

*illic heu miseri traducimur!*  
*Juvenal*

# Instauration®

VOL. 6 NO. 3

FEBRUARY 1981



**W. C. FIELDS -- LAST MAJORITY COMIC?**



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

**Fabulous rundown on Reagan** (*Instauration*, Sept. 1980). Cholly's backroom scenario carries a resounding wallop. There is a slumbering tiger in all of us. Organize and fight now or forever hold your peace.

037

Perhaps the real reason that Russia has become such a great power is that the U.S.S.R. is not an equal opportunity employer.

Irish subscriber

It is a fact that European males tend to be attracted toward physical refinement and, to a lesser degree, toward blonde coloring in females. It is also a fact that European females do not reciprocate to the same degree in these tastes -- and they never have. The evidence is everywhere that the female pattern of attraction is far more ambiguous, and for good genetic reasons. In particular, fineness versus coarseness in the male is a more complicated matter for the female evaluator. In *The Middle English Ideal of Personal Beauty*, Curry analyzes such matters at length. Regarding coloring, he finds that the heroines are invariably dazzling blondes and the witches dark brunettes, but that the male heroes, while usually blond, are, in a significant minority of instances, "dark and handsome." This cannot be attributed to Celtic, French or other outside influences, so far as he can tell, but is indigenous to the Germanic tradition.

223

**Random violence directed against minorities** is counterproductive and strongly contra-indicated. I can understand the frustration and rage of those who applaud such actions, but they are profoundly wrong.

801

To 924 who said that Tom Metzger of the K's was probably no mental giant: He certainly is compared to the utter jackasses that we have right now.

To Zip 304 who takes Sol Roth to task for demanding the exclusion from all Jewish leadership functions of any Jew who marries a non-Jew: I like that. I feel the same way about white Majority members who marry Jews or non-whites.

To 372 who wrote that listening to redneck music can give a man guts: Not only that, but the rednecks can also give him some sense. The big Nashville stars would not dare damage their high-paying careers by singing racial numbers, but some of the songs being sung around town by the unknown little fellows prove that rednecks have just about had all they are going to take. Too bad they're never aired.

To Richard Verrall who wrote that the National Front was appalled by what was written about 'em in the July issue of *Instauration*: A lot of us agree with the article and we are appalled at what happened to John Tyndall.

320

Zip 400 is impressed with Cholly's satire. I'm not. I think he is truly successful only when he writes in his own *persona* -- the cultivated man of affairs who records our collapse from direct experience. Then his touch is sure and often masterful. When he ventures into impersonal lampoon, I sense a loss of focus and control. This seemed especially the case with his "Detroit Psychodrama," in which I found too few shocks of recognition (satire's goal) and too many of overkill. About the only broad-ax stroke missing was a chorus line of sabra Streisands in G-strings and pasties singing, "Springtime for Henry and Israel, winter for goyim and wogs." If my critical remarks are themselves a form of overkill, ascribe them to one reader's eagerness to see Cholly return posthaste to that vein of first-person narrative which has produced so many fine, memorable pieces.

409

I accept all those nasty remarks about the Italians, but only because they were written by a German subscriber. Inefficient allies are always peculiarly irritating. Still, courage shows up all the brighter when one's own side is not doing too well. Think of those Italians who swam under the nets at Gibraltar to blow up Allied ships, or that Italian aristocrat in Barzini's *The Italians* who organised a party of volunteers to blow paths across minefields at Tobruk, and who died fighting merely because he couldn't live with dishonor.

French subscriber

*The Might of the West* is superb. I love Lawrence Brown's debunking of the Renaissance. Dorothy Sayers does much the same thing in the introduction to her translation of *The Song of Roland*:

*But the picture that remains most vividly with us is that of gay and unconquerable youth [Roland]. No other epic hero strikes this note so ringingly. . . . So he rides out, into that new-washed world of clear sun and glittering colour which we call the Middle Age (as though it were middle-aged), but which has perhaps a better right than the blown summer of the Renaissance to be called the Age of Re-birth. It is a world full of blood and grief and death and naked brutality, but also of frank emotions, innocent simplicities, and abounding self-confidence -- a world with which we have so utterly lost touch that we have fallen into using the words "feudal" and "mediaeval" as mere epithets for outer darkness. Anyone who sees gleams of brightness in that world is accused of romantic nostalgia for a Golden Age which never existed. But the figure of Roland stands there to give us the lie: he is the Young Age as that age saw itself. Compared with him, the space-adventurers and glamour-boys of our times, no less than the hardened toughs of Renaissance epic, seem to have been born middle-aged.*

824

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□ In the beginning it was the *Jewish Yellow Pages*. Large ads in the *New York Times*. No backlash.

