyone of Gore Vidal? A man who impugns another's sanity just because the latter's courage and honesty pose an inconvenient challenge is a "conservative" only in the most negative sense; he is fearful of risk and dependent on the approval of the establishment. Buckley may be so used to speaking and writ-

ing with cautious self-censorship that in Buckleyese "deranged" may mean little more than "free thinking."

446

□ I have dreamed up this little scenario. When the white jogger was brutalized and raped in Central Park in New York City, I wonder what thoughts went through her terrified mind as she lay captive, spread-eagled on the ground. Imagine that when she was being beaten about the head with a metal pipe and just before the lights went out in her mind, she turned her head and saw approaching on the run a dozen or so armed figures wearing white robes and white hoods. I wonder what her thoughts and feelings about the KKK would have been at that point?

577

□ Hey, you young, conservative dudes out there. I know how you dislike the Clintons and all their works. But, given a chance to take either Hillary or Barbara out on a hot date, who would you choose? C'mon now.

320

□ I always try to be braver than I was yesterday. No longer will I change my tune just to get along with people. Though the search for truth is an end unto itself and needs no "results" for justification, I'm happy to say that all my real friendships are stronger than ever, now that I've spoken up against minority racism. Gutsyness seems to command respect and lend credence to the ideas you're taking risks to publicize. I notice people are ready to listen to things that would have thrown them into a knee-jerk rage five years ago, myself included. The cowardice, repressiveness and gang mentality of Zionists are becoming more odious and obnoxious with each passing day.

021

□ The April Instauration contained some great writing. The average person thinks a racialist can't put two words together without misspelling, grammatical errors and inadvertent revelations of ignorance and atavistic belligerence.

306

□ I was shocked to read of the forced cell integration of Texas prisoners (Instauration, April 1992). Here in this northwestern state prison there are only eight or ten overdeveloped primates. As of this date, we are not faced with the problem of forced cell integration—yet.

Prison inmate

□ The race race is not to the swift but to the dimwits who can pray, pay and bring the affirmative action plan of Christian salvation to bear on their struggles for divine welfare. For what else is Christianity but a cosmic affirmative action plan? We're all sinners, handicapped by the slavery of original sin, all enslaved to materialism because Adam bit the apple. Jesus ransoms us from sin; all we have to do is sell our souls to Him, surrender our self-respect and just believe. Onward Christian soldiers! Veterans of the struggle get bonus points when we examine our consciences and Peter totals up the score at the Pearly Gates.

453

Is America Ready for a Cajun Strongman?

The chapter on the Soviet Union in *The Dispossessed Majority* has a footnote that has lingered long and fondly in my mind. It has to do with the remarkable coincidence that the three great "strongmen" of modern Western history—Napoleon, Hitler and Stalin—all came from the southern periphery of their imperiums.

I suspect that this unusual historical parallel has to a large degree fueled some Instaurationists' interest in David Duke, whose Southern origins seem to qualify him for the role of the American man of iron who will put things right.

Shudder as one may to admit it, Bill Clinton has almost as much of a claim on strongman status as Duke. Yes, I know, Slick Willie has the inside track on the Majority Renegade of the Year award for 1992, but he, too, comes from America's Southern parts. Having dutifully mentioned Clinton, however, we can just as quickly dismiss him. No one would hardly apply the name of strongman to him—not with his multifarious Jewish connections, his part-Indian mother (*Vanity Fair*, May 1992), and his Lady Macbeth wife.

Moreover, Clinton's national ambitions have long been suspect in my mind. I have lived in neighboring Texas throughout his tenure as governor of Arkansas and I am not aware of any outstanding achievement in his work record.

So, if the American strongman is not Duke and not Clinton, who is he? To determine his identity, we must dismiss, albeit reluctantly, all WASP candidates. The strongman cannot have a flawless Majority pedigree. As *The Dispossessed Majority* pointed out, Napoleon was Corsican, not French; Stalin was Georgian, not Russian; Hitler was Austrian, not German.

Also, each member of the above dictatorial trio was all short of stature and hardly the handsomest of chaps. Duke and Clinton are both six foot-plus. Only the most ardent feminist/lesbian would assert they are ugly.

So we've established that the American strongman will not be of Anglo-Saxon heritage; he will be short, he will have a dubious, quasi-Majority status and he will come from the South.

So who will be the American strongman? The envelope please. Why, it's—it's H. Ross Perot!

Perot hails from East Texas, the most "Southern" area of the state. With its piney woods and antebellum atmosphere, East Texas has far more in common with Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and the other Southern dominions that usually bring up the rear when it comes to "progressive" social spending (i.e., taxation). East Texas doesn't come up much in the national media, but if it did, you can be sure it would be portrayed as a backward backwater boondock.

Perot is likely of Cajun heritage. His French great-

grandfather moved to Texas from Louisiana before the Civil War. In other words, in spite of his Mother's Scotch-Irish origins, Perot is not a true-blue Texas or WASP type. If you've ever seen pictures of him standing next to other men, you know that his physique is no match for his towering accomplishments in chasing big bucks. I suspect that political cartoonists will have a field day with Perot. This is probably another overlooked facet of strongmanhood: Have any two men in history been more caricatured than Napoleon and Hitler? We probably would have a large legacy of Stalin cartoons if the media had let us in on what was going on in the Soviet Union during his heyday. As for Perot, leftist columnist Molly Ivins, formerly of the *Dallas Times Herald*, now of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, has repeatedly compared him to a Chihuahua. Truly, he does look like the runt of the litter.

Let's also keep in mind that the eras that ushered in Napoleon, Stalin and Hitler were not friendly ones to people of Nordic extraction. As Instauration has remarked, the French Revolution was largely a revolt of the darker Gallic subraces against the lighter; in Germany the Weimar Republic saw the ascendancy of the darker, sallow types and the degradation of the fair-skinned German; and we all know about the key role the Jews played in Bolshevism. In all three cases, the ruling classes were out. King, Czar and Kaiser were no more. The class structure broke down; egalitarianism came to the fore. Civil behavior took a backseat to civil rights. The common denominator? Those poorly endowed with melanin were under unrelenting attack by minorities. I daresay that every subscriber to Instauration would agree that America is presently in the same boat. But as we slouch closer and closer towards "universal brotherhood," as inborn differences are papered over, as racial leveling (some might say anarchy) rides high, we are coming within a whisker of the iron fist.

Now I have never heard Perot bring up any of the subjects near and dear to the hearts of Instaurationists, but I suspect that a congenial empire builder would not look kindly upon social engineering programs. A man with a CEO mentality is going to seek results not consensus. By all accounts, Perot is impervious to criticism—a key trait of any self-made man. Considering how the up-from-nowhere millionaire industrialist/philanthropist is such a peculiarly American figure, it's surprising that we haven't already had a few presidents with such a background.

As with other Gentiles in his income range, Perot has been known to hobnob with Jews. I happen to know that one of his right-hand men at Electronic Data Systems was Morton Meyerson (the *Dallas Symphony Hall* is named after him). Another of Perot's Jewish friends is Liener Temer-

lin, head of Bozell, Inc., the biggest ad agency in the Southwest. These are two Jews I know of. I'm sure there are more. One cannot ascend to the airy financial status of billionaire without coming into contact with the Chosen. That Perot knows such people is not important. The key question is his beholdenness to them. Unlike so many members of the current crop of politicians, he doesn't need their money to run for office. Though he would want to use their Jewish-owned or Jewish-controlled media for advertising, he doesn't necessarily need their editorial approval. I doubt Perot would be too pro-Israel (he spoke out against the Gulf War while it was still in the planning stages). Lest we forget, Josef Stalin kept pretty kosher company until he attained high office.

What makes Perot unique is his invulnerability. He could be the only president who left office poorer than when he entered it. He doesn't need contributions from PACs. If he runs as an independent, he owes nothing to the Republicans or Democrats. If I were a member of the vested special interest groups, Perot would make me very nervous. As president, he might not have a mandate, but he clearly would be justified in doing what he felt best for the nation without having to worry about political fallout.

Now, if it turns out that Perot is a viable candidate, we can expect the media to wage an all-out attack against him. Look for disgruntled ex-employees to turn up and denounce his methods, since his pseudo-military organizational structure is well known. I am sure Perot's many enemies will be rooted out by the media and given a forum.

If character assassination doesn't work, and Perot perseveres as an electable candidate, then physical assassination is a distinct possibility. Since he has a private security force up and running, it won't be easy to silence him. But he is such a real and present danger to lobbies of all types that they might go to any length to stop him. Four to eight years of Perot could be most damaging to their cash flow.

The big question is whether America is ready for Perot, or if it will take another four to eight years of downhill degeneration, decadence and destitution to set the proper stage for a strongman. November is still several months off. A lot can go wrong in the meantime. The establishment is still contentedly milking a sick cow. What happens when it has to milk a dead cow? It may take some social/political/economic equivalent of Pearl Harbor to galvanize the American public. On the other hand, if Bush can come up with enough Band-Aids to keep the economy from deteriorating further, or if he can even boost it a little, he will likely be reelected. But without profound structural changes, the downswing will soon resume. It's difficult to envision a scenario in which Bill Clinton could be elected president. But I suspect many people felt that way about Jimmy Carter in 1976. If Willie should make it to the White House, decay will continue full tilt.

But how will a power-hungry, non-politician like Perot, whether he runs in 1992, 1996 or the year 2000, go over with minority voters? Will blacks respond positively to a strongman? It depends. History informs us that Negroes,

both here and in their African homelands, have a special predisposition for strongmen. What else have they ever known in Africa?

Latins and Asians? Believe me, they will go along with a strongman, no matter how antiwhite they profess to be. Close your eyes and conjure up a country ruled by a dictator. What else will you see but autocracies in Latin America or Asia?

Ah, but what about the gender gap? I can already hear the pundits pontificating. Forget the gender gap. If the women in my office are any indication, Perot has a lock on the female vote. Let's not forget that women don't care about big muscles. What they admire is social and economic clout—which is why so many rich, short, ugly Jewish men spirit off the best-looking Majority females? More females than males opt for the nest-protecting umbrella of big government. Forget the feminist rant and cant about equality. A strongman, not necessarily a handsome man, is what they go for. As for Perot's competition, George Bush has been compared to a substitute schoolteacher. Bill Clinton? Well, he's the fraternity boy who invites a hometown girl up for a weekend party, has his way with her, and never calls her again.

So what say you, Instaurationists? Shall we offer H. Ross Perot the crown in November. Clearly, the electorate is ready to renegotiate the social contract. Is Perot the man fated to cut the Gordian knot strangling the American social order? Even a short, unattractive, cocky man looks tall and handsome upon a gleaming white steed. Or shall we wait for another strongman, perhaps one who has espoused ideas that correlate more closely with those expressed in these pages? It might be a long wait. Messiahs rarely match up with the laundry list of character traits desired by their devotees.

If we look at history from the standpoint of social biology (as Robert Ardrey does in *The Social Contract*, p. 255), it may be that a strongman is inevitable once the body politic cries out for strong medicine. Order, Ardrey reminds us, is the rule of nature. Disorder, when it arises, is temporary. "Order must prevail if men themselves are not to perish. But in the course of such reconstruction of the social contract, many a man has seen freedom perish."

When I was younger, I sometimes heard men of my father's generation making comments about world leaders who were on stage before I was born. Hitler's name would come up frequently. Surprisingly, a lot of ex-G.I.'s who had fought in Germany had some good things to say about him. The usual response was something like, "Well, he had a lot of good ideas. He just went too far."

Let us hope then that the American strongman, if and when he arises, whether it is H. Ross Perot or some as yet anonymous successor, will not go too far.

JUDSON HAMMOND



Party Time

The conspiratorially minded among the supporters of David Duke can be forgiven for gnashing their teeth these days. Not only did Pat Buchanan jump into the Republican primaries, but the *Ko-sher* Conservative journal, *National Review*, supported him. This was rather surprising, as he had just been strenuously taken to task in that magazine by the leading pro-Jewish neocon, William Buckley. Worse, the Buckleyites backed Pat only through the Southern primaries, where Duke would have made his best showing if a competitor for the same votes hadn't been on the ballot. Buchanan is a fearless commentator, who has more than once stuck his neck out to champion a politically incorrect cause—for which he has made some powerful enemies. For that he merits great respect. Still, *precisely because of Duke's past*, the message, long-term would have been more potent if the Whiteside vote had gone to the Louisianan alone. (Not making this scenario any better was that Buchanan's sister and campaign manager boasted that her brother's effort had at least accomplished what Bush could not: diminish the Duke vote.)

Feeding conspiratorial paranoia is the possible Third Party fall campaign of Ross Perot, the Texas Croesus. If Duke had any plans to make a Third Party run for president, at least in a few states, Perot's ambition would have likely derailed them. It may be best if Duke spent the rest of this year, and the next several years, building a true nationwide base by lending support to any candidate for any office who requests same, and who seems to stand a chance of victory. A candidate running in a local election who is having difficulty securing media attention or of raising funds could benefit from a Duke appearance, depending on the demographics and the concerns of that electorate. Duke could thus use his drawing power to build a national base. It's slow, very slow, work but nothing of value is ever accomplished without laborious effort.

Should Whiteside candidates run as Republicans or Democrats? Or should they opt for a Third Party? That would, of course, depend upon the circumstances. The anti-establishment campaigns this year were not necessarily fueled by anti-Dukism (with the likely exception of the poltroonish Buckleyites) but rather were the response of ambitious men to what those who soothsay the *vox populi* call "voter anger." This anger and resentment may be largely the result of deteriorating standards of living, but even a "recovery" from the recession will not be sufficient or of enough duration to avert our long slide into Third World conditions. Thus, a separate party may, in the future, be the most rapid vehicle to political power. This "anger" is here to stay.

It is a fact that the American political landscape is littered with the debris of Third Parties, from the Native American Party (the so-called Know-Nothings) down to John Anderson's liberal crusade of a dozen years ago. However, the deep racial divisions that exist today in the U.S., and that will positively widen with each passing year, are creating genuine power formations, bases of organizational strength and action. Parties and militant power formations can be built on these solid rock foundations, parties that cannot be successfully swallowed by the two contemporary giants, because the cultural and racial factors will make that an impossibility. Third parties of the American past have never been able to build upon such foundations, either because they espoused some "ideology" easily absorbed by the Republicrat twins or because the race/culture factor was overwhelmed by the ubiq-

uitous sense of "nation," and the personal striving for what Thoreau called the "private all." Some of the more quixotic and ephemeral Third Parties were merely the passing obsessions of ego-driven or charismatic individuals, with no other actual basis in the American situation of the times to provide an enduring presence—e.g., the Perot campaign.

Everything has changed. The fracturing of America is a fact that all the ideological screeching by the democratic dogmatists will not alter or erase. If chicanery or manipulation is going to be employed to keep a Duke off a major party ballot in most states then a Third Party may soon be not only viable, but necessary. The same would go for any other racial/cultural interests seeking a political power voice in a crumbling America. Third, fourth, fifth, sixth (and more) parties, for every conceivable ethnic and interest group should begin to appear—as political factors—within the next few years. They are already there in embryonic form.

Obviously, if each of these nascent parties could command the support of even a small percentage of the electorate the United States would swiftly become ungovernable. But that is almost the case now. The crystallization of existing race/culture/people groupings (not to mention the aberrant lifestyle factions) into political parties seeking to grab a share of power—national, regional or local—will likely proceed apace with the inevitable racial/spiritual balkanization.

VIC OLVIR

The First Twenty-First Century Man

Roused by the cock at the crow of the sun
The pride of the house with the lion's throat
Cried to the mother when scenting the blood
That angered the eyes of the newborning ram.

This was a year of historical ebb
Spiked to a century already dead
Before the mad dragon spewed whirlwinds of war
Before the world harlot rose nude from her bed.

This was the lamb with the claws of the cat
This was the lightning to strip down the dark:
A baby asleep at the breast of the light
Of the suns of the future in wombs of the night.

The lamb and the lion lie gentle in sleep
The whore and the dragon still chained by old suns
The blade of the hunter grows rust at the point
The shepherds of god watch the century turn.

The bent circles fuse and the children and beasts
Rejoice at green shoots as the cockeyed curled war
Slides through the earth and millennium man
Is gored into myth on the horns of the ram.

