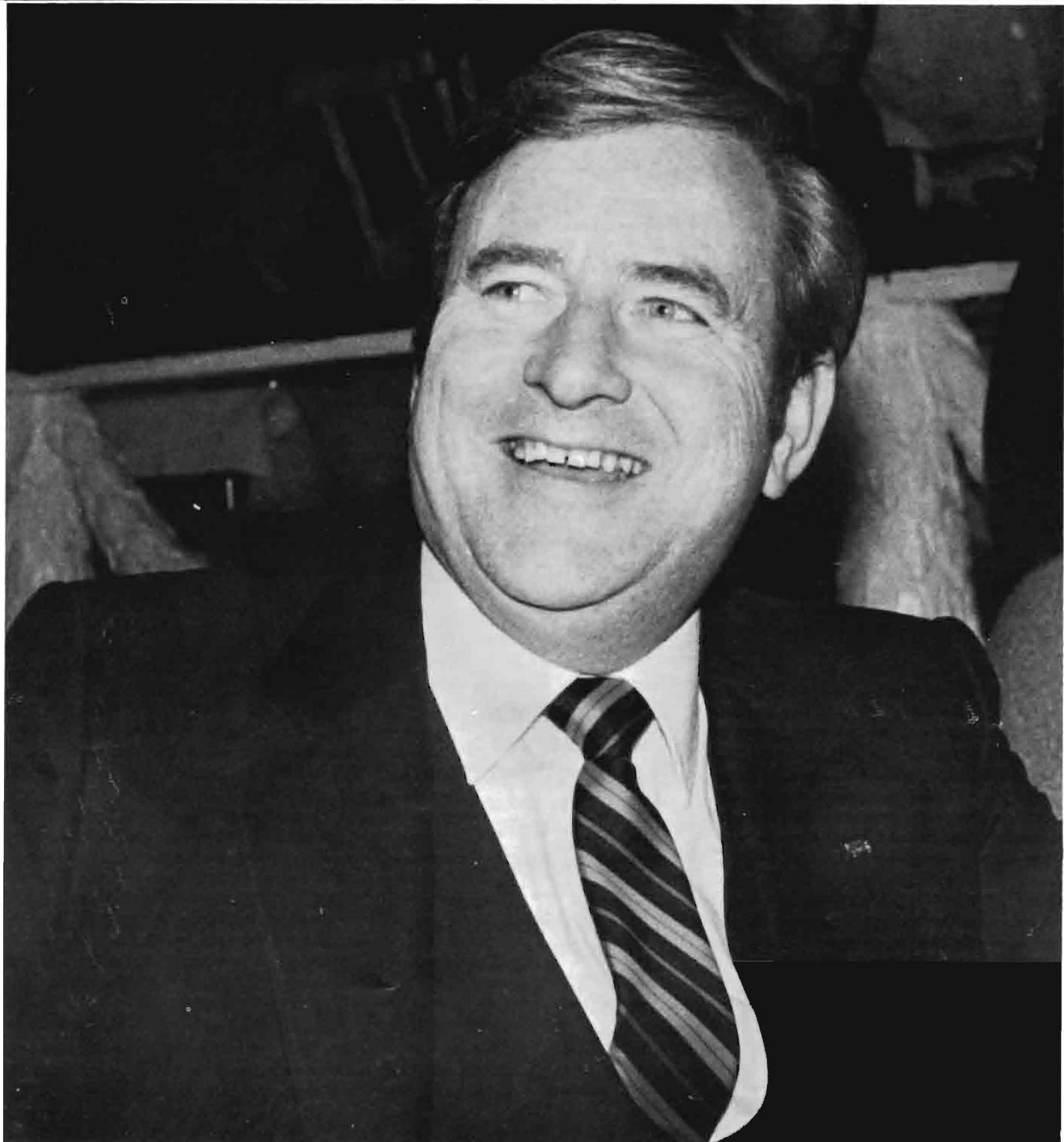


illuc heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

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REV. JERRY FALWELL -- MAJORITY RENEGADE OF THE YEAR

The Safety Valve

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

I recently lost a women's lib secretary, a blonde from East Germany who didn't agree with my political views. Before she quit she said that she and her husband were adopting a child. I asked if it was to be black or Indian. She replied, "No, we specified a white Anglo-Saxon." Female logic!

Canadian subscriber

I tacked up the long anti-Einstein quote (*Instauration*, October 1981) on the bulletin board of the Physics Research Department of the University of Chicago. The clipping stayed up for over two weeks until I took it down. That in itself shows a kind of "sympathy" to the view.

618

In law school recently, I pointed out that judges are often just as political as the lowest wardheeler and constantly play to the galleries, i.e., the media and the politicos upon whom they depend for approbation, future promotions and their "rightful" place in history. I contrasted the effusive praise heaped upon the wildly visceral ramblings of William O. Douglas with the unrelenting hostility accorded the lucid and logical decisions of Rehnquist and Burger. After class my professor said he found my suggestion extremely interesting and pretended not to have thought about it before. But, in fact, he knew exactly what I was driving at and sub silencio was in agreement. I left it there and never pursued the subject. But as Cholly would say, "He knew I knew he knew," and that was enough.

042

Draft whites? They've long been drafted into industry to hold up the blacks.

468

Mitterand is a hyper-opportunist whose only article of faith is that ideas are mere toys to be used to obtain financial success and personal importance. Just as the Roman Catholic Church has dropped its former sympathies for the financial elites and now promotes Third World "liberation" and Western collectivist movements, so Mitterand goes along with the most popular trends of the day. Mitterand is a French barrister and is unable to believe anything. He must win his case, nothing else. To survive, he and his team are dedicated to maintaining a delicate balance between right and wrong.

French subscriber

I recently watched NBC's "Family Reunion," starring Bette Davis as the spinster senior member of a large, old New England family. The injection of a black husband of one of the "nieces" and their mulatto son was entirely gratuitous and unnecessary to the story's plot. This marriage was in addition to the predictable Jewish marriage of another niece, which allowed a perfect fade-out line. The "family" name is Winfield and the husband tells his pregnant wife, "If it's a boy, there's only one thing I ask: just don't call him Winfield." "Why not?" "Because I don't think Winfield Weinberg [or Weinstein or Weinfeld] would go over too well." Davis has plummeted in my estimation. This was every bit as tasteless as Hepburn's appearance in (and her later gall in accepting an Oscar for) "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?"

158

Your Borg-McEnroe piece was fascinating. Some related tidbits: Borg's pulse rate is an amazing 39 (72 is average). His skill has an unusually large mental component -- sheer concentration. Swedes say that he plays with *is i magen* (ice in the gut). The part-aborigine star, Evonne Goolagong, is just the opposite. Her concentration is often so poor that Australians say she "goes walkabout."

John McEnroe, Sr., says, "Bjorn's way [of coping with stress] is more of an aberration than John's." A lot is made over the fact that McEnroe turned down a \$1 million offer to play in South Africa -- but consider the abuse he'd be taking if he dared to accept.

It was only in the 1920s that Wimbledon saw French star Suzanne Lenglen cast off her corset and petticoats; only in 1949 that American star "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran reached for a high ball and the crowd first saw panties; only a decade ago that *Reader's Digest* opined, "The very sight of Wimbledon mellows battle-hardened players, for the grounds of the All England Club have the nostalgic beauty of a child's picture-book garden."

772

The theory of "Supply and Demand" is a valid economic equation. But one which has a somewhat greater cogency to the human condition is "Surprise and Demand."

714

Some years ago, at Ohio State University, the new class was getting the usual alphabetical seatings at the start of an economics course. Glancing to my left I observed the most un-Nordic physiognomy I'd ever had the misfortune to set my eyes upon. He looked like *Instaurations's* recent caricature of Carl Sagan, which rhymes with Begin and Reagan. Well, when this gentleman had filled out the register, he passed it over to me. His name was Richard Smith!

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"For Nordics, It's Pioneer or Perish" (September 1981) was indeed superb. The accompanying painting of the pioneer family really titillated our inherent -- albeit thwarted -- wanderlust. It almost makes one want to hop on the next wagon heading west.

711

You should make Robert Strange McNamara Majority Renegade of the Year. I realize that he does not receive too much media attention, but in terms of ultimate damage he ranks very high. While a member of the Johnson administration, he presided over and largely manipulated our massive failure in the Vietnam war and lied constantly when trying to justify the no-win policy. After LBJ's boys left the lair, they were rewarded with cushy jobs instead of the disgrace and condemnation they deserved. McNamara ended up as president of the World Bank and has engineered huge giveaways of American money to Third Worlders. His goal, conscious or unconscious, was to make America a colony of the world. There is no worse form of renegadism.

800

As a white living near a large minority population (Chicago's South Side), I wish someone would start worrying about my "window of vulnerability!"

606

In recent years I have advocated the following programs to reduce crime: restore the death penalty for murderers, age 15 and over; castrate rapists in exchange for a full pardon; sterilize prison inmates in return for a three-year reduction of sentence; reduce street crime by offering a \$1,000 bonus to welfare recipients who consent to sterilization. "What about murderers under 15?" I am constantly asked. "Do you mean they should be allowed to live?" I try to answer that there must be a cut-off age somewhere, but I am usually told, "No cut-off age. Old enough to kill, old enough to die!" As for castrating rapists, I am told, "Why pardon them if they consent to castration? Why not castrate them and let them serve their sentences? In fact, why ask for their consent?" As for reducing the sentence of prison inmates in return for their sterilization, my correspondents say, "Just sterilize them and let them serve out their full terms." Bonus sterilization for welfare mothers? "No bonus -- do it without their consent."

114

Compared to other Majority publications, *Instauration* is a paragon of versatility and adaptability. Most people, even classic Nordics with an IQ of 190, are hardly more than parrots -- not even automatons, just machines that execute the same behavior patterns no matter what the circumstances.

208

I am a federal bureaucrat and don't know what I'd do if I had to work for a living. It would probably be a terrible experience.

222

I am of old Canadian lineage. Every male in that family tree, including myself, volunteered and served as combat officers in my country's wars. Now my country has been despoiled. The mud people and their sponsors are in charge, and should Canadian security be threatened, I would not raise a finger. Canada for me, at present, is no longer worth fighting for. It is no longer important. It is no longer home. What concerns me now is the entire white race and its instauration. Nothing else matters. Home is not a place, it is a feeling. Only my race is home.

Canadian subscriber

I disagree that a Protestant cannot be a true Irishman. Many Irish Catholics converted to the Protestant faith for one reason or another -- usually for the convenience of being able to keep their land or their business or send their kids to school. It took a real diehard to keep the faith of the pope in the old days. Others felt that the Church was not doing enough to promote Irish nationalism and suspected the bishops were in bed with the English. These people were easily turned from the Holy See, particularly when they could see the heroic nationalistic efforts of such men as Wolfe Tone. Take the case of the Ford family. Coming from Cork, Henry Ford's father was certainly of Irish stock, even though a Protestant. Anyway, Ireland is full of Fords, the majority of whom are R.C.

489

It gets sort of lonely being an Irish nationalist among all those limesuckers who make up the majority of *Instauration* readers.

031

I'm sure *Instaurationists* appreciated the irony of the New York Irish community celebrating its first Annual Solidarity Day by listening to the anti-British speeches of two Jews and an Italian. I'm so moved by all this that I'm tempted to sell my trailer, steal my girlfriend's fur coat and buy a one-way ticket to Iceland or South Africa.

320

Walking through the dilapidated inner cities of the U.S., one cannot help but notice the various specimens of the *geistig minderbemittelten Rassen* (I dare not translate this!) walking around carrying those oversized radios and listening to the horrible music. I wonder if the mudders know that it was "racist" Dr. Shockley, the co-inventor of the transistor, who helped make it all possible?

904

Cholly Bilderberger's article (August 1981) on the absurdity of our situation was absolutely superb.

070

I sho' lubs dat Willie. He sho' be a right-on cat and dat sho' be de fack. His remarks, however, are not prefaced with the usual vulgarities of real-life Negroes. But then, such realism is superfluous.

401

Reagan is the best president of my 30-year lifetime. All the rest were content to let the status quo continue to flow.

623

You all have been a bit rough on John Lennon. Yes, he did marry an Oriental, but so did thousands of racially untuned white GIs who toured Vietnam and other Asian countries. Lennon didn't always have a completely liberalized antiwhite soul. In one interview he actually sympathized with Der Führer, whom he described as having been discriminated against in his younger years for being working class and unwashed. The truth is, Lennon was a very professional, interestingly creative pop musician who inserted some needed intellectualism into the negritudinous, vacuous offerings of the 1950s and early 1960s. But this is not to say he was not a bohemian and a flake.

372

The most I can make of the debates among professed Marxists is that, whatever is said about Marx, no one will ever puncture the pure myth that surrounds him, any more than theologians will demythologize Christ. They all start with the view that Marx is a saint. One can knock down his theories, even suggest that he never had any real theories at all, but the core of Marxism still remains, the religious essence.

111

While a graduate student in New York, I used to have a fatigue nightmare that at some grad gala someone would present me to Leonard Bernstein.

803

One doesn't have to thump a Bible to be a decent law-abiding citizen. In fact, shoddy work, dishonest representations, unkept promises and financial gouging are very often condoned by "fine Christian gentlemen." The phrase, "A man's word is his bond" is unheard of in this society.

338

We have the best representatives money can buy -- from the county courthouse to the U.S. Senate. As W.C. Fields pointed out, you can't cheat an honest man. Our middle-class white society has been far from honest -- and it has been cheated.

482

Whatever it is that Ronald Reagan is trying to do is largely a waste of time. We became convinced years ago that a little bit of cancer (socialism) is not a bad thing, and we could live with it. It has now metastasized throughout the entire system and radical surgery is the only hope. But there is no surgeon in sight. The patient prefers a small dose of aspirin. Although Reagan is a truly likeable political animal, we need a disciplinarian, the last person this society will freely choose. They will get discipline rammed down their throats someday -- after a true holocaust.

228

The Safety Valve

□ The question is: How does a Jew get in our good graces? I often ponder this as I read publications on our side. So, I'm sure, do all fair-minded readers. If the Jews in the Diaspora are awful and Israel is so awful, what's a poor Jew to do? I'm finding that it's easier to get Majority Americans to condemn Israel (which is racist, militant, etc.) than to condemn the Diaspora (which is liberal, antinationalist, etc.). Do we want Israel to go down and all those Jews dumped over here? I'd rather fight the Diaspora and ship them all to Israel! Shouldn't *Instauration* reflect a greater respect for Jews when they seem to be genuine nationalists? That will make us look fair to our own people, which is what concerns me. If we damn the Jew regardless of what he does, we drive people off.

902

□ Ce n'est qu'en août 1979 que j'ai eu l'immense plaisir de découvrir *Instauration* bien que je m'intéresse à la question raciale depuis l'âge de douze ans (j'en ai 29). J'ai beaucoup apprécié vos reportages sur la Nouvelle Droite française et j'ose espérer que vous continuerez à en faire bénéficier vos lecteurs. Permettez-moi de souhaiter à *Instauration* et à vos collaborateurs, longue vie et prospérité.

French-Canadian subscriber

Willie



If music be the foodstamps of love
play on, baby.

□ Libertarianism's stated principle of maximum personal freedom is quite attractive. But it flies in the face of that seemingly entrenched pattern of primate hierarchical behavior which characterizes most human interaction. A good example would be the fervid liberal/environmentalist/equalitarian whose "uniform" consists of, say, a \$200 Irish Fisherman's sweater, a pair of Gucci loafers, faded dungarees and, oh, yes, a dangling Nikon or Hasselblad. But don't get him wrong. He really does believe all people are equal.

407

□ As a "born again" Southerner, there is one thought which rings continually in my mind: The segregationists are vindicated! The segregationists are vindicated!

350

□ The American Majority hasn't rebelled yet because at least it has the satisfaction of being the majority. South African whites don't rebel because, although a minority, they are dominant -- or think they are. American minorities don't rebel, except in little spurts, because the economic benefits of being attached to the Majority outweigh the psychic penalties. But what will keep the American Majority from rebelling totally when it is both physically and economically crippled by its future minority status?

221

□ At Reading University an African student told me that if he dared to speak to a white girl, he would be beaten up. The whites in his hall outnumber the blacks and the latter can do nothing. He repeated three times, "I don't like this country." He was counting the minutes till he could go to America.

British subscriber

□ The problem is that technology is destroying the Nordic, along with various species of birds, animals, plants and insects. Technology has gone the way of basketball, but to Japs and other Orientals instead of to blacks. One of the few things Nordics really enjoy doing is wallowing in self-righteousness. This really is the cornerstone of liberalism. I suggest to you that a movement be built on this, not on the rational but boring issue of mere self-interest.

486

□ Majority members, when stirred from TV or slumber, should build alliances and understandings with members of their own great race. Instead, we extol those who fuel obscure and dangerous divisions such as Ulster vs. IRA, German vs. English, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. Must we destroy ourselves from within? Who are the greatest whites of all times? They would be men and women who wrested things from our enemies -- not from our friends. Isabella of Spain and James K. Polk should be two.

302

□ Pebble Beach, Carmel, Carmel Valley have been discovered by the minorities. The oldtimers formed a protective organization and elected Stanley Worth president. The Monterey Peninsula Herald, purchased by the Block mediocrities, sent a reporter, Peterson, to interview Mr. Worth, who explained, "We don't want another Los Angeles with its Jews, blacks and Mexicans." The words were printed, and the reverse racists screamed like violated virgins. The threats were so abusive Mr. and Mrs. Worth left town. When they returned, Worth ate crow in a "letter to the editor."

939

□ If you think the U.S.A. is absurd, you should live in this Alice-in-Wonderland milieu. We suffer in Vancouver, B.C., a little guy (five foot two, eyes of blue) who toils nightly on radio as an open-line host. This flyweight has a true heavyweight conceit. Positively unctuous with his uniformly inane women callers, pedantic in the extreme, he forever brags on having a thoroughly informed mind through reading and studying all aspects of every question. "It's my job to investigate, you see," says he. The other day a discussion began to develop on the authenticity of the Six Million. A cultured male voice (a rarity on his show) asked our hero if he had read Dr. Arthur Butz's Hoax of the Twentieth Century. "Oh, that guy," sneered the wee man. "No, I haven't and I wouldn't -- he's a German and naturally he'll deny it."

Canadian subscriber

□ Being a veteran, I can see some important arguments on both sides of the draft question, but I think that under the present circumstances the balance of arguments is in favor of a draft. Two arguments might have been added to the editor's reply to the anti-draft article (*Instauration*, October 1981). Once drafted, many capable Majority draftees, who are so desperately needed under the present circumstances, might adapt themselves to military life to such an extent that they would want to stay in military service, if pay and conditions are decent enough. Second, military service might take many young Majority members out of their academic ivory towers and cause them to assess their racial status more realistically. They would thus be converted to militants determined to further the interests of their own people.

961

□ As an intelligent professor once said in class, "When I look at this crowd, I think, 'abortion, where were you when we needed you?'" It strikes me as peculiar and rather paradoxical that the liberal Democrats would be for abortion. Half of them wouldn't be around if abortion had been used over the past 50 years to weed out the depraved, deformed and moronic. If abortion gains wide currency and is financed by the working nonbreeders, where will the Democratic party be 25 years from now?