Then it was the *Christian Yellow Pages*. Loud denunciations from the ADL. Uproar in the media. Legal action.

Now comes the *Black Pages* (in Georgia). No backlash. Friendly puffery from the press.

And as always the *White Pages* includes everyone -- white, black, brown, yellow and mauve.

302

□ When Strom Thurmond replaces Fat Face as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, I'll be dancing in the streets.

782

□ Cholly's article was totally fascinating; I couldn't stop reading. Since "Thomas Madison" is obviously Cholly himself, one wonders how many more pseudonyms he may use. Who he is and what he does in real life I hope some day to be privileged to learn. The piece reminded me strongly of Jack London's *The Iron Heel* (in tone, not in political stance).

953

□ In view of Cholly's interest in such a bulky and hard-to-obtain manuscript as *The Second Revolution*, he might be interested to know that a book with a similar theme has in fact been published right here in Washington, District of Columbia, a political jurisdiction in which the Majority is actually a minority, or in which a minority is in the majority, whichever is less confusing. I refer to *The Turner Diaries*, published by the National Alliance, Box 3535, Washington, D.C. 20007. I will not attempt to review the book, but the protagonists do not single out the least offensive of our minorities for special treatment, but rather are scrupulously nondiscriminatory in their application of Majority policies to all minorities.

228

□ Mensa could be a force in helping us drag the West out of the cultural gutters. But until it first purges itself of sexual deviants, bleeding heart liberals and the omnipresent "chosen people," it won't even be in the running.

Australian subscriber

□ Cholly's review of Thomas Madison's account of the Second Revolution made my day. I especially enjoyed the exchange of views on love and hate. I'm reminded of Emerson's opinion on the subject, "The doctrine of hate must be preached as the antidote to the doctrine of love, when that pulses and whines."

Expatriate subscriber

□ Is there a chance that during the next four years the U.S. will get a "race" law like those in Germany, France and other countries? Then *Instauration* and *Spotlight* would have to cease publication. I don't know. The minorities lost the election and will need time to regroup. When the time comes where such a law is being considered by Congress, we can be certain there will be a convenient Rue Copernic incident.

922

□ As a reserve officer myself, I know full well the degree to which the all-volunteer military has become minorityized. This is not something to dismiss lightly. It means: blacks with weapons, and the knowledge to use them. When things come to a crunch, who do you want in control of the M-60 tanks, the .50 cal. machine guns, the hand grenades? Anyone expecting a bunch of black enlisted men (or officers, for that matter) to blithely fire on a rampaging crowd of their own in some urban scene of the future is a fool. There is another angle to the argument in favor of the draft. The military is the recruiting ground par excellence for Majority activists. Thousands upon thousands of white enlistees and officers, who perhaps entered the army with their brains thoroughly raped by equality, leave it -- and reenter society -- with an entirely different attitude. Those who stay in lose themselves in their work and seethe. The military is the supreme demonstration of the truism that if you want to turn someone (even a simon-pure liberal) into a Majority activist, all you need to do is have him join the volunteer army. It will do the trick just about every time.

974

□ For the benefit of Zip 713, no racial strains are ever "totally assimilated." As for the alleged preference of the Gaels for the Normans over the Saxons, there is nothing in it. The Normans were on top, that's all, partly because their heavily armoured knights, mounted on shire horses, were irresistible. There is a mediaeval Irish poem which describes how so many offspring of the clan of Conn the Hundredfighter lay in their bloody graves. They went out against the Normans clad only in their shirts. Like the Saxons in Britain, the Normans were welcomed in Ireland, at first. Notice that the Saxons did not arrive in Britain till after the Romans left, so they cannot have been much affected by them. Also, they avoided Roman settlements like the plague, and evidently regarded them as unlucky.

British subscriber

□ The interesting article on Karl Lueger includes an essential point which I wish more right-wingers fully comprehended: To be effective, nationalist movements must be indigenous in their psychology, style, exemplary heroes, trappings -- everything.