The ripening century browns the red clay
The northerly wind blows the dust from the land
Into the face of the old tart at play
Into the heart of the yesterday race.

V.O.

When the Smog Turned to Smoke

Melting Pot Meltdown

The multiracial melting pot of L.A. vented its spleen in a full-scale insurrection immediately after the acquittal of the four policemen in the Rodney King trial. Video footage of the 56 baton blows that rained down on the drunken hyperkinetic black provoked more analytical nonsense and reverse racism than any ethnic riot since the 1960s. Talk shows buzzed with empty rhetoric about the causes—gangs, drugs, guns, poverty and societal neglect—every cause but the real cause.

Society at large was derided for its “insensitivity” to minority concerns. White flight from the urbs to the suburbs was described as the villainous virus of every form of black pathology. Last on the blame list were the rioting throngs of rampaging thugs.

Of all the questions the media raised, not a single one addressed the underlying core issues: what came first, the slum or the slum dwellers? what role do genes or instincts play in aggression? did the influx of illegals help perpetuate this wanton destruction? why do we continue to have welfare?

The focus of the lib-min analysts, notwithstanding the 60 or so deaths, the gutting of entire city blocks and the open warfare against whites and Asians, centered on the civil rights of the uncivilized. The truly deranged were the Sam Donaldsons behind the teleprompters and typewriters, who kept up their chant for more integration! Consider the words of Howard University President Franklyn G. Jenifer, who driveled, “This is a reflection of the fact that our society has stigmatized and stereotyped young African-American males as violent, poor and criminal.” Come on, Jennifer, who stigmatized whom? Ironically, his twisted semantics were a fitting send-off for the *Cosby Show*, hailed forever and ever as a positive “role model” for black youths. The final episode was aired just prior to the burst of barbarity.

Several myths were circulated to befog what really took place. The first and most significant was that the mayhem was primarily multiracial, as if the Rainbow Coalition had gone amuck with the Volvo-owning white liberals in tow. Rather it was precisely what Lothrop Stoddard had in mind when he wrote in *The Revolt Against Civilization*, “Racial impoverishment is the plague of civilization.” The video coverage of the riot said it all.

The second myth is that “no one should assign blame.” Those who wrote this line were really accusing everyone and his brother (but not black brothers) for the bloody ruckus, including Reagan, Bush, suburbanites, yuppies, middle-class whites, society, the Los Angeles Police Dept., the National Guard, welfare cuts, impoverishment, conservatives, Daryl Gates, the jurors and so on. The name of Rodney King and his ilk hardly came up.

The third myth concerned the alleged lack of social welfare programs for the stall-fed. This can be interpreted as subtle blackmail for additional federal and state handouts.

The fourth myth was that the looting, shooting, fire-bombing blacks were not at fault. The depths of such reasoning were reached by an attorney who represented hundreds of looters. He blandly asked, “Can you break a law in an anarchic state?”

Although our politicians, reporters and assorted pushers of dogoodism will almost surely remain deaf to the leitmotiv of this late 20th-century *Beggar's Opera*, we should be reminded of W.D. Hamilton's maxim, “it is not that man is as culture does, but that cultures does as man is.”

TED WRIGHTMAN

Reflections on Rodney King

Should cops beat up hoods who drive 100 mph in residential neighborhoods? That is the legal issue in the Rodney King trial, but no one in the media seemed to address it. Most of us have come to prefer the machinery of a formal trial, partly on the grounds that we would not like to be beaten up by cops. But we are not Rodney King, who is an excellent example of what Edward Banfield in *The Unheavenly City* called the “underclass.” These people never fully emerged from childhood and have little sense of delayed gratification. For them, as for young children, punishment must come immediately if it is to sink in and leave an indelible impression.

Fifty years ago everyone implicitly understood this and allowed the police to administer justice on the spot or, if not on the spot, then with rubber hoses at the police station. Cops also gave their special brand of bum's rush to derelicts, drunks, vagabonds and vagrants. It worked. The streets were safer back then and the jails much less crowded. Of course, the police had discriminatory authority to beat up people they shouldn't have, like middle-class citizens who wandered into the wrong neighborhood.

There is a trade-off between relying on police chiefs to rein in rookies and delaying punishment so long that it ceases to carry any weight. Liberals love to quote studies “proving” that jails are at best a mild corrective anodyne and at worse graduate schools of crime. I have a healthy suspicion of liberals and their efforts to conduct endless, unproductive “rehabilitation” programs. But they are right when they say jails are not cost-effective. The older idea of the Anglo-Saxons, Lombards and even the ancient Hebrews of restitution to the victim and, under certain circumstances, indentured servitude, needs to be resurrected.

Egalitarianism is, as usual, the culprit. Far too many people think that violent criminals are just like you and me. Punishment must fit the criminal as well as the crime. This is what we used to do not so very long ago. William Sheldon noted in *Varieties of Delinquent Youth* (1949) that brutal punishment is not as bad for violent criminals, who tend to be mesomorphic (endowed with a husky, muscled physique) and are quite used to violence, as it would be for the critics of such punishment.

Race was certainly a factor when the white cops went to work on Rodney King. They knew, from firsthand experience, that Negroes tend to be violent. They were absolutely certain that King (6'4", 240 lbs.) was violence-prone. Negroes, especially Negro males, are that way from birth. They have an innate disposition to short-term thinking, a predisposition accentuated by being raised by other Negroes. On top of this, integration has meant that the best sort, relatively speaking, of Negro has fled the inner city, leaving the worst sort behind.

The jury that acquitted the four policemen and only disagreed on one charge (which may be resurrected to appease black racism) understood all this implicitly. Only if punishment is explicit will Negro crime be reduced. There is a price to pay. A few totally innocent whites will be victims of police brutality in a less compassionate and more bullying society. It is not a happy choice, but what else can we do?

ROBERT THROCKMORTON

* * *

Other Instaurationists Were Also Pretty Shook-Up

□ I hope Instauration took advantage of the situation in Los Angeles to expand its readership in southern California. An Instaurationist should have flown over predominantly white neighborhoods and dropped complimentary copies of their favorite magazine by the hundreds of thousands.

□ I have heard that looting is a misdemeanor in L.A. I wonder what kind of penalty defending one's property with a firearm carries? David Duke, the one presidential candidate who would have stopped the riots in their tracks, bowed out of the race—deeply in debt, ignored by the press and largely forgotten by Americans at large. Any nation whose adult population seems mainly concerned with the correct mixture of tropical fruit drinks, while the fires raged, cannot hope to survive for long.

□ The four L.A. cops could have made a better showing with the public by going on the talk show circuit and justifying their actions by saying they were all abused as children and couldn't help flailing their nightsticks. With a few well-timed tears trickling down their cheeks and an occasional suppressed sob, they would have the audience on their side in no time. It would also help if they mentioned that their parents were virulent racists.

□ With all the talk about rebuilding South Central L.A., what chain store CEO in his right mind would want to locate there? After all that destruction, what will the rates for insurance be—assuming it's available at any price? Thanks to pre-riot vandalism, shoplifting, burglary, theft and more violent crimes, the insurance rates were already sky-high.

□ Did any talking head stand up and say, "Gee, maybe we shouldn't have worked the ghettoites into a frenzy by running that videotape over and over again." How come when they broadcast the helicopter coverage of a white man being beaten almost to death by a mob of angry blacks that there were no white riots?

□ Yes, I know Koreans aren't our favorite people, but surely I'm not the only one who was moved by the sight of them staked out on rooftops to protect their property. Since they're a minority, I guess they can get away with being "insensitive" or "repressive." But it does make one wonder what whites could accomplish with that kind of racial solidarity.

□ So the blacks are outraged by the court system! How do they think we feel after decades of pro-minority decisions handed down by federal judges?

□ Why did the TV moguls scissor the first part of the video that showed King rushing out of his car and attacking the cops, lunging at them and no doubt calling them unprintable names? A fair, fully detailed presentation would have greatly lessened the insane madness that followed.

□ On the first full day of reportage following the outbreak of the Siege of Los Angeles, Washington Post columnist William Raspberry punched out an Op Ed piece that ran 198 column lines. His message: the Rodney King beating verdict was a national tragedy and the ensuing riot was an act of righteous, almost religious, in-

dignation. The black author allocated the space given him by lady mediocrat Katharine Graham thusly: 189 column lines to the King verdict, 9 for the 166 South Central L.A. assaults.

□ The if-only-we'd-given-them-a-chance school of urban ethics took its lumps in L.A. One irate white demanded, via radio hook-up, "What more chance do they want? Grenades and rocket launchers?"

□ They haul in Tom Metzger on an ancient cross-burning charge and lock him away while his wife is dying. Then they turn around and promise amnesty for the animals that burned \$1 billion worth of property, if they'll just put what they've stolen out by the curb for pick-up!

□ I'm still waiting for media acknowledgement of the numerous Hispanics we saw toting Mexican flags and hoisting them up over looted cars and buildings. Is there a touch of irredentism in the air? Those videos were unforgettable, but nary a talking head will mention them. I guess we are supposed to forget what we saw. It wasn't Cinco de Mayo either.

□ Immediately after the riots, South Korea dispatched a delegation headed by Assistant Foreign Minister Ho Seung to California to meet with L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley and other officials. They sought reparations for the sacked and torched businesses owned by the Korean colony. Parliament Speaker Park Jyun Kyu said, "Damage was more than physical, [it was] the collapse of the American Dream."

□ Think they'll ever give L.A. '92 the appellation of Kristallnacht?

□ Hey, wait a minute! What about the Hate Crimes statutes! Obviously Koreans and whites were singled out for murder and mayhem solely by virtue of their race. That's violating their civil rights! So far I haven't heard one peep about this.

□ The great L.A. Mud Eruption of '92 will only count as a skirmish when the Big One comes. Armchair Instaurationists who have been thinking that cops will save their skins may start to have second thoughts.

□ It should be obvious to everyone that we are beginning to face in our own country the white man's nightmare: millions of armed Negroes, protected by the government, out gunning for us!

□ Is it silly to hope that we snagged one benefit from the riots? Fewer wetbacks?

□ BBC coverage of the plight of Koreans in L.A. was very careful. Just who is attacking them is never described. A BBC reporter interviewed a prominent Korean there, searching for the cause of their relative success, compared to the never stated, but implied, black failure. "Koreans work hard." No one dared mention who doesn't.

□ Angelenos: have you had enough "diversity" now?

The Wizard of ZOG

Once upon a time there was a young girl named Dorothy who lived with her Auntie Em, her Uncle Henry and her little dog Toto on a farm in Kansas. She led a quiet, uneventful childhood surrounded by other children very much like herself. She had never seen an Hispanic, a homosexual or even a Jew. But she did know something about Jews because she had read *The Diary of Anne Frank* in school. She and her classmates had even gone on a field trip to see the play performed in Kansas City, where she saw her first Negro!

Dorothy's Auntie Em and Uncle Henry often discussed these strange minorities in hushed tones. From what Dorothy could make out, they had nothing nice to say about them. She wondered if someday she would have to socialize with such people, say, somewhere over the rainbow. "Negroes, fairies and Jews, oh, my!" she mused.

Now Dorothy might never have known just what lay over the rainbow if a cyclone had not come roaring through Kansas and picked up her house while she and Toto were still in it! After spinning around for what seemed forever, the house crash-landed. Dorothy and Toto, badly shaken though not injured, ventured outside to see where they were.

Dorothy looked behind her at the ruined house and discovered a pair of legs sticking out from under it. Before she could think what to do next, she was surrounded by a horde of curious, dwarf-like persons. In some ways they looked like the people she knew back in Kansas, except they were a little squashed. When Dorothy asked them—they called themselves Goykins—how they got that way, one of them, who identified himself as the Mayor, explained they had been supporting the bureaucrats of ZOG for so long that their burdens had literally weighed them down. "We have to support an awful lot of government programs that don't help us at all," complained the Mayor. "We are the backbone of society, but we're all in desperate need of chiropractors. Unfortunately, our health care costs and insurance premiums here in ZOG are outrageous and the coverage we have is inadequate."

"ZOG! What a curious name," said Dorothy. "Wherever did it come from?"

"It stands for Zionist Occupied Government," said the Mayor.

"My, that is a mouthful," said Dorothy. "I can see why you shortened it."

"If only we could shorten the regime," sighed the Mayor.

Dorothy wondered what could be so bad about the Zionist Occupied Government. She had once gone to visit her cousin in Zion, Illinois, on the shores of Lake Michigan. The people she met there were so nice she couldn't imagine anyone not liking their government.

Just then a beautiful woman with flaxen blond hair and radiant blue eyes appeared and identified herself as the Good Witch of the North.

"We just call her the Nordic Witch," said the Mayor.

The Nordic Witch pointed out to Dorothy that the two legs sticking out from under her house belonged to the Wicked Witch of the East Coast. "She was very wicked. She was a socialist, a feminist and a lesbian," exclaimed the Nordic Witch.

"A real New York Jew," added the Mayor.

"My goodness, all that in one witch!" marveled Dorothy.

"She was a formidable foe," nodded the Nordic Witch. "Unfortunately, there are a lot more where she came from."

"She's been lording it over us for years," said the Mayor. "Maybe things will finally start to turn our way now. Thanks to you, young lady," he said, bowing to Dorothy.

"I'd certainly be glad to help you out, but all I want to do is go home to Kansas," declared Dorothy. "Could you tell me how to get there?"

"I'm afraid not," said the Mayor. "I have no idea where it is."

"It's a long way from ZOG, that much I do know," said the Nordic Witch. "I'm sorry but I don't know how to get there either. But if you go to see the Wizard, he can tell you. He knows everything."

"And where might I find this Wizard?" wondered Dorothy.

"Why, in Satellite City, where all the satellite dishes are," said the Nordic Witch.

"And how would I get to Satellite City?"

"Just follow the goldbrick road," chanted the Goykins in unison. "Follow the goldbrick road!"

Dorothy looked down and sure enough, a road made of gold bricks—but scarred with potholes—led off to the horizon.

"It would be a most beautiful road if not for all those potholes," Dorothy commented.

"Union trouble," sighed the Nordic Witch. "People used to talk about how our streets were paved with gold. But that was before labor costs went up, and the work ethic died out. That's why we call it the goldbrick road."

"It's part of the decaying infrastructure," snorted the Mayor.

"To help you on your way," said the Nordic Witch, "why don't you take these?" She took the shoes off the feet of the dead Wicked Witch of the East Coast. "They're Nikes—the most expensive athletic shoes you can buy."

So Dorothy put on the Nikes and found they were a perfect fit, just what she needed for her long journey to meet the Wizard of ZOG in Satellite City. She bade farewell to the Nordic Witch, the Mayor and the Goykins and skipped down the goldbrick road, Toto trotting alongside her.

Before she had gone far, she passed a farm where she saw a black man wearing a garish, updated zoot suit. He was eating a watermelon, spitting the seeds all over the goldbrick road.

"You shouldn't do that!" scolded Dorothy. "It's messy."

"I'm sorry," said the Negro. "But I ain't got no brain, so I can't think of things like that. It ain't my fault. Why, if I had a brain, I could be a doctor, a lawyer, even an engineer."

"Well, what do you do to earn a living if you don't have a brain?" asked Dorothy.

"I works for the government!" said the Negro proudly.

"I'll tell you what," said Dorothy. "I'm on my way to see the Wizard of ZOG so he can show me how to get back to Kansas. If he's as smart as everyone says he is, I'm sure he can tell you how to get a brain."

When the Negro thought it over, it sounded like a good idea. Since he had accrued a lot of sick time on his job, he could call in sick for the next few days, saying he had "the miseries." Besides, he thought Dorothy was a foxy little white chick. If he could just get her into the bushes hereabouts, where nobody could see. . .

No sooner had the thought occurred to the Negro than Toto started growling at him. Ain't dat a wonderment! thought the Negro. Dat dog done read my mind!

So the Negro joined Dorothy on her journey down the gold-

brick road. All of a sudden they heard an ear-splitting sound, almost as though someone were neutering a roomful of unanesthetized cats. When Dorothy and the Negro went to see what was causing the ruckus, they discovered a teenager sporting a beaded black leather jacket twanging an electric guitar with the volume cranked all the way up. Dorothy and the Negro hollered at him, but he just couldn't hear anything until Dorothy pulled the plug on his amplifier. "Yo, dudes!" he said. "Plug me in again so I can play my ax."