872

REV. JERRY FALWELL -- MAJORITY RENEGADE OF THE YEAR

It is a painful duty to designate as Majority Renegade of the Year the leader of an organization whose members are the salt of the American earth and whose decency, diligence, prudence and honesty are the life rafts that are keeping the foun- dering American body politic afloat. It is even more painful to so label a man who has had the courage to take a stand against the breakdown of public morality, which most public figures, including most clergymen, either ignore or encourage by their silence. At a time when most of the Western world is rushing headlong into perdition, Jerry Falwell is one of the very few to raise his voice and threaten us with old-fash- ioned hellfire and damnation.

Nevertheless, the pastor of the Thomas Road Baptist Church, Lynchburg, Virginia, the founder and chancellor of Liberty Baptist College, the born-again impresario of the Old-Time Gospel Hour (320 TV stations) and head of Moral Majority, Inc., is, according to the overwhelming vote of *Instauration* readers, Majority Renegade of 1981. A man of the cloth who bemuses and confuses good people is a national menace.

We are all fairly familiar with the good points of Jerry Falwell. They are the points his enemies scream most loudly about -- his refusal to accept as part of the American scheme homosexuality, ERA, drugs, crime, pornography, "secular humanism," and a military second to one. As a result of this *gran rifiuto*, he has drawn the heavy fire of university presidents, Norman Lear, Norman Mailer, Rabbi Alexander Schindler, Patricia Harris, Barry Goldwater, Father Drinan, Frank Church and Lane Kirkland -- a grab bag of invidious characters detested not only by Moral Majorityites, but also by Instaurationists. Who of us does not harbor a sneaking admiration of Nixon because of the enemies he made? We have the same soft spot in our heart for Falwell, who has been subjected to almost as much vituperation as Nixon, and from exactly the same degenerate crowd -- the boys who have transformed America into a septic tank and then scream fascist at anyone who tries to drain and clean it.



Jerry Falwell and friend

The charge that Falwell is going against the American grain by "unseparating" church and state is, of course, the bummiest of bum raps. The anti-Falwell clerics have been much more successful at this particular racket. Father Coughlin was never elected to Congress, but Father Drinan was, and is now head of the not exactly non-political Americans for Democratic Action. The black churches are and have been political from the word go, as Jimmy Carter well knows because his supporters gave money to black preachers to buy their congregations' votes. In the liberal view when white fundamentalists get political, it's mixing church and state. But when black fundamental-

ists and white liberal churchmen do the same thing, they are only exercising their rights as private citizens.

According to ancient and conventional wisdom, we should be friendly towards Falwell because he is the enemy of our enemies. In this particular case, however, the enemy of our enemies is not our friend. Our beef with Falwell is not the same as the one we have against the so-called immoral minority. We fault Falwell for precisely what his enemies are most unmoved about, for the very same "crimes" for which his critics often compliment him. We do, however, agree with his opposition on two points -- abortion and evolution.

We are pro abortion, despite the aesthetic horror of it, because it is one effective way to cut down on nonwhite proliferation, both here and abroad. Unfortunately, a greater proportion of whites in this country practice abortion than blacks. Nevertheless, federal funding of abortions would increase the number of black and Hispanic abortions and thus help to postpone that fateful day when nonwhite America outnumbers white America. If abortion is murder -- as it is in Falwellian semantics -- we might remind him how many murders illegitimate welfare kids are likely to commit when they are old enough to wield a knife. We might also ask him to estimate how many more murders, indeed how many massacres, indeed how many holocausts will take place when whites become a small biological remnant in

this country, something on the order of the Hairy Ainus of Japan. By his gung-ho attack on abortion, Falwell is helping to speed that day.

Jerry Falwell is at his most clownish and Elmer Gantryish when he goes after Darwin and evolution. There are, of course, holes in evolutionary theory, and Darwin would be the first to admit it. But you don't shore up shaky science with the musings of ancient Hebrew mystagogues who thought the moon was the size of an orange and the world was flat. All Falwell accomplishes by his cranky creationism and his crackpot criticisms of Darwin is to turn the best Majority minds against him and keep them locked in the ranks of liberaldom, whose own crackpots and cranks are more subtle and, in spite of their reactionary assaults on genetics and raciology, at least put on the pose of rationality.

If ever the Majority is going to make a comeback, it must come back under the banner of science, reason and good sense, not under a banner with the strange device of Levantine revelations and murky millenarianism. Falwell's morality is seasoned with hypocrisy and cant. We prefer our morality straight.

But what really earned Falwell the dubious title of Majority Renegade of the Year is his manic Semitism. No man is more craven than one who puts another race above his own. Falwell's adoration of all things Jewish, his total physical and mental commitment to world Jewry, his unmitigated praise for and close association with a creature like Begin is enough to make even intelligent Jews gag.

In a recent fund-raising letter, following up an earlier one seeking "Faith Partner Crusaders" and offering "one beautiful 24 karat gold-plated JESUS FIRST pin" as a come-on, Falwell proclaimed he had three reasons to be optimistic about America. This is the one that took up the most space:

America is the only major world power supporting the nation of Israel today. God promised Abraham in Genesis 12:3, "And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curseth thee." God has blessed America because America has blessed the Jew -- His chosen people. Israel also had a legal and historical right to the land of Palestine.

Another emetic Falwell quote:

I believe history supports the premise that God deals with nations as they deal with Israel. I believe that many of the emperors and potentates of the past who dared touch the apple of God's eye have paid for that . . . If we could get Adolf Hitler out of hell for 30 seconds, he'd say, "Amen!" to that . . . I believe the Soviet Union's fatal mistake has not been her belligerence toward the U.S., but her belligerence toward the Jews . . .

On a recent Phil Donahue Show, Falwell, who proudly wears a medal awarded to him by Begin for "distinguished service to the State of Israel and the Jewish people," not only grieved stentorously about the Holocaust, but said every living American bears part of the blame for allowing it to happen.

Falwell congratulated Begin for bombing the Iraqi reactor

and did not mute his adoration for his great and good friend after the Israeli air raid on a civilian quarter of Beirut -- 300 dead, mostly women and children, some of them Christians. Arab Christian ministers, representing Christian Palestinians who have been driven from their homes and have lived most of their lives in refugee camps or under the heel of Israeli occupation forces, have tried to meet with Falwell. He won't see them because he says he has a "pact" with Begin that gives the Israeli prime minister veto power over any meetings with Palestinians or pro-Palestinians. So here we have the head of a Christian church refusing to meet with fellow Christian ministers at the behest of a non-Christian.

Falwell, the paragon of morality, lends his name, his church and his organizational clout to a terrorist mob which has laid waste to large areas of the Middle East and subjected tens of millions of its inhabitants to untold misery and degradation. He is America's foremost non-Jewish booster of the chief mobster, the man who more than anyone else has made Zionism synonymous with international gangsterism and perpetual war. In fact, Zionist power politics has given the Soviet Union a once-in-a-lifetime chance to become the champion of the Arabs, who until the birth of Israel were the most anti-Communist people on earth and are still the most religious people on earth.

In opposing the sale of AWACS to Saudi Arabia, by the way, Falwell actually joined forces with smut peddlers Al Goldstein and Hugh Hefner and such veteran anti-Moral Majority types as Albert Shanker, Sol Chaikin, Nathan Perlmutter of the ADL, Norman Lear and Frank Church in a knock-down, no-holds-barred fight against President Reagan. Once again, loyalty to Israel came before loyalty to his own country.

In times of stability and serenity, a nation like the U.S. can afford religious nuts (God knows, no country, not even India, has had more of them). But in times of crisis, in an era when the country itself is going to the dogs, we can ill afford the ravings of the Billy Grahams, the Oral Roberts and Jerry Falwells, particularly when these holy men are racial renegades to boot.

If you have one ounce of true morality, Rev. Falwell, the people you fight for should be your own. It was a genius of your race who after years of painstaking research came up with the theory of natural selection. It was not a man of your race who came up with the notion that the world was created in six days. The country of which you are a very prosperous and influential citizen was founded and built not by the people of the book, but by the people of Northern Europe. One would hope that if you must be a racist, you would be a racist for, not against your own kind.

Morality, Rev. Falwell? Yours seems to stop at the water's edge. Spend a few days in a Palestinian refugee camp or a Lebanese peasant village. Comfort the sick and the wounded, feed the hungry and the homeless, bury the napalmed women and children. Then come back and tell us more about morality. The experience might do you good. It might even turn you into a Christian.

THE BRIGHT FUTURE OF BLUEGRASS

The commonwealth of Kentucky is known for many things: beautiful women and fast horses (or do I have my adjectives reversed?), burley tobacco, bourbon whiskey, small towns with oddly humorous names, home-made "Colonels" and the Kentucky Derby. But most of all, it is known far and wide as the Bluegrass State for its lush flora. However, the time is not far away, if it is not here already, when the designation Bluegrass State will signify the home of a distinctive style of American music as well as a variety of grass.

Over the last decade or so, Bluegrass has become well known and continues to gain proper recognition as a noun meaning the original country (rural or mountain) music whose roots go back to our Anglo-Saxon founders. Webster's New World Dictionary (1972) correctly defines Bluegrass, with a capital B, as "Southern string-band folk music." The word "folk" connotes tradition and age, though Bluegrass, as we know it today, dates either from 1936 (when the first Victor record of the Monroe Brothers was released), 1946 (when Bill Monroe recorded "Will You Be Lovin' Another Man?" with Earl Scruggs playing banjo) or somewhere in between.

While the precise birthdate of Bluegrass may be a controversial historical datum, there is no question as to who was the father. He was Bill Monroe, whose band was called "The Blue Grass Boys." Bill developed a characteristic tempo and driving style of playing traditional rural or mountain music that set the stage for those who would follow in his footsteps. His style was so distinct it was inevitable it would have a time of its own.

Actually, the term "Bluegrass" did not come into common usage until the 1950s, when country music began its slow but steady transition away from songs whose lyrics dealt with wholesome family doings and the trials and tribu-



Bill Monroe

lations of daily living to themes involving honky-tonk "angels," wives cheating on their loving husbands and similar "Dear Abby" subjects. Bluegrass did not succumb to this trend, unlike the majority of the Grand Ole Opry's performers. As a musical style it became increasingly distinguishable from the more urban-pop sound being promoted by Nashville's Tin Pan Alley moguls.

To the everlasting credit of Bill Monroe, he did not sell his soul to the recording industry when the crossover began, but steadfastly held to the traditional country-mountain music that was his birthright. For his resolute stand, Bill was elevated to quasi-divine status in the hearts of rural southerners. The Father of Bluegrass became the savior of authentic country music.

That musical style which still retains the misnomer "country" is centered in the urban metropolis of Nashville -- capital of Tennessee and a city well on its way to approaching a population of one million. It may be "Music City, U.S.A.," but only in the sense that music is its biggest industry.

It is virtually certain that in the not-too-distant future, the term "country" for Nashville's musical stew will fade into meaninglessness. There are already signs of this trend in a populous Southwest city where the largest "country" radio station has been calling itself the "Home of American Music" for several years. In the same city, a record store recently featured an "American Music Special" sale which consisted entirely of "country" records.

Of course, there is no such thing as "American" music -- unless it be the chanting of Redskins as they dance to the beat of tom-toms. Nevertheless, if Nashville must lie, it would be closer to the truth to call its products "American" than to call them "country."

The Bluegrass Past

In *Country Music, U.S.A.*, Bill C. Malone split country music into five subtypes: Honky-tonk, Western Swing, Country-Pop, Urban Folk and Bluegrass. As of 1981, the only authentic country music being played and sung today is the music of the Bluegrass groups.

The original settlers of the British colonies in North America were predominantly Anglo-Saxons. They brought with them the roots of the music which over the years has been retained only in the musical style called Bluegrass. Most other musical styles in the U.S., with the exception of classical, have undergone a disturbing pattern of Africanization which has provided the thesis for two volumes by critic Henry Pleasants -- *Serious Music* and *All That Jazz* and *The*

Agony of Modern Music.

Perhaps the best indicator as to the future of Bluegrass is its recent past -- specifically the burgeoning Bluegrass festival movement whose growth over the past sixteen years has been nothing short of phenomenal. The first such festival, promoted and masterminded by Carlton Haney, was staged at Fincastle, Virginia, near Roanoke, in 1965. From then on, the word spread fast.

Prior to 1965, Bluegrass music was seldom heard over the radio, and performers were generally booked individually for live concerts. Consequently, audiences would only get to hear a few bands during any one year. With the advent of the festivals, any number of good groups could be seen and heard in one place. If Bluegrass fans are willing to travel, they can be entertained by most of the top groups in just one season. Bluegrass festivals proliferated from an estimated 25 in 1970 to some 550 in 1980 -- the majority being in the eastern half of the U.S., though there is hardly a state without at least one or more. It is estimated that there are between 300 and 400 Bluegrass bands playing today, a large percentage of them operating fulltime.

Since Bluegrass is a much livelier music than so-called "country," to play Bluegrass properly requires much greater instrumental skill. Also, due to the fast pace of many Bluegrass songs, a lead singer has to be really competent to hit every note on the mark and to put the crescendo where it belongs. Compare the vocalizing of Don Williams with that of Bill Monroe. As Alan Lomax described it in an article which appeared in *Esquire* (October, 1959), Bluegrass is "folk music with overdrive."

Another plus for Bluegrass is the ethnic instinct, the desire to congregate and fraternize with one's own kind. Bluegrass is "white" music and strictly Anglo-Saxon. Since the civil rights legislation of the 60s, no one can be barred from public events on the basis of race, color or creed. Despite this open-door policy, few black persons have been observed at Bluegrass functions.

As of 1965, an aficionado of Bluegrass could have stored all Bluegrass albums extant in a one-wall bookcase and probably found room left over for several trophies or other mementoes. Today, a collection of all Bluegrass albums would require a small warehouse.

Prior to 1965, few record labels would risk the recording of any Bluegrass performers other than such top acts as Bill Monroe, Flatt & Scruggs, Jim & Jesse and the Stanley Brothers. Since 1965, literally dozens of labels, new and old, have taken to recording Bluegrass groups.

As just one example of how Bluegrass record sales have been expanding, the Old Homestead label, a relatively new enterprise, increased its gross sales by 30% in 1979 over 1978. Incidentally, this label is managed by a graduate pharmacist named John Morris.

In view of its escalating popularity, it is encouraging that some of the country radio stations which formerly boycotted Bluegrass are now having second thoughts. It wasn't until April 1979, that Dayton's major country radio station, WONE, played Bluegrass. What brought about the change was the attendance of WONE's program director at a Blue-

grass concert staged on March 31, 1979, in Dayton's Memorial Hall. Extremely impressed with the array of talent, he launched a two-hour "Bluegrass Special" on WONE, Sunday nights.

Bluegrass has also broken through the TV barrier. History was made on December 1, 1979, when PBS aired the first nationwide "Bluegrass Spectacular" -- a two-hour show which had been taped a month earlier at the Grand Ole Opry auditorium in Nashville. Tom T. Hall hosted the show, but virtually all other performers were the Real McCoy -- e.g., Grandpa Jones Family Band, Doc Watson, Wilma Lee Cooper and the Clinch Mountain Clan, Buck White and the Down Home Folks, Seldom Scene, Jim and Jesse and the Virginia Boys, Mac Wiseman, Bill Monroe and his son, James. At the end of the telecast Bill Monroe was presented with an honorary Associate of Arts degree in Bluegrass Music by representatives of South Plains College, Levalland, Texas.

The TV program, "Austin City Limits," has featured Bluegrass bands upon occasion, among them Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys. Country music TV specials have at times included Bluegrass performers.

Bluegrass, as of the 80s, is no longer associated exclusively with "hicks," "rednecks" and "hillbillies." The first Bluegrass concert on a college campus was reputedly performed at Antioch College in 1960. Since then Bluegrass groups have been engaged by many colleges and universities from coast to coast. Undergraduates associate Bluegrass with folk music (correctly) and they can't resist the driving tempo.

The metamorphosis of country music, Nashville style, has produced a backlash that has boosted the growth, acceptance and popularity of Bluegrass. Genuine devotees of old-time rural or mountain music have been turned off by the Hollywood-Las Vegas atmosphere of today's Grand Ole Opry and packaged country music shows. They now look to Bluegrass as the last remaining repository of the traditional music passed on from their Anglo-Saxon forebears.

U.S. citizens no longer think of themselves as plain "Americans." Forced integration and equalitarianism have rekindled ethnic consciousness and most U.S. citizens now regard themselves as Anglo Americans, German Americans, Spanish Americans, Afro Americans, Polish Americans, Italian Americans or some other kind of American, depending upon where their ancestors came from. Americans in general have become more concerned about the preservation of their specific cultural traditions and thus more and more Anglo-Saxons are recognizing that Bluegrass most closely reflects their musical heritage.

Bluegrass now possesses an efficient medium of communications in the publication *Bluegrass Unlimited*, whose competent editor is Peter V. Kuykendall, a Bluegrass banjoist once associated with several bands. Founded in 1966 in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., it progressed from a mimeographed newsletter format to the slick multicolored 8½" x 11" magazine of today. Every year in its April issue *Bluegrass Unlimited* publishes all the Bluegrass festivals scheduled for the 12-month period. Every month a personal

appearance calendar is printed and the latest Bluegrass recordings are knowledgably reviewed. All in all, the magazine has markedly spread the tidings of Bluegrass and constitutes a key factor in the music's future.

Not surprisingly, one college now offers a degree in country/Bluegrass music -- the aforementioned South Plains College, Levelland, Texas (enrollment 2,000).

Some years ago, the musicians active in Bluegrass came to the realization that they needed an organization to represent their specific kind of music. The Country Music Association and the Academy of Country Music have no place within their organizations for the adequate representation and fostering of Bluegrass. As a consequence, the Bluegrass Music Association was formed. One day there may be a Bluegrass Hall of Fame.

Not the least of the many indicators that Bluegrass has a bright future is the support it has been receiving from youth. Bob Artis, author of *Bluegrass* (Hawthorne, New York, 1975), tells about the changes he noted in the audiences at the night spots he played in the Pittsburgh area during the late 60s and early 70s. Initially the crowds were predominantly white middle-aged working men and their wives. By 1970 the youngsters and oldsters were roughly equal. By 1972 the young constituted the majority.

Robert Byrd, the minority leader of the U.S. Senate, is by avocation an accomplished fiddler of old-time and Bluegrass music who is frequently invited to appear on nationwide TV programs. He recently said, "You know, Bluegrass is only 35-40 years old and some people are just getting around to finding it. I'm glad to see young people are enjoying the music, for that speaks well for the future."

Were it not for the big buck, Bluegrass would have an assured future. The lure of Mammon is a mighty force in the U.S. -- perhaps the number one motivator. For Bluegrass to avoid becoming mongrelized, its practitioners must adhere tenaciously to the music's fundamental roots. This is not to imply that traditional should be favored over modern-progressive Bluegrass (a dichotomy used by some record sellers). It simply means all Bluegrass instrumentalists and vo-

calists must heed these three admonitions if their music is to maintain its purity.

1. Avoid all wind instruments such as trumpets, trombones, saxophones, clarinets and even mouth organs. Since the close of the Big Band era, wind instruments have become the tools of contemporary tradesmen playing musical styles whose roots are most definitely non-Anglo-Saxon. Whenever possible, acoustical string instruments are to be preferred to electric.

