

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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APRIL 1989



THE HONORABLE
DAVID ERNEST DUKE,
LOUISIANA STATE
REPRESENTATIVE

(See Page 37)

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

□ I attribute our string of 20th-century fiascoes, beginning with WWI, to American hubris rather than to alien subversion. Roosevelt, Willkie and the CFR crowd quite honestly believed that the most important foreign policy goal was American suzerainty and were willing to make whatever compromises were necessary to attain this not entirely unreasonable objective. A young, vigorous country necessarily wants to grow and to master its immediate environment, which in the 20th century happens to include the entire world. So why not enlist the support of the Jewish people? What does Anglo-Saxon America have to fear from these poor, pathetic (my God, ugly) nickelnoses? Opportunity knocks but once, me buckos. We've yet to see if the U.S. ends up face down in the swimming pool, a bullet in its back. Perhaps only the Gatsbys -- the Majority renegades -- will so suffer.

301

□ As you must know, P.W. Botha has had a slight stroke and has resigned as leader of the National Party, though he still remains President. He is halving his work load, that is all, but even so it is an improvement. P.W. Botha is the National Party. When he is gone, it will fall to pieces. The Conservative Party has the green light in its favor now, but, unfortunately, Dr. Treurnicht is not a stirring leader, not a good speaker, has zero charisma and is two-faced to boot. The AWB (Afrikaner Resistance Movement) is also in a turmoil, owing to the oafish behavior of Terre' Blanche, the onetime police warrant officer. The Right here badly needs a good leader.

South African subscriber

□ In regard to your item in *Instauration* (Feb. 1989), dirt eating is or at least used to be common among poor Southern blacks. Parasitic worms cause anemia. Clay is high in iron, so the blacks ate it to offset anemia.

606

□ Among New York Jews (New York Times Jews, not Jewish Daily Forward Jews) there is a widespread tendency to refer to any nonethnic white as "Irish" if he has done something unsavory or has a low social ranking. If, however, the person in question is being praised or belongs to the upper classes, he is a WASP. This is quite irrespective of one's actual ancestry or profession of faith. I get a whiff of the same thing in *Instauration*. There is, admittedly, a small number of American Kellys and Quinns -- and Millers, Blakes, Smiths and Johnsons -- who take on Irishness as a sort of hobby. Undoubtedly they make noise out of proportion to their numbers. *Instauration* ought to discount this ersatz ethnicity and stop editorializing as though it were genuine.

100

□ I've been heartened by the right-wing callers who have been listening to C-SPAN and airing their intelligent views. I've devised a question that *Instauration* readers should be putting to the countless high priests of media-land, those sensitive, courageous, liberal heroes -- Larry King, Phil Donahue and the like -- whose political bent qualifies them to show the rest of us the paths of righteousness: "Should it be acceptable for whites to state publicly that they are proud to be white?" Often the right question, carefully worded, causes the dogmatic liberal to hem and haw, revealing his gross intellectual dishonesty for all intelligent people to see.

542

□ I had wondered how *Instauration* escaped the establishment's wrath; now the November issue leaves me wondering if it's subsidized. No condoning the Fed, please. Uncontrolled (free market) currency fueled the rapid development of the American colonies, Scotland and other places before it was suppressed. When President Jackson broke the central bank, the international bankers set about restoring it even as they set up and then looted supposedly independent banks, making fast bucks while discrediting freedom. It is a well-established but little-known fact that the boom-bust cycle, ruinous inflation and such events as our Great Depression do not happen in free markets. See Friedrich von Hayek's book on the "decentralization" of money, which separates economics from the political process. Your "wild financial gyrations of uncontrolled and unregulated banks" reads like the *Daily Worker*. Banking and other free market functions are subject to human greed and folly, and should be subject to the laws of contract and fraud. Nothing more. Yes, the Fed is part of the Global Conspiracy, but not simply of Jews. There are just too many WASPs involved, too many perfect Aryan types, for it to be a Jewish monopoly.

923

□ There seems to be some confusion as to the fate of Herschel Grynszpan, the young Polish Jew who shot German diplomat Ernst vom Rath in Paris in November 1938 and sparked Kristallnacht in the Third Reich. Ingrid Weckert, in her book, *Feuerzeichen*, a full-length report on Kristallnacht, says the French arrested and imprisoned him, but turned him over to the Germans after Hitler's invasion. In Germany, Grynszpan was never put on trial and survived the war in a prison. Weckert writes, "The defeated Germany returned his freedom to him. Under a changed name he returned to Paris." Where he went afterward, if he is still among the living, no one seems to know.

687

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□ The obscene Reagan has done his damage and moves on. The Genocide Treaty, though an abomination per se, leaves me much heartened. It offers us great and infinite opportunities that need but be grasped and exploited imaginatively. (a) Blacks should cite Mayor Koch for forcing them to live in housing so unspeakably bad as to be tantamount to genocide; (b) Balts, Croats and Ukrainians should cite the U.S. government for deporting them to foreign countries to be murdered, thereby putting all members of these identifiable ethnic groups in a state of anguish and fear; (c) Arab Americans should cite the U.S. government for permitting the Jewish Defense League to kill and harass Arab Americans with impunity, thereby causing mental anguish and fear of bodily harm to members of this identifiable group; (d) Lebanese Americans should cite the government for condoning and being implicated in Israel's genocide of the Lebanese people; (e) German Americans should cite Elie Wiesel for inciting hatred of all Germans everywhere.

087

□ Liberals don't give up so easily. Look for some scandal involving one or more of the conservative members of the Nogood Nine. In 1972, Tricky Dick carried 49 states, but was forced out of office within 20 months. So much for the right of the voters to decide.

966

□ Feminists say that rape is a crime of violence, not of sex. Ted Bundy, who was burned on fry-day, blamed his troubles on pornography. That's called pandering to the Christers, whom he expects to pray him into Heaven. I liked one of the signs held by a spectator at the death watch: THIS BUZZ'S FOR YOU, TED.

025

□ George Mitchell, the solon from Maine and new Senate Majority Leader, is said to be half-Lebanese, half-Irish. In other words, a boozy camel jockey.

111

□ I think "The End of the World" (Dec. 1988) was the best article to appear in *Instauration* since "A Difference of Minds" (July 1979) all those years ago. It was lucid, taut and muscular in style and logically radical.

Australian subscriber

□ Am delighted to hear that scurvy Jane Fonda-Tom Hayden team is on the skids. "It's a private matter which they hope the public will respect," commented *People* (Feb. 27, 1989). Respect for the public didn't seem to play any part when they chummed up with the Viet Cong. Wonder who got fed up first?

309

□ While I have pen in hand, let me just make a brief comment on Tally Essen's article (Jan. 1989). He is suggesting a very poor alliance when he suggests joining with the people who are largely responsible for our present situation. If they have created a monster and it is coming home to roost, too bad! Let them suffer the results of the horrible mess they have made.

287

□ I'm in my early 30s. In common with those of my generation, I am a job snob. To me, the workaday world is very important. High status employment requires dressing up and talking in numbers. I often wear a Hermes scarf, a silk blouse and an Italian wool skirt, so nobody mistakes me for a bohemian. I own a Hewlett-Packard 12C calculator, on which I can do two-variable regression if anyone asks, although I would prefer to use a Lotus program for any serious number-crunching. Low status is working by yourself, wearing any old thing, not interacting with people, being involved with highly subjective thoughts. Poets? What could be lower than a poet? Writers? Aren't writers contemptible? Scribble, scribble, eh, Dr. Johnson? Have you seen the way these people live? Artists? Don't you dare call me an artist. Doesn't fit on the résumé. There you have an impressionistic portrait of that bit of late-80s Zeitgeist that surrounds me.

122

□ "Time to Re-Examine Our Priorities?" (*Instauration*, Jan. 1989) is strategically in a class with Franklin's lightning, and I am inclined to go along with great caution. I go back before the Jews reached the power they hold today. I can attest that it was not they who forced black culture into our circle. They didn't make it chic to be seen at the Club De Lisa. Unlike the Germans, Poles and Scandinavians of Moyok (MN), they didn't adopt a little black savage. As is their nature, Jews simply took advantage of an existing situation and blew it up to benefit themselves. The real trouble is white perversion, white psychosis and white gutter aesthetics. I have been close friends with many Jews. But no Jews ever asked me if I liked them. As with any race, there are great differences. Some of the Jews I knew were not bad. Jews have much to offer in all fields and often make generous companions. Even in business, I have occasionally treasured their services. But I know the pitfalls. Yes, I've been on a beach full of Jews. But considering their good points, I have been tempted to question my prejudice. It's a different story with the "nigger lover" who has only seen blacks at a church social. The point is that Jews as a group somehow have an ineluctable, paranoid megalomania. As an animal lover, I've often thought what fun it would be to cuddle up with a snow leopard, but---. So, with the Jews, I must dispense with their charms in any manner that is required.

468

□ I recently read a biography of William Joyce (Lord Haw Haw), who once told a friend that a fascist group he formed was offered \$300,000 by a Jew with the proviso that Joyce drop any anti-Semitic statements.

600

□ *Instauration* should run a feature telling us the proper places to vacation. I remember a friend in the 1960s returning from Jamaica, staggered by the number of "hate stares" he received from the natives. He spent the whole time he was there expecting a riot just like the ones in Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit. Where should *Instaurationists* vacation?

407

□ Representative Jim Courter (R-NJ) was reportedly sent by his Jewish constituents to tell Israeli leaders, "If Israel is going to redefine the laws that may affect the interest of American Jewry, it may have a serious impact on U.S. legislation, appropriations, support and money." This suggests two things, both disturbing. First, Rep. Courter is saying that American Jews are so displeased by the prospect of a change in the definition of a Jew that they are threatening to withhold aid. American Jews, it seems, can turn the congressional tap on or off all by themselves. May I point out that foreign aid is paid with the tax dollars of all Americans, not just those of Jews?

Second, Uzi Baram, the secretary general of the Israeli Labor Party, says this is the "first time ever" that a serious disagreement has broken out between American and Israeli Jews. What is all the bad feeling about? Not about the continued occupation of invaded lands. Not about the invasion of Lebanon. Not about the beating and killing of unarmed Arabs. It is about what sort of non-Israeli Jews are automatically entitled to Israeli citizenship.

Mr. Courter suggests that it is American Jews who decide how much support Israel gets from the U.S. Mr. Baram tells us that what jeopardizes that support is the definition of "Who is a Jew?" Is this the question on which our Middle East policy should hinge?

940

□ It is not enough to say that Jews are racist, although it is certainly true. The question to pose is, "What is there in common with the various aspects of Jewishness? How does Adam Smith's outlook differ from that of Ricardo? Smith looked at things spread out over time, as did Darwin. Ricardo was "tuned in to what's happening." It is in this context that I would say that Smith's thinking was static. Needless to say, this has nothing to do with policy, whether or not what one or the other said is good for our race. Marx might possibly, as things turned out, be remembered as one who inadvertently did most for our race. That has nothing to do with his theory of interest or of money. An explanation of his Jewishness should explain why Einstein's theories differed from those of Newton. We need not be concerned here that Einstein was a socialist or that he acted in the interest of his race. Of interest to us is that his concepts of time and space differ from ours. This is, I believe, why Einstein is so famous. He shocked the nerve ends of Western intuition.

288

□ You know, if someone of another generation -- past or future -- should read that bizarre Satcom Sam piece on Geraldo (Jan. 1989) and his hellzapoppin' show with the "Skins," it would be a best-selling, side-splitting reminder of Thorne Smith's nutty predicaments of the 30s-40s. By the time Sam finished, I was ready to pop. Roy Innis sparring with the air; rabbi so-and-so retreating until the dust settled. Laurel & Hardy could not have done it better. Unreal, absolutely unreal! Thank you for a belly-splitting, insane, unbelievable rendition of America the Beautiful.

327

□ Just heard the BBC program describing Christian attempts to convert Jews as "distasteful proselytizing." Gist of the program was that the mere fact of presenting Christianity as the Truth is anti-Semitic. BBC commentary has (literally) been weeping over the expulsion of the Tamil who had sought "sanctuary" in a church. The BBC is very left, anti-U.S., anti-Thatcher. The Radio Poland broadcast in English had an interesting interview with a Chicago professor, Eugene Kushalevitch, described as an expert on Poland. He said, "American Jews lie a great deal about Polish history, but Polish Jews don't."

British subscriber

□ By now, I'm sure the Waspishly Yours column (Dec. 1988) has received numerous compliments. Let me add mine. I thoroughly enjoyed it. A very bright friend of mine said it was fantastic. My mother, who is no dummy either, said she was savoring it while drinking a cup of tea when I telephoned her. For a long time, I wanted to write a distilled history of U.S./Israel relations. It would be hard to beat the December article.

338

□ The U.S. continues in its role as the Great Poisoner of the Northern European race. With immense numbers of nonwhite and dark-white American military personnel stationed in the Northern European living space, the incidence of miscegenation grows apace. As a teacher in a public school, I constantly hear mulatto, mestizo and Oriental children speak of their relatives in Germany, Britain, Holland and Australia. The Northern European member of these mixed matches is invariably the mother. The latest such incident occurred shortly before Christmas, when a 16-year-old Mexican girl (father a onetime legal alien who joined the Air Force and was promptly sent to Europe) announced that she was spending the holidays in England with her English grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins. At such times I bleed inwardly -- and alone.

782

□ While I believe we are seeing increasing media space critical of the miserable conduct of Jews, I am not yet optimistic enough to hope we, the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic-Germanic people, will put them in their proper place. Their low culture has insinuated itself into our society to the point where we now call "right" "wrong," and "wrong" "right."

220

□ I read this letter in the New York Post:

You silly New Yorkers. Your policemen and doctors are murdered. Your elderly and your children live in fear. Your buildings are crumbling. Your potholed streets are filthy. As your state runs a deficit, your governor wants to increase welfare 15%. You deserve yourselves.

122

□ Mississippi Senator John Stennis has now retired with full honors -- awarded by the Wall Street Journal. He needs to be told that not everybody appreciates him. He came into the Senate as a strong segregationist and he went out as a media-managing integrationist.

386

□ Let's hope that not too many Instaurationists were snowed by Tally Essen's apologia (Jan. 1989) for the Jews. It does not surprise me that one of Essen's principal concerns is that property values will plummet if blacks move into his neighborhood. Oy vay! Please excuse me while I dry out my hanky. As one who works in a large Washington law firm with more than 250 attorneys (193 of whom are Jews), I listen to this flapdoodle almost every day. Who does Essen think the brokers were who had Negroes shipped to America in the first place? Who does Essen think the immigration lawyers are who pave the way for the huddled, muddled and befuddled masses entering this country? As they say down on the farm, you reap what you sow. With all due respect for Essen's significant foreboding of black thuggery, muggery and assimilation, any true Instaurationist who embraces a Jew as an ally should seriously think about having his head examined.

200

□ Jesse Jackson has announced (pronounced) that blacks should hereafter be called "African Americans." Perhaps the term is as good as any to help separate African Americans from European Americans, a result which could prove an inestimable blessing to the latter. "African natives" also would have a nice ring, echoing the "native American" label so loved by Jewish sociologists and the "Indian community." My own choice was "African primitives," until I came across, in January's Instauration, an even better appellation: "Afro-Barbarians."

984

□ I am a retired police officer. This summer, a Denver talk show host insulted me for criticizing his remark that it is not necessary for police officers to be educated. I realized, of course, that all such protestations are useless, since nothing is changing, no matter how many million words I and others like me utter or how many logical points I make. I would ask questions such as, "How large of a cemetery do you think it would take to bury all of the white people that were murdered by blacks just in your lifetime?" "How long would a single file line be that included all of the white hold-up victims of black criminals?" I never get a direct answer.

889

□ You've heard of football widows. Well, I'm an Instauration widow. The moment the magazine hits the mailbox, my husband starts to read it and doesn't stop till he's read it cover to cover. The magazine is so great I forgive him my widowhood.

370

□ Your choice of George Shultz as Majority Renegade of the Year was an excellent one. I have one question, however. You state in the article that Abraham Sofaer is an Egyptian-born Jew. Not that it matters much, but I had always heard that his host country of birth was India. Can you set me straight?

927

Editor's note: You're right. The Deep Throat of Irangate first saw the light of day in Bombay.

□ I think Zip 089's broadside against Pat Buchanan (Jan. 1989) is a wee bit harsh. Granted, Buchanan remains hidebound by his anti-communism, anti-abortionism and blind love of capitalism. Nevertheless, he is the only major media pundit with the guts to chip around the edges of what passes for free speech in this country. Who else with prime time media exposure has condemned the Demjanjuk farce, the OSI and racial quotas? Moreover, Buchanan's excellent semi-autobiographical *Right from the Beginning* is full of cogent observations on the transformation of Washington from a sleepy, gentle Southern city to its current status as a sinkhole of crime, dope and lib-min racial bigotry. I've followed Buchanan for about eight years now and detect a definite evolution in his views from kneejerk conservatism to original thinking. One gets the impression that he knows the score, but also knows the limits set by our media ringmasters. No doubt he enjoys his six-figure income (who wouldn't?), but as long as he is around to nibble at the fringes of "respectable" dialogue, we're the gainers.

927

□ I saw the movie, *Talk Radio*, on Martin Luther King Day. Those incredible Jews! Once again they turn adversity around and make hay! Once again a movie is based on the life of talk show host Alan Berg -- as in the case of *Betrayed* -- very loosely based. In *Talk Radio*, the action doesn't take place in Denver, but in Dallas. Any lib-minner worth his salt has to do a little Texas-bashing, doesn't he? So that's where the radio Jew gets even with all the white crazies and lost souls who waste time calling in or listening to him. What a financial godsend Berg was to the Jews! A dead Berg, I mean. Think of all the money the Jewish scriptwriters, movie producers, newspaper critics and film distributors have made off the Berg legacy. Not to mention the author who wrote Berg's biography, *Talked to Death*. And what an opportunity to preach and lay moral strictures on the goyim moviegoers. Jesus, do they lay it on thick in *Talk Radio*! On top of a lecture in *Racism 101*, we get to hear all sorts of Instaurationist arguments right in the movie theater. Well, MLK Day is behind us and I only have an hour or so to get to *Mississippi Burning*. They are churning them out quicker nowadays, aren't they? Underneath all the profiteering, however, I do detect a bit of alarm.

787

□ The cartoon on the February 1989 cover made me laugh so hard I failed to read the rest of Instauration until the next night.

142

☐ Just recently, I returned from a week's vacation in Cancun, Mexico, where I had a conversation with a Canadian and a Mexican. The Canadian said he was doing research work for American companies relocating in Canada as a result of the new Free Trade agreement. He said he knew of over 100 U.S. companies that will move to Canada within the next five years at a cost of thousands of U.S. manufacturing jobs. As for the Mexican, he told me that Mexico will be sending huge numbers of young men and women to the U.S., and soon "we will own the country." He wasn't laughing when he was telling me this.

837

☐ I must agree with Zip 100. The piece on the Federal Reserve (Nov. 1988) is the first thing I have ever seen in Instauration that I take exception to. I hardly think the Fed is a Majority-owned or -operated institution. Is Greenspan Majority? I think not! We need an independent economy separate from the internationalists.

550

☐ Why don't Instaurationists read serious fiction? Gore Vidal blames it on academia, which has captured all aspects of literature "except the ability to create it." Bellow, Roth and Updike don't turn me on. Instead of serious fiction, I now read biographies.

442

☐ Nearly all the disparaging remarks about blacks seem aimed at their inferior IQs. If the measure of real intelligence is the ability to survive, how can such judgments be justified in the light of what blacks have done to whites in this country over the past 50 years? Blacks obviously vote for the benefit of themselves alone and not for reasons based on anything less tangible. Is this a sign of inferior intellect? What is different about blacks and dangerous to whites has little to do with intelligence. Have you heard of a white waiter spitting in the soup of a customer and then considering the matter an intriguing anecdote? Or heard about a white setting fire to a rubber tire draped about the head of an enemy?

922

☐ One shouldn't accept conspiracy theories too quickly, such as that semi-conspiratorial article on the Federal Reserve Board (Instauration, Nov. 1988). It is quite easy to argue that certain people are out for themselves at the expense of the public, since all social vertebrates behave this way. As E.O. Wilson has argued: Intelligence means that an animal will make up its own mind on the basis of evidence it alone acquires, which means in turn that its actions will not always be the best for the group. Conspiracies, whether in the strong sense of a cabal or just the meeting of minds in the etymological sense of "breathe together," are all over the place. What needs to be demonstrated is that the given conspiracy is effective, and this takes considerably more doing than documenting intent. Two reasons why conspiracies are so often ineffective: Other conspiracies will win out, and conspirators in the given conspiracy will defect (witness OPEC).

208

☐ Mordechai Levy of the Jewish Defense League said in a televised interview, "I will destroy [David] Duke and his campaign and pledge to see his blood run in the streets." Can you believe it? That such a threat can be made in the vaunted American democracy -- without a cry of outrage from everyone, whether for or against a particular candidate. When a non-Jew, when the Ayatullah, utters a death threat, the whole world starts screaming. Think of it. A man runs for public office, conforms to all the laws of the land. Then a Jew jumps up, and in a televised broadcast that millions can hear, promises to make the candidate's "blood run in the streets." Good God! Did you ever hear such un-American language? Jews must really believe that this land is their land, in which they can do as they damn well please.

632

☐ It would almost certainly have been best if Hitler had not declared war against the U.S. when he did, in spite of Roosevelt's bellicose actions. It's difficult to know for sure, but I think there was not sufficient public support for an FDR declaration of war against Germany, even after Pearl Harbor. The Tripartite alliance obligated member states to join in war only in the case of attack. It did not apply if a member state initiated the attack. Therefore, Germany was not obliged to go to war against the U.S. because of Pearl Harbor, nor was Japan obliged to go to war against the Soviet Union after the German attack of June 1941. Interestingly, Japan and the USSR had a nonaggression treaty, which Japan honored throughout the war in spite of German pressure. The Soviet Union violated it only in August 1945 (after the atomic bombing of Hiroshima), upon the insistence of the U.S. and Britain. Even today, this act of Soviet "treachery" is well remembered in Japan. I believe that if the Reich had somehow held on until the end of 1945, the U.S. would certainly have used the atomic bomb against it. Dresden and Hamburg showed that the U.S. had no moral compunctions against killing masses of German civilians, contrary to the canard put out by nonwhite racists that the White House ordered the Bomb dropped on Japan because the Japanese were not white.

723

☐ How come we can have a cartoon on the front cover (Feb. 1989), but no Marv or Willie on the inside pages?

930

☐ First off, I'd like to say to Zip 787 (Jan. 1989) that I don't know your background, but off the top of my head what you said sounded pathetic. To hear that your 10-year-old son was "bewildered" by what you said about race not only made me sick, but also infuriated me. By the age of ten he should have a firm grasp on racial matters, at least know the difference between Majority reality and minority brainwashing. What have you been doing while they've been "brainwashing" him for five years, twiddling your thumbs and watching The Cosby Show? How are we ever going to straighten up this mess of a nation/world if we don't bring our children up right?

166

☐ This morning, as I drove my wife through a seemingly endless Washington (DC) neighborhood of blacks and Latino immigrant types, I got the incredibly disquieting notion that I was the last white man on earth. On my right, on my left, in front and behind me were armies of dark-skinned low-lives, dressed in their "native garb" of all-night wraparound blankets, discarded army fatigues, unlaced sneakers, and a wild assortment of ponchos, serapes and felt "sun bonnets" oddly out of character in this miserable mid-winter scene. Shifting my eyes away from the dismal trash-laden street, I glanced at the car moving parallel to mine at about my same speed. Driving it was another "soldier" of the sepia army wildly tapping his hands in time to the crazed beat of a soul number blaring from his deck-mounted speakers. At irregular intervals the car would jerk from side to side, apparently in exaggerated accompaniment to the music. With relieved happiness, I turned off the road to deliver my passenger to her office -- a social services agency in the heavily black town of Alexandria. My next step was to that ultimate racial battleground, Washington, which is dying day by day, night by night. New records for murder and mayhem are reported almost hourly by black newscasters on all three of the capital's network affiliates. I listen closely to hear the announcer utter words of remorse and shame at their people's barbarism. I hear naught.

220

☐ I just read "Bigots in the Ivory Tower," Time's ridiculous article (Jan. 23, 1989) lumping the formation of a White Students Union at Temple University with violent, illegal acts and calling them all, "signs of intolerance." Time's predictably antiwhite posture seems to necessitate that being dedicated to fighting affirmative action programs and promoting white pride should be interpreted as racial intolerance instead of what common sense tells us it really is: the natural extension of ethnic consciousness to all population groups, not just a few select minorities. The double standard that the media have concerning racial pride and racial self-interest becomes more and more obvious, even to impressionable college students, most of whom are awash in a cesspool of social-levelling propaganda. That pro-Majority groups are forming in colleges is strong evidence that America is turning the corner. If policies are not soon implemented on the federal level to satisfy the concerns of Majority Americans, society will begin to erupt, with minorities being the victims. The ones who do most of the work and pay most of the taxes can be cast as America's truest villains only for so long before they will rebel. It's coming -- and coming soon.

303

☐ "Time to Examine our Priorities" (Jan. 1989). Forget it! The Jews in America are the most dynamic force behind integration and the black cultural putsch. Join with Jews and your movement is effectively neutralized (remember the John Birch Society?). It is the black and Asian racial nationalists that we should be talking to in the interest of promoting separatism and a worldwide boycott of Zion.

232

EMERSON AND THE BLOND RACE

TO NAME Ralph Waldo Emerson one of this country's leading racists might seem surprising, though this is not meant to imply that he consciously articulated any elaborate Anglo-Saxon or Germanic race theory. These developments were to come later, with Houston Stewart Chamberlain (who abandoned England for the Germanic homeland), Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard and A.E. Wiggam, among others. Emerson, like Joseph Arthur de Gobineau in France, only helped pave the way.

Emerson may have derived some of his notions from Bronson Alcott, who, we are told, linked blond hair and blue-eyes with light and goodness. We know that Emerson was impressed by the accounts of Tacitus and by the widely touted anecdote of the Angle captives whose handsomeness so delighted Saint Gregory. We know, too, that the Sage of Concord read with interest the racial theories of Robert Knox and Charles Pickering at a time when the "cult" of Alfred the Great was proclaiming the virtues of the Anglo-Saxon in English history.

