

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

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ARCHAEOLOGICAL REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

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

□ Zip 301's gall (June 1980) is surpassed only by his abysmal ignorance! To state that Rumanians "have produced hardly anyone of real consequence" is indicative of a profound lack of knowledge regarding their history and culture. To give him only one example in conjunction with the problems we all face nowadays, is it not of "real consequence" that Codreanu's Iron Guard suppressed the Red menace in Rumania so successfully that when that country was handed over to the Soviets out of a population of over 20 million, only about 800 were Communists? Perhaps 301 might learn something from reading Codreanu's *For My Legionaires* (T.L.C., Box 3, Monticello, IL 61856, \$8) and avoid putting his foot into his mouth again. And by the way, this is how *Instauration's* editor spoke about Codreanu a few years ago: "They simply don't make 'em like Codreanu any more. He was a knight in shining armor in an age when chivalry had become unthinkable. The spirit of Codreanu has already made me think better of the human race, for at least one member of it stood tall enough to brush the clouds." Hardly anyone of real consequence!

618

□ I have always recognized the merits of the real gospels of Western Christianity, from the *Chanson de Roland* to the *Idylls of the King*. The inspiration they gave to such artistic achievements as the great cathedrals and such churches as St. Boltoph's at Boston in the fen country, which, given the size of the population that built it and the near perfection of its design, is every bit as admirable as any cathedral. And I have never disputed the social utility of the established churches before their effective unity was broken.

620

□ "How the ADL Brought the University of Florida to Heel" (*Instauration*, July 1980) reminded me of nothing so much as a stereotyped mammalian dominance display, characterized by the dominant animal's cold, fixed stare at the upstart. Then, a slow and apparently calm approach is made (a slow stalk) with the usual result being that the malefactor cringes and rolls on its back exposing its belly. Shouldn't we send Dr. Marston, the University of Florida Chancellor, a year's supply of Alpo?

403

□ That Reagan stood up to the stampede to make Ford Vice-Prez and Kissinger Secretary of State at the Republican Convention is in his favor. I suppose Bush is a liberal, but at least he has some brains. Ford was a dope, totally unable to buck the minorities. I have some close connections to higher-ups in the Michigan G.O.P. They are all Reaganites and very aware of the Jewish influence. They think my *Instauration* articles "brilliant." Detroit's downtown stores and restaurants did so little business during the Convention because the delegates were afraid to venture on the streets. I recently visited a lawyer in the highly touted Renaissance Center. The elevator opens onto a small vestibule which leads to a hallway guarded by a thick door with a strong lock. This in turn leads to another vestibule with another heavy door thoroughly locked. A telephone is on the wall. You call for your party. A stenographer comes to the window to look you over. It all reminded me of a deputy sheriff taking prisoners to the county jail or the state penitentiary. Little vestibules with steel doors.

481

□ In his *Introduction to Parasitology* (John Wiley & Sons, New York) Asa C. Chandler notes that a monkey malarial strain (P. Knowlesi) will infect Southern Negroes who are immune to the human strain. Is there a phylogenetic principle at work here?

681

□ When the time again comes to defend Israel, all members of the ADL, JDL, ERA, Mossad and ACLU should be rounded up, required to take basic training, and given a rousing send-off. They could have a Henry Kissinger Division, a Lennie Bernstein Division and a Jerry Rubin Division. Bella Abzug was born to be in the Tank Corps, to which she could lend her name. In gratitude for what has been done for them by the World Trashers, there could even be a volunteer Martin Luther King Division, but I wouldn't count on it.

299

□ Many articles in *Instauration* continue to "be of interest" but others continue to be silly and petulant. Perhaps that is inevitable, but certainly not desirable. I hesitate to show a friend a "good" article if there is some ranting or mere invective next to it.

468

□ People addicted to emotional hooch are dangerous. It was the Christians, after all, who drove many intelligent men into liberal and Communist cults.

316

□ I don't see why you knock Stalin. He did something substantial about the Jews. What has any Anglo-Saxon ever done? They are all a bunch of Mrs. Lindberghs.

100

□ One positive aspect of the Miami riot is the large number of liberals it discomfited. After working their integrationist magic up North, they fled to the South to live in peace -- or so they thought. By the way, why aren't there any Civiletti-convened "special grand juries" for the thousands of white inmates tortured by black prisons gangs?

606

□ My wife points out that if the two recent hurricanes, Howard (Pacific) and Allen (Atlantic) had met, they would have produced about as much wind as Howard Allen Enterprises.

558

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☐ One more item on cannibalism, if I may. Read II Kings 6:29. Very explicitly a woman, shocked at the high cost of food while the Jews were under yet another siege, agrees to boil her child and share it with a neighbor, in turn for the neighbor reciprocating with her child the next day. After the meal, the neighbor welshed. The situation arose not so much because of a food shortage, but because of food prices. In the following chapter (II Kings 7:13) it is made very explicit that horses as well as humans were being besieged.

077

☐ May I remind you that were it not for Rome and the Roman legions, there would be no England today? We Italians are the greatest race. Pray, what were your ancestors? Shepherders, as one could tell from the skins they wore on their backs.

Nonsubscriber

☐ It wasn't until I was perhaps halfway through Cholly's piece on simian hatred of prejudice that I realized it was a spoof. That says something about Cholly's brilliance as a writer and a satirist. It also says something about our times. I never saw the *Planet of the Apes* films, knowing them to be mere racial smears of whites. But when Hollywood possesses the license to insult Europeans on the screen, the license for "scientists" to concoct the sort of results that Cholly imagines cannot be too far off. Consider: Carlos Castaneda received a bona fide Ph.D. in anthropology from UCLA -- sans any documents, notes or tapes -- for his mishmash of obvious put-ons called *The Teachings of Don Juan* and pinched-mouthed publishers still label his subsequent hoaxes "nonfiction." The more I think of it the more I am convinced that just the sort of study Cholly satirizes so brilliantly must be in the actual works. Why it could even be that Cholly snatched a copy and the copy itself is the satire!

803

☐ That was a beautiful evocation of the mentality of a female, flower-child liberal at the conclusion of Cholly's primates and prejudice piece. I mean, like, you know, it said it all, and like it was so true, and . . .

413

☐ Mormons, despite all their good qualities, are inveterate haters. If one is a Gentile, as they call non-Mormons, one is an outcast. They discriminate in employment subtly and overtly. When trying to convert you they are superfriendly, but if you don't buy their insanity they cut you off. The poor derelicts out here in Salt Lake City are cared for at missions run by the historic Protestant faiths -- not by Mormons. A derelict is an unlikely "tither." The whites in Utah, however, are superior physical specimens compared to the people of New York City. For a change I see pretty blondes with blue eyes.

841

☐ "Anti" means "against" the noun it precedes, as in anti-Christ, anti-climax, anti-freeze, anti-histamine, anti-knock, anti-Pope and so on. But is an anti-Semite against a Semite? Here we have one more exception to the rule.

090

☐ I enjoyed "Heimat Hotline" in your May issue so much that I made 250 copies and sent them to friends and relatives in Germany.

940

☐ A quite distinguished academician has asked me to make for him a photocopy of an article in your August issue with the explanation, "I admire *Instauration*, but I have more to read than I could keep up with, so at present I don't subscribe." From one point of view, you may find the request encouraging, although your banker would not agree. At any rate, you will not fail to see one cause of the virtual paralysis of the honest minority in the academic world today.

618

☐ Since reading the August issue of *Instauration*, I spent some time contemplating Zip 472's defense of Cholly. All things considered, he brings out a valid point. Despite occasional misses, Cholly on the whole is correct overwhelmingly more than not. Perhaps the critics' zeal in chastising the misses results in an overkill, thereby weakening their own point by "coming on too strong." Maybe, however, Cholly's pervasive smugness is an open invitation to the pugnacious. For this reason I find his humorous, seemingly light-hearted articles much more successful. I thought "The Musical-You've-Always-Wanted-to-See" was a masterpiece of sardonic wit. Humor relegates the ennui of one who-has-seen-it-all to a totally unobtrusive position.

142

☐ I do not see much chance of the American Anglo-Saxon rising up to save his race. The elite finds the current situation and future trends all too congenial to its economic advantage. The average Anglo-Saxon inhabits a world unfit for mental troglodytes, a dank pit in an otherwise empty cavern. The ones I have met are perhaps the most abysmally ignorant group of people I have ever encountered. Even Nigerians, Liberians and Haitians of my acquaintance show greater insight and knowledge, while Iranians and Arabs tower over the average (WASP) citizen. The Smiths and Williamses, as far as I can see, have sold out their country and their minds for a six-pack of Schlitz Lite, Doritos and endless hours of vacuity before cathode ray tubes.

981

☐ There is one addition to the "melting pot" that I am going to let the B'nai B'rith worry about. Detroit is literally the American Mecca. There could be as many as 200,000 Arabs in the Motor City. The Treasury Department's BATF has formed a special Mideast Firearms Task Force to keep these Michiganders from shipping arms to the Islamic fatherland.

480

☐ Our civil defense system -- the decentralization of industry and the centrifugation of whites in the hinterlands -- is far more effective and far less costly than the Russian attempts at tunneling into the ground, like moles. What a debt we owe the blacks, who insist on taking over the megapolises, which are almost certain to be bombed in any nuclear exchange! *La esperanza es la última que muere.*

955

☐ The fusion of Nordic and Dinaric has produced some of the greatest masters of musical genius -- Wagner, Anton Bruckner, Mozart, Schubert, Robert Schumann and, of course, Verdi.

105

☐ In my recollection there had never been a more promising group of conservatives from which to choose a vice-presidential running mate. So Reagan picks another Schweiker, except this one is even worse -- at least Schweiker's voting record greatly improved after 1976. So it's my conjecture that whoever is in the White House next year, it will be business as usual. I have informed the Republican fund raisers that I have joined the Southern National party.

716

☐ God himself presented the Land of Canaan to his chosen people. All the rabbis vehemently agree. The same God assured the Kaiser and Francis Joseph that they occupied their respective thrones by divine grace. All the rabbis disagreed.

811

☐ Cholly's droll piece on primates and prejudice was a delight. It's magnificent proof that satire can be more biting than the most bitter invective. I'm going to send a copy of it to a noted Harvard professor who specializes in "anti-racism." If he's not made of stone, it'll turn his ears crimson.

058

☐ The denominations affiliated with the National and World Council of Churches are slipping fast in America. In this sense the evangelical boom is a good thing. There is evidence that the blacks want to run their own denominations. If the black churches remain a focus for black socializing, a lot of miscegenation can be avoided. Would you rather have blacks at the African Methodist Episcopal Church fellowship fish fry or at the local disco picking up white girls?

485

☐ "Christianity and Immortality" (August 1980) was one of your great speculative articles. Another was "A Difference of Minds" (July 1979). The careful positivist in me balks at such use of language, regards it as sinful, even. But it is more important to get one's thoughts down and worry about polite formulation later. If we refuse to "skirt the very rim of either the unintelligible or the unknowable," as the author states (the same person obviously wrote both articles), we won't push back that rim.

212

☐ I would like to spread some cheer into our world, as Majority activists are a singularly uncheerful lot. A happy race will be one that conquers, for it will laugh off such trivial problems as "social justice" and tackle the big ones, like breaking the speed of light barrier so we won't have to spend a million years taking over the Milky Way. The July article on space travel was the most important one ever to appear in *Instauration*.

611

The Safety Valve

□ All I see around here is pollution, automobiles and a hell of a lot of blacks. And a lot of Nordic nuts who want to build nuclear power plants so all the blacks in their slums can have air conditioning and won't go out into the hot, muggy streets and riot, burn and loot.

811

□ Might not the Justice Department's argument against Billy Carter be applied to individuals who invest a comparable sum in a foreign country in the form of bonds -- i.e., Israel bonds? Might not their activities on behalf of the country benefitting from their investment be expected to serve the singular purpose of maintaining the security of their investment? Whereas Billy's loyalty toward Libya is hardly an established fact, since he has received at least part of his payment in advance, the efforts of the numerous individuals who have invested heavily in Israel bonds leave no room for doubt. They can be expected to lose not only the interest, but the investment itself, if Israel comes upon hard times. Consequently, these individuals could be suspected of exercising "improper influence" to insure the security of their investments and fully deserve the title of "foreign agents."

456

□ What would happen if the Germans were to release an official figure of Jews who succumbed during the war from all causes, and this figure was considerably lower than six million? Can one imagine the violent reaction of world Jewry? The resulting boycott of German goods would surpass in its effectiveness the boycott of Germany instituted by the Jews in 1933. And don't forget, Germany has to export in order to live. The truth can wait!

011

□ *Percentagewise* there are just as many Christians living in Israel as there are Jews in the United States. What would Israelis say if their state were ruled by their Christian minority to the extent America is ruled by Jews? If an inordinate number of Christians were to sit in the highest (policymaking) posts in the Israeli government? If the Israeli TV network were owned or operated by Christian Israelis? If 30 percent of the teaching posts at the top universities of Israel were held by Christian professors? If the head of the Israeli government could not make any important foreign policy decision without first asking the "spokesmen" of the Christian minority?

922

□ I'm glad to see that some publication has finally reviewed *The Brethren*. Social anthropology, aided by the achievements of genuinely great Supreme Court Justices like Marshall, had endowed that institution with the respect which it no longer merits. And anything which promotes clear thinking about the role of these nine men is to be commended, even if it comes from the pen of Mr. Woodward. Nonetheless, the review was guilty of verbal excess by laying the blame for the social and racial revolution on the Supreme Court while exculpating the other two branches of government. To put the case as succinctly as possible: the social and racial revolution would not have taken place without the support of the American elite, which saw in this revolution two advantages -- (1) a means by which the entrenched economic interests (the capitalists, if you will) could retain their superiority and increase their profits domestically; (2) a necessary maneuver to make the "free enterprise" system politically palatable throughout the former colonial world.

111

□ I am delighted that *Miranda et al.* were decided the way they were because of the measure of protection they now afford other groups who can use this protection to a nobler end. Of course, if Majority activists should pose a real threat, then the Court will quickly see the error of its ways.

309

□ Your Ephemerides in the September issue was most interesting. But how about equal time for a Jewish version? On Tisha b'Av (July 22), the blackest date on the Hebrew calendar, occurred the following seven calamities:

1. Jehovah's decree initiating the 40-year wilderness trek.
2. Nebuchadnezzar's razing of the First Temple (580 B.C.).
3. Titus's leveling of the Second Temple (A.D. 70).
4. Bar Cocheba's surrender of the fortress of Betar.
5. Hadrian's plowing up of Jerusalem (A.D. 135).
6. Edward the First's order expelling Jews from England (1290).
7. First Jews leave Spain after their expulsion had been ordered by Ferdinand and Isabella (1492).

222

□ That books by Rassinier, Butz and Christopherson which delve into the Holocaust are not available at nearly all university libraries truly doesn't say much for this "Citadel of Democracy." The library of a "Citadel of Nazis," namely the SS Junkerschule Bad Toelz, contained the unabridged and uncensored works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Churchill.

German subscriber

□ It is a vile canard to suggest that Jews harbor a dual loyalty. Their allegiance has always been solely to Israel.

200



QUADRENNIAL FARCE

By the time most readers are perusing these lines the election orgy will be over. Scheduled for every leap year, it is really a continuous show with just a few months' intermission after the votes are counted. The next performance will start in January.

The 1980 election was one of the worst the Majority has had to endure. A pseudoliberal was pitted against a pseudoconservative with an "independent" spoiler as the media favorite, a sorehead Republican who in a few short months pirouetted from the right to the middle to the left, where he found a Kennedy flunky willing to be his running mate. Anything to keep one's phiz in the tube. Anderson and Lucey's only common bond was their Greek wives -- Mrs. Keke Machakos Anderson and Mrs. Jean Vlasis Lucey. Since principles shifted with each passing headline, since the visceral issues were either avoided, skipped over or compromised, it is a waste of time to discuss what the different candidates represented. All

they really stood for was themselves. They pursued their inane ambition to be president to the point of shredding the already scant remnants of their personalities. The befuddled, benumbed electorate was caught in the classical democratic trap. There was a choice, but the choice was no choice.

Forgetting affirmative action, forgetting reverse discrimination, forgetting immigration, forgetting busing, forgetting all the other issues they conveniently forgot about, a few second-order differences between the candidates did show up in the course of the campaign. Reagan was perceived to be less of a spender, more bellicose, less of a statist, more nuclear-minded, more moral (despite his born-again opponents), less liberal, more manly, more humorous, more of a tax cutter, more hostile to welfare, more anti-Soviet, and so on. Only Anderson was brash enough to oppose cutting taxes while inflation still soared and the budget was still wildly unbalanced. But he quickly waffled by opting for billion-dollar make-work (give-



Mrs. Keke Machakos Anderson



Mrs. Jean Vlasis Lucey

away) programs.

All three candidates cringed, begged and crawled for the Jewish vote, although Carter, whose political destiny is tied firmly to the black bloc, wooed and won Rev. Jesse Jackson, the man who hugged Yasser Arafat. As if in retribution, the Jewish-led Liberal party in New York dealt the Tooth an almost mortal blow by endorsing Anderson.

One of the more hypocritical aspects of the campaign was Reagan joining Anderson in opposing not only the draft but registration. Strange is the conservative who opposes saving our army from disintegration at a time when our active and potential enemies all have the draft and are arming to the teeth.

The media treatment handed out to Reagan at the beginning of the campaign aroused resentment in the adrenal glands of the fair-minded. The enemy of our enemy is our friend, and all that. It's the same uncomfortable dilemma that Majority members faced vis-à-vis Goldwater, Nixon and Wallace. But sympathy is not enough. If the only reason for a Reagan vote is his persecution by the press and TV, the voter should stay home.

Yes, the election was grubbier than ever and the candidates equally grubby. The degrading presidential race becomes more degrading quadrennially. It is down, down, down to where it is beginning to touch the inhuman or subhuman levels of human behavior. Since women retain their instincts longer than men, perhaps we should turn to female politicians. They could not sink to such sterile lifelessness that every word they utter must first be weighed in the balance of the media. A woman is less of a machine. Unlike the Carters, Andersons and Reagans, a woman won't give up the last vestiges of her humanity for votes. A woman is less likely to develop total contempt for the electorate, since she will regard at least some voters as her children, not faceless robots whose only function is to be lied to and milked of a few ballots. If we must have democracy, if we must continue to have the will of the Majority thwarted by the manipulators of the will of the Majority, let us at least have politicians who maintain a sliver of pride as they lead us into the abyss. Even Anderson's minority wife -- Jewish, Greek or whatever she is -- would make a better president than her Majority renegade husband. We much prefer the Iron Magnolia to the Dentoid Magnolia. Let it be Nancy Reagan for president in 1984!

Campaign Trivia

Reagan. Although he is a frequent visitor to the Beverly Hills spread of Morrie Ryskind, a driving force of kosher conservatism, we are told that Theodore Cummings is Reagan's closest Jewish friend. At the Republican Convention, Reagan, Henry Kissinger and lame duck Jacob Javits were quick to visit Cummings's sumptuous suite in the Detroit Plaza Hotel. Cummings (real name and place of birth unknown) disembarked in New York in 1920 and soon after joined the Yiddish Theater. Came the Great Bust and he moved to Los Angeles, went into the food business and sold out in 1959 for megabucks. As a special mark of their affection, Reagan, Kissinger, Ford, Pat Brown and Senator Alan Cranston attended a nonpartisan dinner in his honor last February. During the Six-Day War,

when Reagan was governor of California, Cummings requested him to make a speech supporting the Israeli invasion of Egypt and Syria. The governor did what he was told to do. In 1975 Reagan helped Cummings sell Israeli bonds by getting an amendment through the California legislature that broke the rules by permitting banks and savings and loan associations to buy Israeli bonds. How many millions this has cost California investors will never be known. Recently, to butter up to Cummings once again, Reagan resigned from the Lakeside Country Club (near Los Angeles) when a Jew was refused membership.

The story is that Reagan once promised his closest supporters that he would never make Kissinger Secretary of State. But to get the vote of the liberal Republicans he has been acting as if he wanted to break his promise. He allowed Heinz to speak at the Republican Convention. He allowed himself to be videoed taking long chatty walks with His Eminence down the shady byways of his rented Virginia estate. And his staff leaked rumors that, if Reagan wins, Kissinger's former boy Friday, Alexander Haig, will move into the number one cabinet post in January. If you can't appoint the puppeteer, appoint the puppet.

Carter. The Plainsman really put the heat on Anderson. He tried desperately to keep the Republican backslider off the ballot in Georgia (but lost the court battle) and refused to lend his "Hail-to-the-Chief" dignity to a three-man debate. All such debates, incidentally, are not debates at all, but souped-up versions of "Meet the Press," in which the favorite gets softball questions from politically tuned reporters. Anderson obviously won the beauty and verbal contest just by getting more media attention than any other third-party candidate since Henry Wallace. Imagine how many more millions of votes George Wallace could have collected if he had been given one-tenth of Anderson's exposure! Anderson came off slick, because he is very slick. Reagan came off friendly, halting, a little slow on the uptake -- because he is all these things. The tube digs deep.

Why did Jack Anderson publish his warning that Carter was going to pull off another invasion of Iran conveniently timed to make patriotic hearts glow and patriotic votes flow on election day? Was it an educated guess intended to put Carter on notice that he was being watched; that, if any military action did take place, it would be considered too political to wash? The U.S. Labor party, which can always be counted on for a Münchhausen rumor, said that Mossad and Carter were conspiring to get Khomeini to unleash a massive pogrom which would then give Carter and Israel the pretext to intervene militarily in Iran to prevent a new Holocaust.

But then all the rumors of war came true in a more unexpected scenario -- the Iran-Iraq blowup. That's exactly what Carter needs, a nice little war to let him act presidential and get a lot more media attention than he deserves. Since the Majority has no party, since the whole Carter trick depends on turning out minorities and splitting the Majority vote, victory will depend on how many minority members go to the polls and vote for Carter and how many Majority members vote for Reagan. Divide the Majority, capture the minorities is the

secret of all Democratic electioneering since the days of FDR. It won't stop until the Majority wises up and votes *en bloc*. But then it may be too late. Then the minorities may outnumber the Majority.