640

□ The article on Spengler (*Instauration*, July 1980) is spot on. It says so much that has been at the back of my mind, especially about his pessimism. One is inclined to ignore the faults of those who are on our side. I also like the bit about his excessive nationalism and his suspicious lack of racism. Of course, the two are to some extent incompatible. German racists are often embarrassingly pro-English and English racists often pro-German to an extraordinary degree. Where I am utterly in sympathy with Spengler is in his celebration of hopeless courage, against overwhelming odds. That is the only pure courage. Shelley's "Ye are many, they are few" is the most ignoble call to battle ever devised.

Scottish subscriber

□ Allow me to contribute to the Irish discussion with an adaptation of "Yankee Doodle."

*Once I had an Orange cat,  
It sat upon the tender,  
And every time it caught a rat,  
It shouted, "No surrender!"  
Fenian traitors, watch your step,  
Go easy on the whiskey,  
Or we will break your bloody necks,  
And you won't be halt so risky*

Orange subscriber

□ Many times I have sat around talking to whites who tell me that they support segregation, oppose busing and want nothing to do with blacks. I then asked one of them what he was doing the coming weekend, if he could go with me to a meeting against forced busing. He said he couldn't make it because he couldn't miss his football game. I pointed out that most of the football players were black so why waste the time. He said, "Well, that's different; that's football."

934

□ Reagan must have realized by this time that nothing he says will convince Jesse Jackson that slave auctions aren't going to be reinstated during his administration. I have no doubt, however, that Reagan honestly believes colored folks need only a healthy dose of middle-class values and virtues to shuck off the jungle.

401

□ I have read the November article on "Archaeological Revolution in America" and was especially interested in the section on the Norsemen. Undoubtedly the Norse explored and perhaps colonized a much greater part of North America than was recorded in the sagas. Perhaps they were the fair gods of the Aztec tradition. But they did not build the stone tower at Newport. Benedict Arnold's family always insisted that it had been built as a windmill by an ancestral colonial governor in the 17th century. It was thoroughly excavated and explored by archaeologists in 1948-49, who discovered under the foundations many artifacts of the colonial period but no trace of any Norse habitation. One should be very careful in explaining the origin of artifacts. If my own house is ever excavated at some future time, it might be deduced that Sumerians had been here in 2500 B.C., the Egyptians in 1500 B.C., or the Greeks in 400 B.C. The Norse connection with the Newport tower was started by Longfellow's rhyme, "The Skeleton in Armor." He probably got his idea from an Indian grave containing a plate of hammered copper, which may have been an ornament or even a part of a breastplate.

079

□ My first thought when KKK Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson gushed that the Republican party platform read "like a Klansman wrote it" was that it isn't that good.

164

# The Safety Valve

□ You were properly damned for your pro-draft stance because you have confused the draft with universal military training, which can be a very good thing, provided it is properly administered. If high-school graduates were given from six to nine months' military training not more than 100 miles from their homes, so they could go home at least two weekends a month, this would not only give the country a reservoir of good soldiers but would also create a proper mental attitude on the part of the general public. The basis of universal military training is the recognition of every man's duty to defend his family, his community and his nation. Such an awareness on the part of the total manhood of the nation strengthens civilian morale. By no means should we have a draft. We have used the draft in the past to take young men and send them on military adventures abroad. If this country should ever be attacked there would be enough volunteers to make up as big an army as we would possibly need, particularly if the populace were mentally and morally prepared with the help of a program of universal military training.

352

□ My Auntie, who has the unusual name of Seamight (the naval connection, you know), tells me that the astrological journals are predicting the advent of a new Messiah before the year 2000. She predicts that his name will be Shekelgrubber.

British subscriber

□ Zip 953 in the July issue is too hard on American women. Certainly, there are lots of vulgar, vacuous ones, but my experience is that those descended from the earlier settlers are prettier than the average European, and a lot less demoralised than American middle-class men. The women are exploited where possible, but the full weight of the minority attack has been against the WASP male.

New Zealand subscriber

□ The future (rightist) American leader is born already. I believe he will arise from the mass of the betrayed Vietnam veterans. He himself may not yet know that he is chosen.

980

□ Overheard in a radio interview with Klansman Bill Wilkinson -- Black lady: Does you loves me? Wilkinson: Huh? Black lady: Ah say, does you loves me? De Bahble say, you should love yo' neighbor, an' Ah is yo' neighbor! Ah loves you -- does you loves me? Host: I'm sorry, but I don't think this is the proper forum for a theological debate. Next question.

