

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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O L Y M P I C G A M E S

P a s t ,

P r e s e n t ,

F u t u r e



The Safety Valve

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

□ I have been listening to FM classical music stations for the last five or six years. In this time the number of Jewish solo performers has swelled conspicuously. Always disproportionately prominent, they have the stage almost entirely to themselves. They are seldom billed as Jewish. They are "Soviet born" or "Russians who emigrated to Israel, then settled in the U.S." The few non-Jewish soloists seem, in the main, to be Chinese. Christian soloists are as rare as Jewish miners, as one *Instaurationist* felicitously put it. The glorious music was all composed by Christians. Christians built the wondrous instruments to give it tone. Are not Christian artists, with Christian instruments, at least as capable as others of playing the musical masterpieces of the West? How is it that this has become practically a monopoly of non-Christians?

087

□ As far as Ross Perot and the other bums go, my grandmother said it best: "These people are anybody's dog that will hunt with 'em."

344

□ For *Instaurationists* who may desire a refreshing holiday on the North American continent, I would recommend Quebec City, Canada. This city with a population of about half a million is virtually crime-free. A majority of the people of the area are of Norman French descent with racial characteristics something like one would see in Bavaria. There have been some ignorant comments in the past about French Canadians in certain issues of *Instauration*. Since the Nordic-Mediterranean racial make-up of those originating from Northern France is similar to the make-up of those who trace their ancestry back to England (remember 1066 and all that!), I fail to understand these derogatory comments, which only continue to divide whites. Unlike Wilmot Robertson, who only dreams of a racially separated United

States, the people of New France have actually acted upon their wish to have their culture survive without the destructive immigration practices that have plagued English Canada.

700

□ Some dream, that Dream Team! I am so ashamed of my country when the best we can offer is the obnoxious Charles Barkley, a lippy colored boy completely untainted by manners or sporting ethics, and Magic Johnson, an HIV carrier who never should have been given a passport! How do you teach sportsmanship to the young with these rebarbative examples? In unpardonable naïveté I had hoped that Barkley's behavior would have elicited severe reprimands from TV newscasters, but I only heard whispers. Poor Quayle took a drubbing for his comments about "Murphy Brown." Sam Donaldson, usually hypercritical of just about everybody, only smiled and wiggled his unkempt eyebrows (but not his wig) in amusement at Barkley's boorish antics.

590

□ When Clinton has been installed by ZOG next January, Majority boobs will see very quickly just how transient and illusory were the Reagan-Bush "reforms." An acquaintance who works for one Democratic congressional hack in Cesspool (DC) told me that informal talks are already being held sub rosa by Democrats about increasing the number of federal judges next year, so they can once again pack the courts with liberals. Not that it makes much difference, since the Reagan-Bush appointees turned out to be cryptoliberals all along. But Vic Olvir is right—until King Money is overthrown, our dispossession will zoom ahead in automatic overdrive, regardless of which political party is partying with our extorted tax money.

Zip Withheld

□ My letter in the *Safety Valve* (July 1992) described the writing of Richard McCulloch as "prissy and dilettantish." I sincerely regret having written these things and would like to take the opportunity to retract them publicly. I apologize for writing so thoughtlessly and carelessly. Richard McCulloch's writing is intelligent and worth reading. I have one of his books, and I recommend his writings to others. I must have been having a bad day when I wrote insulting comments about his ideas. Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. (If readers need a translation, ask the next Catholic you meet who remembers the church before Vatican II cleansed it of Latin!) All of us need to avoid taking cheap shots and leveling ad hominem attacks on Majority activists.

210

□ I don't agree with Bush (referred to as "The Shrub" by a writer for the *Nation*) about much of anything these days, but I admire his policy on the Haitians.

190

□ It's a sobering thought that free speech won by a one-vote margin in the Supreme Court. Perhaps a defeat would have been better

in the long haul. There really is no free speech anywhere; the only question is to what degree it is punished. The sooner Majorityites start serving time for what is now regarded as free speech, the quicker we'll get our country back. Things probably have to get worse—much worse—before they get better.

506

□ Am I the only one to notice that every time Hillary is photoed and videoed her hair gets a shade blonder?

320

□ When European missionaries went to civilize/Christianize Negroes in Central Africa they had to teach them how to make love face-to-face—and in private. Such is the origin of the "missionary position."

218

□ Suggested marriage ceremony etiquette: white couple, use white rice; Hispanic and white, use brown rice; black and white, use black-eyed peas.

366

□ The declining Western population is often presented as an irrefutable argument for open-door immigration. Whites must be replaced by blacks and browns, else there'll be no one to collect the garbage. No one seems to have the wit to offer whites tax breaks or bonuses for increased family size.

222

□ As a babe in arms, I read John Hersey's *The Wall* and wept. When I became a man, I put aside my childish things, as St. Paul advised, and saw *The Wall* as a perverse piece of propaganda designed to reassign the rights of the Wailing Wall to the warped whelps of Zionism. If I had a chance now, rather than wail over the wall, I'd put Hersey up against it, along with Leon Uris, jejune James (mish-mush) Michener and his *Covenant*, and all the rest of that Zionist-massaging crowd.

453

□ *Instauration's* front-page editorial, "America Is Dead" (June 1992), struck me as masterful—the most significant piece to come down

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the pike in years. Yet even such a solemn belt to the belly won't shake up those sorry whites who, each in their own way, have crossed the Rubicon of race betrayal. At any rate, for such a pamphleteering tour de force every Instaurationist should doff his hat. Bravo!

Canadian subscriber

□ Instaurationists familiar with hinterland America already know how its downtown has grown dangerously and destructively dark from blacks, browns and God-knows-what-else occupying "SORs," federally subsidized "single-occupancy rooms." They are spotted in what once were played-out, turn-of-the-century hotels, good for little more than hosting the odd Odd Fellows gathering, floating crap games, or liaisons with the local ladies of easy virtue. The product (the same as in big-city America) is crime—muggings and murders in the very same places where our grandparents used to dine, bank, shop and worship. Small-town police forces, ill-equipped to wrestle with the booming drug trade (and addiction, even among local whites), petty theft and vandalism that inevitably accompany the arrival of Roosevelt and Tiffany and their assorted brood, find themselves, their jails and their budgets overwhelmed. Small-town newspapers report stabbings and shootings these days, not church socials. The barbershop gossip is all about strange doings last night up at the housing project—sad, sorry events that have nothing to do with white culture and everything to do with our politicians' decisions to "widen our racial horizon." So goes America!

220

□ The religious vs. secular division of the Majority is troubling. The middle way between the two, liberal Christianity, is unsatisfying to both camps.

889

□ The movie, *Silence of the Lambs*, has a curious and droll ending. The insane criminal genius, Hannibal the Cannibal, has escaped and is in hiding, no one knows where. The camera shows him in tropical attire sitting at a table at an outdoor cafe. As he gets up and walks away, the camera pulls back and up. From a God's Eye view, we see him become an anonymous blob in a gaily dressed chaos of blacks. Many years ago G.K. Chesterton asked, "Where is the best place to hide a leaf?" The answer is well known: "in a forest." Did some waggish Hollywood scriptwriter ask, "Where is the best place to hide a cannibal?"

100

□ Never underestimate the power of Instauration. When Ross Perot saw himself in that fool's outfit on the magazine's cover (July 1992) and read about the dire fate that awaited him, he threw in the towel.

306

□ Tipper and Hillary are the Thelma and Louise of American politics.

330

□ Lately friends of mine have been sending me copies of Instauration, which I quite enjoy. While I'm not a Nordic or whatever it is you guys call yourself (I'm half-Italian, American In-

dian and English), I've always had a lot of respect for Northern Europeans. You people, as a race, certainly have much to be proud of. Certainly you're one of the more classically handsome races and your intelligence and contributions to American society are well known. And while I'd agree that Germans have definitely been given a bum rap from our friends in the mass media, I just kinda wish you would spend more pages pointing out how good Nordics are and less pages pointing out how bad other races are. Just a thought.

947

□ Down here on the south coast and in the Southwest (Devon-Cornwall-Dorset) blacks are rarely seen. In Chichester in 12 years I have seen no more than a dozen all told on the streets.

British subscriber

□ I recently joined a nightclub that is known for its high-class clientele. It's a private club, so you have to be a member to be admitted. One night I was at the bar and a blonde approached (one of the horned angels McCulloch is so fond of). She smiled a seductive smile and I smiled back. A little later, lo and behold, this blonde goddess was dancing her heart out with the only two blacks in the place. The blacks were in heaven. I talked to the white males at the bar, and nobody was upset. They told me if that is what she wanted to do, it was her own business and nobody else's. This in the very heart of Dixie!

716

□ Had the police anticipated the actions of the rampaging L.A. savages and immediately used submachine guns, semi-automatic shotguns and concussion grenades (to lop into the stores among the looters), the riots would have come to a screeching halt. No lawsuits. No financial compensation. The only obligation for Los Angeles would be to bury the unclaimed dead. Had this been done, there would not have been a later riot in Washington Heights (NY) by Dominican drug pushers after a white policeman shot one of their "brothers."

324

□ With whites still 75% of the U.S. population, strident black demands for their death are condoned or even applauded. What will it be like when whites are no longer a majority?

Belgian subscriber

□ More than anything in the world whites want to have fun. They like candy, baseball games, singing Negroes and ridiculous movies. They care less that the Asians are buying up the land. They ask only for more classic rock and roll and perhaps another coke or beer. Because they believe fellow whites in days long past did a disservice to the black race, whites must now think seriously about total racial suicide. "Why not," they say, "we owe it to them."

577

□ With all the hullabaloo over sexual harassment in the workplace, one fact is discreetly ignored: black male supervisors in government tend to view females within their administrative domain as their personal harem. I know of three high-ranking blacks who were very quiet-

ly forced to resign or retire following charges of blatant sexual harassment. Of course, they were also incompetent, spending much of their 10-to-3 workdays on the telephone transacting private and NAACP business.

Beltwayite

□ It used to be considered quite droll to dress chimpanzees in tuxedos and have them give a tea party. African efforts to achieve parliamentary democracy are in the same genre.

842

□ Instauration (June 1992) carried an article by Vic Olvir. I like Olvir; he is a good strategist for our team. One of the things that he recently pointed out was the folly of criticizing our activists in public, regardless of their sins. It was suggested that because our ranks are so thin, because we need every man on deck, because we need every dollar we can come up with, we need every brave man who will stand up and do battle. It is suicide for us to fight among ourselves, especially over trivialities.

142

□ When the end comes in this country, whites can tell their children how funny Cosby was, how exciting the big game was, how they never had to work jury duty—any one of their millions of excuses for not resisting being made into slaves.

775

□ When the Russians invaded the Baltic countries in 1939, a political officer was associated with each command and had as much authority as any military commander. The political officers were Jewish, and they were the ones who ordered the extermination of the Lithuanian intelligentsia. When the Germans liberated the Baltics in 1941, the Lithuanians killed all "their" Jews themselves, which is why there has been such official antipathy or apathy, toward Lithuanians on the part of the American news media.

606

□ Mexican politicians never cooperate, in any way, with the U.S. Border Patrol. The official Mexican line is that all their people have the right to immigrate to the "lost territories." To cut the illegal flood to a trickle, the U.S. need merely announce that for every 500 illegals apprehended, the number of U.S. tourists allowed to enter Mexico would be reduced by 1%.

919

□ I used to work at a jewelry kiosk in the middle of our local shopping mall. (Not out of any great interest in jewelry; it was a great place to meet girls.) I'll never forget one slow day. I was doing some paperwork when I looked up and saw two black youths checking out the gold. The more vocal of the two was decked out in ANC colors with a huge pendant of Africa hanging on his chest. As he surveyed the case where we kept our charms and pendants, he noticed that we carried crosses and Stars of David, but no Islamic crescents! He immediately began to expound on the blatant racism behind this marketing decision, saying that black "culture" got no respect in white society. Surprisingly, I didn't get too upset, since I had him pegged as a Farrakhan follower. I've



never had any problem with black separatists, even though this one was a little loud and obnoxious. My feelings changed, however, when the girlfriend of one of the blacks arrived. Sure enough, she was a cute little blue-eyed blonde. Apparently he found some aspects of white society easier to take than others.

110

□ A few years ago a shopping mall on Chicago's southwest side sponsored an annual summer carnival, complete with rides and attractions. I was amused to see a ride with the giant neon-lit name, THE ZYKLON. But my shock was even greater to see the carnies sporting, "I survived the Zyklon" T-shirts. I am now sorry that I did not attempt to obtain such a rare Holocaust-related souvenir. I wonder if the Zyklon ride is still touring the American carnival circuit or if the ominous name has been spotted by some professional holohoaxer and been decried as "insensitive."

604

□ A single woman working two jobs to keep her niece out of Houston's public schools (Safety Valve, Zip 770, July 1992) is certainly a worthy Instaurationist who puts her money where her mouth is. She deserves to receive our favorite magazine. Please use the enclosed to pay for her subscription to Instauration.

212

□ I was glad to see rockabilly, that long-underestimated, purely white art form, finally mentioned in Instauration (July 1992). Instaurationists who like country, rockabilly or even 50s-style rock 'n' roll should check out a 1988 album, *Stout and High*, by a group called the

Wagoneers. It's worth it for the title song alone, a driving homage to the heroes of the Alamo, with no apologies to Santa Ana or his greasers. The rest of the album contains some fine rock-tinged country. Highly recommended!

181

□ Persevering Pete's letter to the Safety Valve (July 1992) was terrific. His call for interesting signatures to Safety Valve letters, instead of dull zip digits, is most welcome! Dull signatures are the bane of modern journalism. If we have to be anonymous, we should at least do so in a colorful way. Thank heaven for liberators like Persevering Pete!

Suffering Sam

□ As a convert, I have spent a year observing Mormons close up. The church, with its vigorous Third World missionary program, is projected to be majority nonwhite by the end of the century. This is a dramatic change for a religious body which did not allow Negroes to become priests until 1975. Most converts of whatever color do not remain zealous in the faith because their main interests are looking for friends and getting a pay raise. When they find the church does not provide either, but rather imposes duties and expects tithings, they gradually lose their religious fervor. The church has a minority hardcore composed of older old-stock members (the younger, old-stock Mormons are equally cliquish) and newly converted fanatics, with a larger, more or less loosely affiliated outer shell. I doubt Mormons can ever be rallied to the Majority cause. They are too prejudiced, too narrowly focused and too obedient to authority ever to think independently. At best they are conservative Republicans. Despite its

dubiousness, Mormon theology endures for the same reasons the American civil religion endures: (1) serious questioning is taboo; (2) faith makes us feel good.

770

□ I would have added a sweetener to my re-subscription to Instauration if you were not so atheistic in your outlook. Only a vibrant Christianity can cope with the God-cursed Jews. You should realize that.

838

□ "Support the Negro College Fund." "A mind is a terrible thing to waste." Question: What does proposition 1 have to do with proposition 2? Answer: Absolutely nothing. The notion of blacks in college makes about as much sense as bees in Buckingham Palace. Blacks' lack of commitment to the academic whirl frustrates them as much as it maddens white teachers and students. The black answer to their own failure is to spew out clichés which demand that "the system" (yes, always "the system") be changed in favor of "socially relevant" courses aimed at "blackening the curriculum" and "leveling the playing field." While all this academic shuffling and rescheduling is going on in American colleges, the racial tension grows daily.

220

If Instauration's editor and contributors think it important to flay those of us who declare bankruptcy or watch John Wayne movies, then our masters in ZOG shouldn't have much to worry about. Does anyone remember Tom Wolfe's Irish detective, Martin? He had an expression which covered a number of situations. I'm afraid that it applies all too often to what appears in the pages of Instauration. "B.S. reigns."

675

Jewish Weather Report

You may have heard of Jewish lightning—no, we're not referring to that atmospheric disturbance behind Charlton Heston on Mount Sinai—but have you heard of these other aspects of Jewish meteorology?

Jewish blizzard—snow job re the Holocaust

Jewish cloud cover—the ADL descending on any scene where a swastika is discovered

Jewish cold front—what an amorous Jewish man contends with when he cozies up to a JAP (Jewish American Princess)

Jewish drought—describes current conditions in Russia

Jewish flood—annual occurrence at the New York University admissions office

Jewish fog—the Talmud

Jewish hail—melts when a goy yells "Heil"

Jewish heat wave—nuclear weaponry in Israel

Jewish high pressure system—the Israel lobby in Washington

Jewish hurricane—tropical storm that grows in intensity, takes aim at Miami Beach and is given one of the following names: Hurricane Barry, Hurricane Irving, Hurricane Isaac, Hurricane Isidore, Hurricane Itzhak, Hurricane Jake, Hurricane Moe, Hurricane Seymour or Hurricane Sidney.

Jewish ice storm—a jewelers convention

Jewish sandstorm—the Six Day War

Jewish sunshine—*The Diary of Anne Frank*

Jewish thunder—the Intifada

Jewish tidal wave—Ellis Island circa 1900

Jewish windstorm—a lecture by Alan Dershowitz

The African Eve Theory Is Kaput

In 1987 a team of scientists at the University of California at Berkeley announced that all human beings were descended from a woman who lived in sub-Saharan Africa some 200,000 years ago. This startling discovery was made on the heels of a super-sophisticated computer analysis of mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA). Simply put, mtDNA is inherited solely through the mother and is not "mixed" like DNA inherited from two parents. This meant, in theory, that human ancestry could be traced back in a direct line through the mother, which is what the Berkeley scientists claimed to have done. Their findings, they said, led them straight to an African (and presumably Negro) ancestor for all mankind.

Although the research was sloppy, unscientific and speculative, the political left strongly supported the African Eve theory, which the "mainstream" press reported as scripture. Newsweek ran a cover story with a painting of "Eve," clearly a Negress, in case anyone missed the point.

To say that this shabby Lysenko-like scientific fraud and the accompanying media blitz was transparent and, shall we say, lacking in subtlety, is to waste one's breath. The motivation behind this audacious canard was to buttress the Marxist anthropological school of Franz Boas and his factotum, Margaret Mead, who together have lorded over American anthropology for all too many years. (Mead, already exposed as a silly, unprofessional day-tripper rather than a serious scientist, was a prize exhibit of the Boas school, which bears as much relation to real anthropology and science as the defunct Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow bore to a real university.)

Today, modern methods of research are giving scientists the tools to obtain hard data in areas that formerly were the exclusive domain of Jewish academic sandwich men like Boas, Montague Francis Ashley Montagu and Stephen J. Gould. It is no surprise to Instaurationists that this renewed, objective approach to science is proving that the human race inherits, rather than learns, vastly more than was previously thought. Furthermore, non-ideological anthropology is willing to consider the possibility that man developed separately in widely scattered parts of the earth and that various races took their present form on parallel tracks, following widely varying schedules of development. Any common ancestor, if there was one, existed a long, long time before man had reached anything close to his present evolutionary grade.

As evidence for this theory accumulates, the inevitable result will be the recognition that the different races of

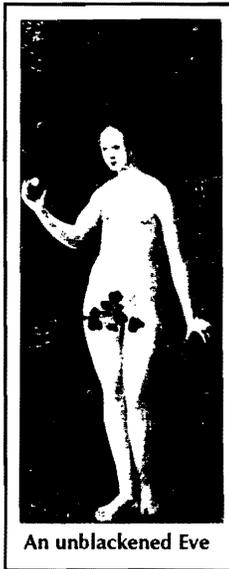
mankind differ profoundly not only in their physiology but, most importantly, in their cerebral apparatus, the locus of intelligence and personality.