Anderson. NORML, the most influential pro-drug lobby, endorsed Anderson, who orated that he was of "two minds" on the question of pot and "might endorse changes in the existing anti-marijuana statute." As the following quote from his autobiography demonstrates, he was also the favorite presidential candidate of the cults:

I see no reason to deny the validity of the supernatural as the price that must be paid to take a sincere interest in the natural phenomena that operate in the sphere of our earthly existence. Indeed we are currently witnessing a tremendous upsurge of interest in the occult, and even obscure forms of Oriental mysticism by many who are simultaneously very active in political causes which relate wholly to the material side of man's existence.

When the voter casts his ballot for Anderson, he might do well to remember, he is really voting for David Garth, the TV image maker. The vote for Carter is really one for Gerald Rafshoon, who decides which of Carter's 100 faces is to be beamed out to the television audience on any particular slot of prime time. As for Reagan, we don't know who is in charge of his persona. Pride generally prevents ordinary mortals from not being themselves. The modern democratic politician is never himself, even in his shower. Since he is always someone else, it is impossible for him to obey Socrates's advice about the importance of self-knowledge. Carter is more Rafshoon than Carter, Anderson more Garth than Anderson. Since knowing oneself is the beginning of all knowledge, how can a man who cannot be himself and therefore cannot know himself know enough to be the leader of his country?

Libertarian Party. No doctrine was more despised, no group more feared, no sect more persecuted by the Okhrana than the cult and cultists of anarchism. But despite the work of the Czarist secret police and its subsequent spinoffs (the NKVD, MGB, KGB, ADL, FBI, SAVAK, Mossad, CIA), anarchism is rearing its ugly headlessness in modern America.

Lawyer Ed Clark, Libertarian party candidate for president who picked up many, many votes in the 1978 California gubernatorial race, spent thirty minutes on ABC's "Issues and Answers" attempting to deny that his party's platform constituted the anarchistic nightmare ABC newsmen assumed it to be.

Just to set the record straight, ABC is not worried that:

(1) The Libertarians' ultra-voluntarist program would accelerate the multinational desecration of what little remains of America's natural wilderness.

(2) Minority pornography goons would turn what little is left of our major cities into round-the-clock automated cesspools.

(3) Minority mediocrats would replace what little of cultural value appears on TV (via PBS) by the excretions of the commercial networks.

No, these are only minor annoyances. ABC was only worried that abolishing the public schools would deny poor blacks an education and that the Libertarians' noninterventionist foreign policy might seriously endanger the existence of Israel.

There are, however, some relatively unrotten planks in the Libertarian platform, which should be noted if only for their historical interest. Let's hear about them from a Libertarian subscriber:

Whereas both orthodox candidates, plus Anderson, behave as if they were running for a seat in the Knesset, Libertarians stump for the abolition of *all* foreign aid (an indirect but unequivocal cut-off of the \$3 billion annual dole to Israel); no meddling in foreign affairs (Israel will have to sink or swim without U.S. intervention). Radical tax reduction and fiscal responsibility are the mainstays of the Libertarian platform.

Libertarian planks, such as the repeal of laws against victimless crimes which aggravate hopheads, queers, hookers and bookies, may be less easy to swallow. On the other hand, law abiders should be as free as hoodlums to bear concealed weapons. Similarly, Libertarians believe the victim of a crime has restitution rights at the expense of the currently coddled thug.

While Libertarians reaffirm that individual rights of all U.S. citizens should not be denied or abridged, Instaurationists will be glad to know that anti-discrimination enforced by the government is equally repugnant to the Libertarians, who oppose any government attempts to regulate private discrimination.

Libertarian proposals to abolish -- rather than delineate the proper functions of -- the FBI and CIA may be overstated but they do stress a strong national defense rather than an international police action military capability.

Before free marketers get carried away by the Libertarians' heavy doses of romantic egotism, they should remember that Ed Clark wants to open wide the Mexican border and let *laissez faire* take care of the immigration problem. Ed really believes this. He's not just saying it as a favor to his Mexican wife.

Other Minor Parties. All the little no-account parties in the 1980 election were dull and uninspiring. There wasn't a philosophical spark or a photon of charisma anywhere. Gus Hall, the perennial racial fink, ran for president on the Communist party ticket with Angela Davis as his veep. The Citizens party, which is as minority-ridden as the Communists and the Communist splinter groups, has Barry Commoner, the nuke hater, as its presidential nominee. Commoner, like Clark, wants to eliminate all border patrols from the Mexican frontier, which really puts him in the same boat with Carter, whose failure to enforce immigration laws is tantamount to violating them. John Rarick, the anti-Zionist ousted from Congress several years ago, was the presidential candidate of the American Independent party.

Convention Postmortems: Chairman of the Platform Committee of the 1980 Democratic Convention was Coleman Young, the black mayor of Detroit. In 1957 Mayor Young was

a delegate to the National Convention of the Communist party.

Of the 3,381 delegates to the Democratic National Convention, about 400 were Jewish, 37 were out-of-the-closet gays and 372 were teachers. Some 15% were blacks, 49% were women, 13% under thirty, and 40.3% were on the federal payroll. The Republican National Convention had 1,994 delegates, of whom 93 were Jews. To indicate how Republicans are being de-WASPed, about half the delegates from Connecticut were Italian Americans, Polish Americans and other ethnics. Connecticut used to be a pillar of the Eastern Republican establishment.

As for the Democratic gays, they were wooed most gaily, most sincerely and most authentically by Robert Kennedy, Jr., whose neck was decked with a red ribbon by the Gay-Lesbian Caucus. He promised the queers that if Teddy won the nomination, "In the first hour of his administration he will sign an executive order ending all discrimination in federal hiring based on sexual preferences." The gays were also rewarded by a Carter position paper, which later became a plank in the Democratic platform, elevating gays to the protected status now reserved for blacks, Hispanics and other unassimilable minorities.

When George Wallace won the Michigan primary in 1972, the state Democratic machine switched back to the nicotine connivings of caucuses. The defeat of Kennedy will probably accelerate the decline of the primary. Perhaps by 1984 the hero of Chappaquiddick, having become a sort of latter-day melt of Boss Tweed and Richard Daley, will be in a position to

really "open up" the Democratic Convention and make himself the nominee by prearranged acclamation.

The old theme song of the Democratic Convention, "Happy Days Are Here Again," had a rival in last summer's bang-up in New York. The band, very appropriately, gave equal time to "Hava Nagila," the Israeli anthem.

Queer Commentary: From queer mouths occasionally come gurglings of truth. In an interview published in *Us* (Aug. 19, 1980), the *New York Times* facsimile of Time Inc.'s *People*, Gore Vidal let go with the following:

There is only one political party in the United States . . . one wing is called Republican and another . . . Democratic. Since half the voters don't vote, the two parties are beginning to moul. Soon the system won't fly at all.

Vidal doesn't think much of Senator Fat Face.

He's a rich, spoiled boy who takes it for granted that the U.S. owes his wonderful family a great deal. Actually, the Kennedys have never done anything for the U.S. or for anyone else. They love only themselves. If they were brighter, I might find them if not lovable then useful. But they are all second raters.

Vidal believes the only solution is a Constitutional Convention to be called after a crisis, such as the collapse of the dollar. Then

With luck, we might achieve a democracy. We might even become a civilization, a condition that we have sternly avoided for two centuries.

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON AFTERLIFE

We do not know when or how or by whom the notion of a life after death was invented. All mammals instinctively fear death, but if they escape their natural enemies and survive to senility, they seem to acquiesce in a quiet extinction of their enfeebled consciousness. We cannot suppose that the *Australopithecus* or any species of *Homo erectus* imagined a possible prolongation of life, and, despite some very recent claims, it is highly improbable that the Neanderthals did. The remote ancestors of our own race, the Cro-Magnons, must have had the capacity for such imagination, but we have no means of knowing what they believed.

We are often told that burials are evidence of some belief in an afterlife, but they may be no more than a manifestation of an instinctive respect or affection for the dead man and an unwillingness to see his corpse devoured by beasts. When a man's possessions are buried with him, there may have been some notion (as is attested in Egypt, for example) that the equipment would be useful to him in a post-mortem existence, but it is equally possible that some or many instances of this custom may indicate the emergence of a strong sense of private property: the spear or the beads or the golden drinking-

horn were the dead man's, and no one should steal from him when he dies.

* * *

However men came to imagine a survival after death, it is probable that the very oldest form of the notion was a belief that the corpse in the grave retains a certain sentience. Numerous inscriptions attest the survival even to Roman times of a belief that wine poured through the opening of the tomb would rejoice the spirit of the dead and even induce drunkenness. And this most primitive belief survives poetically today, as in Tennyson's

My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead.

When men imagined ghosts, shadowy and tenuous, but not absolutely immaterial, simulacra of the dead in which

their consciousness persisted, at least for a time, the phantoms, now detached from the grave, were given a realm of their own in an underworld, far beneath the ground, or, more poetically, in a misty land beyond the sunset. There the dead man, whether hero or peasant, was automatically and inexorably doomed to a miserable life-in-death, a helpless and almost voiceless shade, whose umbratile consciousness is embittered (as in the Homeric Nekyia) by the knowledge that it is better to be a dog among the living than a monarch of all the dead.

It is hard to account for the origin of the really revolutionary idea of a divine discrimination between ghosts, so that the afterlife of the ghosts will correspond in some way to the degree of moral excellence attained during life or, what is only slightly different, the special favor of some god. In his play, Critias (Plato's uncle) explained it as a device to enforce the doctrine that the gods sustain human society by rewarding right conduct and/or punishing the reverse: when experience had made it only too obvious that Hesiod's Zeus does not act on the reports of the invisible spirits he sends to observe even the most secret acts of men, i.e., that just men do suffer unjustly while scoundrels flourish throughout long lives, it became necessary for lawgivers to invent the notion of a life after death in which Zeus will at last give effect to his judgment of men's morality.

What is certain is that if a large populace really believes in the inevitability of justice after death, fear of condign punishment will to some extent inhibit crimes against society, and that the social utility of the myth commended it to many thoughtful men who did not themselves believe it.

* * *

A meaningful concept of immortality always includes more than existence after death. No one wants the immortality of Tithonus.

If there is a divine justice, it must do more than discriminate among ghosts and allocate *post-mortem* residence according to moral criteria. Although the dead in Hades are usually in the form they had at the time of their death (e.g., Deiphobus and others in Vergil), the favored dwellers in Elysium or the Beatae Insulae seem always to have the bodily form that was theirs at the time of their greatest excellence: the warrior is in the prime of his physical prowess, regardless of when or how he died; the sage has the maturity of his wisdom, but is exempt from the effects of old age; and a woman who has earned such immortality reverts to the age at which she was most beautiful.

One of the Christian apocalypses composed under the name of John had Jesus promise that, come the resurrection, all the Christians, whether they died as infants or of old age, will pop out of their graves exactly thirty years old. I think there was a comparable doctrine in the gospel of Zoroaster, although it is hard to elicit anything specific from the *gathas* or to be sure of their respective dates. Immortality must be at the prime of life.

* * *

"Immortality" generally means only survival after death,

with an indefinite perdurance thereafter. The concept of eternity is rarely thought out to its logical conclusion, for merely an assurance of continued life in some comfort after death suffices to content most minds.

The concept of a perpetual deathlessness created difficulties even when applied to gods. In some mythologies, diuturnal life suffices even for them: the Norse gods themselves die, at least in the Ragnarök, some (Balder) earlier. When Cronus was overthrown by Zeus, he really perished from this world, but since the *di immortales* were, by definition, immortal, it was necessary to suppose that he was either imprisoned in the darkest depths of the underworld or transported to the Isles of the Blest. One of the quirks of the inconsistent religion of the Egyptians was the provision of a heaven for dead gods, Duat. And in the mystery religions, chiefly Oriental, some gods (Tamus, Osiris, Mithras, Christ) are slain but are resurrected, being thus *both* mortal and immortal! And in every religion, all gods (except a first one, for whom it is impossible to suggest a parentage without embarking on an endless regression) are born, so they are not really eternal, and their existence is assumed for only a few thousand years at most, leaving their future indefinite.

No one really believes in an eternal existence after death. The mind staggers before the concept of infinity in either time or space. Even the Hindus, who have calculated that the present age will end precisely, in terms of our calendar, on 17 February 428,898, when the universe (with all of its gods except the Trinity) will perish in a cosmic conflagration, believe that the senior member of the Trinity, Brahman, will create another universe and yet another in a process that will continue for another 311,035,680,000,000 years, after which, they modestly admit, they do not know exactly what will happen, except that the creative force itself cannot perish with the total destruction of all things, including the supreme gods. Even they draw back before the horror of infinity!

* * *

The eternal, like the infinite, is really a mathematical concept and involves, of course, the well-known Kantian antinomy. Has anyone tried to determine whether the notion of immortality takes a special form in the Aryan mind, corresponding to the characteristic drive of what Spengler terms the "Faustian soul," with its passion for what is unlimited and infinite? And is it true that only the Aryan mind (which, I take it, is what Haas calls the *philosophical* mentality) really perceives the difference between eternal and diuturnal life?

* * *

A belief in life after death is by no means an Aryan characteristic. In all ages of history, many Aryans of reflective minds have been convinced by observation of the process of organic life that perdurance of the individual after death is impossible, and have accepted that conclusion as fully as did Lucretius, for example. Although the Stoics were primarily concerned to establish a rational basis for morality, some of them, notably Panaetius, who did the most to make Stoicism acceptable to

the Romans, categorically denied the possibility of survival after death. Even for rational Christians, when not in a mood of emotional exaltation, life after death has been *le grand peut-être*, a possibility, a hope, rather than a certainty. And although the exceptions may be numerically negligible, even a desire for immortality is not universal:

We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never

* * *

When an hypothesis of life after death is entertained by a rational mind, its grim consequences become at once apparent. Generations of men have for millennia come and gone, like the leaves of the trees, and each dead man, if his ghost survives, goes "to join the great majority" in some realm of which the population must be increasing at a fearful rate. "O Earth! art thou not weary of thy graves?" And to the Aryan mind, there is something repellent and horrible about the prospect of becoming a mere unit in some vast proletarian mass, packed together in some afterlife, like bees in a hive or Jews in a vast ghetto. To endure after death only to become lost among billions and billions of swarming rabble would be a Hell in itself.

The Aryan mind is natively aristocratic: if life after death is a reward, it must be won by some kind of personal excellence, some achievement, not by the merely passive virtues of a timorous slave. The Classical mind could not conceive of Elysium or the Isles of the Blest as a refuge for a multitude of merely harmless wights: they were reserved for the few who had risen above the herd to make themselves illustrious for courage or wisdom. The Norse Valhalla admitted warriors who had proven themselves in battle under the eyes of the gods, with whom they would dwell until all went forth, foredoomed, to fight the good fight in the last battle and perish in the *Götterdämmerung*. What happened after death to the villains and knaves, no one cared.

This racial sentiment led naturally to a concept of a selective and limited immortality, most familiar to us from its statement by many of the Stoics (Chrysippus et al., but not Panaetius): the souls of ordinary men evaporate at death but the souls of men who have attained distinction as heroes or sages endure in some celestial region (most clearly portrayed in the *Somnium Scipionis*) until the *ecpyrosis*, the universal conflagration. Thus, in a sense, a man who is highly endowed genetically may create his own limited immortality, i.e., a diuturnal but not eternal existence. One need not remark on the social advantages of a belief that inspires great men to serve their nation and race.

* * *

The most reasonable theory that offers immortality to all is metempsychosis. By a doctrine of *karman*, it yields the only rational theodicy, assuming no childish miracles or divine meddling with the immutable laws of nature, but instead

presents itself as a natural law that operates uniformly throughout the universe as precisely as do the forces that determine gravity, chemical combinations, or optical phenomena. So plausible and reasonable a doctrine, which cannot be shown to be inconsistent with ascertained facts, naturally appeals to our racial mentality. There is the difficulty, of course, that the reincarnated individual does not remember his previous lives, but it is assumed that his subconscious being persists through all his lives, and it is usually provided that he will at some time remember all his previous lives, at least those in human form, when "the veil of ignorance" drops from his eyes. In many forms of belief in transmigration, one also avoids the embarrassing question why an afterlife is the perquisite of a limited number of species of anthropoids, to the exclusion of mammals, e.g., dogs and horses, that are often morally superior. And, most persuasive of all, one can construct for each individual a neat evolutionary sequence from the lowest forms of organic life to the human, from the lower races to the higher, from the morally mediocre to the morally superior, and then onward to superhuman beings who reside, perhaps, on other planets in the vast universe in which our earth is but an atom. Metempsychosis could be called a psychic Darwinism, the evolution of spiritual species.

* * *

It is possible, of course, to combine the two doctrines, metempsychosis and an Elysium. The most beautiful conception of immortality of which I know is set forth in Pindar's second Olympian: after three or six lives (and I am not going to argue about the meaning of *ἐστὶς ἑκατέρωθι μέλλαντες* -- see the various commentators) in which a man has lived with strict justice and perfect integrity, he passes beyond the tower of Cronus to the fair realm that cannot be reached by land or sea, where gentle breezes from a placid ocean blow forever on the fields of asphodel. For a description, see Pindar. If the beauty of great poetry can commend a religion, here you have it.

* * *

A recent article in *Instauration* (Aug, 1980) offers an acute and cogent explanation of one of the most drastic and puzzling effects of Christianity on our race and civilization.

The Nordic peoples accepted Christianity for several reasons, of which the most important, in my estimation, was the Bible, which, unlike other mythologies, so simulates an historical record that it seems to be an account of events that actually happened; and if its tales are historical truth, they prove the existence and power of a capricious and ferocious god whom mortals must dread and strive to placate. This god, furthermore, offered to his votaries, under conditions that it was painful but not impossible to meet, an assured and comfortable life after death. Our ancestors naturally desired an afterlife, if it was to be had: who (except a world-weary and over civilized *décadent*) would not long to extend his existence far into the future? And the new religion, distasteful

as it was in many ways, offered what seemed to be a certain way of attaining what all men desire.

A theory of metempsychosis was not unknown to the Nor-dics, but it was unsystematic and seems to have provided that a man would be reborn as his own grandson or great-grand-son, as obviously did not happen in some observable in-stances. For this or some other reason, there is no trace of a real faith in reincarnation in our earliest sources. Valhalla was accessible only to heroes who died in battle, and it was no paradise: it was a military encampment of an army that intends to die honorably, fighting for a lost cause. And, for that matter, no man, however valorous, can be certain that he will die in battle. If Norse ladies heard the faint rumor that their souls would dwell in the halls of the Vannic goddess, Freyja, the prospect cannot have pleased them. Everyone knew, further-more, that the myths were myths, based on no authentic information and subject to alteration, within very wide limits, by the fancy of the skalds, whose songs were poetry, not revelations. Some of the Norse quite frankly admitted they were atheists; the majority believed or thought it likely that Odin, Thor, and the other gods existed, but no one could claim to have any certain and definite knowledge of them, let alone of what might happen to their worshippers after death. There is no evidence of a confidence in any kind of afterlife among the Nordic peoples when the Christian salesmen arrived with what they claimed to be an historical record and a guarantee of immortality -- to be had at a price, to be sure, but what

would not a man pay not only to survive death but to enter on a life free of the striving, the toil, the sorrow, and the eventual failure of a life on earth? For many, the temptation must have been irresistible.

So much, we may take for granted. The price to be paid for this immortality, however, was conduct that was in many ways unnatural, even inhuman. As the writer in *Instauration* perspicaciously observes, the alien cult's doctrine of "original sin" had a certain plausibility in that men are always tempted to violate the code of their society, whatever that may be, and not infrequently do so. But it was enforced by the Aryans' subconscious sense that, for the sake of obtaining the immor-tality promised by a god whose existence seemed to be an historical fact, they were betraying and violating their own inner nature by imposing on themselves conduct that their instincts rejected. They thus had a sense of guilt without understanding why. By not sinning in the eyes of the god, they were sinning against themselves. They were biologically guilty.

From this inner discord, the author of the article concludes that from the subconscious mind's reaction to the perpetual conflict between the innate nature of a healthy Aryan and the conduct that his superstition requires of him comes the mad-dening sense of guilt that has been for fifteen centuries, and is today, a black and monstrous incubus on the minds of our race.

(To be continued in the next issue.)

ARCHAEOLOGICAL REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

Barry Fell has written two hard-to-swallow books, *America, B.C.* and *Saga America* (Times Books, New York), which if even half true turn the story of the New World upside down. In the latter volume he writes:

[We] can now read many of the inscriptions left behind by our forerunners in this hemisphere. What these inscriptions are telling us is that, until now, we have been acting like illiterates, collecting the relics of vanished people and trying to recon-struct their lives without paying any attention to the written records they have bequeathed to us. (p. 259)

According to Fell, some of the European and Mediterranean peoples who explored, settled and left written memorials in pre-Columbian North America were:

Celts: New England.

Fell thinks much, perhaps all, of the megalithic construction of New England was the work of Celts, who arrived circa 800 B.C. They must have been closely associated with Phoenician traders who wrote Punic in the Iberic script to judge from the number of inscriptions. On some of them knowledge of Ro-man numerals and Julius Caesar's calendrical reform imply that a shipping connection between the New and Old World existed well into Roman times. Copper and bronze tools and weapons comparable to those of Iberia (the homeland of many

of New England's Celts) have been found in Maine and Mas-sachusetts. Also found are some realistic and "petromantic" sculptures, the latter partly sculpted stone objects evidently inspired by animals. The similarity of this ancient work to some "modern art" is most surprising. Dolmens can be seen at North Salem, New York, Bartlett, New Hampshire, Westport, Massachusetts and Maine. Christian fanatics destroyed most of the European phallic stones that were a part of the Aryan fertility worship. They still survive in remote districts of Ireland and New England, where Fell says some 200 have been found.