"Your what?" asked Dorothy.

"My ax! My guitar!" he sputtered. "I'm practicing to become the world's greatest heavy metal guitarist."

"Sounds to me like you need a lot more practicing," commented Dorothy.

"What my music really needs is heart," said the Heavy Metal Kid.

"We useta call it soul," said the Negro.

"Well, if I had some of it—heart, soul or whatever—I could have gigs all over the country. I could get a recording contract with ZOG Records. Why, I'd be on MTV!"

"In that case, why don't you join us?" asked Dorothy. "We're going to see the Wizard of ZOG to see if he'll give the Negro a brain and show me how to get back to Kansas."

"The Wizard? Oh, wow! What a righteous dude!" said the Heavy Metal Kid. "If anybody can score a heart for me, it's the Wizard!"

So the Heavy Metal Kid joined Dorothy and the Negro on their journey to the Wizard. As they made their way down the goldbrick road, they went by a lot of neon-lit gaudy bars. Everywhere men were fondling each other.

"Why, look at those men!" gasped Dorothy. "They're kissing!"

"Barf city!" spat the Heavy Metal Kid.

Toto lay on the ground and covered his eyes.

"Uh-oh, looks like we's in Fairytown," said the Negro.

"Are they good fairies?" asked Dorothy.

"The only good fairy is a dead fairy," snorted the HMK.

"All right, you homophobes, that's enough!" said a snarling voice from behind them.

"Who said that?" asked Dorothy. There was no reply. There was no one in sight. Curious, Toto ran behind a bush and chased out a gaunt little man with a very short haircut and a bushy mustache.

"Oh, please don't hurt me!" he cried. "Please call off your dog! He's such a brute!"

"Toto won't hurt you," said Dorothy.

"But I could," said the HMK. "Put up your dukes, faggot!"

Try as he might, the little man couldn't hold up his fists. His wrists kept going limp. The Heavy Metal Kid wouldn't have minded a little gay-bashing but he remembered hearing something about a guy who had contracted AIDS from a fistfight.

The little man slumped to the ground. "Oh, dear, that was a close one," he panted. "I'm not really a tough guy. I really would like to be. That's why I talk like I've got a chip on my shoulder. But when it gets down to brass tacks. . . well, I'm just a Cowardly Liar." He looked at the Heavy Metal Kid, wondering if he might not enjoy being worked over by him. He was one of the handsomest boys he had ever seen. Oh, those tight-fitting, fringed black leather pants. Oh, those bulging muscles that flared out of his beaded black jacket!

"If only I wasn't such a sissy," wept the Cowardly Liar, "I could stand up for myself. I could come out of the closet; join the Queer Nation; march in Gay Pride parades. But I'm afraid of losing my teaching job."

"Please, don't cry," pleaded Dorothy, who couldn't stand to see a grown man's tears, even if he wasn't really a man. "Why

don't you come with us? We're going to see the Wizard. He's going to give the Negro a brain and the Heavy Metal Kid a heart and he's going to show me how to get back to Kansas. I'll bet he could give you some courage."

"Do you really think so?" sighed the Cowardly Liar. "That would be divine, just divine!" Almost as divine as the Heavy Metal Kid, thought the Cowardly Liar. God, he's gorgeous!

"Come on along," said the Negro. "They's always room fo' one mo'."

"I guess it'll be all right," said the Heavy Metal Kid. "As long as the Cowardly Liar stays in front of me."

So Dorothy, Toto, the Negro, the Heavy Metal Kid and the Cowardly Liar set off down the goldbrick road. They walked until they spotted a towering city on the horizon. The towers were a cluster of satellite dishes.

"That must be it!" shouted Dorothy. "Satellite City."

They hurried to the walls of the city where they met a gatekeeper who said he would personally conduct them to the Wizard's control room in his castle.

As they followed the guide, they were awed by the lavish display of wealth—antiques, tapestries and priceless objets d'art in room after room. All the people they saw were dressed in sumptuous clothing and loaded down with sparkling jewelry. The Negro cased the joint carefully for future reference. The Heavy Metal Kid thought how awesome it would be to play his guitar with the amplifier cranked all the way up so he could test the giant built-in reverb effect of the castle. And the Cowardly Liar could think only about how much he wanted to redecorate the place.

The gatekeeper ushered them into what looked like a movie theater, only there were no seats. A giant projection TV screen loomed in front of them. Suddenly an enormous face with a prognathous jaw, fleshy lips and a funny-shaped nose appeared on the screen. The head was circled by a ring of wiry hair. "I am ZOG, the great and terrible!" boomed the talking head. "Who are you and why do you seek me?"

Though Dorothy and her friends were pretty scared, they managed to convey to the Wizard their various requests. "Why should I do all this for you?" he replied.

"Because you are strong and we are weak," pleaded Dorothy.

Just then the Wizard noticed the shoes that Dorothy was wearing. "Why, I know those shoes," he said. "They are the finest athletic shoes in all of ZOG and they belong to the Wicked Witch of the East Coast."

"Not any more," said Dorothy. "She's dead."

"Dead?" asked the Wizard.

"She was killed when my house landed on her," explained Dorothy.

The Wizard was astounded. It would be awfully hard to keep those Goykins in line without the witch. Still, he wasn't sorry to see her go. She was such a yenta.

"You've already killed one witch," said the Wizard. "Why not make it two?"

"Excuse me?" said Dorothy.

"I want you to go on another witch-hunt," said the Wizard. "There's a man—a very evil man—in the southern part of ZOG in the state of Jewsiana. He's been stirring up trouble against me and I want you to get rid of him. I don't care how you do it, just do it."

"You want us to wax the dude?" asked the Heavy Metal Kid.

"That's right," said the Wizard.

"You mean, k-k-k-k-kill him?" swooned the Cowardly Liar.

"Exactly."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Dorothy. Still, if the Wizard was as wise as everyone thought, and he said that the man was bad. . .

The Wizard interrupted Dorothy's ruminations.

"The man is a rabble-rouser who has been rallying the people

of ZOG against me. He must be stopped *now*, before he starts a revolution."

So Dorothy and her friends journeyed to the state of Jewsiana, where they found the man the Wizard was so worried about. He was making a televised speech in which he proposed cancelling all aid to Israel, balancing the budget, jettisoning affirmative action, cutting back on immigration, defending the borders, introducing voucher programs for public schools, even ending school busing.

My goodness, thought Dorothy. He's saying the identical things my Auntie Em and Uncle Henry said.

The Negro began to tremble. He was frightened, very frightened. He could see his government job going down the drain. "He's a racist!" said the Negro. "Da Wizard was right. We needs to stop him and stop him now."

"I agree," minced the Cowardly Liar. "Why he's an out-and-out homophobe! A real hatemonger!" But hatemonger or not, he whispered to himself, he's a blond Adonis.

Dorothy was puzzled. She hadn't heard the man say anything that sounded bad. But if the Wizard said he was a bad man, and now the Negro and the Cowardly Liar thought he was. . .well, perhaps he really was.

The Heavy Metal Kid was also confused. He actually liked what he heard the man say. But the Wizard wouldn't help him if he didn't do what the Wizard said. Besides, he had never offed anyone. It might give him quite a rush.

So how would they do him in? After a brief discussion, they decided to smother him with toxic waste. They found a toxic waste dump nearby (in Jewsiana such dumps were everywhere!) and filled up some buckets with lethal landfill. But before they could get back to the rabble-rouser, it started to rain. It wasn't long before the rain transformed the toxic landfill in their buckets into mud. The buckets being too heavy to pick up and dump on the candidate, they reached inside (the Cowardly Liar had some extra rubber gloves he loaned them), scooped up globs of toxic mud and began to sling them at the rabble-rouser. He stood the pelting for a surprisingly long time, but eventually he began reeling from all the poisonous stuff and started to disintegrate right before their eyes.

Dorothy and her friends didn't hang around to watch the man's demise, but the TV cameras captured it from multiple angles. By the time they got back to Satellite City, they found that everyone was talking about the death of the rabble-rouser. Some doubted he was really dead. Others said it made no difference, for someone else would take his place. The gatekeeper commended them on their expert mudslinging as he led them back to the Wizard's control room.

"I am ZOG, the great and terrible," said the booming voice once again. "Why do you seek me?"

"Our witch-hunt has been a great success," said Dorothy.

"I know. I saw it on CNN," said the Wizard.

"So now you hasta gib me a brain," beamed the Negro.

"And you owe me a heart," said the Heavy Metal Kid.

"And courage for me—don't forget," said the Cowardly Liar, thinking he could also use some new tendons to firm up his wrists.

"And you must show me how to get back to Kansas," said Dorothy.

Toto said nothing, but he was very curious about what might be behind the double doors behind the big screen. When he pushed his way through, he saw a short, squat man sitting in a TV studio with a stationary TV camera aimed at him. Toto growled at the grungy little man and chased him out the double doors. As soon as the little man appeared in front of Dorothy and her friends, they recognized that he was the talking head they had

seen on the giant TV screen.

"Why," Mr. Wizard, "you're nothing but a big humbug!" cried Dorothy. "Now I'll never get back to Kansas!"

"And I'll never get mah brain," moaned the Negro.

"What a ripoff!" hollered the Heavy Metal Kid. "Now the only way I'll get a heart is if I tear out yours!"

"Get me some guts while you're at it!" sobbed the Cowardly Liar.

"Now wait a minute," said the Wizard, holding up his hands. "I can't give you exactly what you want, but since I'm still a big *macher* here, I can certainly help you. As for you, my good friend," he said, putting his arm around the Negro, "I've been on the side of your people all my life. It's true I can't give you a brain, but I can give you social engineering, race-norming, affirmative action, a slew of civil rights laws and federal judges that will take your side 99 times out of 100. I can see to it that you'll be admitted to the best colleges and professional schools in the country, even if your test scores and grades don't measure up—and even if you can't dribble a basketball to save your life. Believe me, you'll have everything that people with brains have!"

"Sho' nuff?" asked the Negro.

"Absolutely!" replied the Wizard. "Not only that, I'll feature your people on TV until everyone is convinced that blacks are the most lovable race of people that ever lived."

"Speaking of TV," said the Heavy Metal Kid, "I always wanted to see myself on MTV. If you can't give me a heart, can you at least get me on MTV?"

"No problem, my boy!" beamed the Wizard. "It's true I can't give you a heart, but as you get older you'll discover that you don't need one. My people have been getting along without hearts for years, and we've made out just fine—in fact, being heartless makes it easier for us to get ahead. You don't need a heart to make it in ZOG showbiz. My boy, I can get you a recording contract with ZOG Records and make sure that your music is broadcast on radio and TV stations coast-to-coast—and on MTV! I'll see that your songs get played over and over again. I'll have newspapers and magazines singing your praises until everyone believes you're a great musician—a true artist! You'll leapfrog over people who have far more talent, training and dedication. And, of course, you can have all the dope and chicks you can handle. They come with the territory."

"Far out!" said the Heavy Metal Kid, visions of groupies dancing in his head. He was already thinking of how he was going to spend his first million.

"But what about me?" asked the Cowardly Liar.

"Ah, yes," nodded the Wizard. "Courage is what you were after, wasn't it? I can't give it to you, but I can arrange your life so you won't need it. I'll help you like I've helped your buddy the Negro—with civil rights laws and federal judges at your beck and call. I'll push through hate crime laws so strict that no one will dream of taking a poke at you. Excuse me, I mean no one will ever lay a hand on you. I mean you won't have to worry about getting beat up—at least, not unless you enjoy that sort of thing. I'll see you get a top job in the media."

"Gee, you mean I'll be respectable?" asked the Cowardly Liar.

"Better than that," smiled the Wizard. "I'll keep pounding home the theme of overpopulation until people realize that it's the heterosexuals who are the real enemies of this planet."

Toto growled at the Wizard. His animal instinct told him that this was a bad man.

"Oh, I haven't forgotten you, my friend," said the Wizard, bending down to pet Toto, who snapped at him. "I know you didn't ask for anything, but I'm well aware of your needs. For your sake, I'm going to promote all sorts of animal rights, even though you haven't the faintest understanding of what I'm talking about."

I'll invent more rights for you than most *people* enjoy. Now what do you think of that?"

Toto growled some more. He still didn't trust this ugly little man.

"But what about me?" pleaded Dorothy. "All I wanted was to go home. That isn't asking so much, is it?"

"Well, that depends," said the Wizard. "Where might home be?"

"Well, I live on a farm in the country," she said. "But we're not too far from Manhattan. . ."

"Manhattan!" shouted the Wizard. "Why didn't you say so? That's my home, too!" Actually the Wizard came from Long Guyland.

"You're from Manhattan?" asked Dorothy, incredulous. To think that she had wandered so far from home and found someone from Manhattan, Kansas!

"I'm gassing up my private helicopter and going home tomorrow for a visit. If you'd like to accompany me, I'm sure I can arrange it."

"Oh, yes!" sobbed Dorothy. "I can't wait to leave!"

So the next day, Dorothy said good-bye to her friends. She knew she would never see them again. Though she knew they were not the sort of people Auntie Em and Uncle Henry would want her to associate with, she had grown rather fond of them.

Before they left, the Wizard placed the Negro in charge of Satellite City. It was all part of the Affirmative Action plan he had been promised. "I'se da new Wizard!" said the Negro proudly, looking at himself approvingly on the giant TV. His talking head so completely filled the screen that the technicians thought it had faded to black. Meanwhile, the Heavy Metal Kid practiced the only three chords he knew over and over again, getting ready for his first music video. And the Cowardly Liar studied his lines for *Oh, Butch! Oh, Bruce!* the new sitcom pilot he was starring in.

Dorothy waved a second good-bye to her friends from the helicopter. Soon she, Toto and the Wizard were high above the clouds. The Wizard told her it would be a long journey and invited her to keep warm by snuggling up with him. She declined. Toto stood guard and kept the Wizard at bay while Dorothy slept.

Many hours later, when the helicopter started to descend, Dorothy was amazed to see they were landing on an island filled with the tallest buildings she had ever seen—taller even than the buildings in Kansas City! "Why, that's not Manhattan!" she cried.

"Of course it is," replied the Wizard. "The New York skyline is the most famous skyline in the world. It's the spiritual capital of ZOG."

"New York? I thought we were going to Manhattan, Kansas."

"Kansas?" snorted the Wizard. "Are those rubes still part of the Union?"

After the pilot set the whirlybird down on a helipad on top of the Port Authority Bus Terminal, they went downstairs, where Dorothy saw hordes of hookers offering their wares, homeless junkies nodding off, and theaters featuring porn films for every taste. She heard every language except English.

"Oh, dear, how will I ever get back to Kansas?" she sighed. "I seem to be getting farther and farther away."

"Listen, little sister," said the Wizard. "I can't imagine why you'd want to go to Kansas when you could stay here in the world's most exciting city. But if you've got your heart set on going, it's really simple. In fact, you could have gone home anytime you wanted to."

"Oh, really? How?"

"Those athletic shoes you're wearing," said the Wizard, pointing to her top-of-the-line Nikes. "They really won't help you run faster or jump higher, but if you want to go home, all you have to do is click your heels together three times, repeating to yourself at

each click, "There's no place like home." When you're finished, you'll be back in Kansas." With that, the Wizard headed down a subway concourse and disappeared into a swarm of inhumanity.

"Well, I wish he'd told me that a long time ago," Dorothy complained. She took Toto in her arms and walked into a quiet part of the subway station where she wouldn't attract attention. As she started to follow the Wizard's instructions and was saying her first "There's no place like home," three black "youths" wearing college T-shirts from places called Georgetown, the University of Las Vegas and Louisville knocked her over and ripped the shoes off her feet.

My goodness, thought Dorothy, what's the matter with these college boys?

One of the blacks ran away with her shoes, while the other two bound and gagged her and ripped off her clothes. Brave little Toto tried to intercede, but one of the rapists had an enormous knife. When Toto attacked him, the black skewered him and hurled his tiny body into an empty trash can.