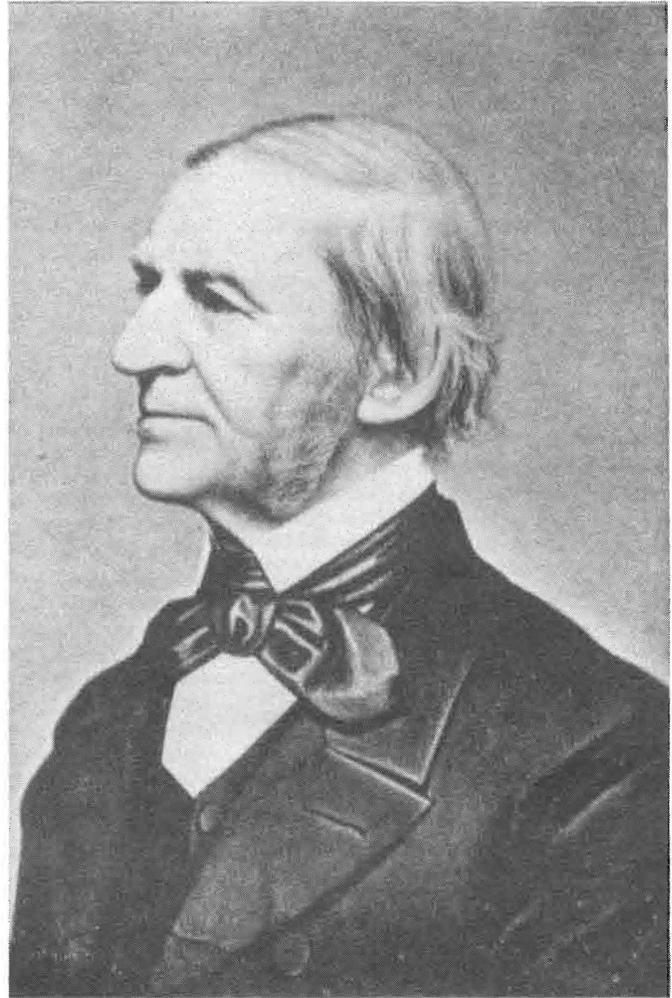
Though he recognized a "thinness" in American life, Emerson held out boundless hope for the republic. With nary a touch of malice, he named America, not Britain, as the "seat and center of the British race," viewing the U.S. as a continuation of British life and genius. The outwardly crude Americans, in Emerson's opinion, were as fine a breed as the average Englishman and were quite susceptible to polish. Alfred and Shakespeare, he asserted, were wrought out of the coarse Angle and Saxon.

In contemplation of the "American Dream," Emerson wrote of immigrants "crowding on all ships from all corners of the world to the great Atlantic gates of North America." But is it possible that he wanted this crowd to originate in Britain, since, as he himself tells us, the British nation constituted the core of the modern world?

Emerson's references to a "British race" may have been somewhat unscientific. But it's clear he meant those men and women who were predominantly of Nordic type, whether Teutonic or Celtic. He clearly admires most those physical and mental qualities which are commonly attributed to the blond race of Northernkind.

The sources from which the English are mainly derived, as Emerson perceived them, are Saxon and Norman. Since the Celts are not prominent in his brilliant essay, "English Traits," we may infer these traits chiefly belong to Anglo-Saxons, Danes and Normans -- more or less indistinguishable Germanic groups. In contemplating the English, Emerson looked directly at the primitive components: "I will choose a rude race, all masculine, with brutish strength." His admiration of this promising race was as extravagant as was his dislike of those nondescripts who comprised the Roman world and who failed so miserably to carry forward the inheritance of antiquity.

When Emerson wrote that "the foundations of the new civility were to be laid by the most savage men," he was



adumbrating H.S. Chamberlain. When he affirmed that it is "in the deep traits of race that the fortunes of nations are written," he was foreshadowing Wiggam, in whose view race and heredity are the makers of men and nations. When he regarded the Dundee Church tower as having been built "by another and better race than any that now look upon it," he was anticipating Grant, who was to look back longingly to the Middle Ages, when "Europe was Teutonic."

Emerson's belief that "in race it is not only physical traits which give advantage, but a symmetry that reaches as far as the wit," was a foretaste of William McDougall and Richard McCulloch. When he wrote that the climate and geography are of secondary importance, that men have a hand in making their own environment, that his favorite race made a garden of plenty out of an almost "arctic isle," that "if the race is good so is the place," he was making one of the most complete affirmations of the racial theories of Gobineau to be found anywhere.

It's unlikely, however, that Emerson was acquainted with the latter's work. On the other hand, it's quite possible that Hippolyte-Adolphe Taine, French historian and An-

glophile, was influenced quite as much by Emerson's work as by his compatriot's *Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines* (1854).

Taine, in his *History of English Literature* (1865), after having considered the traits preserved in the British stock through "descent and climate," writes: "Under this native barbarism there were noble dispositions, unknown to the Roman world, which were destined to produce a better people out of the ruins . . ." Emerson, discounting climate, expresses himself just as clearly: "When it is considered what humanity, what resources of mental and moral power and traits of the blond race betoken, its accession to empire marks a new and finer epoch, wherein the old mineral force shall be subjugated."

A look at similar passages in Emerson and Taine having reference to the English serves to further illuminate the foundations of Emerson's unfailing admiration of the "British race."

EMERSON: They are headstrong believers and defenders of their opinion, and not less resolute in maintaining their whim and perversity.

TAINÉ: Each in his own home, on his own land, and in his own hut, was master of himself, firm and self-contained, in no wise restrained or shackled . . . If he bends, it is because he is quite willing to bend.

EMERSON: The nation has a tough, acrid, animal nature, which centuries of churching and civilization have not been able to sweeten.

TAINÉ: And all the refinement and softening influence of civilization have not abolished amongst them the use of the rod and the fist.

EMERSON: The French say that the Englishmen in the street always walk straight before them like mad dogs.

TAINÉ: People of the Latin race never at a first glance see in them [the English] aught but large gross beasts, clumsy and ridiculous when not dangerous and enraged.

EMERSON: They are rather manly than warlike. When the war is over, the masks fall from the affectionate and domestic tastes, which make them women in kindness.

TAINÉ: War is at every door, I am aware, but warlike virtues are behind every door; courage chiefly, then fidelity. Under the brute there is a free man, and a man with a heart.

EMERSON: They are full of coarse strength, rude exercise, butcher's meat and sound sleep.

TAINÉ: [They have] huge white bodies, cool-blooded, with fierce blue eyes, reddish flaxen hair; ravenous stomachs, filled with meat and cheese.

In an eloquent peroration in "English Traits," Emerson writes:

What variety of power and talent; what facility and plentifulness of knighthood, lordship, ladyship, royalty, loyalty; what a proud chivalry . . . What courage in war, what sinew in labor, what cunning workmen, what inventors and engineers, what seamen and pilots . . . But who would see the uncoiling of that tremendous spring, the explosion of their well-husbanded forces, must follow the swarms which

pouring now for two hundred years from the British islands, have sailed and traded and planted through all climates, mainly following the belt of empire, the temperate zones, carrying the Saxon seed, with its instinct for liberty and law, for arts and for thought . . . to the conquest of the globe.

Such enthusiasm is not found even in Madison Grant, who (as paraphrased by Will Durant) similarly, though more soberly, surveyed the blond race:

Chivalry, knighthood, feudalism, class distinctions, racial pride, personal and family honor, the duel, were Nordic habits and traits. It was this same domineering type that made the Norman conquest of France, Sicily and England; the same that as Varangians subjected Russia and ruled it until 1917; the same that colonized America, Australia and New Zealand; the same that opened up India and China to European trade, and set their sentinels in every major Asiatic port. It is these men who scale the highest mountains, use the Alps as a playground, and make useless trips to the poles.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, Emerson's friend and contemporary, who also spent considerable time in England, looked upon the "mother country" not with the eye of the philosopher nor the searchlight of the historian. He wore the air of a provincial, a self-righteous democrat, a dissenter who would both claim his heritage and spurn it. Perhaps he was not even aware that he possessed a racial heritage at all, a state of mind not unusual among members of the American Majority today.

As Hawthorne typified the estranged Anglo-Saxon, Emerson, it may fairly be suggested, was the Anglo-Saxon racist par excellence. His impressions of the "old home" were bright with agreeable memories. His general outlook seemed to be infused with his enthusiastic Anglophilia. His prejudices in favor of what he regarded as the "blond race" clearly were the controlling factors of his ethnic view of history.

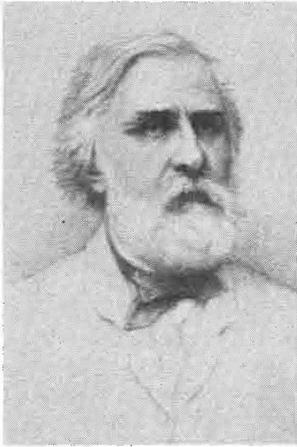
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Editor's note: All well and good, though it might be wise to remember after reading the above that Hawthorne was the greater literary genius, and Emerson was one of the loudest and most fanatical advocates of the Civil War, which did more to decimate the British race than any genocidal exercise until WWI. Also, it was Emerson who publicly welcomed and lauded John Brown when that Negro-loving homicidal nutball visited Boston.

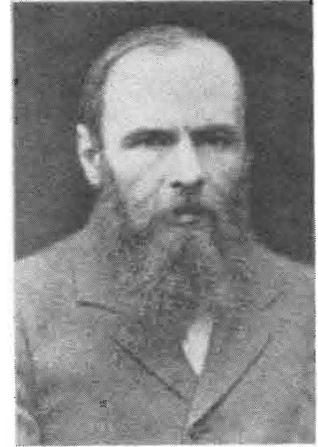
Surprising Quote

The uncanny, haunting attraction of the Hitler Super-Race myth is demonstrated by the media obsession with the Third Reich which persisted decades after the Berlin bunker. In 1978 books, magazines, films and Holocaust television shows had produced a multibillion-dollar Hitler industry. Forty years after Adolf's accession to power more money was being made annually by the media managers of Hitler's Fables than the German national budget of 1938! It is simple neurologic that the Jews are the perpetrators of the Nazi myth.

Timothy Leary.
The Game of Life



TURGENEV VS. DOSTOYEVSKY (Part II)



IN HIS SALAD DAYS, most of Dostoyevsky's letters to relatives, friends and the trustee of his father's modest estate contained pleas for money. Once, in December 1843, he received a check for a thousand rubles from the trustee. The very next morning he was at a friend's door asking for a loan of five rubles. He had lost part of his money at billiards and the rest had been stolen by a companion.

Two months later, he received another thousand rubles from the same source. He stopped for a drink at a billiard parlor, where a kindly man offered to teach him how to play the "innocent game of dominoes." Twenty-five games later, his teacher bought his student a drink, toasted his health and walked out into the white fog of St. Petersburg a thousand rubles richer.

It is also during this period that the young writer became acquainted with some of the Jewish and Gentile pawnbrokers and loan sharks of the capital. One usurer loaned him an unspecified amount of money, for which he took as security a power of attorney entitling him to Dostoyevsky's salary for the next four months -- this in addition to the outrageous interest, which he pocketed in advance. Such an experience could easily have inspired Raskolnikov's decision to murder the old woman money-lender in *Crime and Punishment*.

The year 1844 also marks Dostoyevsky's emergence into the St. Petersburg literary and intellectual community. Having resigned his commission and devoted himself to full-time writing, he had his first work published, a translation of Balzac's *Eugenie Grandet*. In the process of this writing chore, Dostoyevsky undertook a step-by-step analysis of how to write a realistic novel. Gogol's "Overcoat" had taught him that high tragedy and mystical poetry can be found in mundane events. From Balzac, he learned that human characters cannot be separated from the social struggles of their time.

Despite his shabby surroundings, Dostoyevsky's ambition was limitless. He deliberately set out to fuse his own incomparable insight into the extreme limits of human psychology with the naturalism of Gogol, the social realism of Dickens and Balzac, and the horrors of the Gothic mysteries. He never doubted that he could accomplish this formidable task, as proved by his letters at this time, which were awash with confidence. Despite the debilitating problems of health and finance, he had complete faith he would produce novels that would be unequalled both for their terrifying intensity of vision and for their mystical insight into the emotions of the crushed and wounded victims of human misery -- those whose lives were all over, yet who still managed to number themselves among the living.

In 1845 Dostoyevsky completed his first novel. After he scribbled the words *Poor Folk* on the title page, his roommate delivered

the manuscript to a friend, the poet Nekrasov, who worked at *The Contemporary* magazine. Sitting down with only the intention of reading the first chapter, Nekrasov finished all 200 pages that same night. Overjoyed, he ran through the deserted streets to Dostoyevsky's flat at two in the morning. Dostoyevsky, who had not been able to get any sleep, was ecstatic when he found the breathless poet standing on his doorstep, manuscript in hand.

Nekrasov was back at the office of *The Contemporary* when it opened that morning. Tossing the manuscript down on the desk of the greatly respected literary critic, Belinsky, he announced the appearance of a talent as great as that of the late Gogol. Belinsky looked at the manuscript skeptically and remarked, "Gogols seem to sprout like toadstools about you."

Belinsky also read *Poor Folk* in one sitting. When Nekrasov returned that evening, he found the dour critic in a fever of enthusiasm.

The most striking thing about Dostoyevsky [Belinsky enthused] is his astonishing ability to bring his characters to life before the reader's eyes and to draw their portraits in only two or three words. And what profound, warm compassion for the poor and the suffering. Tell me, is he a poor man who has suffered much himself? He must be. Only a genius with the insight to grasp in one minute what it takes an ordinary man many years to understand could write such a book at the age of twenty-five.

Fame came quickly, perhaps too quickly, to the young writer. He was soon the talk of the St. Petersburg *avant garde*. Of interest is Dostoyevsky's first impression of Ivan Turgenev, whose *Hunter's Sketches* were then appearing in the magazine:

A poet, a talent, an aristocrat, superbly handsome and rich, clever, educated and twenty-five years old! I can't think of what nature has denied him.

Dostoyevsky's next novel, *The Double*, was finished by the end of 1845. One of the less desirable traits of the writer's later works was revealed in this study of a split personality. While Belinsky admitted that it contained flashes of great intuitive genius, the critic dismissed the novel for its haphazard form. He also noted that the writer's obsession with his characters' points of view made the novel suffer from an overall lack of a perspective.

Belinsky's was the kindest review the book received. Other critics panned it unanimously. Paradoxically, in a later century, the author of *Lolita*, Vladimir Nabokov, who hardly ever had a kind word for Dostoyevsky's works, called it the best thing he ever wrote.

The Double marked the beginning of Dostoyevsky's feud with

Ivan Turgenev, who appears to have started it. He wrote a satirical poem about Dostoyevsky and distributed it around the staff of *The Contemporary*. The only line which has come down to us is one which refers to Dostoyevsky as "this new pimple on the nose of Russian literature." Dostoyevsky would more than get even for this snide remark. But it would take him 20 years.

The Firing Squad

In the spring of 1846, a stranger in a dark cloak walked up to Dostoyevsky on the Nevsky Prospect and inquired, "May I ask what the idea of your next story is?" The young writer soon found himself inducted into a strange discussion group headed by this man, whose name was Petrashevsky. An eccentric scholar and a talented speaker, he held open house on Fridays for young intellectuals interested in discussing the problems of Russia in the light of utopian socialist solutions that flowed from the pen of Fourier, the French socialist. To Dostoyevsky, the tenets of socialism recalled the Sermon on the Mount. As a matter of fact, the Petrashevskites, as they were called, often favorably compared themselves to the early Christians of the Roman Empire.

It was all pretty harmless, until the morning of February 21, 1848, when Czar Nicholas I received a packet marked "extremely important" from his envoy in France. Dated nine days earlier, the message wasted no words: "Everything is over! The King has abdicated." The next day, Sunday, the Czar appeared at the Crown Prince's ball and announced, "Saddle the horses gentlemen! A republic has been proclaimed in France!" The Czar's discretion, however, soon overrode his precocious bravado.

In less than a month, a series of popular uprisings began to shake the governments of Austria, Prussia, Hungary, the southern states of Germany and a number of Italian duchies. On March 14, the Czar proclaimed, "An insane and unbounded impudence now threatens our Russia, which God has entrusted to us." Instead of invading France, however, he began to crack down on dissident groups in his own country. It wasn't long before Petrashevsky and his circle were placed under surveillance.

The opinions of major Russian writers were evenly divided over the revolutionary fever in Europe. Belinsky and Turgenev saluted it as a great event. Slavophiles feared it threatened to overturn the Russian social order.

The Petrashevsky meetings went on for more than a year, though members grew more careful about what they said. One person who attended, a young student from Italy named Antonelli, provided the secret police with regular reports. The group met for the last time on April 22, 1849. Earlier the same morning, the Czar had ordered the arrest of all the members. The police did not raid the meeting, but waited until everyone had gone home. Then, in the time-honored fashion still observed by the KGB, they broke into their lodgings and roused the alleged insurrectionists from their sleep. Dostoyevsky was arrested at 4:00 A.M. and led away in handcuffs, after the seal of His Imperial Majesty was attached to the young writer's filing cabinet and bookcases.

A distant ancestor of Vladimir Nabokov presided over the legal proceedings, which were long and enervating. Though physically draining on Dostoyevsky, the court records show that he stood up remarkably well. He apologized for nothing, admitted the "subversive" statements which he had actually written, and denied those of which he was falsely accused. The young man, not yet 30, who was so certain of his future in world literature, bravely resigned himself to die honorably. Indeed, most members of the group acted with equal courage and dignity.

The trial ended on November 16, 1849. On December 19, General Nabokov read to the defendants the sentence which the Czar had handed down. All 21 men were sentenced to die by firing squad three days later on the Semyonovsky Parade Ground. At 8:00 A.M. that fateful day, a police carriage picked up Dostoyevsky at the Alexevsky Ravelin prison and drove him to the killing

ground. As the prisoner stepped out of the carriage, he saw all the other members for the first time since his arrest. The young men looked very small as they shivered on the vast, bare parade ground.

As they were lined up, the condemned men embraced each other and shouted greetings, while their cloaks were replaced by loose linen gowns. The sentences were read out. This was Dostoyevsky's:

Retired Engineer Lt. Fyodor Dostoyevsky, 27, for participation in criminal plans, for circulating a private letter that contained infamous expressions about the Russian Orthodox Church and Supreme Authority and for an attempt to disseminate writings against the government by means of a hand printing press -- to be sentenced to death by firing squad.

Petrashevsky was laughing. "Gentlemen, how ridiculous we must look in these clown's shirts!" He was quieted with a jab from a rifle butt.

The men were grouped in threes. Dostoyevsky was assigned to the second group to be executed. The first three names were called: "Petrashevsky, Mombelli, Grigoriyev." The riflemen were already positioned behind a chalk line 20 yards away. "Load!" the platoon commander ordered. "Hoods down over the eyes!" "Aim!"

Like the Seventh Cavalry in some old-fashioned Hollywood Western, an aide-de-camp of the Czar galloped through the gate across the parade ground toward the firing squad. He handed the official in charge of the firing squad a sealed packet. The drum roll stopped.

Having read the report, submitted to him with loyal feelings, His Majesty . . . commutes the death sentence to . . . deprivation of all civic rights . . . deportation . . . penal servitude indefinitely . . .

As for Dostoyevsky:

Retired Engineer-Lieutenant Fyodor Dostoyevsky . . . to penal servitude in fortresses for four years and after that as a common soldier.

On Christmas Eve, Mikhail visited his younger brother in the prison. Fyodor was calm and made an effort to console him.

Don't brother . . . After all, I'm not going to my grave . . . You are not seeing me into my coffin . . . When I get out I'll start writing . . . I shall have plenty to write about.

The Prisoner

Notes from the House of the Dead are the memoirs of Dostoyevsky's prison years. While the jail to which he was sent was a frightful place, with political prisoners thrown in among the most depraved killers, it seemed an enlightened retreat compared to the horror of present-day American state penitentiaries. The Russians had not yet reached the level of American penal "sophistication." Thousands of men of different races were not stacked atop one another in stone mausoleums. The Russians of the 19th century, like the Soviets in the 20th, followed the practice best suited to their geography and their population -- exile to the Gulag Archipelago.

Omsk prison was one of the worst. It had originally been used as a fort to protect the Russian heartland from marauding bands of nomads. As the Russian Empire expanded in the 18th and 19th centuries, the fort was turned into a military prison. Surrounded by a moat and a wall, wooden barracks housed a few hundred convicts, who were kept in chains most of the time.

After four years of incarceration in Omsk, Dostoyevsky was sent to a remote town near the Chinese border. Eventually, when he

was allowed to choose his own lodgings, he quickly returned to his voracious reading habits. Kant, Hegel, the Koran and science texts were devoured and digested. During this reading orgy he also taught himself German.

A young prosecutor was sent to the village. He had been present at the mock execution of the Petrashevskyites and felt some sympathy for Dostoyevsky. They became good friends and even roomed together.

In February 1855, Nicholas I died. The Crimean War had been going badly and Lord Palmerston was threatening to separate Russia from her Baltic and Crimean provinces. Rumor had it that the Czar took poison because he could no longer face his people. After Nicholas's death, the prosecutor began to seek Dostoyevsky's release.

Her Name Was Maria

Dostoyevsky, meanwhile, had fallen in love with a local girl. Maria was blonde, thin and pale, 26, and married. Though still pretty, she suffered from tuberculosis. When her husband was transferred to a distant province and took his wife along, Dostoyevsky was insanely distraught. For the first time in his life, he began to lose his will to live. The amazing resiliency of his spirit had kept him alive through ordeals which would have crushed ordinary mortals. But it was love for a dying woman which very nearly did him in.

A year later, the husband died. Shortly afterward, Maria wrote Dostoyevsky and informed him that another man had asked for her hand. She said she didn't know whom to choose. Actually, she had never loved Dostoyevsky and had only pitied him. After a visit to his rival and several sharply worded letters to his "lost love," Dostoyevsky resigned himself to what he thought at the time was the inevitable. He even used his influence with the prosecutor to give a better paying post to his rival so Maria would not have to live in poverty.

The prosecutor forwarded a request to the Czar that Dostoyevsky be allowed to publish his writings. Czar Alexander II took an interest in the case, and in late October 1858, a partial pardon was placed in Dostoyevsky's dossier. It mandated that he be promoted to the rank of ensign and placed under secret surveillance. He was allowed to write articles for periodicals, but not to publish books.

In the meantime, the marriage plans of his beloved Maria had been delayed. Dostoyevsky rushed to her side, trying one last time to change her mind. When he stepped into her humble home in his new ensign's uniform, she was so overcome she agreed to marry him on the spot. Amazingly, his rival agreed to step aside. They were wed in January, 1857.

Two days after the wedding, while on their way to resettle in another small village near the Chinese border, Dostoyevsky suffered a frightening attack of epilepsy. It was his first seizure. Thinking his disease was terminal and would deny her any chance of happiness, he now wished that he could turn back time to allow Maria to wed his rival.

The first two years were unhappy. When Maria wasn't sick, she was throwing jealous fits. Still, the marriage managed to hold together and the couple's finances were definitely on the mend. Articles by Dostoyevsky were beginning to appear in magazines, bringing with them some badly needed rubles. In July 1859, Fyodor and Maria left Siberia for good and returned to European Russia. Dostoyevsky's probation was over. He was permitted to live anywhere except in St. Petersburg or Moscow and could publish articles on what the censor called "general subjects."

Free at Last

A year earlier, brother Mikhail had taken advantage of Alexander II's easing of press restrictions and founded a magazine called *Vremya* (Time). Fyodor moved to the small town of Tver and became the editor. Soon, the brightest literary lights of Russia were

regular contributors. Dostoyevsky's own works, *The Insulted and the Injured* and *Notes from the House of the Dead*, were first published in *Vremya*. The magazine was both an artistic and a financial success for the 2½ years of its existence.

When he finally realized his dream of traveling to Europe (in 1862), Dostoyevsky was bitterly disappointed. Where he had hoped to find civilization, he found only "ant heaps" of stupefied crowds. In Paris, he went to the theater, expecting to see the immortal plays of Molière and Racine. Instead, he saw tawdry vaudeville acts. In London, he was appalled at the numbers and desperate living conditions of the slum-dwellers. A World's Fair was in progress, its showpiece a glass palace. But not far away was a slum in which lived a "half-naked, savage and hungry population." In his later writings, Dostoyevsky would refer to London as "the present-day Baal." In only one respect did he become an Anglophile. His vacation notes contain this remark: "Nowhere in the world will you find a female type as beautiful as the English-woman."

Back in Russia by the year's end, Dostoyevsky was once again in trouble with the secret police. In May 1863, *Vremya*, branded an "unpatriotic organ that offended national feelings," was shut down by imperial order.

The order arose out of a misunderstanding. Dostoyevsky had published a fragment of a Pushkin poem in an article dealing with a Polish rebellion, titled, "The Fateful Question." The censors took offense, even though the article itself was pro-Russian. After explaining to the censors that their intentions were purely patriotic, the two brothers received the Czar's permission to publish another magazine, to be called *Epokha* (Epoch). It never really got off the ground.

The Sixties

This decade was a whirlwind for Dostoyevsky. First, he read Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Though the author didn't like it, Turgenev was very impressed with Dostoyevsky's critique. He would say in later years that Dostoyevsky was only one of two persons on earth who really understood the character of Bazarov.

Shortly after becoming acquainted with Turgenev's fictional nihilist, Dostoyevsky fell in love with a real one. The daughter of a serf, Apollinaria Suyslova was thin, with dark hair and sunken eyes. In early 1863, he invited her to go abroad with him to Italy. But the problems with *Vremya* forced a postponement.

So Apollinaria left without him. Heading straight for Paris, she soon was dressing like a Parisian lady and acting like one, too, by falling in love with a wealthy Spaniard named Salvador, who didn't care much for books.

Dostoyevsky pursued her to Paris, stopping first in Wiesbaden, where he "devised a system of playing roulette." He won 10,000 francs the first day, mailed half to wife Maria in St. Petersburg, who was gravely ill. A day later he wrote her and asked her to return the money. While awaiting the remittance from home, Dostoyevsky wrote to Ivan Turgenev in Baden Baden: "Loan me a hundred thalers. You are more understanding and it is morally easier for me to ask you."

Turgenev took offense at the notion that it was somehow "morally easier" for the compulsive gambler to ask him for a loan, and mailed him only 50 thalers. Dostoyevsky repaid him 12 years later.

When his money from Russia also arrived, Dostoyevsky rushed to Paris and managed to pry Apollinaria away from Salvador. They went to Italy, where they spent a miserable few weeks together. She had not given up her radical politics, including her ambition to return to Russia and murder the Czar. The Slavophile was not pleased. On their return to St. Petersburg the romance ended.

To Be Continued

A MEMBER OF THE ORDER TALKS

I WANT TO SET the record straight about the group known as The Order and the *Brüder Schweigen*. Millions of words have been written about it, most of them by the enemies of Western man, and most are lies. As a founding member of The Order, and as Robert Jay Mathews' closest friend, I'd like to explain who we are and why we exist.

At 8:00 p.m. on September 22, 1983, nine men climbed the steps to an upper room in what came to be known as The Barracks on Robert Mathews' farm near Metaline Falls (WA). In that room were ten chairs placed in a circle. One chair remained empty, except for a picture in honor of the man who struggled so valiantly for our race a few decades ago on the European continent.

Of the original nine members of The Order, not one had ever been convicted of a felony or been in prison. They were, in fact, a group of hard-working, middle-class whites who were worried about the future of their children under a government whose single-minded intent seems to be the genocide of whites. Some were Identity Christians, while others expressed their sense of God in a traditional Norse or Odinist manner. Most were exceptionally intelligent; some had college degrees. All were up on modern history and well aware that wherever the poison that infects our people has gained a foothold, the ultimate result has been racial death.

While no specific actions were planned at this first meeting, there was unanimous agreement that the present course of our country was suicidal and desperate measures were needed to shock our people into realizing what was happening to them. At the close of the meeting, a blonde baby girl was placed in the middle of the circle and the nine men swore an oath to do what was necessary to provide that child with a future among her own kind.