652

□ I fear that many are waiting for some supernatural savior, or the return of our space-voyaging ancestors to rescue the noble Nordic and his friends. This strikes me as a pretentious excuse for not doing what can be done now and generously supporting those who are. It is only one notch better than not having any excuse.

338

□ When the Khmer Rouge drove the entire population of Phnom Penh out to the countryside, it was treated as an unprecedented crime by the Western press. However, Pol Pot did have a precedent: Sherman's order to the citizens of Atlanta.

741

□ In a way, despite Reagan's bumbling good intentions, the minorities are right. With the liberals in eclipse, the conservatives will not be so eagerly sensitive to minority interests. Instaurationists are fully aware that the only solution to racial conflict is ultimately absolute separation (good fences make good neighbors). No matter what the Reagan administration proposes, the problems facing us won't be solved. Still, it's gratifying to watch the minorities suffer apoplexy. Accustomed to blackmailing politicians for free watermelon, they're suddenly faced with the prospect of a government of hard-line conservatives who think in terms of work and jobs and no more handouts.

601

□ I would like to thank *Instauration* for the quality magazine y'all been providing us. As a university student I have been subject to gross absurdities from my professors, who have little regard for objective scholarship. Surely, as a future teacher, I do not wish to emulate my professors. I hope I will be allowed to give both sides of the story to my students. It should be totally up to them to come to the decisions they feel and believe are theirs to make. Freedom of thought and individual expression must be defended. If this right is not allowed in the public school system, then moderation and respect for the basic rights guaranteed us in the Constitution have been truly squelched. If that should turn out to be the case, then I will realize there is no longer a law of the land. The only alternative would be to acquiesce to such mockery or rigorously fight back.

566

□ Afterthoughts on Afterlife? We shouldn't concern ourselves. Be satisfied! Delving too deeply causes havoc, upsetting the equilibrium of mind and body.

566

□ The study of twins reported in *Instauration* (Sept. 1980) reveals that people are much more automatons than even Konrad Lorenz thought. It indicates to me that the media really have little influence on people's behavior and edjoocation has even less.

280

□ Western civilization is another Titanic -- a great machine running out of control and taking the Majority to its doom. The passengers on this insane voyage are so paranoid that they cannot man the helm and they will stop any non-liberal who tries. There is no hope for the ship. She and her passenges will be better off at the bottom of the sea. But I wish I could find a lifeboat.

281

□ At the first mention of the Boat People many months ago, I phoned my local radio station and expressed the opinion that these were actually invaders whose presence among us must weaken us racially, economically, politically, physically and militarily. I spoke calmly and objectively, but to be sure, the response came in terms of moral indignation from some and a thorough-going smear job from another. The Bible thumpers were easily routed with a few select passages of my own (to which none responded). But one female character assassin said that while I was entitled to my opinion, the station shouldn't give me a platform to disseminate white supremacist remarks. They made her sick. I countered with the observation that having an opinion that could not be expressed was the same as having no opinion at all, and I inquired about her competence to censor me or any other caller. Addressing myself to the audience, I pointed out that this woman undoubtedly supported unlimited immigration to our shores, but how did she present her argument? Openly and factually? No, she called for suppression of speech. I reminded listeners that she had heard my remarks over a radio which was a Western invention and had used a telephone to call the station, another convenience which came to her via Western genius. I expressed my outrage at a person who availed herself of our Western inventions and our Western freedoms to express her contempt for the Western race.

399

□ Someday we should quite legally punish those who transgressed with their phony laws against the people and the institutions of the United States. A judge, for instance, who ordered school busing for tens of thousands of children in a city and thereby brought untold grief to families should definitely be hanged. But it should be done legally.

844

□ From the U.S. we have a much better (clearer) world view than do Europeans. Can you imagine how different Hitler would have acted had he spent some time in this country prior to his ascension to Fuhrerdom? Germany can only be freed from abroad. And by that I mean from the U.S. When I write Germany I have Nordic Western Europe in mind. The U.S. of all large (great) nations has the inborn ability for rapid change (as Germany found out after 1941).

262

□ Women's Lib is not Jewish, according to a lady friend of mine who was at one time active in the movement. She said that some loud-mouthed Jews make a lot of noise, but not many of them are involved.