The goon with the knife then turned to Dorothy. In the dark his steel weapon gleamed almost as much as his teeth and the whites of his eyes. He plunged the knife into Dorothy again and again while the other "youth" held her down. Dorothy tried to scream, but the gag muffled her. As she felt consciousness slipping away and was about to fall into a deep, dark sleep, she felt someone licking her face. She assumed it was the youth slobbering on her, but as she edged back towards life, she realized it was Toto.

"Why, Toto, I thought you were dead," she mumbled. "I mean, I thought those awful college boys stabbed you to death."

"They did," said a voice behind her. "And they did the same to you."

Dorothy turned and saw a familiar face. "I know you!" shouted Dorothy. "You're. . .you're. . ."

"The Good Witch of the North," said the beautiful woman.

Dorothy immediately realized she was no longer in the filthy subway station where the brutal blacks had attacked her. Looking around to get her bearings, she saw she was in a land where the streets and the air were clean, a land full of quaint houses with gardens. The people were tall, handsome and fair-skinned—very much like the Good Witch of the North.

"Now wait a minute," pondered Dorothy. "If Toto's dead and I'm dead, then we must be in. . ."

"That's right," said the Good Witch.

"My goodness, heaven is even more beautiful than I'd imagined!"

"I'm glad you like it here. But the people who live here don't call it heaven."

"Oh, what do they call it?"

"Iceland."

Toto barked and wagged his tail. His keen canine sense of smell had been sorely offended by all the horrid odors of New York, especially the smells emitted by those funky college boys. Now he was someplace where a dog could take a deep breath without gagging.

Just then, Dorothy looked up and saw a beautiful rainbow—far more beautiful than any she had ever seen arching over the Kansas prairie.

"Well, Toto, said Dorothy. "I guess we've finally made it over the rainbow."

And she and Toto lived happily ever after—at least, they did once they got used to the climate. In time, they grew to like it even more than Kansas. Certainly they were a good deal happier in the Land of Ice than they had ever been in the Land of ZOG!

JUDSON HAMMOND

BACKTALK

Deceived and Despondent

The "Backtalk" letter by anonymous in the April issue pretty well sums up my feelings about my involvement in the "movement" over these last 14 years. When I was a naive nineteen, I was so distressed at the rate of our dispossession that I felt only the most radical messages and actions would be of any value. But after a stint in Uncle Sammy's warehouse, I began to realize how out of touch I was and how ridiculous people in sheets and arm-bands look to the real world. Unfortunately, many movement leaders haven't grown up and are still reenacting the B-movie behavior that Hollywood has been giving us for the last 50 years. Some white racist groups still save their most vicious attacks for those who have left their pitiful ranks and become successful. Economists would describe these "white leaders" as "bottom feeders." They are the first to suffer from affirmative action and the last to lead us out of it. These would-be revolutionaries talk of "smashing the system." Come on, if they can't outwit the local flatfoot, how are they going to destroy the whole counterintelligence apparatus of the Defense Department?

CANDID CANADIAN

Let's Not Forget the Minority "Passives"

It is Instauration's job to focus on the damage done the Majority by minorities in general and by minority racism in particular. The magazine is one of the few uninhibited sources of information on the latest outrages perpetrated against us by the equalitarians. None of us wants to see that change. Even though I know the gorge rises in our throats as we read page after page of detailed reporting on the antics of minorities and their Majority allies, there is really no substitute for hitting our people right between the eyes with the truth.

Unfortunately such a vigorous regimen can all too often lead to a hard heart. Not that a hard heart—and a clear head—are not needed in the new and strange America being built on the rubble of a once magnificent republic. We should never fall into the trap of allowing personal goodwill and kindness to dictate decisions affecting the future of our people.

In Ancient Rome the code of the Roman citizen-soldier was harsh. Duty came first. On one occasion some Roman soldiers fell into the hands of the enemy after they had disobeyed orders. The enemy chieftain offered to ransom them or, if the ransom was not paid, to sell them into slavery or kill them. Rome could easily have paid up, but the Senate was stern in its decision. Even though the captured men included the sons of the best families of Rome, they had strayed from the path of duty. No ransom was paid. The captured men died or lived out their lives as slaves. More was at stake than the lives of a few men. When the nation was at stake, there was no question what the decision of the Senate would be. The lesson is clear: There is precious little room for pity and sentiment when great issues are being played out or the basic principles of a people are threatened.

Given that this attitude towards our own people and our enemies should guide every decision, let us spare a thought for some of the members of the "enemy tribes" who may suffer much more than we ever will from the deeds of their fellow tribesmen. I do not say this in order to foment weakness or a split in our ranks. My intention is just to remind our readers that, as we pursue the interests of our own people, we must retain a measure of humani-

ty and decency. These things have always been the mark of our race. If we should lose them, there will be little to distinguish us from our enemies.

So, while we fight against the likes of Al Sharpton, Jesse Jackson, Stephen Solarz, Howard Metzenbaum, Norman Lear and Cesar Chavez, let us not forget the faceless, quiet, humble folk in every minority group. There are more of them than we think. Every one of us has known at least a few. They go silently through their lives, with who knows what thoughts, desires and dreams. Not hating, not eaten up with envy, not meaning harm to anyone.

Let us remember that not everybody on the other side of the barricades is there because he wants to be. When the time comes to finally establish a lasting state of normal, natural relations with the others (and by definition that means segregation in some form, probably on a worldwide basis), the fact that we have tried to distinguish between the haters on that side and the "passives" will pay great dividends.

N.B. FORREST

Of Homos and Homosexuality

In Instauration (Feb.1992), a homosexual (Zip 973) who apparently subscribes to many of the ideas put forth in the magazine, wrote a reply to an article of mine, "America Confronts the Queer Nation" (Sept. 91), which he called a "hateful diatribe." Zip 973 was particularly angered by what he describes as the increasingly "homophobic" tone of Instauration.

First, let me address the larger issue of homosexuality and the Majority movement. Simply put, homosexuality is a mental illness. For us a homosexual is by definition sick, a person with a damaged personality. The fag-engineered attempt by a faction of American psychologists to remove homosexuality from the list of recognized mental illnesses is meaningless to Instaurationists. You might as well try to legislate the equality of races. It is obvious to any normal person that it is abnormal for people of the same sex to have sexual relations. That should not be so hard to understand, Zip 973. Men are born to mate with and live with women, not other men. Got it?

Homosexuality has been recognized in virtually all human societies as aberrant behavior. The penalty for it in many of those societies has traditionally been death. The degeneracy of some societies notwithstanding, homosexuality has been universally recognized as deviant. The pathetic exceptions dredged up by homo activists to prove otherwise merely make my point.

It is conceded that a person may be a homosexual, but still share some of the political and racial ideas of Majority activists. Zip 973 may be one such. While I am happy that he is not a totally confused individual and seems to have gotten his racial and political thinking right, until he is able to resolve his sexual problems and develop a normal sexual orientation, he (and others like him) can be of scant use to us.

Any political, social or cultural movement that hopes to attract the support of the bedrock American population cannot indulge in the luxury of welcoming aboard perverts of whatever stripe. The presence of such people, no matter how gifted they may be individually, or how loyal in political terms, is simply not worth the liability of harboring such freaks in our midst. A sad example is the so-called conservative movement, honeycombed with fags. Do the names of Bob Bauman or Terry Dolan ring any bells?

It is a mental hallmark of the queer that he is seemingly incapable of understanding the deep revulsion produced in the normal male by homosexual activity. We have all been made aware, too aware of the physical details of same-sex relations, ranging from the graphic descriptions accompanying articles on the AIDS epidemic to the cloacal "glory holes" in public restrooms.

Zip 973, we Instaurationists are deeply sympathetic to your plight. We do not hold you personally responsible for your illness, although it most certainly is your responsibility to seek treatment. Draw upon your inner reserves of strength to find your way to a normal life. I hope someday you will be able to look upon the radiant faces of your children and feel the warm arms of a caring wife.

One more thing. I had a childhood friend who moved away when I was in the eighth grade. I ran into him the other day when out shopping with my wife and kids. He was working in the home furnishing section of a department store. Though he walked right up to me and called my name, I failed to recognize him. He looked like a man of 50—20 years older than he really is. I stared for a moment at his ravaged face and knew that I was looking at another statistic in the AIDS plague. What a wasted life! For God's sake, Zip 973, don't waste yours.

N.B.F.

Miscegenatresses

Sometime ago I wrote a wrathful reply to a reader who had criticized one of my articles. This gentleman objected to my suggestion that those of Scandinavian background should hoist battle-axe and broadsword and go in search of fair maidens to ravish and monks to harry. I still think that a little pillaging and wenching might do some of the cold fish from the Great Frozen North a great deal of good, but I was only kidding.

The same writer also objected to saving the so-called "Horned Angels." If I am not mistaken, he compared them at the age of 30 to beached whales, broadly hinting that we were better off without the human garbage that is accumulating in our race.

I replied in stirring terms that I, for one, was not prepared to abandon a single member of our race. No matter how misguided, no matter how they had sinned, none were too far gone for salvation.

It just goes to show you that even a man with feet as big as mine can manage to get them firmly wedged in his mouth. Whew!

Shortly after mailing the reply to the writer, I saw an article in a magazine that made me gag with horror and disgust. Lonely, middle-aged (and not so lonely and middle-aged) European women are taking tours to AIDS-infested dungheaps, such as Kenya and Tanzania, in order to strike up "friendships" with the locals.

Aghast, I opened the scandal sheet containing the story and read about a British nurse who had met and fallen deeply in love with "Edward." She wanted to take him home to Shropshire or Worcestershire or wherever, marry him and "have his children." I need not say that the photos of "Edward" looked like something out of an anthropologist's nightmare. The thought that a white British woman would allow this creature to serve her tea, much less father her children, is enough to set King Alfred spinning in his grave at 2,000 rpm. As for me, such behavior on the part of a white of any description cries out for the firing squad or the noose.

N.B.F.

Getting the Facts Straight

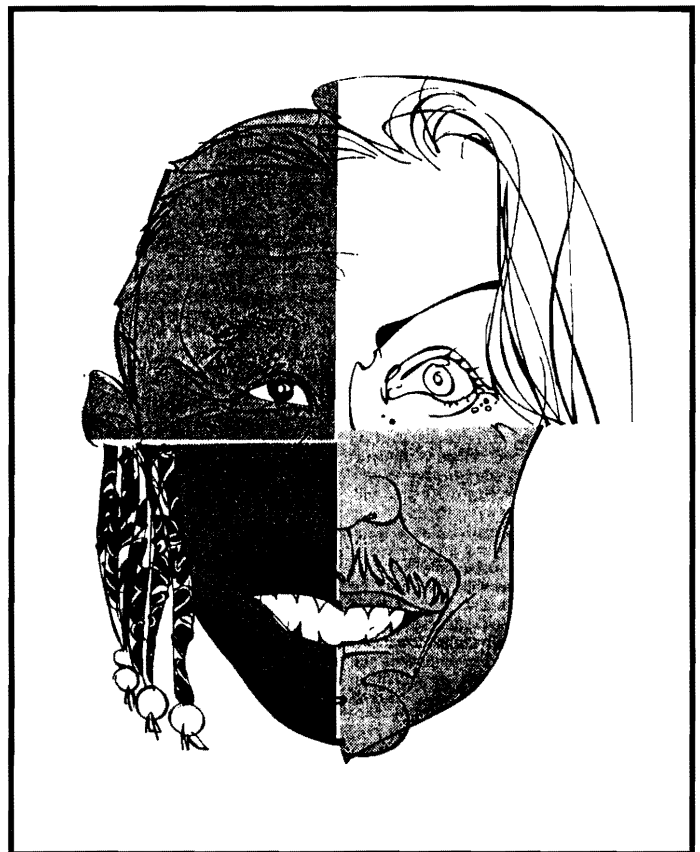
Regarding Zip 224's letter in the November issue about John Ford's film, *Rio Grande*, the credit for this little cinematic gem is due to an unsung Majority screenwriter named James Kevin McGuinness. For having the courage to stand up and speak out

against the Jewish excreters of Hollywood waste products, McGuinness was put on a reverse blacklist by studio moguls. All doors were promptly closed, except that of Majority studio head Herbert Yates of Republic Pictures, for whom he scripted *Rio Grande*. Westbrook Pegler wrote that McGuinness died shortly thereafter of a broken heart, another gifted Majority victim of the culture distorters.

As for John Ford (born Sean O'Feeny), in spite of some memorable films, he was by no means an Instaurationist. His films frequently displayed his maudlin negrophilia, especially *Sergeant Rutledge*, a fantasy about a kindly Negro cavalry sergeant accused of the rape and murder of a white girl. What do you know? The real rapist-killer turns out to be, not our pure-hearted black hero, but a dastardly white man! (Ford's cancer-related retirement in the mid-60s forced him to abandon his final film project, a fawning flick about West Point's first congoid cadet.)

Ford treated Indians fairly realistically until *Two Rode Together* (1960) and *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964). Both films turned reality on its head. As *Sergeant Rutledge* had polished blacks, Ford's *Donovan's Reef* (1962) prettified Indians. A paean to miscegenation in the South Seas, the film starred John Wayne, Ford's old drinking buddy. Wayne was quite a miscegenationist in his own right, siring three mongrel offspring by his third wife, a Peruvian named Pilar. Of such brittle stuff are our celluloid conservatives made.

900



The future face of Canada (and perhaps of the United States?) as portrayed by Anthony Jenkins in the Toronto Globe and Mail.

White Casualties in the War No One Dares Name

Instaurationists should take a long and reflective look at the table on the opposite page. It shows the number of violent crimes committed in the U.S. in 1989, and the race of the perpetrators as noted by the victims. It took the Justice Dept. several years to accumulate this data, so the situation is probably worse today.

A series of simple calculations will demonstrate that black-on-white rapes (55.7% of 39,400 = 21,946) were more common than black-on-black rapes (44.3% of 39,400 = 17,454), thereby giving the lie to the old canard that most black crime is concentrated in the inner cities and is therefore black-on-black.

A little more arithmetic will show that black-on-white robberies (52.5% of 284,900 = 149,573) outnumber black-on-black robberies (47.5% of 284,900 = 135,328).

The assault figure is even more of a black-on-white thing (61.9% of 707,460 = 437,918) versus (38.1% of 707,460 = 269,542) black-on-black assaults.

For understandable reasons, whites, not blacks, seem to concentrate on their own race when it comes to rape (97.3% of 62,460 = 60,774). Only 2.7% of 62,460 or 1,686 of white rapists violate blacks. In regard to robberies and assaults, whites are almost as discriminating. Only 5.7% of 231,050 or 13,169 of their robberies and 3.5% of 2,450,400 or 85,764 of their assaults were aimed at black victims.

It should be noted that the "other" category (mostly Asians and Hispanics) follows the same criminal pattern of blacks. 71.7% of 7,500 or 5,378 of "other" rapists victimize whites, and 77.6% of 43,550 or 33,795 of their robberies and 93.6% of 173,710 or 162,593 of their assaults are also committed on whites. The "not known" category also targets whites overwhelmingly in all three crimes of violence. In the rape category, *all* the victims are white.

Murder, the ultimate crime of violence, is not listed in the table at right because the victim in most cases dies immediately or has little opportunity to identify the race of his or her murderer.

In 1990, 23,440 people were murdered in the U.S. If the racial element in murder was even roughly the same as the racial element in other crimes of violence, then it's safe to assume that thousands of whites are dying at the hands of blacks each year.

Note: The table at right only lists single offender crimes. Multiple offender crimes were even more heavily weighted against the white population.