Some 14 months later, Robert Mathews was burned alive in a 36-hour gun battle with several hundred of the government's hired killers, reinforced by the Coast Guard, local and state police, the Navy and at least one helicopter gunship. It is our understanding that there were 1,700 federal, state and local law enforcement agents and military personnel involved in the attack on this single white man. Robert Mathews's weapons consisted of a semi-automatic Mini 14 and a Smith & Wesson semi-automatic 9mm handgun. It was one of the most heroic battles, against the greatest odds, ever waged in the history of our race.

Four men of the original nine are now serving a total of 600 years in federal gulags, some for breaking ZOG laws, some merely because they would not turn informer and lie for the government during the recent inquisition. These incredible jail sentences should settle for all time whether it is the "kings of the inkpot" or "men of action" whom the destroyers of our people fear most.

To fully comprehend the nature of The Order, one has to dig into the finely tuned mind of Robert Mathews. To this end, I will relate a couple of incidents: The first took place

in December 1983 and the second in May of the following year. They demonstrate not only the intense dedication that comes with total commitment, but how quickly the thin veneer of this alleged civilization can be stripped away once the ice is broken. This is why the enemies of our people are so fearful of action and the hard propaganda of the deed. When the white man has had enough, the so-called terrorists of the pathetic leftist rabble will be as scattered as dust particles in the wind.

Bob Mathews was one of those rare individuals who comes along perhaps once in a generation, or perhaps when his race needs him. He had true leadership ability. He was brilliant and selfless. He would permit none of his men to take any risk he would not take himself. Inevitably, the first major act of war was his and his alone.

In December 1983, Bob liberated \$25,000 worth of the Federal Reserve notes which masquerade as the folk's money from the usurer's vaults in a Seattle bank. Few people who haven't been there can realize what a momentous step this was for him. Keep in mind that he was 30 years old and had never once broken a law, not even ZOG's laws. Like most of our people, his natural instincts were for law and order. There wasn't a criminal bone in his body.

Sometime later he described his inner struggle as he forced himself to go into action. He told how he pictured in his mind what his ancestors would have done to a system which destroyed their race and nation. He built mental pictures to psych himself up and overcome his innate reluctance. "I am a Viking, a Viking, a Viking. My forefathers manned the dragon-ships. They bowed to no one. Should I?" This was the question he asked himself and finally answered with a resounding no. Such was his courageous answer. So began the heroic saga of Robert Jay Mathews.

The word warriors and the pencil pistoleros have called him and his followers hopeless romantics and other disparaging names. That is how the cowards, the shirkers and the closet commandos justify their existence as they strut about at patriotic meetings, praising yellowed papers from ages past or preaching a life in the hereafter.

Bob was not perfect. He was not God. But he did more with less against greater odds than maybe any other man who ever walked the earth. He was the finest man I have known and I was proud to call him my friend.

The second incident I want to relate shows the growth and daring of a man in just five months from his first act of rebellion. It was in May 1984 that I met him in an Eastern city for breakfast at a pancake house, to discuss some financial difficulties. As we entered the front door, our eyes were drawn to a young lady, approximately 20 years old, using the pay phone. She was one of those visions of Nordic loveliness that, depending on the man and the mood, brings either a physical ache in the gut or inspires some romantic verse. Skin so fair and clear as to seem

translucent, long blond hair, combed straight and running far down her back, big blue eyes as clear as a mountain stream. Needless to say, we commented on the need to preserve her endangered genes.

As luck would have it, the hostess seated us next to a table occupied by a large and particularly obnoxious Negro and a young and somewhat lighter-skinned child. I don't recall exactly when the idea of a connection between the Negro and the blonde first crossed our minds, but I do remember that we discussed the possibility before she returned from the pay phone and sat down at his table -- his and her table.

Rather than belabor unnecessary details or discuss the sudden bitter taste imparted to our breakfast, I'll skip to the pertinent happenings. As the rainbow coalition next to us stood up to leave, the Negro got into a stare-down with Bob. His arrogant smirk was unmistakably saying, "I've got your woman, honky, what are you going to do about it?" Bob stood up, his right hand went into his jacket pocket, and I heard the click as the safety went to off on his 9mm. At this point I grabbed his arm, "No Bob, not in here."

It was the only time I ever saw Bob come even close to losing control, though it took him not more than a second to recover. If you want to know the final disposition of this incident, you will have to ask Bob yourself when you enter Valhalla. I seem to have forgotten the details. At least there were no bodies on the pancake house floor.

The point of relating the two incidents, just five months apart, is to illustrate the complete return of a superior man to his natural self once he makes the ultimate decision. Bob's immediate reaction to a threat to his race and his manhood was to evolve into an overall ideology. I believe the evolution of The Order followed a similar pattern.

Admittedly, as The Order grew, mistakes were made, especially in the area of recruiting. Some new members were strong visionaries. Others were reactionaries, losers and men disaffected with their personal situations, rather than consumed or ready to be consumed by a holy cause. In this day and age, when three announced fighters for our race get together, at least one is a federal agent. In such circumstances, what Bob Mathews accomplished boggles the mind. One more year of growth and The Order might have been unstoppable. It isn't dead yet.

We of The Order apologize for nothing. Someone had to stand up and say, "Death or eternal imprisonment are preferable to slavery and racial extinction."

Our leader has been murdered by the federals. Though it is not common knowledge, we have had friends and family members killed. The federals have covered up and manufactured evidence in order to put us in prison forever. They have bought perjured testimony through terror, blackmail and bribery. They have planted and printed lie after lie after lie about us in the kosher media. Most of us have lost our wives, families and friends, along with our fortunes, futures and freedom.

But our cause has not changed. It is the only cause in the world today.

DAVID LANE

Taken from a handwritten letter and partially edited and condensed.

Ponderable Quotes

When we boarded the bus for Jerusalem the following evening, I had had my fill of the scenic seashore of "Southern Israel." I did not hide my disgust. At one point I said to our guide that, as far as public civility went, Israeli standards were no higher than those of the most underdeveloped countries. He vehemently denied my accusations, and I asked him how else he could explain why, under cover of night, Israelis defecated on the beach right next to their tents when it would cost them nothing to move behind a bush, or why in public restrooms they seemed so often to mistake the floor for the toilet.

Sana Hasan,
*Enemy in the Promised Land:
An Egyptian Woman's Journey into Israel,*
pp. 119-120

Israeli wines are no good at all -- at any rate I have never succeeded in finding one which was worth drinking -- and one of the most disgusting beverages ever invented is served in New York Jewish households under the pretense that it is wine -- an intensely sweet, intensely alcoholic preparation.

Auberon Waugh,
The Entertaining Book

I thought of becoming Jewish, so I went to Israel. I was dating a lot of Jewish guys. All my good friends were Jewish. I couldn't understand how *anybody* could be anti-Semitic. [At the Hill of Isaac kibbutz] I dreamed of working out in the fields like pioneers We were stuck in the kitchen It was boring And the Israelis aren't at all funny . . .

Actress Sigourney Weaver

The European or "Ashkenazim Jews." are simply not of Semitic stock with no ancestral ties to the Middle East, in spite of the incessant propaganda to the contrary. These are archaeological and anthropological facts. Despite the hard time you would have convincing Menahem Begin of this reality, he's just as Polish as the Pope.

Letter to the
Christian Science Monitor,
Nov. 4, 1982

[How is it] that the Hebrew language, though impoverished in many respects has preserved so many words that describe unsightly malformations and loathsome diseases. We lack classic Hebrew terms for many of the beautiful sights and sounds of this world -- for colors, flowers, trees, birds -- but we do not seem to be wanting in terms that bring before us the seamy side of life, that echo the groans of the sufferers, that reflect the gloom of darkened lives. One is reminded of those old-fashioned books on theology that contained nine chapters on hell and only one chapter on heaven.

Rabbi Blau, as quoted in
Garrett Hardin's *Naked Emperors,*
pp. 224-25

Are We Ready for Vigilante Politics?

Politics in America has become so soiled by minority racism, so sullied by fear of the liberal intelligentsia that even when we hand one of our political hacks an undeserved victory, he is afraid to do anything with it. I'm sure there are many Majority members, maybe even some Instaurationists, who believed that the Republican Party might some day evolve into a vehicle for our survival. They are certain to be disappointed.

The latest evidence of this is an interview in Rolling Stone magazine with Lee Atwater, a leading Bush campaigner who now heads the Republican National Committee. Atwater acquired a reputation during the 1988 election campaign as the bad boy of Republican politics for pointing out the faults of some of the political left's heroes. His biggest sin, according to his critics, was using Willie Horton to focus on Dukakis's softness on crime. Imagine highlighting black-on-white crime, as if it were not an all too familiar and painful reality to tens of millions of Americans!

Are Atwater and the Republican Party, having seen the effect the crime issue has had on voters, ready to stand up as the protectors of white America? Not likely. Atwater said in a post-election interview, "I am instituting as one of my first and most important programs as the incoming chairman of the [Republican] national committee a black outreach program." Perhaps Willie Horton should sign up. He'd probably be warmly welcomed by the GOP huckster-in-chief.

Further on in the interview, Atwater fell into the trap that has kept and will always keep the Republican Party from becoming a dynamic political movement -- the ideological trap that puts economics and class above race. "The sheer numbers of blacks that are now in the middle class give us an opportunity," Atwater asserted, ignoring the fact that blacks of all economic classes have voted for the Democratic candidate for president in recent elections by margins

of 9 to 1 or greater. (It was the good ole guitar-pickin' Atwater who made a special trip to New Orleans and worked overtime to stymie David Duke's successful bid for the Louisiana legislature.) Instead of being properly neutral in the runoff between the two Republican candidates, Atwater stabbed Duke in the back.)

What Atwater should consider is that, in four of the last five presidential elections, an overwhelming majority of blacks voted for one candidate, while the majority of white voters gave the other candidate a landslide victory. That is the kind of solid political mandate that Atwater should but won't build on. We are not, as the Kerner Commission suggested some years ago, moving toward two separate societies. We are already there. All that's left is the recognition that little or no common ground exists between blacks and whites. Racial realities make consensus politics a sheer impossibility.

Part of the contemporary political game requires that a public official denounce racism in the strongest possible terms as he appeals to and, in the case of whites, often vicariously practices a most insidious form of minority racism. Let anyone who believes this is an overly harsh or exaggerated statement consider the Second Congressional district in Mississippi. Prior to the 1982 election, the district's boundaries were redrawn in an effort to increase black voting strength to the point where the election of a black representative would be a sure thing. Unfortunately for the Democrats, the effort failed. White Republican Webb Franklin was sent to Washington. The Demo gerrymanderers then went back to the drawing board and redrew the boundaries to hike the black voting percentage even more in anticipation of the 1984 election. Once again, Republican Franklin defeated their best laid plans. Finally, in 1986, the Demos succeeded. A black Democratic representative was elected. Such is "democracy" in action in modern America.

All of this should illustrate the lengths to which minority racists will go to weaken the Majority cause. Given the institutional protections enjoyed by today's congressmen and the huge sums of money stockpiled by these parasitic careerists, it is now virtually impossible for an outsider to compete successfully in a congressional election. American representative government is so corrupt that even Newsweek noted that the turnover rate in the House is "lower than that of the Soviet Central Committee of the Communist Party . . ."

Only a few rays of light pierce the pitch-black political darkness. Media saturation has given most Americans the attention span of a child. Attitudes change with increasing frequency, and long-term ties and commitments are rare. Oliver North went from being a villain to a hero virtually overnight after his appearance on national television. The lesson may be that the tables can be turned very quickly on those who seem today to be so firmly planted in their Senate and House seats.

The second hopeful possibility is that racial politics is almost certain to heat up. Such cities as Chicago, New York and Philadelphia have already become racial battlefields. The Democratic Party is bound to become increasingly frustrated as it tries to find a common ground between the more antagonistic racial groups. With the Republican regulars unable or unwilling to assert the leadership so desperately looked for by whites, strong third party or renegade major party candidates may emerge at least at local and state levels.

Finally, we may be entering into a period of vigilante politics, characterized by more frequent resort to the referendum process. The passage of Proposition 13 in California in 1978 changed the politics of the nation overnight. As long as our elected hacks continue to abdicate their racial responsibilities, we can expect to see more and more referenda on state and city ballots.

Jailhouse Jottings

Recently, in a graduate course on Human Development, I had the good fortune to breach the battlements of propaganda and negrophile fantasy. The professor, a race traitor whom I prefer to call Dr. X, was giving a rather lengthy and verbose tirade on the "IQ myth," in which he declaimed

that the black man was intellectually equal, if not superior, to the mean ole white man.

After he had huffed and puffed on for almost two hours on these mass hallucinations, he asked for questions, expecting the usual canned attempts at puerile sycophancy from our class of federally funded

"scholars." I thereupon raised my hand and asked, "Sir, if what you're saying about black mental capacity is true, then how is it possible for the Vietnamese boat people to arrive here, expectant and dripping, on our shores, and do so well on any IQ test thrown at their Third World feet? They can't

even speak English, yet they score normal or above normal. So why can't blacks?"

The professor's corpulent liberal knees buckled and he grasped the edge of his desk like a drowning cockroach. Amidst the animal cacophony of the assorted species banded together in the back of the class, amidst the illustrious sputtering and choking and spewing from the gaping mouth of Professor Race Traitor, I sat there exulting in the satisfaction of my blow for truth, small and ephemeral victory though it was.

Finally, he dismissed the class, utterly refusing to answer my question, even though Willie, Amos and Rastus were stridently calling for immediate vindication of my egregious lack of manners and good taste in bringing up this delicate matter. The monkeys loathe me here -- and well they should. For I am the kind of "peckerwood" whom they fear and at whom they roll their Sambo eyes in terror.

There are only two kinds of whites in this prison -- Klansmen and "hos," which is monkey-speak for whore. Any white man who cannot be intimidated by the blacks' arrogant, swaggering bullying or their bestial overtures of simple and comic violence is labeled a Klansman. The "ho" is the soft, cowardly, suburban, androgynous, effete product of public education who arrives here shaking and trembling in his liberal spinelessness. The apes pounce on him like a ripe banana. And after he is beaten to a pulp (he is beaten even if he submits immediately), while wailing his disillusioned lament, as he sits bleeding on the toilet in his cell, he has the temerity to say, "But I don't understand. I told them that I used to have black friends in the world outside and that I'd virtually memorized every Jello pudding commercial that Bill Cosby ever spied." These fawning, groveling neuters, these "hos," are totally tyrannized, while the true whites are left alone and ignored. This, in sociological terms, means that blacks can only respect whites who refuse to mix, while they hate whites who pander to their whimsy. 'Tis strange.

But do not misunderstand me. I am not a racist of the stripe and ilk of the typical semi-literate white trash, redneck, American Nazi type. They bore me with their folly and ignorance. Rather than dwell on who they are, they brood on what the black is. Secretly, I believe, many of these types are the creations of the Anti-Defamation League, for they serve perfectly the vested interests of the enemy, with their idiotic bleatings of supremacy, while they embrace the horridly moral bankruptcy of Westernism, with its deification of adultery, alcoholism, crudity, depthless ignorance, anti-literacy and proletarian knuckle-dragging. Through public indoctrination, courtesy of the NEA, poor whites have been negrified and are hardly any better than Sambo himself. And it is to these that the media point and screech, "See, look at this

gutter filth! They think they're superior!" Even so, theirs is but trained incompetence, while the nigras' barbarism is inherited.

INMATE GAMMA

* * *

What I wish I could drive into the head of every Majority member is the inequality between us and the blacks. Anybody who says differently is either a shameless lying miscreant or knows absolutely nothing about the real world.

I'm speaking from the point of view of someone who has had to live with "minorities" off and on for eight years. Some folks will say, "Well, you only see the bad ones," to which I have three replies: (1) With the incredible influx rate of incarcerated blacks, I have seen quite a few of these "bad ones." (2) I have also dealt with them on the streets. Even the decent black families and individuals are noticeably different from whites. (3) When I was a card-carrying liberal (God forgive me!), I noticed that blacks were somehow different, that they weren't exactly the "equals" I was told they were.

After living with and among blacks for eight years, I think I am qualified to speak about them. I've heard it said that "bigotry" is a trait of narrow-minded, unthinking people. Then why has my attitude changed so drastically? When I was younger and a liberal, I thought my black "brothers" were great (though I still wouldn't have let my sister go out with one). That is the time I was unthinking -- not now. I unthinkingly took for granted all the lies everybody told me about equality. Then, when I had to live with them, my attitude changed from one of liking them to absolutely despising most of them. That isn't "narrow-minded bigotry." That's the result of cold, hard reality being shoved down my throat.

At various times of the day and night, I've had to listen to them yelling to each other, banging on tables, loudly singing (if you can call it that) with absolutely no respect for anyone who doesn't want to hear their racket. I've had to listen as they talk about white girls as if our women were some kind of status symbols or, conversely, some kind of trash to be used and abused by them. (To hear them talk, almost every black has one or two white girls out in the streets.) I've watched them steal from other inmates by violence or by threats of violence, taking something like a pair of sneakers, usually from lone whites, occasionally from members of their own race. In all the time I've been locked up, I've never seen any whites pull that kind of stunt.

I've seen how they "love their brothers." There are more than a few blacks running around my prison with blatant homosexuals, treating them just like girlfriends or loved ones. I've seen how they're totally asinine and basically ignorant of even semi-civilized ways. I've seen the "quality" (if I can use the word) of blacks go from bad

to extremely worse. Their tough-guy "killer" attitudes have become more blatant, and this seems to increase in proportion to their growing numbers. A day doesn't go by when I don't hear one or more of them talking about revolting and killing every white in sight. In fact, I just finished listening to some of them talking about how they'd like to kill all the white guards, along with "their wives, their children and their babies."

I could go on forever with similar charges against blacks. Anybody who has been around these animals knows that they're different, despite how much and how often liberals try to candy-coat them. Even pleasant and halfway decent ones (and they are few and far between) are different. Don't forget, if a race war breaks out in this country, it's not going to be the nice ones that take over.

Blacks and whites are simply not compatible, and we should never be pushed into having to live with each other. We should be doing everything we can to make this clear to others of our race who are less informed. Anybody who doesn't do everything he can to get this message across to our people is lower than trash, almost as low as the "chosen ones," who are instigating and compounding our problems. These people are leaving a bleak and degenerate world for our families and our future generations to die in. I don't wish to live in that kind of world (I've had enough of it), and I definitely don't want to see my children grow up as a tortured minority (and tortured the Majority will be if we ever lose the upper hand). Look at Haiti, Zaire, the Miami riots and Harlem, to name just a few examples.

I resent the fact that so many of us won't do anything about our plight. So again, I beg anyone who has seen the real side of blacks to start educating the Majority. If we don't start straightening this situation out soon, it's going to be too late.

INMATE ALPHA

* * *

Some people say the use of racial stereotypes is a show of ignorance. I beg to differ. I had an enlightening experience a short while ago that gave me cause to believe the contrary. For five months I was celled with one of the Chosen. He fitted to a T most of the stereotypes I've ever heard about these people.

First, a word of clarification. The prison I'm in is about 90% "doubled up" -- that is, 90% of the cells have bunk beds, which make it hard for anyone to move around in them. In disciplinary lockup, a person isn't given much of a choice as to whom he'll be doubled up with. Since these cells are occupied by minor offenders, who will soon be back in the general prison population, you "go with the flow" and don't worry too much about your cellmate.

As I was saying, a few months ago I found myself in disciplinary lockup, doubled up with a Jew. I won't say it was a totally execrable situation -- by necessity we did halfway get along -- but I'd definitely choose not to do it again. Here's what I mean by his stereotypical behavior.

Almost immediately after seeing some of my pictures and literature, he lied to me and said he was of German descent. (Just looking at him told me otherwise, but I kept quiet.) Jailed for being a sexual deviate, he has a lot of money from his many business dealings -- from writing extremely disgusting pornographic novels to running a "foreign brides" matrimony club. I found his overwhelming aversion to authority or any civilized rules and standards highly revolting, not because I'm any lover of our pre-

sent system, but because his animal behavior stems from his wanting to do whatever he wants, whenever he wants, no matter how depraved the act.

He is quite intelligent in money matters, but, instead of using his brains for something constructive, he spends most of his time rationalizing his shortcomings and misdeeds. He's horribly fat because "there's really no reason to be in shape; the world is turning from the physical to the mental and there's not much of a need for physical fitness any more." It's all right to molest children or practice incest. The only reason it's not common practice is that "everyone suppresses his sexual urges; this society isn't honest enough to be open about people's sexual desires. That's why there are so many mental problems."

Concepts of honor and loyalty? "What good are they?" Always in his unspoken thoughts was the feeling that I was some kind of fool for believing in such "useless ideals." I won't go on, but these are just a few examples of how this individual fitted the Chosen mold. He ate non-kosher and didn't own a yarmulke, but was Talmudic to the bone.

Out of the hundreds of individuals I could have been celled with, I found myself locked up with a walking stereotype of a Jew. Liberals can go on saying that whoever uses racial stereotypes is an ignoramus, but after my experience, I'll forever believe they are the best means of classifying and describing different types of human and semi-human beings.

INMATE BETA

Hollywood Emperors

Well, it's finally been written, the definitive book on the Hollywood Jews. If ever a single industry sums up the aspirations and inclinations of this nettlesome race, it is the tinselled, synthetic culture manufactured in the sound stages of Celluloid City. A world removed from real America, Hollywood Jews are chronicled by author Neal Gabler under the sycophantic title, *An Empire of Their Own -- How Jews Invented Hollywood* (Crown Publishers, 1988). Altogether, it is a most illuminating, readable and bare-fisted revelation of the whos, whys, whats and whens of the nepotistic proclivities, political inclinations, social aspirations and congenital vulgarities of the world's most dismayingly efficient agit-prop machine.

Some of the material recounts what we already know: how the Jews, who started out as peddlers of rags and sausage to Christian immigrants, clawed their way up from their lowly New York tenements; how they first got into the movie racket by renting storefront nickelodeons; how they and their megaphone-wielding Gentile touts made 30-minute two-reelers in the wilds of New Jersey and Long Guyland prior to WWI. But did we know they went West to escape the legal constraints of a Protestant-dominated film trust, then in control of key industry patents?

Gabler fuzzily claims the Jews' underlying psychological motivation for "inventing Hollywood" was based on the need to escape the psychic torment of being rejected by the Christian Establishment. Their maniacal lust for success, he suggests, was fueled by an all-out effort to gain "Christian" respectability by shucking their shetl origins in an orgy of *Selbsthass*. Most of these Jewish bigwigs attempted the transformation to respectability just as fast as

they filled up their 20-car Beverly Hills garages with Pierce Arrows, Packards and Marmons. Politically, they were Republicans, though few country clubs in any city or state would allow these nouveau-establishmentarians anything but parking-attendant status.

By the late 1920s the Jews' children, cousins and husbands of favorite daughters, brushed and curried by years of private-school polish and ensconced in cushy film industry jobs, shrank from their parents' vulgarity, preferring a life of comfortable social insularity. Rabbis were brought in from East Coast Reform synagogues to scrape off any residual brashness.

The Great Depression at home and the rise of fascism abroad found second-generation and second-echelon Hollywood Jews up to their necks in leftist politics. The literary contingent, which sported reputations previously made on the East Coast, joined the Communist Party en masse. The grass-roots reaction was anti-Semitism, especially in the Midwest and in the South.

Budd Schulberg's late-1930s novel, *What Makes Sammy Run*, probably did more than any other book or film to crystallize popular resentment against Hollywood Jewry, and struck a nerve among the Jewish movie-makers themselves. Sammy Glick's Lower East Side shenanigans became an enormous embarrassment to an industry already deeply worried about anti-Semitism and the rise of Hitler. Late in 1940, U.S. Ambassador to England Joseph P. Kennedy paid a visit to Hollywood and requested an audience with the major Jewish executives. Speaking to the gathering for three hours, Kennedy warned the Jewish film executives not to propagandize on behalf of England. "As a result of Kennedy's cry for silence," wrote Ben Hecht, "All Hollywood's top

Jews went around with their grief hidden like a Jewish fox under their Gentile vests."

Kennedy's suspicion of the Jews was reciprocated around the nation. Isolationists, America Firsters, Silver Shirts, the Ku Klux Klan and (eventually) the House Un-American Activities Committee all were on the Jews' trail for serving the Roosevelt war interests. Isolationist Senators Burton Wheeler and Gerald Nye called on anti-Jewish stalwarts such as Chicago's Harry Jung, publisher Joseph P. Kemp, Gerald L.K. Smith (whom H.L. Mencken described as more impressive than William Jennings Bryan), evangelist William Dudley Pelley and KKK head James Colescott to speak up for isolationism.

By the early 1940s, when HUAC's leadership had passed from the hands of Texas Representative Martin Dies to Mississippian John Rankin, the Hollywood Jews were in retreat. Rankin, no shrinking violet (he once called columnist Walter Winchell a "slime mongering kike" and another Jewish writer "a scavenger who stooped to as base a level as that of the loathsome ghoul at night who invades the sacred precinct of the tomb"), leveled his investigative guns at the movie crowd. On the side of the angels, as it were, were actors Robert Taylor and Adophe Menjou, Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger Rogers, Rupert Hughes, uncle of Howard, and publisher William Randolph Hearst.

Nevertheless, it was a losing fight. The New York Times, the White House and the Jewish rat-a-tat against Hitler kept Hollywood in the warmongering camp. Then came Pearl Harbor . . .





Crocodile Tears

Those of us who have been in the business of right-wing publishing over the years can only smile sardonically at the reaction of the U.S. intelligentsia to the Ayatullah's overreaction to Salman Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*. Goodness gracious! Death sentences for an author, book burnings, books banned or removed from the shelves of bookstores! Who ever heard of such things?

Well, we've been hearing -- and experiencing -- such things for a long, long time. An American poet of Palestinian origin has not just been threatened with death, but murdered in Los Angeles. The offices or warehouses of Majority publishers have been put to the torch in Southern California, in the Midwest and in England. Many right-wing books have been banned from practically every "respectable" bookstore in the U.S. and advertising for such books has been turned down by Time, Newsweek and most other mass-circulation magazines, as well as many of the nation's largest newspapers. If Instaurations had \$10 for every time *The Dispossessed Majority* was rejected out of hand by bookstores or, on the rare occasions it managed to get into a store, peremptorily removed or defaced by itinerant Jewish censors, we could put out a 48-page magazine each month in full color and pay our hungry writers a decent sum for their work.

No, we will not weep for the Bombay-born, Sandinista-worshipping Salman Rushdie, the lapsed Moslem Brit with an American wife. Nor will we weep along with Rushdie's lachrymose boosters, Norman Mailer and Susan Sontag. They never wept for us.

Selective Flames

While the latest antiwhite, anti-Southern film, *Mississippi Burning*, was earning rave reviews from the liberal-minority culture crunchers, an anti-black story was breaking in Tupelo (MS) that will never be made into a movie.

The two Ivy brothers, Leroy and John Henry, were arrested and charged with hatching a hoodoo plot (black Mississippians call voodoo, hoodoo) to murder Judge Thomas J. Gardner III. The brothers decided this was the best and most gruesome way to get revenge on Gardner for handing John Henry, the possessor of a mountainous prison record, a 40-year sentence for robbery.