2. Sing the meaningful lyrics of Bluegrass. Do not shout them in a frenzied, raucous manner that no one can understand, identify with or appreciate.

3. Keep the lyrics clean. Bluegrass songs quite naturally will continue to include love themes, but they should religiously avoid equating love with lust. Nashville has converted the philosophy that "All the world needs now is love, love, love" into "All the world needs now is sex, sex, sex." Bluegrass would do well to keep in mind that no one musical group ever made a greater impact upon the U.S. than the Beatles, or, in all probability, ever made more money in a shorter length of time. Yet all they ever wanted to do in the early days of their fame was to hold a girl's hand!

Contrary to the practice of most country bands, Bluegrass has retained the fiddle and the banjo -- the hallmarks of authentic rural or country music. As Alan Lomax puts it, "Bluegrass is the freshest sound in American folk music It is the first clear-cut orchestral form in five hundred years of Anglo-American music."

Bluegrass mirrors, at least for Majority members, the longing to return to a life of manageable simplicity; when life was not a series of confrontations and castigations. Let us hope that this musical form, above all others most representative of the values and concerns that flourished in the early days of our history in the New World, will fight off corrupting influences and continue to win our admiration, respect and support.

TALES OF MOSSAD

Only one peoplehood these days makes a cult out of always being "in charge." Scattered throughout the world, the kith and its kin comprise the largest Regulatory Agency ever invented, taking an orgasmic delight in regulating, controlling, legislating, adjudicating, manipulating, censoring and imposing -- all, of course, for the betterment of mankind, to which they have devoted the sensitivity, compassion and other brilliant abilities with which they have miraculously been gifted far beyond proportion to their number. And what do we, the ungrateful ones, give them in return? Why, instead of elevating them onto pedestals, we are often smitten with a profound jealousy regarding their lofty intellects and righteous ways, and treat them most

abominably -- persecuting them, picking on them, expelling them, and generally being mean to them.

Once in a while, however, some overenthusiastic member of "we're the greatest" lets the cat out of the bag; in this particular case three members: Dennis Eisenberg, Uri Dan and Eli Landau. The cat is their paperback eulogy to Israeli dirty tricks: *The Mossad* (Signet, 1979, 264 pages).

The Mossad is a paean to the Israeli secret service, a worldwide gang of cut-throats that operates with blatant disregard for either the sovereignty of nations or the rights of individuals. With hosannahs to Israel at every turn of the page, this book is truly an eye-opener.

One of the first vignettes is the fairly well-known saga of

how Mossad agents kidnapped Adolf Eichmann from Argentina, brought him to Israel for a show trial, and then hanged him by the neck until he was dead. (The death penalty is outlawed in Israel, except for Holocaust war criminals.) We can get some idea of the objectivity the authors apply to such reportage when they tell us that one of the kidnappers had lost his father in "the gas chambers of Bergen-Belsen," seeming to forget that even the crankiest exterminationists no longer maintain that there were "gas chambers" at any camp in Germany proper.

In a banal aside to the body-snatching caper, the authors turned in a touching description of how the above-mentioned "survivor" wanted to kill Eichmann while in midair. "Only after he had calmed down did the Mossad men allow him to sit across from Eichmann. There he sat, staring at him and weeping silently. After a while he stood up and walked away." Readers might find it somewhat difficult to reconcile this heart-wrenching yarn with the descriptions of cold-blooded murder and maiming which are presented later in the book. The authors give example after example of Mossad assassinations of German scientists and Arab functionaries. All of this is presented with a style that has to be described with a word that fits no other people on the face of the earth: *chutzpah*.

Chutzpah was indeed the order of the day in 1962 when an Israeli boy was kidnapped by some Orthodox Jews of the Neturei Karta sect and raised as a sect member. (This sect believes that Zionism and Israel are blasphemous.) The boy was spirited out of the country to a Neturei Karta community in Brooklyn. Foreign country? No problem. It might as well have been Tel Aviv.

A top priority call came for Attorney General Robert Kennedy. It was Isser Harel, calling from Mossad headquarters. In his heavy accent he spoke briefly and to the point. "My agents are on their way to New York. They have come to take Jossele home. Your cooperation would be appreciated." Kennedy heard a click. The conversation was over



Bobby in front of the King David Hotel, Jerusalem, 1948

Robert Kennedy's mind was made up. He would lodge a protest at Isser's high-handed action in the mildest way possible. In the meantime, the FBI was to cooperate with the Mossad in every way.

Such is the nature of things that an ugly foreign midget (Harel is 4' 6") can brazenly order around one of the most important officers of the "most powerful" country in the world. And such is the nature of publishing, that vainglorious authors can sell these revelations to a somnambulistic general public without a word of outrage.

In one of the lengthiest chapters in the book, a similar but even more outrageous operation is described:

The plan was simple, ruthless and illegal. The Mossad's agents in Egypt would be used to blow up American and British installations in Cairo and Alexandria. These acts of terror would then be blamed on either Communists or extreme Moslem groups, and would create a strong anti-Egyptian sentiment in Washington and London.

With not a word of comment on the morality of this terror, nor any explanation of how come our "gallant little ally in the Middle East" plants murderous bombs at American libraries, the authors' only concern seems to be that, after a few fires had been set, the dirty scheme backfired. Not only were most of the Israeli terrorists caught, but the repercussions in Israel brought about the resignation of Pinchas Lavon, the defense minister. It is passing strange that when a supposed ally is caught red-handed perpetrating terror against our diplomats, the repercussions in the victim country, the U.S., were but ripples on a millpond. Most Americans, including most American Jews, know nothing about the incident. Until recently few knew the truth about the U.S.S. *Liberty*. Today, thanks to a few truthseekers like Jim Taylor and James Ennes, Jr., that skeleton has begun to rattle a little.

Ponderable Quotes

After quoting Eric Hoffer -- "I have a premonition that as things go with Israel so will it go with all of us" -- Jacob Berg of Elmhurst, Illinois, in a letter published in the *Chicago Tribune*, offered his version of the familiar Samson syndrome, a ploy used more and more frequently by Jews to dress up nuclear blackmail:

Perhaps the scriptural story of Samson should be an allegorical lesson and warning that if the world persists in its war against the Jews, and if the Jews are finally destroyed, the temple of mankind itself will also come crashing down.

* * *

The more intelligent people are, the more certain they are to disagree on matters of social principle and policy, and the more acute will be the disagreement.

Frank H. Knight, economist

A GLARING CASE OF ENTRAPMENT

The bulk of the following article was written by John Gerhardt, currently serving a six-year term for various crimes which he says he never committed. He claims to have been framed by two professional informers. Since we know for a fact that there has been a wave of entrapment by federal agents going on, we have a feeling that much, if not all, of what he says is true. However, it is his word against the establishment and we cannot vouch for his story. He does, however, have the right to be heard and Instauration is going to extend him this right. We do wish to point out, however, that Gerhardt violated the cardinal rule of Majority activism. Once the slightest whisper of violence emanates from any member of any right-wing group, that member should be forthwith expelled and shunned forever after like a leper.

In August 1977, George Giannarino, under the direction of Columbus (Ohio) police intelligence and using the alias "George Gregory," joined the American White Nationalist party. Giannarino worked hard for the organization and eventually became a security officer. He constantly volunteered for activities such as literature distributions and proposed and organized various recruitment efforts. He contributed more financially than the average member, using his car and company credit card to drive party officers to meetings out of town. During the time of his infiltration, Giannarino also joined a local Klan group, the Columbus chapter of the National Association for Neighborhood Schools (NANS), various local antibusing groups, the Committee of 10 Million and the American Rifle and Pistol Association (APRA).

Giannarino would only occasionally suggest the commission of illegal acts of violence. His initial method of operation was to propose a specific act, but then not push it when he encountered opposition. Later, he switched to countering a few of the objections, but continued to drop his proposals when they aroused too much criticism.

In December 1977, the AWNP hosted the Third Annual Congress of the White Confederacy in Columbus. John Gerhardt, the leader of the party, acted as congress chairman. Almost two dozen organizations from the U.S., Canada, Europe and Australia were represented. This show of unity from such diverse organizations sent shockwaves through the ranks of our political enemies and resulted in a significant rise in recruitment. Giannarino threw himself into security and other preparations and made himself invaluable in the smooth running of both the Congress and the press conference.

As part of the AWNP's antibusing campaign, party activists assisted antibusing leader Dale Reusch in a petition drive to get on the ballot for the June 1978, Ohio Democratic gubernatorial primary. Reusch came in second and polled

nearly 100,000 votes. During this time Giannarino's involvement in the organization grew. His proposals for violence also gradually increased, with occasional suggestions of vandalizing or bombing buses, especially as summer drew to a close and it appeared that forced busing would be imposed on Columbus that year. But busing was postponed, first from September 1978 to January 1979, and then finally to September 1979.

Meanwhile, the party's leadership formulated and initiated a White Unity Campaign and planned the eventual launching of a White Unity Movement. Interestingly enough, Giannarino was the only officer to speak and think in terms of "coalitions" or mergers of organizations, while John Gerhardt and his brother, Edward, emphasized the unity of whites as whites, regardless of regional, socioeconomic, political, organizational, sectarian or other differences. The White Unity campaign began with a series of meetings in Columbus and attendance was drawn from all over Ohio. Publicity stunt antics were avoided and the media were bypassed entirely. Ironically, only Giannarino objected to this tactic, advocating instead the staging of publicity stunts to attract media attention -- stunts which the media, in their usual manner, would use to misrepresent and discredit the participants.

As the September 1979 scheduled start of forced busing in Columbus neared, there was mounting pressure to "get the Gerhardts." Infiltration of the AWNP was increased. Terry Dillon, using the alias "Terry Dill," joined the party. We did not know at the time that Dillon was a Columbus fireman assigned to the bomb squad. He said he was employed by an electronics company and volunteered to act as a security guard at White Unity meetings. Intensifying his proposals for acts of violence, Giannarino pushed without success a plan to bomb school buses. When busing began, Giannarino attempted unsuccessfully to induce the Gerhardts to phone bomb threats as a "show of protest." Giannarino had Dillon phone bomb threats to several schools and later testified that Ed Gerhardt had made the calls.

What began as a joke eventually became the "conspiracy" for which the Gerhardts were jailed. An empty box with a note reading "bang" was turned by Giannarino into a plot to place a small explosive device in a boiler room of the school attended by a daughter of Federal Judge Robert Duncan, the Negro who had ordered forced busing. Giannarino proposed that the explosive would be detonated at night when the building was empty so that no one would be injured. Dillon would plant the bomb. Whenever meetings were held on other matters, such as preparation for the next

White Unity meeting, Giannarino or Dillon would bring up the so-called bomb plot. Neither of these projects was ever taken seriously. At one time Dillon suggested rigging the bomb to start a fire. The idea was dismissed out of hand and never discussed again. This later became the basis of the state's arson charges.

The morning of October 10, 1979, John and Ed Gerhardt drove to a commercial printer with whom they had done business for several years. There they were arrested by FBI agents, with an officer from Columbus police intelligence present. Simultaneously, FBI agents and Columbus police officers raided the Gerhardts' home, virtually tearing the house apart in a "search for evidence of a conspiracy." The Gerhardt brothers were rushed into a prearranged magistrate's hearing, without benefit of counsel. Bond was set at \$100,000 each. Federal indictments were presented for "conspiracy to violate the civil rights of Negroes; attempted damage of a federally protected institution; and attempted obstruction of a federal court order." Afterward, the Gerhardts were taken to Franklin County jail and confined in separate 6' x 10' isolation cells, where they remained until transferred to a federal prison.

National publicity accompanied the arrests, as tales of a conspiracy to destroy a public school were broadcast on TV and carried nationwide by the wire services. Adverse publicity was most intense in central Ohio and undermined the Gerhardts' defense.

The trial began December 10, 1979, and lasted a week. The prosecution was represented by both the local U.S. attorney and a special one brought in from Cincinnati. Their case was based on the testimony of agents provocateurs Giannarino and Dillon and upon excerpts from transcripts of doctored tapes. At a crucial point in the tapes, which would have proved the defense of entrapment, the recorder "developed mechanical problems," causing a 22-minute gap (the famous gap in the Nixon Watergate tapes was only 18 minutes).

Giannarino was the star witness. He admitted that he was paid \$200 a week by the police, "plus expenses," during the two years he maintained membership in the AWNP under the alias of "George Gregory." During cross examination much of Giannarino's unsavory background was revealed. He had been arrested for grand larceny in 1969, but the charges were mysteriously dropped. A few months later a woman hospital worker was arrested, convicted and imprisoned for stealing drugs. Her defense was entrapment. The informant -- who was Giannarino -- badgered her into committing the thefts with tales of how nonexistent hoodlums from Dayton would kill him if she didn't get him drugs. While working for Columbus police narcotics, Giannarino once even used his own daughter to set up junior high school children in illicit drug deals. He later worked for the BATF, for whom his favorite stunt was to travel to various gun shows, involve people in gun deals and then turn them in.

The second state witness was Terry Dillon, who had his own record of entrapment. He, too, was caught in numerous lies. A fellow fireman testified that shortly after the Gerhardts

were arrested, Dillon pranced around the fire station waving a machine gun and bragging, "Boy, did we set those guys up!"

As the trial concluded, media coverage became gradually more sympathetic to the Gerhardts. The reporters covering the trial saw through the web spun by police intelligence, the FBI and the U.S. attorneys to frame John and Ed Gerhardt and cover Giannarino and Dillon. When the jury announced its verdict, everyone in the courtroom was surprised. Guilty on all three counts!

After the trial the *Columbus Dispatch* conducted a jail-house interview with John Gerhardt. The front page article resulting from it was generally sympathetic. Sentiment in much of the local white community was on the Gerhardts' side. Jealous over being scooped, the *Columbus Citizen Journal* interviewed Giannarino, who complained that he was ostracized by both his neighbors and coworkers at General Motors. The article concluded with Giannarino's rather revealing boast that "the purpose of informants is to prevent the right wing from becoming a strong, unified force."

John and Ed Gerhardt underwent the standard "pre-sentencing investigation" by a federal probation officer. During the interview, they were told that neither of them would be in jail if it weren't for their political involvement. The officer even made a thinly veiled offer of probation instead of imprisonment if they would repudiate their political affiliations and beliefs. The deal was declined.

In February 1980, the Gerhardt brothers were taken to court for sentencing. In his pre-sentencing statement, John Gerhardt said, "The motive for my political involvement is my love for America and this can never be stolen from me." Sentence was then pronounced. Count one (conspiracy to violate the civil rights of Negroes), six years; count two (attempted destruction of a federally protected institution), six years; count three (attempted obstruction of a federal court order), one year. All sentences were to be served concurrently. Ed Gerhardt was next. Sentence the same. In March 1980, U.S. marshals transported John and Ed Gerhardt to the Federal Correctional Institution at Lexington, Kentucky. Their departure from the Franklin County Jail concluded five and a half months spent in isolation.

At the Lexington prison, the Gerhardts were told that it was the new policy for prisoners to go before the parole commission shortly after their arrival. They went before the commission in May 1980. Neither of them had a prior criminal record, and each had a "salient factor" score of parole eligibility of 10 out of 11. Ed Gerhardt went first. Even according to the prosecution's fictional account, his involvement was negligible. Asked if he admitted guilt, he replied that the only guilty ones were the police informants who had concocted the plot. The three-member panel announced its decision, which was described as "non-political," "We recommend that you continue to expiration" of sentence. In other words, no parole, even when eligible. John Gerhardt went before the panel the next day. As with Ed, John, when asked to admit his guilt, replied that the only "conspirators" were the agents provocateurs. John's opposi-

tion to forced busing and his association with other nationalists were examined, as well as his later work for White Unity. The stormy session concluded with one panel member stating, "To release you would diminish the seriousness of the offense; therefore we recommend that you continue to expiration."

Meanwhile, appeals to the federal courts had been made on three grounds: (1) entrapment, (2) failure of the prosecution to fully disclose evidence prior to trial, (3) illegal police conduct (Giammarino's possession and occasional flaunting of illegal weapons, etc.). The third issue was incontestable and not even rebutted. In July 1980, the case was heard by the U.S. 6th Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati. A week later -- record time for a federal appellate court -- the decision was handed down. Conviction upheld.

The appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court was turned down in one sentence: "Motion for certiorari is denied." The Supreme Court, without comment, refused even to hear the case. Then, in what seemed timed for maximum psychological effect, a few days before Christmas 1980, John and Ed Gerhardt received the final decision from the national office of the U.S. Parole Commission -- denial of parole upheld. Motions for reduction of sentence also failed. The only

happy note came in January 1981 when Ohio dropped its trumped-up and virtually unprosecutable "attempted arson" charges.

The last round (to date) in the Gerhardts' battle to regain their freedom was in November 1981, when they went once again before the parole commission (by law federal prisoners are allowed a parole hearing every 18 months). They went with perfect institutional records -- no "incident reports" for violation of rules, no disciplinary problems and "above average" to "outstanding" work reports. By the time of the hearing they had served over two years of their sentences, the minimum one-third required.

John and Ed Gerhardt ask that letters on their behalf be sent to the U.S. Parole Commission, 320 First Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20534. The letters should be polite and brief. Points that can be made include their good institution records and lack of any prior criminal record. It may also be mentioned that there would have been no conspiracy if it hadn't been for the active involvement of paid police informants and that further imprisonment serves no purpose other than vindictiveness. The Gerhardts would also appreciate hearing from people on the outside. Letters should be addressed to: John W. Gerhardt, 60243-061, P.O. Box 2000, Antaeus, Lexington, KY 40511.

A MAJORITY LEXICON

Nationalism. It's all very well to accent nationalism in a homogeneous society because then nationalism is based on race. But nationalism in a multiracial society is based on geography, history, language, assorted institutions -- everything but race. Today, since we are an oppressed people in a country no longer ours, it makes no sense at all for Majority members to be nationalistic. We would simply be supporting a nation that, as far as our interests are concerned, has become a foreign nation. The American nationalist of today is by a perverse twist of history either a knowing or an unknowing internationalist.

Patriotism. A patriot is someone who loves his own country, not someone else's. Since Majority members no longer have a country, how can they be patriots? They will, of course, be asked to be patriots because their patriotism can be used to help prop up a nation which now belongs lock, stock and barrel to the liberal-minority coalition. If they fall for this line, they will not be patriots but patsies. There was a time in America when patriotism was not the last refuge of a scoundrel, but a fundamental requisite of good citizenship. Today, patriotism is the last refuge of those Majority members stupid enough or corrupt enough to play the enemy's game.

Economics. An infant science, economics may eventually produce unimaginable wonders, provided we have the intellectual curiosity and stamina to develop it, as we developed physics and biology. But first we must move beyond capitalism, Marxism, Keynesianism and monetarism, just as

we moved beyond Ptolemaic cosmology and phlogiston. Lowering taxes and making only token spending cuts in a time of declining productivity, rampant inflation and usurious interest rates is sheer imbecility and proves that the current brand of economics is still in the Stone Age, along with those Flintstones who call themselves economists and hover in the hallways of the White House and Congress.

Regulation. A homogeneous population of Northern Europeans can prosper in an economy with minimum regulation. In a multiracial state with growing numbers of non-whites, whose work demands the closest supervision and whose self-reliance quotient is almost zero, regulation is an absolute necessity. The regulations, however, must be designed to promote the good of the state, not the good of the statist. In the present-day U.S., the issue is no longer regulation, but the quality of regulation and the intelligence of the regulators.