African Eve was of the highest importance to the leftist intelligentsia because, if it could be proven that a Negro woman was an ancestor of every living person, then every living person was, at least in part, a Negro. Consequently, the "fascist" anthropologists, like the late great Carleton Coon, who held that the evolution of races took place in different areas and in different time frames, would be largely discredited. An important byproduct of the Eve theory would be the psychological blow to so-called "racists" of knowing that a remote ancestor was a black, thus making claims of racial difference—or superiority—sound rather farfetched.

Alan Templeton, a geneticist at Washington University, has put paid to this whole dreary spectacle. He has demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that the whole African Eve theory is nonsense. Perhaps in penance for its previous misleading article, Newsweek (March 2, 1992) broke the news, though it did not make Templeton's research a feature article, an honor given to the flawed findings of the Berkeley crew. After Templeton stated that the African Eve theory was not supported by "data," Newsweek reported that the Berkeley people "gracefully conceded" that their findings no longer stood up. Given the circumstances, there is not much else they could have done.

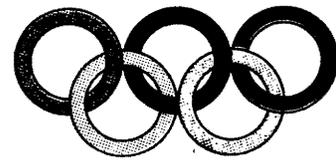
There appears to be a closet Instaurationist (or merely an honest man or woman) working at some scientific journals. Templeton was contacted by somebody from such a journal and asked to check out the false claims of the Berkeley team. He did—and the rest is anthropological history.

But the other side never gives up! Mark Stoneking (a namechanger?), who is now peddling scientific schlock at Pennsylvania State University, whimpered that the fossil evidence "still supports" an African origin for mankind. Leaving aside the entire issue of the efforts of prominent anthropologists in other parts of the world, Stoneking's yelp is utterly meaningless and unrelated to the African Eve affair. It is entirely possible that every living human race evolved from primates that had their origin in what is now Africa. This may simply mean that Africa, at that time, provided a suitable environment for primate development. The higher primates moved on, to evolve far from the Dark Continent, into modern humans. As for the lesser developed or "slow" primates left behind, might they not have evolved into Negroes? They surely might.



An unblackened Eve

Olympics—Past, Present, Future



Whose Home Team? If you watched the Summer Olympics did you cheer for your racial cousins or did you still put citizenship above race? Did you cheer for the American-born blacks when they competed against the Europeans and Russians? Did your chest swell with pride as Old Glory was raised and the *National Anthem* sung after black sprinters, hurdlers and jumpers easily polished off their pale competition?

I pull for the white folk, regardless of nationality. This is not to denigrate the performances of these blacks who were born in this country and won gold medals. But I would have preferred that these great athletes were on the teams of nations in their ancestral continent.

The women's heptathlon and the men's decathlon point up once again that, in general, whites do better in the strength and stamina portions of the games, while blacks excel in running and jumping. Even so, a blonde Swede outperformed a number of blacks in the high jump to finish second (to a black Cuban), and a Russian and a German woman won the silver and bronze medals in the heptathlon (African-American Jackie Joyner-Kersey won the gold). An attractive Dutch woman won the gold in one of the hurdle races. All of which proves that white men—and women—*can* jump.

There are genetic reasons why blacks are good runners and whites good swimmers. For saying as much some years ago, Al Campanis and Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder lost their cushy jobs as vice-president of the Los Angeles Dodgers and CBS sports reporter, respectively. Campanis said lack of buoyancy was responsible for the blacks' poor performance in swimming, meaning that the blacks' ratio of bone weight to body weight was much higher than that of whites. Jimmy the Greek suggested that breeding programs during slavery and the physiology of Negro thigh bones partly accounted for their running prowess. Every Olympics tends to bear out their statements, but the two men never got their jobs back.

Sports Is Not Everything. When the National Socialists came to power in Germany in 1933 they began a program to emphasize sports and games, as contributing to the development of the "whole man." They believed that German schoolmasters overemphasized the development of intellect, producing specialized weaklings ill-suited to participate in the task of national renewal. (Nietzsche had written: "Another generation of readers and spirit itself will stink.")

There is scarcely any danger of intellect being apotheosized in the U.S.—or of sports and games being neglected. Americans assume that sports and games are vital; that things of the mind and the spirit are to be viewed with considerable suspicion. The sportsman as Hero is a revered icon in America.

The advent of television has made of the professional athlete a kind of demigod. But for the masses, active participation in sports has taken a backseat to viewership, often to a powerful psychic merging of the fan (fanatic) with his beloved "home team," a sort of incorporation into one's own soul of an athletic corporate enterprise. Indeed, for some fans the Home Team *is* their soul. As much as any cloistered mystic focusing on the travails of his spirit, the fans anguish deeply when the Home Team loses and rejoice to the heavens when it wins.

It is not a "generation of readers" that is pandemic in America, but a generation of watchers: millions of lumpy sofa spuds right-

eously rooting for their favored clefted capitalists. *Panem et circenses*. Present-day America would put even decadent Rome to shame. The unquenchable urge to watch makes instant multimillionaires of the premier athletes.

Many of these athletic Midases belong to an alien race, and often one of the first prizes their newfound wealth brings them is a white wife or girlfriend. Journalists who have covered professional or college sports know—sadly—that there are no lack of white females among the sports groupies, eagerly waiting to be chosen by a sports hero, of whatever color.

If you are addicted to spectator sports, strike back! During the next Big Game take a brisk walk or an invigorating swim. You'll find it a tremendously liberating experience. Instead of vicariously winning or losing with the Home Team, you will experience a joyful return to your Self, your "deepest self," as the mystics put it. You will embark on a marvelous voyage of self-discovery that will be far more exciting than a triple play or a 100-yard TD run.

And just so you won't miss the essentials of the upcoming National Football League season (this being written before it starts), a great sports sage has passed the word that long-shot Miami will meet—and lose to—moderate-odds Dallas in the 1993 Super Bowl.

Berlin, 2004: The 28th Olympiad. The biggest story of these next-century Olympic Games is how The Unified Team will do. Long one of the dominant factors in the quadrennial athletic events under the banner of the United States of America, it is now an unknown quantity. Some believe that the four separate nations (Columbia, the white republic; Farrakhania, the black one; Atzlán, for Hispanics; and Hawaiiistan for Asians) are ill-prepared to win many medals. Despite the skilled athletes on most of these teams, it is conjectured in some quarters that the violent turmoil of the past half dozen years that led to the breakup of the former U.S.A. will prove to be a concentration-breaking trauma for the competitors.

The four new nations agreed to compete this year as "The Unified Team," much as the ethnic nations of the former Soviet Union did in the 1992 games. However, the difficulties faced by the current Unified Team are more severe than those of their namesake of a dozen years ago, as many of the top black athletes have been lured to compete for several African countries rather than for Farrakhania.

These defections may seriously affect The Unified Team in its hunt for medals, especially in the running and jumping events. Moses Johnson and Sammy Jones, perhaps the world's best in the 100-meter race, will be competing for Liberia this Olympics. The situation is just as bad in basketball, as the Dream Team which dazzled the world in 1992 now belongs to Nigeria, which paid millions to former Chicago Bulls star Michael Jordan to come and both play for and coach their Olympic hoops team. Jordan, aging but still capable of showing flashes of his old self, has been joined in Nigeria by LSU alumnus and longtime Orlando Magic dynamo Shaquille O'Neill. Younger former NBA superstars like Leroy Butler and Rashid Stone will be playing for Nigeria as well, making this new Dream Team the indisputable favorite for the gold.

While The Unified Team, led by Columbia, is expected to once more dominate the swimming events, the consensus of neutral experts is that the aggregate of medals won will not nearly approach those garnered in years past by the defunct U.S.

V.O.

Reevaluating the Noble Savage

This year is the quincentenary of Christopher Columbus's first visit to the Americas. Puffed up with excusable pride, Italian and Spanish Americans are celebrating the event, smack in the face of a triple-pronged hate campaign launched by Indians and their many liberal-minority flunkies. Whites are accused of owing the Indians a massive debt, of doing much evil to them and coldly and ungratefully receiving much good in return.

James A. Clifton, a preeminent ethnohistorian and psychological anthropologist who has specialized in Amerindian culture and history for over 30 years, is the author or editor of seven books on his specialty. His latest effort is *The Invented Indian: Cultural Fictions and Government Policies* (Transaction Publishers, New Brunswick). Clifton began his professional career when the United States was ending its long-established, government-to-government relations with the Indians, along with its intrusive stewardship over their day-to-day existence. This change of heart was known in government circles as "termination." In the teepees it was known as lowering the curtain on "assimilation."

Starting in the late 1960s, ambitious Indian elitists took control of their race's affairs from the supposed enemy, the white man. Their theme song, put bluntly, was, "Thou Shalt Not Say No to an Indian," which was supposed to sum up the new policy of "sovereignty" and "self-determination." Clifton's view of what had transpired was not so roseate. He defined Washington's new attitude as one that gave Indians "absolute political autarchy [of their own affairs] while perpetuating utter fiscal dependence [on the government]."

Indian relations with whites had by no means ended, Clifton asserted. Only the nature and extent of their interracial dealings had changed. While it was true that the Native Americans' loyal white boosters (academics, attorneys, foundation heads, churches, environmentalists, New Age cults, Hollywood celebrities) were relegated to support roles, these auxiliary forces could still be rapidly mobilized and deployed in defense of any attempt by "racists" to reduce or modify the Indians' new autonomous perks.

Over the past three decades, a fashionable story line about Indians and their relationship with whites, past and present, has been foisted on the unsuspecting public. What Americans have been convinced "they know" about the Indian rests on a multivalent epic that has become a fixture of North American mass culture.

In the beginning, the story goes, North America was the motherland for between 20 and 30 million Edenic human beings. Then came the evil white man who invaded, despoiled and seized the property and persons of these onetime Bering Strait island hoppers. The Noble Indian, rather than retaliate in kind, fed the disoriented whites and taught them the lore that enabled them to survive in the wilderness. But Indian altruism did not stop there. Out of their folk wisdom emerged the first draft of the U.S. Constitution.

Let's jump ahead a couple of centuries to the aftermath of WWII, when masses of Indians exited their reservations and

claimed their place in the sun as the heirs of North America's rightful owners. Bending to the red man's will, wimpish white jurists declared moldy old Indian treaties to be sacred, unalterable pacts guaranteeing that the white man would live up to his promises for as long as the grass grows and the water flows.

Today, with an almost daily assist from the media, this sanctification of the Indian has been given one of the nation's highest priorities. Whites, or at least those whites who make policy, have irrevocably stipulated that the Indians can forever be allowed to govern themselves, living in their chosen way, separate and isolated from mainstream America—with the proviso that they will retain their own special keys to the federal treasury.

Meanwhile, this "revised version" of Indian history has become so pervasive in American pop culture that a whole generation has been raised on such cinematic flackery as *Custer Died for Your Sins*, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, *Little Big Man* and, more recently, *Dances with Wolves*. Philo-Indianism is now so politically correct that film moguls, eyeing what scripts come to them and knowing what audiences will eagerly accept, adhere mechanically to this revisionist prettification. Academics go along with Hollywood by readily identifying the Indian cause as their cause, some out of idiosyncratic motives, some for ideological or pragmatic reasons; none for valid reasons.

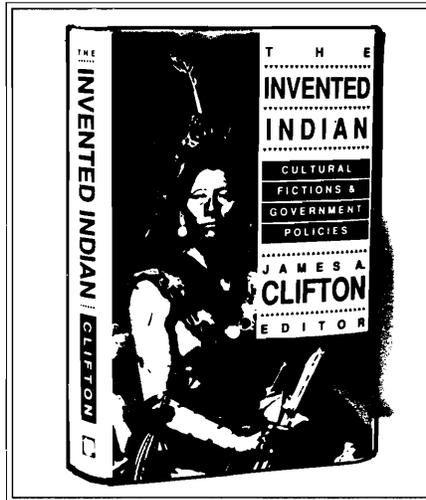
In an effort to debunk some of the wilder glorification myths, Clifton solicited essays for *The Invented Indian* from an assortment of experts on Indian manners and mores. Afraid of the title and what it might portend, many reputable savants dared not contribute for fear of being labeled racists or anti-Indian. Others opted out lest their cooperation endanger their financial ties with the new-style Indian chiefs. In the end, 14 scholars, most of them anthropologists, wrote 16 chapters, the last five of which reviewed how history has been manipulated to present an attractive image of what have now become legendary beings.

In the Introduction, Clifton writes of his experience in courtrooms as an advocate of Indian rights.

The paramount aim, at last I had explained to me by an unusually impetuous counsel, was not veracity but to win at all costs. These particular attorneys were interested in neither truth nor social consequences, except those of obtaining for their clients the largest short-term benefits attainable—money and power. Rather than a quest relying on reasoned probity and a careful array of all relevant evidence in search of justice, they were purely political contests. . . .

It is interesting to note that Clifton, a frustrated racial integrationist, and his colleagues did not deem it politic to release their attack on the idealized version of the red man and all his works until separatists gained control of Indian affairs, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs instituted an affirmative action program. This raises the question: Will a disgruntled white or Jewish liberal expose the false history now being confected for and by black separatist groups, once their white godfathers and godmothers lose control of Negro funding?

EDWARD KERLING



The Conspiracy of Money

After the appearance of my article, "Another Lost War: The Politics of Distortion" (Nov. 1990), a reader wrote to say that my mention of the Money Power suggested some grand conspiracy, and that since he quit the Birch Society such talk left him cold. A stupid foreign policy, he wrote, was often just that and nothing else.

I don't blame my critic for being adverse to conspiracy theories. I remember years ago listening to one intense cabalist detail a conspiracy that stretched back to the 10th century. All the familiar names were there: Adam Weishaupt, the Illuminati, Grand Orient Freemasons, Marx, et al. When I asked who had initiated this monstrous and long-running plot against humanity, he whispered "Satan."

I have been handed literature (it is almost a genre) that proved beyond any doubt (of the authors) that one or another Rockefeller or Rothschild was the Evil Prince who headed up this organized intrigue against honest, industrious republican folk. Talented Douglas Reed spoiled what could have been a landmark study of Jewry with cantankerous and labyrinthine concepts of conspiracy, which he poured into *The Conspiracy of Zion*.

Conspiracy theorists want no indeterminacies in history, no blurs, no overlaps, no hanging threads. Like a good mystery or detective novel, all loose ends must be neatly tied. Postulating centuries-long conspiracies concretely answers all questions; nothing is left to the natural rhythms of history, to chance, to accident, to inherent contradictions, to stupidity.

However, it would be equally obtuse to reject out of hand the existence of conspiracies. Not necessarily the generations-spanning variety, but those that materialize for the exigencies of the moment. Conspiracies on the part of the mighty are the norm; only when they are found out is there scandal. Watergate and various other "gates" are examples from recent American history. The fact is the United States was founded by high-level conspirators. The Founding Fathers clearly engaged in a criminal plot against the English Crown that culminated in revolution. Had they been discovered and apprehended they likely would have been hanged. Even ordinary citizens engage occasionally in conspiracies—usually of a non-criminal nature—to gain some desired end in the affairs of love or business.

Conspiracy—acting in secret concert to gain specific ends—is a part of life and a part of politics. But conspiracies are not the driving forces of history. They are really the *result* of these forces. Only those who begin an historical quest with a very narrow and absolutist mentality will deduce otherwise.

History—High History, the development of a complex Culture—flows in "spiritual" streams, with various "ages" dominated by certain leading ideas, which create social and political forms and shape the history of each era. There really is no "progress" in the modern sense; democracy is not superior to feudalism, as both are simply techniques of rule suited to the conditions of the times. The middle-aged man is not "superior" to the boy he was, nor is the child more praiseworthy than the man he is destined to become.

As with individual organisms, so with those organic units known as High Cultures. At the birth of our own Western unit the technological innovations of ribbed vaults and flying buttresses allowed the construction of the Gothic cathedrals, but these structures were *made possible* only by Western man's insatiable quest

for space and light, the same urge that *made possible* rockets to the moon.

The Western Culture moves through the same approximate phases of those High Cultures that preceded it, allowing for the significant differences in their respective world-views. Feudalism, the Aristocratic and Absolute state-forms, then Democracy followed inevitably by an Authoritarian state, or Caesarism—these are the general political lines along which a High Culture unfolds.

The democratic phase and the rule of Money are coterminous, Money being the necessary precondition for the establishment of the democratic forms. That is to say, thinking and feeling in terms of Money, where recondite but vast real power may be executed without ultimate responsibility, are the ideas that excite the leading personalities in the democratic phase of history. These ideas are formulated by the principal political thinkers of the times as the means whereby power is both diffused and harnessed by constitutions; in reality, it is a power greater than that exercised by monarchs, but now it is hidden and irresponsible. It evades accountability for its acts, because, after all, the "people" elected the "government" that made the disastrous decisions.

The original mechanism by which the Money Power ascended to the apex was through finance capital—the creation of wealth through the use of money—not by way of production. In more recent times the "multinational corporations" have joined finance capitalism as the homes of abstract Money Thought, and thus as molders of international politics.

Like all power, Money wants to expand. Because we are speaking of Money inside the Western Culture, we know it wants to expand infinitely. This is accomplished under the cover of "democracy" and "human rights." A New World Order, spanning racial and national boundaries, an amorphous mass of coffee-colored consumers covering the earth like a fungus, this is the grim reality towards which Money points. It would be incorrect, however, to assume that this is an "ideal" of Money, since it has no grand vision other than the accumulation of units of profit which are converted into power, anonymous and malignant.

To a Money-thinking democrat, self-government means *only* democratic government as it exists in Western nations, with the "free market" the controller of economic life. To such an ideologue, no "people" can possibly prefer some other state or economic form. If they do, then surely they must have been misled by "reactionaries" or "fascists" or others upon whom the Democracy-warriors habitually vent their spleen.

Money and Democracy encouraged the breakdown of Tradition and the demise of Religion, while reveling in the rise of Rationalism and the other "liberating" brews that accompanied the spread of their favored institution. Some of these liberal humanitarians, the agents of the ideas, even wished to have it both ways: they wanted to be known as enemies of Money and opponents of "big business." But as Democracy is the executive organ of Money, that wish was only realized in the dreamworld of propaganda, not in fact.

Money-Democracy makes war against all forces that do not share its world-view or fall under its aegis. It militates against the exclusive and particular, except for the cachet achieved by the accumulation of riches.

Both Capitalism and Communism derive from thinking primarily in economic terms. Deriving their impetus from the abstract

power of Money-thinking and Money-feeling, both sliced across racial and national borders and proclaimed universal validity. To the Communist a wretched Third World inhabitant was an enslaved worker. To Money he was a prospective consumer. Both were hostile to forces that acted from the heart and the spirit rather than the stomach.

The Central Intelligence Agency was and is both the Dirty Tricks Department and the mailed fist of Money. It does not represent and has never represented the national interests of the American people, only that aspect of their lives and feeling infected by Money. This is to say that the CIA is mainly the enforcement agency of the international Money Power. Its documented involvement in the international narcotic trade is not a roguish deviation from its activities, but a natural part of them.