Table 48. Personal crimes of violence, 1989:

Percent distribution of single-offender victimizations based on perceived race of offender, by type of crime and race of victims

Type of crime and race of victim	Percent of single-offender victimizations				
	Perceived race of offender				Not known and not available
	Total	White	Black	Other	
Crimes of violence	4,072,260	2,743,920	1,031,760	224,770	71,790
White	86.4 %	96.4 %	59.1 %	89.8 %	88.2 %
Black	13.6	3.6	40.9	10.2	11.8 *
Completed	1,388,670	905,090	395,770	71,430	16,360
White	83.1	98.0	48.5	85.3	88.9 *
Black	16.9	2.0	51.5	14.7 *	11.1 *
Attempted	2,683,590	1,838,820	635,990	153,340	55,420
White	88.1	95.6	65.7	91.9	87.9
Black	11.9	4.4	34.3	8.1 *	12.1 *
Rape	115,260	62,460	39,400	7,500	5,890
White	81.5	97.3	55.7	71.7 *	100.0 *
Black	18.5	2.7 *	44.3	28.3 *	0 *
Robbery	574,320	231,050	284,900	43,550	14,810
White	72.1	94.3	52.5	77.6	85.7 *
Black	27.9	5.7 *	47.5	22.4 *	14.3 *
Completed	351,360	134,890	184,980	24,250	7,230
White	66.2	92.0	44.1	81.3	100.0 *
Black	33.8	8.0 *	55.9	18.7 *	0 *
With injury	128,900	55,680	66,690	6,530	0
White	61.6	91.8	39.4	30.5 *	0 *
Black	38.4	8.2 *	60.6	69.5 *	0 *
Without injury	222,450	79,210	118,280	17,710	7,230
White	68.9	92.2	46.8	100.0	100.0 *
Black	31.1	7.8 *	53.2	0 *	0 *
Attempted	222,960	96,150	99,910	19,300	7,580
White	81.3	97.6	68.0	73.1 *	72.0 *
Black	18.7	2.4 *	32.0	26.9 *	28.0 *
With injury	54,390	30,430	21,800	2,140	0
White	81.5	92.4	64.5	100.0 *	0 *
Black	18.5 *	7.6 *	35.5 *	0 *	0 *
Without injury	168,570	65,710	78,110	17,150	7,580
White	81.3	100.0	68.9	69.7 *	72.0 *
Black	18.7	0 *	31.1	30.3 *	28.0 *
Assault	3,382,670	2,450,400	707,460	173,710	51,080
White	89.0	96.5	61.9	93.6	87.5
Black	11.0	3.5	38.1	6.4 *	12.5 *
Aggravated	1,056,770	728,040	238,880	65,880	23,960
White	87.0	95.0	63.7	88.8	73.4
Black	13.0	5.0	36.3	11.2 *	26.6 *
Simple	2,325,890	1,722,360	468,580	107,830	27,110
White	89.9	97.2	61.0	96.5	100.0
Black	10.1	2.8	39.0	3.5 *	0 *

Note: Detail may not add to total shown because of rounding.

* Estimate is based on about 10 or fewer sample cases.

Hedley, We Hardly Knew Ye

April's Instauration had a thumbnail sketch of how demons of Wall Street and Los Angeles financially "Chosified" (to death) the great publishing empire of Henry (*Time*, *Fortune*, *Life*) Luce. What wasn't said is how Luce's handpicked successor, the eminently WASPful Hedley Donovan, veered the communications giant right off its Majority course long years before the money-grubbing conglomerizers did their thing. In the days when Luce's heavy editorial hand rested on the helm, Time Inc. remained more or less loyal to the Instauration credo: hearth, home and Us separate from Them. The talented, handsome and bureaucratically masterful Donovan (who ascended to Time's throne in 1964) changed all that by trumpeting racial integration and affirmative action.

Minnesota-born (1914), bred and educated, Rhodes-scholared at Oxford in the early 30s and cub-reportered at Eugene Meyers' Washington Post till the outbreak of WWII, Donovan joined the Luce family of publications in 1945 as a writer for *Fortune*. Spotted early on as a fast corporate riser, he nonetheless surprised the publishing world by almost immediately vaulting ahead of more seasoned Timesmen and in practically no time becoming top editorial honcho upon Luce's retirement.

Hedley was mesmerized by the domestic turmoil of the 60s. He came to believe

that if whites didn't right the wrongs of racial segregation, the tension would split the nation asunder. Such a view, tintured with a splash of guilt, ingratiated him with the New York lib-min establishment, already dominant in Donovan's world of big-time media. The depth of his commitment, however, bespoke of something more than mere going along for the purpose of getting along. From a long line of Anglo-Irish-Protestant ministers, Donovan may have sensed his chance for exercising moral authority. Whatever the motive, he soon got around to ordering his magazines to slay Jim Crow. The pols unwilling to join the crusade, George Wallace and Spiro Agnew, were vilified. Those who fell in line, Hubert Humphrey and Fritz Mondale, were boomed as superstars. Not a few *Time* addicts wondered at the irony of a rural Minnesotan calling the racial tune for urban America.

Soon Hedley was receiving honors, awards and appointments to the directorships of prestigious universities, foundations and corporations. The link, between his public vision and those windfall acknowledgements, never weakened. Throughout his career, Donovan held steady in his commitment to race-mixing, though in his autobiographical *Right Times*, *Right Places*, he did hint of his exasperation with the smart Jews he had promoted to *Time's* top

slots. At every turn they were petitioning him for ever greater dedication to ever more liberal causes. But what else should he have expected? As his adopted city, like the rest of urban America, accelerated its long slide into racial decay, Hedley dropped out, so to speak, and sought surcease from sorrow in the peace and harmony afforded by his Long Island estate—14 tastefully decorated rooms pleasantly set on five manicured acres.

Following the death of his wife, Dorothy, Donovan served briefly in the Carter administration as a confidential adviser. As a last hurrah to the public world he knew so well, he accepted a visiting professorship at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. His death, in 1990, ended one of the most politically influential lives of the noisome liberal epoch.

Instauration most respectfully nominates Hedley Donovan for the posthumous Tribute of Racial Renegade of any given year from the mid-60s to the late 80s. From whatever particular hereafter he now looks down or up at America's crime-blasted panorama, we hope he appreciates being accorded a richly deserved, alternate version of the many *Time* magazine Man of the Year awards he himself used to bestow on various undeserving compeers.

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The Statue

In the town where I went to college there stands a statue. It is a rather ordinary statue, similar to hundreds perhaps thousands found on courthouse lawns across the South. It is not very grand or imposing and a trained artist would probably groan at the commonplace theme and workmanship. The statue was paid for in a time when to give a dollar towards its carving and placement meant sacrifice. As amateurish as it is, it represented the best an impoverished and beaten-down people could do to honor one of its fallen heroes. In many courthouse lawns there stands only a slab of marble, the cost of even a modest statue being beyond the means of the humble folk of the county.

I haven't been back to my college town for several years, but the other day I chanced to read an article about that statue. Some blacks, together with the usual white "Me too's," wanted to move it to some out-of-the-way place where it will not outrage the sensibilities of Negroes and latter-day scalawags.

Things haven't reached the point where the statue will be tossed on a rubbish heap—not yet at least. No, they will probably find another place for it; perhaps a deserted park or forgotten sidestreet, where the presence of the old hero won't intrude upon the peace of mind of those who seek to become the sole owners of my once-cherished homeland.

I suppose it's better to retire the old fellow and let him rest. A monument is for the living, not the dead. If the living no longer honor those the monument commemorates, it is better to take the monument down.

I thought about all the other statues and monuments that are waiting to be destroyed. Why, they even want to dig up the bones of General Nathan Bedford Forrest! His grave is in Memphis, topped by a bold, magnificent equestrian statue of the "Wizard of the Saddle." So far, however, they haven't gotten away with that abominable act. The Sons of Confederate Veterans raised hell, and a few of the politi-

cians who aren't completely housebroken by the minorities let them know that the game wasn't worth the candle. The statue toppers will be back, though, you can be sure of that.

The causes of this unending campaign of hate are not hard to come by. Destroy the history makers and you destroy the people's history. This, of course, is precisely what the other side is up to.

That weather-beaten statue on the courthouse lawn reminds us of the men who fought for their lands, their families and their freedom almost 100 years ago. They fell at places like Gettysburg, Shiloh and Chickamauga. But they never ran. They died where they stood. In dying they bequeathed us legends that will last for millennia, legends that will nourish and inspire their descendants in the dark days ahead, that will put steel in our arms when we prepare for battle, and courage in our hearts when all seems lost.

Let the statue stand!

N.B. FORREST



Political Correctitude

When groups with a fanatically held set of political doctrines gain control in a community, they tend to set up a "party line" which they impose on all their members. Anyone who does not slavishly adhere to the official line is pronounced guilty of "incorrect" political thought and can be severely punished. Political Correctitude, long a commonplace in totalitarian states, is the new rage in a number of American colleges and universities. Many of the enforcers are the faculty members and administrators who were radical leftists in the 1960s and are now tenured.

PC is characterized by the blind adherence to the dogmata of the pseudo-liberal left by both students and faculty, who by definition are pro-Negro, pro-homosexual, pro-feminist, pro-Marxist, pro-socialist and, of course, pro-Zionist. In literature the PC worshipers fancy the doctrines of Jacques Derrida and Paul de Man, according to whose "radical skepticism" the usage and meaning of language is wholly arbitrary. Language refers only to itself and any text may be interpreted in any way desired. This nonsense permeates the humanities and the social "sciences," where objectivity and accurate observation are given almost zero value.

Opposition to PC doctrines or disobedience to rules imposed by the leftist academic elite may lead, in the case of students, to suspension or expulsion—in the case of faculty, to more subtle but no less effective penalties. The rare, independent-minded young assistant professor will be denied promotion and tenure and assigned the least interesting course in the rowdiest classroom. He will also be loaded with the most burdensome administrative duties. A particularly blatant case of academic Stalinism occurred in late 1991 when Professor Carla Iannone was turned down by a Senate committee for a place on the board of the National Endowment for the Humanities, a position for which she was eminently qualified. The senators caved in to protests by the Modern Language Association, which claimed she did not have sufficiently high professional standing. The fact was the MLA was miffed because she had publicly attacked the doctrines of current "lit. crit."

A. DIBERT

Daylight Kidnappers

As the U.S. sinks deeper and deeper into the mire of barbarism, Majority women must keep an ever sharper eye out for kid-

nappers. Reports have already come in from several cities of white women being kidnapped in broad daylight by blacks. In most cases the women are raped before they're released. And the body snatchers are not always men. In April in Alexandria (VA) two armed black females grabbed a 30-year-old white woman off the street, forced her to withdraw \$800 from an automated teller machine and then made her rent a get-away car for them.

Plus Ça Change

Time was that an enterprising young American, upon leaving college, might hire himself out to the foreign outpost of a major industrial firm to supervise the collection of rubber in Sumatra, the stringing of telephone lines in Borneo or the planting of fruit in the Caribbean. He'd expect to have to put up with long hours, insufferable weather, cultural deprivations and, above all, the natives, while banking his commissions and bonuses for 20 or so years. After serving his "time," he would return to his homeland to live out his remaining years in quiet and dignified comfort. Though that option is largely closed today, an approximation of the same experience is being encountered by millions of white American professionals who make their livelihood in America's tinderbox cities. Malaria may have been replaced by AIDS, but all else is remarkably the same—including the natives. Fatalistic, superstitious, indifferent to notions of human progress and given to unanticipated explosions of enormous violence, inner-city savages carry on lives remarkably similar to their cousins in Borneo or the Belgian Congo. If lucky, the white endures his scheduled purgatory without serious injury and finally decamps for isolated settlements of old-fashioned civilization. It's called retirement.

IVAN HILD

Character Will Out

She promised demurely she would not capitalize on the notoriety she acquired while defaming Judge Clarence Thomas at the Senate confirmation hearings. But today, Anita Hill, the black icon of rampant feminism, is on the lecture circuit at \$10,000 a speech. One subject the professor of law at the University of Oklahoma avoids is the charge of some of her former students that she had included pubic hairs in the papers she returned to them. Neither does she repeat the genderistic apothegm she unloaded in one of her classroom ses-

sions: "There is nothing lower on the evolutionary scale than a white male." Nor does Anita mention the hit-and-run charge, a felony, that could possibly be leveled against her for her vanishing act after allegedly ramming a car in an Oklahoma City parking lot.

Because he had questioned Anita a little too sharply in the Senate hearings, feminists went after Senator Arlen Specter hammer and tong in the Pennsylvania Republican primary. But Specter had no trouble beating his Jewish rival, who accused him of ties to the mob. But he is likely to have a much harder time with Lynn Yeakel, his Democratic rival. Yeakel is the daughter of a Methodist preacher (one strike). Her mother's maiden name is Jane Mahood (two strikes). She is married to a Wall St. stock peddler (three strikes).

Bombshell Bonds

It is said economics is the dismal science. Every month when I try to balance my checkbook I have to agree. I pick up the Wall St. Journal from time to time, but financial and economic news, unless it is really scary, holds little interest for me. I recently read an article, however, that grabbed and held my attention until the last line. If you are eating or standing while reading this, please put down the fork or pull up a chair.

How many of us have heard of the Brady Plan, a debt refinancing scheme for Third World countries, mostly in Latin America? It works like this. The Latin American nations will convert their bank debt to bonds, which will be sold at a discount to Wall Street investment bankers, who, having taken their profits up front, will then peddle the bonds to pension funds. The big banks will get some of their money back and are at least out of further financial danger from the costly kisses of the Latin American financial Spider Woman. The catch? The catch is that the debt will be assumed by millions of American working men and women, who will count on those bonds to guarantee their pensions. American pensioners will be depending on the fiscal responsibility of Peruvian guano merchants to safeguard them in their old age. Who, if given the opportunity, would put their life savings in the hands of the board of directors of a Bolivian tin mine or a nice, safe Argentinian toothpick company? The mere fact that the Brady bonds were created to untangle a mess caused by the Latinos' inability or unwillingness to pay back loans in the first place should indicate how well they will do at paying back the second round of loans.

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It Wasn't the First Time

Tests given former heavyweight champ Mike Tyson, as he began serving his six-year sentence for rape, revealed he had the reading, writing and arithmetic skills of an 11-year-old. That someone with such a stunted mind can become a multimillionaire and a "hero" to most blacks and many whites, doesn't say much for contemporary American civilization. After Tyson was safely behind bars and after being given a stint of solitary for threatening to beat up a guard, Pat Jones, a white Las Vegas nurse and mother of two, claimed he had brutally raped her at night in the parking lot of a closed McDonald's restaurant.

Profits from Failure

Victor Posner, a conglomerate-building (company-destroying) fast-buck artist, was suspended from his chairmanship of the DWG Corp. (Arby's, Royal Crown Cola, an aerospace firm) by a federal judge in Cleveland, who ordered auditors to find out why Posner had taken \$3.6 million in salary in the same year DWG was losing \$16.9 million. In 1985, Posner, according to *Business Week*, was the nation's highest-paid executive (\$12.7 million).

Welcome to the Club!

Call him Mr. Leona Helmsley. He is Peter Kalikow, onetime Jewish hectomillionaire, who has filed for bankruptcy to avoid paying his incalculable debts, but is still living on a scale of \$1.5 million a year, much of it paid for by his totally unmerited salary from the *New York Post*, which he still controls. Kalikow was once listed by *Forbes* as one of the world's richest men and by the *Village Voice* as the "worst landlord of the year [1986]." Like Leona, Kalikow is accused of charging off the improvements of his various homes to business expenses. The *New York Post*, by the way, officially reported that its circulation was 552,227 for the six months ending Sept. 30, 1991. The scandal sheet's actual circulation during this same period was 491,326. The nonexistent 60,901 allowed Kalikow's paper to overcharge advertisers.

East Is West, West Is East

On the East Coast, Mordechai Levy, chairman of the Jewish Defense Organization, was arrested a couple of years ago for taking a shot at Irv Rubin, missing him, but wounding another person. He is now serving an 18- to 54-month sentence for assault. On the West Coast, Jewish Defense League leader Irv Rubin was arrested and

held without bail on a murder-for-hire charge, but then let go for "lack of evidence." The two Jewish honchos split a few years ago, but they still have one thing in common—they are both racists to the core. Any white activist who did a fraction of the bloody agit-prop to which Rubin and Levy have devoted their shady careers, would be in jail for life—and some are.

AIDS and Insurance

The federal government estimates about 1 million people in the U.S. are infected with the HIV virus, which heralds the onset of AIDS. Approximately 130,000 persons, predominantly homosexuals, have died in this country from AIDS since it was first documented ten years ago.