Conservatism. Conservatives are almost as tepid as liberals in regard to immigration, affirmative action, minority racism, crime and immorality -- the main elements of disintegration at work in modern America. While our culture and civilization rot away, conservatives worry about free enterprise, an idea whose time has come and gone, and about free trade, in a world where free trade guarantees huge American trade imbalances. Most of all, conservatives worry about defending the U.S. against Russia and communism. To defend a country and a civilization, we must have a country and a civilization to defend. The American Majority

no longer has either. If conservatives were really concerned about the U.S., they would strive to give the country back to the American Majority, whose members would then have a reason to defend it.

Capitalism. Capitalism is only possible where there are large numbers of Northern Europeans present. In a multiracial society like the contemporary U.S., productivity falls in direct proportion to the increase in numbers of non-Northern Europeans. To promote capitalism while the self-reliant, industrious, innovative sector of the population is dying out or being reduced to second-class status is to sow seeds in the sand.

Religion. In homogeneous societies, church and state, at least in the moments of high culture, have been one, even if the symbiosis is covert instead of overt. Like it or not, America was greatest when America was Protestant. In multiracial states religion becomes as fragmented as the population. Then religion is not only separated from the state, but is turned against the state and actively promotes race and class warfare by its appeal to the large reservoirs of envy in the minds of the also rans. There are times when religion is a constructive force and times when it is a destructive force. There is nothing on the religious horizon today that offers even a ray of hope to the dispossessed Majority.

Abortion. We must support any means that will defuse the nonwhite and dark-white population bomb, both in the Western and Eastern Hemispheres. State-subsidized abortions are one way of lowering high minority birthrates. We are heading for a world of 25 billion nonwhites and a few million Northern Europeans. Any move to stop this trend, to avoid the possibility of our physical extinction, transcends the moral semantics of the Right to Life movement. Everything is fair in love and war -- and in resistance to genocide.

The Law. A primary purpose of law in liberal- and minority-dominated societies is to silence the opposition, enshrine liberal dogma and remove minority racism from the realm of objective criticism. Civil rights, human rights and all the other rights in a multiracial society are simply weapons to disarm the Majority. Since the Constitution is now being used against us, we must not allow it to hamstring us. We must honor the laws of the land -- the alternative is anarchy -- but we must not forget that our enemies are using these laws to quota-ize us into a race of subservient drones.

The Military. Allowing the ranks of the army, navy and air force to be filled with minority members is a standing invitation to an anti-Majority military coup, perhaps an eventual massacre. Only the draft will restore a proper racial balance to the military.

Tom Thumb Politics. We must be political in that we must join, join, join any political group or organization where we have the opportunity to convert Majority members to a program of racial politics. Most of the rank-and-file of the

Republican party is instinctively on our side, although there is also a strong vein of Majority race consciousness in the blue-collar voters of the Democratic party, north and south. The leadership of both parties, of course, is anti-Majority, but the Republican leadership is more approachable, because it has fewer minority members in the party hierarchy. Street organizations, single-issue parties and premature activism are all just a waste of time. Our salvation will come either from the capture of a major party or from the emergence of a dynamic third party. But we must remember that in America effective third parties never start from scratch. They only arise by splitting off from a major party. The romantic notion of a third party emerging like a bolt from the blue and taking over the government serves no other purpose than to warm the frustrated hearts of would-be Führers.

Activism. That we are against a lot of frantic politicking at the present time does not mean we are cowardly or have given up. It only means that first things must come first. Nothing consequential can be done in this country, at least from the Majority standpoint, until a sufficient number of Majority members have been taught to see the light, and to see the light clearly. There is one and only one top Majority priority at the present time -- education. Only when myriads of good American minds really understand what is happening will there be an appreciable movement to stop and reverse the Majority's dispossession. Only then will every political candidate in a preponderantly Majority district realize he is being watched. Only then will politicians finally become aware of a solid Majority voting bloc.

Isolationism. We are isolationists today because we must devote all our thoughts and energies to domestic issues. If we don't, the Majority's defeat will be final, and the U.S. will become a Third World nation. A resurgent Majority America, however, would be both regional and continent-spanning: regional in regard to helping to bring out the best in every variety of Northern European culture -- in Scotland, Western Canada, Flanders, Bavaria, Appalachia, the Deep South, wherever -- while a worldwide movement would be organized to defend the race as a whole. As for the expansionist virtues and vices of Northern Europeans, which have led to the glorious opening up of vast continents and to the shameful spectacle of massive racial miscegenation, let them be transferred from earth to space. Let the Faustian spirit soar more than ever, but this time let it aim at infinity, which is getting closer every day and which is beckoning ever more invitingly to the great race that first brushed the edges of it.

Ponderable Quote

I know one [an Oriental Jew from Israel] who went to the university here and gained his master's degree in statistics. I asked him what he was doing in America. In Israel, he said, I am called a black and here I'm called a white.

Dr. Jonathan Mann
Hadassah Dental Center

A QUEBEC INSTAURATIONIST SETS US STRAIGHT

Of all the articles written about Quebec and French Canadians I've read so far in the world press -- many, if not most, replete with misconceptions, inaccuracies, half-truths and often outright lies -- I'm afraid the article on Canada which appeared in *Instauration* (May 1981) was one of the worst.

First of all, French Canadians are not a shade or two darker than the American norm (as mentioned in the otherwise excellent *The Dispossessed Majority*). As a matter of fact, it is exactly the other way around. Well over 75% of French Canadians originated from Brittany and Normandy, with the remainder from other close-by northwestern provinces. The preponderance of Norman surnames among French Canadians is overwhelming, proving that Quebecers and Maritimers are far and away the purest, most racially homogeneous populations in North America. Quebec, for example, has had nearly 200 years of unyielding isolationism and xenophobia. Having worked and traveled all over the U.S. and Canada, nowhere have I encountered the racial homogeneity that exists in Quebec and Maritimes. To all those Doubting Thomases out there, I say come and tour Quebec during your vacation next summer and compare what you see with what you left behind. You'll understand what I mean.

As for our conservative Mayor Drapeau's faults, and they are legion, including the Olympic games fiasco in Montreal in 1976, he still towers over Toronto's "progressive," neo-Marxist Mayor Sewell. Drapeau was elected on a "clean up the city" platform and that's exactly what he did. Montreal has nothing like Toronto's Yonge Street, Vancouver's Gastown, Los Angeles's Santa Monica Boulevard or any other of the hundred cancerous "battle zones" eating away at the core of North American cities.

Concerning *Instauration's* snide remarks about French Canadian "pocho talk," I would like to know if speech in the American South is considered pocho talk? How about cockney, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Flemish, Afrikaans, or Australian? How can one be ashamed of his accent without being ashamed of his people? Let me quote from the *Southern National Newsletter* (Summer 1979), "Mississippians must learn an alien New York dialect to address other Mississippians over the radio." Unfortunately, I've seen this happen only too often, not only between Frenchmen and French Canadians, but between Englishmen and Rhodesians and Australians (the Aussies and Kiwis seemed to resent this particularly). How often have we met the Southerner who has "lost his accent" and now sounds more Yankee than Teddy Kennedy, the Bavarian who can't or won't speak anything but Hochdeutsch, the Ulster Irishman with the overly pronounced Eton accent. Pierre St. Germain, general manager of the foreign news bureau of *La Presse* (Montreal's

biggest French language daily) and an avowed Marxist and separatist, speaks nothing but Parisian "argot" and smokes nothing but the unsmokable French "Gitanes." And wouldn't you know it, Monsieur St. Germain just happens to be living in Montreal's most exclusive and overwhelmingly Jewish and Anglo-Saxon *quartier chic*. In the most extreme cases we have the French Canadian who won't speak anything but English, the Fleming who won't answer unless spoken to in French, the Ukrainian who will only talk in Russian to his fellow Ukrainian, Valentin Moroz, the noted dissident. How would Instaurationists feel if a broadly accented French Canadian addressed them in mimicked Oxford English because he didn't consider North American English sufficiently cultivated?

Let us now consider the "traditional separatist attitudes of the French Canadians." People of the American South, Flemings, Ukrainians, Bavarians, Bretons, Irish, Afrikaners and French Canadians are the products of closed agrarian societies. They are deeply religious, fiercely conservative, steeped in their history and represent the antithesis of the industrial, secular, business-oriented and pluralist societies that have traditionally dominated them -- Yankees over Southerners, Walloons over Flemings, Russians over Ukrainians, Prussians over Bavarians, French over Bretons and English over Irish, Afrikaners and French Canadians. To this day signposts still greet visitors to Bavaria with "Freie Staat Bayern." It is in this perspective that French Canadian separatism must be viewed. But the catch in Quebec is that the Parti Québécois is not a nationalist party in the true sense of the word, but a leftist "social democratic" party like the Scottish National party. Its leaders have clashed repeatedly with the federal New Democratic party over admission to the Socialist International. They maintain regular contacts with the French Socialist party and exulted over its recent victory at the polls. So much for the P.Q.'s nationalism. Needless to say, the Party enjoys the overwhelming support of the media, particularly the government-run, taxpayer-funded, French-speaking network of the CBC. Naturally, as anywhere else, the young Quebecers are the most brainwashed of all. Although, as even separatists themselves will readily admit, there never were any great acts of repression, injustices have been committed against French Canadians, such as the unilateral and completely arbitrary decision made by Ottawa and London in 1925 to give Labrador to Newfoundland, which wasn't even a Canadian province until 1949. That decision has never been recognized by French Canada. A mere glance at the map will demonstrate that Labrador should never belong to any province but Quebec. Consequently, contemporary proposals to further

reduce Quebec's territory are not only sheer political lunacy but also the surest way to turn every Quebecer into an undying separatist. How would Ontarians feel if Ottawa and London decided to give part of northern Ontario to Quebec or Manitoba on some pretext or other without even bothering to acknowledge their indignant protests? Paradoxically, the advent of the P.Q. as a major political force in the province has aroused such hatred, animosity, resentment and deep divisions that French Canadians have become, at least for the time being, the most fanatical separatist haters in Canada. Many have gotten to the point where they can't even bear to look at our provincial flag anymore, even though it was adopted in 1948 by arch conservative Premier Duplessis and his National Union, long before the very concept of separation ever came into being. Today, the situation in French Canada is not totally unlike that of Spain before the civil war. But if there ever is a civil war in Canada, it will not be between English and French Canadians, but between pro- and anti-separatist French Canadians. Since French Canadians, like the Dutch, the Scandinavians or the Swiss are "not noted for attempting to dominate the thoughts or politics of others," as was so rightly pointed out in *The Dispossessed Majority*, the chances of a civil war are extremely remote, as both founding peoples, in true Canadian fashion, are too even-tempered and dispassionate for such *debordelements*.

Here it might be noted that communism was introduced in Quebec by English Canadians and the eternal Chosen and was opposed by such means as the famous "Padlock Law," which forbade Communists and Jehovah's Witnesses to hold meetings at home. I don't think even the so-called "excesses" of McCarthyism ever went that far. And that was years before the maverick senator from Wisconsin hit the headlines. On the other hand, the Canadian Nazi party was founded and led by French Canadians and had the bulk of its supporters in Quebec. Its leader, Adrian Arcand, was once called, "the Eagle of the North" in a feature article in *Life*. All of which goes to show that leftism is alien to Quebec. The Liberal National Democratic party was never able to elect one single M.P. in this province and were it not for its pseudonationalism, the P.Q. wouldn't have fared any better. In spite of its victories, the people nevertheless remain aware of the Marxist tendencies of the P.Q., a fact which has been causing much party infighting between the nationalists who came over mostly from the National Union (formerly the Quebec Conservative party) and the progressives. Finally, the P.Q., in order to win the support of Quebec's electorate, had to abandon the separatist theme and solemnly pledge that it was solely interested in defeating "the inept and corrupt government of the liberals" and that within a year of the election a referendum would be held on the independence issue. As it turned out, the Party procrastinated until the very last year of its four-year mandate, as the slogan engineering changed from separation to independence to sovereignty to sovereignty-association. It is currently back to "renewed federalism." Here is the latest P.Q. platform, as put in the form of a question on the voting ballot:

The government of Quebec has made public its proposal to negotiate a new agreement with the rest of Canada based on the equality of nations; this agreement would enable Quebec to acquire the exclusive power to make its laws, administer its taxes and establish relations abroad -- in other words, sovereignty -- and at the same time, to maintain with Canada an economic association, including a common currency; no change in political status resulting from these negotiations will be effected without approval by the people through another referendum; on these terms, do you give the government of Quebec the mandate to negotiate the proposed agreement between Quebec and Canada?

The P.Q. leaders promised it would be a clear, short, simple, unambiguous and concise question easily understandable by all! It turned out to be a mere mandate to negotiate and the promise of yet another referendum, supposedly the real thing this time, to be held some time in the future. As a popular joke had it at the time: "The answer we already know. Now it's the question we have to find." And still it was too much for the majority of Quebecers to swallow as the final result was 60-40 against "sovereignty-association" or rather the mandate to negotiate it. Contrast this with the overwhelming "Ja" to the question asked in the 1938 Austrian plebiscite: "Bist Du mit der am 13 März 1938 vollzogenen Wiedervereinigung Österreichs mit dem Deutschen Reich einverstanden und stimmst Du für die Liste unseres Führers Adolf Hitler?" (Do you agree with the reunification of Austria to the German Reich that took place March 13, 1938, and do you vote for the list of candidates of our Führer Adolf Hitler?)

Perhaps one day in the not-too-distant future a Greater America may come into being under the aegis of some racial movement, and both Canadians and Americans will at long last be one people and one nation united under one leader. In the final analysis, and even though it was reelected to power last April, the P.Q. is ultimately doomed to oblivion as it has lost its *raison d'être*. Separatism is now a dead issue and will remain irrevocably so, as world tensions, political, economic and otherwise continue to increase, thereby making people more and more aware of the inherent vulnerability of going it alone in a planet run by power blocs.

Americanism

French Canadians have traditionally been more pro-American than English Canadians. The roster includes: Calixa Lavallée, the composer of "O Canada," who served in the Union armies during the Civil War; Mario Beaulieu, ex-minister of finance from 1966 to 1970 in the National Union government, who campaigned on a "let's make Quebec a U.S. state" platform; René Levecque, the head of the P.Q. and an outspoken philo-American when he was a reporter attached to the U.S. Army during World War II; the former editor-in-chief of *Le Journal de Québec*, fervent proponent of Canada's annexation to the U.S., who wrote, "Nous sommes des Américains de langue française, nous partageons la même culture, les Etats-Unis c'est chez nous." (We're French-speaking Americans, we share the same cul-

ture, to us the United States is home.)

Throughout their history French Canadians have never felt anything but indifference, to put it mildly, towards the British Crown and towards France as well, due to the latter's poor opinion of its former "few acres of snow." For such reasons it is not difficult to see why the orphaned French Canadians would rather be Americans than Canadians. All that prevented French Canadians from joining the newly formed United States in the late 18th and early 19th century was Britain's armed might and the opposition of the Church, which had the most to lose from British retaliation, should the venture fail. (Most of the nobility and upper bourgeoisie had gone back to France after the end of the Seven Years' War in 1763.)

The case of English Canadians is more ambivalent, as their part of Canada became a Loyalist haven against American republicanism. Although many Canadians may still feel some attachment to the Queen, to the great majority such royalist attitudes are today little more than folkloric. In the late 60s, which heralded the New Left and a wave of ultraliberalism, anti-Americanism became the new fad and its impact has been heavy and sharp. As a consequence, since we can't morally be viewed by others and by ourselves as Americans, differences had to be emphasized and in some cases invented. Hence Canada's strange new language. Schedule has transformed into she-dule in a consumately idiotic attempt by our broadcasters to be "more Canadian," as puzzled Americans living close to the border have discovered when tuning in to Canadian TV stations. Actually, there is nothing more comical to a French Canadian than watching our valiant broadcasters stolidly attempting to out-schedule and out-leftenant one another on national televi-

sion. I'm sure it must be just as funny for English Canadians watching French Canadian broadcasters striving to out-Parisian one another in their effort to speak *le français international*. Perhaps the most ludicrous attempt to Britishize our English appeared in the recent book, *Go-Boy* by ex-inmate Roger Caron, where "tire" was spelled "tyre." This may be somewhat natural to populations with a basically British accent -- Australians and New Zealanders, for example -- but coming out of the mouths of North Americans it sounds downright ridiculous.

In the Greater America of tomorrow, in which Puerto Rico will have been traded for Greenland, the Anglo-Saxon element and the Celtic element in Quebec as the founders, colonizers and single most important ethnic entities, will again be the people upon whom the state will be modeled. And they, together with the other Nordic and Alpine elements, will comprise the totality of the American population. The United Kingdom, pace John Tyndall, although it will always enjoy special cultural and racial links with North America, Australia and New Zealand, is nevertheless irremediably tied to Europe -- geographically, economically and militarily. Britain, by virtue of size and numbers, will always be second to America, not in terms of culture (rather the other way around), but in terms of economic and military might. Facts are facts and there is no denying them.

In conclusion, and coming back to the subject at hand, I wish to reiterate in the most forceful manner possible that without the overwhelming support of the leftist-liberal coalition and its media stooges, there would be no separation problem in Quebec. All in all, it makes me wish *Instauration* had a Quebec equivalent of its "Ould Sod" column.

Museum of Hate

David McCalden, who recently resigned as the boss of the Institute for Historical Review, now puts out a monthly newsletter. The first issue contains, among other interesting items, an account of his visit to the Simon Wiesenthal Center for Holocaust Studies in Los Angeles. What follows is a cut and slightly edited version of David's pilgrimage to the Lair of the Weasel.

My first surprise on approaching the Center was in the form of one Mel Mermelstein, who just happened to be walking out as I was walking up. He was with a teenage girl, presumably his daughter. Not wishing to cause the poor man any "mental anguish," I refrained from introducing myself.

A sign on the door requires that all male visitors wear a yarmulka out of respect for the six million. A bin of yarmulkas by the door reminds me of those photographs of piles of shoes and eyeglasses from Auschwitz (Or was it Lublin? Or was it Birkenau?). I have seen the same pictures with

various captions -- photographs which prove that the original wearers of said shoes/eyeglasses were gassed, burned or disappeared without leaving so much as a smidgen of ash or bone for forensic scientists to examine.

I enter yarmulkaless. Fourteen years of Presbyterian aversion to idolatry and icons have left their mark. I wait for some Orthodox rabbi in a long black coat, black hat and "dread locks" to challenge me. Fortunately, there is no rabbi, and I have free access to roam about the displays. Everything seems pretty standard. There are the usual photos of deportations and camp liberations; a large wall map showing all the camp sites; some oil paintings by survivors. It's all so slick that a professional exhibition company must have been engaged to lay on the display. The photos and captions are quite artsy, some hanging in midair like merchandise descriptions in a department store showcase. The lighting is subdued.

I pick up a phone and listen to a tape of

Himmler's rambling speech at Posen on October 4, 1943. An interpreter is superimposed to translate it into English. The speech abounds in phrases like "extermination of the Jews," but I couldn't make head nor tail of it.

Over now to a display case in the middle of the room. Besides a few camp artifacts such as stamps, passports, IDs, the case contains a most incongruous object: a tattered lampshade which appears to be made out of parchment with ink etchings of rural, bucolic scenes. Could this be . . . ? I had always been under the impression that the "lampshade" and "soap" allegations were Soviet canards.