Several generations ago, when Communist regimes were establishing themselves around the world, the CIA waged a long and ultimately successful war against Argentina's Juan Peron and his "Third Way" between Communism and Capitalism. Adding to the alarm that Money felt at the prospect of Peronism was the fact that its leader had some racial ideas. (Shortly before Peron died he told an interviewer that race was "the great issue of our time," and boasted that Argentina was the whitest country in South America.)

Money democrats do not understand those who think, feel and act in other modes. To one dominated by the Idea of Money, it is bizarre, truly insane, that a man should offer his life for a religious belief. The partisans of Money believe that if things of the spirit cannot be counted and measured they cannot possibly have any value or power in the world.

Thus the terrible miscalculation the CIA made in its estimate of Khomeini's influence in Iran in the late 1970s, and of the staying power of the Shah, who was an agent of the Money Power. Money does not understand the fire and force of Islam, behaving towards it like an elephant charging a rabbit. It does perceive that Islamic fundamentalism is a threat to its dominance, and it desires to destroy or to neutralize it. In the same manner, Money waged war against the European authoritarian regimes that came to power in the 20s and 30s. Like Khomeini's Iran, these regimes also had their center of gravity outside the orbit of Money. And any manifestation of racial exclusiveness is automatically combated by Money, as proved by its lengthy duel with the whites of South Africa.

There are those who believe that the term, "Money Power," is simply another way to describe the Jewish ascendancy in the West. The fact is these are two separately developed phenomena, which have entered into many symbiotic relationships over the past two centuries.

Both powers prefer anonymity and use the press and elected puppets to advance their agenda. Both are destructive of Western tradition. Both prefer the controlled anarchy of Democracy to discipline and order. Both militate against race; Money from inner compulsion, Jewry as a matter of its own racial policy.

The Money Power was an organic development in the West, but its long dominance in our lands is bizarre and unnatural. It has tarried far too long, probably due to the injection of energy received from Jewry. The Jewish input—Francis Yockey called it "culture distortion"—was foreign to the prime impulses of the West and in its parasitism is a threat to the West's survival.

Money operates more or less unconsciously, largely from inner necessity. Jewry operates consciously in accord with what it perceives to be its desiderata for survival. The goals of the Jews and Money are often the same, though the means are sometimes at variance. In the Gulf War, Money—represented by the U.S. regime—wanted to destroy Iraq's war-making power, without putting Saddam's oil wells and of the oil wells of the entire Gulf area at risk. It was also in the interest of the Money Power to keep the war from widening, from becoming a regional *jihad* of the Islamic

faithful against the godless worshipers of Mammon.

Israel, on the other hand, wished devoutly to transform Iraq into a barren desert, as a warning to all Islamic and Arab states not to dare raise a hostile hand against the Chosen of God. The Israelis would also have liked to stage war crimes trials for the top Iraqi leadership.

Because some of the primary players of the Money Power are also Jews, conflicts do develop. Money tends to be antagonistic to all nationalisms, including the Jewish variety. One may therefore read in historic Zionist writings some denunciations of the Rothschilds for not doing enough to support Jewish nationalism and for their close relations with Gentile Masters of Money. There have also been more recent criticisms by Zionist factions of Henry Kissinger, whose loyalty to his own people often seems tempered by his duty to his principal master, the Money Power.

Those who have captured the trappings of power in the West in this century have usually been subservient to both powers. (Not as a matter of conspiracy, but because most aspiring officeholders instinctively grasp to whom they must bow.) In the past quarter century each American president, while performing *de facto* as the errand boy of both entities, tended to shade towards one or the other: Nixon, Carter and Bush towards Money; Johnson and Reagan towards Jewry. These are mere nuances, however, and do not indicate that any one of these designated marionettes is inherently or potentially hostile—truly hostile—to the other force.*

It is nonetheless accurate that both powers war against the white race and against the destiny of the West. They rose more or less in tandem and they will decline in tandem. In fact, they have been on a slow downward spiral the past several decades, despite their apparent universal triumph

On the surface it does seem as though Money and Jewry are invincible. They have in this century vanquished one foe after another. Soviet communism, a roadblock only insofar as it represented Russian nationalism, has been at least temporarily chastened, and both it and its former satellite states are clamoring for that old free market and democratic magic. (To the extent that Communism was also the revolt of the colored world against the whites, that floodtide is now totally controlled and directed by Money.)

The victories of money have had a price, a terrible one. We need only look at the diseased body of the West to see the results. The United States, the chief agent for both powers, has "won" everywhere. In our disintegrating society—crime-ridden, sick in spirit, morally bankrupt and now well on the road to what, by Money's own standard, is the ultimate failure, namely permanent economic decline—we can taste the bitter fruits of our many victories.

Employing a Spenglerian analysis we know that the crises brought on by the appearance of money has lasted in the West much longer than the history of other, fulfilled High Cultures would predict. Money is a 19th-century Idea, and its continuation into the 21st century would be a tragic and ugly distortion. Money has absorbed much of the energy and ability of Jewry to help drive its tired engine thus far. Money was also aided by accelerated transportation and the technology of instant mass communications which have permitted it to push the Money Idea—and its products—out into the broad, barbarian world. (Primitives are enthralled with the products of high technology.)

*The mere possession of money in quantity does not necessarily make of one a Money Thinker. Bush, who has devoted his entire life to the service of Money, has only a tiny part of the wealth owned by Ross Perot, whose core values seem to significantly vary from the abstractions of Money Thinking. Perot, however, could not cross the Rubicon to become a true man of Politics—the final counter to Money—as his failed and clownish presidential "campaign" proved. -

Westerners, and above all Americans, still think in terms of Money. Money, pleasure, products, satiety, safety: these have been such an intimate part of the lives of Americans for so long that they cannot conceive of anything else. "It has been so in my time, it was so in my father's time, and in his father's, and it will be so forever in the future." This is how they might express their thoughts about Money, if they thought about it at all. The soul-state of their ancestors who built the Gothic cathedrals, that inward-looking society where angels and devils were everywhere, is simply inconceivable to them, far beyond their imagination. Even many of those who *intellectually* understand non-economic concepts and who are consciously on the side of the White West are still immersed in Money Feeling.

There IS a Conspiracy of Money and WE are the conspirators.

But at this very moment when the New World Order ostensibly rides triumphant over the globe, there are strong awakenings, revivals, counter-movements and indications, which are responses to a hollowness in the soul and a creeping paralysis of the heart. The culture-bearers of these remedial organisms wax stronger each day, and ever growing numbers of the general populace are sick unto death of the present chaos and emptiness.

Old nationalisms in the former Soviet empire have come back to life. Slavs and non-Slavs are seeking sanity in the roots of their lives and attempting to solidify with their own kind, even at the cost of violent demographic upheavals. In America, the very belly of the beast, race constantly surfaces and Money is increasingly powerless to cement the widening fissures with material toys, as it is caught in its own contradictory trap of being obliged to export the wealth that its American foot-soldiers created and actually believed was theirs in perpetuity.

Even Money's proudest prior triumphs are now seen to be illusory. Japan, defeated militarily in 1945, has apparently been restructured as a bastion of Money Thought, a modern, economic-driven democracy. The structure of Japanese society may change, but not the ingrained militarism of the Japanese people, notwithstanding that businessmen are now atop the social heap rather than at its bottom, as was the case for centuries. Japan will even-

tually transit to what it was, to what it *is* in its depths, and with a minimum of outward disturbance.

Meanwhile, Money rides victorious, with Jewry in its wake. But at the moment of its greatest triumph we can at last see its ultimate defeat. The outer forms no longer meet the inner needs of those who carry the Future of the West. As the juvenile grows into the man, so Money and Democracy are slowly replaced by Faith and Authority.

As many in the contemporary West still cannot even imagine a different spiritual world than their own, and who would look upon a 13th century Westerner as mad, so too will the Westerners a century or more hence be unable to imagine a world where Money was the measure of all things. While this does not mean that Money-thinking and trade in general will disappear, it does mean that they will assume their proper place in the structure of things.

There are those who are fond of saying that the white man has "no soul." Under the domination of Money such charges often seem valid. But as the soul of the West has been the most vibrant this planet has ever seen, with the liquidation of Money and the emergence of Authority the Western soul will soar beyond the furthest reaches of our own technology with a speed that will astound the slanderers.

It is now time for the Western banker and man of Money to retire from the field. His retreat will be forced by the new realities, the forces building beneath the shell of the West with the terrible strength of earthquakes, shattering forever the rule of Money. As Yockey wrote some 45 years ago:

On the front of the tottering edifice is printed in gaudy letters: Democracy. But behind it is seen to be a cash-till, and the banker sits, running his hands through the money that was the blood of the Western nations. He looks up in terror, as the sound of marching feet is heard.

VIC OLVIR

Prize-winning critic's mini-reviews of all known Mud People films

"B" Movie Video Guide

The Mud People (1942) **** 84 minutes. A race of savages is introduced into civilization and taught how to use all the Western amenities with devastating results for all concerned. This low-budget cult sleeper spawned 20 sequels. The original, however, is still the best of the bunch. Directed by Irving Katzenberg and Barbara Boxstein. Starring Yabba Dabbadu, Ashanti Washington and Booker T. Hooker.

Frankenstein Meets the Mud People (1945) **1/2, 74 minutes. Dr. Frankenstein sets up shop in reconstruction-era Mississippi, where he attempts to create the perfect servant by sewing together spare parts from the dead bodies of lynched Negroes. All goes well until the monster goes after the local belles and arouses the ire of the KKK. Shuddery climax features a live crucifixion on a fiery cross. Directed by Jerome Weisenheimer. Starring Basil Szell-Carcinoma (his first appearance as Dr. Frankenstein), Shango Aquavela and LaScuba Tangué.

Return of the Mud People (1947) *** 87 minutes. "What if" film about how different America would be if all African Americans had been repatriated to Africa before 1861. Stinging social satire with plenty of food (watermelon) for thought. Directed by Julius Kleinberg. Starring Roosevelt Braggs, Impetigo Abednego and Vertigo Williams.

Abbott and Costello Meet the Mud People (1948) **1/2, 99 minutes. Traveling salesmen Bud and Lou go hut to hut to sell meat tenderizer to cannibals. One of the duo's better efforts. Lou in blackface is not to be forgotten. Extensive use of leftover footage from *Africa Screams*. Filmed in Ghanavision. Directed by Sidney Slatkin. Starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello and Stepin Dog-doo.

Invasion of the Mud People (1955) ***1/2, 105 minutes. "Social conscience" 50s flick shows how blockbusting, abetted by Jewish

social workers, destroys a white working-class neighborhood in Brooklyn. Based on the bestselling novel, *Day of the Mudslide*. Directed by Jerry Blavatsky. Starring LaTuba Horn, Meshach Upwidyoo and Mantan Staturkwo.

I Was a Teenage Mud Person (1957) **^{1/2}, 72 minutes. Nice Jewish boy imitates black people, much to the consternation of his Orthodox parents, then finds himself turning into a Negro whenever there's a full moon. Classic teenage drive-in shocker. Look for cameo by Sammy Davis Jr. in the bar mitzvah scene. Directed by Irving Ripoff. Starring Alan Israeloff, M.T. Weinglass and Sheeza Lulu.

The Invisible Mud People (1959) **, 92 minutes. High yellow zombies passing for whites take over a small town in Georgia. Creepy thriller with arty *film noir* pretensions. Originally shown under the title of *Night of the Living Mud People*. Directed by Isadore Fishbein. Starring Yaphet Johnson, Lamont Robeson and Naphtha Jackson.

Hercules Against the Mud People (1960) **, 101 minutes. Greek strongman is given the ultimate Herculean task: defending his village against African invaders. This is typical sword and sandal fare with atrocious dubbing, laughable dialogue and poor acting. Look for the starting offensive line of the 1959 L.A. Rams as Nubian warriors. Directed by Murray Musselman. Starring C. Ara Leone (his final film as Hercules), Jamal Akiwowo and LaToya Storer.

Planet of the Mud People (1963) ***^{1/2}, 110 minutes. Grim, sci-fi offering depicting the world of the future in which white people are extinct and all earthlings are coffee-colored mixed breeds. Film's unusual racial requirements resulted in an all Puerto Rican cast. Formerly released to wide acclaim in Europe under the title, *It's a Mud, Mud, Mud, Mud World*. Directed by Hyman Feldman. Starring Pepe Negrito, German Judio and Moa Drano Moreno.

Bride of the Mud People (1966) **, 75 minutes. Black football players compete to see who will marry the dissolute yet beautiful white daughter of the team's owner. First film to feature interracial perspiration. Controversial at time of release, somewhat dated today. Directed by Lenny Schiffman. Starring Muhammad Jones, Reggie Kenyatt and Macumba Jefferson.

Godzilla vs. the Mud People (1967) *^{1/2}, 89 minutes. Boatloads of immigrants are washed up on Japanese soil and immediately start to trash the island nation. The locals invoke Godzilla to come to their rescue. Risible special effects and dubbing. Okay as a babysitter. Directed by I. Wannabe. Starring Toshiro Ozone, Hari-Kari Jr. and George Bushido.

Kiss of the Mud People (1968) **, 102 minutes. Dying African witch doctor puts a curse on his village so that whenever the extruded lips of the villagers touch anything organic it shrivels up and dies. Gross-out fun for teenagers. Don't miss "spin the bottle" scene. Directed by Manny Weintraub. Starring Nwampa Wilson, Oganda Smith and Duo Denham.

The Mud People Strike Back (1971) ***, 99 minutes. Overcrowded slave ship sinks as drowning victims vow revenge on Jewish owners of shipping company. Fast forward 400 years. Modern-day reincarnated blacks gain revenge by mugging Jews in New York. Directed by Norman Greenblatt. Based on the off-Broadway play, *Look Black In Anger*. Starring Kukla Frananolli,

Roodi Kazoodi and T'wenni T're Skidoo.

Tarzan and the Mud People (1973) **, 89 minutes. Legendary apeman runs afoul of African Americans who have taken Marcus Garvey's advice about going back to Africa. Typical "get whitey" blaxploitation film enlivened by humorous touches, such as Garveyites teaching Tarzan black English. Directed by Seymour Dimwitz. Starring Brick Whiteman, Dyspepsia Kola and Melanoma Bilko.

Revenge of the Mud People (1974) **, 75 minutes. Neighborhood gentrification displaces ghetto dwellers, who exact revenge by returning to murder, rape and rob the new tenants. Humdinger of a public housing crime drama filmed in Baltimore. Directed by Schlomo Lieberman. Starring Steven Bunko, Oddibe Stinko and Cujo Brown.

Attack of the Mud People (1980) **, 90 minutes. Roving youth gangs attack unsuspecting New York subway riders. Bloody acts of slashers and mashers sparked violence in inner-city movie theaters when initially released. Supposedly seen over 50 times by Bernard Goetz before he began his subway crusade. Directed by Benjamin Goorwitz. Starring Wrigley Gumchu, Akeem Mumbojumbo and Upyoo Kazoo.

Mark of the Mud People (1980) **, 90 minutes. Feud between black and Latino gangs to see who can create the most objectionable graffiti starts out as simple neighborhood rivalry, then becomes more violent as knife fights erupt on playgrounds. Infamous spray can/blowtorch scene earned film an "X" rating for violence. Directed by Nathan Berkowitz. Starring Millie Bonilla, Jemimah Brouhaha and Jai-jao Silva.

Island of the Mud People (1981) **^{1/2}, 101 minutes. Voodoo doings on the island of Hispaniola make for scary, tension-filled moments. Chicken dismemberment scene caused controversy at time of release, resulting in short-lived boycott of Kentucky Fried Chicken and demonstrations commemorating Haitian massacres of whites. Directed by Melvin Kershbaum. Starring Inkatha Heebjeebee, Gaston Negraux and Babatunde Grungi.

The Giant Mud People (1982) **^{1/2}, 103 minutes. Rich Jewish woman imports entire tribe of 7-foot-plus Dinkas from Africa and teaches them how to play "in yo' face" basketball. Hilarious social satire. "Sweet Georgia Brown" scene at the synagogue is a must. Filmed in Slamajamarama. Directed by Howard Mandelbaum. Starring Anna Chaim, Az Oosa and Kooka Munga and a supporting cast of African National Congress members.

Dracula Meets the Mud People (1988) ***, 80 minutes. Legendary Transylvanian vampire pulls up stakes and moves to Sub-Saharan Africa, where "transfusions" from the locals give him AIDS. Odd mixture of horror and gay-rights commentary. Original prints featured introductory short on safe sex. Directed by Stanley Lipshutz. Starring Max Schlock (first of six appearances as Dracula), Dumbo Darki and LaKeisha Limpopo.

Cruise of the Mud People (1989) *^{1/2}, 96 minutes. Foul-mouthed ghetto opera proves boyz will be boyz. Film pushes "R" rating to the limit with not a minute going by without someone yelling, "Yo, bitch," "mf----" or other profanities. Likely to offend sensitive viewers, which seems to be the whole point of the movie. Directed by Barry Moskowitz. Starring Hip-Hopalong Cassidy, Ice Scraper and Candy Rapper.

JUDSON HAMMOND

The Sting of Truth

The reason whites good-naturedly tolerate the ethnic slurs slung at them is that such slurs lack the sting of, say, "nigger" or "greaser." For the Chosen the simple word "Jew" can amount to a slur. One woman I know reacts as if slapped in the face when others guess out loud she's a Jewess. "How dare they!" she fumes. Evidently it isn't "nice" to notice.

Even though whites are hated worldwide for their virtues, it is difficult to find a potent pejorative for whites qua whites. Spike Lee called Mozart a "creep" on television not long ago, but if Mozart was a creep—Lord, what does that make Spike? At the first wheeze of a sneer, one should consider the source: mestizos, for instance, yearning to insult Anglos by saying "gringo" (ouch!). The etymology and meaning of the intended slur must also be considered:

Gringo, according to Hervey Allen's 1933 masterpiece, *Anthony Adverse*, originated from the ballad, *Green Grow the Rushes-O*, sung by American prisoners during the Mexican War. Can you imagine a film being permitted the title, *The Old Nigger*? But *The Old Gringo*, a classic Hollywood inversion of the truth about Ambrose Bierce, passed without comment. Whatever its makers' intent, it got no one's goat.

Honky derives from "hunky," a contemptuous term for Eastern European immigrants adopted by Americans whose ancestors came from more sophisticated regions of Europe. In its day, used by one white group against another, "honky" was indeed hurtful. Blacks are still trying to get a rise out of us with it—successfully on at least one recent occasion. Two white morons were booked in Maryland for attacking two black women after (they claim) enduring taunts of "honky." Some white skin's are apparently thinner than others. More likely they were just trying to test the "hate crime" statutes.

Mister Charlie is a baa-aad white man in a James Baldwin novel. In Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities* the term devolved simply to "Chuck." A couple of years ago a street Negro tried to intimidate my husband by repeatedly calling him "Charlie." Far from getting riled, my dearly beloved soulmate patiently explained to the unhappy thug that his name was not Charlie.