So many ancient monuments and artifacts in Celtic New England indicate that the region was heavily populated. What happened to these Caucasians? The answer: Their descen-dants were probably still there when our ancestors landed.

The Algonquin nation comprises the most numerous and widely dispersed linguistic group among the North American Amerindians . . . the old paintings show that the eastern Al-gonquins closely resemble southern European and Mediter-ranean people, and that when they donned European dress, they were scarcely to be distinguished from other settlers. Toward the west of their range a more Mongolian aspect is evident . . . (*America, B.C.*, p. 277)

The race may have endured, but the language did not. Excepting place names, "strung like a rosary whose beads tell

of times long past," Celtic words are few in the Indian languages of New England.

Celts: The Midwest and Far West

Fell claims there is a transcontinental track from New England to the Northwest marked by inscriptions in Gaelic with Iberian alphabetic letters. Champaign, Illinois, is along this old migration route. There, in 1885, a Celtic coin was found under four feet of undisturbed clay. It was minted in Britain around "the late fourth or early fifth century A.D."

In the 1880s, crude ceramic imitations of the bronze coins of Evia, a Celtiberian city in what is now Portugal, were discovered by Ohio farmers. One of them, inscribed in retrograde Iberian Greek, is "the oldest known American coin, probably to be dated to the early third century B.C., or the late fourth century B.C."

Fell was told of the site he calls the "Moneta Bank" in Wyoming by Dr. Rickey, chief historian of the Bureau of Land Management. At first he was baffled by the circular patterns cut into the cliffs. Eventually, he deciphered a "banker's shingle" that read, "Moneychanger -- The First to Reach Here -- No Usury." The first and third parts of this inscription are in Celtiberian Gaelic and the middle is in a Greek rebus. The circular petroglyphs of this site represent Romano-Iberian coins made around 20 B.C. Moneta was a trappers' rendezvous where two ermines got one bronze penny. The bankers, Fell insists, were probably Catalans.

The Western Celts of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and Nevada "were evidently in occupation much later than their New England cousins." Inscriptions are especially common in the Fraser Lakes region of British Columbia. The local Indians -- the Takelne -- still speak a creole Celtic.

Phoenicians.

Ancient American history becomes more precise after the fourth century B.C., for it was then

[O]ur visitors began to bring with them -- and to leave behind -- the infallible date-markers that the modern historian demands: those enduring metal disks called coins. (Saga, pp. 23-24)

Fell has prepared charts showing the kinds and geographical distribution of ancient coins discovered in the United States. All the Carthaginian coins found to date are base-metal issues -- copper, bronze and adulterated silver.

"Guinea-gold" from the west coast of Africa is one explanation for the "sudden, unexplained increase in holdings of Carthaginian gold between 300 B.C. and 241 B.C." A more likely source of bullion, thinks Fell, was South America. Padre Carlo Crespi of the Church of Santa Maria Auxiliadora in Cuenca, Ecuador, has over the years assembled, with the help of his parishioners, a collection of ancient artifacts. Many are bronze art objects produced by the Phoenician factories in Cyprus. These Cypriot-Phoenician wares -- the style a mixture of Egyptian and Babylonian elements -- were purchased in great quantities by the Carthaginian traders. Only one such object, a metal urn, has been found in North America. (See photo, above right.)



CYPRIOT-PHOENICIAN URN FOUND IN NEW YORK STATE

The greatest of the Phoenician colonies in Iberia was Tarshish. It was overrun in 530 B.C. by the Celtiberians. Although inscriptions with the distinctive Tartessian letters are rare in North America, there are a few in New England and some more in West Virginia and Ohio.

Greeks.

The account by Plutarch of a manuscript he found in the ruins of Carthage is "a truthful and verifiable description of routine voyages made to and from America." The old biographer wrote that Greeks

had settled among the barbarian peoples of the Western Epeiros [America] . . . had intermarried . . . had adopted their language, but had blended their own Greek language with it . . . the Greek settlements known to him were about a bay in the same latitudes as the Caspian Sea. This last statement indicates New England, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. (Saga, p. 88)

Plutarch must have known what he was talking about because Greek roots are prevalent in "the northeast dialects of Algonquin." The Greek spoken in America in ancient times was probably the Ptolemaic dialect. This would explain the many Egyptian and Libyan words that are also present in Algonquin.

Romans.

From Moneta Bank alone, one could reasonably conclude

that Rome's Iberians conducted an extensive American trade. Other evidences of Roman or Romano-Iberian links with the Western Epeiros are not lacking. After 1797, better plows

brought to light a wholly unforeseen harvest -- buried *Roman coins!* Yet others were discovered deep down in the subsoil when well-shafts were sunk. (*Saga*, p. 27)

In the tumuli that dot the heartland of the United States:

During the nineteenth century Roman coins were reported to occur commonly . . . (*Saga*, p. 127)

In 1977, at Beverly, Massachusetts:

Roman coins of the era 337-383 A.D. [were] found . . . by metal detection apparatus within an area of about one square yard . . . The only reasonable explanation is that the money-chest of a merchant ship carrying current coin in use around the year 375 A.D. is the real source of the Beverly coin supply. (*Saga*, pp. 31-32)

Libyans.

Libya was all of North Africa to the west of Egypt. Its inhabitants were "the ancient world's most brilliant navigators and explorers." Fell mentions the arrival of Nordic sea people in 1250 B.C., but blonds were in Libya long before that. The author states that the majority of the populace in classical times was composed of olive-skinned Caucasians. Inscriptions using the *Libyan* (or *Numidian*) *alphabet* are found in North Africa, Spain, the Canaries, America and the Pacific Islands. One of the great linguistic mysteries, Libyan was finally translated by Fell in the 1970s. Two languages were written in this alphabet: (1) a dialect of Egyptian with a number of Anatolian roots; (2) an Arabic dialect. (Fell's claim that the Arabs were in North Africa at least 800 years before the Islamic Conquest has, to say the least, interested scholars in Moslem countries, especially in modern Libya.)

The Libyans, Fell believes, settled the Mississippi watershed around 1000 to 800 B.C., at the time a Libyan dynasty ruled Egypt. They seem to have brought a number of their subject peoples along with them, including Egyptians and Nubians. Besides this Libyan group, there were also Celts, Iberians and Phoenicians in the Mississippi basin. Many of the great "Indian burial mounds" are in reality the work of these Mediterranean and European colonists.

In Polynesia, "the early . . . inscriptions are essentially Libyan both as to the alphabet and the language." Among the Libyan charts engraved on Nevada rock, there is one of the Hawaiian Islands. Cave inscriptions in northwest New Guinea include "star maps, navigation diagrams, and even calculations attributed to Eratosthenes."

Fell has surmised that the Arabic-speaking Libyans of Nevada and eastern California were "a race with Viking inclinations" who followed a "double lifestyle." In the summer they traded and pirated and

returned to their tent villages in the lower Colorado valley during winter, and went hunting in the spring and fall when the game herds were on the move. (*Saga*, p. 298)

Their Arizona and New Mexico cousins led a more restful life, since they were the builders of pueblos. The southwestern Libyans adopted Islam.

Chinese.

Moneta Bank is not unique. Fell writes:

As I thumbed wonderingly through the standard volumes of reports on . . . [the] ancient petroglyphs of the Southwest, I soon perceived that nearly every circular design is actually a representation of an ancient coin, reduced to its bare essentials . . . but accompanied by enough detail, such as the more conspicuous letters of the original inscription, to permit identification. (*Saga*, p. 134)

There are descriptions of Byzantine, Celtic, Norse and

in parts of Nevada and California . . . ancient Chinese coins of the Han and Sung dynasties, accompanied by Chinese inscriptions giving the value, or other details appropriate for a foreigner to know, when dealing with Chinese currency. (*Saga*, p. 134)

Norsemen.

The discovery in 1969 of the remains of a Viking settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland, is widely known. What is not so widely known is that there are a good many other traces of Norse reconnoitering, trading and settlement. In the east, iron weapons have been unearthed. The cache at Beardmore, Ontario, had a sword, a battle-ax and a shield and was covered by a piece of iron. They were dated around A.D. 1025.

Indians noticed the runic inscriptions of Oklahoma in the early 1800s. In Colorado, there are a number of petroglyphs in which Christian Norse art has been caricatured by rebellious colonists. (The Western Norse seem to have reverted to paganism like their cousins on the east coast and in Greenland.)

Many of the eastern Indians were Caucasian -- some of them presumably Nordic since several early explorers reported "blue-eyed Indians." At least one group of these Nordic Indians seems to have been of Scandinavian descent, for in 1524:

Verrazano's course took him along the Narragansett coast where he was astonished to glimpse a tall stone-built "Norman villa." He went ashore to investigate and found the region inhabited by friendly Indians who appeared to be much the most civilized people he had ever encountered in America, and some of whom had fair skins. They could remember nothing of how the Norman villa had been built. (*Saga*, p. 373)

The Norman villa is undoubtedly the Round Tower of Newport, Rhode Island, also referred to in an English document proposing the settlement of Rhode Island and giving the presence of the tower as an added reason why such a settlement should be made. (*Saga*, pp. 373-74)

The Newport Tower is the sanctuary of a 14th-century Norse church. Built of stone, it has survived, while the surrounding wooden edifice has decayed. In 1946, Magnus Bjorndal and Peter Lovfald discovered a runic inscription

reading, "HNKRS." Fell believes this designates the church of a bishop. The Round Tower is the oldest Christian church in America (although some might argue for slab-roofed chambers in New England which were converted to Christian use "early in the Roman Imperial era").

Conclusion.

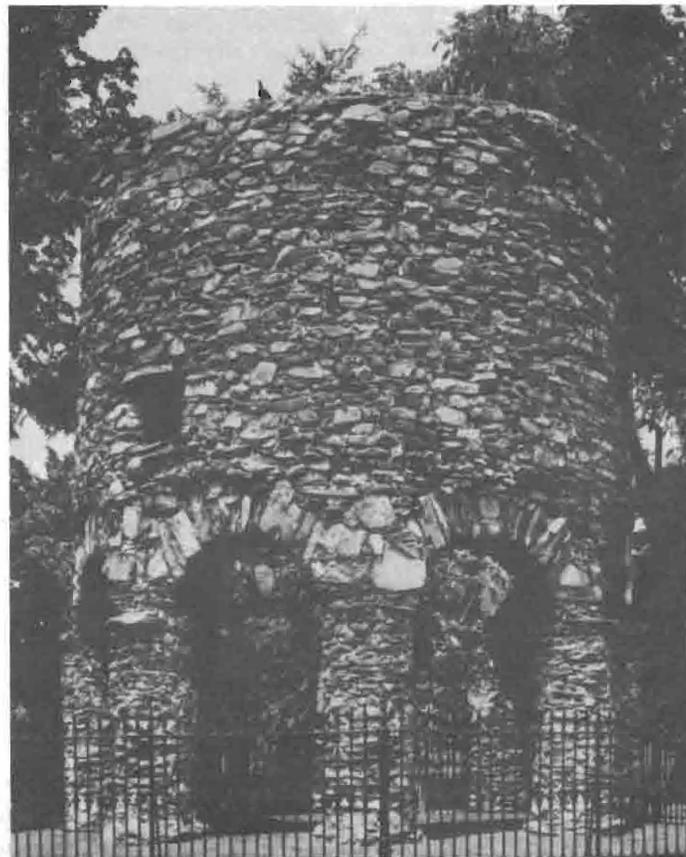
By A.D. 1000, the advanced communities of North America ("some truly indigenous, others dominated by colonists from abroad, most, however, being of mixed derivation") were doomed. Athapascans (Navahos, Apaches) from the north made their first attacks on the Pueblos at the "end of the tenth century." Much of the Moslem population of the Southwest fled. Iroquois raided the Mississippi towns. The Vikings came.

The civilization whose roots we have surveyed continued on in many places for another century or two, but a bleak prospect lay in view (Saga, p. 385)

Fell's final chapter "Barbarians at the Gate" in *Saga America* is very brief because

There are other ancient North American civilizations yet to be considered before we examine the tragedy of the widespread collapse of civilization that preceded the arrival of Columbus and the conquistadores. (Saga, p. 380)

These other civilizations will be the subject of a forthcoming book by Barry Fell.



ROUND TOWER OF NEWPORT

Honest Abe was honestly worried about armed Negro troops and wanted them out of the country

Butler's Book

As every neophyte racial separatist soon learns to his grateful relief and surprise, the Great Emancipator was not the Great Integrationist. Abraham Lincoln more than coquetted with the idea of speeding the American Negro back to his biological and spiritual nest in Africa. That this project was never undertaken was due in part to the technological impracticality, in part to the bloody event of April 14, 1865.

Lincoln's strong interest in Negro repatriation was memorialized in the little-known memoirs of Benjamin P. Butler, published in 1892. *Butler's Book*, as it is called, contains some of the most cogent words Lincoln ever uttered. But first the author, a Union major general, a congressman and a governor of Massachusetts, sets the stage:

Although I had no command in the army assigned me and had not asked for any, I retained the full confidence of the President, and from time to time when I happened to be in Washington, where indeed I was much of the time, he talked with me very freely.

Butler then relates a conversation with the President in the high tide of the Civil War. Mr. Lincoln speaks:



Benjamin Butler

But what shall we do with the negroes after they are free? I can hardly believe that the South and North can live in peace, unless we can get rid of the negroes. Certainly they cannot if we don't get rid of the negroes whom we have armed and disciplined and who have fought with us, to the amount, I believe, of some one hundred and fifty thousand men. I believe it would be better to export them all to some fertile country with a good climate, which they could have to themselves.

You have been a staunch [*sic*] friend of the race from the time you first advised me to enlist them at New Orleans. You have had a good deal of experience in moving bodies of men by water -- your movement up the James was a magnificent one. Now, we shall have no use for our very large navy; what then, are the difficulties in sending all the blacks away?

If these black soldiers of ours go back to the South I am afraid that they will be but little better off with their masters than they were before, and yet they will be free men. I fear a race war, and it will be at least a guerilla war because we have taught these men how to fight. All the arms of the South are now in the hands of their troops, and when we capture them of course we will take their arms. There are plenty of men in the North who will furnish the negroes with arms if there is any oppression of them by their late masters.

I wish you would carefully examine the question and give me your views on it and go into the figures . . . so as to show whether the negroes can be exported. I wish also you would give me any views that you have as to how to deal with the negro troops after the war. Some people think we shall have trouble with our white troops after they are disbanded, but I don't anticipate anything of that sort, for all the intelligent men among them were good citizens or they would not have been good soliders. But the question of the colored troops troubles me exceedingly.

Having thought over the matters raised by the President, Butler went to the White House two days later. "Mr. President," he said,

I have gone very carefully over my calculations as to the power of the country to export the negroes of the South, and I assure you that using all your naval vessels and all the merchant marine fit to cross the seas with safety, it will be impossible for you to transport them to the nearest place that can be found fit for them -- and that is the Island of San Domingo -- half as fast as negro children will be born here.

"I am afraid you are right, General," was Lincoln's answer; "but have you thought what we shall do with the negro soldiers?"

Butler suggested sending them down to dig a canal across Panama, and even offered to go along himself as their commander. "There is meat in that, General Butler, there is meat in that. But how will it affect our foreign relations? I want you to go and talk it over with Mr. Seward."

Butler wrote that he bowed and retired, "and that was the last interview I ever had with Abraham Lincoln."

Later Butler revealed the canal project to Seward in the latter's office and got this for an answer:

I know Mr. Lincoln's anxiety upon that question, for he has expressed it to me often, and I see no answer to his trouble. But you must excuse me this afternoon, it is mail day. Come and take an early dinner with me at six o'clock, and after dinner we will discuss the matter at our cigars.

Well, as every Civil War buff can guess, they never got to their cigars because Seward was thrown from his horse that evening, and soon afterwards badly mauled by a would-be assassin who belonged to the circle of that distinguished descendant of Portuguese Jews, John Wilkes Booth.

It is tempting to dismiss Butler as a pompous old pol trying to inflate his wartime stature by zesting up his anecdotage with reports of fictitious conversations that only he was privy to. But three considerations should be borne in mind: 1) the information is essentially consistent with what we know from other sources concerning how Lincoln really felt about the Negro presence; 2) the Butler account is simply written, free from hyperbole and entirely credible in itself; 3) Butler was no crusty, unreconstructed Dixieite but a "friend of the Negro" who was consulted by Lincoln precisely for that reason. Butler's plans for the postbellum South sounded like a milder version of what Herr Morgenthau had in mind for post-World War II Germany. A Yankee revanchiste would have been the last person to have invented the remarks Butler attributed to Lincoln.

Ponderable Quote

It is for instance a fact that, according to Jewish Talmudic law, legally valid in Israel today, any gentile woman is considered as impure, slave, gentile and whore, and when she embraces the Jewish faith she stops being impure, slave and gentile, but she remains a whore. The argumentation provided by Talmudic law to back that judgment, when raised in the XXth century, can only be compared to Julius Streicher; for instance the judgment whereby all "gentile women" must necessarily be prostitutes. Did a jurist in Israel explain this sentence? Did anyone warn any of the famous "female converts" that, together with conversion, they undertake to be "whores"? Did anyone raise the question of knowing whether that law is wise and just or not? The answer is clear, and just for the same reason the same jurists in Nazi Germany accepted the Nuremberg Laws (which are infinitely more moderate than the "gentile" regulations in Talmudic Law), and exactly for the same reason, the leading Israeli jurists don't even want to examine the demand for inquiry on tortures raised by a non-Jew.

*Israel Shahak, professor of chemistry
Hebrew University*

We Are Damned for Our Pro-Draft Stance

Instauration is for the draft in principle. Even in a world of universal and guaranteed peace -- hard to imagine as long as man seethes with aggressive genes -- a year or two of military training out in the open and away from Mommy, Daddy, teacher, TV and the local disco should be the experience of every young Majority member. Discipline, physical culture, teamwork, the temporary downgrading of class differences -- all these open the mind's eye and leave deep, uneradable imprints that will make our wayward, disoriented, discombobulated youth of the 80s wiser, stronger and more resilient for the rough years that lie ahead.

Today, there are also urgent and practical reasons for the draft. The nation in Eurasia that dreams of world conquest -- and has the best chance of any country in history of realizing the dream -- has obligatory military service for all. So has our number two enemy, China, whom we are now building up as a check to the Soviet Union, but which someday, when the thermonuclear bombs are all neatly stacked in impregnable Tibetan silos, will be as much or more of a threat to us.

Then there is the matter of our army growing ever blacker (36% of the enlisted men as of today). Since white recruits are the bottom of the IQ barrel and since Negro soldiers are not noted for their intellectual acumen, we already have the stupidest army of any major power. This is not much of a military plus as the weaponry becomes ever more sophisticated and complex.

What will happen when the riots in the cities get out of hand? The army will have to be sent in as a last resort. Instead of restoring order, many black soldiers will join their rioting brothers, while others, as they did in Vietnam, will indulge in fragging -- lobbing hand grenades at white officers and noncoms.

The chief argument of right-wing anti-draft partisans is that the army will be sent once again to fight abroad against the national interest. This time we will be ordered to die for Israel. It's possible. But the moment the war starts, we may be sure the draft will be enacted faster than draftees can say Senator Javits. Trained soldiers live longer than untrained soldiers. Since they might be unhappy about events when they return home, they would be in a better position than anyone else to do something about it.

The main point, however, is that in a time

of supreme crisis, a time which is certainly coming within the next few decades, the army is the final arbiter of a nation's fate. A half-black army led by white truckling officers is an invitation to racial and social chaos. The only way for the Majority to recapture control of the army is through the draft. The Negro and Hispanic percentage would quickly be reduced to less than 20 percent, while the white percentage would shoot up to more than 80 percent. The average IQ of the soldiery would increase proportionately.

Without the draft the army will get dumber and dumber and blacker and blacker. But even the brightest unarmed civilian is no match for an illiterate soldier with an automatic rifle. Our real enemy is not overseas. Our real enemy is here at home. We will never be overrun by a foreign army until we are first overrun by a minority racist army forming up right in our backyard.

This is Instauration's case for the draft. Some Instaurationists don't buy it. We reprint a literate and well-reasoned demurrer from one of our most intelligent and literate readers.

I am appalled and dismayed by your support of the draft. I can imagine absolutely nothing worse for the political position of white nationalists than a draft and another aggressive war.

For the first time in my experience we have an opportunity to draw young people to our ranks and you take a position designed to continue the estrangement of youth from nationalism.

A draft of young white men into the armed services only serves the enemies of the white race and Western civilization.

You must be unaware of the fact that during the Vietnam war the leadership of the antidraft and antiwar forces was almost totally Jewish. The Jews realized that LBJ's war was the wrong one and had no trouble eventually getting the establishment to see things their way.

Today, as far as I have been able to determine, Jews are nowhere to be found in the leadership of the antidraft movement. Instead, they are beating the drums for the draft and a good war, like you.

Today, leadership of the antidraft movement is in the hands of various types of muddle-brained whites -- pacifists, libertarians, Marxists and queers.

The Jews, naturally enough, want millions of whites to spill their blood for them in yet another war.

Cooperation with the Zionists and the other internationalists in their aggressive war plans to waste our genes and treasure for Israel and Arab oil is assuredly not the way to correct the mess the armed forces is in. There is one way and only one way to approach that problem and that is to attack it at its roots, not to try to dilute the Negroid culture to be found there by forcing suggestible, young, defenseless, disoriented whites to associate with blacks.

There are two things wrong with the armed forces. In the first place, "our" insane America-last foreign policy must be rationalized in terms of the national interest, not the interests of Israel, the bankers and the Communists. This requires facing up to the fact that we must withdraw from our lunatic and hypocritical attempt to tell the rest of the world how to behave and defend only the western hemisphere -- or perhaps only Central America and the Caribbean. With a sane foreign policy, there would be no need for a gargantuan military establishment to patrol the world with broken-down ships, obsolete aircraft and worthless infantry.

Secondly, the armed services must be re segregated into competitive ethnic (racial) units, precisely as every effective armed force since before the days of the Roman legions has been -- and as our own armed forces were prior to Anna Rosenberg's integration of them during the Korean War.