Curiously, the lampshade appears to have been added to the showcase after the professional exhibition people had done their best -- or worst. It just doesn't fit in with the other aesthetically arranged objets d'art. While all the other items have a permanent description plate, the lampshade has a plain typed slogan on a pressure-sen-

sitive label. It reads: "The Nazis even made lampshades out of human life itself." Does this mean that the lampshade is really made out of human skin?

A junior rabbi in a three-piece suit who is hovering nearby explains it is a replica. If it had been genuine, it would have had to have been buried with the recitation of the Kaddish, the prayer for the Jewish dead. No, he couldn't tell where it came from.

Over to the last elaborate display -- a scale model of Birkenau. No labels of any kind. A phone is supposed to provide an

audio guided tour around the model. Unfortunately, the phone is out of order.

Ambling back towards the main doors I stop to look at a video tape running simultaneously on four TV sets. It features various war criminals still running loose in America and the Patagonian jungles, a shock-gasp-horror interview with Tom Metzger, and some "documented" outbreaks of anti-Semitic graffiti.

On the way out I peek into the library. It's a tiny room and the books are mostly Judaica. There are only a few shelves devoted to

"Holocaust Studies."

Leaving the subterranean world of the Exterminationists, I step out into the smoggy haze of a Los Angeles Sunday afternoon. The acidic air out here tastes better than the Hassidic air down there -- and there isn't a religious artifact in sight!

Information about David McCalden's newsletter can be obtained by writing him at P.O. Box 84576, Los Angeles, CA 90073.

The Real Chosen



Real Jews



Jewish drawing of Jews

Jewish chauvinists believe their people were chosen by an unknowable being called Yahweh. Nordic chauvinists believe their people were chosen by the very knowable process of nature. If the illustrations here are any indication, nature is a lot choosier. They suggest that even some of the most Jewish of Jews must occasionally doubt their chosenness. The photo appeared on the cover of an Orthodox Jewish educational publication. The drawing was on the page immediately following.

When Nordacists begin idealizing their youth as racial Levantines, we'll admit we're licked. But we are no closer to that day than we were in 1900. The difference today is that

while mainstream "Western" culture still gives its physical laurels to Nordics, it reserves the mental and moral ones for Jews and other off-whites -- all the while denying or falsifying the relations between human mind and matter. In that respect, we have made a 180-degree turn from 1900 and all of preceding Western history -- right back to the obscurantist spot where the declining Roman Empire found itself.

If the boys in the photograph looked like the children in the drawing, we wonder how enthusiastic they would be for the ideas of their bearded mentor. Apropos of the body-mind question, an old song went, ". . . you can't have one without the other."

Two Breeds of Irish

Every Saint Patrick's Day, everybody -- but everybody -- wants to be Irish. Irish Americans seem to comprise this country's second "most favored nation." The green beer flows in the pubs, and areas of New York and San Francisco are fenced off to allow revellers to dance in the streets.

Quite a few Hibernophiles seek to warp American history by fabricating the contribution made by early Irish immigrants. Who hasn't read that "five signers of the Declaration of Independence" were born in Ireland, and "five more had Irish parents or grandparents"? Who has read that these five signers were all of Ulster-Scots (Scotch-Irish) origin?

One writer informs us that during the Revolutionary War the Pennsylvania Line was "so solidly Hibernian . . . that . . . Lee said it should be called the Irish Line." This appears to be a direct lift and reversal from the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups*, where under the heading "Scotch Irish" was read, "So prominent were the Scotch-Irish in the Pennsylvania Line that General 'Light Horse' Harry Lee called it 'the Line of Ireland.'"

In truth, there were comparatively few Catholic Irish in America during the Revolutionary period, comparatively few to the 2 million Ulster Scots who had emigrated to America mostly during the 17th and 18th centuries. The great Southern Irish migrations did not commence until shortly before the middle of the 19th century when the potato famine swept the land. By the 20th century the Ulster Scots had fully assimilated into mainstream American society, while many Catholic Irish still retain some or much of their Southern Irish culture. At a time when we all need a greater understanding of the conflict in Northern Ireland, perhaps it is time that we acknowledged the great contribution made by the original settlers from the Emerald Isle -- men who were not indigenous Irishmen at all, but Scotch pioneers who had striven for greater opportunities in the northern province of Ulster, just 20 miles by boat from southwest Scotland.

President Theodore Roosevelt wrote in his *History of New York* that:

It is a curious fact that in the Revolutionary War, the Germans and Catholic Irish should have furnished the bulk of the auxiliaries [mercenaries, "wild geese"] to the regular English soldiers; but the most ardent Americans of all were the Presbyterian Irish settlers and their descendants.

Even George Washington himself paid tribute to these hardy gunslingers at a time when the War of Independence was in the balance:

If defeated everywhere else, I will make my last stand for liberty among the Scotch-Irish of my native Virginia.

William McKinley, 25th president and himself of Ulster descent, made this pronouncement:

They were the first to proclaim for freedom in these United States; even before Lexington the Scotch-Irish blood had been shed for American freedom.

In this 1893 speech McKinley was referring to the Alamance River in North Carolina (or what was to become North Carolina) on May 14, 1771. Another Carolinian event involving Ulster Scots was the Mecklenburg Resolution of Independence, which helped to precipitate the historic manifesto in Philadelphia in July 1776. Five Ulster-Scots (not "Irishmen") signed the Declaration of Independence: Thomas McKean, Edward Rutledge, James Smith, George Taylor and Matthew Thornton.

The Secretary of the Congress was an Ulsterman, Charles Thomson from Maghera, County Londonderry. The Declaration of Independence was printed by Ulsterman John Dunlap, a native of Strabane, County Tyrone. He is also remembered as the founder of America's oldest daily newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Packet*.

Eleven Presidents had definite Ulster origins: Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Grant, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, James Monroe, Harry S. Truman and Dwight Eisenhower may also have had some Scotch-Irish chromosomes.

Other Ulstermen in American history include:

Davy Crockett, frontiersman
Stonewall Jackson, general
Sam Houston, president of Texas
Horace Greeley, founder of the *New York Tribune*
Robert R. McCormick, proprietor of the *Chicago Tribune*
Harold Wallace Ross, founder of the *New Yorker*
Edgar Allan Poe, poet
Samuel Morse, inventor of Morse code
Robert Fulton, pioneer of the steamboat
Cyrus McCormick, inventor of the reaping machine

William H. McGuffey, compiler of school readers

One of the most successful Ulster emigrants was Thomas W. Mellon (1813-1908), who came to the United States at the age of 5. After a career in law, he founded the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh, which today is one of the most important financial consortiums in the country. The Mellons have financed an Ulster-American Folk Park, centered on their ancestral cottage Near Omagh, County Tyrone. The park is divided into two parts. The first is Ulster-as-it-was, complete with thatched cottages, farm buildings and weaving looms. Crossing a lane, one finds oneself in frontier Pennsylvania, where reconstructed dwellings show the Ulster style apparent in early American architecture.

Many of today's pioneer historical revisionists are of Ulster or Scottish origins. David McCalden ("Lewis Brandon"), the first director of the Institute for Historical Review, is an Ulsterman. Professor Robert Faurisson's mother was Scottish, and he attributes his cantankerous devotion to the truth to his Scots blood. John Bennett, Australia's leading anti-Holocauster, is 100% Scottish. Professor James Martin, if not America's greatest living historian, at least the most honest and fearless, is descended from Ulster-Scots Canadians.

Unfortunately, most Ulster Americans have, like the rest of the Majority, decided to take the course of least resistance in the face of the liberal onslaught, many of whose leading onsliders are Irish Catholics like the Kennedys, Tip(sy) O'Neill, Paddy Moynihan and William F. Buckley, Jr. (yes, Buckley is a dyed-in-the-wool liberal on the race issue, *the issue*). The great Scotch-Irish migrations of the 1700s are so long ago that some of the millions of Ulster Americans walking around today don't even know where Ulster is. To correct this sorry situation, one activist has founded the Ulster-American Heritage Foundation. If any readers would like to find out more about this new organization, they may write to P.O. Box 1271, Torrance, CA 90505.

Ponderable Quote

I promised, but I never promised to keep my promise.

Levi Eshkol
former Israeli Prime Minister

Cultural Catacombs

Death of a Religion

Cynthia Pearl Maus is a member of the Disciples of Christ church, whose 800-page book, *Christ and the Fine Arts*, is a classic source for depictions of a Nordic Jesus. The 1938 and 1959 editions make him look like a Viking in robes. We have not seen the 1977 edition, but we fear that Harper and Row may have "persuaded" the compiler to add a supplement showing her hero through Third World eyes.

Maus justifies her lovely collection in the following terms [from the 1959 edition]: Pictures "present to the eye what it would take much longer to tell the ear." "Psychologists tell us that sense impressions received through sight are of a higher order than those received through any other sense. Thus we say, 'In one ear and out the other,' but we never say, 'In one eye and out the other.'" The language of the painter and sculptor is "universal," as is the love of beauty. "[Religious people] see that to present truth in the form of beauty is not a hindrance but a help to the truth." The "function of art is to render visible the Divine." "The artist's picture interprets for one the inward spiritual meaning behind [the] facts."

Maus wrote these things in a bygone era. In 1959 the Sunday schools across America which used her book were full of tow-headed children, almost all of whom attended 100% white schools on weekdays. Except for Amos 'n' Andy, Rochester, Tonto and Charlie Chan -- stock characters all -- nonwhite faces never appeared on television. In such a world, nothing could be more appropriate than a book packed with positive pictures of a radiant, fair Jesus. It is no wonder that Maus deceived herself on many points.

The reality is that Europeans have always been the preeminent "people of the eye," just as Jews, blacks and others have emphasized the ear, body rhythms and other senses. (See Thorleif Boman's *Hebrew Thought Compared with Greek*.) There is nothing "universal" about the language of white painters and sculptors, as most races have never felt much sympathy for Western-style beauty worship. "Truth" to them has no necessary connection to physical beauty -- indeed, precisely the opposite relationship strikes certain groups as self-evident.

Now that almost every metropolis in the white world is going nonwhite, we can expect to see religious leaders everywhere turning vehemently against Maus and her visions of fleshly perfection. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie, who is head of the worldwide Anglican Commun-

ion, recently spoke before a House of Commons committee examining religious education. Said he: the portrayal of Christ as white or black is an affront to the Christian religion! Had any of his predecessors said the same at an earlier time in British history, they would have been laughed out of the country, or maybe lynched. But Britain has been thoroughly revolutionized in the past generation, not least in its religious thinking.

Runcie should ponder the words of Richard Le Gallienne: "So unnatural have we become that not only have we forgotten our dreams, but we have actually grown ashamed of them." And the warning of Gustav Le Bon: "People rarely survive the death of their gods."

The classical scholar Gilbert Murphy has observed, with many others, that "The elements in Christianity which derive from what Jews called 'the Goym' or 'nations' beyond the pale, seem to be far deeper and more numerous than those which come unchanged from Judaism." In other words, we took our religion from the Levant but recast it in our own image as Euro-Christianity. Now, of course, we have no image -- which is why the archbishop declines to say what is the right way to portray Jesus.

Art Nouveau

When the British burned Washington on August 24, 1814, few major buildings were left standing. One of them was a handsome little townhouse occupied by President James Madison and wife Dolly. It was not until January 1, 1818, that the next president, James Monroe, reopened the White House. The Madisons' presidential residence was demolished less than 20 years ago. The preservationists rallied to its defense, but down it went, like hundreds of other important buildings in the capital.

A dilapidated duplex at 1606 Julian Street in Denver is likely to fare much better. State Senator Dennis Gallagher has pledged his opposition to its scheduled demolition. There is talk of moving the house to a park and making it a city museum. It seems that a 15-year-old girl named Golda Mabowehz (later Meir) lived in the house briefly in 1913.

The next major monument in Washington will honor Roosevelt II and cost at least \$24 million. The long, high concrete walls erected on the Mall will be punctuated with engraved excerpts from FDR's ghost-written speeches. Some people fear it will make a perfect hangout for muggers, rats

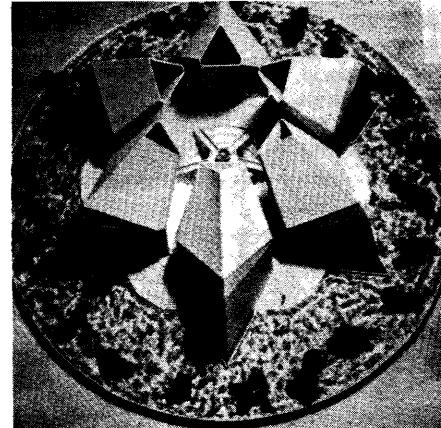
and homosexuals, requiring "a K9 squad of police officers around the clock to keep order."

* * *

Congress has not yet approved the \$30 million-plus plans for a Holocaust memorial. Japanese architect Fumikatsu Inoue sees a need for Holocaust monuments the world over (America already has at least half a dozen big ones). According to the Jewish *Sentinel*, his favored design, entitled "Bud of the Earth,"

comprises six pylons shaped as both the buds of a flower and Jews in prayer, rising from a floor formed in the image of a Star of David. In the center are six staircases leading up to a torch of freedom. The recurring number six represents the six million Jews who perished under the Nazis.

Those innocent-looking "buds" will be packed with mischief: libraries, lecture theaters, archives, audio-visual aids and other facilities designed to maximize guilt and passivity in the millions of white American visitors anticipated each year.



Inoue's Holocaust House

* * *

A seven-foot, three-ton bronze statue of John Lennon, denim-clad and holding a Mao cap, has been unveiled at the Los Angeles City Hall. It will stay there for one year while a "more visible" permanent site is found. At \$65,000, it's a sculptural steal.

Black Pros Push Kin

Hannibal was the great Carthaginian general who died in 183 B.C. Aleksandr Pushkin was the great Russian poet born in 1799. The *Chicago Sun-Times* is one of America's largest newspapers. Betty Washington is one of its quota reporters. Ivan Van Sertima is a black quota professor at Rutgers University. Last July 5, Betty Washington did a feature story on Van Sertima

and his revisionist *Journal of African Civilization*. Her words:

And there are biographical vignettes about historical figures, such as Hannibal, the African general who took troops and elephants over the Alps and who was the grandfather of Russian writer Alexander Pushkin.

Chances are that Van Sertima did not really write that Hannibal was Pushkin's grandfather, or even neglect to edit the blooper out of a contributor's article. Chances are that Betty Washington blundered spectacularly -- but the chances are not all that good. After all, Van Sertima is peddling the brazen bosh that Hannibal was a black man, that Africans have been a pervasive influence in Europe for centuries, even infiltrating the royal families, and that "there is no longer any question that Egyptian civilization" was originally black.

None of this keeps him from publishing at Random House, from winning a "prestigious" literary prize, or even from participating in candidate nomination for the Nobel Prize in Literature from 1976 to 1980. "History," he says, "is a political issue." Jewish polemicists who devote their lives to picking over every minor misstatement and mismeasurement made by white scholars in the past two centuries have had little to say about the blatant black con artists.

Dr. Yosef ben-Jochannan, whose ethnic background is unclear, teaches history and African studies at Cornell University. Last summer, in his keynote address to the awards banquet at the Chicago chapter of the [black] National Technical Association, he stated that Christ and his family were universally depicted as black until the sixteenth century, when a honky named Michaelangelo first rendered them as Caucasians. It seems that no one objected. Ben-Jochannan -- who has also taught at Columbia (the university, not the hair dressers' school), Rutgers and Pace -- went on to say that Western education teaches little about the real development of science and mathematics. Hippocrates, for example, learned his medicine from a bunch of "Africans" ("blacks," by implication).

These men are no anomalies. Howard University, on which more federal funds are bestowed than any other school excepting defense-oriented Johns Hopkins, is packed with professors who assign their students woolly Negrophile tracts which must be read to be believed. At a time when aid to education is being cut, the Reagan administration has exempted only Howard, giving it a budgetary boost. Yet when Vice President Bush spoke at the commencement last June, in a bid for black support, many of the graduates turned their backs on him.

Abandonment

Last April, the California Poll asked state residents several questions about evolution and special creation, including which theory they personally subscribed to. The breakdown, by religion:

	Creation	Evolution
Statewide	49%	39%
Protestant	61	29
Roman Catholic	56	32
Jewish	11	82
Other religion	46	34
No preference/no religion	16	69

As Darwin's kin abandon him, the Genesis writers' kin abandon them.

Dangerous Precedent

The *Los Angeles Times*, in an understatement, called it "a strange legal pronouncement." Actually, the October 9 ruling was unprecedented in eight centuries of Anglo-Saxon common law. Judge Thomas T. Johnson of the Los Angeles County Superior Court, visibly unnerved before a gallery packed with hardhearted Zionists, took "judicial notice" that the gassing of Jews at Auschwitz was a fact "not reasonably subject to debate."

Courts are permitted to take judicial notice of indisputable facts in order to minimize petty time-wasting. Typical rulings have been: the law of gravity exists; the sun rises in the east; the earth is round. Among 400 precedents turned up by one legal researcher, only four involved historical cases, such as, there was indeed a Spanish-American War.

The dangerous difference in Judge Johnson's decision was his awareness of the truly indisputable fact that several books, written by scholars of every conceivable political persuasion, have concluded that the deliberate extermination of Jews known as the Holocaust did not take place, or did not involve mass gassings, or was on a scale much smaller than Six Million. Judge Johnson elected not to read these books. Instead, he declared their veracity to be precisely equivalent to the works of the Flat Earthers.

The ruling came in the ongoing case of Mel Mermelstein versus the Institute for Historical Review. Mermelstein's original demand for \$14 million in damages has been reduced to \$1 million, plus the

\$50,000 he claims is owed him for "proving that the gas chambers existed."

Up to now the conduct and legal strategy of Richard Fusilier, the lawyer for the Institute, would indicate that Mermelstein ought to come out the clear winner. Fusilier actually admitted to the press that he tended to believe Mermelstein's claims about the Holocaust. Can anyone any longer deny the power of Zionism if it can influence defense lawyers to cast doubt on the cases of their own clients?

Hacking Away

"I go with the flow. I'm beautiful, the flow is beautiful, let's get our beauty together." Piri Thomas was speaking at the American Writers Congress in New York last October, convened by Victor Navasky, editor of the reactionary *Nation*, which is trying to return us to the Golden Age of Alger Hiss. More than one observer began "wondering who these people are who pack each room." One quickie poll of ten "writers" found that none had written a book and all had nonliterary jobs. Most of the 3,000 in attendance were "literary hangers-on," most were left-leaning and minorityish. The symbol of the Congress was a clenched fist with protruding pencil.

Navasky warned that serious writers face extinction because Big Government is withholding the funds once available to them. Black racist author Toni Morrison gave the keynote address: "We are all workers. We are already at the barricades. We don't need any more writers as solitary heroes. We need a heroic writers' movement." A pregnant woman in the audience expressed embarrassment at her own mindless creativity amid such dazzling intellect.

The togetherness theme was pervasive. No one present seemed to realize that practically every writer whose works have endured 100 years has stressed that solitude was his midwife. The symposia had titles like "Homophobia in the New York Times" and "Latino Writing." Resolutions were offered opposing U.S. interference in El Salvador and supporting every kind of anti-Majority cause imaginable. A Puerto Rican critic brought comradely greetings from Cuban writers. The big media, which covered the happening, poked gentle fun at it but failed to expose its transparent bogusness.