Whitey doesn't exactly pack the same punch as "darky," which Douglas Wilder and other experts in resentment would like to excise from Virginia's pretty state song (penned by a colored minstrel in the last century). Doesn't carry quite the same punch as "tar baby," much less "mud person," does it? How about "touch of the whitewash" vs. "touch of the tar brush?" Black children actually taunt each other with "tar baby" on playgrounds nationwide; so much for Black Is Beautiful. Wafting from such sewers as MTV and Black Entertainment Television come related slang terms like "snow," signifying a white chick. But snow is nicer stuff than mud. And who would be insulted if the besieged Washington Redskins were to change their nickname to the Palefaces? In view of the racial composition of the football team, that would be howlingly inaccurate. But then the purpose of the nickname, Redskins, as any healthy person knows, is to commemorate white respect for our erstwhile opponents in the Indian wars. Far from gaining greater respect by outlawing Indian mascots and nicknames in the sports world, radical minority spokesmen further

marginalize their peoples, in addition to depriving them of good livelihoods such as the Cherokees' manufacture of tomahawks for the Atlanta Braves trade.

Ice People, whereas melanites are "sun people." WASPs have been hammered for years by Jews and Mediterraneans for being reserved, repressed "cold fish." Some Anglos must be taking it to heart, if the business boom among Jewish therapists is any indication. Now blacks, casting about for some flaw to flail us with have jumped on the "they're too cold-blooded" bandwagon as well. Seeing the trouble people have with overly emotional in-laws, though, I'm heartily grateful that mine have a decent sense of modesty and restraint, along with a yen for privacy. One newly married half-Jewess I know was tastefully presented with an ovulation predictor kit by her warm 'n' caring in-laws—and then informed it better be a boy and it better be soon! At a party recently a Filipina was chattering about "how constipated English people are," to which I replied, "That's not constipation, dear, that's sublimation." Obviously the phlegmatic temperament—slow to boil, able to conserve heat and transform it into useful work—has distinct advantages over the volatile, passionate temperament that is so easily aroused, so quickly dissipated. This temperamental distinction is also the boundary between adolescence and maturity. But you knew that. So do They, of course.

Cracker is a type of hard-bitten agriculturist. Offhand I don't know its exact historical origin. (Instauration's review of *Albion's Seed* said the term came over from England.) Suffice it to say the intent to wound may be present when "cracker" is invoked, but the term is too obscure to raise the dander of its targets.

Redneck, on the other hand, despite honorable connotations of hard work in the fields, does come close to injuring white feelings. As with "white trash," the implication is that "redneck" attitudes (like hating niggers and kikes) are lower class, bone dumb and know-nothing. There are, of course, white people of debased or zero culture—lots of 'em. If the shoe pinches, let them wear it. The term "black trash" does not exist because it's redundant.

Only the truth hurts, so no wonder it's so hard to draw blood in individual white hearts. Yet headway is surely being made in the Outsider campaign to make us feel bad about ourselves as a race. Years of propaganda—"The white race is the cancer of history," Martin Mull's *History of the White People in America*, bumper stickers reading, "Whites Off Earth!", the virulence of the quincentenary's anti-Columbus diatribes—have all taken their toll. I agree with the activist in San Jose who recently told the Washington Times that amid the rising tide of color in this festering multicultural society, the designation "white" should give way to "Euro-American." Euro-American, besides being more accurate, stresses the cultural content of the way of life our race prefers and will have to fight very, very hard to reestablish and preserve. Culture, to be sure, is an emanation of inner nature, or race, but it is wiser to shift the terms of conflict from the racial to the cultural arena, especially since the defeat of Nazism continues to cast a pall upon honest discussion of racial differences.

Madness in High Places

We came out on top in WWI, and Jews came out with the Balfour Declaration which promised them the Promised Land. We won WWII, which destroyed the ARCH ANTI-SEMITE and accelerated the Jews' migration to the thousands of square miles they were stealing from the Palestinians. The Korean War concluded in a standoff, one reason being that Jews had no bone to pick with the North Koreans. We lost the Vietnam War, a conflict in which the Jews had so little interest they led the quasi-mutinous agitation that forced our retreat from Southeast Asia. We won the Gulf War, in which the Jews had a definite interest, Iraq being the leading anti-Zionist state in the region. Ever since, we have been figuring out ways, including military strikes and assassination attempts, to get rid of Saddam Hussein, still a main objective of the Zionists in the conflict they cheered from the sidelines.

Strange, how we win wars Jews support and don't win wars they don't support! Strange, when we don't achieve the Jewish war aim of deep-sixing Saddam, it sooner or later becomes *our* war aim.

Over time, however, it's not a great idea to fight for the cause of another nation instead of fighting for our own. We didn't fight for America in WWI; we fought for the British, French, Russians, Jews and for a few other folks who didn't want a German victory, although such a victory might have established a new balance of power in Europe, avoided the frightful imbalances that produced communism and fascism and led directly to WWII.

What about the next international conflagration? Whether or not they know it, a lot of politicians are setting the stage for it. Every threat, every sanction, every inspection team humiliating Saddam is polishing his martyr image in the eyes of 935 million Muslims, including 125 million Arabs. Saddam is not much of a believer but, because of the sympathy of Muslims for picked-on fellow Muslims, he is emerging as a sort of second Ayatullah Khomeini, someone more and more Muslims would be willing to die for—or at least pray to Allah for. This sympathy intensifies as the U.S. and UN step up their bullying.

Heading the Israelis' current enemies' list is Iran, a Muslim fundamentalist regime that is arming itself to the teeth. Iran has been buying missiles from China and North Korea, biological weapons from various European states, and plans and parts for nuclear weapons, wherever they can be procured.

What will make the next Middle Eastern conflict different from the preceding ones is the entrance of an ominous new player, Kazakhstan, the largest of the six Muslim states that have spun off from the defunct U.S.S.R. It's a Texas-size country with an area of 1,049,000 sq. mi. and a population of 16.5 million. Numbers, however, don't mean much in high-tech wars, but fusion and fission bombs do. It so happens that Kazakhstan has at least 100 ICBMs in its arsenal of 1,690 nuclear weapons, which makes Kazakhstan the world's fourth strongest nuclear power, after America's 19,000; Russia's 17,505; and Ukraine's 4,356 (New Times, April 1992). It was in the former Soviet Republic's vast expanses that the Russians chose to build launching sites for many of the ICBMs aimed at the U.S. Each hydrogen warhead on the tips of these missiles is capable of just about wiping out New York City.

What's cooking in Kazakhstan these days? After 70 years of enforced atheism, the Muslim majority is returning to Islam with a

vengeance. Relations have been established with nearly all the Middle Eastern countries, Israel excepted. At present a lively one-way trade is going south to Iran, including items dear to the hearts of merchants of death. Says Kazakhstan president Nursultan Nazarbayev: "We are looking for stronger ties with the Arab and the Muslim world [since] it is to the Muslim world that we belong." Says the *Reader's Digest* (Aug. 1992): "The British press reported that three nuclear weapons had been sold to Iran from the heavily Muslim republic of Kazakhstan."

So Bush of Arabia, Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and you Clinton-Gore lickspittles of the Israeli lobby, what are you and the rest of the human race gaining by infuriating the Muslim world, now reinforced by a tougher breed of Muslims (some with blue eyes) armed with the nuclear weapons that Arab states like Iraq and Muslim states like Iran and Pakistan have labored so hard to manufacture themselves?

It's true that Yeltsin says he is trying to pry their nuclear weapons away from the Kazakhs. It's true that Nazarbayev has sworn he will defuse the country's nukes. But it's also true that up till now they are still in place.

What does our crystal ball tell us is in store for the Middle East once Yeltsin is gone, an exit that may not be long in coming, since revolutions have a habit of eating their own? Who can say that some anti-Western, Pan-Slavic strongman won't take the helm in Russia and back up the Muslims in an all-out war to remove the nettle of Zionism from the Middle East. Should this occur, Israel, as is its wont,

will order the U.S. to come to its rescue. Presto, we'll be off on another rush to Armageddon.

Wouldn't it have been nice if the U.S. had put its own interests above the interests of other nations and peoples in the last 75 years? The lives of 117,000 Americans would have been saved in WW I; 407,000 in WWII; 64,000 in Korea; 58,000 in Vietnam. Wouldn't it have been nice if the U.S. had not drained away a sizable part of its wealth and resources on foreign wars, Marshall plans, stationing American troops abroad, mountains of foreign aid, the \$50 billion given to Israel (so far) to placate the Israeli lobby and the \$10 billion given to Egypt (so far) for making peace with the Zionist state in the Camp David Accords? Wouldn't it be nice if the Arab people and not a cohort of corrupt millionaire sheiks were still our friends, as they were before we started subsidizing the beggar state of Israel, as it went about grabbing and, despite Rabin's assurances, continuing to grab land from the Palestinians—and in the process killing 1,002 and injuring 120,193 since the beginning of the Intifada, while resorting to the Jews' patented practice of blowing up a family's home because one of the kids threw a rock at the occupation forces?

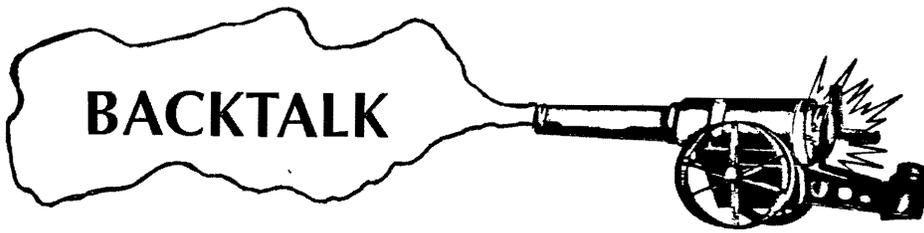
None of the above major and minor tragedies would have occurred if Americans had recognized the simple truth that foreign policy and engagement in foreign wars should be based on the interest of its citizens, not on the interest of a grossly affluent transnational minority.

Meanwhile, as Bush & Co. tighten the screws on Saddam, Muslims grind their teeth and await the coming of a new Saladin to drive the hated Israelis and their Western acolytes out—and, if necessary, nuke them out—of the Middle East.



Boss of 1,690 nukes

BACKTALK



Puleeze—Stop the Whining!

The invariant structure of writings in *Instauration*: Oh look, THEY did THIS. If WE did THAT, do you think WE'D get away with it? Not on your life!

In other words, the magazine is mired in resentment. Time and again the wail goes up: Why are THEY so hypocritical? Why do THEY have a double standard when it comes to the Majority? Why is life so unfair?

Nietzsche would read all of it with a rising gorge.

It is time to break out of this tiresome and pointless Christian logic. The Christian moralist demands that his enemies try to see things from his point of view, that they be able to identify with him and to relativize their own interests (as he is so easily able to do with his), that they humble themselves, that they give him a break. It is, of course, our race's sympathetic ability to step outside itself and into the shoes of others that is both our blessing and our curse (see Nietzsche's pronouncements on "the noble and the common"). At this juncture of history, however, the threats arrayed against us require that we abandon relativism. It has to be Our Race Right or Wrong—not just when we obey some pipe dream of color-blind, class-unconscious, universal, evenhanded, one-size-fits-all Moral Law, but wherever and whenever our interests are on the line.

Some readers will repeat the position that after all it's our "idealism" that makes Euros so worthwhile, that if we ever lost it we'd be "no better than our enemies" and thus not worth saving. Nonsense. First, not another people on earth is playing by those rules, although every one of them is very keen to see us continue struggling to play by them. Second, the sense of Fair Play (like the instinct of altruism) only makes sense within a homogeneous organic society whose members are truly united by the genetic imperative—not within a tyrannical monstrosity like modern America where genocidal urges against whites run through daily life like open sewers through a slum. Even in the smallest possible homogeneous organic society—the nuclear family—Fair Play scarcely means that all members have equal rights or powers or that sound policy can be made by taking a majority vote.

Besides, whom are we kidding with this air of perpetually injured innocence? No one—certainly not the Jews, who know that anyone not for them (i.e., of them) is against them, and act accordingly. Our whining is just an unmistakable sign of weakness. Until we strip off the mask of fake universality and own up to the dear, deep-down chauvinism that must animate any healthy people, we will be the laughingstock of the darkling world.

So please, *Instauration* writers, quit casting our racial situation in the same old scandalized terms over and over again. You sound like nothing so much as an overgrown, uncoordinated girl repeatedly running in from the playground to tell Teacher that the boys just won't play nice. All healthy races are highly hypocritical, lustily denouncing every successful move and tactic of their competitors even as they scheme to adopt them the second they get a chance. Crying "Hypocrisy!" is a nonstarter in the new global war of European Man against Mud. As homos, Negroes and so many of our mortal enemies have learned from Jews, to get ahead one must never apologize and never explain. Just remember one thing: White Is Right. That doesn't mean we shouldn't blast the race traitors in our midst. It does mean we should start acting like we're in a war instead of trying to teach Sunday school homilies

to the Living Dead while they gnaw at our tendons. Might Makes Right. White Is Right because we WILL it to be so—not because we're morally superior. Save Christianity for the time when Christendom—a Euro homeland with defensible borders—has actually been reestablished upon this earth.

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Back to Europe

I drove down the main street of my "hometown," Allentown (PA), the other day. I saw—and I am not exaggerating—not one white person. Scrawled on a storefront was the slogan, "Riot Today for Rodney K." I came home and watched a few minutes of the Democratic National Convention. Here were the leaders of the largest political party in the U.S., making cloying appeals to blacks, gays and "people of color" for their support. How would the country react if these same politicians said they would defend the rights of working class whites, or if they promised to stop the black-on-white crime epidemic that has turned our streets into battle zones? The question is academic, really, since neither of the two major political parties has any intention of doing any such thing.

Disgusted, I reread *Instauration's* June 1992 editorial, "America Is Dead." Yes, I decided, America is dead. It has been dead for years. Occasionally some writers in *Instauration* wax nostalgic about the "good old days," when the Majority really was a majority; when it looked like the sons and daughters of Europe might actually succeed in creating a civilization out of a wilderness. Apparently some people believed this up until the 1950s and 60s. I don't know. I'm only 20 years old.

I do know this, however. My generation was robbed—robbed of a homeland, robbed of a culture, robbed of a nation we should have inherited. I see young Germans rallying behind the flags of their forefathers, singing, *Deutschland Uber Alles* at the top of their lungs and longing for an all-German Germany. I see young people, Croats, Slovaks, Lithuanians, fighting and dying so that their homelands can be free and their cultures preserved. I am envious. The American flag leaves me cold. To me the American national anthem is nothing more than a good song.

I think back to when a friend and I visited Scandinavia last year. We walked the streets of Copenhagen, sometimes alone, at 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning. We had no fear. Can you imagine a lone white walking through an American city of the same size at that time with no fear? We struck up conversations with strangers in train stations and on buses. Go to an American city with a population of half a million and try to find a friendly face (or even a recognizably white face) in a train station in the middle of the night. Remembering Europe, I now realize that *that* is my home.

I am not an American. This realization was a few years in coming, but it was inevitable, as I believe it is for anyone of my generation who is attuned to racial matters. Since I'm equal parts Irish, Slovak, Polish and Austrian, I simply consider myself a European. *Instauration* can continue to criticize the "dual loyalty" of Jews, but from now on my only loyalty is to Europe.

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Why Did He Do It?

Ever since Perot quit the presidential race, Dallas rumor mills have been grinding out reasons for his abrupt departure. Here are

some of the theories that have been bandied about:

1. Perot and his son have invested heavily in the Alliance Airport outside Fort Worth. Federal approval being a key part of the success of any airport, it's possible the Feds told him they'd pull the plug on him if he didn't drop out.

2. Before Perot opted out, a friend of mine told me that Ross was going to make an important announcement about taxation, one that might spell doom for the IRS. I suspect that as soon as someone whispered the word "audit" into Perot's ear, he couldn't help but get the message. Considering how serpentine his tax returns must be, the IRS could harass him into the grave in no time.

3. Perot was not terribly enthusiastic about the idea of free trade. Indeed, the day after the great welsch, the Mexican stock market shot upwards. I can't help but wonder if Perot didn't have some outstanding loans with international bankers that were on the verge of being called in.

My own theory is more complex. I hearken back to the days when Pat Buchanan entered the Republican primaries. I couldn't help but wonder if the party bosses had recruited him to steal David Duke's thunder. Duke, having lost the race for the Louisiana governorship, had plenty of time to mount a presidential campaign. As Bush's only serious challenger, he would have received loads of media attention and once again would have been an embarrassment to G.O.P. regulars. Pat, ever the staunch party man, may have volunteered to run solely to divert attention from Duke. Whatever his intentions, the effect was that Duke all but vanished from the airwaves. But what to do if Duke decided to run as an independent? Wouldn't it be possible for the party bosses to have a meeting of the minds and come up with a bipartisan red herring? Certainly a man in Perot's position would be acquainted with a host of higher-ups in both parties who would guarantee his continued prosperity in a Republican or Democratic administration. Suppose they recruited him just to provide someone who could vent the frustrations of the average voter—a safety valve, as it were. Then, after he's had his say and the people had gotten the gripes out of their system, he could drop out when it was too late for Duke or anybody else to mount a serious independent candidacy. So, when all was said and done, we'd be back to the same wretched *Januskopf* system that millions of Americans hoped they would finally be rid of!

Maybe there's some truth to all of the above; maybe there's no truth whatsoever. But I can't get around the notion that the American people have once again been hornswoggled.

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Unprinted Letter to the Chronicle of Higher Education

Why doesn't higher education get out of the race business? The Chronicle has a constant drumbeat of articles that cry with alarm at the dearth of black students and faculty in the U.S. halls of ivy. Fingers point in every direction as educators and politicians follow the old Navy policy, "When in trouble, when in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout."

Why not look at the reality of the situation, which is: the pool of blacks who are capable of success in university academics is tiny. Because of birth patterns, it is getting even smaller.

My grandson has been pulled into Duke the past four summers as one of a group of 400 of the brightest students in the country. (He is now 17.) The first two summers were math, the third chemistry. Last summer he took, of all things, psychology, which was taught by George A. Kimble, professor of Psychology and formerly chairman of the Psychology Dept. at Duke. Dr. Kimble is the one of the authors of the textbook, *Psychology*, used in my grandson's class.

Page 58 of *Psychology* contains this excerpt: "The empirical finding that American blacks and whites differ in average IQ has

never been in dispute. . . . Considering the data from all studies, the indication is that the difference between the two groups is about 15 IQ points, with whites having a mean IQ of approximately 100 and blacks a mean of approximately 85. This black and white difference quickly reduces to 11 points if blacks and whites being compared are of the same socioeconomic status."

The 15 IQ points represent a standard deviation on the IQ scale. Thus only 2% of the blacks have an IQ of 115 or over, compared with 17% of whites. (More than 40% of the Japanese have IQs over 115.) So what? Well, my old statistics professor made the point that, although IQ tests may or may not measure intelligence, "They do two things very well. They predict academic success and they predict financial success."

In *Human Behavior*, social scientists Gary A. Steiner and Bernard Berelson stated that the mean IQ of college graduates is 120, and that the mean IQ of persons receiving Ph.D.s is 130. (The latter figure includes 2% of whites and an infinitely small number of blacks, which goes a long way in explaining why there are so few black members of college faculties.)

The situation is deteriorating. Thomas Sowell in his book, *The Economics and Politics of Race*, points out that the black and white middle classes are not having enough children to replace themselves, but that the black middle class is having fewer children than the middle class members of the general population. This trend bodes ill for the coming supply of qualified students for higher education, especially for blacks.