At this time there is in America precisely the same political configuration fighting the draft as composed the America First Committee prior to Hitler's attack on the USSR. It is a measure of how far we have fallen that the only leadership from the right to support a bona fide nationalist position today comes from Liberty Lobby whereas in 1941 there were giants like Charles Lindbergh, General Robert E. Wood and a number of nationalist, populist senators.

It always amazes me how right-wingers can be so right philosophically and so confused politically. It does our side no good in the least to shout all of the good words until we are hoarse and then to join with the other side when it is time for action. As Lawrence Dennis used to say, "When it comes time to fight the Communists, you will find that the Jews and liberals will be the generals and the conservatives will be on KP."

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Instauration thinks the above makes

sense. That's why we printed it. But we don't think it makes enough sense. Our army must be saved from disintegration. We see no means of doing this in the short term except by force-feeding it with young Majority members of average or above-average intelligence. Individual white volunteers joining the present volunteer army are jumping into a snake pit.

But a new army, a racially restructured army, an army filled all at once with millions of whites would be an entirely different matter. It is quite true that smart Jews are eager to build up America's armed forces as a military back-up for Israel. But it is also true that

the more neurotic and more degenerate Jews -- the Barry Commoners, the Herbert Apthekers, the Bella Abzugs, the Elizabeth Holtzmans, the Maoists, the oldline Communist hacks and the "Death to the Klan" fanatics of the Communist Workers party are the shrillest opponents of the draft. We cannot understand how any Majority member could possibly feel comfortable in such company, which also includes such non-Jews as John Anderson, Ronald Reagan and even Jimmy Carter, who says his support of registration does not mean he's for the draft.

A couple of further points: Instauration is not in politics. We are not interested in try-

ing to win the fickle hearts and muddled minds of the masses. Our job is to explore ideas, no matter how unreal, unlikely or unlikable. It is then up to our politically oriented readers to pick and choose from our ideological grabbag what, if anything, they perceive will have value in the political arena.

We are not infallible. We mull and let our readers cull. Everything we say may be off base. But at least we are not afraid to say it -- and at least most of what we say is unsaid elsewhere.

Shake Hands, Brother

It was good news that Senator Talmadge, the pompous pocketeer of \$100 bills who put on an act of incorruptibility at the Senate Watergate hearings, didn't win enough votes in the Georgia senatorial primary to avoid a runoff. It was bad news that his opponent was Lt. Gov. Zell Miller, the stereotypical scalawagish New South politician who relies on black, Jewish and dumb-white votes to help turn Southern states into Northern jungles. It was no news that Talmadge buried Miller in a landslide in the runoff.

J.B. Stoner, the outspoken white racist who managed to get on the ticket almost at the last minute after receiving a ten-year sentence for bombing a Negro church in Birmingham, Alabama, way back in the dim past, came in fourth with 2 percent of the vote. One of the most interesting moments of the senatorial race was a dialog in an Atlanta elevator between Stoner and Rev. Martin Luther King, Sr., as taped by a radio reporter and printed in the *Atlanta Journal* (May 29, 1980).

King Shake hands with me, brother.

Stoner You wouldn't want to shake hands with me.

King Why?

Stoner We get along better when we don't shake hands.

King Yes, we can. We'll get along.

Stoner What are you qualifying for?

King I'm going to run for governor.

Stoner There's no governor's race this year.

King Oh, I'm getting ready to run.

Stoner Getting ready, eh?

King Naw, I ain't running for nothing.

Ain't running for nothing. What are you running for?

Stoner U.S. Senate.

King Old man, you ain't gonna get up



"Daddy" King

there. They ain't gonna elect you.

Stoner I'll make the best one we've ever had.

King No, you hate niggers and Jews. Don't you know niggers and Jews got the vote?

Stoner Jews got all the power all right.

King They got the vote, too. And Negroes got the vote, too. And you hate 'em and they ain't gonna do you . . . You ain't gonna get 'em.

Stoner Jews have the money and power, and they buy and sell the black vote.

King Huh?

Stoner Jews have the money and power and they buy and sell the black vote just like they used to buy and sell slaves.

King Awwwww. [Pause] You know, I'm glad to see you. I've never been close to you. Glad to see you. So, who you running against?

Stoner I'm running against four candidates. I'm running against Talmadge . . .

King (sputters . . . laughter.)

Stoner Miller . . .

King Talmadge is gonna be the senator. You hear what I'm telling you.

Stoner Are you supporting Sen. Talmadge?

King That's all right. He's gonna be the senator.

Stoner [to third party] Is this our floor? [Turning back to King] I'd rather you support Sen. Talmadge.

King What if I did support you and you got it?

Stoner I'd rather not get elected that way. Thank you, anyhow.

King I bet you don't even know my name.

Stoner What is your name?

King My name is Martin Luther King, Sr.

Stoner That's who I thought you were.

King Yeah, that's who it is. I'm not like you. I don't hate nobody.

Stoner Why, I love the white race. I don't hate anybody.

King I don't hate anybody, noooo.

Stoner I just want to stop race-mixing.

King Aw, that ain't the way to stop it.

Stoner I want to stop racial intermarriage. Are you in favor of racial intermarriage?

King Huh?

Stoner Are you in favor of racial intermarriage. I'm against racial intermarriage.

King I ain't getting married.

Mexico North

The Chicano separatist movement is beginning to come together. Tune into this L.A. street song:

I'm no gringo or stranger
On this land on which I stand
California belongs to Mexico
Because God wanted it so.

Says Eric Sevareid:

I have the feeling that white-black biracialism is nothing like the threat to the cohesion of this country that English-Spanish bilingualism is . . .

I think if we are to have a second language coterminous with a piece of territory, like the Southwestern states, you could get a political separatist movement, like Quebec.

I may be foolish about this, but this to me has got the seeds of terrible trouble for this country, and we ought to watch this very carefully.

Says Rudolfo Acuna, professor of Chicano Studies at California State University and author of *Occupied America, the Chicano Struggle for Liberation*, "I can't think of any reason to stay within the country."

Says Corky Gonzales, who heads the Mexocentric Crusade for Justice in Denver:

The idea of secession seems very dramatic and impossible. But nothing is impossible. The seed is planted . . . Any future idea of autonomy would be a new nation of Aztlan or Chicanismo, a new national concept.

If Aztlan should materialize any Anglo naive enough or liberal enough to believe that he will be treated as gently as Corky Gonzales has been treated should have his head scanned.

The Spaniards opened up the American Southwest. The Mexicans, after they had absorbed and diluted the genes of the conquistadores, let the Southwest slip back into the torpor of Mexico itself. Americans built and are still building the Southwest and have furnished most of the money, organization, brains and technology without which the area would be on a par with Uganda.

Everything great in Mexico -- and there is a lot that is great -- the ancient pre-Aztec temples, the Spanish colonial churches, the magnificent murals, some of the most successful modern architecture on earth -- was the work of everyone but the present-day Mexican mestizo.

Mexican Americans hope they can obtain

by begging and breeding what they could never obtain by merit. Perhaps they will get away with it, but their victory, if it comes, will have nothing to do with them. It will be entirely due to our weakness. And should they win, they will simply drag the Southwest down to the level of their mother country and turn it into a 400,000-square-mile Tijuana.

The Sudden Death of the Dinosaurs

It is a habit of *Instauration*, as its readers know, to strike a blow every now and then for evolution. We seldom bother to qualify the noun with the adjective "human," since it seems self-evident that that is what we are talking about. However, the latest theory on the extinction of the dinosaurs reminds us that to Mother Nature it is the evolutionary bus that is important, not the passengers.

At Berkeley, a team headed by Nobel laureate Luis Alvarez has conjectured that long ago an asteroid six miles in diameter collided with Earth, gouging out a crater 105 miles across and sending 100 trillion tons of dirt into the atmosphere. The sun was then blotted out for three to five years, killing or rendering dormant all plant life and thereby pulling the ecological rug out from under the large vegetarians and the carnivores which preyed on them. The evidence comes from the discovery of an extraordinary amount of the rare metal, iridium, in a thin band of reddish clay laid down some 65 million years ago, just when the dinosaurs disappeared.

Supermeteorites are known to have struck the Earth (Hudson Bay may have been formed by such a collision), and their impact may be judged from the Moonscape and Marscape where the lack of wind and water has preserved the scars. According to Alvarez, since great asteroid collisions occur about once every 100,000 millennia, they may account for all five of the massive extinctions of animal species in the last 570 million years.

Man owes his existence to this last, sauricidal asteroid, surmises Dale Russell, a paleontologist at Canada's National Museum in Ottawa: "Intelligence was evolving at an exponential rate. I suppose that if the dinosaurs had survived, they would be about as intelligent as we are now, if not more so." He estimates that the reptilian genocide retarded the development of high intelligence on Earth by at least 10 million years. There is also the theory that many, if not most, dinosaurs were warm rather than cold-blood-

ed, and warm-blooded creatures are more gifted and resourceful. If the asteroid theory is correct, it should give us cause for hope. Since our biota has survived such a heaven-sent calamity, perhaps it will survive the man-sent calamity of the destruction of the environment.

Even Harvard Objects

Much of the "thrust" (an overworked liberal word to be used sparingly) of the present wave of minority racism comes from Harvard. A recent survey revealed the shocking (to blacks) result that 86 percent of the white students at America's "most prestigious" university resented the special pampering of Negroes and other minority members and thought it ridiculously overdone. It's the old, old story. Jewish bankers helped subsidize the Russian revolution, which then liquidated Jewish bankers in Russia. In America Jewish educators helped push affirmative action which takes academic slots from Jews and stirs up racial feelings that in the long run can only harm the minority that does best in times of racial quiescence.

Billy Boy

The poor, ordinary American Joe Blow still has no idea of the forces that direct so much of his poor, ordinary existence. Occasionally through no fault of his own -- a lucky strike in business, a freak concatenation of events, a relationship to a meteoric public figure -- he is propelled overnight into the media limelight without any knowledge of what is required to survive in such a giddy environment.

Billy Carter, because of brother Jimmy and for no other earthly reason, was suddenly lifted out of the peanut business into the role of a \$10,000-a-week performer. Before he knew what was happening, he had been transformed into America's friendliest cracker -- Hee Haw in the flesh -- the road-show redneck who outpulled Dolly Parton, without a single trace of Dolly's outstanding stage presence.

Then all of a sudden by some mysterious mechanism which involved a Jewish fixer, I. Irving Davidson, who has access to both the National Security Council and Strongman Gaddafi, Billy gets mixed up with Libyans and finds himself, presto change-o, no longer everybody's buddy buddy, but a KKK type, a late 20th century Snopes. He fights back by telling the truth about what had been done to him. He blamed the Jews and

the all-encompassing fear of the Jews for triggering the media blasts and, of course, he was right. And for being right, his world falls apart completely. His Jewish agent quits. His personal appearances are cancelled. Since he has been living it up on those big five-figure checks, he finds himself over his ears in debt. He always liked beer. Now he likes anything with alcohol, the higher the proof the better. Big Brother finally decides to send him to a naval desiccation tank in California.

Broker than ever when dried out, Billy desperately casts about for some financial manna. Because his brief association with the Libyans had brought him down and because the Libyans were oil rich, perhaps they would come to the rescue. But how? A bunch of seedy characters feed him some ideas and off he goes to Tripoli. A good ole boy who is as color-conscious as any good ole boy consorts with folks whose skin may not be all black, but is awful dark white.

Now the media wolf pack goes after him again and forces him to register with the Department of Justice as a foreign agent, as if being a foreign agent is wrong in a city full of foreign agents. But there are good foreign agents like Sol Linowitz and bad foreign agents like Billy Carter, as well as unregistered foreign agents like the bosses of the ADL.

Billy is not too dumb. He should take what he has learned on his Via Dolorosa to heart and, instead of begging his enemies for forgiveness, do the inconceivable and stick to his guns. With the name recognition he has built up over the past few years he could run for governor of Georgia in 1982 and give the nominee of the Coca-Cola gang a real race. It might be a way to get even for that latter-day Watergate investigation cooked up by some headline-hunting senators who are members of Jimmy Carter's own party. What on earth was Senator Birch Bayh doing at the head of that committee? Bayh, a Big Labor puppet, is a certified crook whose palm was greased by Tong-sung Park, the Koreagater who bought congressmen as nonchalantly and as frequently as Louis Wolfson buys race horses.

When it comes to crime, Billy Carter compares to the senator from Indiana as Peter Pan compares to the Son of Sam.

Emperor of These United States

Every spring the *San Francisco Chronicle* runs an "Emperor Norton Treasure Hunt." Thousands of city dwellers dig up the ground hoping to find one of the "Emperor's" medallions, which can be turned in for

\$1,000. Thus does the city of Jim Jones memorialize its most colorful nineteenth century eccentric: Joshua A. Norton, who made and lost a fortune, and then went a little crazy.

In a much publicized letter to a San Francisco newspaper he denominated himself, "Emperor Norton I, High Ruler of the United States and Protector of Mexico," a title which gave him the right to issue edicts that quickly made him the pet pilgarlic of the Bay Area. He ordered the dissolution of the Republican and Democratic parties in the "interests of peace" (not a bad idea then or now), and some credit him with being the first to propose a bridge across the Bay. He decreed the liquidation of a steamship company whose purser had summarily put him ashore. He reminded his subjects of their duty to maintain the imperial wardrobe, which consisted of an old uniform, a military cap and a dangling sword. His retinue was composed of two mongrel dogs, who followed him everywhere.



Emperor Norton I

The emperor was permitted to eat, drink and amuse himself gratis. A San Francisco bank honored his checks if they did not exceed fifty cents.

In January 1880, after a reign of twenty-three years, His Majesty collapsed on the sidewalk and died soon after. Over 20,000 came to his elaborate funeral.

Now it has been discovered that the old thaumaturge was a Jew. At least he has been claimed as one by the rabbis and lawyers who took the trouble to appear before San Francisco's Court of Historical Review and successfully litigate to have the imperial remains exhumed from the Woodlawn Ceme-

tery and inhumed at the cemetery of Congregation Beth Israel-Judea.

Witnesses testified that Norton, the son of an English Jew, had been Bar Mitzvahed in South Africa and belonged to Temple Emanu-El of San Francisco. He had arrived in the city in the gold rush year of 1849 with \$40,000 in cash, which he soon parlayed into a quarter of a million by speculating in rice. His finances collapsed, however, when his attempts to corner the market boomeranged.

According to Frank Winton of the San Francisco office of the American Jewish Congress, Norton had been guilty of something much more serious than styling himself the mere Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico. He had also been going around proclaiming himself "King of the Jews." One can be crucified for that. For this reason, oldtime rabbis would not allow His Majesty to be interred in hallowed Jewish ground. But that is precisely where Jews want him, now that he has become an historical figure. Consequently, Judge Harry Low of the Superior Court ruled that "under the Jewish laws of 1880, and those today, Mr. Norton's remains should be allowed into a Jewish cemetery."

Black Infusions

They have black beauty contests which only blacks can enter. They have Miss America contests which blacks must enter or there will be caterwauling about insensitivity and discrimination. In the recent Miss America pageant in Atlantic City, two black entrants reached the semifinals. They were about as attractive as Aunt Jemima and much less genial. But the white contestants were hardly better. Both their faces and figures were indisputable evidence of the Nordic decline in America. As the race goes, so goes beauty. Today's Miss America would never have won a state beauty contest thirty years ago. To the generation of vipers must be added the generation of uglies.

The government enforced infusion of blacks into all things white, but not vice versa, is most evident in education. Every white college must have a quota of blacks or face the loss of government money and face the possibility of government legal action. But black colleges receive extra federal money because they discriminate. Recently, President Carter came out openly for this patently illegal, totally unconstitutional, hyperracist program when he ordered the Department of Education to give the nation's 100 black colleges a greater share of federal handouts.

Race's Right to Life

Rev. Paul Marx (no relation), director of the Human Life Center at St. John's University, is an unusual man of the cloth. Like most Catholic clerics, he is against abortion, but his reasoning horrifies the average right-to-lifer. In his considered opinion, abortion and contraception are leading the white race directly to suicide. He points out that the preponderance of color in present-day immigration and the sky-high Asiatic, African and South American birthrates are spelling the end of whites, whose birthrate in most white countries, is now well below replacement.

Like Father Marx, *Instauration* thinks abortion is a most unnatural and ugly intrusion on nature. But if the colored races refuse to practice birth control and if one effective way to reduce their outrageous proliferation is abortion, so be it. Are we to let welfare mothers starting at age 14 or 15 become brood mares who load us with a new welfare case every year or so until her overworked fertility span comes to an end some 25 years later? We are for abortion, for sterilization, and any other means to stop the disproportionate increase of nonwhites on this planet. We are also for rewards and subsidies to encourage intelligent couples of Northern European descent to have at least three children, until the disparate birthrates of the various races are evened out. In short, we are for the abortion of non-Northern European fetuses and against the abortion of Northern European fetuses until the colored races come to their senses and stop outbreeding us.

A race also has a right to life.

Detroit and Race

What happens when every public figure feels compelled to lie about every important issue? What happens? Take a trip to Detroit.

Take a look at the ailing and moribund auto industry. We're told it's the fault of the companies because they did not foresee in time the switch from gas guzzlers to gas sniffers. Or we're told it's the fault of the government for regulating gasoline and keeping it well below the world market price for years, thereby encouraging the sale of big cars. Or we're told it's the fault of international bankers, who put a usurious squeeze on borrowing. Or it's the fault of the unions which forced up labor costs without increasing productivity.

There is a little truth in all of the above. But let's tell the real story.

When Detroit was on top of the auto heap, the men who ran the companies were

tinkerers, engineers, production experts -- men who knew something about their product. Today's executives are accountants, lawyers and salesmen. The labor force has changed radically. It started out Northern European and Eastern European and is now, like Detroit itself, heavily black. Once all the directors were Northern European. Today, a Jew or black or a woman, sometimes both, sometimes all three -- people who have seldom looked under the hood of a car -- sit on the boards of General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and American Motors. The present chief executive of Chrysler is Lee Iacocca, an Italian American, who received \$1.27 million in salary in 1979 while driving his company into the ground. His predecessor at Chrysler was John Joseph Riccardo.

Automobile quality and performance are tied to human quality and performance. All the government loans, all the protective tariffs, all the advertising hoopla about the new subcompacts, all the speeches of labor leaders and management won't put Humpty Dumpty back together again. He's no longer the same Humpty Dumpty.

Goyophobia

Rabbi Irving Rosenbaum is perplexed. The columnist for the Chicago *Jewish Sentinel* talked to "the head of a Jewish community organization" during a recent trip and was told "American Jewry's most serious problem was that there was too little anti-Semitism in this country." The good rabbi then told the old story of the assimilated Russian Jew whose only link to his Jewish past was "being afraid of a goy." If, philosophized Rabbi Rosenbaum, "'being afraid of a goy' is all that makes us Jewish, that in itself is an admission of spiritual bankruptcy."

Missing Words

(A communication from an *Instaurationist* who teaches English in an integrated school.)

A few months ago I asked my students to read the articles of the better-known black columnists and see if they could discover any signs of Black English or any special vocabulary that might distinguish their writing from that of white columnists. To my surprise the students found a language pattern that was not dominated by the use of any special words or phrases, but rather by their absence.

Doubting the results, I extended the search for the missing words into the following semester by adding a number of black writers from lesser-known newspapers and periodicals. The findings were the same.

Here are some of the words most conspicuously absent from black writing: HONOR, FAITH, DISCIPLINE, SACRIFICE, DUTY, ORDER, LOYALTY.

When I asked my students to associate these words with a nation or political system past or present, the black students were silent and the white students invariably spoke of the United States of George Washington or of Germany and Japan in the thirties.

No nation can be created or continue to exist without the values inherent in these words. We *honor* those who created this country. We have or should have *faith* in its institutions. We practice *discipline* to be law-abiding citizens. We are willing to *sacrifice* our time, our abilities and, if necessary, ourselves for national security. We consider it our *duty* to pay our fair share of taxes. We need *order* to work and to live our lives without fear. We are *loyal* to our families, our friends and -- in war -- to our fellow soldiers.

What will become of the school children who are never taught the meanings of these vital words, who never even have the chance to read them? Won't they grow like garden weeds, sprouting wherever nature leaves a vacuum?

These words represent ethical values which are at the heart of creative human effort. If black writers and educators have no use for these words, how can other blacks have them?

Turning the Screw

Senator Jesse Helms has produced a startling figure -- \$130 billion. This, says the rightist and rightest of right-wing senators, represents the amount the government is costing us every year by its regulatory intrusions into the private sector. In the race to send up prices, government interference is right up there with inflation and doing everything it can to help it along. For example, Duke University spends \$500 per year per



Senator Jesse Helms

student to comply with edicts from Washington. General Motors puts out \$1.3 billion a year, keeping federal and local regulators, paper pushers and bureaucrats happy. Add that to the price of your next Chevette or Eldorado. As Jesse Helms asks, "Is it worth it?"

The Texas taxpayer certainly doesn't think it is worth the tens of millions it will cost him to educate the children of illegal aliens, which has been ordered by a U.S. District Court judge. The ruling was overturned by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, but Supreme Court Justice Powell stepped in and reinstated it. Anything that costs the Majority, anything that "gives" to the minorities, always stands a good chance of getting the final seal of approval from the Supreme Court.

One surefire way for minorities to get a better, if totally injudicious, break in the criminal justice system is to "quotaize" juries. This ploy has been attempted in Florida, but was recently turned down by the state supreme court. The racial composition of juries, as every prosecutor and defense lawyer knows, may actually determine their verdicts. Want to send a white to jail? Try him in the District of Columbia where juries are frequently all black.

Quotas for juries, quotas for housing, quotas for government contracts! How soon will we have quotas for country clubs? At present there is a case before the Fourth U.S. Circuit Court concerning a black physician who sued the all-white Salisbury Country Club in Virginia for blackballing him. A lower court ruled against him, but the higher he goes the more chance he has of winning. Commenting on the case scalawag columnist James Kilpatrick, who dropped his segregationist ideas just in time to save his income, says he would have voted to let the Negro doctor in, but does support the club's right to keep him out. Nice straddle, James.