220

□ As for Reagan's election, I am under no delusion of what he can do. Some weeks ago I received a letter from one of the top Republicans on our side asking if I was in favor of "stopping Kissinger," as he was running up front for Secretary of State. I wrote back, stop him, he's done enough "good" for our and his latest country.

303

Begin, Reagan, ding dong bell,  
We won't fight for Is-rye-el.

100

I hope you will not mind me saying that I think the feature "Notes from the Auld Sod" a retrograde step. I am biased of course. My father's family belonged to one of the minor sections of the WASP ascendancy in Ireland and were almost to a man loyal to the Monarch, Union Jack and Empire. Some of them fought against Republicanism and Fenianism as one fights against the bubonic plague. They loved Ireland nonetheless for all that. I appreciate that in America the Irish form a lobby and that this lobby does include some of the best race-conscious whites and are not people to be alienated. However, I would submit that it is consistent with the principles underlying the work of *Instauration* to support the maintenance of WASP power in Ireland and to have no truck with Irish nationalism -- a growth originating in the bogs and the catacombs which has always provided an ally to the forces of subversion against the West. The mainly English and Scottish-descended stock that goes to make up the population of the WASP ascendancy in Ireland is as high a quality of Nordic stock as is to be found anywhere, with an exceptionally high incidence of brilliant and accomplished men considering their numerical insignificance. This stock has supplied a large number of American presidents. It has supplied almost half (if not more than half) of Britain's military leaders of real stature. It has produced a tremendous effervescence of outstanding authors, poets, musicians, as well as a respectable quota of eccentrics! Irish nationalism, on the other hand, has for the most part mobilized and appealed to the genetically inferior elements in Ireland and its victory is their victory: a victory for disorder, dirt, drunkenness, anarchy and bestial violence (although of course the Fenians, as is so often the case, draw for many of their ablest leaders on renegade WASPs). To my mind it is no refutation of this argument to say that, just for the moment, with Britain having become degenerate and racially invaded, Irish separatism is to be supported as a means of protecting Ireland from the poison in the contemporary British bloodstream. Such a view may have its attractions to those who take a strictly pragmatic and ephemeral attitude to things; looked at historically, it is nonsense.

The space given to "Auld Sod," whoever he may be, may just be seen as a typically Anglo-Saxon form of tolerant condescension -- a gesture indicating that the WASP and Nordic feels strong enough in your columns to allow a bit of dissenting blather through the Guinness. But isn't this condescension the thing that has knocked the initial nails in our coffin so often in the past?

British subscriber

Before Churchill died I think he realized what he had done to the West. That is why Graham Sutherland's portrait shows a man in the depths of shame and despair. Douglas Reed described Woodrow Wilson and FDR as looking like that in their last years, too.

British subscriber

Why don't Jews wise up? After all the whites are killed off by coloreds, the coloreds will go after them.

046

I have just been reading *Instauration's* appeal for the return of the draft. Yes, the U.S. military is getting blacker and dumber by the month and only a draft will produce the large numbers of white Majority members who can straighten out the mess. True, our armed forces would promptly flee or quickly get whipped in a conventional war with the better-trained and mostly white Russians. However, here is one Majority member who (whether a draft law passes or not) is simply not going and who will not even consider going until Uncle Sammy gives him and his fellow whites a fair shake both in the military service and in private life. We recently fought one war for the Vietnamese and another war for the Koreans and while we were gone the people in Washington gave away most of our rights and half our country to the minorities. If Uncle plans to do any fighting, he'll just have to do it with the bums he's been petting rather than the citizens he's been shafting all these years.

337

Face up to it and admit we're licked? Swing along, sing along, baby. Things ain't gonna be any different.

923

I went to the Republican victory party at the Hilton Hotel in Washington, along with the other 9,998 invitees. We got into the big ballroom late, where we found some free cheese and pretzels and some overpriced white wine. There were a few pale blacks, including Lionel Hampton, and other minority hangers-on, but on the whole *Instaurationists* would have strongly approved of the crowd. When some of the VIPs talked about building a broadly based coalition with minorities and women, there was some faint applause and no enthusiasm. The young men present, however, were rather shallow lawyer and stockbroker types in pin-striped suits, whose principle exercise seemed to be bending the elbow. They have gone downhill in the last millennium. Once they were fearsome Vikings.

085

People and businessmen can adjust to far less than ideal policies, but they can't adjust if the experts keep changing things.