My question, once again, is why don't the universities stick to merit in their selection of students and faculties? The role of higher education is to identify and educate those students who have the ability to become the country's leaders, the managers and professionals needed to create and maintain an advanced, civilized society.

If we are to survive as an advanced society, it's the only policy that makes any sense. In a struggle for survival, the first rule is to face reality, regardless of how distressing it may be.

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From the *Oxford English Dictionary*, 1933

Instauration (instōrē'jən). [ad. L. *instaurā-tion-em*, n. of action f. *instaurāre* to restore: see **INSTORE** v. Cf. F. *instauration* (16th c. in Hatz.).]

1. The action of restoring or repairing; restoration, renovation, renewal.

a 1603 T. CARTWRIGHT *Confut. Rhem. N. T.* (1618) 621 At the time of the instauration of all things. 1612 SELDEN *Notes Drayton's Poly-obj.* xi. 186 If you referre it to instauration of what was discontinued by Wilfrids returne to his Archbishopricque. [1620 BACON (*title*) *Instauratio Magna. Ibid.* 35 (Sub-title) *Pars Secunda operis quæ dicitur Novum Organum, sive Indicio Vera de Interpretatione Naturæ.*] 1625 BACON *Ess. Ded. Dk. Buckhm., My Instauration, I dedicated to the King: My Historie of Henry the Seuenth. .to the Prince.* a 1661 FULLER *Worthies* (1840) I. 135 He gave the first institution, or (as others will have it) the best instauration, to the university of Oxford. 1761 *Biog. Dict., Ld. Bacon* II. 8 At this time he appears to have drawn the first out-lines of his grand instauration of the sciences. 1879 M. PATTISON *Milton* vi. 68 Its aim was to realise in political institutions that great instauration of which Bacon dreamed in the world of intelligence.

† 2. Institution, founding, establishment. *Obs.*

1614 RALEIGH *Hist. World* II. (1634) 491 Knowing the instauration of these games to have been in the 408th year after Troy. 1631 HEYWOOD *Eng. Eliz.* (1641) 53 The inchoation and instauration of a glorious Church and Commonwealth. 1778 Bp. LOTH *Transl. Isaiah* Notes (ed. 12) 213 The instauration and advancement of states.



Weird News Sheet

The Massachusetts Daily Collegian, the student newspaper of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, in order to avoid further violence—its offices having been stormed twice by minorities and radical leftists—has a black affairs editor, a woman's issues editor, a multicultural affairs editor, a gay, lesbian and bisexual issues editor, a Third World affairs editor and, last but by no means least, a Jewish affairs editor. Newspaper staffers vote for editors. Minority members can vote for all candidates, but whites are forbidden to vote for editorial positions designated for minorities.

Flowers of Hate

The term "hate" has reached new levels of fanaticism, as shown by the following publicity release from the Whitney Museum of American Art. It's one more striking example of the pot calling the kettle black; of the guilty passing on guilt to the guiltless. Anyone who can make hatred the theme of a garden has an HQ (hate quotient) that must go through the roof.

The Garden of Hate, an installation by Gary Simmons, is modeled on traditional formal garden design. It consists of a flower bed, 15 feet in diameter, filled with red and white azaleas arranged in the cruciform pattern adopted by the Ku Klux Klan. The flowers are surrounded by a boxwood topiary. A flagpole rises from the center of the cross, capped by a bronze eagle. Benches around the flower bed invite viewers to sit and reflect on the installation. The Juniper shrubs and wood chips complete the formal garden atmosphere. The objects that comprise The Garden of Hate form an ironic and shocking combination of familiar, loaded images through which the artist comments on the persistent (im)balance of racial, political and economic power.

Each azalea in the garden plays an integral role in forming one of the most hateful and reviled symbols in America—the Ku Klux Klan cross. This contrast between the loveliness of the flowers and the despicable symbol they portray forcefully articulates public, institutionalized prejudice as well as the masked, sanitized aspects of racism. At the center of the cross, the flagpole, representing the ever watchful powers-that-be, serves as a reminder that society is still tainted with prejudice and maintains a vested interest in the control and subjugation of others. Even such overtly racist organizations as the Klan are to-

day thriving by recasting themselves as ordinary citizens. Gary Simmons, through his use of common yet potent symbols, asks us to undertake a rigorous investigation of prejudice on both very public and highly personal levels.

Torturer Finally Executed

Bleeding hearts almost burst their aortas trying to commute the death sentence of William Andrews, the black thug who took part in the 1974 Ogden "Hi-Fi Shop" torture and shooting of five white hostages, three of whom died. While Andrews did not pull the trigger, he reportedly did force all five hostages at gun point to imbibe Drano, a caustic chemical used to unclog household drains.

Part of the clockwork appeals rested upon the claim that Andrews wasn't aware that swallowing Drano could be lethal. His lawyers also attempted to cast some doubt on Andrews' exact motive in committing the atrocity. In one interview, he acknowledged that his victims had suffered by drinking the stuff, but denied that their suffering was his "intention." Asked what his intention was, he stammered and stuttered. Former District Judge John F. Wahlquist noted that Andrews may also have sexually assaulted a hostage.

During all the appeals and legal wrangling, the NAACP referred to Andrews as "the Rodney King of Utah"—one more reminder that no one makes a case for white separatism better than blacks themselves. A further note: According to a Salt Lake City paper, of the 47 criminals executed during the time of Utah's statehood, exactly two have been black.

On July 30, Andrews finally got what was coming to him, as a motley anti-capital punishment group, many of them white, held a candlelight vigil outside the prison.

A. F. SVENSON

Semitic Nitpickers

Batman Returns, the hyped sequel of all sequels, is under fire from Chosenites for its anti-Semitic "imagery and cultural stereotypes." Oscar Cobblepot, the villainous Penguin, displays too many traits of the traditionally conniving Jew: a "pale-faced, hooked nose [and] half-arched beast," claimed two Columbia University seniors in the N.Y. Times.

It's true that the Penguin character is unathletic, pushy, self-centered, scheming, unattractive, socially repugnant, callous and slightly paranoid. But he is by no

means the ruthless money-lending, usurious Shylock of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

It's highly unlikely that the Penguin role was specifically modeled after a Jew. If anything, the film's director went out of his way to show a huge concrete cross sitting on top of the tall tombstone that marked the grave of the Penguin's parents. What's more, would McDonald's, Coca-Cola and Choice Hotels International sink a reported \$65 million in a promotional ad campaign for a film with anti-Jewish "imagery?" A Wall St. Journal article noted that McDonald's execs now demand to see movie scripts up front before they agree to a tie-in. They also insist on meetings with the directors of every film so the company can get a better handle on what kind of movie is being made.

It's a cinch that *Batman Returns* would have been spiked early on if the charge of anti-Semitic imagery had merit. As it was, the anti-Semitism seems to have been confined to the minds of two super-sensitive Jews, the kind who spend all their days and nights sniffing around for the slightest hint of anything that can be deemed critical of Jews.

Like almost everything that emanates from Hollywood, *Batman Returns* is the property of Chosenites and is being distributed by Warner Bros., a subsidiary of Time Warner, which has a Jewish CEO, Steve Ross, and a Jewish president, Gerald Levin. Would two Jews, who run what is basically a pro-Jewish media empire have anything to do with a movie that was truly anti-Semitic?

Pornography, scatology, minority-bashing cop-killing rap? Yes! But anti-Semitism? Never!

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Black Hoaxer Unpunished

Back in March 1990 the press carried some antiwhite hokum about a black female student in Emory University who curled up in a permanent fetal position because she had been the target of racial barbs. Dr. James Laney, president of Emory, immediately got into the act by denouncing "renascent bigotry" and promulgating a mess of totalitarian regulations that all but destroyed free speech on campus. Any "conduct (oral, written, graphic or physical) directed against any person or group. . . that has the purpose or reasonably foreseeable effect of creating an offensive, demeaning, intimidating, or hostile environment" was *streng verboten*.

Later it was discovered, as any Instaurionist knew it would be, that the female student's complaint was just another of those minority-engineered hoaxes, in this



case dished up to divert attention from the hoaxes having cheated on a chemistry exam. The head of the Atlanta NAACP rassistically commented: "It doesn't matter. . . whether she did it or not because of all the pressure these black students are under at these predominantly white schools. If this. . . will bring it to the attention of the public, I have no problem with that."

Travails of *Der Ewige Jude*

Semitic defenders of free expression are trying once again to put the famous Nazi documentary, *The Eternal Jew*, under wraps. The video revolution, which has done so much to benefit the Triple X industry, has also opened up a new outlet for classic flicks, such as *Birth of a Nation* and controversial films produced in Germany and the late Soviet Union.

Peter Bernotas, the scholarly head of International Historic Films, Inc. of Chicago, has been selling *Der Ewige Jude* for \$49.95 since 1987, along with 600 other historic and documentary films. Recently, TV muckraker Geraldo Rivera, treated the audience of his syndicated "investigative news" show, *Now It Can Be Told*, to the "scoop" that the Goebbels-sponsored documentary was being distributed through the U.S. mails.

Jewish groups are quietly trying to control dissemination of the film, which includes remarkable footage of the bloody and cruel way rabbis slaughter animals, life among Polish Jews, and a review of those parts of Jewish history about which Semites would prefer that non-Jews remain blissfully unaware. Sharon Rivo, executive director of the National Center for Jewish Films at Brandeis University, charges that the film is "only used for hate outside of the classroom," and wants it restricted to approved college courses. Barry Morrison of the ADL is calling for the issuing of "carefully developed guidelines," which is ADLese for censorship.

Whites Mimic Rap Culture

This season's fashion statement among the younger set is plunging waistlines. Pants are often worn backwards and so low that the practice has spawned a new, hobbled way of walking. Black Rap croakers adopted the style from prison inmates denied the use of belts and suspenders, allowing their pants to slip low on their hips.

Characteristically, young whites are aping Rappers. Bill Adler, a business rep for rap groups like Public Enemy, smirked that the new style is another instance of "black

innovation, white imitation." Fashion critics dubbed the crumpled, stumpy pants as an expression of "reverse reality."

Deathstyles of the AIDS Prone

America's homo "community" seems determined to self-destruct. After AIDS made its appearance in the early 1980s, it was commonly agreed that the spread of the deadly disease was facilitated by public sex clubs, whose patrons enjoyed an "exchange of fluids" with unlimited numbers of fellow deviates.

Across the country, these once popular establishments were shut down by public health authorities. But since gay blades don't find private vice enough fun, sex clubs are quietly reopening in Zoo City and other centers of perversion—a clear violation of public health regulations.

Why should the rest of us be concerned? Simply because AIDS is an expensive disease, costing insurers and, in the end, the general public an annual \$38,000 per case. And AIDS carriers do present some danger to the as yet uninfected, as proved by the deliberate spread of the disease by the late West Palm Beach dentist, David Acer.

No Simian Similes, Please

Dr. Frederick Goodwin was forced to resign as head of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration, following his remarks at a public meeting of the NIMH Advisory Council on Mental Health. Discussing a proposed "violence initiative," Goodwin said, "If you look, for example, at male monkeys, especially in the wild, roughly half of them survive to adulthood. The other half die by violence. That is the natural way. . .for males to knock each other off." Goodwin went on to note, "the same hyperaggressive monkeys who kill each other are also hypersexual, so they. . .reproduce more to offset the fact that half of them are dying."

Goodwin then suggested that the behavior of certain types of bipeds parallels that of the monkeys: "The loss of social structure. . .particularly within the high impact inner-city areas, has removed some of the civilizing evolutionary things that we have built up. . .maybe it isn't just the careless use of the word when people call certain areas of certain cities jungles. . .I say this with the realization that [these remarks] might be easily misunderstood."

Goodwin came under swift attack from 26 black congressmen, as well as Senator Edward Kennedy. But at the urging of Sen-

ator Orrin Hatch, he received a new appointment, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, over the frantic objections of Charles Spielberger of the American Psychological Association and Alan Kraut of the American Psychological Society. Kennedy and Representative John Dingell co-signed an open letter, which decried Goodwin's "extremist and appalling view" of the nature of urban problems.

Politically Attuned Brew

Hornell Brewing Co. of Brooklyn has introduced a new malt liquor called "Crazy Horse." The label features a picture of an Indian, with an inscription on the back of the bottle that reads, "The Black Hills of Dakota, steeped in the history of the American West, home of proud Indian Nations . . . A land. . .of Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Custer."

U.S. Surgeon General Antonia Novello and various American Indian tribal chiefs have charged that the libation, brewed for Hornell by G. Heileman, is targeted at young people, especially Indians, whose babies have the highest rates of fetal alcohol syndrome in the world and are more likely to die from alcohol-related accidents than any other segment of the U.S. population.

Public health officials and Indian activists admit that there is little that can be done to halt sales of the product, available in 40-ounce bottles. There is a precedent, however. Last year G. Heileman dropped plans to market a malt liquor, named PowerMaster, after minority do-gooders charged that it was targeted at young black males.

Folk Song Banned

The old tune, *Shortenin' Bread*, about a slave who steals bread to feed his children, has been banned by Spokane public school officials for being "racially insensitive." The ban was instituted in time to remove the song from the program of a city concert.

While students were practicing for the concert, Negro fifth-grader Satirhea Goncalves complained to her father, Larry, that other students were teasing her. District music coordinator Ron Wildey, when brought on the carpet, tried to explain that the song has long been a standard because it is easy for young musicians to play.

Susan Hales, of the YWCA's Multicultural Coalition, applauded the ban, which "provides a good lesson in cultural sensitivity." It remains to be seen if other school districts around the country follow Spokane's lead.





Another L.A. Riot in the Offing?

Arrested three times since his beating by the Los Angeles cops, Rodney King is suing the city for \$83 million and expects to get anywhere from \$8 million to \$10 million. His most recent arrest was for drunken driving. Earlier, he was arrested for threatening his wife; still earlier for trying to run down two undercover officers. Police did not collar him when they caught him soliciting the favors of a transvestite prostitute. Since the TV networks deliberately ran that carefully edited part of the videotape around the clock, therefore putting L.A. minorities in the mood for an insurrection, it would seem only logical that the networks should be sued for some of the \$1 billion in riot damages.

In early August it was announced the four cops, three of whom were already acquitted on the state charges, will be tried again, this time for violating Rodney King's civil rights. The fourth, Laurence Powell, whose guilt or innocence the jury could not agree on, will not, as previously reported, be retried on the original charge. Maximum sentences for all four men, if convicted: 10 years in prison and a \$250,000 fine. Once again the old Anglo-Saxon law against double jeopardy flies out the window.

What will happen if the defendants are again pronounced "not guilty?" Another riot? Jurors may decide in advance that convictions are the safest way to go.

Breakdown of Jury System

Further evidence that minority racism and threats of minority violence are eroding the jury system:

- A juror in the felony assault trial of John Wiley Price admitted that he voted to acquit the controversial black Dallas County commissioner after he had received death threats during the trial. According to police, three of the jurors received such threats. The acquittal has been allowed to stand.

- In Birmingham (AL) Circuit Judge James Garrett was forced to declare a mistrial in the restaurant robbery case of black defendant Marcus Thomas, after a black juror, Rosa Jernigan, refused to convict Thomas because he was a black man. Thomas, 24, was charged with 13 robberies. The evidence against him included: the restaurant's keys, found in his apartment; the testimony of two witnesses; a confession; and a diary in which he wrote a detailed account of the holdup. Said Judge Garrett, "This was the most open

and shut case I have ever seen. It was airtight." The outcome of the trial "was absolutely a travesty. [Ms. Jernigan] was just not going to convict anybody of anything."

Birth Control "Refugees"

U.S. domestic politics is playing an increasing role in who is admitted as a refugee. By international agreement a refugee is someone who is able to establish he has been persecuted and oppressed in his homeland. In a new ploy based on a broad, extremely broad, interpretation of "refugee," the anti-abortion lobby is pressuring Washington to grant refugee status to Chinese who allege they are fleeing their country's population-stabilization efforts. Mainland China, which has been overpopulated for centuries, is encouraging a one-couple, one-child policy.

In a country with an annual average income of \$320, thousands have managed to raise the \$10,000 fare for passage to such countries as Peru, Panama and Mexico, which serve as launching pads for entry into the U.S. Word is now spreading through China that couples who simply claim they fear sterilization or abortion after their first child will likely be permitted to make it to the U.S., along with their infant.

Here Come the "Feet People"

In the 12-month period ending September 30, 1991, the Border Patrol arrested 1.13 million illegal aliens. The number apprehended during the current fiscal year will almost certainly exceed that of 1991. According to the Border Patrol, for every alien who is caught, two or three make it across the virtually undefended border.

In the now dim past, single Hispanic males came to the U.S., worked for a while, then went back to Mexico or Latin America. Today increasing numbers of women and families are migrating—most permanently. Although they are frequently robbed and raped by Mexican border bandits or the professional smugglers (known as coyotes) who escort them across the border from Mexico, droves of Mexican women are coming to the U.S. Last year 15% of the illegals arrested at the San Diego sector, which accounts for around half of all apprehensions along the Southern border, were females.

Aliens Create More Jobs

Downtown Manhattan is playing host to a growing number of Asian vice dens, publicly advertised as massage parlors. Catering to a predominantly Asian clientele,

each establishment clears an average of from \$1 million to \$2 million a year. In early June, the Mayor's Office of Midtown Enforcement closed six such houses of ill repute, in an effort to grab a few headlines. Dozens of other Asian massage parlors remain open, however, and continue to do a thriving business. Profits continue to flow to the Chinese and Japanese crime syndicates that own them.

The sexual needs of less affluent Hispanics and South Asians are being provided by houses that charge an average of \$20 for 15 minutes. One section of Queens has 70 low-budget brothels, largely staffed by illegal aliens from various Latin American countries. At one house temporarily closed by police, condoms cost a buck, and customers who have to wait are given a cold beer from the well-stocked fridge in the kitchen, which, according to the N.Y. Times, is "decorated with statuettes of the Virgin Mary and other saints." The women are paid \$10 an hour.

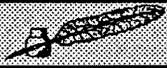
The Persistent Gap

Michigan is one of a growing number of states that has mandatory competency tests for would-be teachers. Close to 1,860 students in Michigan's 30 colleges of education took the 1992 exam. Overall, 88% of the students passed: 91% of whites, 82% of Hispanics, 78% of American Indians, 68% of Asians, 55% of blacks. Earl Nelson, director of the state's Education Minority Equity Office, attributed the black students' relatively poor showing to "a lack of minority teachers."

Cheating Teacher Caught

To graduate and receive a diploma, San Francisco high-school students are required to pass a four-part test measuring basic proficiency in math, reading, English grammar and composition. This year, 95.7% of the district seniors passed. Among those who flunked at Galileo High School were three blacks. After the results were in, Assistant Principal Lou Garrett, himself a Negro, invited the three students into his office, where he allowed them to change enough of their wrong answers to obtain a passing grade on the math exam. Two had already failed the test twice; the third had failed three times.

District officials became suspicious when Garrett turned in a dozen math answer sheets for Galileo seniors a day later than those of their classmates. Three of the multiple-choice answer sheets were full of erasure marks, with 26 answers changed on one of the exams, 22 on the second, and 13 on a third. Virtually all of the answers had been changed from wrong to



right. Wary school officials then required the three blacks to take the graduation exam over again. All three failed.