A Jamaican hoodoo priest was hired to cast a death spell on the judge using a faded photo and a lock of his hair. As the Wall Street Journal (Feb. 24, 1989) reported, hoodoo is still an article of faith for many

Southern blacks. One Negro, admitted to the University of Mississippi's psychiatric ward suffering from terrible headaches, howled that he had been spooked by "goofer dust" (dust taken from graveyards) spread inside his hatband. The Ole Miss shrinks, when they found they could do nothing for him, summoned a hoodoo witch-doctor, who got rid of the curse with a "mojo" (charm).

Altogether there may be 40 practicing hoodoo priests in Mississippi. Hollywood also has a few such throwbacks, but they use moving pictures, not still pictures, to put a hex on whites by making them sick with guilt over racial matters, while reassuring blacks that their shortcomings are the fault of everyone but themselves.

There were some flames in Mississippi 25 years ago, but the cities that really burned were Detroit, Washington and the Watts ghetto of Los Angeles. No movies have been made about these fires. Ironically, Miami was burning at the very same time *Mississippi Burning* was released.

As Pat Buchanan writes, "Mississippi was about one-tenth as dangerous then as Washington is today." Yet where is the Hollywood extravaganza *Washington Burning*?"

It probably won't amount to anything, but one of the real-life Southerners maligned in *Mississippi Burning*, Laurence Rainey, who was the sheriff of Neshoba County (where two Jewish intruders from the North and one black bit the dust in 1964), is suing Orion Pictures for \$8 million. He is portrayed as the evil, justice-obstructing Sheriff Stucky in the film. Rainey said he had nothing to do with any coverup and that the film has caused him "terrible harm."

Willem Dafoe, who played Jesus in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, is one of the FBI "heroes" in *Mississippi Burning*. Dafoe was once mugged in Zoo City, but he apparently learned nothing from the experience. His next assignment is a starring role in *Triumph of the Spirit*, in which he plays a Greek Jew sent to Auschwitz. One would think Dafoe would get tired of lending his Nordic good looks to a succession of films which do little else than trash his own race. Originally from Wisconsin, the 33-year-old Dafoe has been living out of wedlock with Elizabeth LeCompte, 44, in New York for 11 years. They have an illegitimate seven-year-old son.

Speaking of *The Last Temptation of Christ*, one aspect of the film that escaped practically all the critics was that the Romans were depicted as solely responsible for the death of Jesus. The Jews, the real murderers, according to the New Testament, are completely exonerated -- largely

by their conspicuous absence at Christ's trial and death. Director Martin Scorsese, the Catholic turned anti-Catholic, not only demeaned Christ to the applause of his Jewish financial angels, but carefully toed the Jewish party line wherever and whenever he aimed his cameras.

Wet Bones

Three-quarters of the 191 recruits who failed the swim test at San Diego's Naval Training Center in the last two years were blacks. They couldn't float for five minutes or swim fifty yards.

Blacks have difficulty floating because their ratio of bone-to-body weight is higher than that of whites. To put it another way, Negroes have a greater specific gravity than whites. When Al Campanis, goaded by Ted Koppel on *Nightline* into commenting on racial differences, said that blacks don't make good swimmers "because they don't have the buoyancy," he was immediately fired as personnel chief of the Los Angeles Dodgers. Now that the Navy has proved him right, perhaps Tom Burgess, who reported the swim test statistics in the San Diego Union (Dec. 25, 1988), should be fired. Or perhaps the head of the Naval Training Center should be court-martialed.

Since the Navy's statistics support what he said about the difficulties facing black swimmers, will Al Campanis get his job back? Not a chance! Truth to tell, he has a new job. He's been hired by Harry Edwards, the ex-con, ex-Black Panther who is helping baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth to move blacks into the management side of the baseball biz. Campanis, says Edwards, is a baseball expert. Quite true. But maybe Edwards is being a little patronizing, and maybe Campanis is so eager to make amends for past sins that he would work willingly for the devil himself.

Minority Rank Splitters

Nothing is more harmful to the well-being and survival of the American Majority than the Split in the Ranks. Instead of joining together to resist minority encroachment, Majority liberals have a fetish for attacking Majority conservatives and vice versa. At both ends of the ideological spectrum, Majority members seem more eager to fight for minority causes than to fight for the Majority's overall interests. Millions of Majority liberals would have voted for Jesse Jackson if he had won the Democratic presidential primary last year. Millions of Majority conservatives would rather send \$3 billion a year to Israel than help hard-pressed American farmers.

Indubitably, the Majority situation looks pretty grim. The one ray of light is the grow-

ing minority Split in the Ranks. Millions of assimilable and assimilating white European ethnics have now completed the process and become fully or almost totally assimilated, knocking the old Democratic Party coalition of blacks and white ethnics for a loop. These same ethnics are now the strongest opponents of black crime and black political domination in the large cities. The Hispanic-black political alliance is hardly in better shape. Republicans now pick up as much as 25% of the Hispanic vote -- an even higher percentage in south Florida where the anti-Castro Cubans are holed up.

One prime source of Hispanic disillusionment with blacks is New York Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward, himself a black, who has recently been venting the crudest remarks against Hispanics, a sizable component of his own police force.

Example: He told Hispanic leaders to "Tell your relations to be careful where they buy drugs. We don't want to confiscate their cars."

Example: In answer to Hispanic demands for more policy-making jobs in the police department, Ward recounted an old South African proverb: "Never give white bread to a Zulu, [because then] he's going to ask for butter."

Scarcely able to contain their rage, Zoo City Hispanics have begun to fight back. They announced that henceforth they intend to treat Ward as a "non-person."

On top of all this divisiveness, the once all-powerful black-Jewish alliance in the Democratic Party is not what it used to be. Jews have never really forgiven Jesse Jackson for his Hymietown remark and for his ambivalent attitude towards Louis Farrakhan, who holds the "most-wanted" spot in American Jewry's Rogues Gallery. When Jesse Jackson flaunted his true racial colors by deserting the Democratic Party's duly elected candidate for Chicago mayor, Richard M. Daley, Jews, who preside over -- and fill -- Democratic coffers, were not amused. Ron Brown, the newly appointed buppie chairman of the Democratic National Committee, loyally came out for Daley. Needless to say, this open disagreement between two black leaders will do nothing to strengthen the liberal-minority coalitioners.

As the Majority becomes a little less split each year, the minorities become a little more split. But that's about all that's working for the Majority these days. Everything else is working against it: incessant Jewish cultural nihilism, the venal media and Congress, the high minority and low Majority birthrate, the immigrant invasion, affirmative action, and on and on.

It's not a healthy state of affairs when the sole source of Majority strength is some signs of weakness in the opposing team.

Federally Approved Apartheid

Integration is a process designed specifically to demoralize the Majority. This revelation came to me when I looked into some of the recent doings of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It seems that the Hopi and Navajo, who were originally settled on the same reservation, simply cannot get along together. To avoid violence, the Feds had to separate them. The academics and reporters who were aware of this case saw no discrepancy between this subsidized segregation and the racial desegregation they imposed on white people.

The dispute between the Hopi and Navajo is a hundred years old. While they occupied the same reservation in Arizona, they quickly separated into tribal areas, over which each claimed dominion. Their original treaty with the government called for the sharing of mineral rights, but they found they could not agree on any of the terms. The main dispute, however, arose as a consequence of some Hopi living in territory claimed by Navajo and vice versa. Considering this a very serious matter, they took the dispute to the government, which set up a vast and expensive bureaucratic and legal apparatus to deal with it. The U.S. has now spent millions of dollars to ensure that these two Indian tribes can live apart without any hardship or discomfort to any of their members.

The numbers involved are 2,650 Navajo and 24 Hopi families.

In 1974, Congress enacted the Navajo-Hopi Settlement Act, which provided for housing, moving and relocation expenses -- and for those Hopi and Navajo who volunteered early -- bonus payments. Some 365,000 acres, now called the New Lands, were acquired, along with a 3,500-acre ranch in New Mexico, which is rich in coal and a suitable site for a generating station.

As things stand, the sums involved in the relocation are staggering -- over \$30 million! The fine print even specifies which family will be able to own how many sheep.

It's an expensive walk the U.S. government is taking as it works both sides of the racial street. Subsidized apartheid for Indians; subsidized integration for whites.

R.S.

Morally Admirable Racism

Perhaps the most pernicious idea disseminated in this country by integrationists over the years has been the notion that racism per se has a pejorative moral implication. So brainwashed, persons with even the most rudimentary pretensions to acceptance by conventional society would be

hard-pressed to think a racist thought.

The odd part of all this is that racism amounts to no more or no less than drawing the most elementary conclusions from the information available in everyday life. Even the most objectionable racist statement usually flows from objective observations about: (a) the behavior of a certain group of nonwhites, or (b) the activities of nonwhites in general. That these observations often do not flow through the formal strainer of statistical analysis or of the priestly blessings of sociologists really begs the point: they're usually honestly made observations and, wonder of wonders, they're almost always verified by statistical analyses and sociological surveys made elsewhere by our antagonists in the liberal intellectual community. A judiciously spent \$10 or \$20 can garner all the data needed to make the most racist case iron-clad. And the data will come to the researcher with the imprimatur of the most respectable academic publishing houses.

So what's the beef? Simply put, it's that we should make the logical deductions or inductive inferences from the wealth of observed data which surrounds the social problems of the nation.

Getting to the nub of it, what seems to be at issue is that integrationists object to our using their findings to decide what to believe about groups, whom to associate with, and how to organize or reorganize society to facilitate that pattern of association.

In the long run (though no one can say how long this long run actually will be), it won't work. The argument integrationists have is not with us; it's with logicians such as Descartes. Above all, it's with the nonwhites whose behavior so magnificently cataloged in the data books of academe and the bureaucracy has revealed for everyone to see the racial differences which support the Instauratorist viewpoint.

Ponderable Quote

On occasion, when Mr. [Arthur] Miller's parents or his friends the Rostens would come for dinner, they would frequently converse in Yiddish. I don't think this was done to hide anything from Marilyn. Yiddish may simply have been an easier language to express certain thoughts they had. But whenever they made Yiddish jokes and laughed, even when they explained them to Marilyn, she just sat at the table looking incredibly lonely, often with tears in her eyes.

Marilyn Monroe Confidential,
by Lena Pepitone and
William Stadium. p. 111



Washington Rap

What a sorry dump is the nation's capital! It has a black mayor who socializes with drug peddlers and a higher murder rate than the capitals of Third World countries, though who can ever really know how many people are killed each year in Kampala, Uganda, or Ouagadougou, Upper Volta (now Burkina Faso)? In the DC courts, the so-called independent prosecutor, Lawrence Walsh, is trying to jail the gung-ho Lt. Col. Oliver North, whose commander-in-chief once called him a hero -- and then chickened out when he could have pardoned him.

We hold no great brief for Ollie, who relished dealing with a lot of Israeli sleaze merchants. Imagine joining a working partnership with the likes of Albert Hakim, who still poses as an American of Iranian extraction, but who is really an Iranian Jew. (When are Ollie and his supporters going to stop trying to save Vietnamese, Afghans and Nicaraguans and start saving their own race?)

If the trial is not called off at some stage because the defense is denied secret documents -- 350 of which have "impermissible words like Israel" blocked out (Economist, Dec. 3, 1988) -- then North's future will be decided by a 61-year-old tow-truck driver, two typists, an electronics technician, a copy machine operator, a onetime Navy civilian worker, a statistician, an unemployed security guard, a cashier, a lab technician, a clerical worker at a hospital, and an unemployed adwoman. Most of the jurors are black. Incredibly, all said they knew little or nothing about one of the most publicized stories of modern times.

On Capitol Hill, where the real crooks hang out, the comic opera of the John Tower nomination droned on for weeks. The main purpose of Congress was to show Bush early on who would be the boss for the next four years. Tower, the dwarfish high-liver with the wing-tipped ears, was merely the fall guy in the farce. The star of the show was Senator Sam Nunn, who, perhaps because he voted with Kennedy 11 times on the last 14 important Senate votes, has been given the status of super-oracle who knows more than anyone in the universe about weapons systems.

Apparently, Nunn has decided to make a serious try for the presidency come 1992. He's not exactly the best choice to lecture the nation on Tower's peccadilloes, since he himself pulled off a Kennedy-type caper in Perry (GA) in 1964. Wildly drunk, he sideswiped a parked car, left the scene of the accident and ended up in a ditch. Curiously, this story never surfaced in Georgia -- not when Nunn first ran for the Senate

just eight years after the event, nor in any of his two later campaigns. It is hardly likely to be an issue when he comes up for re-election in 1990.

Senator Kennedy, who joined Nunn in sinking Tower, has done worse. Incidentally, while the Senate was mulling over the nomination, the Washington Times reported that Fat Face was caught copulating on the floor of a private room of La Brasserie, a fancy Washington restaurant, in the fall of 1987. Stories concerning the Kennedys often take a long time to surface.

In regard to Bush's cabinet, it's about what you'd expect. There's Dr. Louis Sullivan, who is both for and against abortion and who tried to add his financial perks from the Morehouse Medical School to the government pay he gets for heading the Department of Health and Human Services. Even though he was the Bush cabinet's anointed black token, he was unable to get approval for this special kind of affirmative action. Nor was he able to hide the fact that he had paid Reginald Eaves, a black criminal and fellow Atlantan, \$34,000 as a part-time instructor. Eaves was in the business of selling his vote on the zoning board.

What's In a Name?

Historically, a person's surname has always conveyed a wealth of social information when used in a greeting, like, "Hello, my name is Lewis." From that terse pronouncement the person being greeted might logically conclude that Mr. Lewis follows the pattern of his tribe in the manner of ethnic stock (Anglo-Saxon), church (Episcopalian), politics (Republican) and social biases (anti-Catholic, anti-Central European and certainly anti-labor). One need not be a fortune teller to guess that Mr. Lewis's ancestors came to America before the great waves of mid-19th century and turn of the century immigration. Among other things, Mr. Lewis may be an educated man, may have a house in the suburbs, a relatively small family and quite likely a rather high level of ambition for his tiny brood. Until the end of WWII, such generalizations were the functional social equations which guided the banker, the baker, the bartender and certainly the Fuller Brush salesman.

Today's world is far less certain. Mr. Lewis may have come to the big city years ago, married an Italian woman, allowed his children (six of them) to be raised as Catholics, quite against pater's express wishes, let slip his membership in the Lodge and begun voting for candidates whose ancestors originated far to the east of London.

This particular Mr. Lewis might even be Jewish. Nothing so clearly identifies the social proclivities of the Semitic tribe as its easy willingness to shorten, distort or abandon outright surnames of its ancestry. What might have been Lewisohn, Lipsky, Laski, Litvak or Luxemburg has now become, with a shrug of the shoulders to the immigration officer, Lewis.

In more recent years, a new pattern of shucking the old skin for the new has emerged. Now it's the first name that has been endangered. Time was when you met a Derek, a Sean, a Kerry or any other of a thousand "ethnic" Christian names, the social history was plain. Today? The same kind of devaluation Jews have put on surnames is now being applied to first names. How nice to meet Mr. Derek Scheinberg, Mr. Sean Pinsky -- and Mr. Kerry Lewis.

A pathetic footnote to all this name-trading comes from the black community, where the latest rage is to name its female children by wildly "misconceived" appellations such as Tiffany. Ah, Tiffany! How long it has been since we met at the country club! Ah, that lovely summer night when you swept across the dance floor in your cunningly clever tie-dyed denim evening dress! Ah, how you astounded the entertainment committee by insisting that the last dance be a boogie woogie and that the party end with a hip hop rap. How utterly clever of you, dearest Tiffany.

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Show Biz Admiral

John F. Lehman, the ex-Secretary of the Navy whom his onetime boss, Henry Kissinger, described as "an Irishman with a Jewish name," has written a book, *Command of the Seas* (Scribner's, 1988), that lifts the curtain on one of the most obstreperous Jewish male prima donnas in recent American history. Admiral Hyman Rickover, a perennial fixture in the Navy, was kept on active duty years beyond the time for his retirement (1952) by his friends in Congress, notably Senator William Proxmire, the Wisconsin Democrat with the famous hair transplant. Proxmire took a special delight in being known as the friend and protector of Jews; witness not only his coddling of Rickover, but his more than 3,000 speeches on the Senate floor urging that the U.S. sign the Genocide Convention.

Lehman tells of attending a 1982 meeting in the White House with President Reagan, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, James Baker, then Reagan's chief of staff, William Clark, national security adviser, and the 81-year-old curmudgeon. The purpose of the gathering was to get rid of Rickover amicably by having the President personally inform him of his retirement and by unruffling his feathers with the offer of a sinecure as a consultant on sub-

marine warfare. Instead of accepting his long overdue retirement gracefully, Rickover put on an act that would have shocked the late Lenny Bruce, Alan Berg or any other of the better known Jewish screaming meemies. When Reagan tried to calm him down, Rickover spat back, "Are you a man? Can't you make decisions yourself?" Reagan continued his soothing, only to be interrupted again by Rickover who shouted, "Aw, cut the crap."

Instead of throwing the four-star animal out of the Oval Office, Reagan obliged Rickover by telling the others to leave so the two could continue their talk head-to-head for another 15 minutes. Out in the anteroom, Lehman writes, Clark and Baker "gaped in amazement that they had never seen such a meeting in their entire careers."

Americans, or at least Majority members, also gaped in amazement when they watched Reagan being lectured and dressed down by Elie Wiesel on national TV for planning to go to Bitburg. Reagan went, just as he didn't give up on Rickover's retirement. But for the head of a superpower to endure this verbal slop from two Jewish megalomaniacs raises the question of presidential guts or lack thereof.

Needless to say, Rickover finally accepted the consulting job with an office in the Navy Yard and a car, driver and secretary -- perks which he kept till his death in 1986. Before his demise, it was found that the so-called father of the nuclear navy, and Jimmy Carter mentor, had accepted \$68,000 in gratuities from one of the Navy's prime contractors, General Dynamics. The media didn't go overboard in reporting this revelation. Instead of going to jail, Rickover was merely censured.

Parenthetically, it might be noted that though Rickover may have been the father of the nuclear navy, he was also its nemesis, having vetoed practically all improvements to nuclear submarines for several decades. This greatly increased the expense of submarine operations by not letting computers and other advanced instrumentation replace large and expensive crews. It also gave the Russians a chance to catch up and in some cases overtake the U.S. in underwater warfare.

The Fragging War

The Vietnam War was such a snafued and chaotic military operation that soldiers who tried to get out of it by self-inflicted wounds, not only succeeded but in some cases were even awarded Purple Hearts for mutilating themselves.

Worse than that were the attacks of Army GIs and Marine grunts on their officers and senior sergeants. These would take several forms: "enemy intrusions" at night that somehow concentrated their fire on officers' tents and dugouts; shooting officers in the back in the heat and confusion of battle;

booby traps rigged to officers' cots; bounties on the heads of unpopular officers and noncoms. The highest known bounty, \$10,000, was offered for the assassination of Major General Melvin Zais, commander of the 101st Airborne Division, whose tour of duty fortunately expired before the hit could be accomplished.

In 1969, fragging incidents became so common that the Pentagon was forced to keep statistics. Some 80% of the attacks were against officers and noncoms. Some 520 "frags," resulting in 85 deaths, were confirmed from 1969 through the first 11 months of 1971, but there were probably many more, considering the strong reasons field commanders had for not reporting or misreporting such casualties. Nearly 60% of the Viet veterans interviewed by socialist John Helmer said they personally knew of at least one fragging incident in their unit.

The threat of fragging did nothing to raise the low morale of officers, some of whom quietly and humiliatingly looked the other way when their soldiers mutinied. On August 26, 1969, a company of the 196th Infantry refused to march down a mountain. In December 1970, a platoon of the 1st Infantry refused to move out of its defensive positions. In 1968, there were 252 courts-martial for "insubordination, mutiny and willful disobedience"; in 1970, 382.

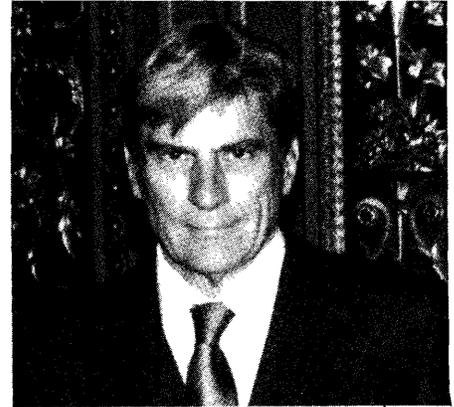
Such is the U.S. military record in Vietnam, the first war the U.S. lost and, not coincidentally, the first war in which American fighting men were truly integrated. Despite President Truman's 1948 order desegregating the Armed Forces, all-black units fought in the Korean War. (Source: *The Perfect War* by James W. Gibson, Vintage Books, Random House, NY, 1988, pp. 209-213)

Tennis, Anyone?

The village is Middleburg, located 40 miles west of one-part-white, three-parts-black Washington (DC), in the lush northern Virginia hunt country. Though most residents would have the stranger believe Middleburg's fame traces back to antebellum antiquity, the town really took off in the 1920s, mostly with New York stock market money fleeing the vulgarity of New Jersey and Long Island bootleg society. Yet today, Middleburg possesses a charm that few American towns can equal, enough charm to attract Virginia Republican Senator John Warner and Texas Democratic Senator Lloyd Bentsen.

However, Middleburg's tiny (and none too prepossessing) Tennis Association seems not to have measured up to the racial standards of these two political high-rollers. Not long ago, both up and resigned because the club isn't integrated. Never mind that no black has ever applied for membership. Just the fear of political black-

mail in the silly season of this past election year seems to have terrified the courageous solons.



Warner wasn't even up for election in '88

A friend, who belongs to the club, relates, with some glee, "Just wait until this spring, when Warner and Bentsen try to reapply for membership in the only tennis club within 25 miles. The membership can't wait to show them both what black-balling really means!"

A more self-conscious upper-class environment is Princeton (NJ), once the Ivy school of preference of America's social elite. Princeton's residential avenues have become home to some of the Northeast's highest-salaried executives. However, from a friend graduated from Old Nassau just before WWII, we learn the town wasn't always tony, its oldest clapboard row houses (currently renting at \$2,000 per month) were occupied by some of the North's seediest GOCs (Gentlemen of Color).

A story is told of how Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell, a classmate and member of a Princeton eating club, used to take leftover food from the kitchen to the GOCs' doorsteps, roughly a half-mile away, in large covered pots. Student Pell, the product of a great American colonial dynasty and "bred to the colors" in the finest of prep schools, once responded to the predictable "What's you got dere, boy?" by saying, "My good man, we seem to have had a surfeit of spinach at the club this evening." Came the reply, "Gimme de spinich. I doesn't want no surfeit."

Ponderable Quote

Informants serve a good purpose. too, like when a good organization is trying to monitor the Klan or the Nazis. And the civil rights movement was helped enormously by the use of informants during the 1960s.

Alan Dershowitz.
Atlanta Journal-
Constitution.
Nov. 25, 1988, p. 2.



WASPISHLY YOURS

COMMUTING ON THE local bus, one meets hoi polloi of the Third World. Every ride is like a new issue of the National Geographic. Some of the whites look a bit paleolithic. My Spanish reading ability has climbed dramatically, from puzzling out the schedules and notices of numerous welfare benefits available. It's more educational than college, and much cheaper.

At my destination, an expensive new hotel, contact is made with the intelligentsia of the Third World. The event is a meeting of business analysts, academic and industrial.

Many of the attendees are Asians, mostly of the Indian and Chinese varieties. One of the few Arabs, a visitor from Egypt via Saudi Arabia, had his chubby female graduate student, most likely Jewish, in tow.

The very few Afro-Americans are pale of complexion and very quiet. I do believe Asian Indians have become a designated minority, where once they were declared, of all things, "Aryans." No future in that! Now the flood of Asians seems to be eradicating the dreams of the Negro middle class for more-than-equal opportunity.

The Indians speak English rather well, but with a characteristic accent best expressed by the late Peter Sellers. The Raj left India with English as its one national language.

The Chinese are another case entirely. Many sounded as if they "just got off the boat." Their speech ranged from slightly accented to unintelligible. Some of them handed out printed versions written in broken English, but with perfect spelling! Such are the wonders of modern word processors.

The technical quality of the immigrant as well as the native presentations was quite variable. All I can say is that if these Oriental assistant professors of business administration really have anything to teach American college graduates, we can see why the country is in deep trouble.

The last straw came when the representative from a prestigious national association, bearing a very Celtic-sounding family name, sent in his place the female boat-person who actually wrote his address. She explained, in a heavily accented, sing-song cadence, how well the American manufacturing economy was recovering. A number of us raised some objections, pointing out that much of the "improvement" was due to the vanishing of whole industries.

Even some liberals have expressed reservations about the great influx of "talent" from the Third and Fourth Worlds. Their concern is that the U.S. is draining off the brains needed for those countries to develop. Japan, currently the most successful of nonwhite countries, if not of all countries, has generated few emigrants.

Is this talent all that beneficial to the U.S.? Among the nonwhite races, it is the Africans and Australoids who are deficient in IQ, and mostly in the mathematical aptitude end. The Arabs, Indians and yellow-skinned people are equal and perhaps superior to some whites.

The only advantage whites have is a knack for the practical and a bit of inventiveness. And this is the gift of the few who are identifiably "northern." When it comes to theorizing, intellectual nit-picking or academic gamesmanship, others do much better. The Jews may be the best, followed by the Chinese, then the Indians and, lastly, the Arabs.

China gave the world the Mandarin, the ultimate sophisticated, suave, scholar-bureaucrat and dilettante. This caste defines most of what is both good and bad about the many cultures of Asia. By contrast, the "gentleman" in the West is interested in sports, hunting and, for purely practical reasons, money. In Asia and Latin America, the wealthy live in the cores of the big cities; the poor are on the fringes. In North America, and to a lesser extent in Europe, the truly rich spend their time in secluded estates, superficially imitated by "suburbia."

The peculiar dynamism of the West originates among the "nerds," the scientists and engineers who create the machines and weapons that once subjugated the world. The rest of the world, especially Japan, has been cultivating these applied arts because they are now the foundations of political, economic and military power.

The real question is whether the culture serves the people or the people serve the culture. Even Instauration often takes the attitude that whites are "better" because they serve the bureaucratic-technical state better than, say, Negroes. The real question is whether our culture serves the northern white peoples any longer. The answer is no.

The Western "ruling class," never noted for its astute perception, is not even serving its short-term economic self-interest with its flood of Asian technical talent. The Mandarins always have been and always will be a parasitic class that puts the cultural polish on an otherwise grim society of impoverished masses. Millions toil that the few may sip tea and recite poetry. In the West, they now sip wine and recite mathematical theorems.

The alliance of the upper classes with the Jews to conduct class warfare against the white masses has proved to be a disaster for all. The upper crust no longer has any power base except its money, and that could be confiscated faster than you can say "IRS." The Jews have rigged the campaign financing laws so their mass participation outweighs the concentrated wealth of the "old money." But Israel is near collapse, as more and more Jews bail out. The media and academe have a tight hold on the shallow minds of the middle class, but the masses, especially Negroes, distrust Jews and all other wordy people.

The recruitment of Asian "talent" is the latest and looniest scheme of all, even worse than "racial integration" with Negroes. The Asians have little use, in the long term, for any of the current inhabitants of North America. They don't need Negro brawn, white brains or Jewish conniving. They excel at all these aspects of culture and civilization.