Federal economists estimate nearly \$6 billion will be spent in 1992 to treat people with the virus. The estimated annual cost of care for an AIDS victim is about \$32,000. Lifetime cost is \$85,300.

The Health Insurance Association of America asserts that insurance companies have dispensed \$3.56 billion to AIDS carriers in 1986-90. Like much other data on AIDS, the numbers are incomplete. Blue Cross and Blue Shield, as well as companies that fund their own employee health plans, do not report to the Health Insurance Association.

Commercial insurance companies paid about \$1.2 billion in claims to U.S. victims of AIDS in 1990, or about 40% of AIDS-related costs. Medicare and Medicaid paid another 40%. The remaining 20% of costs was uninsured, so these expenses fell on federal, state and local governments and on hospitals.

Uninspiring Bio

Slick Willie doesn't have the best of antecedents. Né William Jefferson Blythe IV, he was born three months after his father, William Jefferson Blythe III, a traveling salesman, died in a car accident. His mother, née Mary Cassidy, Irish with more than a soupçon of Indian, married, divorced and remarried car salesman, Roger Clinton, who adopted Willie and gave him a new surname. Clinton's stepfather was an alcoholic, a bounder and horribly abused both mother and son, once even going so far as to grab a rifle and shoot a bullet in the wall in the room where his family was sitting. Willie's half-brother, Roger Jr., spent a year in jail for selling cocaine and boasted on a tape recorded by drug investigators how he used to shepherd women into the Arkansas state man-

sion for the governor's sexual delectation. Mary Clinton, by the way, is quite a card. She practically lives at the Hot Springs race track when the horses are running. She also loves nightclubs and used to take son Willie, when a teenager, to some of the hottest ones. (Shades of Ted Kennedy!)

At Yale Law School, Clinton shared a beach house for two years with a Negress and was known for dating female students with black skin. The tabloids have harped on all types of adulterous kinkiness. One ran a picture of a seven-year-old mulatto boy, Danny, whose mother claims Clinton fathered. If this is all pure rot, why on earth doesn't Clinton sue for defamation of character? It would be an open and shut case.

The non-inhaling, draft-dodging, apartheid-golfing, yarmulke-wearing Clinton is at his most hypocritical, as are practically all contemporary politicians, when addressing the Middle East question. After a reporter queried him about a Palestinian state, Clinton first mumbled a noncommittal answer. Then, once Jews had raised their eyebrows, he said he hadn't understood the question. Finally he "set the record straight" by declaring, "I am opposed to the creation of an independent Palestinian state." Later he went out of his way to accuse the Bush administration of anti-Semitism and pandered to the Jewish community in Miami by letting it be known he was in favor of the \$10-billion loan guarantee to Israel. This is the same man who says out of the other side of his mouth that Americans must concentrate all their resources on resurrecting the inner cities in order to give the poor and the homeless a shot at the American dream.

Who Says Crime Doesn't Pay?

Hypercrook Ivan Boesky is getting a divorce. So is another Jewish hypercrook, Marc Rich, who, unlike Boesky, managed to stay out of jail by fighting extradition from Switzerland, where he is holed up with his stolen hundreds of millions.

Boesky was last heard of in Aspen (CO) where he was renting a \$627-a-night condominium. He is said to divide his time between a lavish spread on the French Riviera and expensive digs in London, where he is starting a new "investment business."

Marc Rich fancies the ski slopes of St. Moritz, where he has a million-dollar chalet. Having wrecked a steel company in West Virginia by his financial high jinks, Rich was astonished but not embarrassed (Jewish con artists are never embarrassed) to be picketed by a delegation of unemployed West Virginia steel workers who tracked him down and were demanding he recompense them for their lost jobs and salaries.



Waspishly Yours

At this stage in our efforts we cannot expect to be treated honestly or fairly in the mass media. Indeed, what we can expect is a ceaseless journalistic assault on all parts of the Majority racial movement. We have not been disappointed thus far. The mudballs fall fast and thick on Instaurationland, and there is little sign that they will stop falling anytime soon. The truth is, we have yet to establish a true beachhead in the mass media, although some thin-blooded allies (or soul brothers, if you like) have been successful in their first public forays into the forbidden territory of race.

The white racial movement has started to attract almost daily media attention, though almost all of it is still negative. Remember, as the old shibboleth goes, there is no such thing as bad publicity. Considering that we have been frozen out of the mass media by the Chosen and their running dogs, we should be grateful for any exposure. We should never forget that the first preference of the Holy People is to impose a total news blackout on white racial activities. Now that this heavy-handed censorship has clearly become completely untenable, they have retreated to their secondary line of defense—a savage, constant merciless attack on Majority activists. Having failed miserably with their first weapon, silence, they now turn to outright defamation.

The Chosen know all too well that this is by far the less desirable option. That they have been forced to accept it is proof of the serious overall erosion of their position, though not necessarily proof of a corresponding rise in our own strength. A relative shift in our favor, however, is unquestionable.

Before we uncork the champagne, we should take a long look at the rough road that lies in front of us. Come to think of it, maybe we should put the bubbly back in the ice bucket and wait a bit. If we do decide to nip at the bottle, it will be because of books like *Blood in the Face* by James Ridgeway (Thunder's Mouth Press, 1991).

Why should we be pleased with this unusual book? Is James Ridgeway a friend of the white racial movement? Hardly. Does he adopt a sympathetic stance? Not at all. Does he try to explain our point of view, as we would like to have it explained? By no means, although in all fairness Ridgeway does let some of our people speak for themselves.

My point is that for the first time a mass market book, available in B. Dalton and other chain schlock shops, recognizes the truth: the white racial movement, as despised, fragmented, disorganized, underfunded and small as it is, is forming a new white culture that will someday challenge the anti-culture that has settled like a putrid miasma over the West.

It is not hard to see why Ridgeway has been able to see and understand what is happening, when other writers could not or would not see it (or at least would not write about it). An extreme leftist and a scribbler for the Village Voice, he was supported in his project by the Voice's Jewish owner, pet food millionaire Leonard Stern. Ridgeway's object was to research and document the white racial movement as it really is, not as mainstream pundits would like to think it is.

The reason that so much time and work was put into this project is clear: the left understands, as George Bush and the liberal Democrats and even the Reagan Republicans do not, that the white movement is now in its incubation stage, gathering strength and building theoretical foundations for its next move, an entrance onto the national and international stage. Deeply concerned about these embryonic ideological stirrings, intellectual leftists know that calling white racists names will do nothing to change the shape of things to come.

Ridgeway presents the reader with a detailed history of the roots of the white racial movement, then goes on to describe it in detail as it stands today. He is careful to draw distinctions between the many different personalities and groups operating up and down the land. I found it interesting that Instauration is referred to only once, in a rather neutral way. Ridgeway calls it simply a "right-wing magazine" and mentions that it was the first to publish that now famous map which proposes to divide up the United States by race.

Ridgeway has illustrated his book with samples of white propaganda, photos of prominent leaders and facsimiles of significant documents. A chart is included showing the "ancestry" of various white organizations. My only real objection to the book is the author's attempt to suggest that Ronald Reagan and his crew are blood brothers to The Order and the KKK. Since Ridgeway's paymaster is Leonard Stern, we can forgive him his minor sins.

Blood in the Face is informative, well-organized and fun to read. Obviously I do not agree with the author's conclusions, but I think that he has done us a service by taking his subject matter very seriously. Ridgeway neither mocks nor ridicules white racists. He knows all too well that this is no laughing matter.

At \$18.95 the book is not cheap for a paperback, but it is well worth it. If you want one book that will give you a fairly complete history of white racial organizations, together with information about their latest doings. Ridgeway's tome is probably the one you want. Don't be put off by the cover photo of a Skinhead. I wasn't.

N.B. FORREST

In 1991, CBS prime-time commercials averaged 11 minutes, 6 seconds per hour, compared to 9 minutes, 46 seconds per hour in 1983. Almost as lengthy were the NBC (11 min/hr and ABC (10 min, 16 sec/hr) plugs.

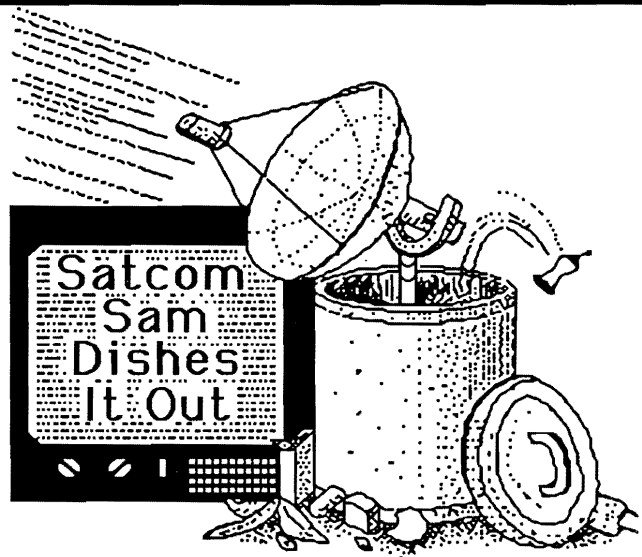
Sometime ago I wrote a few words about "steamers," men hired by film moguls to add a zero to any figure having to do with movie costs, star salaries and box office receipts. Well, it appears that apprentice steamers are moving into TV. The Los Angeles Times (April 12) reported that a 30-second spot on the slobbish *Roseanne* show costs \$155,000, whereas *TV Guide* (May 2) put the price at \$350,000. It's difficult to believe that the cost of the spot doubled in less than a month.

This column has advised viewers that the second best way to avoid commercials—the best way is to turn off the TV—is to VCR every program, then play them back with frequent pushes of the fast forward button. The third best way is to flip channels the moment a pitch starts. Ad agencies, unfortunately, are on to this increasingly popular viewer ploy and are getting around it by "roadblocking" commercials. Stations and networks are running the same spot at the exact same time. So when the viewer flips away from one spot, he will run into the same one on whatever other channels he lands on.

From Satcom Sal. CBS's *60 Minutes* (April 26) featured a young black, David Robinson, who made it to Annapolis and while there he shot up to seven feet. The pros attempted to recruit him, but, to his credit, he stuck it out and graduated. To his further credit, he began working with young blacks to see if he could steer them away from drugs and crime. Now a basketball star, he is being featured as a successor to Magic Johnson and has snared some lucrative contracts endorsing products on TV commercials. All in all, I'd give Robinson high marks for doing the best he can. Then out of the blue, as the interview was coming to an end, that revolting, smarmy Morley Safer (born in Canada of Jewish parents) asked him if he ever encountered any kind of racism. Well, yes. For instance, one evening at a party someone suggested playing "Spin the Bottle," but no one wanted him in the game. Clucking sympathetically, Morley appeared close to tears. Another pall of white guilt smoke-screened the tube!

From Zip 121. An evening "tabloid television" show ran a segment moaning and groaning about the assassination of Robert Kennedy. Among the moaners was Jack Newfield, author of a sycophantic memoir about "Bobby." Besides loving Marilyn Monroe's last lover, Newfield, an aging Yiddish New Leftist, also loves Israel and blacks. I wouldn't presume to rank the intensity of his affections, but I am aware of his hatreds: Instauration, the Majority in particular and goyim in general. In his interview, Newfield spoke of his certainty that Bobby and Martin Luther King were "the two greatest Americans of this century."

Newfield parades under the banner of "American." He votes in American elections and writes in American newspapers (or, at least, newspapers published within the geographical limits of the political agglomerate currently known as the U.S.). Yet this Jewish Firster has no more in



common with the spiritual-historical entity that was taking shape in this land several centuries ago than a Zulu tribesman has with Japan.

Let Newfield have his heroes! Let him fantasize that his heroes are "America's heroes!" All we ask in return is that he and his ilk leave us alone—forever. For our heroes are not his heroes. Not now, not yesterday, not tomorrow.

From Zip 752. In case any Instauration subscriber wants to know if talk show host Jerry Springer is Jewish, I can answer in the affirmative. I discovered this one night while watching a show of his on white racial separatism. 'Twas a rare show, for the guests were not the usual pinheads with beer bellies, gimme caps and fractured grammar. These guys had done their homework. As a rule on these electronic travesties, when white pinheads are guests, the host will usually take a low-key approach and let them condemn themselves by their reptilian behavior. But this time Jerry was more animated than I've ever seen him, lambasting his white-bread guests at every turn in the style of Geraldo. When he brought out a black woman whose son had allegedly been murdered by some Ku Kluxers, he asked his guests how they felt about it. They replied that, since they didn't belong to the Klan, they had nothing to do with the crime. When Jerry postured that they had helped create a climate of hate that made such things possible, one of his guests pointed out the brutalities against Palestinian youths and asked Jerry if his synagogue supported Israel. There was a fleeting moment of panic on Jerry's face. I could almost see the gears in his head grinding away: How do I answer this one without blowing my cover? If I say yes or no, I've admitted I'm Jewish. If I say I don't belong to a synagogue, I'm lying. Jerry finally said, yes, his synagogue did support Israel, whereupon his guest wondered why Jerry didn't feel any guilt for the part he had played in creating the climate of hate in that part of the world. "We'll do a show on the Middle East later," Jerry snapped back. But out here in televisionland the damage had been done. There is nothing quite so pathetic as the expression on the face of a talking head who realizes he has lost control of his show—even for a few seconds.

The View from the White Tip

Well, our referendum is over, and now that the dust has settled we can examine it dispassionately. As Americans doubtless know, roughly two-thirds of the 3 million white voters (including 700,000 Portuguese and 100,000 Jews) voted "Yes" in favour of President Willem de Klerk's policies. One-third cast "No" ballots, which meant they were strongly or at least mildly supportive of the anti-integrationist platform of Dr. Treurnicht's Conservative Party. The vital referendum question was whether the people wished to continue the negotiation process. This was not too loaded a question except that "negotiation process" should more properly have been called "white surrender process." If the people had been asked point blank whether they preferred black rule to white rule, the outcome would have been very different.

It came as no surprise that the Yes votes won the day, for the backlash to de Klerk's policies is still in the development stage. But in view of the pronounced swing to the Conservative Party in by-elections it was surprising that the renegade South African establishment won by so large a margin. Many of those who had voted *against* the governing National Party in the by-elections must have voted *for* it in the referendum! One explanation is that in elections or by-elections the voters hear the views of all contending parties, whereas in a referendum they are limited to a simple yes or no. The politically shrewd de Klerk must have banked on this stratagem. It had been hoped that the race-mixers would lose a lot of votes when former State President P.W. Botha, the man Mrs. Thatcher barred from 10 Downing Street, characterized de Klerk's policy as capitulation on the installment system. But his once influential voice seemed to have no effect.

The referendum has been hailed overseas as a rejection of Apartheid. Foreign Minister Pik Botha so described it, but he was wide of the mark. After all, not even the most fanatical American liberals choose to live in Harlem. It was really a vote of despair, a longing to be accepted back into the Western fold instead of being treated as lepers, a longing to end the condition of semi-anarchy prevailing in the country, a longing to stop the enormous crime wave and write finis to the crippling worldwide sanctions and boycotts and, perhaps most of all, a yearning to be able to play international cricket and rugby again. There was also fear, the threat of American bombers staging a repeat performance of the Iraq slaughter and the always haunting nightmarish possibility of black "mass action." Not least important, all the churches, including the subverted Dutch Reformed Church, threatened their congregations with hellfire if they voted No.

The referendum was essentially a victory for the misinformation media, Harry Oppenheimer's gold mining press, the Afrikaans press and the state-owned radio and television. This latter, incidentally, was discovered, surely with de Klerk's knowledge, to be emitting subliminal messages, which for all I know could be a common artifice in the Western Department of Dirty Tricks and might explain a lot. Conversely, all the Conservative Party possesses is a small weekly newspaper, Die Patriot, which in Cape Town is only for sale on the 7th floor of an old building. No "respectable" bookstall will stock it.

In South Africa, as in the United States, non-liberal views are either suppressed or banned outright, which makes the concen-

trated power of press and television altogether too much for the voting sheep. Admittedly, the pro-white Dr. Treurnicht ("Dr. No," as the press calls him!) was allowed to appear for a few minutes on TV, but his speech was cut short by the music of *The Flight of the Bumble Bee!*

One reason for the large Yes vote was the public's general dislike of Eugene Terre'Blanche and his militaristic Afrikaner Resistance Movement, which was linked to the Conservative Party. The press, needless to say, loathes Terre'Blanche's group and without any proof attributes all kinds of mindless violence to it, such as the blowing up of post offices, a type of criminal activity much more likely to be the work of the African National Congress.