By way of punishment, Garrett was placed on "administrative leave," which amounted to giving him a three-week paid vacation. Predictably, the San Francisco branch of the NAACP has accused the school district of racism, charging that the black educator's reputation has been damaged by the public disclosure of the sort of "help" he gave his co-racialists.

White Student Suspended

The First Amendment to the Constitution provided no protection for Palm Beach County high-school student Nicholas Sobb, who was suspended just before final exams for distributing flyers for a book, *Disaster Zone—U.S.A.* Authored by Jack Morris, the tome discusses the downside of school integration, arguing that black parents and activists habitually raise the specter of racism when black students are disciplined. To exorcise the specter, Morris writes, schools go easy on blacks and have made it a policy to accept their substandard academic performance and behavior.

Even the Florida branch of the ACLU conceded that Sobb did nothing wrong, since he waited until after classes were dismissed to distribute the handbills. Nevertheless, Judge Edward Garrison approved the 17-year-old white student's suspension, agreeing with school board associate counsel Hazel Lucas that the material needed to be restricted since it might provoke riots. Garrison denied a request for a temporary injunction that would have forced the school to end Sobb's suspension during final exam week.

College President Quits

J. Harvey Saunders, for 15 years president of Westminster College in Fulton (MO), resigned in May, after the faculty gave him a unanimous vote of no-confidence. It was at Westminster that Winston Churchill, borrowing a line from Dr. Joseph Goebbels, gave his stentorian "Iron Curtain" speech. In May, Mikhail Gorbachev visited the Westminster campus, where he delivered what many of his American fans, but not his few remaining Russian fans, described as a "landmark" address.

The profs were apparently deeply offended when, during an informal faculty meeting, Saunders asked this impermissible question, "Why don't we take a stand

for Western civilization, for Anglo-American ideals, and sell the hell out of it?" Such a forthright stance, Saunders felt, would enhance the reputation of the college in a time of nationwide educational decline.

Open Season on White Kids

The Rodney King verdict is continuing to furnish blacks an excuse to attack whites. In Pittsburgh (PA) a black Ringgold High School student, Richard Isbell, 19, was charged with simple assault and disorderly conduct after being accused of beating Douglas Modery, an 18-year-old white student, while a group of fellow Negroes chanted, "Rodney, Rodney." Modery was attacked as he was getting a drink from a water fountain. Despite this incontrovertible hate crime, which would have resulted in permanent suspension and a jail term if committed by a white student, all Isbell received was a 10-day suspension.

Black Teacher Fired

In the Chicago suburb of Harvey (IL) a black grade-school teacher, Charles Hill, was given the heave-ho after he had ordered the only white pupil in his fifth grade class to wear a name tag proclaiming, "My name is Buckwheat" (after the old *Our Gang* movie character). Hill became incensed when he discovered Rachel Wollam drawing pictures of rainbows during his class, instead of paying attention to teacher. Samuel Rhone, superintendent of Elementary School District 147, told the black educator "not to come back" after Hill refused to apologize for the incident and failed to participate in a workshop on "multicultural sensitivity."

Klansman "Outed"

Mordechai Levy's Jewish Defense Organization has borrowed a page from the fags and begun "outing" people who are members of white racist groups. The JDO has established a telephone bulletin that reveals the home address and phone number of both the "racist" and his employer. Protesters are urged to call the accused's boss and demand his dismissal.

One of the first targets of this civil rights busting campaign was William Hoff, a 57-year-old resident of Astoria (NY). Hoff was fired from his job teaching computer-operator skills to nonwhites and aliens at Third World Employment Services, when the JDO revealed that, in his off hours, he is a grand dragon in the KKK.

Hoff's former employer, a black named Angel Wilson, admitted that Hoff had

shown "an unusual ability to get along with others" and was friendly with black and Hispanic co-workers. "He used to hang around the course [classroom] after he was finished, taking people's hats, kissing babies, making people feel good."

Hoff, who is planning to sue the JDO, freely confessed his Klan affiliation, telling reporters, "We are here to bring blacks and whites together against the Jew media that is trying to divide the blacks from the whites." He is planning to file suit against the JDO. Norman Siegel, executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, agrees that Hoff's firing has set a "dangerous precedent" if allowed to stand.

In reporting the JDO's attack on Hoff, the media never mentioned that Mordechai Levi is a convicted felon. That's not the way the press and TV handled David Duke, who was unfailingly referred to as a former Klan leader.

Latest Literary Hoax

Last year, *The Education of Little Tree*, a homey little book purporting to be the autobiography of an orphan, Forrest Carter, who claimed to have been raised by two wise Cherokee grandparents, reached the top of the bestseller list before it was revealed that the book's author was a white supremacist. Despite the "bad news," the book remains a bestseller, with nearly 700,000 copies sold.

This year, one of the 10 nominees for the American Bookseller Association's coveted Abby Award (for the work book-sellers most enjoyed selling over the past 12 months) is *Brother Eagle, Sister Sky: A Message From Chief Seattle*, which has sold over 280,000 copies since its release last September. But, like the *Little Tree* opus, it turns out that words attributed to Chief Seattle, who lived in the Pacific Northwest until his death in 1866, could not have been spoken by the old Indian brave. Instead, they were the creation of white screenwriter Ted Perry, who made up some dialog for the 1972 eco-movie, *Home*. At this year's Earth Day, environmentalists liberally quoted from the Chief's alleged words, particularly his denunciation of whites for killing buffalo on the prairie from passing trains and claiming that Indians respected the Earth as their "Mother."

Herman Viola, a spokesman for the environmentalist crowd, denied there was any harm in falsely attributing eco-homilies to the Chief, who never saw a buffalo. He lamely opined that the mythical speech "conveys the feeling a lot of Indians had. There was some Indian out there who would have said that kind of thing."



Waspishly Yours

No matter how corkscrewed by AIPAC the American political process, I simply won't believe that we're predestined forever to be patsies to the Zionist plundering of the Middle East. Like millions of other Americans, I'm sick of being hounded by Holocaust guilt into a conspiracy of silence which allows AIPAC and its shadowy accessories to pirate what is left of the foundering American treasury for the sordid purpose of pillaging Palestine. I won't be a party to letting either party, Republican or Democrat, write a plank into their platforms mandating that Palestinians must walk the plank. I won't be a party to transforming a party platform into a staging area for AskeNazi *Lebensraum* on the West Bank. Neither a Jew, Arab, Nazi nor anti-Semite, I'm simply a naive American. I refuse to be Hegelianized by history or Zionized by the Six Million into accepting the unfiled genocide of Jewry as a justification for the ongoing camcorded genocide of Palestinians.

I recently heard Senator Metzenbaum spreading his Zionide (cyanide) on C-Span and lamenting the expulsion of Jews from Spain 500 years ago. Did he thank the Arabs for the 700 years they allowed the Jews to prosper? Did he lament the expulsion of the Arabs? They lost a country. The Jews were simply washed out with the tide. What else could Christians do with those early Rosenbergs and Pollards? The Jews in Spain were given a chance to convert. Did rabbis in Israel give the Muslims they evicted the same option? (Note: It's against the law in Israel for an Arab to change his/her name in order to marry a Jew.)

Remember Alex Odeh? The U.S. citizen who had the misfortune to be an Arab booster of Palestinian rights? He was pipe-bombed away by killers the FBI believes were members of the JDL; specifically, by a converted Jew named Manning who fled to Israel just a hotfoot skip and a snipped foreskin ahead of the FBI. Once there, he went on a campaigning binge for Meir Kahane's Kach Party, which aims to evict every last Palestinian from Israel and the occupied territories. He openly bullied Arabs and (for a price) took tourists on treks through the territory of the Intifada, until, under pressure from the U.S., he was finally arrested on the West Bank. He still hasn't been extradited to California for trial. Why are the Jews resisting? "We don't surrender Jews to the goyim," boasts the fanatical Gush Emunim Party.

Shamir & Co. were appalled at what might politically fall out if a member of the JDL was put on trial for the murder of an American citizen. So the Manning case suddenly involved profound issues of sovereignty. After 25 years of extorting taxes, oppression and expulsions, doesn't Israel have sufficient jurisdiction in the West Bank to ensure that the arrest of Manning was legal? Meanwhile, as Odeh lies amoldering in his grave, the lawyers fatten on their fees and Manning smirks. Why the delay? The Jews snatched Eichmann from Argentina. We potshotted Panama to transplant our CIA plant, pineapple Noriega. Now we want to extradite two Libyans for the tragedy of Lockerbee. Fine. *L'chaim*. So what about Bobby Manning?

As a teacher, I feel obligated to "keep up." I try, but as e.e. cummings' Olaf says, there is some garbage I will not gulp. Time permitting, I do skim a few newspapers and magazines to keep informed about the brainwashing the bought media have in store for me.

Wasn't Desert Sturm und Dreck the most scandalous manipu-

lation of the media imaginable? Why didn't Tom Lantos tell us that the Kuwaiti Joan of Arc, who blubbered about Iraqi soldiers stealing baby incubators after killing the contents, was the daughter of the Kuwaiti ambassador to the U.S.? At any rate, such "omissions" furnish the occasion for potshots at and pop analyses of what's laughingly called our political culture. At least I can let the media movers and shakers know that someone with a bite is monitoring their brazen bull. I could write debunking articles which, even if accepted, would be slam-dunked out of sight into a Podunk College quarterly. Instead, I write directly to the image-makers in an attempt to pry open their closed minds an inch or two, hoping that this may bring home more bacon than a burst of brilliance buried in *The Greater Grand Rapids University of Unfinished Furniture and Political Soft-Science Review*.

Mere letters of protest can't counterfeit the conniptive power of money. No matter how passionate, mere language is no antidote to the poisonous fear and loathing editors feel about the possibility of losing their jobs. They're terribly afraid of the tourniquets the Jewish community will put around their necks, thereby cutting off the blood supply of money, i.e., advertising.

I am a friend to other-directed and alternative media dedicated to exposing the hypocrisy of the leper colony mainstream media which is afraid to touch the truth with its contaminated tongs and which fights tong wars over tittle-tattle and scampers from the sunlight in order to cultivate fungoid factoids in damp, dark bank vaults. Ah, for the vaulting ambition of telling the simple truth!

Why was it incorrigibly insensitive of Ross Perot to address a hodgepodge of Rainbowites as "you people," when the Rainbowite-in-chief defended—at least excused—Cistern Souljah's suggestion that killing whites for a week would constitute a vacation for blacks? The Rainbow Coalition is aptly named. What else is it but a potluckless mess of pottage looking for the pot o' gold at the end of the U.S. Treasury? I heard Rev. Jesse Jackson the other day refer to himself as the "senator" from Washington. Senator from the persistent State of Opportunism, is more like it. We have come a long way from the radicalism of the 1960s. Contrast the ticket, the tone, the strategy of the July Democratic Convention to the 1968 Convention. Sooner or later, all revolutions betray themselves. After Watergate and Irangate and the S&L debacle, the American booboisie still will not rebel. It will sink ever deeper into sulk.

I doubted that Ross Perot could win. The system was rigged against him. Nevertheless, his whole campaign, if one can call it that, had a refreshingly off-the-cuff quality. But the pros cuffed him good, especially on his corn-fed ears. Because he quit, another terrible dose of cynicism has been injected into the mainstream of the American body politic. Millions more voters will pack it in and leave the spoils to the apes of AIPAC.

Politicians are despised because they are despicable. One can only hope—probably in vain—that the current outrage against incumbents will endure until November, until the electorate relapses into its normal recumbency, the apathy and comatose condition so favored by their "representatives" in the "occupied territory" known as Capitol Hill.

V.S. STINGER

BBC's *Masterpiece Theatre*, in tune with the mephitic times, is getting dykier and dykier. A lesbian supersoap, *Portrait of a Marriage*, depicting the family-wrecking passion of poetess Vita Sackville-West, mother of two, for a British officer's wife, ran for three Sundays in July. The repeated scenes of two naked women thrashing around in the sheets was almost too much for an embarrassed Alistair Cooke, who half-apologized in his introduction for what was in store for viewers. Superb acting helped mollify more prudish critics, though the point about Sapphic love could easily have been made without the close-up, same-sex cavortings.

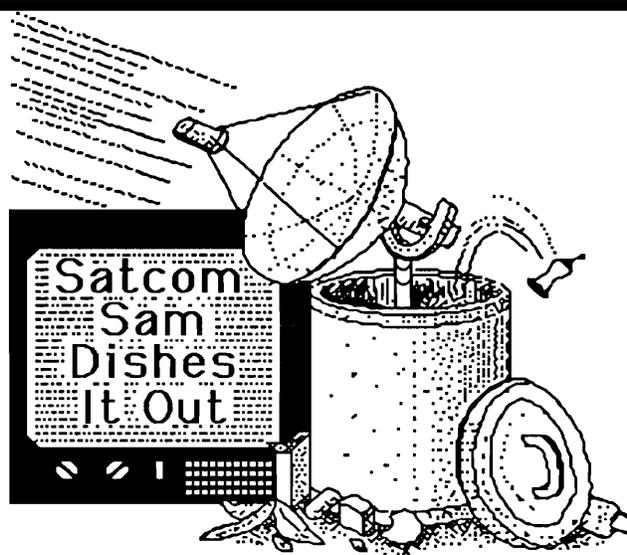
Since there is almost no taste left in U.S. television, American viewers have come to depend on BBC and *Masterpiece Theatre* to slow the descent of TV into pure swinishness. If the trend continues, tubes on both sides of the Atlantic will soon be blinking with nothing more than actors' and actresses' private parts.

Artistically, the main trouble with injecting raw sex into TV dramas, particularly those which pretend to be high-minded, is the jolting change of mood. All of us have our animalistic moments, but we work up to them. We don't hold forth on the poetry of Rilke and then, without a word or even a wink, throw someone on the sofa.

Art follows life. It strains credulity to listen to the educated conversation and watch the aristocratic posturings in a British great house and then in the next second be presented with the spectacle of the characters performing naked acrobatics. The world of illusion in which the playwright wants to trap us is shattered. Art goes out the window to be replaced by shock. Perhaps one day TV producers and directors will understand how much they are losing when they deliberately throw in "dirty pictures" in order to gain a few rating points.

NBC broke all records for advertising greed in its coverage of the Olympics. In the last games at Seoul, Korea, in 1988, 14 minutes of every half-hour were taken up by commercials. This time they seemed to last even longer, what with the added "tie-ins" of the athletes sporting the products of their corporate sponsors. There's only one way to stop this ghastly procession of plugs, that is, to smarten up and start a quiet boycott of TV's biggest advertisers. The watchword would be, "Buy the least advertised product." If 10 or 20 million people would cooperate in such a salubrious venture, TV commercials would immediately shrink both in length and number. Without advertising support, shows like *Roseanne* and the Donahue talkfest would go off the air. So much the better for what is left of American culture. (Phil Donahue hit bottom last year with the on-camera marriage of two black homos. Some months later the presiding black minister died of AIDS and one of the "newlyweds" tested positive for HIV.)

A revealing glimpse of the kind of people in charge of what comes across on the tube these days was furnished by Stephen Chao (race unspecified), erstwhile president of the moronic Fox Network. To illustrate a point he was making about censorship at a meeting of bigwigs of Rupert Murdoch's media empire, he hired a male stripper. The idea didn't go down well with Murdoch, who fired Chao forth-



with, explaining, "[O]ne thing this company [News Corp.] has to stand for is 'there are limits.'" Considering the shows Fox Network has been airing, the limits have long ago been stretched to the breaking point.

From 121. An episode of PBS's *European Journal* profiled a security firm based in Berlin, most of whose work comes from businessmen under siege from loitering junkies or shoplifters—the kind of harassment that the regular police has little time for. By operating with a lot of manpower and a no-nonsense attitude, security firms manage to get quick, dramatic results.

What I found fascinating was the company's staff: top man was a Greek who also ran a Berlin disco; in charge of training and operations was a Lebanese Muslim who had lived in Berlin for 16 years. Virtually all the private guards were "unskilled" Turks and Yugoslavs. The only Germans shown were the seedy-looking degenerates rousted out of public toilets where they were selling or using drugs.

The final segment was a report on an African arts festival recently held in Würzburg. The opening shot featured a wild-looking, dreadlocked, Caribbean-type Negro chanting about "oppression," "Johannesburg" and "Pretoria" to a languid reggae beat. An interview with one of the "musicians" indicated that most of them were not from where you'd think, but from Britain. The final shot showed a peroxide blonde tooting away on a saxophone in a Negro jazz ensemble.

We are all supposed to be cheering about the "collapse of communism" and the spread of "democracy," "Westernization" and the "free market" into Eastern Europe. But nowadays the witches' brew that passes for "Westernization" strikes me as being far more of a minus than a plus for whites (and particularly for Northern Europeans). Francis Yockey warned of this in *The Enemy of Europe* where he argued that America, not Russia, was the real danger to the West. Russian hegemony in Europe, he wrote, would only temporarily prevail by means of brute physical force, while American hegemony, by appealing to and actively encouraging everything weak and decadent in the European psyche would be much more damaging and destructive. Anyone watching the show I saw would have had to agree.

The View from the White Tip

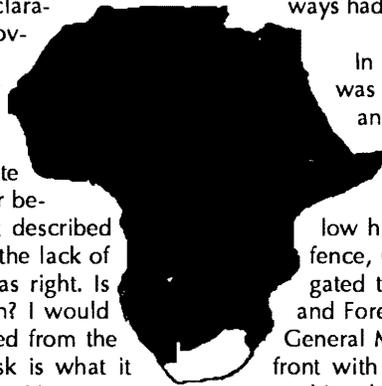
CODESA (Convention for a Democratic South Africa) has been negotiating with de Klerk for a "new" constitution in approved U.S. style. The blacks understandably cannot see the point of "negotiating" what has already been accepted in principle—black majority rule. They want it "now, now." As a consequence CODESA II has ended in a stalemate or damp squib, though not before Mandela had subjected de Klerk to a deserved and contemptuous tongue-lashing before the entire world. After cunningly ensuring that de Klerk had first signed the Declaration of Intent, thereby making himself and his government beholden to the African National Congress, Mandela then set about belittling him by referring to the State President as "he," which was a calculated affront. To be sure, Mandela, whatever else he might have done, has a definite moral advantage over de Klerk, in that he never betrayed his race or tribe. When Dr. Treurnicht described Mandela's speech as "but another symptom of the lack of respect which Africa has for weakness," he was right. Is Mandela sorry that CODESA has bogged down? I would say that the most important lesson to be learned from the Xhosa-Hottentot's sudden dropping of his mask is what it portends for the whites under a future ANC rule. However, as CODESA II was only a duet, with the Zulus and the Conservative Party absent, it cannot really be expected that the ANC will ever rule much of this besieged and betrayed country.

A few months ago Mandela was in Oslo urging (demanding) the Norwegian government not to lift sanctions against his country before the ANC is firmly in power, regardless of the suffering it might cause "his people." This was not the way he spoke to stockbrokers in Johannesburg. Nowadays he is supposed by liberals to be a South African, and not just a Bantu, though it is clear he himself does not subscribe to that myth. He is an Xhosa, nothing else, who in a land of indoctrinated blonds can speak more openly. Admittedly, blacks are expected to talk and behave like blacks, but it is positively grotesque that they should be permitted to do so in the ancestral lands of Northfolk. This should be holy ground for us. It should be a desecration for a black to set foot on it and act against their own kinfolk elsewhere. Unfortunately, however, it is in Scandinavia that the black races reap their richest harvest, for Nordics, having eaten the poisoned apple of liberalism, harbour a deadly hatred for their own kind.