There is no way you can recruit other races to bolster your society and culture. In both North and South America, Negroes have not been "integrated," but have carved out their own cultural and economic niches. The same is true of Jews and, to a lesser extent, white ethnics. What's left for northern-type whites? For the lower classes, there's country and western music; for the swells, the L.L. Bean catalogue.

End of statement. I really do believe the Chinese think they are superior, but the Japanese know it. Maybe they are right. The Japanese have a warrior culture, but it is not Faustian, the spirit of which led the WASPs to try to dominate and then "assimilate" other races. It didn't work, not even with the Scots, let alone with the Negroes.

The unity of race-culture-destiny has gone underground in Japan, but seems to have died in Germany. It never existed in the Anglo-Saxon world beyond a few intellectuals in the 1880-1945 period. The Jewish version is a bit perverse.

With the exception of the Japanese, the world has been spiritually dead since 1945. Even they are reduced to selling electronic gimmicks to the American slobocracy. Negro "rage" is petty resentment. Jewish aggression is pointless cruelty. Communism is dead.

Some of the dingbats of the World Federalist stripe have been saying the world must unite in the face of the supposed contact with extraterrestrials. I think I'd rather have the ETs than the Jews, the liberals and the boat-people. What is there to lose?

* * *

In the invasion of Lebanon, the Israeli army captured an enormous quantity of military hardware, some of it sporting advanced Soviet technology. The Israelis refused to turn over any of that hardware to U.S. intelligence experts. Why? They wanted to be paid for it.

When word of this proposal caused something of a flap in the Pentagon, Israeli officials shrugged it off. Besides, they were peeved -- real peeved -- about the bad press they were getting for dropping cluster and phosphorous bombs on Arab civilians. American friends of Israel filed a petition with the Federal Com-

munications Commission asking that an NBC TV station's license be revoked because they felt the network's coverage of the war had violated the Fairness Doctrine.

The Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs, based in Washington, is dedicated to promoting the transfer of military technology to Israel. Its boss was Stephen Bryen, until he was hired by Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle to head the Defense Department's international technology exchange operations. At one time, Bryen was under investigation for failure to register as an agent of Israel. Perle has been questioned about his involvement in a U.S. military contract with an Israeli firm. Nothing came from either investigation.

In 1988, U.S. technology, intelligence, materiel and money flowing to Israel increased dramatically as a result of "strategic cooperation," a program that has the fervid support of America's Jewish community. Few details are known because it's a "stealth" policy. As former Israeli Defense Minister Menahem Meron said, the specifics "must be kept confidential for the sake of the healthy continuation of our relations." Among other intriguing elements of this strategic cooperation is the "stockpiling" of top-secret U.S. equipment at Israeli bases. Guess who are the guards? Only anti-Semites would want to know more about this new dimension of cooperation. Certainly Congress isn't asking any questions. Any senator or representative who got too nosy might regret it when he's up for reelection.

Most Livable and Unlivable States

The Atlanta Journal (September 3, 1988) published a list of the 10 states Americans most desire to live in and the 10 least desirable. The ranking was based on such factors as doctors per 100,000 population, cost of living index and crime rate. It will be noted that, for the survey, the District of Columbia has been given the temporary rank of state. The 10 winners:

Position	State	Negro %
1	North Dakota	0.39
2	Vermont	0.22
3	Montana	0.20
4	Wyoming	0.71
5	New Jersey	12.50
6	Connecticut	6.90
7	Minnesota	1.30
8	Rhode Island	2.90
9	Wisconsin	3.80
10	Massachusetts	3.80

The 10 losers are as follows:

42	Texas	12.00
43	Tennessee	15.80
44	North Carolina	22.40
45	Florida	13.70
46	Alabama	26.30
47	Arizona	2.70
48	District of Columbia	70.20
49	Mississippi	35.20
50	South Carolina	30.40
51	Georgia	26.80

Since race was not a factor in judging, we thought we'd make it one. The righthand column is the Negro percentage of the population of each state, as taken from the *1988 World Almanac*. The correlation is significant. Arizona's standing as the fifth most undesirable state can probably be explained by the fact that Hispanics, not included in the Negro percentage, comprise 16% of the population. Why New Jersey, despite its relatively high Negro component, comes in fifth in the most livable category remains a mystery.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Colloquies

Act II, Scene I, A large table, mid-stage. Eugene sits facing Ted Stoneham, a thick-boned skinhead, with shaven skull and wearing a red-white-and-blue shirt with broad braces that hold up a pair of black trousers tucked into big leather boots. Eugene is also in shirtsleeves, wearing much narrower braces.

TED. It's time someone gave it to you straight. You're what we call a [expletive deleted] wimp. You wormed your way in and became secretary by winnin' over the old dears. Every time we've tried to put some political punch and drive into the movement, you've come forward with your mealy-mouthed justification for doin' nothin'. Well, I have news for you, granddad. You can't rely on the deference of the lower orders no more. We're goin' to break you.

EUGENE. Whether I'm a wimp or not, time will show. But, of course, you're quite right in saying I wormed my way in and canvassed the old dears in order to become secretary. First of all, I got myself made secretary of my local committee and then virtually created the post of national secretary by hard work and a certain amount of judicious politicking. I don't deny it. I did it because I think I can be more effective than anybody else in that position. Remember that I get no pay for the job, only occasional expenses.

T. Yes, yes -- untaxed. As for the lack of pay, I don't think a leisured gent like you will suffer much from that. Besides, you'll no doubt get a nice present under the table from MI5.

E. I shan't be getting any money under the table from MI5, I assure you. The reasons for that will certainly be in my dossier.

T. Talk, talk, [expletive deleted] talk! That's all you're good at, apart from featherin' your little nests. The fact is, you and your kind allowed all the [expletive deleted] mutants to move in: first the yammerin' rat-faced yids before 1914, then the niggers, then the Pakis an' Bangladeshis and Madrassis -- an' now the Chinks are pourin' in. An' all we read in the "quality" press is about how many "talented" new "Englishmen" we welcome in every year! Meanwhile, you an' your kind hide yourselves away in the country an' live the life of Riley, while we have to stay here an' take the s---

E. Well, I agree that the rot really set in with the influx of Jews before the First War. But welcoming in refugees had paid off pretty well in previous centuries. The Huguenots were an asset. So were the royalists on the run from the French Revolution. On the whole, far-seeing minds in the nineteenth century were more worried about the influx from the Celtic fringe than from outside the system.

T. Yes, but when it became clear what the yids were after, the upper class did nothin' about it.

E. Before 1914, it was above all socialists like Edith Nesbitt and Roman Catholics like Nesta Webster who drew attention to the danger. I'm afraid the upper class as a whole felt so secure because it was not yet threatened.

T. You'd never have got away with ignorin' us if you hadn't got us killed off in hundreds of thousands during the wars.

E. Officers died in a higher proportion than men.

T. Wavin' their walkin' sticks in the general direction of the enemy.

E. Mosley was a gentleman in the class sense of the word.

T. Was there any other? My granddad was one of Mosley's boys. I know it's all lies about Mosley bein' finished by the end of the thirties. The fact is, most people were in favour of his peace

campaign. Chamberlain's reception after Munich proved it. But when the war came, all Mosley did was make a speech sayin', "We fight," an', of course, his lads all went off to die for the rotten system. Next time, we're not goin' to listen to no [expletive deleted] "gentleman" tellin' us to go off and get killed.

E. Still, I'll bet you were all for the Falklands War.

T. Too right. They was British people bein' pushed around down there. Killin' a few Argies cleared the air.

E. I think that conflict could also have been avoided -- by giving the Argentinians a clear warning, instead of letting a lot of smarmy diplomats like Carrington give them the impression they could get away with it.

T. Well, all I can say is that I'm glad it came to a clash -- just as I am when it 'appens in the football stands. We can fight, while all you do is try to find ways of avoidin' a fight.

E. Let me give it to you straight. I thoroughly agree about the pusillanimity shown by our upper classes in the face of the massive influx of oddities. The fact remains that higher intelligence is on the whole a class-associated factor, and civilisation depends on that small number of people with IQs of 160 or over. Your kind of England wouldn't be capable of more than a Bronze Age standard of culture.

T (*bristling*). Are you tryin' to say that me an' my mates are sort of white niggers?

E. Not at all. Cultural standards in the Bronze Age were far above what Negroes have ever achieved. I also think that any high civilisation needs a tough, dependable, homogeneous working class to form a solid base.

T. None of this talk leads anywhere.

E. Oh yes, it does. It leads to discussion of ways and means in connexion with the Neighbourhood Watch Committees.

T. What d'you mean?

E. I mean this. As you rightly say, I have a way with the old dears, who are going to be the backbone of our movement, because their numbers will grow proportionately in the future and they are most directly threatened by crime. I mean that they live in dangerous districts which they can't afford to leave. What is more, old age pensioners have a great deal of time on their hands, which can be put to excellent use.

T. What's that got to do with my age group?

E. More than you might think. At the moment, your only idea is to offer your services to the old dears in beating up their minority persecutors. But you see, they won't want to take up your kind offer. They know that you spend a lot of time getting drunk, beating up other gangs like your own, and generally creating havoc wherever you go.

T. Back we go to the stadium riots!

E. That did your image a lot of harm. So does your behaviour at Dixmuide, I can tell you. Of course, 38 people dead is a lot less than the 61 who died in Glasgow when Protestant and Catholic



teams were playing a match. However, that's all part of their tradition.

T. Ours, too. (*He almost shouts.*) UDA all the way; [expletive deleted] the Pope an' the IRA!

E. You would have been thoroughly at home during the Gordon Riots. Do you know why they write "[expletive deleted] the Pope" on the wall in Glasgow so often?

T. Why?

E. Because it takes less time and trouble to write than "[expletive deleted] the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland." Don't worry, I also thoroughly disapprove of the IRA, even if I see little relevance in the sectarian conflicts of the seventeenth century where southern England is concerned.

T. This is gettin' borin'. The fact is that we're goin' to defend our boroughs. What's more, some of the fuzz will be on our side. When the old dears see what we're doin', they'll be no end grateful.

E. It would be difficult to imagine a plan more likely to fail. I can well believe that some of the constables doing the rounds would be sympathetic towards you, but you can imagine the reaction of their officers -- especially after all the well-funded multiracial organisations have got onto them? Even as it is, they're always on the lookout for rough whites like you so as to maintain "racial balance" in their arrests. What would their reaction be if they found you were trying, in effect, to create a no-go area in this borough? You'll all be in gaol, for long stretches.

T. Do nothin' -- that's your great remedy for everythin'.

E. I have a proposition to make.

T. Spill it.

E. Among other things, I happen to know you're a bit of a villain.

T. (*belligerently*). What's that supposed to mean?

E. I happen to know you've profited on occasion from goods which fell off the backs of lorries.

T. Maybe, maybe not. If anybody lost anything, they could afford it.

E. What I am going to suggest could be very much to your advantage.

T. Go on.

E. Our big problem is that large immigrant areas located right next door to our Neighbourhood Watch Committees are responsible for a disproportionate amount of the crime which threatens the old dears -- not to speak of a lot of other relatively law-abiding people.

T. D'you think that's news to me?

E. Wait a bit. What if we made full use of the information-gathering potential of the watch committees? What if we kept a close watch on muggers and drug-pushers? The latter, especially, often carry a lot of money. What if we were able to inform you as to their likely whereabouts -- I mean when they are most vulnerable. You could move in, kick 'em to bits and relieve them of their ill-gotten gains.

T. Sounds lovely, but you said the fuzz would be on to us at the first whiff of racism.

E. True up to a point. The officers in the Met section are rotten with Masonry and desperate to please the do-gooders. But I agree with you that the lower ranks aren't so soft. It won't bother them too much if the odd mugger or pusher got beaten up, provided, that is, it was not the work of whites openly creating a no-go area. Then they would have to follow their officers in suppressing those whites.

T. Still, once a pattern was clear, Scotland Yard would be on to us.

E. Also true, which is why we must plan our campaign so that no pattern will emerge till most of London is involved.

T. Go on.

E. All informational data from the old dears will be databased twice -- once officially, once unofficially. I already have an unoffi-

cial person who will rearrange the data for me in a way that we can use it. Some of our targets will be white, of course. But we need hardly worry about creeps who mug old women or use AIDS-contaminated needles.

T. I fear they'll trace it all back to you and me.

E. Not me, certainly. I only have to trust one person apart from you, and that person won't give me away. As for you, all you have to make sure of is that your people come from parts of London a long way from where they make their hits, and that you have at least two people between you and the old dears. Information will reach the person you nominate -- anonymously -- and I would advise you to let no one know where it comes from. I suggest you tell the boys you have been tipped off directly by someone unnamed in the borough concerned.

T. Don't worry about me. No grass is goin' to have an easy life if he peaches on me. But there's one thing worries me. We get our information from the old dears, right? What's to stop them reportin' on us as well?

E. They will. And our people will process their reports. Provided our contact gets a regular rundown on what actually happened, he can ensure that the reports on your activities will be garbled in such a way as to be useless.

T. What's your cut goin' to be?

E. Oh, I don't want a cut, though you may see your way to making a donation to the Neighbourhood Watch Committees occasionally. After all, that's where the information will come from -- indirectly.

T. How do I know you're not settin' me up as a target?

E. You can act or not on our information, as you please. All I ask is that you really work your targets over. I'm growing tired of them getting away with it.

T. I can't make up my mind if we should trust you.

E. You'll trust me. The pickings are too big to ignore. Remember, it's not just a question of the muggers and pushers. We can target the drug fences as well -- the sort of people the police hardly ever gather evidence against. Those are the ones who carry the most money about -- they have to. Besides, I have a friend who will discuss ways and means with you.

T. Meanin'?

E. Ways of moving in unobtrusively. The best places to cut off your targets and isolate them. Ways to prevent them from crying out. Ways to escape afterwards. The right weapons to use. You'll become a lot more effective than you are now.

T. Some sort of SAS man, I suppose.

E. Could be. Do what he tells you, anyway, and don't waste time asking for his name and address.

T. Blimey! Nice friends you got. I suppose it all goes to show . . .

E. Show what?

T. That you're not so much of a wimp as you seem.

E. Of course, you're going to have to pay a price in return for all this useful information.

T. Here we go! What is it?

E. No villainy in your own district -- except perhaps for the odd football riot -- and no one targeted that we don't point out to you. Another thing, don't put your part of the take somewhere obvious like a giro account in your own name. I know tricks worth ten of that. And don't flash the money about, either, if you want to keep out of gaol.

T. Looks like gaol again for me sooner or later.

E. Perhaps. But this way it will be later rather than sooner, and you'll have something to fall back on when you come out. The way you're going now, you'd be in gaol sooner and have nothing to fall back on.

T. (*smiling*). We'll have to take you with us to the next Arsenal match.

E. Not on your life! I'm a rigger fan, myself. You and the lads

should try it -- plenty of violence on the field and much less off it.
T. There's one thing still bothers me.
E. Well?
T. My girl friend. She thinks you're a wimp, and she's not goin' to like this.
E. Where is she?
T. Outside the door.
E. Ask her in.
T. You asked for it.

(He goes to the door and shouts, "Rose!" Rose comes in. She's dressed in a miniskirt with a broad black leather belt and is rather heavily made up. Shoulder pads accentuate her already rather broad shoulders. Her short, light-brown hair is clean, however, and she has a sharp, commanding air.)

TED. This 'ere is Eugene.

ROSE. I know. What about it?

TED. He's got some ideas.

EUGENE. So I have. So I have. But I'm not going to discuss them with more than one person at a time, thank you.

R. Then why did you have me sent for?

E. Ah, you knew it must have been my idea, didn't you? Well, I do want to talk to you, if Ted will kindly wait outside for a bit.

(Rose nods to Ted, who goes out.)

E. Tell me, why do you go round with Ted? You must know that you could get a much richer boy?

R. Because I'm not a bleedin' prostitute. I stick wiv me own kind -- the boys I went to school wiv. What's more, I wouldn't give myself to some foreigner or other just 'cause he was well-heeled.

E. Then you are a lot more moral, as I understand the word, than a lot of rich women.

R. So is that what you had me brought in for? To pay me compliments?

E. No, we're going to need you -- and some more girls, too. You're going to act as decoys. Don't worry, the lads will be in the background. What's more, you'll do nicely out of it.

R. This ain't quite what I expected. You want us to take a lot of risks, while you get somethin' out of it without riskin' your bleedin' neck. Is that it?

E. I won't get anything out of it -- directly. But your fan club stands to gain a lot financially, besides getting a lot of excitement.

R. Why don't you get some of the girls in your own class to act as decoys?

E. Because they'd stick out in working-class London like sore thumbs. Besides, I'm not leading your lot into more trouble than you've been in already. On the contrary, I'm helping you to get away with it.

R. You're still 'idin' be'ind our skirts.

E. Not just that. We're even going to use schoolchildren as informants and watchers. They are as good as OAPs in their own way.

R. An' what if us or the kids get found out an' duffed up?

E. If you do what we suggest, that will be far less likely. After all, girls like you are being worked over as it is -- raped, bashed and robbed. The same goes for the children. What's more, we would be ensuring that those responsible for working you over get a taste of their own medicine.

R. Sounds interestin'. Still, I can't think it's right that you should sit like a spider in the middle of the web, wivout any risk to yourself.

E. A certain amount of risk is inseparable from all activities of this kind, and I indulge in a lot of them, so the risk mounts up. However, it gives me a better conscience, and I sleep all the more soundly as a result.

R. I'll talk to Ted an' see what 'e says.

E. You're still a teenager, aren't you?

R. What of it?

E. Well, I am quite old enough to suggest you use less makeup. It's

bad for the skin. After all, your boy friends set a good example by shaving their heads, just as wig-wearers did in the eighteenth century. It all makes for better hygiene.

R. And what about pimples?

E. Bathe them regularly in wych elm lotion. Eat a lot of leafy green vegetables as well. Cut out Coca-Cola and junk food.

R. Seems like you want to run our lives for us.

E. The funny thing is, I like you -- both you and Ted.

To Be Continued

The Rube's Conversion

Ol' cousin Jeb calls in t'other day. Sez he's right fed up with them -- whatcha call 'em -- them holycoasters, them fellers ferever takin' on 'bout them Jew-folk bin wiped out in big double-you-double-you two. Jeb sez it's hogwash. Sez them Jews didn't lose one-hunnert what other folk did.

"Hell Jeb, you cain't say that," sez I.

"The hell I cain't," sez he. "You done any real readin' on it -- like books by perfessers and docs and other smart fellers who say it never happened?"

"Wall, no, cain't rightly say I have, Jeb. Have you?"

"Doggone right, I have."

"Wall, whatta they say?" I asks, 'cause I guess he wants me to.

"It ain't altogether what they say, though they say a-plenty. That ain't how I figgered it out. That ain't what counts."

"Wall now," sez I, "just what does count, Jeb?"

Now Jeb was always a purty smart cuss. Got near through grade-school, he did. Lookin' at me sharp as a fox eyein' a henhouse, he sez:

"What counts, cousin, is them there Jews run the papers and the telly-vision and plumb near everythin' else. Why, them Jews won't let the good folk talk 'bout the holycoast no-way, less, of course, they git down and 'fess-up it happened. And you best say it happened jist like they tell you. Why, they even try to keep folk from a-readin' or a-talkin' 'bout it -- less they go along with it like fleas on a dawg. That's what counts."

I'm plumb perplexed. "How's that count with you, Jeb?"

"Wall, cain't you figure that out -- no matter what anybody sez?"

I'm a-scratchin' my head when -- quick as a cat -- ol' Jeb grabs me an' yells, "Hot damn, man, don't you see? Looky-here, if them books was wrong, why we'd figure that out. Why, hell, we'd laugh at 'em. But we ain't laughin' at 'em when we read 'em. Nosireebob, we ain't. We ain't laughin' 'cause they make a lotta horse-sense, they ring-a-ding the ol' bell. Now jist as soon as some smart folk starts talkin' up them books and things, why, them Jew fellers, they always try to sic the guv'ment on 'em. Now, that ain't right. It ain't even smart. 'Cause it shows them folk -- as thinks -- jist who's tellin' it right, jist who's on the square."

"Sonofagun! You ol' sidewinder, yer onta 'em!"

Ol' Jeb's all a-grinnin'. And he cuffs me soft-like on the ear, like when we was young'uns. He's a-grinnin' away, jist sittin' there a-grinnin' away, and purty soon I'm a-grinnin', too, and slappin' my pants.

"I'll be danged, Jeb, you always was the smart one," I sez as I pours us some more white lighnin'.

Thoughts from the White Tip

IN BOPHUTHATSWANA, President Lucas Mangope was deposed by a coup but was quickly reinstated by a South African police commando squad. Corruption in the Homeland is rampant. A mysterious background figure, the Russian-born Shabtai Kalmanovitz, was reportedly introduced to Mangope by a New York City rabbi and soon had the President squirming in his toils. Previously, Shabtai had been in America and was later arrested in London when U.S. authorities sought his extradition for having allegedly passed over \$2 million in counterfeit checks. Somehow he was cleared of the charges and managed to return to his original point of departure -- Israel.

In Bophuthatswana, acting in concert with Frankfurt-based financier Henry Landschaft, Shabtai established a commercial company called LIAT to construct a shopping center. Although much lower tenders were received from leading South African construction companies, LIAT was awarded the contract, and Shabtai pocketed a \$2.5 million "management fee" and subsequently subcontracted the job back to local construction companies. Clearly, Shabtai had a hold of some kind over Mangope, possibly by knowing too much about him or by hypnotizing him in the way Western politicians have been hypnotized by his racial cousins. More recently, LIAT was awarded a \$46 million contract for the construction of housing schemes and a national stadium, which was again subcontracted and from which, without lifting a finger, he reaped a cool \$5 million or more, all largely at the expense of South African taxpayers. Kalmanovitz then became Mangope's trade representative in Tel Aviv, but was arrested there as a Russian spy. Or so we are told.

Further afield, in Rome, Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, the chairman of the Organisation of African Unity (which exists in name only) was sounding his usual warnings, saying that those in the West who opposed sanctions against South Africa were worried about their investments there, but that these would be destroyed if there were an explosion of violence in the country. "If we cannot be moved by the sufferings of black people, then for God's sake let us be moved by the threat of an explosion," he exclaimed dramatically. This Negro hypocrite has been warning of bloodbaths and explosions in South Africa for as many years as I can remember. How desperately he longs for them!

In Maputo, Mozambique, Albie Sachs, the South African advocate who specialized in defending members of the ANC, has been critically injured in a car-bomb blast. He is the son of Russian-born Solly Sachs, a card-carrying Communist, who fled South Africa for the haven of London.

In Zimbabwe, many whites have been arrested in connection with sabotage, explosions and the murder of ANC members. After prolonged confinement and interrogation in jails, they have now begun to appear in court, handcuffed and manacled with leg irons and facing possible death sentences. It gives the gloating blacks inexpressible pleasure to see their former masters humiliated. Although there is little doubt the incidents in question did take place, the blacks are determined to treat them as the work of white



South African agents, not of rival tribal gangs.

One poor old white was incarcerated for over a year before being brought to trial. As nothing could be proved against him, he was returned to his cell and told he would stay in jail until proof could be found! Defense lawyers themselves risk the death penalty. No world outcry about this, no holy men leading crusades, no protest marches, no massed meetings in Hyde Park, no newspaper or radio or television campaigns, no rock idols appealing to thousands of screaming teenagers, not a murmur anywhere. Who cares what happens to mere civilized white people? Whites, where they have not been hoodwinked, have

been brought to heel. There is little fight left in them.

In America, President Mugabe accused Zimbabwe's white minority (100,000) of displaying "British arrogance" towards blacks and criticized white parents who kept their children in a "cultural, political and social laager." He said:

They resent going to the same schools as blacks. They will not allow their children to participate in public events like celebrations for our independence anniversary. There is that reluctance and indifference -- they remain British wherever they are.

This is very wicked of them, this failing to celebrate their racial overthrow at the hands of black savages, even failing to change the color of their skins, as such arrogance still makes blacks feel inferior. But Mugabe went on to tell Americans that at the beginning of independence he gave white Rhodesians the choice of either leaving or staying to live with us "without harassment because of their past sins"! He omitted to say that whites who want to leave may only take their clothes with them. They are needed as indispensable slaves to provide the national wealth, which is the role South Africans are intended to play when they have finally elected to be enslaved.

It should be noted that here is an African primitive who, for once, is not ranting about South Africa and apartheid, but merely expressing his dissatisfaction with his racist Anglo-Saxon serfs, whose enslavement the British government itself had striven unceasingly for so many years to bring about, with Labourites and Conservatives acting as one in the same unworthy cause.

This same strange British government, having successfully obliterated the British people of Kenya and Rhodesia, is now free to concentrate all its destructive attention on South Africa, which, with 2 million inhabitants of British descent, offers by far the biggest and most tempting target of all. The concomitant policy of colonialism in reverse, however, whereby 3 or 4 million blacks have been established in Britain, has not been proceeding so smoothly, even though the essential purpose of mongrelizing the population will be accomplished in due course. The first black woman MP, Dianne Abbott (a member of the Labour Party, naturally), said while on a visit to the U.S. that "far from Britain being a nicer and more liberal society, the British invented racism." She then reverted to her pet subject: "I believe in black people. I believe in our beauty, in our strength, in our potential. My career has been about that." Such outbursts of racism have been an

embarrassment to the Labour Party. Labour has been resisting the setting up of a separate black section of the Party, which Ms. Abbott has been prominent in urging. This would be apartheid within Labour itself. Engineered by the blacks, Negro party sections would completely overturn Labour's ideological appletart and make it more difficult to cover up the fact that black racism is as racist or more so than white racism.

Blacks, owing to their arrogance and their penchant for crime, are not popular with the natives of their new homeland, Britain, which may have been the reason for two white youths pushing a black South African teacher off the platform of London's Kings Cross underground railway station and into the path of an oncoming train, then kicking him to prevent him from climbing back to safety. After a member of the underground staff had signaled the train to stop, the victim, Mr. Motopeng, told the press, "the unprovoked attack was as bad as any I experienced in South Africa," thereby inferring that this sort of thing happens all the time in South Africa, where I have never yet seen a law-abiding black man assaulted. It only goes to show that even when they are thrown in front of trains in London, black South African semi-intellectuals are so demented that they can still only think of criticizing their native land. In any case, it was nothing compared to the deadly attack on a white South African in London, a Mr. Ralph Berry, who was hurled by a gang of blacks directly under the wheels of a truck, which crushed his head like an eggshell. He was killed when he went to the assistance of his elderly parents, who were being harassed by the gang. The irony is that the Berrys settled in England because they hated apartheid and wanted to live in a land like England where racial harmony and brotherly love reigned, as the South African newspapers had assured them.

* * *

A news snippet reveals that the first rape case in the British Falkland Islands in 50 years ended when the judge sentenced Mr. C. O'Bey to jail for three years. There is so little crime in the Falklands that no jail exists apart from a tiny "cooler" and no court of law; the judge has to come from some other unspecified place. The culprit will have to serve his sentence on St. Helena, rather like Napoleon, which he may not mind, as he is a native of that island. Yes, he is a Coloured man and he may have felt that the girl was discriminating against him by resisting his advances. Perhaps this is why his sentence was so remarkably light.