893

Congratulations on your article on William McDougall (*Instauration*, Aug. 1980), who passed away in 1938. His recommended geographical segregation of races has its South African counterpart, Apartheid (spelled "eid," not "ate"), which my country has practiced for centuries.

South African subscriber

I'll settle for Dr. Tripodi. Dr. Lars Larson (*Instauration*, Oct. 1980) is a wordy, overanalytical Swede. Here we'd call him a "shrink." Take him away.

222

Libertarian principles, if consistently applied, would reduce immigration, not increase it. Wages would tend to sink to a point where it would not be worth the immigrants' effort to make the trip. Government handouts would cease, thereby forcing welfare recipients to take the jobs they now consider beneath them. All the machinery that now suppresses "prejudice" would be junked, and white racism would flourish.

606

I am a 27-year-old, fair-skinned, blonde, blue-green-eyed female. Mostly German, with a little English. I work in a biology laboratory during the day and attend a university in the evenings, at which I will soon receive a B.S. degree. I am vice-president of the student government, involved with the yearbook, and previously with the newspaper. Though I am quite active, I still find it difficult to meet a decent white Northern European male who is on the academic or professional level. I speak for most Majority females when I say that it is the Majority males' fault as far as interracial dating and marriage is concerned. In many cases our men settled for low-paying, nonprofessional jobs. In today's world the professional Majority woman is surrounded by minority whites and blacks. Many of the Majority men do make it into the professional world, but they seem to be liberals and prefer minority women to their own. Depressed, confused, and hurt, Majority women, rejected by Majority males, are then faced with the only alternative -- to date a minority male or abstain from dating completely. Finally, many Majority men do not know how to treat their women. They abuse them and take them for granted. If Majority men became more selective and dated only their own, treated their women as if they were special, obtained an education and got better jobs, we would not be in this position today.

Zip withheld

Articles in *Instauration* reflect a lot of scarcity thinking -- as is traditional on the right. But may this not be wishful thinking? What if we manage to tap the power of hydrogen? Does that not present us with a horrific world in which the population can grow until there is standing room only? With enough energy, anything biological can be converted into food. No, I'm afraid we must insist on a selective world, not because it is inevitable, but because our deepest aesthetic sensibilities are offended by anything less.

783

I received this letter from the publisher of *Pearl Harbor II*: "Wilmot Robertson gave Mr. Taylor's book the best review in *Instauration* that you can get. We received about 800 or perhaps 1,000 orders as a result of it, including foreign orders received from Holland, Austria, West Germany, Sweden, South Africa and Australia."

973

Cholly magnificent. Dialogue devastating.

445

What happened to comedy is not funny

# LAUGHTER IN THE DARK

In the movie *International House* (1933), W.C. Fields makes his entrance by crash-landing an airplane into the midst of a large, formal dinner-gathering on the roof-garden of a hotel in China. Emerging unscathed and unruffled, the bulb-nosed, wily-eyed comedian takes instant command of the proceedings. He sneers at the pansyish Franklin Pangborn, "Don't let the posy [in Fields' lapel] fool ya." He leers down the cleavage of the nearest attractive woman and asks her, "Where'll I park it, sweets?" To everyone within shouting distance, he then declaims in his majestic twang that he missed his destination of Kansas City and landed in China "due to a slight error in navigation. Took the needle off my compass to darn a pair of socks. Since that time, I've been flying completely by ear."

In this raucous sequence, as in most of his film performances, Fields mined the deepest and richest vein of American humor: the comic tradition rooted in the frontier and in our national experience of opening and settling the west. The rawness of life in the new territory, the vigorous language and the hardy individualism fostered there -- such elements infused our humor with a native mix of earthiness, hyperbole, and a spirit of rambunctious aggression. A cohesive element, less explicit but always implicit, was the racial élan of Northern European peoples as they coalesced into a national entity.

Fields knew this comic legacy to his very fingertips and was its last great master. Perhaps not coincidentally, he was also the last great comedian, and in the judgment of most connoisseurs, the greatest of all comedians. A genuinely creative performer who originated his own material (his screenwriting credits appear under pseudonyms like Mahatma Kane Jeeves), he left a body of work that remains distinctive, flavorful, and fracturously funny.