But what people read, they believe, for there it is in black and white! Aside from that, there is the sheer psychological advantage of a positive Yes over a negative No.

The economic factor also played an important part. Whites are being milked to pay for black advancement and are rapidly losing their jobs to nonwhites. Despite the ensuing unemployment and financial distress that comes with affirmative action, most whites still don't realize that their declining living standard is caused by their incompetent government. So they continue to vote for it.

Hard-headed, down-to-earth businessmen, crosses between goats and moles, are no wiser. Big Business financed a massive advertising campaign before the referendum, warning that a No vote would bring about an economic collapse and catastrophic unemployment. It doesn't seem to matter to the magnates that the African National Congress has made it plain that when it comes to power it will nationalise all private industries. Lenin was certainly right when he said that when the time came to hang all the capitalists they would sell him the rope. As if their advertising campaign were not enough, many big firms warned their employees that if they voted No they would be fired. It wasn't explained how they would know which way their employees had voted, but the intimidation was nonetheless effective. The Conservative Party made a list of these companies so that their products might be boycotted by Party supporters.

The Cape Times, a mouthpiece of Money, hailed the referendum result in huge front-page headlines: BIRTH OF NEW S.A.—WHITES BREAK WITH PAST! That nasty past, when the civilised ruled the uncivilised instead of the current upside-down liberal arrangement, will ensure that blacks will misrule whites! Oddly enough, about three weeks after the referendum, the Cape Times featured a large article by a notorious liberal deploring the lopsided media blitz that preceded it. He "exulted" in the outcome, but was a trifle uneasy at the way it had been achieved. "It has to be admitted," he wrote, "that this was not a free and fair election. Never before has the entire press, English and Afrikaans, as well as the entire broadcast media been lined up in this way to give such a single chorus of support for one side in any national ballot. And never before has there been such an imbalance in the amount of money spent on other forms of electoral publicity. . . . Against this the Conservative Party had its little 20,000-a-week circulation newspaper."

This is the first of two reports on the South African referendum. The second report will appear in the July issue.

Primate Watch



Guess who was caught snipping off 27 buttons from ten modish jackets in a Miami department store? **Felicidad Noriega**, that's who. After spending a night in jail with a woman friend who helped her snip, the wife of the newly convicted (for drug smuggling) ex-Máximo Lider of Panama, was charged with third degree grand theft.

#

Also in Miami, **Ana Cardona**, who *no habla bien inglés*, was sentenced to die in the electric chair for killing her three-year-old son. She maintained it was her lesbian lover who committed the infanticide.

#

Archie Hardwick should have been the last person to rob Miami's largest aid agency, but that's what Archie did. The highly touted black anti-poverty fighter robbed his own agency of \$400,000 due Miami's poor.

#

Cherno Camara, 37, was arrested in a Tacoma (WA) suburb for hatcheting his two sons, Mohammed, 2, and Bakary, 3, to death and attempting to do the same to his white ex-wife, Patricia Johnston, 40. The wounded woman, who married Cherno shortly after the Black Muslim had arrived from Gambia, managed to escape by driving her car through a garage wall.

#

A weird Harvard professor of psychiatry, **Margaret Bean-Bayog**, 48, has been accused of driving a weird Harvard medical student from Mexico, Paul Lazano, 28, into such a deep depression with her repulsive sadomasochistic cavortings that he committed suicide. The obscene stuff she wrote him would have been considered off the wall if it had come from the pen of anyone but a Harvard professor. Sample: "I abandon myself to you. . . I even want you to abuse and degrade me. Do absolutely anything you want to me, no matter how forbidden."

#

St. Louis prosecutor **George Peach**, self-proclaimed nemesis of prostitution and pornography, was arrested one March evening while soliciting the favors of a street-walker (race unspecified). Sentenced to one year of unsupervised probation, at last report Peach was still hanging on to his job.

#

Brian Rosenfeld, 34, a male nurse in south Florida, has confessed to killing 23 nursing home patients. Fired from 14 nursing homes in the last five years, Rosenfeld was sentenced to three consecutive life terms for killing three elderly patients with

drug overdoses—the three murders for which the prosecution had the best evidence.

#

Black parolee **Jerome Dennis**, 25, confessed to killing five black women, ages 16 to 30, in East Orange (NJ) and environs. He may have killed a few more. The serial murderer had terrorized people in the area for the last eight months.

#

Steven West wrote a 1977 bestseller, *How to Live Like a Millionaire on an Ordinary Income*, and has apparently been following his own advice ever since. Last year the Jewish con artist built a hideous, huge, tasteless mansion in Mill Neck (NY), but never got around to paying the builders. In February one of his scores of enemies burned his house to the ground.

#

Believing his wife had been unfaithful, **Anthony Sirju**, a black who came to the Bronx from Trinidad, killed his daughter, 8, his stepdaughter, 14, critically injured his wife, 31, and finally ended his own miserable existence with a bullet in the head.

#

In a Chicago playground, while **eight black kids** were taunting two white sisters, ages 8 and 6, one taunter let loose a pit bull tied to a fence. The elder sister was badly mauled.

#

The haircut he gave **Ephraim Roberts**, 18, was the last tonsorial act that Miami barber Winfred Hicks ever performed. The black Miami barber charged Roberts his regular price of \$5, which the latter thought was much too high for a job he believed did not do his fuzzy hair justice. When Hicks refused to be Chosened-down, Roberts pulled out a 9 mm pistol and shot him dead.

#

Although son **David**, 21, had beaten her almost senseless with a baseball bat, permanently damaging her brain, Afro-American Deborah Ann Phipps visited him in a Pittsburgh jail and forgave him his attempted matricide.

#

Admitting he was HIV positive, **Rev. Richard Snipstead**, 63, longtime head of the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations, resigned his post.

#

Dan Quayle opened his speech to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, a double-loyalist outfit which should be but isn't registered as a foreign agent, with

these sniveling, prideless words, "Fellow Zionists."

#

In late February **Dan Skillom**, 32, an AIDS-stricken resident of Cincinnati, was convicted of raping two boys, ages 2 and 4.

JEWISH SCAMMERS IN THE NEWS:

A California company with the barf-inducing name, **A Nice Jewish Boy Moving and Storage**, was found to be not nice at all by the Calif. Public Utilities Commission, which fined it \$15,000, placed it on 15-months probation and ordered it to pay back all the money bilked from customers by misrepresenting rates and ignoring loss and damage claims. . . Dade County (FL) Circuit Judge **Roy T. Gelber** was sentenced to 12 years in the pen for bribery and extortion. Gelber conspired to reveal (for a tidy sum of cash) the identity of an informant marked down for murder. . . **Christopher Lewis**, the 38-year-old son of unfunny Jewish funnyman, Jerry Lewis, stole 168 limited edition lithographs (\$200,000 worth) from a Calif. warehouse. He faces a maximum prison term of five years. . . **Steven C. Blumberg**, is serving a 71-month sentence for stealing more than 20,000 books, valued at \$5 million, from U.S. and Canadian libraries. . . **Richard Silberman**—a San Diego bridge is named after him—has been jailed for money laundering. . . Disbarred in Maryland for stealing \$54,000 from a client, lawyer **Fred Kolodner** switched to medicine and set up a clinic in New Jersey without bothering to apply for a license. . . The state of Maryland is suing **Steven B. Goldberg**, a PTA leader(!), for allegedly cheating 18 people out of \$700,000 in phony stock and real estate deals. . . **Mark Nathanson**, Calif. Coastal Commissioner, is being investigated by a federal grand jury for trying to bribe Hollywood stars who wanted permits to improve their multimillion-dollar beach properties. . . Democratic Party fat-cat **David L. Paul**, an S&L swindler of Milkenesque proportions, who wheeled and dealt with millions of dollars of depositors' money, was finally jailed for contempt. While behind bars, he was indicted on 22 counts of financial chicanery. Senators Kerry (D-MA), Breaux (D-LA) and Fowler (D-GA) were beholden to Paul for favors. . . No ordinary confidence man, **Arnold Biegin**, David Dinkins' former campaign finance chairman, has now admitted to stealing \$158,000 from the Zoo City Mayor's campaign fund, plus \$850,000 from an 81-year-old mentally impaired Jewess, who is now practically destitute. . . Steven Schwartz, on the lam for three years for selling a baby for adoption for \$30,000, was arrested in January and thrown in the Bucks County (PA) jug.

Talking Numbers

1.83 71 12 100.013 .03% -43 31425 7

Massachusetts Institute of Technology is one of America's leading institutions of higher learning, vying with the California Institute of Technology as the first choice of budding scientists and engineers. MIT accepts 600 freshmen each year, out of some 7,000 applicants. This year 5 Hispanic students from Ysleta High School in El Paso (TX) were admitted and given all-expense scholarships. One of the successful applicants, Liliana Ramirez, 17, couldn't speak English when she and her family arrived in Texas from Mexico two years ago. It's a good bet that thousands of bright Majority applicants, who were turned down because of their skin color, were far more qualified than any of the 5 Hispanics. Further evidence of how the racial meat grinder in education is working against WASPs and other Majority members, whose forebears founded most American colleges, is shown by a leak from the Dartmouth College admissions office. Last year 21% of white male applicants were accepted; 51% of black males; 43% of Hispanic males; 27% of white females; 57% of black females. To sprinkle salt on the wound, a substantial percentage of those designated as whites were probably Jews.

#

In the first 18 presidential primaries, voter turnout exceeded 50% in only two states, New Hampshire (66.9%) and Massachusetts (59.3%). In most states only 20% to 40% of the registered voters managed to make it to the voting booth.

#

The obsessively racist New Alliance Party (colored folks are always right), headed by Lenora B. Fulani, a black political harpy, and masterminded by Fred Newman, a veteran Jewish WASP-basher, collected \$763,928 in federal matching funds in the first 2 months of presidential electioneering.

#

The combined income of George and Barbara Bush was \$1.3 million last year, \$889,176 of which were royalties from the First Lady's cutesy *Millie's Book*, about White House doings as seen through the eyes of her pet spaniel. \$789,176 of Barbara's take was given to the Barbara Bush Literacy Foundation. George's autobiography only produced a \$2,718 profit.

#

Only 9% of respondents to a 1991 Gallup Poll believed, "Man has developed over millions of years from less advanced forms of life. God had no part in this process." 40% of the respondents agreed with the above statement, provided God was

credited with having a hand in the action. Incredibly, most respondents (47%) opted for creationism: "God created man pretty much in his present form at one time within the last 10,000 years." Trying to digest these dismaying numbers, one might be forgiven for thinking that Darwin had never lived. Since millions of these creationists vote, it's obvious democracy is becoming a very dicey form of government in the U.S. What's even more dismaying is that 32% of Americans, according to Gallup, believe, "The Bible is the actual word of God!" God help us! The only piece of good news gleaned from the poll—and it was only a very small piece—was that church membership in the U.S. has declined 4% from 1937.

#

In a study of 58 U.S. ethnic groups, sponsored by the American Jewish Committee, British and Protestants ranked first in social standing. Next came Germans, Irish and Scandinavians, followed by Italians, Greeks, Poles, Russians and Jews. The bottom of the status barrel was reserved for Amerindians and Mexicans. Japs ranked about the same as French Canadians and Jews. Chinese fell somewhere between Spanish Americans and Hungarians. In a General Social Survey conducted in 1990, the AJC reported, 25% of respondents said they felt whites had too much power; 21% felt the same about Jews.

#

According to a Newsweek poll (March, 1992), between 7% and 16% of blacks blame "racial conspiracies" for their AIDS, drug abuse, crime, broken family and teen pregnancy problems.

#

From 1988 to 1992, 205 Democratic, 119 Republican and 1 Independent members of the House of Representatives bounced 20,398 checks, including 4 of the 5 top House Democratic leaders and 2 of the 5 top Republican leaders. 22 of the 26 black Congressmen and 19 of the 29 Congresswomen were bouncers.

#

New York City has 540 public employees for every 10,000 citizens; Chicago only 151.

#

42% of black District of Columbia males, aged 18 through 35, were caught up in the criminal justice system in any given day during 1991: 15% in prison; 21% on probation; 6% out on bond or being sought by police. 7 out of 10 D.C. black males can expect to be arrested before their 35th birthday, said one critic,

who explained that in Negro circles, "being arrested has almost become a rite of puberty."

#

An estimated 1,385 American kids died of abuse in 1991, the year in which 2,690,000 child abuse cases were reported.

#

Irwin Schiff, author of *How Anyone Can Stop Paying Income Taxes*, has been doing just that since 1973, for which he has already served two prison terms. In March the U.S. Tax Court ordered the Jewish tax-dodger to pay \$44,200 in back taxes, plus penalties of \$48,948.

#

944,000 American individuals and businesses filed for bankruptcy in 1991, up 21% from 1990.

#

Black leaders are complaining about all the money going to Israel when less than \$1 billion a year goes to all of black Africa. "That's \$1,000 per Israeli, compared to 96¢ per African," claimed Randall Robinson, the executive director of TransAfrica.

#

The U.S. Embassy in Moscow continues to receive 7,000 applications a month from Jews wishing to migrate to the U.S. About 5,000 are now arriving every 30 days. Last February more Russian Jews came to the U.S. than went to Israel.

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In 1954, 1 in 10 U.S. public school students was nonwhite. Today, it's 1 in 3.

#

Japanese farmers are only one-quarter as efficient as American farmers. (*The Great Reckoning* by James D. Davidson and Lord William Rees-Mogg, 1991)

#

4 Japanese firms were granted more U.S. patents in 1990 than the leading American applicant, General Electric.

#

A February Gallup Poll indicated that 69% of Americans think too many immigrants are coming from Latin America; 58% too many from Asia; 47% too many from Africa; 36% too many from Europe. 67% agreed with the government's decision to turn back Haitian refugees.

#

More than 10,000 immigrants have used bogus documents to get visas to enter Canada, according to government investigators.

Ponderable Quote

Any black guy that shoots six cops and puts the fear of God in police officers, I think is great.

William Kunstler



Canada. James Keegstra, the Alberta teacher who has been entrapped in the tentacles of the law ever since 1986, when he was first accused of talking too openly about Jewish racial shenanigans in his classroom, is defending himself in his new trial (the guilty verdict in his first trial was overturned on appeal). Defying the old adage that he who acts as his own attorney has a fool for a client, Keegstra explained that, since his earlier travails with the law had already cost him \$91,350, he had no more money to spend on shysters.

Before the trial got underway, the judge shut down a play, *Ilsa, Queen of the Nazi Love Camp*, being performed not so far away in Edmonton, Alberta's capital. One character was named James Keegstra, and the plot hinged on two German concentration camp guards coming to Alberta to search for "the last vial of Adolf Hitler's semen known to exist on earth."

The three Reichmann brothers arrived in Canada via Morocco after WWII. By the late 1950s they were living in Toronto and busy piecing together one of the world's largest real estate empires, plus vast holdings in oil, railroads and newsprint. Like so many Jewish billionaires, they were idolized by the media to the point where financial institutions would loan them millions on their word alone. Today the bloom is off the rose. The Reichmanns owe \$23 billion to nearly 100 banks and are welshing on interest and principal payments on some loans. Fearful that if the huge Reichmann operation went under it would destabilize the Canadian economy, banks first undertook what is euphemistically called "debt restructuring," which included attempts to sell off a lot of the Jewish trio's equity in everything from Toronto and New York skyscrapers to the 71-acre Canary Wharf project in London, the world's largest urban development.

The drying up of the Reichmanns' cash flow has caused the stock of many Canadian banks to plummet, which in turn has hit thousands of Canadian non-Jews where it hurts most—in their portfolios. It is not the first time that Majority members have been financially victimized by high-flying Jewish speculators. Nor is it the first time that a WASP has been called in to save what can be saved from a shaky financial Jewish conglomerate. At the demand of bank officials and against the wishes of the Reichmanns, who are now grinding their teeth at having to report to an American guy, Thomas Johnson, a former president of

Manufacturers Hanover Trust, has been put in charge of Olympia & York, the Reichmanns' flagship enterprise, which has now been declared bankrupt. Johnson and court-appointed examiners will now be able to pry into the financial secrets that the tight-fisted Hungarian-born Jews have long refused to share with anyone.