Inklings

Untouchable Appointees

Reagan is quickly learning that the best and easiest way to fill a controversial post in government is to appoint a Jew. This tends to avoid any protest from senators, since refusal to confirm a Jew in office can easily be equated to anti-Semitism. This may have accounted for the horrendous appointment (at last report refused by the appointee) of Norman Braman, the welcomer of the 130,000 illegal Cubans to Florida, as head of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. It certainly accounts for the naming of Elliott Abrams to be assistant secretary of state for Human Rights and Humanitarian affairs. Dr. Ernest Lefever, it should not be forgotten, was rejected for the post by the Senate after it was shown he happened to be against violations of human rights in Communist as well as right-wing dictatorships. This, of course, is an intolerable idea to liberals. Abrams' appointment will breeze through because he had no such handicaps in his record. Aside from his racial credentials, bolstered by his marriage to Rachel Podhoretz, the daughter of Norman Podhoretz, editor of the warmongering Zionist *Commentary*, Abrams went to Harvard, the London School of Economics and was once a legal aide to Senators Henry Jackson and Patrick Moynihan. With Abrams in charge of human rights, we can be sure Americans will continue to be fed atrocity tales about tortured prisoners in Chile, South Korea, Argentina and Libya, while the new assistant secretary frets and parleys with the honorable delegate from Crimson China.

Forgiving the Unforgivable

Anyone who can cipher (anyone, that is, who does not swear by Reaganomics) knows that you don't end huge deficits by reducing taxes, no matter how much our tricky economy does or doesn't trickle. So when Stockman lay down on the couch and told all to one of those *Washington Post* psychojournalists, only the most dedicated Kemp-Rothers should have been astounded. But as everything is fair (or foul) in the media's anti-Reagan hysteria, the unloading of what must have been long festering in the Stockman subconscious was turned into another seven-day word-processing scandal, sharing equal billing with the Allen affair, in which the National Security Adviser acted as the literary agent for

a Nancy Reagan interview with a Nipponese magazine. (Couldn't a high and mighty bureaucrat like Allen find something more important to do, and, after Watergate, how could he have been so dense as to forget about that cached grand?)

The Stockman blowup was just one more indicator of the gone-foreverness in America of that once-prized character trait known as loyalty. Stockman should have been fired out of hand for betraying his chief. Remember to what circle of hell Dante assigned Judas, Brutus and Cassius, those other distinguished recreants?

But Reagan, in the approved degenerate political style of the aging 20th century, did nothing. Ronnie the not-so-bonnie stuck by the man who wouldn't stick by him, thereby encouraging future defections. In the old days any political animal worth his salt put the highest premium on loyalty and punished treachery by ostracizing the sinner right out of the machine. In the new days treachery -- in politics, business, even in love -- is run of the mill and dismissed as a slip of the tongue or the result of a few extra vodkas on the rocks.

When the boss refuses to act against his betrayer, the latter's crime soon fades and the former's indecisiveness become the real crime.

Nuts, Snitchers And Patsies

The frustrations and fantasies of Majority activists are the golden opportunities of the snitch artists and perverts who ply their trade for the FBI, CIA and that most reprehensible American copy of the KGB -- the unspeakable BATF.

Of all the pie-in-the-sky ventures cooked up these days in the minds of the ultraleft and the ultraright, the Dominican caper was just about the most asinine. Sundry Ku Kluxers, a Jewish mobster, a homosexual and a couple of professional informers were in a plot to invade the West Indian island of Dominica, with the purpose of overthrowing one black government and replacing it with another black government, which would presumably allow the invaders to set up a sort of white racist state within a state in the biggest and blackest of the Leeward Islands.

The leader and organizer of the group was Michael Perdue, a faggot who just happened to be in cahoots with a Canadian broadcasting station from the very conception of the plot, feeding the station information at every step of the way. Perdue, of course, was the state's star witness in the trials of the men and women whom

he lured into his spidery, conspiratorial web. The ten most active plotters were arrested by federal agents in New Orleans just as they were about to sail off for Dominica.

Two of those accused of financing the abortive derring-do, James White of Louisiana and L.E. Matthews of Mississippi, were arrested, charged with almost unimaginable crimes by the federal government and the media, and then promptly acquitted by a federal jury. Michael Perdue had simply hoodwinked them into putting up money for what he described as the purchase of antiques. One other person who allegedly contributed some cash to the zany project did not get off so easily. He was J.W. Kirkpatrick, a decent, right-wing Memphis lawyer. Media scurrility was too much for him. As sensational headlines appeared all over the country, Kirkpatrick was found dead in his car on a deserted country road. The coroner said it was suicide. If he had fought it through like Matthews and White, he would probably have been acquitted and the American Majority would not have lost one of its fightingest champions.

Two of the Canadian plotters were given three-year sentences. One of them was Marian McGuire, a nurse who slashed her wrists after being convicted. In her case, alert guards prevented the suicide.

No news has been received about any trial or punishment for the Jewish Canadian "crime figure" connected with the expedition. And, of course, Michael Perdue, the Judas in charge, has been let go scot-free. It makes one wish that there were ghosts and that J.W. Kirkpatrick could come back from the dead and haunt this loathsome creature till justice was done.

Unfortunately, however, there seems to be as little justice in the hereafter as there is in the here.

Doggy Nomenclature

Man's best friend used to be called Fido, Snoopy or Rover. But a recent survey of 325 dogs at the San Diego County animal shelter turned up a lot more monikers like Killer, Dillinger, Bruiser, Bandit and Brandy. If people would not slight all the little messages they receive from day to day, they could hardly fail to recognize the overall trend of life in America.

United in Misery

A 21-spear salute to the recently founded National Black Independent Political Party, which rejects our entire political system. The grass-roots movement maintains

that "American institutions are not capable of responding to blacks." This is a 13% truth, the other 87% being that our institutions are no longer capable of responding to anyone. Let us not, in our misery, deny that blacks -- with their crumbling family structure, soaring drug addiction and other ailments -- are miserable, too.

Whites require an all-white, relatively open system. Blacks need an all-black, authoritarian system. We both need separation, and should work together for it.

Race Versus Class

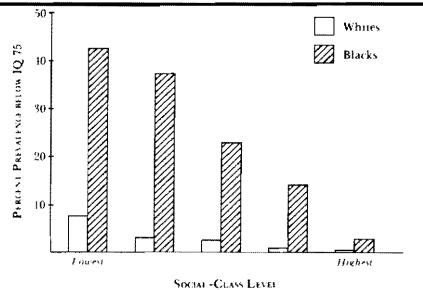


Figure 2. Prevalence of children below IQ 75 as a function of social class.

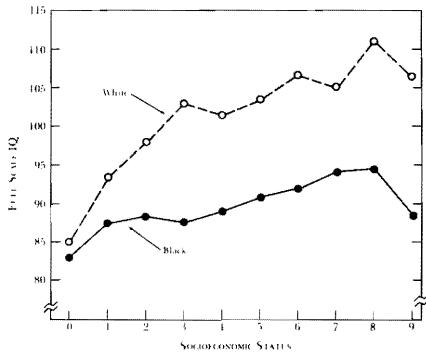


Figure 3. Average Full Scale IQ on the Wechsler Intelligence Scale for Children (Revised), for random samples of white ($N = 622$) and black ($N = 622$) California schoolchildren in ten socioeconomic categories.

The two figures above appear in Arthur Jensen's outstanding new introduction to the intelligence controversy, *Straight Talk About Mental Tests* (The Free Press, 866 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, 269 + xiv pp., hardcover, \$12.95). The text is much more accessible than Jensen's previous technical books, and so is the price. Those lacking confidence in their grasp of the IQ debate will be reassured by this layman's guide.

A great deal of space is devoted to racial intelligence differences. In Figure 8 above, note that the children of even the best paid and best educated classes of blacks are scarcely as bright as white children from the very worst backgrounds. Figure 2 shows the distressing proportion of black children from each social level who score below 75 on the IQ scale. In his text, Jensen explains what such scores imply:

Few jobs in a modern industrial society can be entrusted to persons below IQ 70 without making special allowances for their mental disability, such as by greatly simplifying the requirements of the job to bring it within their capability. Also, adults with an IQ below 75 can seldom manage their own affairs; they often need assistance from their families or from social agencies. The armed services find it necessary to exclude most men and women who score below an equivalent of about IQ 75 or 80 on the Armed Forces Qualification Test.

Most blacks are in the two lowest class levels shown in Figure 2, and about 40% of their children cannot hold a real job even today -- when we stand on the threshold of massive automation.

All Hail The Invaders

You and I keep 57% of Puerto Ricans on food stamps. We also give their island the ultimate tax break: 100% exemption from federal and state taxes on all investments. This is Reagan's supply-side economics with a vengeance -- only in this case it wins support from liberal Democrats as well as conservative Republicans. Still, when the UN General Assembly discusses the status of Puerto Rico later this year, the islanders' allegations of "discriminatory treatment" by Uncle Sam are expected to reach a fevered pitch.

It is indeed discriminatory that Puerto Rico's per capita income is thrice that of the Dominican Republic, and ten times that of Haiti, the nations which share the sister island of Hispaniola. American largesse makes all that difference -- because we do, in fact, discriminate among bottomless pits.

Ingratitude should be answered with abandonment, but in America things don't work that way. The bigger the bite that Hispanics put on our way of life, the more our vote-greedy leaders grovel. From the Associated Press:

President Reagan had lunch at the White House with Hispanic supporters yesterday [September 16] and said, "If the country were just left to us Anglos, it would be kind of dull."

"I hope that all Americans will reflect on how lucky we are to have such a wonderful people as a part of our country and as a part of ourselves," Reagan said at the event in honor of Hispanic Heritage Week.

He said Hispanic Americans had traditionally been defenders of the basic national virtues.

"During the last two decades when our traditions and values were under attack as never before, Hispanic Americans held firm to their beliefs like a solid rock amidst a stormy sea," Reagan said . . . "Today, all of us are rediscovering all those values, but the Hispanic community never lost them."

These infamous words deserve careful analysis: "Us Anglos" -- their word for us, which we abjectly accept, fearing to use any of our own. "Dull" -- would Reagan concede that Latin America is boring because so few "Anglos" care to live there? As for "the last two decades," they began with far fewer Hispanics in the United States than now. (Indeed, when Reagan was born, Texas was only 3% Hispanic; now its first-grade classes are nearly 40% so.)

Is it not extraordinary for a country's leader to tell a group which is illegally invading it by the millions that they have retained its "traditions and values," even as the long-time residents lose them? If Hispanics are exemplars of those American values which the rest of us must "rediscover," then surely by moving to places like Mexico, where everyone is Hispanic, we can learn a way of life even more American than our own. And, since a majority of Americans, but only about 20% of the virtuous Hispanic Americans, voted for Reagan, one must conclude that the Reagans, and thus Reagan himself, do not quite measure up to the national tradition.

Don't white Americans realize that the murder rates in Mexico, Central America, Colombia and Venezuela are among the highest in the world, often higher than Detroit's or Miami's -- and that the rest of Latino life is pegged on the same level? (The white nation of Spain, incidentally, has one of the world's lowest murder rates.) Why aren't we outraged when our president calls murder, mayhem and food stamps the real American way of life? Have 30 years before the goggle box turned our brains to mush?

Ghetto Pilgrims

The magazine, Cobblestones, widely recommended by school teachers for 7th and 8th graders, contained in its November 1981 issue its regular calendar listing famous dates in history. For November 26, Thanksgiving Day, there was not a word about the Pilgrims, the Mayflower or Plymouth Rock. Instead, the young readers were force-fed this: "Nazis forced 500,000 Jews into the Warsaw ghetto, Poland, 1940."



Cholly Bilderberger



Sutter Lang, the Viking in modern dress, asked me to lunch with him and his cousin, Paul Lang. Since Sutter is barred from all clubs and most well-known restaurants, we ended up at Longchamps.

Paul turned out to be simultaneously affable and steely, a seamless joining of George Plimpton and J. Carter Brown.

"Paul is Uncle Barrington's boy," Sutter said abruptly as we sat down.

"Now grown up," Paul said dryly. He was in his late 30s or very early 40s.

"Grown up or not, still a cousin," Sutter said. "And a highly educated one. Perhaps I should say overeducated. Harvard, Oxford, the Sorbonne. Holds a doctorate in French literature. Don't dismiss him as a bookworm, though. He also enjoys big game hunting and all sorts of sports."

"Thank you, cousin," Paul said, in very good humor. He gave the impression of seeing Sutter as a delectable object on which to practice amused superiority, an unusually tasty figure of fun in a world full of them. I was an unknown quantity, but as a friend of Sutter's I might turn out to be equally succulent.

"He is also the president of something called the Hirschfeld Foundation," Sutter went on remorselessly, "and as such is under the thumb of a gruesome nest of Jews and liberals. Paul is a relative and I'm loyal to blood ties, which means I will not criticize him to outsiders, but between ourselves I have to say that he's a fearful racial turncoat. He will not see what's really going on in the world. He doesn't understand race, thumping the minorities or anything else of importance. He's woefully out of touch with the realities of life."

"Don't you think it's wonderful the way Sutter uses words like 'woefully' with no self-consciousness whatsoever?" Paul asked me with a splendid George Plimpton smile. Cousin Sutter was to be put in his place by ignoring his ravings.

"If such words seem old-fashioned, frozen in time in Victorian novels, you must realize that they're fresh and alive to him," I said.

Paul seemed a bit non-plussed at this remark, and I went on. "After all, Sutter is rather Victorian himself — he told me once that when he was sixteen he read all of Sir Walter Scott's romances one summer and never had — I quote — 'so much pleasure from any other reading.'"

"Before or since," Sutter added, beaming, apparently not at all put out by being dissected in detail.

"So you see," I concluded to Paul, "his speech is not affected, but a true reflection of the way he thinks."

Paul wasn't looking at me by then, but at cousin Sutter. I think he expected Sutter, with his well-deserved reputation for violence at the slightest provocation, to swing on me for calling him, in effect, a Victorian dodo. He didn't understand that Sutter, from long association, never paid any attention to the import of anything I said to others. "I always assume you're on my side no matter what you say," was the way he put it, "so I don't have to work at figuring out what game you're playing."

When Sutter didn't react, Paul looked back to me. Friend or foe? He still wasn't sure.

"Race and the danger of extinction we whites face seem entirely absent from Paul's consciousness," Sutter went on. "Now let's order."

We did so, and Sutter returned to the fray. "I had a reason for asking you to lunch," he said to Paul.

"I assumed you did," Paul said, his self-control entirely restored.

"I have been told you find me an 'embarrassing joke,'" Sutter said.

"Who told you that."

"Never mind. Is it true?"

"Of course it's true," Paul said. "Don't you know you're an embarrassing joke? What else can anyone think about a relative who's constantly embroiled in fights with Jews and blacks, in and out of hospitals, banned from clubs and homes? An embarrassing joke is a very mild way of putting it — you're actually a disgrace."

"I'd rather be a disgrace than an embarrassing joke," Sutter said.

"What difference does it make? Embarrassing joke or disgrace, you're still one of my favorite people."

"That's a frightful phrase," Sutter said. "I'd rather be nothing than anyone's favorite person."

"You're right, it is a frightful phrase. Let's just say that I'm fond of you and leave it at that."

"And nothing I do makes any sense to you?" Sutter asked him.

"You mean all this brawling in the service of some mad racial idealism? Of course not."

"Don't you believe in any racial ideals at all?"

"Don't be absurd. There's no such thing."

Sutter threw up his hands in despair. "What's to become of you? What's to become of the family? What's to become of the country?"

"It's already become. Look around you — it's a shambles."

"Oh, you admit that."

"Naturally I admit it. In deed as well as word. I work for the Hirschfelds, don't I?"

"Don't you find them unattractive?"

"I find them repulsive."

"Then why do you put up with them?"

Paul turned to me. "Sutter simply doesn't understand the thrust of history. It's the day of the Hirschfelds and the rest of the repulsives. It's not going to happen, it has happened. We had our day and it's over. We're dead, kaput, finished. The epitaph is written, and the corpse is interred. Is there any other way to look at it?"

"Sounds right to me," I said.

"It doesn't sound right to me," Sutter said.

"I know it doesn't," Paul said. "That's the secret of your charm. The game is over, and the crowd has left, and the stadium lights are out, and you're still down there on the field playing in the dark all by yourself."

"I still don't see how you can stand the Hirschfelds."

"Well, they're not the only repulsives. Old Edgar Hirschfeld is no more repulsive than Clark Clifford, is he? Or Louis Auchincloss? Or Peter Beard? Or Gore Vidal? Or Tom Watson? Or Peter McCullough? or"

"That's the whole point right there," Sutter said excitedly. "A Hirschfeld is more repulsive than any white. He has to be because he is what he is."

"Not in my book," Paul said. "Actually, old Edgar is rather sweet."

"Sweet?!" Sutter was aghast.

"Yes, sweet. Nice doddering old Jew with hair in his ears. You have him mixed up with young Edgar, who really is a nasty piece of work. Even with a non-Jewish mother. Interesting genetic question there for you racists — how can a half-Jew be more repulsive than a whole Jew?"

"I" Sutter began, and then threw up his hands, pushed back his chair and lumbered off to the men's room. Years of battering had badly weakened his kidneys.

"Dotty or not, he really is one of my favorite people," Paul said. "I assume you're also fond of him."

"Oh, yes," I said.

"I suppose you're a racist, too."

"Yes, but on the right side of the fence. I think Jews are great."

"You're pulling my leg." He gave me a sharp look with a firm J. Carter Brown message: No one pulls Paul Lang's leg.

"I wouldn't dare."

"Secretly, everyone's a racist," he said meditatively. "On the wrong side of the fence. We all hate Jews in our hearts."

"I can't believe that."

Another sharp look. "It's just that no one can afford to say so."

"You stun me."

"I work for the Hirschfelds because there's no place else I can make \$250,000 a year."

"Is that all?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" The remark was abrupt, not really his style.

"You've admitted you've sold out. I think you could have gotten more. Particularly with inflation. I know Jews who'd top that figure for what they call a prime WASP. I don't think you tested the market sufficiently." He permitted himself his version of an intimidating glare. I went on. "As a matter of fact, I even know non-Jews who would go over that figure for someone with your qualifications. I might be able to arrange a transfer back to what Sutter, in his prejudiced but compelling way, would call the land of the living."

He was still working on his version of intimidation — "I think this conversation has gone far enough," his glare was trying to say, and he seemed about to put that rather peevish sentiment into words — when he suddenly came to his senses. Money was money, and a transfer might be very desirable.

"Really?" he asked politely. "I think I'm interested."

Before I could answer, Sutter arrived back in a rush. "What would you do if you saw a black raping your sister?" he shot at Paul, making no effort to hold his voice down.

"I love that question," Paul said. "When someone asked it of Lytton Strachey in 1915 — with 'World War One German soldier' substituted for black — he replied, 'Try to interpose my own body between them.' "

Sutter was completely baffled. "What does that mean?"

"Lytton Strachey was a homosexual," I said.

"But even so, why . . . oh, I see." He turned back to Paul. "Are you one, too?"