* * *

Last year, Australia celebrated its 200 years of British settlement. No doubt the people thoroughly enjoyed the color and pageantry of the festival, though all "our" South African newspapers reported were the activities of the Aborigines protesting white rule. The Abos were no doubt half-breeds, often joined by pure white liberals. They declared 1988 a year of mourning, saying it represented "200 years of white lies," adding that "White Australia has a black history." Prime Minister Bob Hawke, when asked by an Abo spokesman why he was celebrating a day of Abo mourning, replied, "It is a celebration of 200 years of Aboriginal civilization and culture."

Australian Aborigines are 28 times more likely to be imprisoned than whites. Many of the poor wretches hang themselves in their cells. Justice Marcus Einfeld of the High Court wept openly at the racism rampant in the land. "I have been in Soweto in South Africa, to German concentration camps, but this is my own country," he exclaimed bitterly. He apparently hadn't been to Israel. Paul Byrne, the New South Wales Law Reform Commissioner, was less disingenuous, saying that "the rate of imprisonment of Australian Aborigines is intolerably high, and as long as we continue to criticize the position in South Africa we must look to the

very serious inequality that exists in our own country."

There is much unrest in Australia among most whites, who are now known as WASPs, just like the dispossessed Americans. Figures show that in 1986-87, Australia's migrant intake of 120,000 comprised 31.8% from Asia, easily the highest on the scale, while those from Britain accounted for 19.5%, with 16.5% from Oceania, including New Zealand, and 12.2% from Europe. Statistics also show an increase in racially instigated violent crime, especially in socially deprived areas. According to Professor Blainey of Melbourne University, it is a crisis that threatens to tear the nation apart, a view supported by the Returned Servicemen's League, which has repeatedly challenged Prime Minister Hawke to hold a referendum on the matter. Needless to say, Hawke, who must be a prominent member of the secret Western Mongrelization Conspiracy, has no intention of having his good work undone by democratic referendums.

Intelligent Australians say that owing to enforced dilution of the Anglo-Saxon strain, the nation is in such rapid social and economic decline the process must be halted immediately. The first step should be to stop voting for the racial renegades responsible for the situation, though there is no sign of this happening in our beleaguered, brainwashed white lands, except for a strong hint of it in nasty South Africa. Canada, for example, under that cloddish clown, Brian Mulroney, seems to be relaxing its immigration laws. Apparently Canadian officials haven't yet got their fill of Asian and alien immigrants. The fact is, I am surprised the country has any immigration laws left at all.

As far as Canada's aborigines are concerned, we are informed that the Eskimos are being ruined by enforced integration with the whites, which has given them the freedom to neglect their own culture and taught the children to disobey their parents, like white children do. Having survived the world's harshest environment from the beginning of time, they are now dependent on the whites and may be permanently done for. If this is what liberal egalitarian madness has done to Eskimos, what is it doing to us? The answer to this is that, with the present trend, the process will take a little longer.

In New York City, that endearing little man, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, when questioned by leaders of the black community about parallels between the treatment of blacks in South Africa and Palestinians under Israeli rule, replied, "You cannot compare the situation in our country and what is going on in South Africa. Israel is very strongly against apartheid and we are ready at any moment to sit down with the Palestinians, with the Arabs, and negotiate about the status of these territories. It is not the case with other countries," the midget terrorist emphasized.

South Africa is not merely negotiating with the nonwhites but surrendering to them with indecent celerity, mainly because of American pressure. Shamir himself, on the other hand, is resolutely opposed to any plan for peace that involves the return of Arab lands seized in the 1967 Middle East war.

As it happens, none other than Dr. Henry Kissinger stated that the Israeli government will not negotiate until it believes the Palestinians are so exhausted they will accept whatever deal they are offered. No doubt Mrs. Suzman would agree with this, in spite of her love for Coloured folk oppressed by white Nazis. Kissinger, it will be recalled, was the one who engineered the submission of White Rhodesia to black Marxist rule by putting the pressure on Prime Minister John Vorster to cut off Rhodesia's supplies. Henry was full of idealistic sentiments at that time, quite different from his present ones. Rhodesians, of course, were only detestable blond Nordics, racists to a man, whereas the Israelis are Chosen by God, not racist at all. By the same token the Palestinians have no right to protest at having been dispossessed of their ancient homeland by divine invaders from Poland and Russia.

Regardless of the rights and wrongs of it, Israel means to hang

on to what she has. She means to survive, which is a word that non-Jewish whites have erased from their own dictionaries in order to make room for the word "compromise." I am sure we all want the Jews to have a homeland of their own, and where else should that be but Israel? The main difficulty is that Palestine is not nearly big enough for them all, a political and geographic handicap offset by the truth that few Jews want to go there anyway, while those who do go there often quickly move on, feeling that our civilization and its many comforts are better than idealistic deserts. Another serious difficulty is that Israel cannot stand on its own feet, but has to depend on its American colony and its German slaves for support. It is a sucker fish state and will stay that way.

Israel, with its wild Zionist dreams, given substance by the Jews' complete racial mastery of the West ever since German resistance was literally reduced to rubble, is the most dangerous country in the world today, inclined to unleash a nuclear devastation at the least provocation. We can be sure that non-Jewish human life means nothing whatever to the Jews themselves, especially the lives of Arabs and Nordics. Paradoxically, however, it is the blonde shikshas who represent their greatest danger, as their unique beauty sends all Asiatics quite gaga. The demographic decline of the Jewish race is even greater than our own, and usually for the same reasons, such as high living standards, fewer marriages, more divorces, aging populations, but most of all because of mixed marriages and the rarity of subsequent conversions. In Israel itself, the birthrate is double that of the Jews in the West, but this is offset by declining immigration and the growth of the Arab population, which has to be retained to provide the necessary cheap labor.

So what will the future hold? The way the Zionists are going, Israel is bound to come unstuck sooner or later. Hubris is always followed by Nemesis.

* * *

In the independent Bantustan of Transkei there have been two military coups, the first ousting the President, Paramount Chief Kaiser Matanzima, for corruption; the second, Mrs. Stella Sigcau, also for corruption. People have always known about the hopeless corruption of the Transkei, as in every other black state. When tenders were put out for public works, which, naturally, had to be undertaken by South African companies (with the capital for such works being provided by the South African government or South African taxpayers), the bids always had to take into consideration the bribe money to be paid to the black Kaiser. The deposed Matanzima was reported in the press to be living in a back room in Vienna, completely broke, which was altogether unlikely. It so happened he was in South Africa living in a luxury hotel. The man who deposed him, General Bantu Holomisa, covered in gold braid, put Mrs. Sigcau in his place. She was the only member of the government with clean hands, which soon proved to mean she was the only one who hadn't yet been found out.

I recently drove through the Transkei, noting its taintness in contrast with its former white neatness and cleanliness. When the whites controlled the areas that are now the Bantu Homelands, they were peaceful and orderly, with soil conservation and advanced agricultural practices the norm. Now they are squalid agricultural slums, overgrazed, badly cultivated and producing a tithe of their former output. The Transkei itself, although it contains the best land in all Southern Africa, now barely manages to support goats and a few mangy cattle. Its only exports to South Africa are squatters. Even so, one might have expected that the outside world would have acclaimed the creation of these independent chunks of South Africa, involving the freeing of the blacks from the oppression of apartheid and white rule. Not so. The world refuses to recognize their existence, thereby demonstrating once again that it is not interested in the welfare or otherwise of the blacks, but only in the destruction of South African whites.

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Whatever happened to Majority college students?

Did any Instaurionist happen to see *A Scandal in a Small Town*? It was typical establishment fare. The bad guy is a history teacher with negative views of the Jewish contribution to civilization. His students all love him, but Raquel Welch, playing the good, progressive mother, is afraid her daughter is being brainwashed into a hater. So she decides to act. We all know what that means, don't we? When the school board votes against her, she runs to the good ole boys and girls of the ACLU. She finds a lady lawyer who warns her of the difficulties inherent in suing a school board.

Rebuffed at every turn, Raquel almost calls it quits. But then her girl is harassed at school and made the target of vicious rumors. This inspires her to push her lawsuit. Under cross-examination, what the teacher says in court contradicts what his pupils say he has told them, especially about the Holocaust. The judge rules against the school board and suspends the teacher. In real life, of course, any teacher questioning the Holocaust couldn't last five minutes in a classroom today.

There were some echoes of the James Keegstra case in this TV film. Too bad the arson attack on the Canadian school-teacher's home wasn't worked into the plot or the verdict of the appeals court that found him innocent of violating Canada's hate laws.

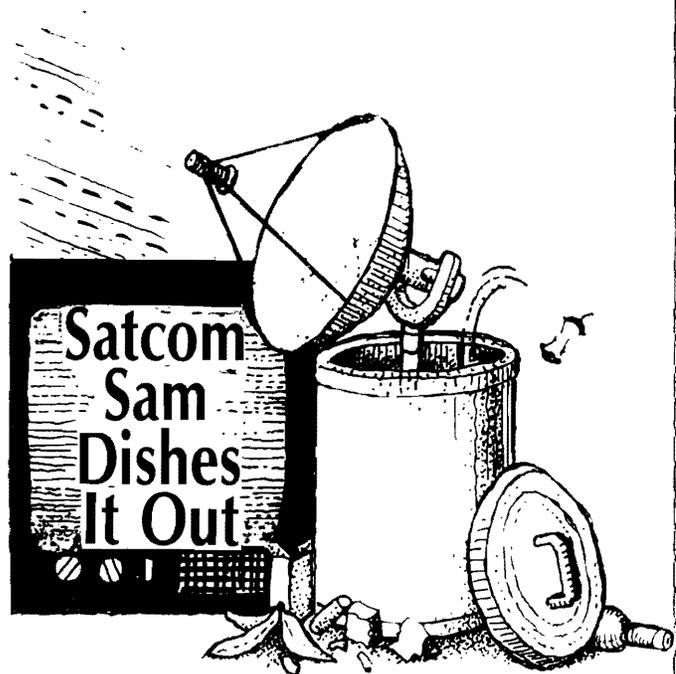
* * *

In January, NBC ran a two-episode miniseries, *Twist of Fate*, which had to be one of the most idiotic and outlandish of all the myriad TV shows about the poor, poor Jews in the good, good war. SS Colonel Helmut von Schraeder (Ben Cross) is playing his flute in Treblinka, where he is one of the commanding officers, when the telephone rings and he learns that the plot to kill Hitler has failed. Since he was involved, he decides the only way to escape arrest and execution by the Nazis, or later by the soon-to-be-victorious Allies, is to have his nose reshaped to make him look like a Jew and join the Jewish inmates after his simulated death by typhus. With a new face and a new name, Ben Grossmann, he is transferred to Belsen. Freed by bagpipe-playing Scottish troops, he makes his way to Palestine, where he joins a kibbutz and helps defend it against marauding Arabs.

Eventually, Grossmann is ordered to go to Switzerland to purchase arms for the aborning state of Israel. He is inclined to stay there, but his attractive Jewish girlfriend, Deborah (Veronica Hamel), telephones him she is pregnant. He returns and marries her in a lavish Jewish ceremony.

Now we move up 25 years. Grossmann is an Israeli general. His son, Daniel, goes to Munich to do research for a movie about "war criminals." Coming across a file on Helmut von Schraeder, Daniel gradually realizes that he is reading about his father. Meanwhile, Grossmann is kidnapped on a trip to Buenos Aires by agents of ODESSA, whose unreconstructed Nazis know the real person behind the nose and blackmail him into making a promise to deliver to them uranium stolen from stockpiles in Israel. One of the agents is none other than Dr. Schlossberg, the plastic surgeon who worked on Grossmann's (Schraeder's) face.

When the general returns to his beautiful home in Israel, he finds his son has come back with a young Jewess he met in Munich. She aspires to work in the Yad Vashem Holocaust Museum. Mossad, which has finally learned the general's true identity, joins Daniel in the obligatory car chase. Son



wants to shoot father, but is talked out of patricide by a Mossad agent. Grossmann manages to make it to a motorboat in which the ODESSA people are waiting for the uranium, but as it speeds away, it is blown sky-high by the bombs, not the uranium, that the sly general has taken with him. In his death he is celebrated or at least recognized as an SS colonel who was transformed into an Israeli patriot. It is all very touching.

Nary a sequence in the film jibes with the historical record. One of the high points, the realignment of the colonel's face so he can melt into the Jewish population in Treblinka, is in sharp contradiction to the Extermination Thesis, another basic message of the film. If the Jews in the camps were all marked for death, the colonel would hardly have been inclined to share their fate.

Moreover, although the colonel was in the SS, he was depicted as being involved in the plot to overthrow Hitler. Of the 70 officers listed by General Otto Remer in his book, *Verschwörung und Verrat um Hitler*, who were executed, shot or committed suicide after the failed July 20, 1944, rebellion, not a single one was a member of the SS. (*I am indebted to the scholarly bulletins of Charles E. Weber for much of what I have written about Twist of Fate.*)

* * *

Satcom Sal (my perceptive niece) reports. Monday (Feb. 21) was the holiday "for some president," as Harry Smith of the *CBS Morning News* identified it. He'd have been fired if he'd been as vague about the Martin Luther King Jr. holiday.

David Duke appeared on the CBS morning show (Feb. 15). He was terrific. He was dignified, articulate and composed when Smith baited him with, "C'mon now. Isn't this really all a veneer?" What was music to my ears was his reference to reducing the illegitimate birthrate and relieving the welfare burden.

In early March, ABC's *Good Morning, America* resurrected Angela Davis for an interview with Charles Gibson. She is now teaching "women's courses" at San Francisco State.

Asked if she had changed, she replied, "not from my original political commitment and involvement." Mellowed? She indicated she was "still a revolutionary," favors "radical structural changes" in the U.S. and wants to "organize around the issues: the homeless movement, women's reproductive rights and getting rid of drugs." She claims her "image was created by the media" -- that out of thousands of published pictures of her, not one shows her with her mouth closed. Amazed by her warm reception on TV talk shows, she boasted she had more demands to appear on campuses than she can fill. "We don't have as much overt organizing as in the 60s, but there is more awareness." The Afro hairdo has given way to a much tamer one.

* * *

From 787. Black History Month 1989 had more ironies, delicious or otherwise, than you could shake a stick at. On ABC's *Nightline* a day or two after David Duke was unsuccessfully roasted by Grand Inquisitor Ted Koppel, the focus was on the "censorship" of Salman Rushdie's book. The panelists were mostly the likes of Norman Mailer. Someone managed to ask a very indiscreet question, "If a book had been published mocking the Holocaust, grossly offensive to Jews, would you defend that book's publication?" Ghastly silence, then stuttering, followed by a hesitant, garbled reply, presumably in the affirmative. It was reminiscent of Dukakis' bloodless response to the raped wife question in his debate with Bush.

* * *

From 601. Without a doubt, the most racially offensive show on television is *A Man Called Hawk*. The protagonist is a shaven-headed, knuckle-walking brother who fights crime in Washington (DC). With the exception of a flunky here and there, every criminal, from the local cat burglar to the ruthless druglord, is a white male. Hawk takes care of these noxious Hollywood Aryans by riddling them with bullets or dropping them off roofs.

In the first four episodes, Hawk has evinced a violent dislike for white detectives and white college students. One of the wimpiest white males on the show was a hotel manager. When he started complaining about Hawk's unauthorized entry into the hotel, Hawk just told him, "Sit!" For all I know, the white guy is still doing just that.

On the other hand, every black person is a lawyer, policeman or business leader. Except, of course, for a black male who has been led astray by white males. When not doing the right thing or talking intelligently, the blacks are lecturing the white males on the duties of citizenship, or telling them that they have to be responsible for their actions.

So far, no white women have begged Hawk to bed them, but that cannot be long in coming.

* * *

From a channel-clicking subscriber: There is an unbelievably bad TV program called *Amen*, which stars a wirey little colored man, Sherman Helmsley, who became famous in another long-run, race-mixing obscenity, *The Jeffersons*. In *Amen*, he plays a widower. As I flipped past it Saturday night, I was just in time to catch his huge, recently hired Swedish housekeeper pick him up and try to seduce him. Riotous!

I know that I all too frequently write in superlatives such as, "This was the worst or the most offensive program, but the

rerun of the 227 show I watched recently must surely be in a class by itself. Though I had never watched the program before, I gathered that the cast is usually all black. The story line was quite simple. Members of the black family attend the reading of a will and discover they have several Irish cousins in Arkansas. One of the will's stipulations is that the two branches of the family spend a prescribed amount of time "under the same roof" in order to inherit a large sum of money. Because the blacks live in a larger and nicer (natch!) house than the white Arkansas farmer and his brood, the latter move into the former's residence.

What ensues is predictable and, supposedly, hilarious. The white father isn't too bright (natch again) and has deplorable eating habits. He is given to hog calling at random moments, much to the embarrassment of the darker cousins who are trying to impress their ritzy friends in Mother Jemima's church social. To assert this "ritziness," the black mama repeatedly uses the phrase, "au contraire."

The young girls busily swap information about their different cultures. The Arkansan teaches her black counterpart how to "clog," while the latter returns the favor with an acrobatic demonstration of rock 'n' roll rump-swiveling. The whole thing is all in good fun, you understand. Miscegenation is portrayed as natural and amusing. No one says that it is desirable -- yet!

* * *

Huge tears poured out of the obscenely mascaraed orbs of Tammy Bakker as the *Jim and Tammy Show* returned to disgrace an already disgraced media in the first week of January. The people who should weep are those Americans who are utterly ashamed of belonging to the same country as these miserable God-loving pseudos.

* * *

Commenting on the growing number of TV pitchwomen in commercials, the *Village Voice* (Nov. 29, 1988) opined that a blonde was the dumber of two females huckstering Shredded Wheat. The left-lib rag, owned by Jewish hectomillionaire Leonard Stern (Forbes net worth \$1.3 billion), then turned its antiwhite ire to the 30-second Bounce with Stain Guard spot, whose two female talking heads, so said the *Village Voice*, "are ethnically balanced: brunette Jew and (again dumber) blonde WASP."

* * *

Mandela, the TV movie, won four Ace awards for HBO. It must have come as a shock to the producers when Winnie Mandela, whom they portrayed as a black Joan of Arc and whose decorum would have been the envy of Caesar's wife, turned out in real life to be the patroness of a gang of bashers. Heroine one day, murder accomplice the next. Only on American TV!

* * *

Let's hope it's true. Roy Innes, who should have been arrested for assaulting John Metzger on that ill-fated episode of *Geraldo*, and whose violence was given the go-ahead by the host, has promised to retire "from fighting on television." Before tackling Metzger, Innes had shoved Rev. Al Sharpton, Tawana Brawley's maundering mentor, onto the floor on the *Morton Downey Jr. Show*.

Talking Numbers

0 1 47 11 5 9 2

49% of Israeli Jews want to transfer (drive out) all Palestinians from the West Bank and Gaza Strip. It brings to mind the Exodus of the Old Testament, only this time Jews are the expellers, not the expelled, and this time, if the mass eviction takes place, the expelled will be forced out of their homeland with no Promised Land in sight.

#

It cost U.S. taxpayers \$1,250,000 to move the Reagans out of the White House and into their Bel Air (CA) spread. It will cost U.S. taxpayers \$27 million in 1989 to move Russian Jewish refugees to the U.S. and Israel. 20,082 decamped from the Soviet last year, only 7.1% of them going to where they should be going.

#

For every 1,000 women aged 15 to 19 in their respective countries, 96 Americans get pregnant, 45 Brits, 44 Canadians and 14 Dutch. More than half of U.S. teens will know someone -- in the biblical sense -- by age 17. This accounts for 1.1 million pregnant teens every year. At last count, black and Hispanic women sign up for 33% of all U.S. abortions.

#

Some 200,000 ethnic Germans from Eastern Europe arrived in the Federal Republic of Germany in 1988, including 15,700 from the Soviet Union. 400,000 more are expected by the turn of the century -- one way to compensate for the German birth dearth.

#

645,000 foreigners live legally in Italy; 1.2 million illegally. 30 million Italians left their homeland in the 19th century, a migration which is slowly beginning to shift into reverse.

#

In early January, 94 Haitians ran aground near Key West on a leaky 30-foot sailboat that somehow managed not to capsize. The passenger list included 10 pregnant women and three children.

#

In 1984, Mexico, with 76 million people, racked up 300,000 more babies than the U.S. with 240 million people.

#

The average enlisted man in the U.S. Armed Forces retires at age 39; the average officer at 43. Both immediately become eligible for indexed pensions and health benefits, worth some \$228,000.

The Census Bureau forecasts the U.S. will be the habitat of this many Asians in 1990: 800,000 Japanese, 810,000 Koreans, 860,000 Vietnamese, 1.26 million Chinese, 1.41 million Filipinos, 600,000 Indians and 700,000 "Others."

#

A sampling of the 100 top U.S. jobs by salary: professional basketball player, \$515,000 a year; surgeon \$164,724; rabbi \$54,500; lawyer \$43,474; astronaut \$38,316; college professor \$33,790; aircraft mechanic \$28,623; waiter/waitress \$20,246. Teachers and hamburger slingers don't come close to qualifying for the hundred most remunerative employment slots.

#

A Gallup Poll reported that in households with annual incomes of \$25,000 to \$40,000, 87% of whites and 67% of blacks coughed up for charity in 1986-87.

#

Not surprisingly, all three of the largest recipients of pro-Israel PAC money in the 1988 election were three Jews: Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D-OH), \$229,265 -- reelected; Senator Frank Lautenberg (D-NJ), \$201,500 -- reelected; Richard Licht, \$213,850, a Rhode Island Democrat who lost to incumbent Senator John Chafee.

#

2.4 million American married couples are reportedly infertile. In vitro fertilization produced 600 of the 3.7 million babies born in the USA in 1988.

#

Drexel Burnham Lambert will probably end up paying only \$535 million of its \$300 million fine and court-ordered \$350 million repayment to defrauded customers. Many civil claims against the Jewish junk bond firm will be deductible.

#

The Holland, near Times Square, is one of New York City's 50 welfare hotels and houses up to 273 welfare families. Paid for by Zoo City taxpayers, it produced an annual profit of more than \$3 million for its Asian-Indian owner, who declared bankruptcy after some of his other ventures soured. In Washington (DC), Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Pitts were paid \$245,000 in salaries and profits for operating the Pitts Motor Hotel for homeless families in 1986.

#

The ratio of admirals to ships in the U.S. Navy in 1945 was 1:130. Today it is 1:2.

Every year, 35,000 marriages take place in West Germany between Germans and foreigners -- 10% of all the weddings in the country. Nest-building fraüleins favor Americans (race unspecified). Out-marrying German gentlemen don't prefer blondes. They go for Filipinas.

#

As of last January, a gallon of gas would set you back \$4.13 in Tokyo; \$2.42 in Zurich; 82¢ in Mexico City; 16¢ in Caracas.

#

On a scale of zero to 100 and based on such factors as "health, marriage, child care, education, employment and social equality," Swedish women have it best (87.0). Finnish women come in second (85.0); American women third (82.5). The worst country for females (21.5) is Bangladesh. (Population Crisis Committee report)

#

Blacks now comprise 28.2% of the enlisted men and 44.3% of the enlisted women in the U.S. Army.

#

Three of the five female top earners in showbiz in 1987-88 were black: Oprah Winfrey (37 megabucks); Whitney Houston (30 megabucks) and Tina Turner (25 megabucks). The other two were white: Madonna Louise Ciccone (46 megabucks) and Hanoi Jane Fonda, the exercise queen, (23 megabucks).

#

1988's four biggest buyouts were RJR Nabisco, by Kohlberg Kravits Roberts (24.5 gigabucks); Kraft Inc., by Philip Morris (12.9 gigabucks); Federated Department Stores, by Campeau Corp. (6.6 gigabucks); and Pillsbury, by Grand Metropolitan (5.7 gigabucks). RJR Nabisco and Kraft were taken over by Jewish-owned or Jewish-controlled firms; Federated and Pillsbury by a Canadian and British conglomerate, respectively.

#

The U.S. share of the world electronics market fell from 50.4% in 1984 to 39.7% in 1987. In the same period, Japan's share rose from 21.3% to 27.1%; Western Europe's from 23.5% to 26.4%.

#

212 astronauts, professional or otherwise, have now been in orbit.

#

Israel bond salesmen raised more than \$631 million in 1988, a new record and the largest Jewish assault yet on America's diminishing horde of dollars.

The Third World owes the rest of the world \$1.3 trillion. Biggest debtor is Brazil (\$121.1 billion); next is Mexico (\$107.4 billion). In the spirit of the Third World, Soviet IOUs to the West will soon hit \$150 billion.

#

The number of homicides in Zoo City reached 1,842 in 1988, an all-time record of gore. On average, five New Yorkers are now being murdered daily.

#

23% of the 305.5 million Medicare claims filed in fiscal 1987 contained charges the government refused to honor. So 31 million Americans had to pay doctors and hospitals \$2.7 billion out of their own pockets.

#

21 of the 258 who perished in the crash of Pan Am 103 were Jews. Since 40 kosher meals had been ordered, the Jewish death toll is probably understated. Ironically, OSI Assistant Deputy Director Michael Bernstein, returning from Europe, where he had been trying to arrange the deportation of American citizens to Austria to be tried as war criminals, went down on the jumbo jet. Witch-hunter Bernstein also bears some responsibility for sending other American citizens to be executed in the East Bloc. Since the Constitution can't stop the Jewish obsession for vengeance, perhaps somebody up there decided it was time to call upon the *lex talionis*.

22 wars raged throughout the globe in 1988, leaving an estimated 416,000 dead, most of them civilians. 7 of the conflicts were racial in whole or in part (Iran, Chad, India, Sudan, Burundi, Iraq and Sri Lanka).

#

52.2% of America's 5.9 million Jews live in the Northeast; 18.8% in the South; 11.2% in the Midwest; 17.9% in the West. (American Jewish Yearbook 1988)

#

AT&T dispensed the largest amount of political *baksheesh* in the recent Senate and House elections: \$574,608 to 288 Democrats, \$473,527 to 224 Republicans. Recipients included Senator Lloyd Bentsen and House Speaker Jim Wright, who got \$10,000 each from deregulated Ma Bell.

#

Augustin Jombo, a Nigerian who, although 37 years of age, is a political science student at Fordham, got a financial aid check of \$7,500 from the university two days after he won the New York State lottery. The prize was \$26 million, and Jombo will get \$866,666 a year after taxes for the next 20 years. Hinting that he might return Fordham's check, Jombo said his first priority was to bring over his family from Africa.

#

An estimated one out of every ten babies born in the U.S. in 1988 was exposed to illegal drugs before birth.

AFL-CIO unions wouldn't permit blacks to join until 1958, 15 years after Truman's order to integrate the Armed Forces and 10 years after *Brown*. Today, blacks account for more than 20% of the membership in the AFL-CIO's 95 affiliated unions in manufacturing and more than 50% of the membership in the service-related unions. The 700,000-strong American Federation of Government Employees, the largest union of federal workers, and the 1.6 million-strong National Education Association now have black presidents.

#

Of the refugee contingents streaming into the U.S. in 1988, Asia shipped 35,015, Soviet Union 20,421 (overwhelmingly Jews), Middle East/South Asia 8,415, Eastern Europe 7,818, Latin America 2,497, Africa 1,588. U.S. taxpayers pay approximately \$7,000 to transport, process and establish each refugee, many of whom are not refugees at all but illegal immigrants traveling under false colors.

#

Asians, about 2% of the U.S. population, comprised 12.2% of the 1988-89 freshman class at Harvard and Radcliffe.