Canada's liberal-left media have gone into deep mourning following the death of Barbara Frum, a particularly off-putting Choseness who hosted a nightly news analysis program on CBC television. She was often described as a Canadian female version of Ted Koppel. Like most of her tribe, she owed her first allegiance to Israel, which explained why for years she would not allow any mention of the Palestinian uprising on her show. Her producer, Mark Starowicz, another Chosenite, while a reporter for CBC Radio in the early 1970s, picked up a few extra dollars by passing Canadian government secrets on to a KGB agent. Frum always claimed that her finest hour was her interview with Nelson Mandela, shortly after his release from a South African jail. Even Jews must have felt uncomfortable as she grovelled in humble subservience before the old black white hater.

Canada has been rated the world's best country to live in, according to the United Nations Development Program. The U.S. came in sixth, after Japan, Norway, Switzerland and Sweden. Afghanistan and nine black African nations brought up the rear.

Britain. The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence is an order of 25 faggot "nuns" who mince about under such names as Mother Ethyl Dreads-a-Flashback and Sister Moses of the Parting Cheeks. They have two main missions: The Expiation of Stigmata Guilt and the Promulgation of Universal Joy. The British "sisters" are an offshoot of the transvestite fruitcakes who clustered around San Francisco's stomach-turning Sister Boom Boom in the late 70s.

Francis Bacon, the British "genius" responsible for some of the most disgusting paintings ever applied to canvas, died in Madrid at age 82. Reading his obituary one might think the world had lost another Velázquez or Monet. While praising his art (often consisting of monstrous pastiches of tortured animals and twisted humans), the media seemed to compliment Bacon for being a raging queer, who was kicked out

of his home at age 16. His father caught him sexing it up with a groom. As modern art becomes the exclusive hunting ground of perverts, it sure helps to be one.

The polls were up to their old tricks before the recent British general election. Everyone predicted a Labour victory. The Conservatives probably owed their win to the British electorate's justifiable fear that Labourites would let in more colored immigrants than the Tories.

France. Edith Cresson, the loose-lipped lady socialist who was President Mitterrand's prime minister for 323 days, is out and Pierre Pérégovoy, the son of a Ukrainian immigrant, has succeeded her. Madame Cresson wanted to ship France's hordes of illegal immigrants back to North Africa—not a bad idea. She said a quarter of all Anglo-Saxon males were homosexuals—an exaggerated idea. She categorized Japanese as "ants"—a derogatory idea.

The two French conservative parties, united under the name of Union pour la France, came out on top in the March regional elections with 33% of the vote. Le Pen's Front National also garnered a considerable slew of ballots (13.9%), and Le Pen himself won a libel suit against socialist millionaire Bernard Tapie, who had described Front National voters as *salauds* (stinkers) and their leader as a "reincarnated Nazi." The ruling Socialist Party took a bath (18%). The two Green parties made a very respectable and somewhat surprising showing (14%). Communists, in spite of the collapse of the U.S.S.R., picked up 8%.

The eternal avengers received a legal slap in the face in April. The Paris Court of Appeals threw out all charges against 77-year-old Paul Touvier, who, when head of the Vichy militia at Lyons, supposedly had something to do with the murder of seven Jews. As happens whenever Jews don't get their way, in France or elsewhere, the word "outrage," which is spelled and means the same in both English and French, filled the air waves and the front pages.

Spain. Jews are putting a damper on the World's Fair in Seville, the Olympic Games in Barcelona and the 500th anniversary of Columbus's first voyage to the New World. They are feeding the media teary stories to the effect that 1492 was also the year Ferdinand and Isabella expelled the Jews from their kingdom. Today, there are 12,000 Jews in Spain. As would be expected, many of them are dripping with pesetas. To flex their new political muscle, Jews prevailed upon King Juan Carlos to don a yarmulke and visit a

Madrid synagogue. A demand for reparations for the 1492 expulsion is probably in the offing.

Germany. Since he began tripping the light fantastic with mulatto actress Barbara Feltus-Ferbst, tennis star Boris Becker has dropped a few points in the German adulation chart. At a Cologne carnival in March, when some fans spotted his *Liebchen*, they advised her to "go back to the bush." Others chimed in, even more impolitely, "You black witch, you only want Boris's money."

Of all the mendacities propagated in WWII, one of the biggest was that the Germans were building an atomic bomb. Jewish scientists, led by Albert Einstein, were the most consistent perpetrators of this lie. Bombfather Einstein, having shaken up FDR with a nightmarish scenario of a Hitlerian arsenal of superweapons, actually did some work on the A-bomb. Although German chemist Otto Hahn pulled off the amazing feat of splitting the atom (in the laboratory), German scientists never got around to making a bomb and had a sort of unwritten agreement not to tell Hitler about it. Der Führer kept putting all his faith in rockets.

The German who would have been most capable of designing a fission bomb was blond, blue-eyed Werner Heisenberg, the Nobelist who brainstormed the Uncertainty Principle. But Heisenberg would have nothing to do with such a project. In a secret meeting with Niels Bohr in Copenhagen in 1941, he actually proposed that scientists of every nation go on strike to prevent the development and manufacture of nuclear weapons.

After the war Heisenberg was held in "protective custody" by the Allies for eight months. When allowed to return home, he took up physics again and in his winter years led a vigorous campaign against NATO's plan of equipping the West German armed forces with the bomb.

Heisenberg was not only a physicist. He was a near virtuoso at the piano and Walter J. Moore, who reviewed David Cassidy's *The Life and Science of Werner Heisenberg* for the N.Y. Times Book Review (March 8, 1992), had to admit Heisenberg composed beautifully written essays on philosophy. He died in 1976, leaving a wife and seven children.

Almost as big as the Big Lie about the German A-bomb was the Jewish promulgated hype about the German brain drain during the Hitler years. Walter Moore writes: "There is no evidence that any German professor of physics or chemistry who did not have a Jewish family ever ex-

pressed public disapproval of Hitler. . . ." It is interesting that Jewless, brain-drained Germany was able to make the first electronic computer, the first jet engine, the first supersonic airplane and developed the rockets that, with modifications, later put Americans on the moon.

In the April state elections the right-wing Republican Party won 10.9% of the vote in the south German state of Baden-Württemberg. In the north the equally right-wing German People's Union garnered 6.3% of the vote in Schleswig-Holstein (Bremen). The Republican Party is headed by Franz Schoenhuber, a onetime member of the Waffen SS, who likes to remind his critics that his first wife was half-Jewish. Bossman of the German People's Union is Gerhard Frey, publisher of the *Deutsche National-Zeitung*, a minority-tweaking weekly with a circulation of 100,000.

Poland. Now that the number of dead at Auschwitz has been officially reduced from 4 million to 1.5 million, Jews, who always claimed that at least 2 million of the dead sported the Star of David, have been trying to shore up the Six Million mystagogy by (a) claiming 1 million of the amended body count were Jews; (b) searching for evidence of new atrocities further east. Nothing summed up the frantic number-crunching more idiotically than the headline in the *Charlotte Observer* (April 19, 1992): AT AUSCHWITZ SCHOLARS SEE STRENGTH IN SMALLER NUMBERS.

In George Orwell's *1984*, Winston Smith was taught that $2 + 2 = 5$ by Big Brother's regime. The same kind of arithmetic is now applied to Holocaust stats:
 $6,000,000 - 1,000,000 = 6,000,000$.

Finland. In 1939, Russia attacked Finland in what became the Russo-Finnish War. But the Finns fought back. Many Jews served in the Finnish Army in that Finnish-Russian Winter War of 1939-1940, as well as during what was called the Continuation War of 1941-1944. In some of the fighting, Jewish soldiers fought in units alongside German squads.

Israel. Three Israeli air force officers were assigned to the Recon/Optical Inc. in a Chicago suburb in connection with a contract to build a top-secret airborne sky camera. After a dispute over money, the Israelis were asked to leave. Seen emerging with 14 cardboard boxes, they were stopped by a security guard. In the boxes were stacks of plans and drawings for the sky camera. Instead of being officially charged with theft, everything was hushed

up, as so often happens in disputes with Zionists, and the case was referred to a panel of New York arbiters. The decision was secret, but it leaked out that Israel had to pay the company \$2 million. What is so astonishing or perhaps not so astonishing is that the government of Israel never reprimanded its air force officers for their underhanded behavior.

The U.S. has been finding that the Arrow Anti-Missile Defense System, being designed and built by Israel Aircraft Industries, has failed to operate properly and seriously malfunctioned in three test firings. One of the problems was that Dov Ravich, general manager of the factory making the Arrow, has been accused of pocketing tens of thousands of dollars in bribes.

The U.S. government doesn't seem to be too worried that Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir sold or bartered to what was then the Soviet Union secret U.S. documents stolen by Jewish spymaster Jonathan Pollard. In return, Shamir wanted the Kremlin to speed up Jewish immigration to Israel. Is it any wonder that when the U.S. gave its latest top-secret weaponry to Israel that some plans for same eventually turned up in Moscow?

Germany is financing and building two submarines for Israel at a cost of \$470 million. Will the payoffs ever end? It's almost certain that Israel will mount nuclear-tipped cruise missiles on the subs. Meanwhile, Germany is being hit by Shamir for a 10-billion-mark loan guarantee. Now that Bush has committed the unpardonable sin of refusing Israel's similar request for an even larger loan guarantee, it will be interesting to see if Germany takes heart and follows the U.S.

Shmuel Flatto-Sharon cheated Frenchmen out of \$35 million before he lit out for Israel and got himself elected to the Knesset, though he had to step down when he drew a three-month sentence for bribery. The French government still wants to try him for embezzlement—so far without avail. In addition to being a homeland for Jews, Israel is becoming a safe house for Jewish swindlers.

Egypt. One of the most ancient historical clichés has been challenged by the Italian archaeological team excavating near the Great Pyramid. Judging from the houses, cemeteries, artifacts and tools unearthed in a 5,000-year-old "workers city," the builders of the Pyramids were not slaves, but free laborers whose standard of living was remarkably adequate.



The Question of Donor Confidentiality

The Socialist Workers Party won a famous case in the Supreme Court in 1982 when the learned justices allowed the Marxist splinter group to keep the names of its financial contributors confidential, along with the amounts given. The Court ruled that disclosure of such information would subject the moneybags of minor political parties to threats, harassment or reprisals.

Somehow the Supreme Court's decision has not filtered down to newspaper publishers. Many Duke donors were exposed to threats and harassment after they woke up one morning to find their names, addresses and amounts carefully spelled out in their local papers. The Fourth Estate's defiance of the Supreme Court's ruling in re the Socialist Workers is a brazen attempt to shut off financial contributions to third parties. Media magnates know full well the dangers, financial as well as physical, risked by anyone "caught" giving a nickel to Duke. Contributors to the Populist Party, which needs a lot of bucks to gear up for the day of truth in November, stand a good chance of having their names plastered in the press. One possible way to avoid this might be for candidates to warn their local newspapers ahead of time of possible legal action. They should refer to the Supreme Court's decision and then throw in a word or two about invasion of privacy.

Berserk Jews

At the very instant that parts of Los Angeles were being consigned to the flames, members of the University of Texas (Austin) Student Publications Board were being cursed, spat at, threatened, mobbed, pushed and shoved by frothing-at-the-mouth Jews. The brawl broke out in a raucous meeting at which board members had, for the second time, reversed their earlier decision to accept a Bradley Smith Revisionist ad calling for open debate on the Holocaust. The ad was originally supposed to run in the student newspaper on Wednesday, April 29, but in a last-minute meeting the board waffled and postponed the insertion date until Friday. But some of the Chosen, believing mistakenly that it had appeared in the Wednesday paper as originally scheduled, removed all copies of the paper from numerous bins and kiosks around campus. A day later, terrorized by all this berserker activity, board members cravenly reversed their decision, 7 to 4, and cancelled the ad. The UT community should feel lucky that the Jews didn't torch some of the buildings on campus, as blacks would have done had an ad appeared that attacked their "victim status."

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Duke Post Mortems

At the annual Government's Prayer Breakfast in April, a minister, rabbi and Gov. Edwin Edwards gave thanks to God for the defeat of David Duke in last year's Louisiana gubernatorial race. . . Recall '92, a citizens' movement to recall Edwards, is busy gathering signatures. . . Having collected 109,228 ballots (1.7% of the Republican presidential primary vote), Duke admitted to newsmen that Pat Buchanan's candidacy had grievously injured his own campaign. Rather than run as a third party candidate, Duke said he would stick to the lecture circuit, devote some time to his computer business and possibly write a book about his dramatic political experiences.

Upcoming IHR Conference

Applications are now being accepted to attend the Eleventh International Revisionist Conference, October 10-12, 1992, in the Los Angeles area, sponsored by the Institute for Historical Review.

Those who make it to the conference can count on a stimulating weekend of Revisionist history and fellowship in a hideaway well removed from no-man's land. Ten speakers are scheduled, among them Prof. Robert Faurisson, Europe's foremost Holocaust critic, David Irving (profuse author of many iconoclastic books on WWII), Prof. Arthur R. Butz (America's first and foremost demolisher of the Six Million Myth) and such knowledgeable Revisionist braintrusts as Willis Carto, Mark Weber, Ted O'Keefe and Bradley Smith. A special guest from Europe will give the Exterminationists a new name to conjure with. Write to the Institute for Historical Review, 1822 1/2 Newport Blvd., Suite 191, Costa Mesa, CA 92627 for details and a registration application.

Blonds Are Brighter

Brunette Jessica Kiou, a 14-year-old student at Carmichael Junior High in Richland (WA), grew so sick and tired of hearing dumb blonde jokes that she decided to do a little research. After querying 270 eighth-grade students of both sexes as to their hair color and then checking their academic performance, she found that the 30% who were blonds had a grade point average of 3.43 compared to 3.14 for the 54% of students who were brunets. The 11% redhead component and the small Negro minority were not included in the survey.

New Publisher Enters the Fray

The Landpost Press (P.O. Box 1131, Valley Forge, PA 19481) is a new publishing venture founded by Tim McCarthy, a graduate of Temple University, who has long maintained a lively interest in Revisionist history. McCarthy states he "ventured into the Sargasso Sea of publishing well aware of the inherent risks [which] increase a hundredfold when the silent treatment given to Revisionist publishers is factored into the equation." Landpost's booklist already includes four handsomely printed "classics" available in both hardcover and softcover editions: *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* by Edward Creasy; *The Racial Elements of European History* by Hans F.K. Gunther; *The Plow and the Swastika* by J.E. Farquharson; *The German Revolution* by H. Powys Greenwood.

Stirlots

- Just eight days after Spotlight published a sharp condemnation of the Federal Election Committee's failure to prosecute Communist Party kingpin Gus Hall for illegally accepting \$21 million from the Soviet Union, the FEC slapped Liberty Lobby, Spotlight's publisher, with a fine of \$1,191,55.40 for "illegally" contributing \$368,303.60 to the Populist Party in the misty past of the 1984 presidential election.

- Michael Lysek II is running for state representative in Pennsylvania's 131st district on the Populist Party ticket. He says any financial support sent him at P.O. Box 1681, Allentown, PA 18105 will be greeted with cheers. Lysek promises that no matter how fiercely Jews attack him, unlike some radical right political candidates, he will not moderate one iota of his pro-Majority stand.

- The quarterly Maledicta is a constantly updated anthology of the pejoratives that litter the American media. If Majority members want to know what horrible things horrible people are saying these days, as they accelerate the debasement of U.S. culture, write to Maledicta Press, P.O. Box 14123, Santa Rosa, CA 95402-6123.

- Federally subsidized breeding is not quite as "liberal" as it used to be in Wisconsin. A single mother in the state now gets \$479 from AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children). In the aftermath of a special Bush administration ruling, a mother of two will get the one-kid stipend of \$479 instead of the previous \$517; a mother of three who used to get \$617 will now also be limited to \$479.