"I could say yes just to tease you, but I'll be honest and own up to proper heterosexuality. Sutter, sometimes I wonder if you're not a great tease yourself."

"I don't know what you mean."

"What I mean is very simple. I've always assumed — everyone in the family has always assumed — that you're precisely what you appear to be: a racial lunatic innocent of the world and its ways. But sometimes that innocence is too much to be true, and I suspect you of being a joker."

"I suppose I have a sense of humor," Sutter said diffidently, "but"

"Yes, you prove that by lunching at Longchamps. But I mean more than a sense of humor. I question whether you're serious about anything, even racism."

"I can't imagine where you got such an idea," Sutter growled, touched to the quick. "I am certainly honest about my racism. It's the core of my very being. As to seeming an innocent because of that, remember it's all in the eye of the beholder."

"That's a rather sophisticated thought, cousin."

"You have been seduced by the obvious," Sutter thundered. "You believe all this is real." He waved a hand to include the restaurant, the city beyond — everything. "You have no real conception of history, of what race really means. You are very innocent, in a frivolous way."

"Oh, dear," Paul said.

"I asked you here today because we are of one blood," Sutter said with gravity. "I wanted to come to some sort of understanding with you. I was willing to overlook your connection with the Hirschfelds, your silliness and your hidden bitterness, in order to maintain that blood bond. I would not have asked you to change your position in any way, or compromise yourself — only to have a bond with me. But you are so forgetful of reality that you can only giggle at it. Your so-called sense of humor — really a perverted sardonicism — has turned you into a man possessed by a mad pleasure principle. You are a creature from Dostoyevsky's imagination. You"

"I didn't know he was so literate," Paul said to me.

"Or that he has, on occasion, such Old Testament power?" I asked him.

"That, too," Paul replied. "Young Edgar would call him dynamite."

"From now on, I shall not lift a finger to help you," Sutter said.

"I think even old Edgar would, too," Paul said.

"It's all so sad," Sutter said emphatically, his great voice booming now. "You typify the end of a great people, lost in silliness"

"I am awful," Paul said with satisfaction.

". . . the end of the most epic of racial dreams"

"Neither of the Edgars would like that talk," Paul said. "Nor does this unfashionable mob. People are staring, Sutter."

". . . now to be devoured by the dark hordes"

"Here comes the manager," Paul said.

". . . Armageddon, unspeakable chaos, despair even in Valhalla"

"Please, sir, you must not speak so loudly." The manager, a small, dark, Mediterranean racial medley, spoke softly and timidly to Sutter.

Sutter stopped his lament and said nothing, deeply perplexed as always when admonished by a racial inferior in a polite manner. On the one hand, he couldn't obey an inferior. On the other, he couldn't insult anyone who was genuinely polite. So he held his tongue, but with great effort.

"You look positively purple, cousin," Paul said.

Sutter looked at him in agony, Thor entrapped by pygmies.

"He didn't say you couldn't speak at all," Paul went on. "He was only talking about the decibel count."

"I beg your pardon," Sutter said to the manager in a strangled voice.

"I am very sorry, sir," the manager said. "I didn't mean to upset you. It's just that the other customers complain."

"I understand," Sutter said. "You did the right thing."

"Thank you, sir," the little manager said, and withdrew with a well-executed bow.

Sutter turned wordlessly to his food.

"Well, cousin, I'm proud of you," Paul said. "No overturned tables, no broken heads."

Sutter did not look at him nor reply, but chewed on, wrapped in the impenetrable dignity of the defeated Viking.

"Going back to our conversation," Paul said to me, "could you really find me something else . . . at 250-plus?"

"There wouldn't be any problem," I said.

"Can he really?" Paul asked Sutter. He was as carefree and openly greedy as a schoolboy being offered an unexpected increase in his allowance.

"If he says it's no problem, it isn't," Sutter said with detached finality.

"What sort of position would you suggest?" Paul asked me.

"I was thinking of a friend of mine, an ardent and high-minded racist who wants to be remembered for something more than his millions. He has a project in mind. It's still in the talking stage as far as personnel and final form are concerned, but he's definitely committed to it. You might be just the person to run it."

"But what is it?" Paul asked eagerly.

"An American anti-Semitic anthology. Quotations from all our great men who have felt that way and have not been above saying so — T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Henry Adams, and all the rest of the well-known critics; and then the less well-known — Lincoln, Teddy and Franklin Roosevelt, Melville, Mark Twain, Mencken, you'd be amazed at the material that has already turned up."

"Not at all. As I said, everyone's a secret racist."

"It will require a great deal of organization, authentication, and so on. The introduction alone will be a tremendous job. Then comments, footnotes, and on and on. After all, we're talking about a work of encyclopedic authority. I don't see why you couldn't be the editor."

Paul, obviously, didn't either, but he was still curious about the details. "What do you think?"

"It's a splendid opportunity to make a lot of money and a reputation. To say nothing of striking a blow for anti-Semitism, if you're interested in that sort of thing."

"It would drive the Hirschfelds gaga. What about salary?"

"I'd say at least \$300,000 a year for five years."

"A staff?"

"Ample."

"Proper office space, travel allowances, other perks?"

"No argument whatsoever."

"Autonomy?"

"Complete."

"I'll take it. If it's real, of course."

The years and the humiliations had rolled away and he was stripped of his defensive aggressions. Here was the essential Paul Lang, rather innocent, as Sutter had divined, and certainly very young and eager.

"I think you can count on it," I said.

"Doesn't it depend on this friend of yours?"

"I can speak for him."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

Paul looked questioningly at Sutter, who was studying him impassively, a scrutiny of which Paul was unaware. Sutter nodded imperceptively, and it seemed the final verification for Paul.

"Well, I'm available for an interview as soon as"

"Oh, you can't interview as long as you're working for the Hirschfelds."

"Why not?"

"I told you this man is an ardent racist. I can't propose someone who's working for a Jew."

"But I can't quit the Hirschfelds unless I am certain about this other job."

"I can guarantee you the job — if you quit the Hirschfelds."

"I can't do that on a verbal guarantee alone." He was committed, but the jungle cunning which had kept him alive to date flickered up.

"How about an advance?" I took out my checkbook and wrote him one for \$30,000 and gave it to him. "Ten percent of the first year's salary," I said. "That should do it."

He stared at the check. "Is it good?" he asked Sutter.

"Of course it's good," Sutter said impersonally.

"I suppose I can't cash it unless I'm really going to quit the Hirschfelds," Paul said, still staring at the check.

"Actually, you shouldn't cash it until after you quit," I said. "But you're a man of honor and Sutter's cousin, so I know that if you do cash it you will quit."

He broke out into a radiant, ultra-George Plimpton grin, all doubts vanished, and put the check in his pocket. "I'll do it," he said. "I'll edit this anthology, I don't care how anti-Semitic it is . . . my God, I'll edit 'Little Thoughts from Belsen' . . . I'll edit anything you want, cousin!" he said to Sutter. "I'm on your side now!"

"My boy," Sutter said, and embraced him. Paul was so excited by his good fortune that he did not notice his warrior cousin put his arms around him more in sorrow than in joy.

The rest of the lunch passed quickly. Paul was so full of plans and boyish revenge that Sutter and I weren't called on to do more than listen. "I'm certainly going to give young Edgar an anti-Semitic earful when I leave," Paul said at one point, and Sutter looked at him pityingly.

After lunch, and frenzied farewells from Paul, Sutter and I strolled down Madison Avenue.

"What will you tell him after he's quit and shows up ready to go to work?" Sutter asked me.

"My friend is deceased and the project is shelved indefinitely."

"It's a pity — it sounded quite good, actually. He'll be wild."

"Yes, I know."

"He might assault you."

"I doubt it."

"No, he doesn't have the guts," Sutter said sadly. "But you'll be out thirty thousand."

"If you have money, how better to use it?"

"It will destroy him."

"It was really your decision," I told him. "You had already disowned him. You could have stopped it at any time."

"I know that. Yes, it was my decision to let it happen, because he's better off destroyed than going on the way he is, with that pathetic smirk on his face. Perhaps he won't allow it to destroy him. Perhaps he will become a man. This gives him a chance. That's why I let it happen. I hope I wasn't

wrong."

"You're rarely wrong, Sutter, and you weren't wrong this time."

"I hope not," he repeated. "One is never sure. One can be sure about oneself, but not about other people. They're always a mystery to me. Here's a handy saloon, let's have a drink."

We stood at the bar, and Sutter said, "We must not be sad."

"I'm not."

"No, you're not, but I was. For awhile, anyhow. But that's unworthy. One should always be filled with joy at simply being alive, at being able to eat and drink and fight. Down to the longboats!"

He raised his glass and we drank together. His eyes were alight with vitality. Memories of great thumpings in the past and anticipations of great thumpings in the future shone in his face. The dark New York bar was filled with extremely non-Nordic faces, but that only meant that the enemy was close at hand and available. One did not have to look on distant shores, the battle was joined on one's own land. There was that to be thankful for, and much else.

Obituary

Staten Island contractor Porcofacio Unscrupulata, 62, of 100 Grotto Boulevard, South Beach, died yesterday from injuries received in the collapse of a building he was inspecting prior to sale at public auction.

Born in Monte Narrone, Sicily, Unscrupulata was brought into this country at the age of 11 by his parents, Regurgito and Nauseta Unscrupulata. Prior to his untimely death, Unscrupulata was president of the Negligente Construction Co., which he founded with his late brother, Devio. Before his association with the Negligente Construction Co., Unscrupulata worked for the Profumo Cesspool Cleaning and Catering Corp.

He is survived by his wife, Inconsolata, their sons Retardo, Crazino and Imbecilo; daughters Overia, Fallopia and Clitoria; two sisters, Miss Hysteria Psicosi and Mrs. Mammaria Pendulosa; a brother, Prolifico Fornicato; and 14 grandchildren, all of the 100 Grotto Boulevard address.

Active in community affairs for many years, Unscrupulata was a member of the Sons of Sicily Sharpshooters Society and the Il Duce Theology and Bocci Club, the Insanitaro's Pizza Bowling Team and past president of the South Bronx Pink Flamingo Lawn and Garden Alliance. Until recently, he appeared in local carnivals and nightclubs performing a knife-throwing act with the late Inadverto Castrata.

The Rev. Celibito Infortunato of the St. Bastardo R.C. Church will offer a solemn High Requiem Bingo Game on Wednesday. Interment will be in the Arrivederci Roma Memorial Park. Funeral Arrangements will be handled by the Rigoro-Mortisco Funeral Home and Excavating Co.



Talking Numbers

Today the purchasing power of the average inhabitant of Zaire is only 7% of what it was in 1960, when Belgium was forced to give up the Belgian Congo and the Heart of Darkness began to beat.

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The 1980 U.N. administrative budget was \$1.1 billion, of which the U.S. contributed \$370.9 million. Americans paid an additional \$562.6 million to special U.N. agencies and sundry U.N. boondoggles.

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Billy Graham's "ministry" raked in nearly \$30 million in 1980, a jump of \$10.5 million over 1979. Although his religious business has a net worth of \$25 million, the Reverend gravely announced in August 1981 that he was facing a "financial emergency" and wrote his donors, "We desperately need your daily prayer and the most generous gift you can send"

#

In September, the World Council of Churches handed out \$587,000 to 46 "anti-racist" organizations in 17 countries. SWAPO, the very racist black terrorist group that specializes in killing whites in Southwest Africa, received the largest amount -- \$125,000. Much of this money comes from white, God-fearing, sin-hating American Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and sundry other Christian types who would have to look long and hard in the New Testament to find Holy Writ telling them to shell out their hard-earned money to kill fellow whites.

56 18 10

The 1978 Pontiac prison revolt resulted in the murder of three guards and millions of dollars in damage. The lawyers for 10 black defendants, who were acquitted, have already been given \$750,000 from the public till. They want \$75,000 more.

#

Food, clothes, appliances and the like cost about 25% less in military commissaries and post exchanges than they do in supermarkets and department stores. The privilege is supposed to be reserved for uniformed personnel on active duty, military reservists, Medal of Honor recipients, totally disabled veterans and their dependents. Jimmy the Tooth tried to crash the PX gates after he left Washington, but was rejected. Lady Bird Johnson, however, shops regularly at the commissary at Bergstrom Air Force Base in Texas. The Pentagon now operates 400 commissaries in the U.S. and abroad. Annual sales are about \$3 billion. Bargain prices resulted in a \$757 million loss last year, which, of course, is made up by John Q. Taxpayer.

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About 27% of the trips made last year by federal employees were unnecessary, according to the Office of Management and Budget. In 1980 government tripping amounted to approximately \$4 billion.

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Princeton is the third large American university, after Yeshiva and Brandeis, to offer students kosher food. Today some 110 Princetonians dine on kosher meals at a university refectory.

Cuban refugees at Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, have vandalized the military base to the tune of \$8 million.

#

Israeli settlers in the Sinai will receive \$64,000 to \$128,000 compensation for their property, when and if they leave on schedule next spring. Some settlers are holding out for much more. A few have already settled for as much as \$2 million. Three guesses as to who is furnishing the payola.

#

The Christmas catalog of Houston's Sakowitz department store offered customers such "ultimate gifts" as: eight hours with lawyer superstar F. Lee Bailey for \$15,000; a written-to-order 125-page manuscript with the customer as hero or heroine by heart-throb Janet Dailey for \$115,000; a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to co-produce a film with Hollywood cocaine sniffer Robert Evans for \$1.25 million; a "musically synchronized" giant fireworks display with personal commentary by playboy George Plimpton for \$1 million.

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Suspected cases of child abuse in New York City rose steadily from 2,000 in 1969 to 30,000 in 1980.

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Stockholm's International Peace Research Institute reports that approximately 130 wars have been waged since August 1945, 50 of them in the past decade. Military spending worldwide is now over \$1 million a minute.

spoken at his belated high-school graduation. Averhart told cheering classmates that he went to jail in 1972 "because of my social conditions . . . being a black child in the ghetto." His mother, Orleaner, told a reporter that "my son is now the type of man I really had wanted him to be, an inspiration to his brothers and sisters" [number unspecified]. The article stressed that "if there ever was an argument against capital punishment it could be the life of Rufus Averhart." He had "won" a grant to study "writing and art" at Purdue University, no less. On August 11, Rufus Averhart and two accomplices pumped five bullets into a 29-year police veteran during a bank robbery. Three young whites were left fatherless.

Primate Watch



"People for the American Way" is actually minority racist **NORMAN LEAR'S** way of telling 50 million or so conservative white Christians that the nation's airwaves belong to 6 million Jews. **GERALD FORD**, who for 25 years represented a Michigan district filled with conservative Dutch Protestants, agreed to serve as the honorary chairman at a December rally of Lear's outfit. Fittingly, it was held in New York. **LADY BIRD JOHNSON** and **WALTER CRONKITE** served as co-chairmen. **RUTH CARTER STAPLETON** lent another presidential name to the advisory board.

NOEL ARCHIBALD, one of the West Indians' gifts to New York City, strangled his two-year-old son to death in a recent voodoo ritual. Voices told him that he could trade the boy's soul for a winning lottery number.

☆ ☆ ☆

On Sunday, August 9, the Gary Post-Tribune published a glowing tale of hope. **RUFUS L. AVERHART**, 27, a black murderer, had "rehabilitated himself" in prison, won release after seven years, and

Primate Watch



Every virtue begins at home. Those who set out to clean up others' lives should pay particular attention to their own nests. In light of the past family records of America's hard-sell evangelists, no one should be surprised to learn that **RONALD D. ROBERTS**, a son of Oral, is free on bail following arrest on three counts of obtaining controlled drugs with forged prescriptions.

☆ ☆ ☆

Another preacher whose family went boom is ex-Stalinist **IZZY STONE**, who became the most lauded journalist in America by dubbing himself "anti-Establishment" and then churning forth editorials worthy of the *New York Times*. Only two days after Stone was acclaimed on "Sixty Minutes," his darling niece, **KATHY BOUDIN**, was arrested for her role in the Weather Underground's latest killings. Boudin's roommate, **RITA JENSEN**, is a prize-winning investigative reporter with the *Stamford Advocate*. She recently did a series on **JOANNE CHESIMARD** of the Black Revolutionary Army, a group which has merged with the Weather people. Jensen feigned amazement when informed that her own roomie and Chesimard were close friends -- but, back in Ohio, her honest mom told a different story.

☆ ☆ ☆

BEN WATTENBERG is one of those "neo-conservative" pundits who is more interested in conserving things than people. Noting that massive immigration from the Third World has put us "well on the way to becoming the first truly universal nation," he says, "it will be a different country in the decades to come." It adds up to "one of the wondrous stories of humankind" and "will probably work out fine."

☆ ☆ ☆

Papers all across America ran a recent *New York Times* feature about "a pattern of racial violence" in Georgia. 95% of it boiled down to cross-burnings and other acts of intimidation. But almost no one outside the state learned that, just then, a 48-year-old black man who never held a job in his life -- never even filled out a job application -- was "senselessly" killing five Georgia whites. When arrested, **HILL RIVERS** was living with an illegal alien black woman from Trinidad.

☆ ☆ ☆

When London and County Securities collapsed in 1973, the spectacular £130 million insolvency led to a succession of secondary banking and property company failures. Chairman and managing director **GERALD CAPLAN** fled to America and fought extradition on health grounds. But there's a happy ending to this story. From Los Angeles comes a report that Caplan has converted to Christianity and plans to devote his life to religious work. Maybe Caplan will direct some of his Christian charity toward Britain, where a lot of people have been grasping for an otherworldly hope since their worldly dreams were snuffed out eight years ago.

☆ ☆ ☆

Who could forget the story of "Goldburgle!" ("a musical-you've-always-wanted-to-see-but-have-despaired-of-finding-on-Broadway") -- told so convincingly by Cholly Bilsterberger in the March 1980 *Instauration*. Oliver Cromwell Goldburgle was a "cross-eyed, Negro-Jewish dwarf with a humpback, cleft palate, club foot and halitosis. He is also paralyzed from the waist up, and has rickets, tuberculosis, scattered cancers, and a peculiarly malignant form of water on the knee." The nearest thing to a Goldburgle clone is **BURTON GUTTERMAN**, the 4-foot, 3½-inch dwarf who battled police departments half way across Massachusetts over height restrictions. He told the Boston police that his father was black, but they were not convinced his Negroid ancestry was so recent. He was arrested and charged with receiving stolen goods, but blamed it on official harassment. He ran for state representative and collected qualifying signatures -- only to learn they were from voters in the wrong district. Now Gutterman has been arrested again, for larceny and receiving stolen property: some \$1,000 typewriters lost in a recent break-in turned up in his apartment.

☆ ☆ ☆

When whites abandon the public schools, they are "dangerously fragmenting" American society. But when Spanish and Black English are promoted in those schools, we are all "enriched by diversity." So what could be more salutary than the first conference on Chicano English or "Spanglish"? Forty educators and linguists from around the country heeded the call raised by an El Paso professor named **JACOB ORNSTEIN-GALICIA**.

☆ ☆ ☆

Seattle public school officials are being questioned by Justice Department antitrust investigators about the methods used by the Associated School Bus Company in winning city contracts to transport local students. The company's parent firm is the Philadelphia-based ARA Services, Inc. ARA chairman **WILLIAM FISHMAN**, Northwest regional manager **BILL STANKIEWICZ** and public relations manager **CATHY RUBENSTONE** insist they have not used illegal tactics to eliminate competition while becoming the nation's largest school-bus contractor.