#

Approximately 10% of the estimated 10,000 teenage males in Pittsburgh and surrounding Allegheny County can be classified as delinquents. More than 80% of their families are matriarchal -- headed by single women.

Primate Watch



As **Bryndis Jenkins** was appointed the first black vice-president of the University of Georgia, **Wadsworth Jarrell**, another black, resigned. Jarrell, a professor of art, had been accused of sexually harassing four female students. Because the four were white, Jarrell originally claimed the allegations were "racially motivated." Could it be that his choice of victims was also "racially motivated"?

☆ ☆ ☆

The Negro publicity hounds who have been swarming around **Tawana Brawley** for the last year or so have begun to pay for their sins. **Rev. Al Sharpton** is being evicted from his Zoo City apartment, along with his girlfriend, for \$11,000 in back rent (though he still continues to shell out more than \$1,000 a year for "hair care"). Brawley's lawyer, **Alton Maddox**, was fined \$1,000 by a federal court for making groundless complaints of racial discrimination against various judges and court officers.

The contaminated blood vials found in the Hudson River were dumped there last summer by **Geronimo Villegas**, vice-president of Plaza Health Labs of Brooklyn, according to New Jersey authorities.

☆ ☆ ☆

John Moore, a white Methodist minister, and wife **Barbara Bettina**, remembered last November 18 with deep sorrow -- and perhaps even deeper guilt. It was the tenth anniversary of the Jonestown massacre, in which their two daughters, Annie and Carolyn, and the latter's four-year-old son, Kimo, were killed at the command of the part-Indian weirdo, **Rev. Jim Jones**. In a half-hearted attempt to explain the tragedy, Rev. Moore said, "our family always identified with peace and justice issues." Even though he visited Jonestown a few months before the deaths of his two daughters and grandson, he apparently could see nothing sinister about the Peoples Temple cult and its 90% black congregation.

☆ ☆ ☆

She graduated at the top of her class at the Sheriff's Department Academy in Dallas and, just five days before she died, she was awarded a \$400 gold watch. It was the second night on the job for sheriff's deputy Suzanne Kays, 33 and white. She discovered **Alfonso Seward**, 38 and black, wandering about the public hallway adjacent to the secure area of the jail where she worked. When she tried to persuade him to leave, he suddenly knocked her down, grabbed her gun and mortally wounded her.

Primate Watch



As the world has been made painfully aware, art criticism and art "management" have fallen into the hands of a race whose religion forbids them to fool around with graven images. Apparently art racketeering has also become a Chosen speciality. **Pierre Rosenberg**, a curator of the Louvre, was charged in December with deliberately acquiring a priceless Murillo from a person whom he knew was not the rightful owner.

☆ ☆ ☆

One festive night in January 1988, **Stephen Silver** "did a bag of cocaine" with girlfriend **Carol Weinberg**. The next day, a Continental Express airliner, Captain Silver in command, crashed into a mountain near Durango (CO). Nine dead, including Silver.

☆ ☆ ☆

The **ADL** proudly announced that every effort will be made by Inter-Continental Hotels to remove *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* from its hotel bookstore in Amman, Jordan.

☆ ☆ ☆

As many as 70 professional athletes entrusted millions of dollars to financial manager **Howard Jay Golub**, who stole them blind and was finally sent to prison for 10-12 years in January for his fiduciary faithlessness.

☆ ☆ ☆

A man whom the Zoo City media tactfully describe as "a light-skinned Hispanic, possibly Puerto Rican," is being sought for despoiling seven young female strap-hangers. In some cases, he would stop the subway train and, in full view of the evening rush hour crowd, force his victim out and lead her away into hidden recesses of the subway system where he robbed, raped and sodomized her. In Far Rockaway, another "light-skinned Hispanic" is the prime suspect in the rape and sodomizing of three girls, 10, 11 and 15.

☆ ☆ ☆

While Bernhard Goetz was serving his six-month sentence in February, the Supreme Court turned down his appeal. In case anyone wants to know the whereabouts of the four Negro muggers who were the targets of Goetz's bullets: **James Ramseur** is in Attica serving a 25-year sentence for rape; **Barry Allen** is in jail for violating his parole in a chain-snatching case; **Darrell Cabey** is in a wheelchair paralyzed for life; **Troy Canty** lives in a drug rehab center where he was a patient, is now a cook, and hopes to become a chef.

Zoo City's black-on-white murder of the month (January) took place in Bellevue Hospital. **Stephen Smith**, a black street person who could play the lead in a horror movie, after flattening her face, robbed, raped and strangled with an electric cord Dr. Kathryn Hinnant, five months pregnant, a North Carolina lady, who was working in the hospital as a pathologist.

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Vincent Groves, 34, has been charged with the murder of two Denver women and is a suspect in the slaying of 12 more, some of them dingy prostitutes. Race was not mentioned in the newspaper stories, but a photo of Groves showed a Negroid face. In Seattle, **Tyrone Briggs** was convicted of robbing and sexually assaulting five women. Again, no mention of race. Again, the photo revealed the criminal's négritude.

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Sean Walker, a black senior at Bedford High in Cleveland, got into an argument with a bus driver from another school after a basketball game. Walker and some of his friends were taunting cheerleaders of the other team who were huddling in the bus. When Ross Maniglia, 32, a white, got out of the bus with a crowbar and allegedly vented a racial epithet, Walker up and killed him with a metal curb marker he hurriedly picked up from the parking lot. The press reported the story in a way that almost justified Walker's murderous act.

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Appealing his three-year-old probation for oversleeping and not showing up for a trial held five years ago, **Melvin Marshall**, a black Washington (DC) lawyer, claimed "a man of African ancestry" should not be condemned "because he has not adopted the European mechanical device of an alarm clock to awaken him."

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Now that the reputation of **Marvin Mitchelson**, heretofore known as America's premier Jewish divorce shyster, has been dimmed by allegations of overcharging clients and welshing on \$1.2 million he promised to pay for some of the late Duchess of Windsor's jewelry, the new legal champion of marital breakups for money (20,000 attorneys specialize in the art) is **Raoul Felder**, equally rapacious and equally Jewish. Felder charges \$450 an hour; Mitchelson only \$350. Felder's latest coup is a \$125 million lawsuit against boxer Mike Tyson for libeling Robin Givens, his on-again, off-again wife. He charges that punch-drunk Mike once called Givens "the slime of the slime."

Last spring, **Larry Mizel** staged a bar mitzvah for Cheston, his 13-year-old son. The guests included the mayor of Denver, the governor of Colorado, Colorado's two senators and just about every bigwig in the state. Today Mizel is not flying so high. An ardent advocate of junk bonds -- he got \$700 million in financing from Drexel Burnham Lambert -- the shine is being rubbed off his financial halo by the near collapse of his shares in his MDC Holdings Inc., down from \$70 million to \$10 million. More embarrassing is the SEC's full-scale investigation of his business maneuvers. That he is the trustee of the **Simon Wiesenthal Center** does not necessarily mean he is in good company. **Ivan Boesky** and **Michael Milken** are or were among the Center's biggest backers.

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Another of Denver's big-time Jewish operators is **Meyer Blinder**, the penny stock king. His bookkeeping is so mysterious that 35 IRS agents organized a day-long raid at his main brokerage office. In his heyday, his firm, Blinder Robinson & Co., had 66 offices nationwide and revenues (in 1987) of \$130 million.

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The IRS said it was a \$38 billion tax shelter scam, one of the biggest ever. The chief scammers are allegedly **Bernhard Manko** and **Jon Edelman**, the latter being the brother of **Asher Edelman**, one of the world's fiercest corporate raiders. The indictment also states that John Kluge, one of Forbes billionaires, was able to write off \$4,237,231 in 1983 after investing in two of the Manko-Edelson partnerships.

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Long before **Raymond Gould** of Highland Park (IL) took his metals company into bankruptcy in 1987, he decided to make some extra bucks by supplying low quality metals for the high quality ones he promised his customers. To do so, he had to change the grading marks on the steel and aluminum products he was peddling. These inferior metals were then used in the hydraulic lines of aircraft, in spacers for jet engines, in auto brake valves and in transducers for military and civilian airplanes. Gould, along with a cohort of minority aides, has been arrested and charged with multiple crimes. How much financial and physical grief he caused his customers and the people who trusted him and his customers will never be known.

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His West Palm Beach congregation reluctantly agreed to keep **Rev. Derek King**, nephew of the sainted Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., on the payroll for another year after he had admitted he had undergone treatment for cocaine and alcohol abuse.



Canada. Write a couple of neutral words about the Holocaust, dare to consider it a subject for debate, and you'll quickly find yourself back in the Dark Ages. Free speech? The more democratic a country claims to be the more likely you will lose your job and become the target of 24-hour, round-the-clock media mashing. You'll wake up every morning and find your name in the blackest headlines of your local paper. From then on, you'll be treated like a leper, not only by your enemies, mind you, but by your friends.

This is the press and TV meat grinder into which Malcolm Ross has been fed. He is the Moncton, New Brunswick, teacher who had the audacity to write some books critical of the Jewish ascendancy in his country and so many other countries. Being a math instructor, he is able to add -- and his count of the number of Jewish Holocaust victims comes to far less than Six Million. At present, he is under a gag order from his school board not to mention a word about his writings, thereby allowing his enemies to pummel him uninhibitedly and uninterruptedly with no chance of defending himself.

Since Canadian Jewish organizations couldn't persuade the school board to fire him, they appealed to the New Brunswick Human Rights Commission in the hope that the Ross case could be moved into the purview of more "political" and more Nuremberg-oriented judges.

Every once in a while, however, the inquisitors trip over themselves in their inquisitorial zeal. In such rare cases it becomes apparent, even to judges -- yes, even to judges -- that the treatment accorded Ross and people with similar ideas hardly differs from the mind-squashing tricks of states like the Soviet Union, Iran and Uganda. So there comes a temporary halt, a step backward in the double-speak campaign before the juggernaut starts rolling again.

Such an unusual blow for fairness and the right to publish was struck by New Brunswick Judge Richard Miller, who ruled there was simply no legal precedent for allowing a human rights group to punish a man involved in a strictly school board matter. Miller commented that the complainant, David Attis, national secretary of the Canadian Jewish Congress, who blamed Ross for his three children being subjected to anti-Semitism, racism, bigotry and other forms of discrimination, had no standing for his action since his offspring did not attend Ross's school and had never even met the gentleman.

It goes without saying that the Canadian Jewish networkers will not take this small defeat lying down. Ross may expect to be the target of appeal on top of appeal, vilification on top of vilification until he is

finally kicked out of school and sent to join the ranks of the great unwashed. Meanwhile, the least the school board can do is remove the gag on Ross. Unfortunately, it seems in no hurry to do so.

* * *

One thing can be said for the war crimes hysteria in Canada; it gives defendants more of a break than they would get in the U.S., where the Nazi hunters can go abroad to the Soviet Union, Israel or wherever and gather as much "evidence" as they want without the accused or his lawyer having the chance to cross-examine the witnesses, who are usually senile or who have made a profession out of charging innocent East European teenagers caught up in WWII with horrible deeds.

In Canada, Doug Christie, the attorney for Imre Finta, the first Canadian to be charged with crimes committed overseas in the Good War, was allowed to go along with the state-appointed judicial commission (it would be impolite to call such highly renowned members of the legal profession "witch-hunters," which they are) to Israel to question the witnesses and examine the evidence the prosecutors (persecutors) have managed to accumulate. Finta, 77, a onetime captain of the Hungarian Mounted Police, has been charged with kidnapping and confining 8,615 Jews in crowded trains in 1944, causing the death of an unspecified number of them.

Christie felt a little uncomfortable about going to Israel, and asked for and received Israel's guarantee of his safety. He knew what had happened to two lawyers who had defended another alleged war criminal, John Demjanjuk, the U.S. citizen delivered up to the Zionist state two years ago by the Office of Special Investigations and who is now appealing his death sentence. One attorney, Dov Eitan, jumped out of a 15th story window in downtown Jerusalem. He could have been pushed, but the Israeli authorities swear it was a suicide -- and the media don't like to argue with Israelis. The other lawyer, Yoram Sheftel, had his face splashed with acid by one of the many almost but not quite gassed Auschwitz survivors. Christie came back in one piece, toting videotapes of the testimony of seven witnesses. He will later go on to Hungary, where 22 hostile witnesses can't wait to send Finta to his maker.

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Current and former officials of Canada's Department of External Affairs believe that Canadian Jewry has more influence in determining the country's Middle Eastern policy than the prime minister, the Cabinet, the media and public opinion, according to

a study that will be published in book form this spring. Of the 18 organized groups and institutions listed as having a say in Canadian Mideast relations, Jews come in first; Canada's Arabs next to last; Canada's Palestinians last. Canadian Jews tried to laugh off the study, some of the results of which appeared in the Ottawa Citizen (Dec. 14, 1988) by saying only six or seven foreign office officials responded. However, the two men who organized the survey, Peyton Lyon, a former professor of political science, and John Kirton, on the faculty of the University of Toronto, said 29 had responded and 40 others had been interviewed.

Britain. The British version of the Pollard spy case has still not resulted in an official inquiry, though two Israeli diplomats and five Mossad agents were forced to leave Britain last summer after the arrest of Ismael Sowan, a Palestinian double agent in the pay of Tel Aviv. He did what James Bond would never have done: left his false passport in a phone booth. The espionage scandal halted, at least temporarily, the fairly intimate cooperation between British secret service agencies and Mossad.

The apparent difference between the Sowan and Pollard spy cases was that the latter was passed off by the Israelis as a "rogue operation" that had nothing to do with Mossad, whereas Jewish espionage in Britain was admittedly a top-to-bottom Mossad venture. In both cases, Israel was going to great expense to spy night and day on countries that were presumably its closest friends and widest-eyed supporters.

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To the dismay of its thespian members, a survey by the Arts Council found most old folks in London no longer go to theaters, concerts and other artistic events for fear of being mugged.

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Edwina Currie, Minister of State for Health and one of the Thatcher government's highest profile Jews, announced on a TV program that "most of the egg production in this country is now affected with salmonella." This typical piece of Semitic hype cost British taxpayers £19 million, the amount the government had to spend to compensate egg growers for their losses. The salmonella charge was such a wild shot that Currie, who hopes some day to be Britain's second female and second Jewish prime minister, was forced to resign.

* * *

London is trying awfully hard -- and with some success -- to catch up to New York. In mid-February, a gang of 20 knife-wielding "yobs," a Britishism for West Indian thugs, stormed into the Bedford-to-London train at St. Alban's station shortly after midnight.



For the next quarter of an hour they relieved the passengers of their credit cards and cash, ripped off necklaces, yanked off rings and roughed up anyone who tried to resist. Having done their worst and loaded down with loot, they jumped off the train at Hendon station and vanished into the night. Several people were injured. During the Great Train Holdup, one black roamed through the aisles randomly smashing heads with a bottle.

One London paper explained that this was the latest caper of black Steamers. Steaming, a word for planned and organized raids on whites, basically consists of groups of up to 30 blacks swooping down on whites in subways, buses and expensive shops. First come the Tappers, who reconnoiter the most likely targets. Next on the scene are the Squealers who scream, punch, kick and generally terrify the victims. Amidst the organized confusion and chaos the Teckers move in and snatch handbags, necklaces and jewelry. The job of the Minders is to give a severe beating to anyone who dares to resist or fight back. While all this mayhem is taking place, the Lookouts are watching for the police.

Steaming is getting more play with blacks than mugging because, as one West Indian put it, "If you go mugging, you take on one man and he may beat you."

* * *

Eight centuries ago the Sheriff of Nottingham was Robin Hood. Come this May, when he dons the cocked hat and forest green robes, the Sheriff of Nottingham will be Tony Robinson, a retired black bus driver from Jamaica who arrived in England in 1960.

* * *

In 1968, Enoch Powell predicted "rivers of blood" would run in Britain as the result of the post-WWII flood of wanderlusting nonwhites into the Sceptred Isle. Though the rivers have not yet materialized, red rivulets did flow during Britain's several race riots. A few months ago, Powell, a former Tory and Ulster unionist MP, updated his previous forecast by predicting a "civil war" if "substantial numbers of browns and blacks are not repatriated to their West Indian and Asian homelands."

* * *

From a London correspondent: *The Roman Empire and Its Neighbors* (Weidenfeld-Nicholson Universal Library, 1967) points out that, in ancient times, Jews were not always on the receiving end of pogroms. In A.D. 115-117, the Jews of Cyrene, Cyprus and Egypt rose up against the Greek population, slaughtering enormous

numbers and causing widespread destruction. Inscriptions from Cyrene refer to roads and temples destroyed in the Jewish revolt; whole areas were depopulated and had to be resettled and colonized with veteran legionaries by Hadrian. The historian, Appian, who came from a prominent Alexandrian family, records how the Jews destroyed the temple of Nemesis in his city and how he himself escaped by flight. A papyrus refers to a battle between the Romans and the Jews near Alexandria. Another contains a petition to a high official, asking him to see about the writer's property "destroyed by the impious Jews." Finally, in the words of Appian, Trajan "destroyed the Jewish race in Egypt." The papyri appear to confirm this -- only a single Jewish family seems to have survived in Egypt, and the Jewish community of Alexandria "is heard of no more."

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The Sunday Times supplement (Feb. 12, 1989) had an interesting article on New York City violence, white flight and disintegration. Ex-Mayor Lindsay is quoted as saying, "Now we are living in the most devastating climate of fear of blacks we have ever known." Mary Mohler, editor of Ladies Home Journal, says of a staff meeting, "We were all thinking of how we hate this city. It's the absolute filth all over the place, the new heights of rudeness. And nowhere is racial tension so bad and yet so unspoken."

Cal McCrystal, the Times reporter, cites Alexis de Toqueville, who wrote 150 years ago that in America the well-off were always having to listen and speak to the less well off. "Today," added McCrystal, "stopping to listen, or speaking, is a hazard few would dare to undertake."

Spain. In *The Spanish* by Alphonso Lowe (Gordon Cremonsi Publications, London), the author makes the point that the first Moorish conquerors, having no women with them, took local wives. Many Christians became Moslems to avoid the "infidel tax." Some of the ruling Visigoths preserved their estates by becoming Moslem. Although Lowe does not mention it, the Visigoths had officially become Trinitarian Catholics shortly before the Arab invasion, having until then been Arian Unitarians. Quite a few, however, clung to their Arian form of Christianity in secret and, accordingly, may have felt some sympathy for the Moslems. The defeated Visigothic king's widow married a high-ranking Moslem and adopted Islam.

Large numbers of Slavs were imported from the slave markets of Verdun, many becoming soldiers in the Moorish armies,

which eventually became predominantly Slavic with considerable Berber components.

Abdurrahman III, who reigned as caliph of Cordova for 50 years at the peak of Moorish power, had Basque parents. His eyes were dark blue and his hair and beard red-gold. Of the first 10 Cordovan caliphs, six had blue eyes and fair hair.

When Alphonso X drove the Moors out of Seville, he handed over three mosques to the Jews for synagogues. Another royal Spanish pro-Semite was Pedro the Cruel, whose wars against his half-brothers and the Moors were financed by Jews.

Ferdinand and Isabella's war against Granada was also financed by Jews, "the actual management of finances being in the hands of two Jewish members of the council, Abraham Senior and Isaac Arvarbanel." It is interesting to note that the Marrano, or secret Jew, whom George Borrow, author of *With the Bible in Spain*, met in the 1830s, was called Arvarbanel and that he referred to the long dead Catholic monarchs as Fernando the Amalek and Jezebel. The author suggests that one reason for the expulsion of the Jews in 1492 was to avoid paying off Jewish loans. He says the Spanish word for rich (*rico*) comes from the Visigothic word *reich* and originally meant power rather than wealth. One of the oldest families in Spain is the Guzmans from the Gothic "Guth man" (good man).

Another Gothic bequest was an aristocratic aloofness, which went with a fanatical pride in the purity of blood. On this was based the social scale of grandee, hidalgo and caballero and the proud boast of such families as to their *casta* [clean blood]. Until recently, small numbers of a strange people lived in ghettos in Spanish and French Navarre. In Arizcui, a few miles from the frontier, they may still be found -- pale, blond, broad cheeked and blue eyed. Here they are called Agotes (in French, Cagots) a name believed to mean "dogs of Goths."

Some say they are the fugitives of the Visigothic allies of the Moslems defeated at Poitiers by Charles Martel; others that they were refugees driven out from the ferocious Albigensian crusade of Simon de Montfort in Languedoc. For centuries, they have been treated worse than Jews, segregated within and outside the church. They were believed to transmit leprosy, brought by crusading ancestors from the Holy Land. They do suffer from an hereditary skin disease, exaggerated by intermarriage, which crops up even among those of their descendants who emigrated as far away as America. Today they are no longer shunned, nor fobbed off with an abbreviated litany on Sundays, nor forced to use a separate stoup of Holy Water. But they are still primitive and shy. Are these the last sad relics of a master race?

Netherlands. Franz Fischer, 87, and Ferdinand aus der Fünten, 79, spent 43 years behind bars. Yet when these two frail and aged "war criminals" were finally freed by the Dutch Parliament and driven to the West German border in an ambulance, the usual Jewish rent-a-mob showed up to protest, plus a few flunkies from the Anne Frank Foundation. Punishment of Nazis is never long or cruel enough to satisfy the world's most vengeful gene pool.

Fischer, a German NCO, was convicted of deporting 13,000 Dutch Jews to German concentration camps; aus der Fünten of administering the deportation of all Jews from Holland. They claimed they were only doing their duty, just as the Israeli soldier of today claims he is doing his duty when he shoots down his umpteenth Palestinian. When they were first arrested, both Germans were given death sentences, later commuted to life imprisonment.

Dutch legal procedure never extended life sentences beyond 20 years. But laws and legal precedents have become generally inapplicable to those who fall afoul of Jews. Eichmann was kidnapped from Argentina with almost universal media approval. When Demjanjuk was railroaded out of the U.S., only a few of his fellow ethnics, a small group of Majority activists and Patrick Buchanan complained. Demjanjuk's sentence of death by hanging has brought forth next to no protests from any influential human rights groups or the "impact press."

After the Dutch Parliament voted 85 to 55 to free the two men, they were whisked out of Holland in four hours in order to avoid the orchestrated tumult and shouting from the professional unforgivers. Actually, there was a move to free them back in 1972, but members of Parliament received so many threats that the idea was quashed.

West Germany. A local West Berlin election last January grabbed almost as much media attention as that lavished on David Duke's victory in Louisiana -- and roughly for the same reason. Whenever there is the slightest uptick of mass support for any right-wing party or candidate, the West goes slightly berserk. As it happened, the minuscule nationalistic Republican Citizens Party obtained 7.5% of the ballots in a West Berlin contest, consequently winning 11 seats in the city parliament and two seats in the federal parliament in Bonn. Franz Schönhubert, a former Waffen SS sergeant and talk show host on Bavarian TV, is the leader of this group. He carefully steers his followers away from neo-Nazism, but talks up patriotism, pushes an anti-immigration line and insists that Germans should once and forever stop cringing whenever the Holocaust is mentioned.

To neutralize the Jewish biliousness aroused by allowing the Republicans on the ballot, the German police raided 41

apartments of members of the Nationale Sammlung (National Assembly), confiscated some weapons and Third Reich memorabilia, and banned the group -- it's hardly big enough to be called a party -- from the upcoming federal elections. Michael Kühnen, the Nationale Sammlung founder, who has spent seven years in jail for political activity which would be completely legal in an authentic democracy (if there were one somewhere), immediately formed a new outfit called the Popular Will Initiative and said he would keep fighting for an independent and undivided Germany until his last breath.

As further appeasement to the Chosen, Defense Minister Rupert Scholtz announced that the exemption from universal military service extended to Jews who were sons of Holocaust victims, would now be broadened to include grandsons of same. No doubt, in another generation, it will be extended to great-grandsons.

Further concessions to Jews are probably in the offing, now that Chancellor Kohl has been raked over the coals for allowing West German companies to supply Libya's Muammar Gaddafi with the wherewithal to make poison gas. There are even rumors floating about that other German companies have been supplying a secret underground factory in Iraq with the materials and equipment required for producing bacteriological weapons.

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The party line in history is as inflexible in West Germany as it is elsewhere in the so-called Free World. West German historian Ernst Nolte discovered this to his sorrow when he proposed that Nazism was a natural and predestined reaction to Communism and that, like it or not, Hitler had to use many of the tactics of Communist agitators to keep his Nazi Party alive and goose-stepping. To put it more bluntly, Hitler, according to Nolte, would not have been possible without Stalin.

In developing his argument, Nolte was impolitic enough to suggest that the Holocaust was not the central event in modern history. He pointed out that many other human beings have died before their time in this century -- millions of Russians, Chinese, Cambodians and Armenians. He even dug up an eerily ominous 1927 warning from Jewish Communist Kurt Tucholsky in the leftist journal *Weltbühne* that might have given later war propagandists an idea: "Let gas enter into the bedrooms of your children . . . I wish a general editor, a mother of a sculptor, a sister of a banker, a bitter and painful death."

Anyone who tries to chip away at the Holocaust has to be an anti-Semite. Such is the conventional wisdom of the late 20th century. Accordingly, since Nolte must be

an anti-Semite, perhaps even a Nazi, he was recently disinvented to a conference in Oxford. British Jews, like Jews everywhere, are dead set against the promulgation of any version of history that doesn't portray Hitler as evil incarnate. Some people might actually start believing that der Führer was a human being.

Preferring debate to polemics, a few un-browbeaten, unbrainwashed Oxonians organized a rump group and reinvented Nolte. He came, he spoke and he made a lot of sense. Now that he is back in West Germany and the finger of scorn keeps pointing at him, let's hope he won't be thrown in jail, the normal fate of those Germans who don't believe that the New York Times and Axel Springer version of history is carved in granite -- or manure.

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The West German government paid \$570 million to Israel for Cerberus, a radar defense system, to be installed in fighter jets bought from Britain. It turns out that the Israelis copied (stole) Cerberus from the United States.

Switzerland. The first ever woman member of the Swiss government, Elisabeth Kopp, the Minister of Justice, was forced to resign when it was revealed her husband was involved in laundering drug money. Later it came out that she had passed on state secrets to Herr Kopp to try to save him from the long arm of the law. The Swiss authorities are now considering filing criminal charges against her. Frau Kopp (né-kle) is the author of Switzerland's "anti-racist" statute and has long been one of the country's pushiest Zionists.

Soviet Union. Amid all the talk about the "Gorbachev revolution" and the Russian media's mass rehabilitation of commissars purged by Stalin, there are still some hardliners who remember Uncle Joe with tenderness and affection. A Soviet lawyer, Ivan Shekhovtsev, a retired Stalin apparatchik, has filed 18 lawsuits against writers whom he accuses of defaming the late dictator. A TV show of one of these trials produced 7,500 letters praising Shekhovtsev, his work and his departed idol.

One letter, written by an old lady who lives in the Urals, said that when she and her friends are in the mood to reminiscence about the good old days, they put "Songs of Stalin" on the record player. She was particularly vehement about the crime wave that has accompanied *glasnost*. Now, she complained, she was afraid to go out in the streets of her own town because of muggers and "wild teenagers."