Low Octane Diet

William Gailey Simpson's *Which Way Western Man* is on the way to becoming an underground rightist classic. An Instaurationist has asked us to reprint a particularly cogent paragraph in which the author discusses an out-of-print book, *Nutrition and Physical Degeneration*, by Dr. Weston A. Price.

It reveals how the direct decadence, not only physical but mental and spiritual, can apparently be precipitated in a whole people with the most fatal certainty by little or nothing more than what they put in their mouths, or fail to put in their mouths. One reason civilized man is the sickest animal on the face of the earth today is that he does not eat the right food.

In fact, most people today do not know what right food is, and perhaps could not get it if they did. Even the great body of doctors are grossly ignorant. Medicine is negative and merely remedial, rather than positive and preventive. We hear too much of pills, X-rays and surgery. Almost nowhere are the people told that if they are ever to be really well they have got to live right, and that an important part of living right is to eat right We have got so used to being sick we do not realize how sick we are; and we are so unshamed of being sick that almost nothing can be said that will arouse people even to subject their diet to examination. Yet on our bodies is built our whole superstructure of character, intellect, spirit, and culture: when that goes, everything goes. I simply do not believe . . . that you can get great wisdom and enduring culture, or even plain healthy judgment about the values of life, from a people as shot through with disease as we are.

Another way of stating Simpson's argument is that even the best and most finely tuned motors (us) cannot run well on bad fuel (our present-day diet).

Crime Front

Ovid Kosovsky, an Israeli archaeologist, was sentenced to two years in jail for selling fake Mayan artifacts. He said he found them in the Guatemalan jungle. In truth, he had hired a sculptor to make them.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, a rapist described as an Indian or a Negro bound, gagged and attacked a middle-aged woman suffering from a severe heart and lung condition. Then he drove off in her car. The same day in the same city a seven-year-old girl was abducted and raped.

Two young blacks who were jogging with two fifteen-year-old white girls were shot and killed by a sniper in Salt Lake City. Negro organizations, including the NAACP, uttered dark mutterings about racism. While the media set up a well-publicized howl, the mayor, the police chief and scores of city officials parlayed with, comforted, assured and reassured the disturbed blacks. The governor of Utah attended their funerals. Special teams from the FBI and BATF joined the investigation.

Three days later in West Los Angeles two blacks on a robbery rampage gunned down and killed four whites who happened to be walking down the wrong street at the wrong time. A few weeks earlier in Boston a black street gang shot to death a 21-year-old white youth. A poor runner, he lagged behind when blacks started chasing him and his friends. In both cases no white organization complained of racism, no special assurances were given by the municipal administration, no demonstrations were held on behalf

of the victims, no G-men were called in. Blacks -- and some whites -- speak up for murdered blacks. Whites don't speak up for their living or their dead.

A fourteen-year-old girl in Winona, Minnesota, was looking for a way of getting even with her parents. Over the weekend she saw the CBS movie, "Tarantula: The Deadly Cargo" -- all about tarantulas spilling out of a cargo of coffee beans after an air crash. The poisonous spiders then proceeded to take over a nearby town. Inspired by the plot, the teenager bought a tarantula for \$18 from the local pet shop. When she threatened to put the big bug in her parents' bed while they were sleeping, her father and mother, who had already been robbed by their errant daughter, called the cops. They drowned the tarantula in rubbing alcohol, pickled it as evidence and sent the girl off to a foster home.

In Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Larry Raffin, a black, has been charged with raping a white woman in front of her four-year-old son and then slashing her throat. At a pretrial hearing 130 blacks showed up and demonstrated for the accused. They let it be known that if Raffin doesn't get the right kind of verdict Miami might move to Hattiesburg. No one demonstrated for the white mother, who bled to death.

A man, presumably a minority orderly, tried to rape a 28-year-old pneumonia patient in the Los Angeles Hospital at 3:30 a.m. The victim saved herself by running out in the hall with her intravenous tubes trailing behind her.

At the going rate of \$335 for victims of non-fatal violent crimes and \$2,700 for the survivors of a murder victim, nationwide compensatory payments would amount to from \$195.70 to \$276.60 per crime. These figures are based on the average payment of the twenty-nine states which are already compensating crime victims. No reimbursement is made for property loss or damage. Crime compensation programs have now been established in more than a dozen foreign countries, starting with New Zealand in 1963. It's not something new under the sun. The Code of Hammurabi (18th century B.C.) ordered criminals to reimburse their victims.

Police Chief William L. Hart of Detroit had his city-owned car stolen. It was found ten hours later, completely stripped.

Lilyanatta Berger was fined by a U.S. District Court jury for slapping an United Airlines stewardess when told the flight offered no kosher meals.

John Nobull

Notes from the Sceptred Isle

The antics of the kosher conservatives become more bizarre every day. I once joined such a group, because I thought it might be possible to convert them, but soon found out they weren't worth converting. The sole aim of the group was survival. Why they should survive was never considered. When I left them, they still had my address, and I suppose this was sold to other like-minded organisations. Anyway, I keep receiving requests for contributions from all sorts of kooky associations. One such is the Phoenix Foundation, whose guru is Mike Oliver, a Jewish "survivor" now living in Carson, City, Nevada. Oliver's professed aim is to encourage independence movements wherever it seems possible that a free-market system might be created. This would mean an extra nationality for those who subscribe to the Foundation on a sufficient scale, a safe tax haven and other privileges as well. Some Phoenix projects, notably their encouragement of separation for the Azores, are not all bad. The Azores have a completely white population, far more representative of the Portuguese in their great days than the runty hybrids of present-day mainland Portugal. But of course both the American and Soviet governments are against any such move. Much more peculiar is the attempt of the foundation to set up an independent state in the northern (French) part of the New Hebrides condominium. There, a Eurasian planter called Jimmy Stevens has been persuaded to declare independence for the island of Espiritu Santo, now renamed Vermarana. The Anglophone socialist government at Vila called in the Royal Marines to put down the rebellion, but the French moved an equal number of paratroopers to New Caledonia, and refused to countenance any such action. In this comic opera checkmate situation, other islands in the group are becoming restive. One such is Tanna, where the Phoenix people have also been active. The inhabitants are devotees of the Cargo Cult. Cultural relativists, following Margaret Mead, will be aware of their duty to regard the Cargo Cult as being on a level with any other religious manifestation -- for instance, Taoism, classical Hinduism or medieval Christianity. The Cargo cultists appeared after the generous Americans had left the islands after the war. They await the arrival of John Frum, king of America (John from America), who will open the sky and shower them with parachutes loaded with goodies. Meanwhile, the cultists are trying to keep the airfields in repair for the great day, while training with wooden rifles in imitation of the American marines.

All this reminds me of the memoirs of one Morris O'Sullivan, who described his neolithic life on the Blasket Islands, off

the coast of County Kerry, all in Gaelic. It seems that the inhabitants harked back fondly to wartime, when ships were frequently torpedoed, and costly bales were washed up on-shore, to be hidden quickly from the customs man.

* * *

True Britons who subscribe religiously to the *Jewish Chronicle* know that anything attacked in those pages cannot be all bad. The technique might be described as a kind of aversion therapy. At the same time, they learn a lot about the enemy's intentions. What we need most of all, however, is more readers of Hebrew, since newspapers in that language are far more outspoken than those in other tongues. When ordering Jewish publications, I suggest the subscriber call himself Aaronson or Kohn.

* * *

G.K. Chesterton is becoming popular again. Once noted for his anti-Prussianism and his dislike (and misunderstanding) of Germanic paganism, Chesterton was a very Germanic figure, for all that, and his generous spirit was revolted by Jewish corruption in high places, just as Kipling's was. New editions of Chesterton's "Complete Poems" some times include the reference to the squire who "clutched at a cringing Jew" (in "The Secret People"), but they omit passages such as the following:

Oh, I knew a Dr. Gluck,
And his nose it had a hook,
And his attitudes were anything but Aryan,
So I fed him all the pork
That I had, upon a fork,
Because I am myself a vegetarian.

Or consider this:

The goods of the Empire are many to choose,
Tobacco and petrol and jazzing and Jews,
The jazzing will pass, but the Jews they will stay,
And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

* * *

A lot of favourable comment has been aroused by the S.A.S. operation at the Persian Embassy in London, though I doubt whether the deliberate taking out of as many kidnappers as possible would have been quite so much applauded by the



liberal press if they had not been Arabs. In the increasingly violent atmosphere of the new Britain, ex-Special Air Service people are much in demand to guard consignments of banknotes, gold or diamonds. Some of them are definitely on our side. Others are so much in love with their jobs that they would obey almost any orders -- even to act as barbouzes against their own people. The most prominent of all S.A.S. men is Colonel David Stirling, who founded the regiment. In 1976, when the British system was on the verge of financial breakdown, Stirling followed the example of General Walker (ex-Supreme Commander of NATO land forces) in recruiting individuals to keep things going in the actual event of breakdown. The press was horrified. There were dark hints about incipient fascism. This might have seemed puzzling at first, because both Walker and Stirling were perfectly respectable conservatives, with no thought of doing anything unconstitutional. But the enemy knows that once the shooting starts men and women are impelled to act in strange, incomprehensible ways. What is more, plenty of supporters joined them with very definite aims in view. No wonder billions of pounds in loans and standby credits were immediately made available to shore up the rotten edifice of the new Britain!

* * *

I have just returned from a market in a small town of central France. It is July, and the assortment of foods on sale is quite astonishing. The fruits include cherries, plums, greengages, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, red currants, black currants, white currants. The nuts and dried fruits are special treats. Cheeses include camembert, pont-l'évêque, brie, munster, cantal, fromage de chèvre, bleu de Bresse, bleu d'Auvergne. A man selling ten different kinds of honey explains to me why some kinds crystallise (through winter cold) and other kinds, like acacia honey, don't. Another man sells wine bottled in his own vineyard, down in the Bordeaux region. Both men, incidentally, are Nordics.

"So what?" readers may say, "I can find as big a variety in any supermarket." Maybe yes, probably no. And whatever is found will have been carefully frozen or at least chilled to the point where much of the taste is lost. The horrible thing is that people acquire a taste for what they are used to. I have known children who prefer "edible ice" to ices made with cream, adults who prefer sterilised, overchilled cheese, free of any "nasty smell," but tasting just like soap. I have also known people who prefer instant coffee to the real thing and factory-made pies to mother's.

Where is the consumer culture to which I should give my allegiance? Should I think fondly of British rail sandwiches, curling up at the ends under glass covers, like exhibits in a museum? Or the bread without a crust, tasting of wet plaster-of-Paris? Or the thrice-boiled black tea contaminated with condensed milk -- the standard drink in factory canteens? Or the curries made with Kit-e-Kat which are sold at any hour in Pakistani eateries? I am not joking about the cat food. Inspectors have frequently found it in curries -- and cuts of cat as well, masquerading as rabbit. What a joy to reflect that the

catering industry in the new Britain is almost entirely in minority hands!

Here is where "patriots" will complain that I am painting too black a picture. Yes, I know all about the French *vin ordinaire*, which is a blend of the worst Algerian and various chemicals. I also know all about the excellent restaurants tucked away in different corners of England. But not many ordinary people are to be seen at Simpson's in the Strand, dining in the castle at Tutbury, or sampling the very passable white wines produced down in Hampshire by Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones. As Belloc predicted, good local food and drink, once within the reach of simple people, are now only for the rich. Except in France, except in France.

* * *

Christopher Booker is a writer who tries to think from fundamentals. Inevitably, this leads him to the Chosen, although he disclaims the slightest thought of anti-Semitism. In the *Spectator* (April 19, 1980) he made the perceptive remark that the Holy Spirit works for the reintegration of the whole, which is why the sin against the Holy Spirit is the only unforgivable one. Note the word "reintegration" not "integration," which can mean the exact opposite. Isn't that what we are trying to do, reintegrate the whole? Here is another apposite quote from Booker: "It is not reason which settles arguments (except between two people who share the same basic premises), any more than it will be reason which determines the future of the human race."

* * *

Lawrence Durrell is an interesting writer. His Proustian superimposition of characters, times and places is rather too involved for my taste, but he has more of a sense of humor than one might guess from the hilarious discription of him in his brother Gerald's *My Family and Other Animals*. Sitting in a bookshop recently, signing copies of his latest book, he said to me, "You know, I'm rather glad I shan't be alive at the turn of the century. Whoever takes over will have to be incredibly callous." Just so.

* * *

The Duke of Edinburgh is not very popular with the British liberal establishment, Bilderberger though he may be. The most resented of all his remarks was when the first Sputnik went up: "You see, their Germans are better than ours."

* * *

"Sir" James Goldsmith's boring magazine *Now* (referred to by Auberon Waugh as "At This Moment in Time") contains a sycophantic article about "Lord" Goodman, in which the politician Michael Foot refers to this fat minorityite as "more radical than anyone in the Labour Party." In this context, the word "radical" has a special significance. Goodman has been

reliably reported as saying that there is no need for any rich man to pay taxes, and his lifestyle is such that *Private Eye* refers to him as "Two-Dinners Goodman." Presumably his radicalism consists merely in making sure that no member of the Majority is able to enjoy these same privileges.

* * *

In the Safety Valve (June 1980) a reader asks me why the English should wish to inflict their government on the Irish. Superficially, this looks like a fair question. The modern British system has little to commend it. But it is very misleading to call the Northern Protestants Irish. Most are of Scotch origin (the Presbyterians) or English (Church of Ireland), plus some Welsh and Manxmen. True Irish names are so rare among them that it is usually supposed by Roman Catholics that their ancestors have "taken soup" (i.e. received soup in return for conversion during a famine). Former Prime Minister Terence O'Neill was descended from people called Chichester, who adopted the name of the great O'Neill clan. The fact is that the "religious" problem in the North is mainly an ethnic problem. OK, so the RC's don't like being made into a minority in a part of Ireland. But then the Protestants are determined not to become a minority in a United Ireland. As matters stand, Northern Ireland, which consists of only six out of the nine Ulster counties,

is much smaller than would be justified by its proportion of the population (about 25 percent) to the whole population of Ireland. Since IRA terrorism is endemic, I can see no final solution without separation of the two peoples, possibly by moving the entire Republican population out of Belfast and giving up areas contiguous with the border which are overwhelmingly Catholic (e.g., Londonderry west of the Foyle and Newry). After that, the remaining Catholics should be asked to choose whether to remain as good citizens or get out. Ethnically, there is plenty of justification for the British keeping Northern Ireland, even though tax revenues and other benefits are heavily outweighed by the necessary expenditure.

I think the best way for Americans to understand the Irish question is to ask themselves how many Irish presidents there have been. The answer most will give is one -- John F. Kennedy. But in fact there have been eleven presidents of Scotch-Irish origin, though no one would pick them out as Irish. They did not have Irish names and are not considered Irish by the Irish themselves -- except for purposes of argument.

* * *

A typical untruth is the suggestion that nationalised industries are somehow under the people's control. Guess who is Chairman of our National Coal Board? "Sir" Derek Ezra.

Father Machree

Notes from the Auld Sod

I have been questioned by several of my visiting American friends, who understand and support the nationalist movement in Ireland, if I have not given too much weight to the racial aspect of the "troubles" in Ulster.

To my way of thinking I have not. I believe that the lack of understanding by the Americans in this area comes from the fact that the United States has admitted so many non-whites that its unfortunate white citizens have come to look at their racial problems in simple black-versus-white terms.

In Africa, tribal wars follow a racial pattern because black Africans can easily see that some blacks are racially different from others, even if we whites cannot.

The Boer War was a white tribal war which began when an English tribe wished to rob a white Dutch tribe of its land and the treasures under its land. The British were so eager to do in their white brothers that they actually armed ten thousand blacks, promised them white women, and then turned them loose on the white Dutch settlers. Less than 7,000 Boer adult males died in the war, but over 26,000 women and children perished in British concentration camps.

The history of the white nations of Europe has shown a long series of white tribal wars

which have been disastrous to the white race as a whole.

Our war with the British in Ireland is actually a racial struggle between one white tribe determined to regain its lost territory and another white tribe equally determined to hang on to it.

The British have troops in Northern Ireland to protect some of their own tribal members and any idea that the British are there to protect *all* the Irish in Ulster is absolute nonsense.

One the other hand, when Ireland is united, the Emerald Isle will most certainly continue to have two distinct tribes of white folks residing there.

Needless to say, there is a crying need to discuss the aspects of the present-day racial problem between ourselves and the British. But the laws in Britain now prohibit any serious discussion of racial differences or even the reporting of them.

This is like one neighbor complaining about the other neighbor's dog. He gets nowhere because when in court the judge tells him the law does not permit him to bring up the dog's bad habits. The primary purpose of the court, says His Honor, is to protect both the dog and its owner.

If British Instaurationists cannot under-

stand this, I am quite sure that any German familiar with what went on in Nuremberg can see what I'm getting at.

* * *

At this point, I would like to express my personal appreciation to Major Reid Foy (the Commandant of the Canadian Division, AIRA) for his visit to Ireland. I also appreciate the fact that he met with the Green Cross, the POW Committee, the League for the Re-Unification of Ireland, and took part in a couple of anti-British demonstrations at Derry and Belfast. I'm even happy that he met with some Sinn Fein leaders, though I hope neither he nor they are silly enough to think that all of us Irish who want to free Erin from the British army want to see the Sinn Fein running tomorrow's Ireland.

Not all of us wish to be forced to take lessons in the Auld Lingo. Not all of us wish to starve to death while Erin is turned into a goat farm by being forced to adopt antediluvian economic theories dreamed up by Wolfe Tone or some other Irish hero after having one too many in a Dublin bucket of blood.



Cholly Bilderberger



Those readers who fantasize about a real change might be interested in a new book called, prosaically enough, *The Second Revolution*. Written under an obvious pseudonym -- Thomas Madison -- it details a chain of remarkably wishful events in the United States in the near future.

"It was in the spring of 1982," Madison begins, "that a group of us in Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago began to discuss what we considered the American dilemma. And, more to the point, what to do about it. We were disgusted . . . We finally defined the American dilemma as: the inability to deal with obvious issues. This was . . . not complicated, but understandable in purely animal terms, like a rat so bedeviled by exterior forces in a laboratory experiment that he finally curls up and refuses to do anything. America had ended in entropy, the moribund legal, social, economic, psychological, and moral system so strangled and turned in on itself that the result was complete paralysis. The system could no longer carry out the actual will and desire of the individual or the mass.

"To us, the problem was how to put the reality of that thwarted will and desire back into action, to go around the tremendous dead weight of the legal-social-economic-moral system. We thought that the American people still had will and desire, but were helpless to fight its dead weight. If there was any moral service to be rendered by anyone, it was to show how the obsolete but all-powerful system could be circumvented, outmaneuvered and finally destroyed. That meant, of course, that we did not propose to work within it. We had to work outside it."

Madison goes on to argue that this decision -- to work outside the system -- was the most difficult of all, because, as he puts it, "All decent Americans believe in acting under the legal umbrella. Looking back, we may not remember now that it was unthinkable to do otherwise such a short time ago. The voodoo of our 'Anglo-Saxon heritage of the common law' was always powerful

enough to crush such heresy. 'Polarization' was the ultimate in pejorative epithets. Even the fringe groups, right and left, said they wanted to effect changes 'within the system,' and went after votes."

Boiled down, Madison's argument (from his post-1982 position) runs as follows: 1) The system was unworkable. It may still have served to keep the production machine going, but it was no longer working for the real will and desire of the American people. 2) The people were: a) committed to it; b) unhappy and frustrated because they could not make the system carry out their will. 3) a and b were so incompatible, so irreconcilable, that one or the other had to give. The American had to choose, finally, between his system and himself. He couldn't have both. 4) The choice seemed obvious. If one had to pick between the system and the will of the people, then one had to pick the will of the people. 5) One did this on faith, as with a child, because on the surface all the loyalty was to the system. The American was going to defend his system with all his heart, like a child fighting for endless ice cream. It would only be after the system was "no more" that the American adult would be "free," at which point -- like the child cured of ill health brought on by endless ice cream -- he would be himself once more and create a system in his own image. 6) The struggle against the system would not be absolute, but relative. That is, the idea was not that the system needed breaking, but that Americans needed saving. The plan was to put relentless pressure on the American people to make them come to their senses by putting relentless pressure on their system. If nothing short of the destruction of the system would bring that about, then so be it, the system would be utterly destroyed. If the people could come to their senses short of such a calamity, then the relentless pressure would cease, and the people left to use as much of the system as was still intact. Going back to the ice cream analogy, the child was to be prevented from eating it only because it made him ill. If he

could eat less and stay healthy, then he could be allowed to have it. ("There was a rough natural equilibrium here," Madison writes. "The amount of use left in the system would finally correspond to the point at which people stopped defending it rather than their own true interests.") The plan was not unlike that which Lincoln brought to the Civil War. The Union was prepared to end hostilities when the South would abandon its system, as codified in the famous passage from the Second Inaugural: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" The parallel did not escape Madison, who says, "Our country had a history of breaking what it considers immoral systems, and what we proposed doing to the whole country was no more than the Union proposed doing to the South." (He might have added that now the shoe was on the other foot, and it was the Union's turn to be kicked.) 7) Men are made to act, and the only possible action (morally as well as in all other ways) was to put such relentless pressure on the system that the average American would be forced to act in his turn.

To this point, all rather theoretical and, in large part, unexceptional. Straining to be both "pragmatic" and moral, but a bit naive and murky, as well. (For instance, if the will and desire of the American people are so weak that they require such draconian measures to come alive, can anyone be sure that they *can* come alive?)

At no point do we learn a great deal about the personal background of Madison and his "group," but we do discover one interesting detail: Despite residence in Middle Western cities, they all seem to have origins in or close ties to the East. It is rather as

though the movement started in the Harvard, Yale and Princeton clubs in those cities. The implication is that if they had remained in the cynical and cosmopolitan East, they would have been so involved in distractions of one kind and another that they would never have arrived at the boredom which breeds revolution. On the other hand, without the remains of the Puritan virtues, plus family position, inherited money and a profound understanding of the perfidy of the East, especially in their own class, they would never have been successful in carrying out the revolution. Or, as Madison puts it in homely fashion, "The controlling upper class can only be beaten by those who come from within it. It can pull the wool over the eyes of those from all other classes."