From Oslo, where Mandela told a news conference that the ANC is a peace organisation that rules out armed struggle, he went to Sweden and Finland where he collected plenty of boodle while urging that sanctions be maintained against South Africa. No nations have given the ANC terrorists more money, pro rata.

Having read over what I have written about Mandela, it has struck me that Instaurationists might not know what I mean by calling him an Xhosa-Hottentot. In point of fact, Mandela is what Afrikaners call a *geel Kafir*, meaning a yellow Kaffir, indicating Hottentot-Bushman (Capoid) blood. All Southern African Bantu are distinctly lighter in shade than those nearer or in the Congo. This is certainly due to Capoid admixture, which infuses Mandela's veins. The Xhosa, invaders from the north, overran the Hottentots in the eastern Cape and absorbed the women, with the result that the X in their very name is a Hottentot click, which the Zulus also have acquired. It is a very difficult sound for whites to

reproduce, especially if there is a string of them. However, only a couple of nights ago I heard an announcer on the English radio programme producing these clicks with perfect facility, probably because he had acquired the tongue from childhood. I shall never forget listening to the children of ranchers in north-west Bechuanaland (Botswana) chatting away to one another in the Bushman tongue. You never heard such a volley of clicks! But all that aside, I should mention that Hottentots, apart from unreliability, have always had a name for treachery.



In apparent emulation of Mandela, President de Klerk was also airborne, this time bound for the Persian Gulf and presumably looking for oil. However, he left Pik Botha behind, a significant decision in that the most senior minister after Pik is the Minister of State Affairs (Dr. Gerrit Viljoen), who is ill. Just below him on the totem poll is the former Minister of Defence, General Magnus Malan, who has since been relegated to the innocuous post of Minister of Water Affairs and Forestry. If Pik had accompanied de Klerk to the Gulf, General Malan would have been left in charge of the home front with his finger on the button, so to speak. This was something de Klerk didn't fancy at all. I wonder why.

Meanwhile, the three-year relationship between de Klerk's son, Willem, and the Coloured girl, Erica Adams, the daughter of Labour Party leader Deon Adams, has apparently come to an end. Erica appears to have no regrets. I imagine Willem was inspired by his Dad's table-talk. As elsewhere, there is a world of difference in South Africa between liberal anti-racism and reality. I don't suppose Dad is sorry it is all over.

Joe Slovo has retired from the political scene. His place as head of the South African Communist Party has been taken by Chris Hani, the former chief of the ANC military (terrorist) wing, MK, which is short for uMkhonto weSizwe. Joe is suffering from bone cancer, which fortunately is no trivial complaint, though he is still sufficiently alive to describe CODESA as "an endless soap opera with each installment ending in a false climax, like *Dallas*."

In view of the enemy's love of symbolism, it may be of interest to know that Slovo, in Slavic, means "word." Perhaps this was why Joe was selected to spread the Communist word in South Africa. If he should soon shuffle off this mortal coil and his supposed terminal sickness is not just a ploy, the ANC and its associates will resemble little more than a rudderless ship manned by baboons.

Mandela's wife, Winnie, has been found guilty in the Rand Supreme Court on charges of kidnapping and assaulting four people from a Soweto church manse in 1988. As he sentenced her to six years imprisonment, Justice Michael Stegman described her as a "calm, composed, deliberate and unblushing liar." Immediately applying for leave to appeal, which was granted, Winnie is not in the least worried about ending up in jail. Although the Mandelas are now getting divorced, ex-hubby should be in power before her appeals run out. Even if he isn't, President de Klerk would surely see to it that the South African judiciary, famed for its political independence, would be pressured into dismissing the case. Or so she thinks

Her trial, by the way, almost ended at an early stage because a

key witness was abducted and other witnesses were too frightened to testify. When these problems were eventually sorted out, the prosecution introduced forensic evidence of blood samples taken from the walls, curtains and even ceilings of two of Winnie's outside rooms, where some of the youths were held, together with bloodied sjamboks and bloodstained clothing and blankets. It must have been quite a party. In court Winnie couldn't help smiling when she was reminded of it.

Police revealed that the detective whose work resulted in Winnie's conviction, Captain Dempsey, was also investigating allegations implicating her in the murder of a Dr. Abuybaker Asvat, who refused to treat one of the badly beaten kidnap victims at the Mandela house, saying that the youth needed to be hospitalised. For this disrespectful lack of cooperation, the physician was murdered. That is yet another crime scheduled for trial. Winnie, of course, is no stranger to murder. Her best friend was found guilty of murdering her husband. With typical Bantu cunning (for most blacks intelligence is cunning), Winnie's friend arranged for two



Lovebirds Nelson and Winnie in happier times

male accomplices to burst into her home at night, when she was in bed with her husband, and murder him, thereby making it appear that she herself had no hand in it. She was very disconcerted when the police had little difficulty in smelling a rat. The murderer was sentenced to death, much to Winnie's grief, but she was not hanged and has recently been released.

The latest news is that Winnie is now suspected of being implicated in the murder of two other people. The police are investigating. She is also due for questioning about the disappearance of nearly half a million rands from the ANC funds. There seems to be no end to her shenanigans.

Like Mandela, Archbishop Desmond Tutu is still adamant that sanctions against his country should remain firmly in place, even though his fellow blacks suffer most from them. Tutu has been very much out of the news in recent times, which must gall him considerably. The same cannot be said of his son, Trevor, who is still regularly appearing in court for trespassing on the Johannesburg airport's restricted area. He has a fixation about planting bombs on international airliners.

For the first time in years I visited St. Tutu's cathedral, St. George's, here in Cape Town. I examined the score or more wall tablets and reliefs commemorating the British soldiers who fell in the wars against the Xhosa in the eastern Cape some 150 years ago—wars that obviously were not finished off properly. What grabbed my attention was a very large painting near the altar depicting Christ being taken down from the cross. His hands were bloody and torn by the nails from which he had been suspended (which is a physical impossibility). More striking was his complete



Archbishop Tutu plugs un-Christian sanctions

nakedness. Though I had never seen a totally naked Christ, I, a non-Christian, was offended and even shocked. I have heard this painting has now been removed, but in the nave there was still more to come, something known as "quilts," which is the American-style commemoration of local homos who died of AIDS. Some dear old girls were seated at a table soliciting funds to help in the fight against the plague—though not against the cause of it. The Church of England, as we all know, is packed with queers. The only wonder is that it hasn't yet set up shop in Sodom itself.

Professor Chris Barnard, the pioneer heart surgeon, is still with us, in spite of his declared intention of going off to live in Switzerland. His handsome physiognomy still beams at readers of the social pages of the Cape Times. Presumably he still believes there is no such thing as a pure race and that so-called racial differences are only cultural. Presumably he also still believes that hybrid peoples are much superior to those of pure race (who don't exist) and that this is proved by the Americans, who are the most racially mixed people on earth, but have created the most powerful nation.

To put it mildly, this is quite breathtaking ignorance, unforgivable in a medical man. Does he honestly believe that America could have been built up into the world's most powerful nation by a pack of mongrels, instead of by clear-cut Nordics? I can only suppose he is making the common error of confusing race with nationality, which is equally unforgivable. He is apparently following in the footsteps of Sir John Wolfenden who described the English as being "one of the most mongrel people of the human race," because they were formed of Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Danes and Normans.

It cannot be denied that Chris Barnard was an outstandingly good surgeon, but I cannot think of anyone who more vividly exemplifies the folk wisdom that says the cobbler should stick to his last.

Up north in Nairobi, Dr. Richard Leakey, the internationally renowned anthropologist and nature conservationist, is due to stand trial for the crime of racism. When he was head of the National Museums of Kenya (there is one, I recall), he deliberately employed Europeans and Americans as assistants instead of hiring local black "scientists." Black Kenyans have never properly understood what Leakey was doing in unearthing the remains of early man. They were not too pleased that the hominids looked much like themselves. I hope he will not be condemned to the same fate as his uncle, who was a blood-brother of the Kikuyu of Mau Mau fame. To show their appreciation of their white brother the Mau Mau buried him alive upside-down! This unusual form of capital punishment has always been hushed up lest other whites suspect that black Africans are not quite civilised.

Primate Watch



Half-Jewish, half-black singer **Lenny Kravitz** advertises his double loyalty by gluing a yarmulke on his dreadlocks.

#

Can a saint who has an illegitimate child still be a saint? **Albert Einstein** can. He and Mileva Maric, of Serbian and Hungarian origin, had a baby girl in 1912, who was immediately put up for adoption and forgotten about. They weren't married until 1914. Maric, by the way, was no dummy. She passed the entrance exam to the prestigious Swiss Federal Polytechnical Institute that her husband flunked. Bombfather later left Maric and their two legitimate children (one a psychotic) and, after an acrimonious divorce, took a Jewess for his second wife.

#

M.K.O. Abiola, 54, the immeasurably rich chief of Nigeria's Yoruba tribe, swears he has only four wives and 69 children and that Gloria Ubeh-Abiola, 34, who sued him for divorce in New York City, was only one of his 18 concubines. Gloria swears differently, claiming to be one of his 26, not four, wives and the mother of three of his 79, not 69, children. A New York judge dismissed the divorce action, but ordered the African stud to pay Gloria \$15,000 a month in temporary child support, plus the \$50,000 fee she owes the infamous Jewish divorce specialist, attorney **Marvin Mitchelson**.

#

MISCEGENATION SNIPPETS: **Roger Ebert**, the portly, pudgy, four-eyed TV film critic, married black divorcée Chaz Hammel-Smith, a late thirtysomething Chicago lawyer. Columnist **Ann Landers** (Eppie Lederer) was an honored guest, along with Ebert's Jewish alter ego, **Gene Siskel**. . . . Noisome noisemaker **David Bowie's** wife, Iman, the internationally renowned café-au-lait model, will now be able to commute from his \$5 million 110-room castle in Ireland to his lush \$6-million tropical abode in the Grenadines. . . . **Carl Bernstein**, who made millions pulling the plug on Watergate, is now dating Faye Wattleton, the comely quadron who works for Planned Parenthood.

#

BLACK-ON-WHITE CRIME: In Spokane (WA) on May Day, **four black males** went on a wilding, intending to "kill a white man" and "do a Rodney King thing." Shots were fired at various whites, including a jogger, a cop and a motorist who got a bullet in the shoulder. . . . In Largo (FL), **four females, all black**, looking for a "cracker to beat up," picked up a white

14-year-old runaway, robbed her, stomped her and, after letting her go, tried to run over her with their pickup truck. . . . The scene was so gory it even turned the stomachs of veteran police officers. **Pervis Payne**, a coked-up Negro in Millington (TN), broke into the apartment of Charisse Christopher, a newly divorced white secretary, and stabbed her and one of her two children to death and almost killed the second. Although this happened five years ago, Payne is still sweating it out on death row.

#

AIDS ITEMS: A Harrisburg (PA) whore, who averaged 50 customers a week, tested HIV positive when arrested. . . . **Jeffrey Hanlon** was the first homo to be convicted under Michigan's new AIDS disclosure law. He failed to tell a fellow queer of his deadly infection. The judge gave him probation because he had already served seven months in jail awaiting trial. Twenty-four states now have AIDS disclosure laws. Some 300 persons have been prosecuted nationwide for not having clued their sex partners in on their dirty little secret. . . . **A batty Brooklynite** knifed an HIV-positive woman, then proceeded to use the knife, still dripping with blood, to stab three other people. Police assured the victims they wouldn't get AIDS because the HIV virus lives only briefly in air and because blood runs outward in knife wounds. Needle jabs are much more dangerous; the blood is sucked inward.

#

MINORITY ODDBALLS: **Paul Lowinger**, an Oakland (CA) shrink, was arrested for trading drugs for sex. He made the mistake of trying to solicit a female undercover agent. . . . **John Buettner-Janusch**, onetime chairman of New York University's anthropology dept., died in a medical center for federal prisoners. A civil rights crusader who dyed his hair blond, he was convicted in 1987 of sending poisoned candy to a judge who had jailed him on a drug charge. . . . **George J. Goldsborough**, 67, a bigtime Maryland lawyer, has been charged with professional misconduct for forcing a secretary and a client to submit to being spanked, in one case a bare-bottom spanking.

#

BABY KILLERS: Christopher Thomas, 2, left alone from 6:00 to 11:30 p.m. while his **black mother** worked in a topless bar in Tucson (AZ), found his way to a swimming pool outside the house, fell in and drowned. . . . In Liberty City (FL) an intruder, still at large, having failed to rape Xio-

mara Bailey, stabbed her in the stomach, killing her unborn child. . . . As if to prove the old adage, "Beneath the savage breast still beats the savage heart," **Aaron and Millie Yelloweyes**, two Amerindians, admitted he and his wife had drowned a 3-year-old boy left in their care by his mother while she attended school in Ohio. . . . **Tracey Holloway**, 18, a Detroit black, claimed her 4-month-old baby had died from various "accidents," including a broken leg, a broken rib and an arm half-wrenched out of its socket. An earlier daughter had died of starvation in 1988 when Tracey was only 14. She escaped a murder rap for the death of her first baby. Not for the second infanticide.

#

Amradeep N. Singh, 15, stole a BMW. While fleeing from the Pittsburgh police at nearly 100 mph, he crossed the center line on a curve and smashed into a Ford Festiva driven by Heather Steven, 23, an attractive college student studying to be a dietitian. She died immediately. Singh, critically injured, was still alive at last report. What really killed Heather was Emma Lazarus's come one, come all immigration policy.

#

GOD SAVE US FROM SUCH CONSERVATIVES! **Sam Zakhem**, a Lebanese American, formerly Reagan's ambassador to Bahrain, was charged with accepting, along with two other associates, \$7.7 million from Kuwait to stir up war fever against Iraq in the spring of 1991. Arrested with him were two other prominent "conservatives": **William R. Kennedy Jr.** and **Scott Stanley Jr.**, owner and editor, respectively, of the defunct Conservative Digest. Kennedy is a precious metals speculator whose company went bust in 1988. Stanley is a Birch Society troglodyte. All three men are charged with spending only \$2 million on warmongering propaganda and keeping the rest for their personal use. In ripping off Kuwait they also violated the selectively enforced Foreign Agents Registration Act—selectively enforced because the ADL, to name one group, has never been prosecuted for failing to register.

#

PARASITE CORNER: **Meyer Blinder**, convicted in Las Vegas of taking investors to the cleaners in a penny stock caper, was jailed after he warned the prosecutor, "I'm going to kill you." . . . One of America's fastest-talking, fastest-stealing Jews is "**Crazy Eddie**" **Antar**, whose chain of electronic stores folded after Antar decamped to Israel with some \$60 million. Tracked down in a luxury condo in a Tel Aviv suburb, Eddie was arrested by the Israelis and is due to be extradited to the U.S. But who knows? Jews, especially the Israeli variety, have a habit of protecting their own.

Michael Milken, arguably the biggest swindler in the history of Jewry, got 10 years for racketeering and securities fraud. By snitching on some fellow Jewish insiders and junk bonders, he managed to get his sentence reduced to 33 months and 26 days by female Judge Kimba Wood, who just happens to have a Jewish husband. This means he will be eligible for parole in March of next year. Milken paid \$1.15 billion in fines and restitution, but he will still be able to keep a whopping \$125 million, plus a couple of other hundred million he has squirreled away in family trusts. A lot of Americans would be willing to go to jail for two years if they could come out with \$125 million. A lot of Americans have served 10 to 20 years in jail for stealing a tiny fraction of what Milken stole.

Asian political loyalties in Santa Clara County (CA): Chinese, 38.8% Republican, 32% Democrat, 26.6% declined to answer, 2.6% other parties; Vietnamese, 57.9%, 19.1%, 18.9%, 4.2%; Japanese, 31.4%, 53.5%, 13.4%, 1.7%; Filipino, 28.3%, 57.3%, 12%, 2.4%; Korean, 39.1%, 39%, 19.6%, 2.3%. If the above figures are representative of the voting habits of all Asian Americans. It's evident that Asian minorities don't vote en bloc as do certain other population groups.

The annual U.S. medical bill is now running at \$817 billion.

Blacks buy 50% of all movie tickets, according to black columnist Barbara Reynolds.

21 of the 28 millionaires in the Senate are members of the Democratic Party, which adamantly keeps calling the Republican Party the party of the rich.

TFR (Total Fertility Rate), the number of children a woman will bear in her fertile years, is down to 1.9 in the industrial nations. In the LDC (Lesser Developed Countries), the TFR is 3.8, down from 6.1 in 1960-65.

Tuberculosis, once practically eliminated in the West, now claims 26,000 cases a year in the U.S.; 50,000 in Western Europe. The dangerous rise in TB is another "gift" from the immigrants of the "developing nations," which account for 98% of the 3 million TB-related deaths each year.

Treating the law against minority set-asides most cavalierly, Mayor David Dinkins has enacted a new program that guar-

antees 20% of New York City contracts to blacks, Hispanics, Asians, Indians and women. The Forward, a Jewish newspaper, headlined: "Dinkins Slighting Jewish Business."

The U.S. came in 5th in a recently released World Competitiveness Report. Japan was 1st, Germany 2nd, Switzerland 3rd, Denmark 4th.

Blacks, 12% of the U.S. population, comprise 21% of the military. Cuts in the Defense Dept. budget are expected to reduce black ranks by 80,000 in the next 3 years, including some of the 34 black generals and admirals.

A Home Box Office poll alleges 88% of blacks are unhappy about the ways things are going in the U.S.

In a typical congressional election, only 35% of the potential electorate votes. In the 1984 presidential race, 68% of eligible voters registered and only 53% voted.

Spotlight reports (July 13, 1992): "Since 1982 pro-Israel PACs have invested \$21.4 million in House and Senate campaigns to give aid to Israel—more than any other lobby on Capitol Hill. In the past 10 years the 59 members of the House Appropriations Committee have received an average of \$25,000 each and the top 23 members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee have received an average of \$86,401 each. But it's paid off. During these same years Congress has voted Israel \$40 billion. That's a return of \$2,000 for every dollar invested."

In 1951-80 more than a 10th of Jamaica's population migrated to the U.S. In 1980-90 nearly another 10th arrived.

Minorities are now the majority in 51 of the 200 cities with populations of more than 100,000.

In the Gulf War the U.S. Army deployed 305,000 troops, 26,000 of them women. During the war 31 sex crimes were committed, largely by male GIs against female GIs. An additional two sexual assaults against American troops were charged up to our friends, the Saudis.

In his new book, *Future Wars*, Col. Trevor Dupuy, a military prophet of sorts, writes that 10 wars will break out in the next 3 years: a 6th Arab-Israeli conflict; a

4th war between India and Pakistan; a Russian civil war; an Angola-South Africa conflict; an Iranian attack on Iraq; another Korean war; a Nicaraguan invasion of Honduras; a Romanian-Hungarian flareup; a joint Libyan and Sudanese attack on Egypt; a Chinese-Russian fight over Mongolia. All told, Dupuy predicts 1,136,215 casualties. The U.S., he guesses, will be entangled in the Korean and Central American wars and will suffer 3,420 casualties.