☆ ☆ ☆

NEVILLE NAGLER is an "assistant secretary" in the division of the British Home Office dealing with race relations, a title which scarcely communicates the reality that he "holds the reins at the division." One of Nagler's tasks is to brief the Home Secretary whenever he speaks on race relations, in Parliament or publicly. Jewish organizations routinely contact Nagler and his staff of about 15 about their every woe, often at his synagogue.

☆ ☆ ☆

President Reagan seems determined to dump "the kindly old gentleman," **ADMIRAL HYMAN G. RICKOVER**, who will be 82 this month. Credited by Jimmy Carter with influencing him more than any other living American, the nation's top Jewish military man is notorious for his wild, screaming, un-Navylike tantrums. Twice in 1981, Rickover risked innocent lives by ordering dangerous, impromptu dives of newly launched subs. Angry officials at the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics say that Rickover's slow reflexes -- which any responsible man knows are inevitable at that age -- were to blame for the potential disasters. Our Navy chief of operations accused his nominal "unretirable" underling of running his division like a "totalitarian ministrat," transgressing official rules left and right while dealing ruthlessly with those who violated his own. Reagan's concern was that Rickover's power base in Congress, led by **SENATOR HENRY JACKSON**, would mobilize to keep him on active duty.

☆ ☆ ☆

Sean Lennon shook for the first month of his life, and the hospital accused **YOKO ONO** of taking drugs during her pregnancy. Ono blames the shaking on sedatives the hospital gave her, and insists that she and **JOHN LENNON** gave up their heroin and other habits long before Sean's birth.



Britain. A communication from our British correspondent. I have recently read no fewer than three books -- all by highly respectable publishers -- which affirm that overseas aid is not only doing no good, but positive harm.

The first is *Fantastic Invasion* by Patrick Marnharm. It was published in 1980 by Jonathan Cape. In it the author says that during the great Sahel famine of the 1970s in Africa, there was in fact enough food in all affected countries to feed their populations. But the dominant tribes of the south refused to help their hungry northern neighbors, who were often lighter-skinned Hamites.

Describing the collapse in hospital standards in many African countries, Marnharm says that top level bureaucrats and politicos have their private clinics. Religion is in just as much of a muddle, with tribalism dominating the churches. The Cardinal Archbishop of Brazzaville was murdered by fellow Catholics of another tribe. The Cardinal of Zaire was given the Order of the Leopard by President Mobutu. It bears the insignia of the dreaded "leopardmen" secret society. The Cardinal wears it all the time, as a sort of survival insurance. It indicates to his flock that he moves in the right crowd.

Marnharm devotes a great deal of space to the Wa Benizis, the black officials who drive around in Mercedes all day long doing absolutely nothing. In Kenya, for example, so much money was spent on the celebration at the opening of a new sheep dip that there were no funds left to buy chemicals. As few Wa Benizi ever leave the capitals of their countries, the countryside disintegrates. In Zanzibar, a Mr. Donrado is public prosecutor, defense counsel and attorney general, all in one. So he prosecutes and defends the same cases. If he loses as defense counsel, he appeals to himself as attorney general.

The second book is *The Third World Calamity* by Brian May (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1981). This is especially interesting because after every spine-tinging tale of corruption and incompetence, the author suggests the difference between the dynamic West and the lethargic Third World is racial. Black Africa, the author claims, is relapsing into what it was before the whites came.

The third book on the subject is *Equality, the Third World and Economic Delusion* by P.T. Bauer (Wiedenfeld, London, 1981). Relevant and hard-hitting, the book demonstrates that far from the West's exploiting the Third World, most of its sources of prosperity -- e.g., rubber in Malaysia and cocoa in Ghana -- were introduced and

developed by Westerners. Bauer is a lecturer at the London School of Economics. A Jew, he was once a Communist, then switched to Zionism and went to live in Israel. Disillusioned, he returned to Britain, proclaiming England to be his Zion. He now intimates that multiracialists are nutty as fruitcakes. He once told a British Instaurationist: "They all have neuroses that alienate them from their own people and have to identify with someone. Once they identified with Russia, now it is with the blacks."

* * *

One result of last summer's riots is that Tory M.P.s who support repatriation are getting tougher. I heard a rousing speech by Harvey Proctor, M.P. for Basildon, on the subject. In the last election he turned a Labour majority of 5,000 to a Tory win of 10,000. He is not in the usual Tory mold, having attended ordinary schools and a red brick university. Basildon, a "new town," is not affected by immigration.

The media meanwhile are trying to build up the new Social Democratic party, one of whose leaders, Shirley Williams, says she hopes Britain will soon have a black prime minister. Shirley wants to abolish schools like Harrow and Eton, presumably so no one can escape multiracial indoctrination.

Unemployment continues to rise. It would have hit the high watermark of the 30s had not Maggie Thatcher decided school graduates should be counted at the end of the summer holidays instead of when they left school. Maggie talks about Japan's robots without mentioning the current Japanese slogan, "Automation, not immigration!" At present Japan has 10,000 robots; the United Kingdom, 185!

* * *

Mrs. Thatcher got rid of three Etonians in her recent cabinet reshuffle. Concurrently, eight rising stars of the Tory "wets" (crypto leftists), leading lights in the Young Conservatives and the Federation of Conservative Students, defected to the new Social Democratic party. Many others of this stripe would probably have gone with them if they had not been asked to wait until the Social Democrats have netted as many vacillating Labourites as possible. All such politicking weakens the Tory wets and the Tory party as a whole, but strengthens the Tory racialist right.

Polls show the Liberal/Social Democratic alliance would sweep the country if an election were held now, although what its members stand for is what polls show the British majority is against. So far the Social Democrats have not drawn up a platform.

France. *Paris in the Third Reich* is a new book by David Pryce-Jones, the hack feuilletonist who wrote a book-length gossip column about the Mitford sisters, scalpel-ing most particularly the ill-starred Unity, who shot herself in despair over the outbreak of Act II of the great Nordic Civil War. In his latest tome, which overbrims with catechistic smears of all things German, Pryce-Jones does reluctantly admit what few living Englishmen have ever been told -- that the four-year German occupation of Paris was one of the most orderly and peaceful in the history of warfare. More important, it was a period of great French creativity. During the occupation the French cinema turned out a succession of unforgettable motion pictures. Has there ever been a greater film than *Children of Paradise*? German authorities in Paris allowed such famous artists, writers and musicians as Colette, Braque, Picasso, Céline, Claudel, Prévert, Cortot and Sartre to paint, write, compose, play and philosophize in peace, though some of them were anti-Nazi to the core. In 1944, however, the great "liberator," De Gaulle, arrived in Paris and shot or imprisoned many French writers who had supported or tolerated the Vichy regime.

* * *

The French ambassador to Israel, Marc Bonnefous, received the following billet doux from Yitzhak Zeiger, a "liberal" member of the Knesset: "If France continues to supply Iraq with nuclear material, then it should also expect to be under threat of atomic retaliation." For years *Instauration* has been predicting that Zionist nuclear blackmail is bound to keep pace with the growth of the Zionist nuclear stockpile.

* * *

Jean-Yves Pellay, the Jewish rat fink who made the famous phone call that blamed the bombing of the rue Copernic synagogue on the French right-wing party, FANE, has been given a suspended sentence of one year in prison. As a result of Pellay's false information, French authorities cracked down on FANE and arrested many of its members. Later, Jewish hooligans almost killed Marc Fredriksen, FANE's leader, outside a courtroom and permanently injured another FANE official by throwing acid in his face. Unsurprisingly, none of the real criminals in this affair, neither the bombers of the synagogue nor the Jewish goons, have been arrested, although the identity of at least one of the acid throwers has been known to the police for many months.

One Small Step

Tit for tat. After years of being subjected to defamation, after watching Frenchmen like Faurisson being accused and convicted of harboring dangerous thoughts, GRECE, the organization of French right-wing intellectuals, took some leading French Jews to court. Jean-Pierre Bloch, the French equivalent of Rabbi Meir Kahane, and Georges Nicod, the author of a particularly scurrilous piece in Bloch's hate sheet, *Le Droit de vivre*, were fined one franc for calling the GRECE people racists. Not much of a victory, certainly not a financial one, but it's a start. It may, but it probably won't, convince French Jews that they are no longer the only people in France and elsewhere who can slander other people and other races with impunity.

Waking Up the Northwest

Robert Mathews is trying to inject some life and activism in the racially arthritic Northwest. He promotes the National Alliance in newspaper ads and in letters to the editor, in which he warns about the tragic etiolation of the white race in America. Recently, he picked up a wild media misquote of Ernest Boyer, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, to the effect that only 28% of Americans 18 and under are white. What Boyer really said was that 28% of white Americans are 18 or under. This lit a small media fire and woke up some Northwesters to the demographic disaster going on under their white noses. One result of Mathews' public relations blitz has been an invitation to speak at Spokane Community College.

Mathews also clamored loud and long against the federal government's plan to set up a refugee center for 2,000 of Castro's worst offscourings in Glasgow, Montana. Since the townspeople and surrounding ranchers are largely of Swedish and Highlands Scots ancestry, Mathews was "determined to save this rare pool of high-quality genes from pollution." The VIPs in Glasgow were willing to accept these most unwelcome visitors in return for some cash from the U.S. Treasury, but at the last minute Washington called off the project, at least temporarily. Instead, the Cubans and several hundred Haitian illegals may be moved to an equally arctic site in upper New York State.

Another group making waves -- and headlines -- in the Northwest is the Aryan Nations Church, located near Hayden Lake, Idaho. Its leader is Richard Butler, described in the press as "a tall, patriarchal, greying man with a finely wrinkled

face who carries himself with a quiet dignity." He sends his taped sermons to 400 persons, a bimonthly newsletter to 6,000 more, and estimates a following of 300 in the immediate neighborhood. A former Lockheed engineer of German ancestry, he moved his church from Lancaster, California, in 1973 when race-mixing there got out of control.

Ione Dunn, the church pianist, is "a woman of classic Wagnerian-Nordic bearing and a wide, ready smile," who "looks as if she ought to be presiding over the Opera Guild." She spent forty years in California, most of it in Identity Christian work. Her husband Bob, a tall, quiet man, was formerly the fire chief at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California.

Gary Cutler is tall, blond, athletic-looking. He and his pretty wife Cindy have "never been happier," though they gave up a much higher income in the Southern California rat race to move to the Idaho hills. Cindy says that the sixth-grade primer used at the community's academy is "harder than any high school book I ever had."

Janet Hounsell, the church secretary, has undertaken a ministry to white prisoners. When 19 inmates at the Arizona State Prison who had embraced the Aryan Nations faith were forcibly dispersed to prisons around the country and forbidden to communicate in any way, she acted as their intermediary. She shakes her head at the unfairness of a system which denies ethnic pride programs to one race alone in the prisons.

The doctrine of the Aryan Nations church is basically shared with the much larger Identity Christian Movement of which it is a part. Identity teaches that God's "true children" are becoming second-class citizens in their own homelands but will rise again in a future racial confrontation and drive the alien hordes back where they came from. Then a "perfect nation" under "natural law" will be established. The media tend to ignore the Christian side of Identity beliefs -- which is not too different from the mainstream Christianity of America's white supremacy days. To the press, Identity Christians, although they consider themselves the real Jews, the descendants of the Lost Tribes, are "neo-Nazis."

Rather significantly, Identity Christians believe that there is little real change in human life: that Greek/Nordic art remains (for them) the true measure of all art; that there is no such thing as being "born again." All of Butler's followers emphasize that their conversion was "not an epiphany but a gradual realization that in the Identity

Movement lies the answer to what would otherwise be inexplicable circumstances." How different this is from the "sudden awakenings" of Charles Colson, Eldridge Cleaver, Jimmy Carter and the entire "born again" crowd.

The psychologist William Sheldon found that the more highly evolved human types rarely if ever underwent sudden shifts in their consciousness; rather they altered their outlook slowly as new information reached them. For Sheldon, one could only be "born again" if a large part of oneself had first been dead.

To their great credit, the members of the Aryan Nations church know that they are basically the same people today that they were as children and will be when they die. They know, too, that they are very much like their grandparents and, hopefully, their grandchildren. Finally, they know that the vast "change" which has overtaken their home state, California, is not something which was purposefully "willed" by certain individuals, but rather reflects the physical displacement of those individuals by others. As Richard Butler points out, whites, as he defines them, are now scarcely 60% of the American population and may be just 25% in the near future. His 66-year-old parishioner, Samuel Libande, is trying to "change" that in the only way possible. He just fathered his fifteenth child!

If only the Butlerites did not take this sensible "anti-changism" one giant step too far by denying the no less Nordic doctrine of biological evolution.

Last summer there was trouble on the Aryan Nations home front. At 2:00 A.M., on June 27, an explosion rocked the church, causing \$80,000 in damages. Butler swears it was the work of the Jewish Defense League. Probably more damaging to the Aryan Nations church in the long run are the illegal Mexicans that have been springing up like poisonous mushrooms all across Northern Idaho.

Butler is convinced that "territory is the primary reason for fighting" and that whites will only fight when backed into a corner with no chance of escape. If he is right, the sooner we are backed into a corner, the better.

To see for himself what the Aryan Nations was all about, Robert Mathews attended a two-day meeting of the organization. He describes his experience as follows:

I was met at a motorized gate by three very heavily armed men in uniform who questioned me, asked to see my ID, and finally let me enter. Since the bombing they developed excellent perimeter security, including dogs and armed patrols. I was overwhelmed by the quality of the people and the organization. The church

Stirrings

building had been thoroughly rebuilt and even enlarged. The headquarters contained an Aryan meeting hall, the church, kitchen, school, office, houses and sleeping quarters, and a printing shop. I figured at least 225 adults and 75 beautiful children were present at this meeting. The entire two-day event was carried out with precision. Butler and his officers are trying to bring all racialist organizations together into a United Front of White Resurgence. This winter he is traveling to England and Germany to meet with similarly minded groups.

But Mathews' optimistic view of the incipient activism at Hayden Lake was dimmed by the mayoral election at Spokane, Washington. Spokane, with a population of 200,000 -- less than 4,000 of them blacks -- elected a black mayor, 67-year-old Jim Chase, a high-school dropout from Texas. Chase, incidentally, speaks Black English on TV. When asked his priorities when he took office, he replied, "Spokane have a budget problem."

Majority members living in the Northwest who are itching for something to do can contact Robert Mathews at Box 425, Metaline Falls, WA 99153.

Books of Interest

Field, Geoffrey G., *Evangelist of Race: The Germanic Vision of Houston Stewart Chamberlain*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1981.

More than just a biography, the subject matter of Field's research includes "the 'inner-circle' of Wagnerites" and their contribution to the ideological metamorphoses which occurred in Germany at the turn of the century. Field is to be commended on his relative objectivity in avoiding what he aptly terms the "teleological trap" of historical distortion which results when the Wilhelmine and Weimar eras are interpreted solely with respect to their impact on the National Socialist period. In addition to a thorough analysis of the events surrounding the publication of Chamberlain's *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, chapters in Field's book bear such titles as "The Education of a Wagnerite" and "Kant and Goethe: Toward a Teutonic World View." Complementing a representative sample of Chamberlain's correspondence with his contemporaries is an exhaustive bibliography of his prolific writings in German, French and English (including articles on Wagner in the *Ladies Home Journal* of 1898). Field

also discusses Chamberlain's notion of an Aryan Christ and cites his warning in the *Foundations* that "the greatest danger for the future of the Teuton [lies] in the lack of a true religion springing from and adequate to our own nature." According to Field, "his hopes lay in the Kantian religion of inner experience and the emergence of 'Germanic Christianity.'"

* * *

Greenberg, Martin H., *The Jewish Lists: Physicists and Generals, Actors and Writers, and Hundreds of Other Lists of Accomplished Jews*. New York: Schocken Books, 1979.

An indisputable wealth of documentation for all who have at one time or other been confronted by a disbelieving friend who disputed fundamental axioms regarding the demographic distribution of the culture-distorting elements of society. Rather than display various news-clippings and excerpts from various books, all the Majorityite proselytizer need now do is refer his potential convert to this most convincing compilation. It includes, according to Greenberg, "such dubious 'achievements' as those of gangsters, political assassins, and the like." From monocled Colonel Klink of *Hogan's Heroes* (Werner Klemperer) and pointy-eared Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy) to "cultural historian" George L. Mosse, "writer" Harold Robbins (Rubin), and "pop psychologist" Joyce Brothers (Bauer), one meets representatives from almost every area of specialization, with several areas understandably overrepresented. Touted by Greenberg as primarily a "celebration of the Jewish presence," this compendium obviously possesses potential beyond its originally intended scope.

Majority Hero of the Year

Although unfortunately not a member of the American Majority, a South African farmer is hereby nominated Majority Hero of 1981. Returning to his farmhouse after a stint of plowing, he discovered that his 70-year-old mother had been raped by a young, colored farmhand. "Enraged," reported Newsweek (Nov. 2, 1981), "the farmer grabbed a rifle and hunted down the assailant. Holding the rifle to the youth's head, he handed him a knife -- and forced him to castrate himself."

Unequal Time

Ridgewood is a section of Brooklyn, New York, with a relatively concentrated

German-American population. This makes it possible for residents to express their viewpoints better than those tens of millions of Americans of partial or complete German ancestry who are scattered across the country.

The "Ridgewood Group of German Americans" was so distressed by the defamatory nature of NBC's "Holocaust" extravaganza that it made a Fairness Doctrine complaint to the Federal Communications Commission. The FCC denied their request to briefly present a contrasting view of the Hitler era, a denial supported by the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington (Case No. 80-2193; Fritz Berg vs. FCC).

In a 1969 case (Red Lion Broadcasting Co. vs. FCC), the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that "it is the right of the viewers and listeners, not the right of the broadcasters, which is paramount." Thus, for example, whenever a public debate rages over the authenticity or the nature of a portrayed event, the viewers have a right to hear both sides, even when this inconveniences the broadcaster.

The Ridgewood Group specifically cites the role of Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum of the American Jewish Committee, who was invited by NBC to serve as the special "American Jewish consultant" for both "Holocaust" and "Jesus of Nazareth." In each case, the rabbi prepared a detailed critique which led to script revision. Tanenbaum was also instrumental in getting the comedy series "Bridget Loves Bernie" taken off the air, despite its high ratings, because the interfaith couple theme upset some Jewish viewers.

The Ridgewood Group contends that a German-American or Christian consultant should have been retained during the production of "Holocaust." In fact, no German-American group was permitted to see the script or preview the film.

A scathing new analysis of national television pertains to the case. *Up the Tube: Prime Time in the Silverman Years*, by Sally Bedell, accuses all three networks of "depiction within so-called true stories of conversations and scenes that, so far as anyone knows, never happened." In a letter to the Ridgewood Group, NBC conceded that the "Holocaust" was fictional, yet this was never clarified for the TV audience. On the contrary, a study guide that the network helped to prepare urges teachers to emphasize that "the events depicted really happened," since "young viewers -- and even adults -- are not always clear about what is fact and what is fiction on TV."

NBC attorneys maintain that the Holocaust debate is not (yet) national in scope. Perhaps they missed one Jewish spokesman's estimate that 200 books and major articles denying systematic Nazi genocide have now been produced.