Also of interest is the progression of Madison himself as man and writer. In the beginning, he seems intelligent enough, but rather unimaginative -- almost ordinary. But as the book progresses, as he demonstrates an increasing ability to handle dangerous and difficult situations, we realize that from the start he anticipated the enormity of the problem -- not the physical problem of revolt, but the psychological problem of taking on the world. Like the leaders of the American Revolution, he was not afraid of pitting himself and his group -- their intelligence and will -- against an all-encompassing system. Towards the end of the book, as success nears, he notes, "I always woke in the night then, and wondered if we had done the right thing, after all. The country was finished, and perhaps that was wrong, perhaps it had been better, with all its faults, than what was coming after. That was the argument the Catholic Church had always used, and it was really unanswerable. The only answer we had was Faith, and that was no answer, because they could always checkmate you there, at least in the eyes of other people, by saying, 'But we defined Faith. We invented it. you can't have it in an unknown future when we are offering it in a known present.' So there was still a Catholic Church. But whether they knew it or not, there wouldn't always be We assumed the Western world would unravel backwards, from latest to earliest. That is, America would be the first to go, and then North Europe, and the Mediterranean last of all. The Catholic Church, being Mediterranean, would go last."

The book follows a leisurely pattern, wandering in the manner (if not the execution!) of *War and Peace* between concepts, theories and actions. Having reached the decision to put pressure on the system -- and justifying that decision at length and somewhat persuasively -- the next step (and the most interesting, in many ways) was to decide how. They needed an organization,

and they needed an issue. To take the organizational problem first: "We were small in numbers, so we couldn't come out into the open. We looked for examples of small groups which had succeeded . . . and the Mafia seemed a perfect model. Here were, by general agreement, no more than 5,000 men banded together to control quite a percentage of the economic and social life of a country of over 200 million people. Even with their secondary supporters and friends in the main system, the whole effort didn't involve more than 20,000 men. They did it by bringing the full pressure of the 5,000 at the core to bear on any given target or problem if necessary. Above all, they worked entirely outside the system.

"Our aims were different from theirs, naturally -- they wished to perpetuate the system and live off it indefinitely, and we wished to put pressure on it, and didn't care if it survived or not -- but we could adopt their methods with very little modification." There included: the code of silence, with death as the penalty for violation; total obedience to a superior and his orders, with death again as the penalty for disobedience; the cell structure, so no one, especially in the middle and at the bottom knows too much and successful infiltration is difficult; threat by example (to "persuade" by executing relatives and colleagues); and airtight alibis -- "actions" in one place are always performed by persons from another.

"I remembered reading that white American frontiersmen had, in time, become better than the Indians in tracking, endurance, woodcraft and the rest of the Indian martial arts; so I saw no reason why we couldn't out-Mafia the Mafia No government agency at any level, including the FBI, had been able to cope with the Mafia, so we, modeled closely on the Mafia, might reasonably expect to survive and flourish, too The most appealing quality the Mafia had was respect. They respected themselves and each other. And the country respected them. This respect was gone from the American world as a whole. We meant to bring it back Finally, the Mafia had become as American as apple pie, more American, certainly, than the dreams of law and order and democracy which had proved to be so unsuited to our time"

It is difficult to decide from the text at this point whether the original members all had to prove themselves in the traditional Mafia style, by carrying out individual assassinations, but it is possible.

"We wanted a small but effective organization, and we didn't want to go too fast. In the beginning, we were very, very few. We reasoned that we'd grow by extremely selective recruitment based on extremely selective action on our part. In other words, there was no point in recruiting 5,000 peo-

ple into a theoretical rather than active organization. There had to be a balance between action and recruitment . . . some action, and then some recruitment; some more action, and then some more recruitment. Even that recruitment was to be passive rather than active. We didn't want to talk people into joining us. We wanted them to come in as we had--because there was no other choice, because the boredom and disgust had become so intense that not doing something was impossible...

"Once we had the nucleus of our organization, and knew how it was going to operate and grow, we had to have our issue. If the American dilemma was the inability to deal with obvious issues, we decided, through a process of elimination, that the issue most obviously not being dealt with was unchecked immigration, especially from Mexico. No American really wanted it, no American believed it could be anything but harmful, but no one was going to oppose it (in action as distinguished from cosmetic shilly-shallying) because no one knew how to stop it without endangering the system, and no one had the courage to do that

"It is possible to argue that there were other issues in America in 1982 which were equally urgent -- in fact, nothing was worse than anything else, when one came down to it -- but none of them was quite so plain. There were a few people, of course, who were completely in favor of unchecked immigration, but there were more people who had doubts about it than about any other issue which was susceptible to emotion. (We had already discarded issues which were real enough, like the economy, but without enough emotional content to use as symbols for or against common sense.) Immigration for the 1980s had something of the same appeal as slavery for the 1850s: How could a country exist half slave and half free? found an echo in, How can a country exist with unlimited immigration?

"We felt that unchecked immigration was also ideal in that the system would back it to the hilt, even though very few people, even at the heart of the system, really believed in it. Unchecked immigration might not ruin the country on its own (although that was debatable), but it was beautifully symbolic of the madness of a system which was surely going to ruin the country one way or the other. It was the most obvious enemy of common sense, the weakest link in the system, and thus the perfect area for attack."

Madison goes on to say that The Boys did not want to take on more than one problem at a time. (The Boys, I should explain, was the rather sinister sobriquet which the members used to refer to themselves -- rather like *cosa nostra* for the Mafia. "And what could be more American than to be one of The

Boys?" Madison asks wryly.) They also shied away from racism per se. "We had already found that blacks and Jews and other minorities joined with the Majority in disliking unchecked immigration, whether Hispanic or black. In a weak way, and for purely economic reasons, but still, in some degree. We hoped that in time even the Hispanics already in this country would be on our side, and quite a number did sympathize by the end. We wanted an issue with heavy popular support -- even if that support was only latent -- because that was the only kind of issue that had a chance of winning. We did not want a losing issue. So we did not want a racist issue."

There is a hint, but only a hint, that once the battle on the initial issue was won -- and "common sense" firmly in the saddle -- there would not be such reluctance about purely racist issues, but Madison is too cautious to go farther than that. "Just because most of the unchecked immigration was Hispanic did not make opposition to it anti-Hispanic. Not to most people, at any rate."

With the organizational structure and the issue settled, the next step was action. "We decided on Miami and the Mexican border, especially in Texas, as the obvious location." He takes Miami first: "The weakest point in the existing rationale was bilingualism. When the first Cubans arrived after Castro took over in 1959, they should have been forced to learn English to participate in the city's educational, business and social life. Instead, they had been allowed to speak Cuban (quite different from Spanish, evidently) exclusively, and to begin to turn Miami into an Hispanic city. Later waves of Cubans intensified the trend. This language shift had never occurred in any other American city, and we felt that very few Americans anywhere -- and practically none in Miami -- approved.

"We also felt that the weakest link in the Cubanization of Miami was the school system, which was quite demoralized. Only bilingual teachers could be hired, and the Cuban students simply refused to learn English at all. Why should they? . . . Our first step was an informal contact with the head of the teachers' union in Dade County. Quite by accident, so it seemed, on a New York-Miami flight he sat next to a well-dressed, well-spoken man, who just happened to bring up the bilingualism problem in Miami. After a lengthy chat, this man said, 'You know, bilingualism could be stopped if the teachers struck.' The union head laughed and agreed, but said it was impossible. 'Not really,' the man said. 'As a matter of fact, I understand there's a lot of pressure to do just that. The scenario runs like this: The head of the teachers' union leads the walkout. If he doesn't, he's . . . well, there's

suddenly another head of the group.' The union head stared at him for a moment and then laughed again, 'You must be kidding.'

"A week later, the union head's assistant mysteriously disappeared. And the union head received a call in which a soft voice told him the same thing would happen to him if he didn't take his teachers out."

Madison tells the whole Miami story in his leisurely fashion, and much of it is fascinating, if somewhat gruesome. The pressure is applied against the union head in various ways -- more disappearances, including that of his best friend, pathetic calls and letters from the victims, ghoulish threats made and carried out, the whole Mafia routine -- and he collapses into a mental breakdown. He reveals what has happened, the secret is out, and everyone with access to print, radio or television thunder against the "infamous secret society" applying the pressure. The FBI is called in, but can't produce results. In general, the non-Hispanic community in Miami is, as the President says privately to the National Security Council, "ominously silent," a remark which goes straight to Madison, because the Council, like all other branches of government, has been penetrated by The Boys. Despite the start of organized resistance, the campaign goes on. Individual teachers are hounded and pressured until teacher absenteeism reaches epidemic proportions. The Dade County education system totters. Miami's blacks, subtly encouraged by The Boys, begin to riot and 'turn, disturbances which do not end until the denouement. From then on, Miami is always ablaze somewhere.

In addition to school officials, The Boys go after Miami's local governmental and business structure, and that of the state of Florida. It is not long before the governor, distraught over the destruction of his residence, resigns.

The FBI, finally having penetrated a cell in Detroit, one which has been supplying some of the enforcers sent to Florida, makes some arrests. The nation is stunned at the accusations leveled against these very solid-looking citizens in sack suits who, again following the Mafia lead, are immediately out on bail engineered by very high-priced legal talent. (They never do come to trial.) At the same time, their counterparts on the other side of the fence -- from New York's Links Club to San Francisco's Union Club -- look at each other uncertainly. "I was at Yale with one of those fellows who was arrested," a young Wall Street lawyer blurts to his wife "and you know something -- they all look as though they're having a good time." This is Madison's account, of course, because he claims to have had informants everywhere. And to have been encouraged by the evidence of secret sympathy, "necessarily inactive at that point, but promising

for the future."

The federal government sends teachers into Miami under guard, and the schools make a temporary and entirely inadequate comeback. Determined to keep control of the city, the Cubans play into The Boys' hands by becoming even more arrogant and demanding. This, in turn, excites the blacks, who attack the Cubans, who fight back. From this point, the street fighting, the unrest, the burnings and riots are not only permanent features but increase monthly in scope and intensity.

"We differed from the so-called right-wing organizations in that we didn't go after the minorities ourselves, which was always the great error of those groups, in my opinion. In actual fact, we found the minorities our greatest asset. Especially when turned against our enemies. They were better than a hundred divisions. 'Polarization' has been feared with reason! And on top of that the minorities illustrated the truth about themselves so explicitly that our enemies were often persuaded to wake up and join us . . . The minorities couldn't 'win,' of course -- once they had served their purpose they would be easily controlled . . ."

If the Boys are determined, the federal government is, too. And despite defections and secret sympathy, the Majority is solidly behind that government and "law and order." After all, it is *their* property which is being devalued if not actually destroyed. This still-solid opposition, which translates into support for bilingualism, is "exactly what we expected," Madison says grimly. The city is put under martial law and all resources are turned against The Boys.

This is partially successful, of course, but The Boys always seem to gain two steps for every one they slip back. Well, let's say three for two. They recruit more than they lose, and the public starts to move against the government, if ever so slowly and secretly.

The whole Miami struggle is told in detail, and the reader will find it irresistible, even if deeply disturbing. I have not touched on a fraction of those details, including the peripheral war on the South Florida drug traffic and the banks which handle the immense volume of drug money. Madison claims The Boys were drawn into those fields, "quite by accident. But we used them, because we found they were part of what the Majority secretly wanted eliminated." Incidentally, the most successful group opposing the demolition of bilingualism, drugs and crime in South Florida turned out to be the lawyers, who were on television constantly (until the stations finally went dark) exhorting all residents in the name of what Madison calls, "the Anglo-Saxon common law voodoo. They really meant real estate values, of

course." One wonders what else he could have expected them to do.

Co-equal with the Miami campaign is the one on the U.S.-Mexican border, with emphasis on Texas, and here the same technique is followed. Only the pressured groups are different. Instead of the teachers, it is the senior officials of the states with Mexican borders. They are told that they will either stop the immigration, no matter by what means, or they will be eliminated. Even more gory than the Miami struggle, this campaign is fought out with no quarter given.

Here is an excerpt from the taped recollections of one of The Boys in the field: "... and saw Mansfield again. The one from Immigration. He was sitting there, the very incarnation of Anglo-Saxon resistance. Immaculately starched uniform, great close-cropped head, huge arms covered with blond hair, mind moving at about one mile per century. I knew all about him and about his wife and kids and devotion to the flag. The entire profile. He gave me the usual spiel. 'We are bound by the law to protect the rights of these people coming in here' And on and on. And on. 'The law is finished,' I told him, and those placid, yeoman eyes reached right back to the old common law that some ancestor had learned under a tree from Alfred the Great, and found it still viable. And now the yeoman was a workadaddy lifer with the U.S. Department of Immigration, and the Mexicans were more important to him than anything, including wife, kids and flag. I told him, politely but firmly, that we thought he was wrong, and that he had to choose between our view and his. He could either issue shoot-to-kill orders on the border, or he'd force us to take steps. He just smiled and said, 'You're crazy.' Three months later he was in the hospital after a beating that would have killed a horse. When I visited him he didn't say anything. A year after that he was one of us. It takes a long time with those pure Anglo-Saxons. Being one myself, I know."

As the pressure mounts in the two battle sectors, the President asks for a meeting with the leaders of The Boys. This is arranged after some haggling, and one of The Boys who has already been arrested and released -- and thus known and his identity already compromised -- goes to the White House under a safe-conduct pass. For the first time, the President is made aware of The Boys' position. "It was something," Madison marvels. "They talked for an hour and at the end, the President -- the President of the United States -- told George that he was going to defend 'all immigrants' no matter the cost. George said he looked 'completely nuts' when he said it."

Perhaps more significant is Madison's description of another meeting, between himself and the governor of New Mexico, after the latter had been abducted by The Boys. "He was being held in a cabin up in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, and had lost quite a bit of his self-assurance. He was weeping and begging for 'mercy,' and I said, 'Can't you act like a man?' He finally did pull himself together, and said, 'If you don't like the immigrants, why don't you patrol the border yourselves and shoot them? Why do you come after us?' And one of our men told him, 'We don't care about the immigrants, and we're not going to be sidetracked into fighting them. We care about our country, we care about everyone in it, including you, and we're going to make our fellow countrymen stop the immigrants. Or go down. We're only going to fight with our peers.'"

That governor, incidentally, was brainwashed by The Boys, who modified and improved some of the most advanced techniques used by the world's various secret police organizations, and released to spout the anti-immigration line to all who would listen. The Boys often used the trick of turning their most powerful opponents into robot-like adherents, especially after 1985. Famous figures, especially from the sports and entertainment fields, were programmed with devastating effects.

The details of the struggle over five years are fascinating, but do not need rehashing here. It is enough to say that after The Boys found that their theories worked in practice, it was only a matter of time. The struggle spread from where it started -- Miami and the Mexican border -- to Washington, and then back to the country as a whole, until the nation was engulfed and aflame.

The carnage and chaos were impressive, and those with squeamish stomachs might wish to skip over much of it. Especially the final hours of the third head of the FBI -- there were to be seven in the five-year span -- who was eliminated in hideous fashion by one of his own men who had gone over to The Boys; and the last days of the demented President, wandering aimlessly through the White House all one night -- the day Mexico declared war -- until locked up the next morning by the Speaker of the House and several of the remaining Congressmen.

The chronicle of brutality is endless and, finally, monotonous. The stream of executions, tortures, brainwashings, induced suicides, and assorted horrors begins by startling and ends by numbing. Most gruesome, of course, is the treatment of those Boys who betray their comrades. And the total elimination of the Mafia itself in one fell swoop early in the struggle because, as

one of the Boys puts it, "We knew the FBI would turn the Mafia on us after they themselves failed, so we beat them to it. We had all the names, and we got nearly the whole organization in one night. You might call it a modern application of the old Frankenstein story -- the monster eating the creator sort of thing."

The only exceptions to the eventual numbing effect of the brutality are those few cases where the juxtapositions are so grotesque as to be amusing -- the head of a former Secretary of State impaled overnight on a Fifth Avenue flag staff; the "top abstract artists in the United States" abducted and delivered to the tender mercies of the Mexican police as "the real core of The Boys"; and a few others.

Amusing in a more conventional way are the seemingly limitless ways in which The Boys used the system against itself. From their positions at the very heart of that system, they were able to turn the largest business in the country into shambles. The computers on which the industrial empire depended were reprogrammed to spout gibberish; the mechanical processes of the stock and commodity markets broke down; every vulnerable cog was dissolved into chaos. And ultimately the system itself went the same way. Even television was not immune. The Boys had ways of putting their own programming into the cable feeds, and appeared on prime time whenever they chose -- to a startled but fascinated audience. It took time, of course, to make all this happen, but not so long as one might have imagined.

Perhaps more to the point than all the details are some of Madison's comments during and after the long campaigns: "The worst problem we had was with people of our own background. Tom Crowninshield was a perfect example. When they told me they were holding him in Denver -- he'd been caught killing one of us -- I had him brought to Dallas, because I couldn't leave at that time. We had grown up together, and were at Yale together, and until The Boys started, he had been one of my best friends. As soon as he saw me he said, 'You people are all wrong because you hate,' and I had to laugh. 'Isn't hate the other side of love?' I asked him. 'Of course we hate. What's wrong with hate? Isn't it a sign of life? Of the desire to do something instead of existing like cattle?' And he said, 'It's too late to do anything. You can't win.' And I said, 'Who cares? We didn't go into this only to win. We did it because there was no choice. We'd do it again, if only for the sheer love of battle, and of feeling alive.' And he said, 'You're ruining the country, you're taking it down into chaos.' And I said, 'No, we didn't do that, your side did. You've been fighting like animals to save filth. You created the

chaos'

"But the very worst were the so-called right-wingers. They were our greatest liability because they wanted to come close. But not that close. They always said, 'Russia will take over, so ease up.' And we said, 'Nothing could be worse than what we have, we can't worry about Russia.' They were always with us, 'up to a point,' but how easily that point was reached. Really, their definition of danger was anything that rocked the stock market. After the first year or so, they were all on the other side and just dying to see us annihilated. They betrayed us every chance they had. Fortunately, we never trusted them

"I think our key decision was not to let anyone work the Protestant-capitalist voodoo on us. We were heavily Protestant and wholly capitalist in background, so we had to go against the very marrow in our bones. But on the other hand, only those with it in their marrow could fight it, just as it took Englishmen to beat Englishmen in the first Revolution The voodoo argument was -- had been since the Mayflower -- don't rock the boat and you'll get yours. If you rock the boat, it will sink.* To which we said, 'It's a rotten boat, let it sink'" On the foreign front, Madison is equally unrepentant, and has an ingenious argument: "We always felt that the rest of the world was dependent on America psychologically because we were the leaders, the ones who had perfected the system they were all copying. So, logically, if The Boys revolted here, something like that would eventually happen everywhere." To a certain extent, that prophecy came true. In any case, western Europe ended in chaos, too, after a series of events too complicated to go into here. As Madison had foreseen, the chaos extended to Russia.

* Even men as distinguished in their surface opposition to the system as T.S. Eliot always *lived* by that rule.

"We were never really afraid of Russia, which we saw as entirely dependent on the West from a psychological standpoint. Without the West to be against, would Russia be able to maintain equilibrium and stability? We said no, and we were more or less right. We argued that if and when the West went down, Russia would blow out, like a house with tightly closed windows during that point in a hurricane when the exterior air pressure drops." In Madison's own admission, it didn't work that neatly, but as an approximation it was close enough to pass. "I still say it was the only way to bring Russia down," he wrote at the end. "That wasn't our primary goal, of course; but if it had been, it was the only solution.

"In the end, everyone had to decide," Madison says proudly. "We started at the top, saying, in effect, you're either with us or against us. It was a contest of wills, and we finally won. Once we won at the top, the rest, the ninety-nine percent, followed. The progression was geometric. After the final victories, we had a united country We didn't waste time talking, talking, talking endlessly about the causes, we treated the symptoms and cured the causes that way We were the real patriots In the beginning, I thought we were so different from the men who fought the first Revolution because they had based it all on reason and legality, and we had to use another approach, but now I don't think we were so different. We were really based on reason, too, and we did end in a war with our peers, just as they did. And we won because we stuck it out, as they did. . . .

"There were parallels, with the Civil War, too. When any of The Boys would lose heart and say that we didn't have the experience, I'd say, 'Neither did Grant and Lincoln, but they learned.' We were fighting our countrymen in what we felt was a just cause, as the Union Army had, and that feeling

became so pervasive that when someone asked me how long we were going to go on with the battle in El Paso, I said, 'I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer,' and with part of me I knew I was quoting Grant from Spottsylvania, but with another part the words came so inevitably that they were mine, too And when we won at Philadelphia and Boston, I felt exactly the way young Henry Adams did when his father was ambassador in London in 1863 and the war was turning at Vicksburg and Gettysburg: 'Life never could know more than a single such climax As the first great blows began to fall, one curled up in bed in the silence of the night, to listen with incredulous hope. As the huge masses struck, one after another, with the precision of machinery, the opposing mass, the world shivered. Such development of power was unknown. The . . . resistance and the return shocks heightened the suspense'"

The Second Revolution -- which might just as well be called *The Boys* -- is obviously too controversial for any respectable publisher, but has been circulating in photocopy form, like the samizdat books in Russia. (With its 932 pages, one wishes for a less bulky edition!) As noted at the beginning of this article, it is wishful fantasy, although very convincingly done. No one with whom I have discussed the book gives it the remotest chance of being realized in actuality, not even in any part. "You'd have to have some pretty gutsy boys to pull off anything approaching that," is the comment of a high FBI official. "You might find a few in the Mafia, if the Mafia was interested in that kind of a show, which they're not. And I repeat, only a few, even in the Mafia. But you're certainly not going to find them anywhere else. Certainly not in this country." His view is in line with all the others I have heard, and seems definitive.