Israel. Last December it was once again musical-chairs-time in the Israeli government. Same players; just another round of musical chairs within the circle. Prime



Minister Yitzhak Shamir retained the reins of power handed to him by Shimon Peres on October 20, 1986. Himself a terrorist of no mean proportions, Shamir, like most members of his profession (Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin), bears a name other than his real one. Born Yitzhak Yezernitsky in Poland, Shamir became a follower of Vladimir Jabotinsky, the super-Zionist who advocated taking Palestine by force. Emigrating there in 1935, he joined Haganah, a militia-style group. In 1937, he joined a group of extreme militants who seceded from Haganah to form Irgun Zvai Leumi (Irgun). One of the secessionists, Menahem Begin, would later become leader of the Likud Party and prime minister of Israel.

Irgun's pre-WWII strategy was to attack British residents and property interests, forcing Britain to move troops from Africa and Asia to Palestine. After Britain declared war on Hitler in September 1939, Irgun called off its operations, believing that a Nazi victory would be a worse evil than British domination. It was then that Shamir took up with a more extreme splinter group, the Stern Gang (LEHI).

Far from thinking about or fighting for their purportedly persecuted kinsmen in Europe, the Stern Gang sought to intensify the Irgun-suspended campaign of terror against the British. In 1944, the Stern Gang attracted world attention with the murder in Cairo of Lord Moyne, the British minister of state for the Near East. While bombs were being dropped on London and tens of thousands of British soldiers were dying to save Jews from alleged extermination by the Germans, Shamir and his fellow terrorists were killing British civilians and soldiers and collaborating with the Nazis.

At war's end, the Stern Gang joined forces with Irgun to attack railroads, ports and ships. In 1946, Stern-Irgun members bombed the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, killing 91 British, Arabs and Jews. On September 17, 1948, four Stern gangsters stopped the auto of Count Folke Bernadotte, thrust a submachine gun through the window, and killed the UN mediator and his aide.

One of the Stern Gang's last terrorist acts was the massacre of 250 Arabs at the village of Deir Yassin. As with the King David Hotel murders, Menahem Begin attempted to justify the loss of life as being the result of the victims' failure to heed warnings to evacuate.

During his association with Irgun and the Stern Gang, Shamir was responsible for a series of attacks that included the murders of British civilians, policemen and soldiers. Described by the British as "a very dangerous terrorist," he was captured three times, but each time managed to escape. As late as

1987, it is believed a warrant for his arrest still remained in the files of the British government.

Following his last escape, Shamir was granted political asylum by the French government. His links with France have always been close. He rose swiftly in the ranks of Mossad, eventually becoming head of the Zionist secret service's European operations. From 1955 to 1965 he masterminded Mossad's operations from Paris. In the early 1960s, Shamir was in charge of sending letter bombs to German scientists working on rocket technology in Egypt. After one secretary was killed, the Germans scurried home.

In 1970, Shamir abandoned the twilight world of espionage, codes and fake passports for the spotlight of politics. In this field, his noisome personality enabled him to shine with only moderate success. His star was eclipsed by Menahem Begin, a master of the art of media manipulation. Whether because he lacked Begin's eloquence or, more likely, his predecessor's basic political skills, his record as prime minister in his previous term of office was as undistinguished as his present one. His first term was marked by the scandalous Shin Bet affair of early 1984, when two alleged Arab bus hijackers died in custody. An investigator proved they were beaten to death by Israeli security personnel. Shamir, if not implicated directly in the killings, was certainly involved in the coverup.

But in 1973, Begin authorized the assassinations of three top PLO officials in Beirut. The Israeli assassins are now in senior security positions with the Shamir government. The assassination team's leader, Major General Amnon Shahak, now heads military intelligence; the assassination's planner, General Ehud Barak, is deputy chief of staff; and one of the assassins, Colonel Yigal Pressler, is now Shamir's adviser on terrorism.

In 1982, as foreign minister, Shamir was implicated in the Sabra and Shatila massacres. Lebanese Maronite Christians killed at least 1,000 Palestinian civilians in refugee camps in Beirut under the approving eyes of Israeli guards. Israel supplied the guns, the ammunition and even the transportation. This bloody deed, from which the world recoiled in horror, was carried out while Begin was prime minister. Although Begin must have approved the operation, the architect of the massacre was Ariel Sharon, another terrorist with a long history. Today Sharon is a member of Shamir's cabinet.

Despite belatedly following the instruction of Henry Kissinger to not allow television cameras to record Zionist violence in the occupied territories, Shamir was unable

to conceal his state-supported terrorism against the Palestinian uprising. Over 400 women and children were killed by the Israelis in 1988 and hundreds more in Israeli bombing raids against Palestinian refugee camps in Lebanon. On April 16, PLO official Khalil al-Wazir was assassinated in his home in Tunis by marauding Israeli commandos. So far this year, the creeping massacre has killed 100 more Palestinians, women as well as men, girls as well as boys.

Benjamin Netanyahu, Israel's former UN Ambassador, raised almost \$1 million for Shamir's 1988 campaign fund, and U.S. millionaire Meshulam Riklis contributed another million. Major American Zionist contributors to Shamir's political opponent, Shimon Peres, included CBS Chairman Laurence Tisch, Walt Disney Chairman Michael Eisner and Chicago businessman Philip Klutznick.

If Palestinians follow Shamir's 1986 admonishment to cut themselves off from terrorist organizations, they would first of all have to cut themselves off from Israel.

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As Jews in the U.S. call for ever tighter sanctions against South Africa, the Israeli government announced another barter deal with what Dan Rather calls the "minority white government": One Astra executive jet for 250,000 tons of South African coal.

China. This could be the real Yellow Peril, one that Lothrop Stoddard never dreamed of. One province of China, Kansu, has now issued an edict prohibiting mental retards from having children. To marry, the mentally defective Kansu male must first be sterilized, and any female retard, married or not, who gets pregnant will have to submit to an abortion. The Communist government in Peking is expected to extend this law to the entire nation, the only exception being those who have become mentally impaired due to accidents. In the meantime, the congenital retards in Kansu (estimated at 120,000) will no longer be able to pass their genetic defects on to future generations.

What chance will the eugenics-ward West have if it has to stand up to eugenics-oriented China a hundred years hence? American "public policy" is now actually encouraging the proliferation of mental retards, and any politician who even mentions the word sterilization becomes a political pariah. Even worse, in some states mental retards have the right to vote.

So it's dysgenics for America and eugenics for China, which is the same as saying things bode very well for the yellow race and very ill for the white.

State Representative David Duke

Louisiana is not exactly the largest, richest and most powerful state in the union. Its 144 state representatives do not exactly hold the fate of the U.S. or the world in their hands. Far more important politics is being played in Chicago, where Jesse Jackson has deserted the duly elected Democratic candidate for mayor, Richard Daley, in favor of a dark horse (in both senses of the phrase) independent candidate. Yet somehow, in mid-February, the nation's entire attention was focused on the 81st district in Metairie (LA). There, after coming in first in a seven-man open primary and going on to win the runoff by a 227-vote squeaker, David Duke became a state representative. A man on a visit from Mars might have thought that the election for president of the Earth, if not the universe, was being held.

The issues were barely mentioned. Every major daily newspaper and TV news and talk show in the land reminded viewers and listeners day and night that Duke was once a Klansman, even though he doffed his sheets almost a decade ago. Did any of these same newsmen and reporters talk about Senator Robert Byrd's Klan membership some years back when he was chosen Majority Leader of the U.S. Senate, a rather more important position than Duke's new job? Did these same reporters condemn the late Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black for burning crosses before he went to Washington? When Truman ran for president in 1948, how many newspaper readers were told about the \$10 he sent to the Missouri KKK in 1922 to pay for his initiation fee?

Duke was roundly and soundly chastised for his political fickleness -- running for president last year as a Democrat, then as a Populist Party candidate and now taking office as a Republican representative in the Louisiana House. How many of these same critics were aghast at the same political infidelity in Senator Strom Thurmond, who started out as a Democrat, switched to the Dixiecrat banner and ended up in the GOP? The mediocrats might have pointed out that Reagan also started out as a Democrat, and that Bush ran as a segregation-forever congressman in Texas. John Treen, Duke's "respectable" and "mainline" Republican opponent, was a member of the States Rights Party some years ago, when that organization was only a hood away from the KKK's political ideology.

Speaking of Strom Thurmond, he was one of the mentors and career boosters of Lee Atwater, new chairman of the Republican National Committee. Atwater distinguished himself during Duke's campaign by calling him a "charlatan." Yet, in his early political days, Atwater had to be very much a segregationist in order to work his way into Thurmond's good graces and into the higher echelons of the Republican Party in South Carolina. (It was poetic justice that Atwater was forced to withdraw from the board of trustees of Howard University, a job he recently acquired as part of his outreach-to-Negroes campaign. He overreached his outreach.)

Duke was sworn in at a special session of the state legislature called to deal with Louisiana's pitiful financial situation. Some legislators asked to have their seats moved far away from Duke's, presumably for fear of ideological contamination or pollution. Never losing gracefully, the lib-minners tried to pin the blame for Duke's victory on the so-called Republican Southern strategy, ignoring the real reason -- that whites in the South and elsewhere are becoming increasingly fed up with Democratic pandering to black racism. It is this Democratic pandering, not the Republican wooing, that has turned the once solid Democratic South into the solid Republican South, at least at the presidential level.

When Lee Atwater called Duke a charlatan, he was really

describing himself. Here was a pol, who had quivered with joy every time Willie Horton's black face appeared on the baloney box, announcing that he was going to "reach out" to blacks. If this hypocritical quarter-hearted ploy should even slightly succeed, it would be of immense benefit to Duke's political future. For every black convert to the GOP, one or two whites would leave the party. Where else would they go but to a third party? And the most logical third party to welcome them would be the Populist Party, in whose ranks Duke has become a hero.

For the next few months, Duke will be walking a political tightrope. To get along with his colleagues in the Louisiana House, he will have to endeavor to prove he is not the Wicked Warlock of the West. But if he goes too far in his accommodation efforts, he will be accused of betraying not only his constituents but himself. It's a tricky situation to be *in* the establishment as the representative of his political district, but not of the establishment. Obviously, Duke will have to concentrate for a while on the "safer issues" -- civil rights for whites, anti-affirmative action, political corruption and immigration control, the latter being one issue which he might have addressed more frequently while campaigning. He will have to ignore the race problem, at least for the time being, though whenever he needs publicity, he can rev it up by uttering one or two buzzwords. However, the more opportunity he gives the media to go after him on the race issue, the more difficult it will be for him to build a solid legislative record.

Duke, of course, knows all this. No dummy, he may well come out smelling like a rose. After all, the David who has already slain one Goliath can be expected to slay a few more.

No-Shows and Yes-Shows

February was both a good month and a bad month for revisionists in Southern California. The 21st of the month had been the date set for the Great Holocaust Debate between a team of exterminationists who believe that the Six Million really died, and a team of historical revisionists who believe the Six Million really didn't. The debate was first proposed by Rev. Herman Otten, a dissident Lutheran, in March 1987, and a lot of time and money had been expended on lining up the right debaters, pro and con.

When the cast was finally chosen, the pro-Holocaust team consisted of Glen Peglau, a Christian activist, Thomas T. Anderson, a fellow activist, Hal Lindsey, author of *The Late Great Planet Earth*, and John W. Montgomery, a law school dean. The anti-Holocaust contingent featured Mark Weber, editorial adviser for the Institute of Historical Review, Bradley Smith, Holocaust skeptic and popular talk show guest, Professor Robert Faurisson and Dr. Robert Countess.

Sad to relate, the Great Debate turned out to be a great no-show. The exterminationist team opted out at the last minute on the flimsy excuse that there might be some flare-ups of violence from you-know-who. It's true that some rumors had been floated to that effect, but what Jews threaten is not necessarily what Jews do. As for the Christs, since their religionists in the old days suffered excruciating tortures and even martyrdom for their faith and beliefs, the cop-out didn't say much for their modern descendants.

The upshot was that the revisionist team did show and was able to score some points with an attentive audience of more than a hundred. The truth is, even if the Great Holocaust Debate had taken place, it would hardly have lived up to its name. Peglau & Co. had forced Weber & Co. to stipulate that no questions would be allowed.

As it happened, the failure of the exterminationists to appear was news that the local media could not resist. Several reporters covered the meeting, which was turned into an anti-Holocaust talkfest. Stories appeared in several papers, including the Los

Angeles Times. If the debate had gone off according to schedule, few people would have ever heard of it.

The Ninth Institute for Historical Review Conference, scheduled over the weekend of Feb. 18-20, also ran into some difficulties. Jews managed to find out where the conference was to be held and prevailed upon the Red Lion Inn at Costa Mesa (CA) to cancel the contract with hardly any notice. Owing to Jewish pressure, the second meeting hall that the Institute had managed to rent at the last minute — Costa Mesa's Holiday Inn -- was also canceled. The Red Lion Inn, incidentally, compounded its sins by hosting a JDL press conference after welshing on the IHR. In the end, the conference had to be held in a wedding chapel provided by a friend of a friend. (If there is any justice, the IHR should collect a pile of money from the contract breachers.)

Despite these setbacks, the proceedings, once they got underway, went off rippingly. David Irving, who has now been converted to the revisionist side of the Holocaust squabble, was among the speakers, as was Herman Otten, Professor Anthony Kubek, James Keegstra, the hounded and harassed Canadian school teacher, and Fred Leuchter, the engineer who knows more about gas chambers than anyone alive (he designs them). A Dutch woman, an Italian and a Japanese revisionist were also in attendance. The latter, whose name is as hard to pronounce as it is to spell, explained how President Roosevelt's frantic pleas to Stalin to break his non-aggression pact with Japan and enter the war in Asia in its final days resulted in a temporary stiffening of Japanese resistance and paved the way for the establishment of North Korea and the eventual Communist takeover of China. Not a very brilliant piece of diplomacy, considering it led to the North Korean invasion of South Korea and the deaths of 50,000 GIs.

The Ninth Conference actually profited from Jewish interference by getting some unusual media coverage. When the Jewish Defense League sent around some pickets, a few television stations got interested. Video shots of the scraggly, mangy Jews, followed by pictures of some conference speakers, particularly the good-looking David Irving, gave the anti-Holocausters a rousing aesthetic victory.

Instauration will cover these two events more thoroughly in its next issue. Meanwhile, it might be noted that a similar attempt to quash discussion about the Holocaust occurred in France in February. A revisionist symposium scheduled in Paris had to be cancelled when the owner of the hall caved into the threats of 30 Jewish, pro-Jewish and goonish groups. Henri Roques, the French historian who has severely challenged the Gerstein Papers, one of the sacred documents of the Holocaust, was to have been the featured speaker.

Jews on the Defensive -- for a Change

The American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), which used to ride herd over Congress and supersede the State Department in important U.S. dealings with Israel, has had a few come-uppances of late. First off, Douglas Bloomfield, AIPAC's longtime legislative director, resigned in January. Since he was considered the major force in opposing arms sales to friendly Arab countries, and since more such sales will be proposed this year -- 300 to 500 M1A1 tanks to Saudi Arabia, for example -- Beltway pulse feelers agree that Zionist sabotage of these sales will be harder to pull off. An alternate view is that the Israelis are rethinking their opposition to Arab purchases of U.S. warplanes. The last time the Arabs were rebuffed, they went shopping in Europe. State-of-the-art British and French jet fighters and bombers could probably do as much, if not more, damage to Israel in a future war as U.S. models. British Tornados, which the Saudis have already bought in quantity, are

considered especially threatening to Israel's command of Middle East air space.

Last October, Frank Carlucci, then Secretary of Defense, openly criticized the Israel lobby for causing the U.S. to "lose tens of billions of dollars worth of jobs." Two days later, CBS's *60 Minutes* ran a segment on AIPAC that could hardly be described as amicable. Apparently, some Jews are beginning to believe that its overwhelming influence on U.S. foreign policy in the Middle East may actually be backfiring. In late January came another blow. A Jewish civilian employee of the Defense Department lost his top security clearance because three of his children lived in Israel. Somebody high-up, who isn't Jewish, doesn't want a repeat of the Pollard spy case.

On top of all this have come warnings by Rep. David Obey and Senator Patrick Leahy that, while military and economic aid and grants to Israel will continue at their enormous \$3 billion level this year, the human rights situation in the West Bank and Gaza may cause some cuts in the future. Coming from two members of Congress who have usually caved in to Israel's slightest wish in the past, this is pure heresy. Though not to be taken too seriously -- the Knesset West is still the Knesset West -- it does cause shivers to shoot up and down Jewish spines.

Obey's and Leahy's warning was inspired in part by the U.S. decision to talk to the PLO and by a surprisingly candid State Department report condemning Israel for human rights violations in handling the Intifada.

* * *

Six high-powered Majority members have filed a complaint with the Federal Election Commission against AIPAC (the American Israel Public Affairs Committee) for violation of federal election laws. The plaintiffs include former Undersecretary of State George Ball, two former U.S. ambassadors to Arab states, James Akins and Andrew Killgore, former Congressman Paul Findley, Admiral Robert J. Hanks (Ret.), and Richard Curtiss, onetime chief inspector of the U.S. Information Agency. The complaint cites two dozen cases where AIPAC, in collusion with 53 Jewish PACs, engaged in illegal lobbying for or against political candidates on the basis of their friendliness or unfriendliness toward Israel. The plaintiffs' demand is that AIPAC, which is not a PAC, register as a PAC and thus be forced to disclose its financial activities. Richard Curtiss put it this way:

AIPAC's formidable ability to mobilize congressional support [is] based not upon an appeal to the American national interest but upon threats by a special interest that has resorted to conspiracy and collusion.

Instauration wishes that Ball, Akins and company would have the backbone to go much further and initiate legal proceedings to outlaw AIPAC altogether. The Jewish outfit is simply a foreign agent working night and day for the greater glory of Israel, a nation now specializing in terror and torture, especially against the young people of a country Zionists have seized from its rightful owners. Palestine is the homeland of the Palestinians. Israel is a stolen land whose thieves are being subsidized, boosted and praised by AIPAC and its stable of inside traders, speculators, film moguls, ADL racists and other Jewish types.

Prof/Scam

Charles J. Sykes, a onetime newspaperman and assistant professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin, has written a blistering indictment of the present-day American college system, *Prof/Scam: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education* (Regnery Gateway). Sykes claims, rightfully, that the university professoriat is overpaid and "grotesquely underworked," as its members

concentrate on meaningless research and order teaching assistants to take over their classes. Sykes further charges that today's profs rely on tenure and a perverted form of academic freedom to permit behavior that would be inexcusable in any other line of work. Contemporary academicians, Sykes continues

are politicians and entrepreneurs who fiercely protect their turf and shrewdly hustle research cash as they peddle their talents to rival universities, businesses, foundations, or government.

Almost singlehandedly, the professors . . . have destroyed the university as a center of learning.

Sykes, after singling out Harvard by name, believes tenure should be abolished; that faculty members should put in a minimum nine-hour teaching week (how dreadful!); and that most research should be stopped since "only one academic in ten produces original research of any value."

Mini-Stirrings

- Even those of us who avoid concerts like the plague must have noticed after a few glimpses of violin and piano virtuosi on TV what an unattractive crew they are. Most of them, male and female, look like they had crawled out of a cave in the Transylvanian Alps.

But not beautiful, blonde, fetching, graceful, svelte Nordic concert violinist Anne-Sophie Mutter, 25, of West Germany, who made her first nationwide American tour in March. A protégée of the famous conductor and onetime Nazi Party member, Herbert von Karajan, she was in Washington for one recital in December and she fiddles as well as she looks. Are we headed for a racial sea change in female musicians?

- U.S. District Judge Walter E. Black is one of the few remaining judges who not only believes in free speech, but honestly tries to enforce it. In early December he ruled that the bigoted, black-fearing, white clique that runs the town of Thurmont (MD) violated the Constitution when it banned a KKK parade by imposing unacceptable financial requirements on the organization and demanding that blacks and other nonwhites be allowed to participate in the march. The local NAACP was crestfallen. The ACLU, which gave legal advice to the Klan, was able to say for the first time in many a moon that it had come to the assistance of a persecuted white group, but continues to spend more than 99% of its time, money and energy defending coloreds, creeps, cranks, queers and congenital crooks.

Racial Coexistence

Zionism is Jewish truth, and Farrakhanism is Afro-American truth, and Instaurationism is Nordic truth. Likewise . . . "universalism" is also a minority truth masquerading as a "rainbow coalition" because it fears it could not survive unmasking. "Objective truth," the notion that one of these ideologies is more true than any other, is a lie. Man is a racial animal; the only absolute truth for him is one which conforms first of all to his fundamental racial identity.

This is not relativism but a simple statement, rather, of the hidden, seldom spoken racial reality underlying human affairs. Sure, Hispanics have one "point of view," and Sikhs in Vancouver have another, but only a Hispanic or a Sikh imagines that point of view is *true*. To claim you find every racial point of view "equally valid" makes as much biological sense as defending other men's wives and children with the same alacrity as you would your own; such relativism only dooms your own relatives. Self-hating whites -- the Baby Boom produced a bumper crop -- are notorious for their efforts to adopt other groups' racial identi-

ties and discard their own. The attempt is frequently short-lived, however, and abandoned once the wounded personality heals. By the same token, what might be called "Naipaulism" -- the identification of third Worlders with Anglo-Saxon aesthetics and principles -- is a moving spectacle, at least to Anglo-Saxons, but equally not to be trusted, for, in the end, blood will tell.

On TV not long ago, a thoroughly Americanized Japanese Californian was recalling her anguish at the news in 1945 that we'd bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and her horror at fellow (white) Americans gloating over the destruction of all those "Japs." Her anguish was "irrational," objectively speaking, since her own country was at war to the death with the empire of Japan -- but all she could think of was beautiful (to her) black-haired, almond-eyed children in flames, and her Asiatic heart grew sick. Such a woman could then perhaps understand -- if not share -- the anguish of a white American at the news of some new ANC slaughter of white South Africans half a world away.

People will go on loving their own kind, whether openly or covertly. If we're lucky, they'll allow others the same privilege. If not, we're in for some very bloody times. But let's at least have an end to this nonsense that the world of races can or *should* do more than merely coexist in a state of constant competitive tension, ever on the alert for incursions. In blunt fact, we can only expect sharper clashes as the human world shrinks and parches. Virtually the only group left on earth that doesn't know the score is the simple-minded mass of white people in North America. They'd best take the hint if they mean to survive, much less live in the style to which their forebears' hard work has accustomed them.

Part of a letter, slightly edited, published in Critique, Box 11368, Santa Rosa, CA 95406.

Backdating

Colin Renfrew, the British archaeologist, continues to shock and irritate old-line anthropologists with his revolutionary theories on the origin and migration of the Indo-European peoples. In his latest book, *Archaeology and Languages: the Puzzle of Indo-European Origin* (Cape, London), he proposes that the Indo-European language or languages were spread into Greece and the Balkans in the 7th and 6th millennia B.C. by farmers from an original heartland, not in the generally accepted Eastern European *Urheimat*, but in Eastern Anatolia. The expansion into Iran and northern India either came at the same time or much later and from a different direction in the 2nd millennium B.C. Renfrew prefers the primeval *Drang nach Osten*, but admits it's possible his Indo-European speakers came to Iran and northern India by way of Central Asia.

In some sense, Renfrew's ideas damage the Aryan theory of a race of warriors conquering vast areas of Southern Europe, the Middle East and India at a fast clip in the 2nd millennium B.C. This is probably why Martin Bernal, a Jewish writer who claims that Ancient Greece owes most of its civilization and culture to Africa, even black Africa, wrote a favorable review of Renfrew's latest book in the weekly edition of the Manchester Guardian. Slow moving Indo-European peasants and farmers are not as worrisome to the professional despoilers of Aryanism as conquering warriors. Nevertheless, Renfrew immensely enriched white racial history by showing that European civilizations were in place several millennia before the rise of Egypt and the Mesopotamian states, and his substitution of peasant bands for clashing armies does nothing to diminish the possibility that his Indo-European speakers were the ancestors of the early Nordics, who created Greece, Rome and possibly even the Hittite, Persian and Indian civilizations.

Books That Speak for and to the Majority

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Camp of the Saints by Jean Raspail. Ghastly, shuddering, mind-reeling scenario of what is in store for the Occident if liberalism and apathy continue to weaken the Western will to survive. The author, a bitterly sardonic Frenchman, charts the dying convulsions of France from the day a million famished Third Worlders pile on a fleet of leaking hulks in Calcutta and sail off to the land of milk and honey. The first great uncompromising novel of modern times. Originally published by Scribner's. New edition with new preface by the author. Hardcover, 311 pages, \$15; Softcover, \$8.

The French Revolution in San Domingo by Lothrop Stoddard. A grim, frightening, lucid account of the step-by-step destruction of white civilization in the richest island in the New World. By the time the Negro emperors had taken over, every single white colonist, together with his wife and children, had either fled or been massacred. The end result was Haiti, today the poorest and most rundown of the West Indian islands. Softcover, 410 pages, \$10.

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

Destiny of Angels by Richard McCulloch. Companion volume to the above. The author puts particular emphasis on ways and means to save Northern Europeans and their descendants overseas from racial suicide. His thesis is that it will be a great historic tragedy if Nordics do not fulfill their enormous evolutionary potential. A paean to the incomparable talents and accomplishments of the most aesthetic race. Hardcover, 314 pages, illustrated, \$20.

A New Theory of Human Evolution by Sir Arthur Keith. The greatest modern anthropologist is almost unknown to the American reading public, and the media monopolists are unabashed. This is Keith's major work and contains the principal threads of his ideas about evolution and the constructive role played by nationalism and prejudice in race building and genetic progress. No book offers a more penetrating rebuttal to the Boas school of anthropology, whose unfounded assertions about racial equality have dominated Western thought for most of this century. Hardcover, 451 pages, \$18.

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

A New Morality from Science by Raymond B. Cattell. An internationally prominent social scientist rejects liberalism and racial leveling in a profound and challenging work that searches for new ethical values from the domain of science. The author's eminently sensible proposals for a new evolutionary ethic based on behavioral genetics rather than on religious, liberal or Marxist dogma have been greeted by book reviewers with almost total silence. Published in 1973 by Pergamon Press. Softcover, 482 pages, index, \$17.

Race by Dr. John R. Baker. The world-renowned Oxford biologist has assembled almost all the available physiological and historical evidence to prove that races differ mentally as well as physically. It provides the reader with the excited feeling that he has discovered a whole new fund of knowledge, almost a secret knowledge, since the facts have been kept from him for so long. There are many keys to history -- Toynbee's, Spengler's, Marx's, Freud's -- but surely it is time to have a book that may well provide the master key. Softcover reprint of the 1974 Oxford University Press edition, 625 pages, profusely illustrated, bibliography, index, \$20.

Toward a New Science of Man by Robert Lenski. A constitutional psychologist explores the biological forces which underlie white despair and disintegration. The search for behavioral causes of decline uncovers many little-known relationships: eye color and reactivity; social mobility and fertility; somatotype and personality; human beauty and symmetry. Quotations from 500 great writers on Nationalism, Parasitism, Dominance, Shame, Sexual Selection, Migration, the Nature of Conflict, and "all the ideologically hot subjects of our day." Softcover, 251 pages, illustrated, index, \$10.

Hereditary Genius by Sir Francis Galton. Inventor of fingerprinting and founder of the science of eugenics, Galton demonstrates the inheritance of intelligence by tracing generations of achievement in eminent British families. Peter Smith reprint. Hardcover, \$20.

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