In a 24-hour period beginning Thursday night, July 13, gunfire killed 15 New Yorkers.

Forbes magazine (July 20, 1992) lists the 25 richest individuals or families in the world. 14 are Americans, 2 Japanese, 1 Korean, 4 Germans, 1 Swede, 2 Canadians and 1 Brit. 3 of the Americans are Jewish. The Brit is vaguely Jewish. No Arab sheiks appeared on the list.

It cost \$38,000 to treat a U.S. AIDS patient for 1 year; \$400 in black Africa. AIDS spending worldwide for 1992 may reach \$3.5 billion for treatment; \$1.4 billion for prevention; \$1.7 billion for research.

41 million Americans, age 18 and over, remain unmarried, compared to 21 million in 1970.

The U.S. had 5.7 million farms in 1900; only 2 million in 1988.

Although Latin crooner Julio Iglesias boasts of "bedding 3,000 women" in 71 countries, he still tests negative for the AIDS virus.

60% of American adults say they are affiliated with a Protestant denomination: Roman Catholic, 26%; Jewish, 2%; Muslim, 0.5%; Orthodox and other Christian, 0.5%; Hindu, Buddhist, Eastern, 0.5%; no religion, 7.5%; no answer, 3%. (City University of New York study)

25,000 Israelis reside in South Florida. Most arrived on student and tourist visas, which they have either allowed to lapse or which they constantly renew. People holding such visas are not allowed to work, though many Israelis do just that. The 25,000 figure does not include illegal Zionists who may outnumber the legals.

When FDR was president, a House member had two personal staffers. Today a representative has 18; a senator, 40.

3 countries (South Korea, Holland, Bangladesh) have population densities of 400/sq. km. or more. In 2050, one-third of humanity is expected to live in such ant heaps.



Canada. Jews feel free to criticize and demean any person, any nation, any race in the world—and boy do they ever! But woe betide those who think that turnabout is fair play and dare to criticize Jews. Take the case of James Keegstra, a onetime schoolteacher in Eckville, Alberta, who occasionally lectured his students on alleged Jewish conspiracies. Jews themselves constantly write about anti-Semitic conspiracies, Marxist-invented plots about greedy capitalists and sundry other shady complots that boggle the imagination. But for mentioning vague Jewish conspiracies, Keegstra was arrested, lost his job, was publicly humiliated, found guilty and fined \$5,000 in a trial that was later declared a mistrial. In July some seven years after his original “crime,” he was fined \$3,000 in a new trial, to the dismay of inquisitorial Chosenites who wanted him jailed.

Not everyone is willing to take such a beating to get in a few critical remarks about Jewry. Fear of the kind of retaliation visited on Keegstra is all-pervasive, which is why Jews have become the Teflon race.

Britain. On the Western scale of occupations lawyers fall somewhere between raggickers and junk bond salesmen. The exception which brilliantly proves the rule was the trio of nervy, valiant Southern lawyers who “invaded” London in early July to participate in a seminar on the subject of revisionism and how best to disseminate the revisionist message.

The meeting place was cleverly selected by the organizers who divulged its location to no one. Those desiring to attend the seminar were instructed to proceed to a rendezvous point where further instructions would be given. Attendance was by invitation only. Tickets had to be purchased in advance.

At the rendezvous the ticket holders were told to go to Great Portsmouth subway station where transportation would be waiting. But when they arrived, they were directed into a building across the street where a hall had been reserved downstairs. The building, belonging to the International Student Association, had a glass door which could only be opened when an attendant pressed a buzzer.

The elaborate precautions were necessary because of much publicized threats by CAFE (Committee Against Fascism in Europe), whose leaders were especially incensed by the announcement that David Irving would be a speaker. CAFE and other related Marxist extremist groups had prom-

ised that the seminar would only take place over their dead bodies. The Jewish Board of Deputies added its two shekels worth with demands that the American attorneys—Sam Dickson, Martin O’Toole and Kirk Lyons—be barred from Britain.

The morning of the seminar Dickson went to David Irving’s house where CAFE had announced it would hold a demonstration. But the protesters got the address wrong and were actually gathered several doors away railing against some hapless owner of another apartment. About 1,000 assorted Jews, Communists, Marxists, IRA supporters and Rastafarians were chanting slogans and carrying placards, some calling for a return to Bolshevism and to the unadulterated proletarianism of Lenin and Trotsky. Since Dickson was not known to the demonstrators, he was able to mingle with the rowdy crowd and pick up samples of the incendiary leaflets and raggedy news sheets. The most amusing agitprop was in the Trotskyite Spartacist Workers’ Hammer, which brimmed over with complaints about how all of the comrades’ good work had been undone in the Soviet Union. “Smash the counterrevolutionary Yeltsin,” was one headline.

About 250 people attended the seminar, where they were treated to speeches by Lyons and Dickson. The *pièce de résistance* was David Irving’s dramatic entrance midway into the proceedings. Irving had been plastered all over the British press following the Sunday Times announcement that he had been hired to translate the *Goebbels Diaries*, recently unearthed in a dusty Russian archive. After the Jewish Board of Deputies orchestrated a smear campaign against the Times, the editors released a mealy-mouthed statement to the effect that Irving had been hired solely because he could read Goebbels’ almost indecipherable scribbblings. Under no condition, Times readers were assured, would he be allowed to interpret(?) the *Diaries*. Unmollified, Jews upped the ante by demanding that Russia close its archives to revisionist scholars and that henceforth only establishment historians be allowed through the door.

London bobbies, quite professional and courteous, assured the safety of the meeting once it was underway. They sealed off the building from the rent-a-mobs which had finally discovered where the gathering was being held. When the session ended, police took charge of what became a quasi-military operation. At a given signal everyone formed into a col-

umn, the elderly men and all women in the center, the young men on the perimeter.

Outside, the police had established a protective corridor from the building to the subway. After a short walk, during which the demonstrators howled with rage when they failed to break through the police lines, everyone was safely ensconced in the sealed-off subway station.

Singing *Britannia Rules the Waves*, the revisionists boarded a waiting train, which took them a couple of stations away where another contingent of police escorted them out of the station, after which they scattered and went their separate ways.

In his speech, Irving revealed that the construction blueprints from Auschwitz were only a couple of doors down the hall from the room where the *Goebbels’ Diaries* were found. Irving also let it be known that local free speech lovers were hurling rocks through the windows of London bookstores stocking his books. He said he was countering this literary sabotage by promising to pay the cost of repairing the shattered glass of any store victimized by the rock throwers.

A lady from Cameroon by the name of Desirée Ntolo built a 25-ft. long mud hut in her garden in Dagenham, East London. The construction job consumed six months and 20 tons of mud. She explained to her horrified British neighbors that she wanted “a cultural home. . . a little African paradise. . . a sanctuary in which to practice [her] brand of the Jewish religion. . . a place to get away from her children” (six at last count, but no father in sight). When the local council gave her seven days to tear down the monstrosity, the New Statesman & Society (the British equivalent of the Village Voice), came to Ms. Ntolo’s defense, saying it saw nothing wrong in having a mud hut in an English garden.

Winston Churchill, the scourge of Nazi Germany, made some very Nazi-like noises when he was Home Secretary in 1910. He informed some colleagues that more than 100,000 “mentally degenerate” Brits should be forcibly sterilized. Otherwise, he was afraid that “the British race” would inevitably go downhill.

During WWII, to foment hatred against Germany, Churchill stormed against Nazi eugenics, while Western liberals, who knew nothing about their hero’s controversial ideas, wildly applauded “good old Winnie.” If these ideas had been known in 1940, Churchill might never have become Prime Minister. But it was not until some 27 years after his death and 55 years after he vented his opinions on breeding a better British race that his words were re-

leased by the Public Records Office. It never ceases to amaze how government officials can get away with leaking stories that destroy their enemies and bottle up for decades information that would destroy their friends.

France. Charles de Gaulle took Khrushchev rowing in a lake in Rambouillet in the course of their famous meeting in 1959. Well out of earshot of the press, the Soviet boss suddenly seized the hands of the French president and gasped, "We're both Whites, you and me." (*De Gaulle: the Ruler* by Jean Lacouture, Norton, N.Y., 1992, p. 390.)

The late Jean-Paul Sartre, the overpraised existentialist philosopher (who stole much of his existentialism from Martin Heidegger), and the late Simone de Beauvoir, the overpraised feminist, may have been world-renowned intellectuals, but in their private lives they did things that would put pigs and other barnyard creatures to shame. Simone was a flaming bisexual with a special yen for American Negro novelist, Nelson Algren, and Claude Lanzmann, Jewish producer-director of *Shoah*, the infinitely long and infinitely boring film about the Holocaust. Sartre, while promising his eternal devotion and loyalty to Simone, bedded women all over France. His favorite mistress was Arlette El Kaim, an Algerian.

With two such rotters as Sartre and de Beauvoir comprising some of the brightest literary lights of the 20th century, it is easy to see why the current wattage of Western civilization is so weak. For a complete roundup of the French duo's animal antics, see *Letters to Sartre* by Simone de Beauvoir (Little, Brown, N.Y., 1992) and *Witness to My Life, the Letters of Jean-Paul Sartre to Simone de Beauvoir*, edited by Simone de Beauvoir (Charles Scribner's Sons, N.Y., 1992).

Holland. *Joods Kapse*, a song on a compact disk, went to #3 on the Dutch Hit Parade and remained there until Jewish organizations managed to have it withdrawn. It was not just about Little Red Riding Hood (*Kapse* in Dutch), but about a little Jewish Red Riding Hood (*Joods* is Dutch for Yids). Even more shocking, the grandmother was described as being filthy rich and having a protruding hooked proboscis that reeked of Jewish-style nostrility.

Germany. The Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, which often reads like a German version of the N.Y. Times, solemnly stated (April 21, 1992) that German reparations (*Wiedergutmachung*) to Jews did not ex-

ceed the sum of 28 billion marks. Two days later the paper confessed it had grossly understated the reparations figure: "Since 1952 much more money was paid out, which means that the total is difficult to determine. It is estimated to be from 70 to 80 billion marks." The mark is currently worth 68¢.

The Hardship Fund of the Conference on Jewish Material Claims against Germany was created to force the German government to make onetime payments to those Jews who lived on the thither side of the Iron Curtain and had been unable to file claims before the 1965 reparations cutoff date. By the end of 1991 the Fund had dispensed 450 million marks to 90,000 claimants in 29 countries. The new wave of immigration from the former Soviet Union has produced 14,000 new claims, most of which German taxpayers will have to settle—or else. The or else means that the country will be flooded with Holocaust reminders, along with new salvos of anti-Semitism.

Reparations to Jews after WWII has become one of the biggest con jobs in history. Consider that in the very years the Jews were bleeding West Germany for what they had allegedly lost to the Nazis, Jews in the Middle East were seizing huge hunks of Palestine without bothering to pay any reparations to the dispossessed Palestinians, who by the end of 1991 had been stripped of 90% of their land.

Poland. An interesting paragraph buried in the middle of a N.Y. Times report from Warsaw on Auschwitz and Birkenau (June 17, 1992) stated: "It was previously thought that four million died at the camps. More recent research has revealed the figure to be closer to 1.5 million." For more than four decades the U.S. "newspaper of record" had stuck religiously to the higher figure.

Russia. Ted Kennedy's marriage to Victoria Reggie, a divorcée with two children, seems to be going fairly well. No Chappaquiddick incidents so far. Eventually there may be some acrid political arguments, as Victoria comes from a Lebanese family, while her new hubby has long supported Israeli armed incursions into Lebanon. Victoria's father, a Democratic hanger-on of Governor Edwin Edwards (LA), has now been acquitted in his first trial for S&L fraud. But there are four more trials to come.

In the interim, the Russian newspaper, *Izvestia*, has published a story that in 1978 Fat Face begged the KGB to go to bat for a company run by his good friend, one-term California Senator John Tunney. Kennedy

made another démarche to the KGB in 1983 when, according to the London Times, he approached Viktor Chebrikov, then KGB chief, and suggested, "In the interests of world peace, it would be useful and timely to take a few extra steps to counteract the militaristic policies of Ronald Reagan." If Kennedy's dealings with the Soviet Union during the cold war were reprehensible, his friend Tunney's connection to David Karr, a Jewish operative with KGB links was scandalous. Not surprisingly, Karr had equally close ties to Senator Alan Cranston and the late Armand Hammer, the hectomillionaire pal of Lenin and a couple of U.S. presidents. Hammer—also no surprise—was recently revealed to have been a Soviet Union courier.

While a stream of Soviet Jews flows west to Western Europe and the U.S. and south to Israel, another stream is flowing eastward back to Russia. Speculators like Marc Rich, the billionaire fugitive from income tax evasion charges in the U.S., has set up a 50-man office in Moscow to trade in oil and aluminum. All kinds of juicy deals are being made between Jewish publishing houses in New York and the KGB. Some Jews are returning with the hope of saving communism by refurbishing the revolutionary ideology of Trotsky, whose tilt towards internationalism was downplayed and criminalized by Stalin, a Georgian who every once in a while displayed signs of Russia firstism.

Martha Phillips, 43, a U.S. citizen, went east with the Jewish flow. Moving to Moscow last year, she immediately started preaching the Trotskyite gospel. Her gory class warfare demagoguery must have rubbed some Russians the wrong way. Having gotten rid of Stalin they probably realized that switching to a Trotskyite dictatorship would be descending from the second lowest to the lowest circle of hell. At any rate, someone broke into Ms. Phillips' apartment in February and strangled and stabbed her to death.

Jews are not at all happy about the way the investigation of the crime was handled by the Moscow police, who originally called it suicide. Betsy Greenberg of Denver, the dead woman's sister, and William Phillips of Toronto, her brother, are certain it was a "political assassination" and have hired a Jewish attorney to uncover the alleged coverup.

If Americans were shocked by the atomic spying of the Rosenbergs and Jonathan Pollard, think how Russians must feel about Major General Vladislav Lobanov, who recently defected to Israel. Lobanov says he is not Jewish, but does have a Jew-



ish wife and a half-Jewish son. For years he was a top-ranking officer in the Soviet Union's ballistic missile program and held the U.S.S.R.'s highest security rating. Another top Soviet defector, who knows all the details of the U.S.S.R.'s biological warfare program and whose name has been kept secret by British Intelligence, is now in Britain.

To prevent further exposure of their military secrets, Russians are being more careful about promoting Jews or people re-

lated to Jews to sensitive jobs. Needless to say, such a policy is riling to Jews and gives their watchdog organizations an excuse to complain about discrimination. One of the Jews' targets is the Russian Academy of Sciences, which, they claim, has been deliberately blackballing Jews and minorities. Of the four candidates recently rejected for membership in the nuclear program of the Academy, three were Jews. The fourth was the recently appointed Russian Minister of Atomic Energy. The

fact is, the academicians are more eager to ban former Communist Party members than to ban Jews. But when the candidate fits both categories, which is all too often the case, it is automatically thumbs down.

To give open and closeted anti-Semites in Russian scientific circles a lesson in Jewish power, American Jews persuaded the U.S. National Academy of Sciences to request the resignation of one of its most prominent foreign associates, Igor Shafarevich, a world-class math whiz. Shafarevich had the audacity to criticize the Teflon race by writing some anti-Jewish articles that might well qualify as hate crimes in some states of the U.S.



Let's Get With(out) It

The Republic and Democratic political conventions are over and done with and won't come around again until next leap year. They used to be hootenannies and fun to watch. Several presidential candidates fought it out on the convention floor, and it often took several roll calls before anyone won. Now it's all cut and dried—a computerized circus with a lot of clowns, but nothing suspenseful or exciting going on in the ring. Even the elephants and donkeys—not to mention the delegates—are papier-mâché. Equally distressing were the hired claquees who yelled their canned phrases so loudly and shook their placards so wildly that the speakers had difficulty uttering their sound bites.

Under the Democratic big tent, Clinton and Gore continued to pretend they were middle-of-the-roaders and most of the Party faithful, if not most Americans, bought it. The traditional Democratic warmongering that helped inveigle the U.S. into two world wars, Korea and Vietnam and whose martial ardor only cooled in the hot Vietnamese jungles bounced back with a vengeance when The Slickster outmongered Bush on armed intervention in the Bosnian conflict. What Bush and Clinton don't seem to know is the Serbian soldier is one tough cookie. Nazis, backed up by the Croats, expended several divisions and a lot of firepower trying to put Tito, a renegade Croat, and his Serbian guerrillas out of business in WWII—to no avail.

Having draft-dodged the war in Nam, Clinton would seem particularly unfit to lead the U.S. into a Balkan bloodbath, should he and Hillary set up house at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. next January. However, as commander-in-chief, with no draft board to face, this time he wouldn't

have to worry. This time he would be sitting out any and all wars in the White House operations room moving pins on maps, while his countrymen once again would be giving their all for the greater good of . . . what?

Instaurationists are hardly likely to vote if they are only offered a choice between two establishment lapdogs eager to roll over on command. If forced into a voting booth at gun point, however, Majority activists should vote for Clinton. A Clinton administration would speed the day of the coming American Ragnarok a little faster than would a Bush administration, what with the high inflation, wide-open borders and permissive attitudes towards crime that are part and parcel of Democratic politics. Since things won't get any better in this country until they get much worse, Clinton could be depended on to move us to the point of no return a few years ahead of Bush of Arabia.

Pat Buchanan made the best speech heard at either convention, putting aside the flowery but empty rhetoric of Mario Cuomo, Jesse Jackson and Barbara Jordan. Pat is obviously positioning himself for the next presidential contest. If the decline of the U.S. continues at its present pace, the country may be ready for him in 1996. It won't be ready for David Duke until the year 2000, if then. It probably won't be ready to unburden itself of the political grandstanding responsible for the conventions and the whole idiotic political system until sometime in the middle of the 21st century, if there's anything left of the country by then.

Isn't it time to become party-poopers in the political sense of the term and dump the kind of government that gives us clowns instead of statesmen? The man

least qualified to lead this or any other country is the man who spends most of his life trying to land the job. Governance demands an entirely different talent than electioneering. Unless ignorance is considered a political virtue, the people least qualified to vote comprise the majority of voters.

Get wise, folks. Your vaunted representative government is obsolete from the bottom up and from inside out. Hard science got us to the moon. The soft sciences are pushing us back to the jungle. Let's snap to it and choose our leaders on the basis of merit not blather. Let's inject hard sciences like physics, chemistry, biology and genetics into statecraft. We are still in the dark ages of politics, and we won't make it to the light until we savvy that democracy is for the birds.

Truthful Trustee Not Terminated

Don Chapman, a trustee of the Chicago suburb of Palos Township, came under fire after he asked and answered the *Gretchen Frage* in his local newspaper column, "Are blacks as smart as white people? No, it's not even a contest. Any aptitude test will show whites far ahead." He went on to observe that the Japanese knew enough about America to build their auto assembly plants in predominantly white parts of the South. In another column, Chapman wrote that an estimated 40% of the members of Congress are homosexuals and that homos "back the black movement 100%."

Though complaints from the local branch of the NAACP were deafening, Charles Richards, owner and publisher of the *Regional News*, which carries Chapman's column, said his paper will continue to carry it. Other town trustees said they cannot force the columnist to resign. "They can ask," Chapman said, but "I'm not going to do it. They're a bunch of Bozos."