Primate Watch



For his part in the assassination of U.N. mediator Count Folke Bernadotte in 1948, **NATHAN YELIN MOR** was sentenced to eight years in prison. But he escaped jail by getting elected to the Knesset. Early this year Nathan Mor died in the fullness of his years. Belong to the right race and murder an aristocrat of the wrong race and you won't be condemned to death by a war crimes trial or hunted night and day for the rest of your life by Simon Wiesenthal, the *New York Times* and the *Jerusalem Post*. You'll be elected to Congress, the Israeli Congress, that is.

☆ ☆ ☆

EYDIE GORME, one of those never-will-quit nightclub biddies, has her own special theory on the distribution of American intelligence. On the West Coast and East Coast everyone is smart. "But as you get closer to the center of the country, the people get dumber and dumber." Eydie was born in the Bronx, very proximate to the deep and dark blue waters of the Atlantic and therefore in her mind the Athens of America.

☆ ☆ ☆

He didn't tell anyone, but when **JERRY RUBIN**, the media darling of the Hippie Decade, was posturing as a Yahoo nihilist,

he had \$20,000 invested in the New York Stock Exchange, the very Exchange that with his entourage of press reporters and video flacks he invaded and doused with dollar bills back in the good old headlining days. Today, Jerry's working in Wall Street as a \$40,000-a-year stock tipster.

☆ ☆ ☆

MICHAEL SALEM, of Sephardic forebears, says he comes from a distinguished line of Manhattan retailers and hosiers. Branching out from the family specialty, Michael is now the owner of America's only boutique for transvestites. His store just overflows with all kinds of fluffy goodies. He is also the proud author of a book of fairy tales entitled *How to Impersonate a Woman*.

Primate Watch



That Creature from the Red Lagoon, **ABBIE HOFFMAN**, returned in triumph after years of overt hiding, just in time to publicize his new book, *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture*, published by G.P. Putnam and Sons, owned by Music Corporation of America. CBS News would have given less time and hoopla to Napoleon's return from Elba. Although Hoffman had already jumped bail after his arrest as a cocaine peddler, a Negro judge let him go on his own recognizance. Then due to a mixup a few days later Abbie actually had to spend one night in jail. Scores of people obviously committed a felony by harboring and sheltering this fugitive from justice. But the FBI and New York State law enforcement agencies are studiously looking the other way.

☆ ☆ ☆

LARRY McCONNELL, executive director of the Tulsa Human Rights Commission, swears he is not retiring from his post because he has been sexually harassing women employees, as some black and white females have complained. Nominated for *Who's Who Among Black Americans*, McConnell says he is moving on to Continental Oil, because of a "fantastic offer" to manage the company's equal opportunity program. The Conoco secretary pool better dig in for a long siege.

☆ ☆ ☆

BREYTON BREYTENBACH is a bearded, black-eyed, black-haired, bushy-browed, eagle-beaked poet, who claims he is an Afrikaner. The proud husband of Hoang Lien Ngo, a woman of Vietnam, a country he loves dearly, Breytenbach doesn't love his native South Africa at all and is now serving a nine-year jail sentence for collaborating with Okhela, a revolutionary group of Negroes that wants to replace the present white government with a black one. One of Breytenbach's immortal lines is: "We whiter ones are the scum of a civilization based upon injustices." Noble sentiments like these have already earned his poetry rave reviews from American book critics and should get him the Nobel prize for literature any year.

☆ ☆ ☆

Testifying before the Select Committee on Immigration and Refugee Policy, the black vice-president of the United Steel Workers, **LEON LYNCH**, urged new laws that would turn illegal Mexican aliens into legal immi-

grants. He also wanted to raise the present maximum quota of 20,000 a year from any Latin American country to 50,000. Not that this would make any difference. Few of these quotas are observed either by the country of origin or by the "open-armed" Tooth, who no longer bothers to enforce U.S. immigration statutes. Impeachment should be the President's reward. We hope it won't be a second term.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Master of Hate received his gold medal from the worst president of the United States on schedule. Two hundred big names were present, including Senator McGovern, the gentleman who pushed the Simon Wiesenthal award through the Senate. Since Dr. McGovern (Ph.D. in history) is facing a tough reelection fight, he decided a salute to **SIMON WIESENTHAL** would be a clever way to drum up "Eastern" campaign contributions. Simon kissed the Plainsman on both cheeks and hugged him to his heart. Also present were Orson Welles and Elizabeth Taylor, who will narrate a new racist (hate-the-Hun) TV doctored drama, "Genocide," in which Simon plays his gentle, forgiving self. Not in attendance was Chancellor Bruno Kreisky of Austria, a lukewarm Semite who believes Wiesenthal was a Gestapo collaborator.

☆ ☆ ☆

Jewish Defense Secretary **HAROLD BROWN**, black Army Secretary **CLIFFORD ALEXANDER**, Mexican-born Navy Secretary **EDWARD HIDALGO** and Air Force Under Secretary **ANTONIA CHAYES**, of undetermined minority origin, were all packed and ready to go to the Democratic Convention in New York to talk up defense among the peace-loving delegates. Then some Pentagon apparatchiks suddenly remembered that the military and the politicians are supposed to remain as far apart as the church and the politicians. So only Brown, the un-fireable genius of the hostage rescue mission, made the trip.

☆ ☆ ☆

DAN RATHER, the eight-million dollar mouth soon to replace Walter the Cronk, after having eased out the vastly more qualified Majority member Roger Mudd, is not a Hispanic. His black eyes, sallow cheeks and black locks are not, as *Instauration* suspected, the product of Indian genes from below the Rio Grande, but from above the Hudson. Dan, we are informed by the *Ladies' Home Journal* (July 1980), is part Iroquois

and part Welsh. A most inquiring reporter, he has consumed a fair amount of pot and LSD in his time and had "someone at the Houston police station shoot me with heroin so I could do a story about it." Recently agitproppers from Tass accused Dan of staging the killing of three native workers as the high point of his bravado television documentary of Afghan resistance fighters. Somewhat more credible was a newly discovered letter from the former Iranian Ambassador to Washington asserting that Dan and Walter and John and Katharine and Tom and Art had all received gobs of caviar from the Shah when the latter was still sitting proud as a peacock on his Peacock Throne.

☆ ☆ ☆

Is it fair to say **REV. JERRY FALWELL'S** God is Mammon? Read any of his pitches for contributions of "\$10, \$25 or \$100." The latest epistolary bite, this time for his Moral Majority, shows a flair for finance that should earn him a partnership in Lazard Frères. Out of the blue comes this beauty:

America is the only hope for Jews 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 Jews -- His chosen people.

☆ ☆ ☆

WILLIAM COX arrived at his new home in Tulsa on a Friday, the first Episcopal bishop ever to reside in Oklahoma's second largest city. On Saturday he attended his first religious function. He was driven to Temple Israel by a Southern Baptist neighbor for the Bat Mitzvah of Barbara Liebnick, another neighbor. The Right Reverend said he was delighted, etc.

☆ ☆ ☆

No one was a greater admirer of Stalin, no one a greater booster of the government of Gulags than spymaster **ALGER HISS**, now back in business as a lawyer and still dishing out the old line. He recently complained to a Los Angeles conclave of hardshell Hissites that revisionists are trying to "blacken the memory of Roosevelt" -- an outrageous smear that cannot be permitted. As for the present-day Establishment, Hiss is "very satisfied" with it, as well he might be, since it hasn't changed since Alger was one of its fair-haired boys. As for World War II, he admonished his audience not to blame Hitler but the whole German nation.

☆ ☆ ☆

OTTO FRANK, probably the highest-paid literary forger of all time, died in Basel, Switzerland.

Elsewhere



Canada. Fifteen million English-speaking Canadians had better start learning the language of 7 million French Canadians. The Jimmy Carter of Canada, fork-tongued Pierre Trudeau, once promised, "I will not leave Ottawa until the government and the country are irreversibly bilingual." This is one of the few promises Trudeau may keep. American Majority members should watch closely. To get anywhere in the government, courts and the military, Anglo Canadians are going to have to speak French. To get anywhere in Washington in the not too distant future, our descendants will almost certainly have to be proficient in Spanish -- not Castilian, of course, but the pocho talk of the barrios. Fluency may also be mandatory in that curious patois known as Black English.

Since there is no Canadian political party willing to take a hard stand against bilingualism, the Alliance for the Preservation of English in Canada has been formed (Box 7067, North Postal Station, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 5J4). Its president, Robin Reid, a law student at Dalhousie University, darkly predicts, "Quebec is going to be unilingual French, while the rest of Canada becomes bilingual, like it or not." As time goes on, Anglophones south of the Canadian border will be able to pick up a few tricks from the APEC on what to do about the spread of Spanish here. In one sense bilingualism is salutary. It stimulates separatism and segregation -- apartheid, if you will. In this sense, as far as American Majority members are concerned, the more separation the better.

In point of fact, *Instauration* is all for Quebec splitting off from the rest of Canada, just as it is all for the separation of minority America from Majority America everywhere. But after the amputation we insist that it stick. We are totally opposed to the separated minorities creeping and seeping across the new borders and starting the whole deadly parasitic process all over again.

Mexico. An outbreak of dengue ("break-bone") fever has struck Tampico, about 300 miles south of the Texas border -- a day's bus ride for an "undocumented worker" headed for gringoland. Dengue doesn't kill, but it chills you, fevers you, aches you, rashes you, and exhausts you. It's spread by a certain breed of mosquito which often accompanies the infected victim. Those Americans who have suffered from it say it's far worse than Montezuma's Revenge.

Guatemala. Like most Central American countries, Guatemala is poor, not because of capitalistic vultures, but because it is poor

where it hurts most -- poor in brains. A poverty of gray matter produces a poor society that all the Marxism, all the liberalism, all the Christianity, all the minority racism and all the superequalitarianism in the world cannot make rich. Nevertheless political charlatans with their stock-in-trade charlatantry continue to organize their rebellions and counterrebellions, gull the peasants and make wastelands out of deserts. Events in Guatemala have come to such a pass that a priest recently told a foreigner investigating human rights violations, "Forget about denunciations. What we need is guns."

Death has come to the Archbishop of El Salvador, who, as the *New York Times* admitted, was "close to justifying the violence of leftist groups seeking a revolution." In Nicaragua, says the *Times*, "On the eve of last year's guerrilla offensives against the Somoza regime . . . bishops effectively endorsed the imminent insurrection."

The separation of church and state, an article of faith for the *Times* in this country, has developed into a case of situation ethics abroad. If it's a question of overthrowing a right-wing dictatorship, then it's all right for the priesthood to become soldiers and politicians. When it's a question of overthrowing a left-wing dictatorship, it's the Sermon on the Mount all the way.

Nicaragua's current foreign minister, the minister of culture and high officials in the education board are Jesuit priests, members of the same order that once defended the divine right of monarchs in Europe.

Brazil. Approximately 160,000 Jews inhabit Brazil, almost half of them in Sao Paulo, one of the world's biggest and filthiest municipal rabbit warrens. The present mayor of Rio de Janeiro is Israel Klabin. The largest Brazilian publishing firm is run and controlled by Adolpho Bloch. "When Bloch calls the President," boasts the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, "the President picks up the phone" -- a situation not exactly unique to Brazil. Henry Kissinger has dined in the Bloch headquarters' sybaritic dining room. Rio, by the way, has a school called "Escola Municipal Ana Frank."

Argentina. *The House on Garibaldi Street* is a Hollywood glorification of the Zionist gang that snatched Adolf Eichmann away from Argentina and delivered him to hanging judges and a hangman in Israel. It was a direct affront to Argentine pride, but the Argentines, as all of us have learned to do, had to swallow it. The picture, however, revives bitter memories. It was recently

withdrawn from three Argentine theaters when a suit was filed against the distributor on the grounds that the film "mocks Argentina's sovereignty." In Montivideo, Uruguay, across the Rio de la Plata, it provoked a stronger reaction. Hundreds of weeping moviegoers fled the Cine Central after someone tossed a teargas bomb at the screen. The ADL, with its all-seeing eye, said it was the work of "neo-Nazis" and demanded that the Uruguayan government punish the perpetrators. The same ADL was totally indifferent when "neo-Jews" a few months ago wrecked a San Francisco theater showing *Birth of a Nation*.

Bolivia. "His hands are stained with blood. His presence has caused deaths in Bolivia." The speaker was Carlos Valverde, a right-wing candidate for president. The man he was referring to was Marvin Weissman, the U.S. Ambassador, who was recalled to Washington for "consultations" after the military had negated a recent left-wing electoral victory and the U.S. Consulate in La Paz had been looted. The rightists claimed Weissman had "manipulated" the election in order to move Bolivia into the "nonaligned" camp of Fidel Castro.

West Indies. American Airlines provides its travelers to the Caribbean with a go-go history of the Jews. Columbus, say "historians" Bernard Postal and Malcolm Stern, was probably a Jew. So was Luis de Torres, the first or second man in Columbus's crew to hit the beach at San Salvador, the New World landfall. Another Jew, we learn, introduced sugar into Cuba. Another built the first streetcar line in Havana. Another opened the first movie palace there. In a clever racial fillip, the book claims that Castro is of Jewish descent and that Alexander Hamilton's first school was a synagogue. And so on, and so on.

It would be too presumptuous at this time for Jews to claim that Neil Armstrong was Jewish. But when he is safely dead and his birth certificate and family records have turned to dust and ashes, our posterity will probably be informed that the first man on the moon, like Columbus and Wagner and Charlie Chaplin, was one of them, not one of us.

Who knows but what Hushien, the Chinese candidate for "true discoverer" of North America, was Jewish? A Buddhist missionary of this name headed eastward across the Pacific in a 7,000-mile voyage to the mysterious land of Fusang in A.D. 452, returning 47 years later. It may be more difficult to discover that the first Siberian island hopper to reach Alaska was a Jew. This event took place some 15,000 or more years before there was such a thing as a Jew.

Elsewhere



Britain. John Tyndall has finally severed all connections with the National Front and founded a new organization, the New National Front (45 Clarendon Villas, Hove, Sussex). He believes that one-third of his old group will go along with him and that he will eventually capture the remaining two-thirds, which he describes as "divided, demoralized and racked with apathy." Needless to say, the bosses of the now Tyndall-less National Front seriously disagree with the fate their former leader has in store for them. To their minds, Tyndall has been a divisive force. They assert that during his stewardship the party failed to reach its chief objectives, took a severe beating in the national elections, and suffered other political blows they blame on deficient leadership.

Only the future will tell who is right and which faction, if any, comes out on top. Instaurationists in the U.S. fervently hope that the breach will somehow be mended and the wounds cauterized and healed. For this to happen, however, some egos will have to be bruised and battered -- a catharsis that very few egos are willing to undergo.

Italy. Sergio Pignedoli died a few months ago at the age of 70. A sophisticated, up-and-coming cardinal, he had a fair chance at the Papacy upon the deaths of both Paul VI and John Paul I. But the cardinal once made a grave, almost mortal, diplomatic blunder. In 1976 he unknowingly signed a joint Christian-Islamic communiqué that contained an attack on Israel.

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The endemic Jewish criticism of the Vatican shot up a few degrees when it was learned the Holy See had favored the decree of an Italian military court that had revoked the life sentence of the last German "war criminal" in Italy. Former SS Major Walter Reeder, now 65, will be released from prison when he is 70, if he manages to live that long. He has been incarcerated since 1945 -- four years less than Rudolf Hess, who was arrested after his flight to Britain.

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The Israeli intelligence agents who murdered Wael Zuwaiter, the PLO representative in Rome in 1972, will go on trial in absentia in November. The Mossad killers were part of the same assassination gang that did away with Mahmoud Hamchari in Paris on Dec. 8, 1972, Bachir Hussein in Nicosia on Jan. 25, 1973, Kubaisi Basil in Paris on April 5, 1973, and Mohamen Doudia in Paris on June 28, 1973.

West Germany. Sixty percent of those seeking asylum in West Germany now are Turks, followed by assorted Arabs and then by Pakistanis. In the first six months of 1980, 70,000 applied for asylum. The figure for all of 1979 was 52,000. Cosmopolitan Frankfurt, a prime port of call for these people, has had to reject 113 Afghans and 71 Eritreans. The mayor said the city could not take any more refugees.

Franz Josef Strauss, the prototypical, endomorphic, bourgeois Bavarian who is the Zionized leader of the respectable Right, suggested that inspectors be placed at the border to screen all immigrants on arrival. This, of course, was rejected.

The West German Constitution guarantees asylum to those fleeing political persecution, a provision prompted, no doubt, by a desire to ensure that the land where Jews had suffered so much would be a haven for Jews persecuted elsewhere.

"It is obvious most of these people seek jobs and do not come here for political reasons," said Harold Hollenberg, chief of West Berlin's processing center, which handles 10,000 Third World refugees per mensem.

Entry visas have now been made mandatory for visitors from Ethiopia, Sri Lanka, Afghanistan, India, Bangladesh and Pakistan. Turks were added to the list as of October 1. Refugees are to be barred from working during their first year in West Germany, but as we know, this will only lead to their winding up on welfare. West Berlin, for instance, has given \$10 million in welfare payments to asylum seekers this year. Pakistanis are now being bribed by the government to leave -- at a price of \$100 per head. One Pakistani youth was recognized when he appeared at a West German airport for the third time -- "Maybe I'll get the money the fourth time," he said.

East Germany. The boys in East Berlin have fixed 1983 as "Luther Year." To celebrate the 500th anniversary of his birth, the man who kicked off the Reformation is being rehabilitated by Moscow's Marxist puppets as "an anti-hegemonist" for his opposition to the Catholic Church. Luther also turns out to have been a "progressive force," because he urged the suppression of the Peasants' Revolt, which was led by medieval Maoist deviationists who were setting the clock back and delaying the social revolution that would follow the rise of the petty bourgeoisie. Frederick the Great is another new favorite, as the East Germans take a rosier view of Prussianism and still cling to the goose step. Now you're up, now you're down, in the loose-leaf history books

of East Germany.

Meanwhile, Communist China is dehabilitating Chairman Mao. Four huge portraits of the Great Helmsman are no longer to be seen in Peking's Hall of the People, while another is in the process of being removed from the Museum of Chinese and Party History. Hatchetmen purged by Mao are now climbing back into the government saddle with sharpened hatchets. Hua what's his name, Mao's handpicked successor, has been forced to step down as premier. The Chairman's collected works have been halted at Volume V. Worst of all, the Gang of Four are expected to be put on trial for their lives this fall. Gang godmother is Mao's widow, the vilest woman in high politics since Messalina.

Soviet Union. Every official commentator, reporter or writer in the Soviet Union these days is performe an anti-Zionist, although most steer carefully away from the dangerous shoals of anti-Semitism. An outspoken exception to this rule was Valery Emelyanov, Khrushchev's Arabic interpreter, who won notoriety for his proposal that Russia organize a worldwide coalition against Jewry. At the urging of Senator Javits no less, Emelyanov was deprived of his job as head of the Arab department in the Maurice Thorez Institute, though he was not expelled from the Party. Since then he has written a book *De-Zionization*, a sort of reverse *Mein Kampf* in which Russians are designated the master race and Christianity is described as the Jews' secret weapon against Slavs. On one page the chosen people are characterized as a "criminal genotype of a hybrid character." Far too controversial for the Kremlin, the tome was printed in Paris. After Brezhnev had received an autographed copy, Emelyanov was finally deprived of his party membership along with many other perks. According to Jewish rumor mongers, the disillusioned author turned to drink, started fighting with his wife, killed her and was caught disposing of her body in a garbage dump.

Though Emelyanov is reported to be languishing in a psychiatric hospital, another Russian anti-Semite, German Ryzhiko, a radio and newspaper correspondent, has been given a high post in the Academy of Science. Also distressing to Jews, Vladimir Begun's anti-Semitic classic *Invasion Without Arms*, whose plot deals with a Zionist conspiracy to take over the world, has now sold 150,000 copies. On the other hand, Yuri Ivanov, author of *Beware: Zionism*, perhaps the most widely disseminated anti-Jewish book of modern times, is supposed to have died of a broken heart because of Israel's treatment of Palestinians.

Worried Jewish Kremlinologists say the average anti-Semitic intellectual in the So-

viet Union is 50 years old and is actively aspiring to move up the Party hierarchy. Not a word of criticism of these people and their works is permitted in the modulated media except in the Jewish monthly *Sovetisch Heimland*, which has a miniscule circulation and is printed in Yiddish.

Israel. Maoist and Marcusean pedagogues who build their hives in the social science departments of our better-known colleges buzz with Marxist analyses of everything from the resurgence of Nazism in Germany (the Rockefellers are firing up World War III) to the decline of the rice crop in China (Gang of Four wreckers). One subject that should be dear to their hearts, yet is somehow too hot for them to handle, is the plantation economy of Israel. What makes it tick? Could it possibly be Jewish exploitation of Arab workers? Though the historical materialists are silent, it most certainly could. The 70,000 Palestinians who live in the occupied areas comprise 30 percent of Israel's construction workers and 14 percent of the field hands. Jewish employers actually prefer to hire Arabs instead of Jews for very good reasons: (1) West Bank and Gaza strip Palestinians are not permitted to join unions; (2) they are paid less than Jewish workers; (3) their employers do not have to contribute as much to welfare and pension funds; (4) they can be fired forthwith during economic downturns, since they have neither job security nor seniority.

A West Bank Arab who has worked for nine years in an Israeli orange-packing plant gets \$5 a day. When Israeli bosses proclaim that their Arab workers are better off than those who stay on the thither side of the Jordan, it is quite true. But it's also true that Zambian blacks working for white South Africans are better off than the Zambians who laze the time away in their home sweet jungle. It's a matter of selective indignation -- so selective that no demonstrations in Washington or New York have ever been known to urge boycotting Israel for exploiting Palestinians.

India. Fafa Muhammas Hassnain, an Indian archaeologist, claims to have discovered the tomb of Christ in the state of Kashmir. Strange inscriptions, some allegedly written in Christ's native language, Aramaic, suggest that the tomb contains the remains of a foreign prophet perfect in piety and righteousness. The prophet's name was Yus Asaph, which supposedly means "Jesus, the Gatherer." Hassnain has turned over the evidence to a religious cult called the Ah-madiya movement, whose members are convinced Christ did not die, but only swooned on the cross, where he remained for only three or four hours. He was then

revived with the help of Pontius Pilate, went to India and died at the age of 120.

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One reason why refugees prefer to go to the U.S. is illustrated by recent events in Tripura, a small state in northeast India. Local tribesmen, some armed with bows and arrows, attacked the Hindu Bengalis who have been moving into their territory since 1971, when Bangladesh became an independent country. Hundreds of Bengalis were massacred, and some say the death toll will mount to 10,000. Years ago Bangladesh was a particular object of affection of the American rock crowd, though while they were being praised in song, the Moslem inhabitants were making it hot for minority Hindus. The same thing happened in the case of North Vietnam. The bully boys of old Uncle Ho, so dear to the heart of Jane Fonda and company, were later found out to be fire-breathing racists instead of peace-loving hayseed populists. As the exodus of the Hindus from Bangladesh and the boat people from Vietnam goes to prove, the most successful racism in recent years has been practiced by left-wing, not right-wing regimes.

Liberia. Amid the lavish news coverage given to the recent coup in which some young army NCOs took over the government and executed twenty-seven high officials, including the president, nothing was heard of the very racist Liberian constitution. One clause, which has not been disowned by the new government, states flatly that nonblacks do not have the right to vote. President Carter, so dedicated to human rights and to the one man, one vote credo, has never made one critical remark about Liberia, which refuses the ballot to whites. On the other hand, Carter supports the ban on the sale of weapons and military equipment to South Africa, which does not allow blacks to vote.

Mozambique. Many, many years ago Joe Slovo's kindly Jewish mother moved to South Africa from Lithuania. She was hardly off the boat before she helped found the South African Communist Party. When son Joe was old enough to know better, he too joined up, compensating for his ill-paid party activities by moonlighting as a civil rights lawyer. When things got a little rough in 1963 (white South Africans were not particularly enthusiastic about converting their country into a Red black dictatorship), Joe left the country. Today, he serves the proletarian cause in Maputo, Mozambique, where he is the chief honcho of 4,000 black guerrillas, the shooting arm of the African

National Congress, whose terrorists blew up the storage tanks of a South African synthetic fuel plant last June. Joe, described by *Newsweek* (June 30, 1980) as a "likeable person capable of laughing at himself" and "an outstanding lawyer," just won't rest until South Africa becomes a black paradise like Mozambique or Angola, where the Heart of Darkness beats harder and faster every minute.

Rhodesia. Having resigned as the commander of the Rhodesian military, Lt. Gen. Peter Walls has changed his tune. While Britain gave away his country, like all professional opportunists, he signed up with the black government of Marxist-Leninist Robert Mugabe. He even helped integrate Mugabe's ragtag killers into the new salt-and-pepper Rhodesian army. Then Walls suddenly up and quit, announcing (from South Africa) that Mugabe had won his election victory through massive intimidation. He added there had been vague plans for a white military coup, but that he had opposed them. Such widely publicized confessions obviously put Rhodesia's remaining whites in a more precarious situation than ever. The twenty white Members of Parliament were challenged by the eighty black M.P.'s to state how they felt about Walls. It is exactly this kind of political bickering that stirs up blacks to think bloody thoughts. Instead of rioting, however, the lumpens toppled and broke up the colossal statue of Cecil Rhodes in Salisbury.

While all this was transpiring, Mugabe himself arrived in the United States to beg Carter for more money. So far he had only been promised \$100 million. He wants four big ones -- billions, that is. Feted, feasted and fawned over by the liberal-minority media, Mugabe at one point on TV's "Meet the Press" refused to condemn Russia's invasion of Afghanistan. Some of the panel members actually seemed surprised.

In London, meanwhile, Lady Gaitskell urged the House of Lords to offer "a small round of applause for the freedom fighters" in Rhodesia, the same creatures who killed and raped members of Christian missions, shot down a commercial airliner and then butchered survivors on the ground. "Cry shame, Lady Gaitskell, Cry shame," sang an outraged poet in *Candour* magazine.

Considering the previous behavior of Lady Gaitskell's heroes in the bush, it is small wonder that Mugabe's #3 hit man, Edgar Tekere (now out on bail) murdered a white farmer soon after taking a seat in the cabinet. Smaller wonder that on an Air Zimbabwe flight the black minister of Lands, Resettlement and Redevelopment, flying first class, of course, wandered into the tourist section and urinated on three touring

Elsewhere



whites. Daily humiliation now being the standard fare of whites in black Africa, passengers and airline personnel were reluctant to talk about the incident. Dwelling upon what happened would certainly lead to worse humiliations in the future.

South Africa. Phillip Tobias, dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Witwatersrand (South Africa), is a carbon copy of Ashley Montagu. Without a single qualifying "if" or "but," he told a recent conference in Johannesburg, "There is no valid justification for the opinion that lower IQ scores for blacks reflect genetic differences."

Tobias has been turning the behavioral sciences upside down like this for years. The only difference is that this particular lie provoked a response from Professor Kerfoot, senior lecturer in the School of Biology at the same university. The professor reported that propaganda against IQ tests was "morally reprehensible" and went on to general-

ize, "The trend is obvious, ultimately leading to the suppression of any discussion of the role of genetic factors in racial differences, the antithesis of objectivity -- but all in the interests of social values and racial harmony, of course!"

Kerfoot then released a few further blasts at Tobias without mentioning him by name:

To me it has always seemed strange that scientists of the highest repute in their own fields, men of outstanding intellectual capacity and apparently sane in all other respects should become bereft of their wits when these issues are debated. The same scientists do not think twice about accepting genetic variation in other plant and animal species -- so why not man? It does seem incredible that ecotype variation has mysteriously bypassed *Homo sapiens* merely so that sociologists and social anthropologists should have their cherished beliefs upheld.

Japan. The U.S. has already taken in almost 300,000 Indochinese refugees, com-

pared to the five hundred now in Japan, who had to sneak in. Even that drop in the bucket is causing a tremendous ruckus in the race-conscious land of the Rising Sun. A special 1,300-member immigration squad has been assigned to hunt down the refugees, most of them ethnic Chinese expelled by the equally race-conscious Vietnamese Communists. When found, they are thrown in jail until deportation.

China. A black buck from Sierra Leone claims he was jailed for six days, starved, hit with an iron bar, and burned with cigarettes for playing around with four Chinese women, who were also arrested. Another buck from Tanzania was expelled from Qinghua University for rape, although he protested the victim was his girlfriend. Chinese Marxism has always exhibited a racial streak. Stalin might have agreed to the punishment meted out to the two blacks, but would Trotsky or Mugabe or Castro or Stokely Carmichael?

Stirrings



Here and There. If any publicity is good publicity, the Ku Klux Klan ought to be doing better than it did back in its Reconstruction efflorescence. The hooded men almost always figure in election contests where one candidate is trying to outbid the other for the Negro and media vote. Just a hint of a white sheet dangling on one political contender sends the goggle box bosses into a piranha frenzy. Both Reagan and Carter engaged in some typical racist volleyball when the former announced that the President had deliberately chosen Tusculumbia, Alabama, to launch his campaign because it was the birthplace of the Klan. It wasn't. It was the birthplace of Helen Keller, as Reagan could have learned from any travel guide. The birthplace of the Klan was Pulaski, Tennessee. Carter, a little slyer at racial innuendo than Reagan -- it's the occupational specialty of white renegades -- tried to turn his opponent's remarks into a slur against the land of Dixie. Quite a feat for a Southerner who has done more to harm the South than a whole slew of scalawags like Hugo Black, Turner Catledge, Tom Wicker and William Styron.

The Klan itself, as everybody doesn't know but should, is a little band of disparate, often warring groups, which has as much political clout in the United States as Josef Mengele. David Duke, the most pub-

licized Klan leader, has now extinguished his fiery cross and founded the National Association for the Advancement of White People (Box 10625, New Orleans, LA 70181). If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Benjamin Hooks ought to feel pretty uppity. Duke's strategy, of course, is to get the White Majority to adopt the bellicose race consciousness of an oppressed minority, which it happens to be, except for the arithmetic. It may or may not work.

The most visible Klan group extant is the invisible empire of Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson (Box 700, Denham Springs, LA 70726). Another Klan group still in being, but one that doesn't get much publicity is headed by Robert Shelton (Box 2369, Tuscaloosa, AL 35401).

The Klan today is basically a liberal-minority bogeyman, the polemical fantasy of politicians who pump it out of their windbags as they do Nazism or anti-Semitism to put their opponents on the defensive. Beyond that, the Klan might be described as a training ground for activists of the earthy radical right. Tom Metzger was a member of Duke's Klan for a time before he resigned, ran for Congress as a Democrat and won the Party's nomination for a House seat from southern California. Whether he will win the November election is another matter. He has no billboards, a very lean campaign

chest, no help of any kind from the Democratic party machine, which is supporting his opponent, Clair Burgener. The incumbent in a traditionally safe Republican district, Burgener was suddenly inspired after Metzger's victory to make a few statements against uncontrolled immigration. This is Metzger's real victory. If he can force an establishment politico to address the real issues for once, he will have done the impossible. As Metzger himself says:

Even if I don't win, I will have added a step in the process that someone else can build on. I might not be the one who is elected, but with each step, you gain a little more. It makes it a little easier for the next guy to run. That way I can be part of something bigger, not just Tom Metzger, but a part of the larger process.

Metzger, the father of five, was born on an Indiana farm 42 years ago. He spent two out of three army years in Germany, where he learned to be a radio technician. He moved to Los Angeles in 1961, worked for Douglas Aircraft and converted to Roman Catholicism, the faith of his Irish-American wife. He then started his own television repair service in Fallbrook in the environs of San Diego. In 1978 he ran as a Republican for county supervisor, received 11,000 votes, but lost. Today, he wears a bullet-proof vest in public and has had to protect his home and family with closed circuit television cameras. Sections of his fence have already been

knocked down and rocks have smashed against his windows.

Metzger also has to dodge legislative rocks. Several Negro organizations are calling on Congress to make membership in any Klan group a criminal offense.

Hollywood, FL. Bob Green has promised to continue the war against queers that used to be commanded by ex-wife Anita Bryant. Anita has custody of the four children, but Green has kept control of the Anita Bryant ministries. Right now he is fighting the proliferation of gay pornography in Virginia Beach, Virginia, the home base of born-again TV star Pat Robertson.

What about Anita? She may return to her native hearth in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where she started her march to fame, fortune and misfortune as Miss Oklahoma of 1959. Like Billy Carter's, her income took a nosedive when she became "insensitive" (unworshipful of racial or sexual minorities) and her Jewish agent dumped her. Will she stand up and continue to fight the good fight? Or will she recant and move into the greenback pastures of the "sensitive" people? Though we don't have high hopes, we will keep a careful watch.

Jackson, MS. The *Jackson Daily News* printed a long, four-column letter from a W.A. Curry demolishing the Holocaust legend, point by point, atrocity by atrocity. The mills of the mythocides grind exceedingly slow, but they are grinding. Just as the ADL manages to smother the debate in one place, it pops up in another. It's getting so that only a Stalinist state could have the totalitarian punch to kayo Holocaust criticism once and for all. Maybe that's why America may turn into a Stalinist state.

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An organization called American Majority Action (the name, if nothing else, has the *Instauration* seal of approval) wants to repeal the Voting Rights Act. It's a noble idea, but it would need a revolution to pull it off. AMA also tried to head off a George Wallace endorsement of Jimmy Carter. But there was the old segregationist turned integrationist right on the platform with Jimmy the Tooth when the latter formally opened his reelection campaign in northern Alabama. Wallace has lost his wife, the use of half his body and his principles. Like so many others who took a fling at Majority racial politics, he could not stand the media heat. He could have gone down in history as the last authentic Southerner or the first breath of Southern regeneration. Instead, he is just another Claghorn who shut his mouth in his declining years so he could earn one sen-

tence of approval in his obituary in the *New York Times*.

Atlanta, GA. David Wilson is a columnist who earns his daily bread practicing the art of punditry in the *Atlanta Journal* and other papers. In his July 21 piece he did something so out of line that the slices of his daily bread may soon be reduced in number. We excerpt:

It seems to me that for the federal government of the United States to be shipping some \$2 billion a year to Tel Aviv to finance God's promise to Abraham is unconstitutional or ought to be. Why should the government be permitted to spend public funds in Asia for the religious purposes of another country while forbidden to do so in North America on behalf of its own citizens? I wish somebody would try to do a little lawyering in this area.

If the taxpayers are not to be permitted to buy heating oil and pencils for parochial school pupils, under what construction of the First Amendment is it proper for them to be obliged to buy M-16s, electronic detection systems and anti-personnel bombs for the occupying power in Judea and Samaria?

Athens, GA. Maija Blaubebergs, a Canadian-born professor at the University of Georgia, wanted tenure and a promotion. A faculty review board turned her down. Normally that would be the end of it. But minority members, particularly female minority members, have so many laws, federal regulations and media editorialists working for them that they feel it is their God-given right and duty to carry on their economic displacement of the Majority male to the last gasp. Ms. Blaubebergs promptly sued on the grounds of sex discrimination. When Judge Wilbur Owens asked assistant professor James Dinnan, a member of the review board, how he voted, he refused to answer. After all, it was a secret ballot. So Judge Wilbur Owens fined him \$3,000 and sent him to jail for ninety days for criminal contempt. The Blaubebergs are riding high these days; the Dinnans are riding low.

Dinnan recently stated his intention to begin looking for another country in which to live after his release -- one that will protect the sanctity of the secret ballot and personal freedom.

East Point, GA. John Roddy, who tried for the Democratic nomination for Georgia state representative, failed rather spectacularly. He gleaned only about 6 percent of the vote. It was quite a disappointment because he had mounted a round-the-clock campaign that brought his Majority First message to practically every blue-collar home in

his blue-collar district. The votes were so few and far between that some of his organizers felt there had been some hanky-panky with the voting machines.

East Ridge, TN. To catch the evil eye of the media, the funeral conducted by the United Nationalist party, one of those patriotic groups whose life span is often as long as a day lily's, ended with the interment of an idea, not a corpse. The epitaph on the tombstone read: "Here Lie White Rights, Killed by FOG -- Fear of Government." The funeral was a little late. It should have been held twenty-five years ago.

Franklin, IN. Kenneth P. Reguli, an ex-Marine who fought in Vietnam, is running as the candidate of the Nationalist party for Indiana state representative. Having served eleven years in the military, Reguli says the armed forces are in a shambles and urges the immediate restoration of the draft. The candidate's address is P.O. Box 67, Franklin, IN 46131.

Dearborn, MI. Republicans have been accusing Southern California Democrats of secret leanings toward the Klan, because Tom Metzger won the party's nomination for congressman from a Southern California district. Democrats had their revenge when Gerald Carlson, an Air Force veteran who graduated from the University of Michigan in 1975, won the Republican primary in Michigan's twenty-fifth congressional district. The tally was and was not impressive: Carlson, 3,759; his opponent, 3,037. It was impressive because Carlson spent only \$180 on his campaign (compared to his opponent's \$30,000), because he was excommunicated by the media as a Nazi and a Birchite, and because he was not afraid to pull out all the stops in his attack against affirmative action and Negro nonproductivity in the auto industry.

The Republican party machine quickly abandoned Carlson and will mount a massive write-in campaign for James Caygill, the police chief who came in second. Carlson's chances of winning out over the incumbent Democrat, Representative William Ford, a me-tooing liberal and a Big Labor yes-man, are mighty slim. Ford, who talks a lot about democracy in Congress, said "I don't even want to be quoted acknowledging that he exists." No debating of the issues, of course, if one of the candidates threatens to bring up the hardrock issues. In the 1978 election Ford beat his Republican rival five to one. Carlson has to work out of P.O. Box 476, Wayne, MI 48184. In this citadel of free speech if he should start campaigning openly, his headquarters would soon be shifted to a hospital ward.

Louisville, IL. Several hundred survivalists held a Freedom Festival in this town in the meanest of summers. The sponsors were the Christian-Patriots Defense League, the pet group of John R. Harrell, who occupies a mansion that is a carbon copy of Mt. Vernon. Harrell deals heavily in gloom and doom. Reds have not only taken over the country, but he warns of Russian troops in Canada and upper New York State and 20 million Chinese due to arrive on a student exchange program. Harrell has given up on the East Coast, the Southwest and the Far West, all areas being awash with aliens or traitors. The last stand for whites, he assures his disciples, will be the Midwest. After a horrendous race war, blacks will voluntarily return to Africa.

Quite a character, Harrell has made millions on construction, gold and silver speculation, skating rinks and movie theaters. He went to jail for four years for harboring a Marine deserter. God miraculously cured his cancer. The IRS slapped a \$500,000 tax lien on him.

The Freedom Festival featured 53 classes in survival training ranging from home fuel production to emergency dentistry, meat curing, demolition and marksmanship. But let us not be too amused. Harrell and friends may be around long after the rest of us -- us who are so intelligent, so rational and so in the know -- are long gone.

Spokane, WA. An open letter from an Arab lobbyist to Henry M. Jackson appeared in the *Spokesman-Review* (July 21, 1980). It asked the senator to oppose all future military aid, not only to Israel, but also to the Arab states. The lobbyist, Dr. M.T. Mehdi, told Jackson that although he had "helped give Israel some \$15 million a day . . . you have done nothing remotely similar for the people of Washington, who elected you."

In a not too convincing display of neutrality, Mehdi claimed he was just as opposed to giving Egypt \$3 billion in 1980. He then lectured Jackson further:

At this time, in which unemployment in Washington and across the nation is increasing, the rate of inflation is eating up the savings of the elderly and the poor and when schools and hospitals are forced to close due to a lack of finances, it is unconscionable for you or any other politician to send those huge sums of American taxpayers' money to Israel and Egypt.

It is doubtful if Mehdi's appeal made any impression on the senior senator from Washington -- and Tel Aviv. However, last summer Jackson did make, for the first time in his political career, a few modest criti-

cisms of Israel for planting more incipient shetls and kibbutzes on the West Bank.

East Nicolaus, CA. Harvey Taylor tried for the Republican nomination for Congress in California's Fourth District. He lost, but managed to garner 12,000 votes. Not bad for an unknown, who had practically no support and whose anti-Israel, pro-Majority platform earned him nothing but silence and contempt from the masters of the printed and spoken word.

Vancouver, B.C. A second miracle in eight years! *The Dispossessed Majority* has received a well-written, extended review in a "respectable" mass circulation newspaper. That it happened north of the border in Vancouver only goes to show that the minority stranglehold on the Canadian media is not yet as tight as it is in the U.S. Doug Collins, a columnist in the *Columbian*, a Vancouver daily, not only talked about the book objectively, but reprinted part of a letter from Wilmot Robertson expatiating on the problems encountered in the promotion of *The Dispossessed Majority*.

Mr. Collins wrote:

Some months ago a Toronto publisher gave me a book bearing the interesting title *The Dispossessed Majority*. It was fascinating and showed how the Anglo-Saxon and traditional European population in the U.S. is being rapidly shoved aside and reduced in influence by the minorities. The work was superbly written and researched, and what the author has to say applies equally to what we used to call English Canada. So I wondered why I hadn't heard of the book . . .

There's no doubt that the book is "hot." It deals with race and racial issues which have become taboo in the liberal establishment that runs our affairs but are OK in other directions. (A case in point: There can be a "black solidarity movement," as there is in Vancouver. But a white solidarity movement would bring forth cries of "Fascist" and "Nazi.")

After the review appeared in the *Columbian*, Howard Allen received a few dozen orders for *The Dispossessed Majority* from Canadians in British Columbia. A few weeks later a large order arrived from a Vancouver bookstore. This is the way the book business is supposed to work. The mass media review the book, the bookstores stock it, and it is then available for purchase by people intrigued by the reviews.

But this normal process of book marketing has not been available to *The Dispossessed Majority*. In the eight years since the book was first published, only one review

ever appeared in a big-city daily or in any magazine with a substantial circulation. That was in the *Charleston News and Courier*, the leading newspaper in a city that is not exactly huge.

Almost 70,000 copies of *The Dispossessed Majority* have been sold, many through ads in some mass-circulation newspapers and magazines, although *Time*, *Newsweek* and the *U.S. News and World Report*, which should be the best publications for such ads, have refused to accept them. One can only guess at how many copies of the book might have been sold by now if reviewers had given the book a fair shake.

Berkeley. A mishmash of porno advertising and "underground" politics was a great journalistic money-maker in the golden days of the West Coast beatniks. No tabloid symbolized this media phenomenon better than the *Berkeley Barb*. On July 3, 1980, long after the original Jewish founders had gotten out, the *Barb* gave up the ghost. There is just so much junk, so much intellectual swill, that the mind can take -- even the cracked craniums that have trashed what once was one of the finest communities in the West and a world center of science. Let us hope that some happy day we may hear that the same fate that overtook the *Barb* will overtake the *New York Times*, a thicker, subtler version of the same culture-crunching journalism.

Editor's Note. Instaurationists, as far as we know and as much as we dare to hope, are honest. However, non-Instaurationists also read the magazine and occasionally ask us to run notices in *Stirrings* about new books, records, films, right-wing organizations, even new political parties. Since we don't accept advertising, we generally print, though we try and limit it to one time, items we think will interest our readers.

Twice so far we seem to have been "used." We mentioned a lie detector that two Instaurationists have already had trouble with. More recently we wrote about a firm that was selling prints of old German films. We have now been informed that the company does not have all the films it claimed to have.

We hope that Instaurationists will not blindly send money for anything listed in *Stirrings*. Companies with unfamiliar names and exciting, perhaps too exciting, products should first be checked out.

Rather than censor what is sent to us, we prefer to continue to let the reader be the judge of what appears in *Stirrings*. We have neither the time nor the resources to act as a consumer testing agency. But let the watchword ever be -- *caveat emptor*.