As much as Majority members might appreciate Fields in 1981, watching his old films on the television late show and chuckling at the verbal embroidery of the bibulous, bombastic con men he parodies, our general reaction is not what it might be nor what it once was. Our laughter no longer has the confident inflections of territoriality -- the certitude of a people who know the country's humor is very much their own.

When we -- the Majority -- saw Fields' pictures in the movie houses of the Thirties, we shared a strong and proprietary sense of community. We laughed in delighted recognition when the old rogue up on the screen, ringing perfect-pitch changes on our comic idiom, mocked Puritanism, muttered misanthropies, or gave vent to orotund euphemisms for censorable oaths ("Godfrey Daniel!"). And when Fields snarled, "There's a Nubian in the fuel supply" at a gaggle of gape-mouthed Negroes, we felt no constraint in laughing at the



W.C. Fields as Mr. Micawber in *David Copperfield* (1935)

elegant paraphrase of our common saying.

Today a humorous Majority slur on a minority, no matter how intrinsically funny or accurate, is depicted by the cultural overseers of the liberal-minority establishment as a crime to be equated with treason or ax murder. The gravity of the offense was sledge-hammered home in 1976 when Secretary of Agriculture Butz was driven from office for telling, in private be it noted, a joke about Negro pleasures. Presented with an object lesson like this, even the most naive and spontaneous among us turn furtive and conspiratorial -- as do our prospective listeners -- when we offer to share the latest joke about Father's Day in Harlem.

Only a few shades less criminal than our racial jokes, on the mediocrat scales of justice, is our traditional tongue-in-cheek bragging, which has its quintessential expression in Davy Crockett's boast: "I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, whip my weight in wildcats, hug a bear too close for comfort,

and eat any man opposed to Jackson." This comically exuberant style, charged as it is with a self-esteem that generates racial and national morale, is now proscribed for the Majority humorist. (But not for the superstar Negro athlete.) Forbidden any display of pride in his people's blood and spirit, he is an artist so fearful of committing heresy that he has made himself a bland and increasingly marginal figure in the culture.

Minority funny people, aided by media drumbeaters, have appropriated center stage and they dominate the humor we read, see and hear. Some of these entertainers are amusing and we laugh. But if the timbre of our group laughter at a current typical film comedy is any gauge, there are times many of us are figuratively as well as literally in the dark. In the minority concoction *Airplane*, last summer's second biggest hit, we view a scene of flirtation between two Majority children which ends as the girl squelches the boy with: "I take my men like my coffee -- black." Gagging on the gag, we force out a sickly laugh to exhibit our tolerant good nature. But for a moment we feel perplexed, and a few will wonder what lies behind that groin-kick of a joke. Is it simply the equalitarian excess of someone dedicated to brotherhood for all? Or might it be the fathomless contempt of someone who respects neither black nor white men, nor even himself?

### Hollow Men

*The Jew, as relatively a nomad, has never produced, and presumably never will produce a culture of his own, since all his instincts and gifts require a more or less civilized host-people for their development.*

C.G. Jung

Some years ago Johnny Carson celebrated his birthday in tastelessly impersonal fashion by inviting a few other comedians, all much older than himself, to appear on his program. Among the guests was Jack Benny (Benny Kubelsky). During one of the mirthless lulls, Benny observed, in so many words, "Here it's his birthday, and he's sitting around with a bunch of old Jews." The corrosive remark is revealing, both in itself and in its affinities with a wittier line, Groucho Marx's *mot*: "I wouldn't join any club that would have me as a member." Bearing also in mind Woody Allen's citation of the Marx quip as his favorite, we begin to discern a pervasive psychological stance.

The jokes express what the Jewish magazine *Commentary* (October 1980, p. 70) identifies as the "fierce ambivalence" of Jews "toward [other] Jews and toward themselves as Jews." Under different labels, this phenomenon has been the object of microscopic scrutiny and loud lamentation by Jewish intellectuals. Seldom mentioned in any of the passionate examinations -- though it is usually manifest, as in the Benny and Marx jokes -- is the centrifugal lash of the Jew's ambivalence: he directs it not only inwardly toward himself and his own kind, but also outwardly toward the "host-people."

His fierce nature often finds a physically safe, socially permissible release in the arena of humor, where he has the funnyman's license to give free rein to his impulses and fantasies. In the role of comedian, he is superficially in the Ameri-

can grain when he attacks our folkways and exposes the discrepancies between our words and deeds. What sets him apart from the Majority comedian is the substratum of unappeasable hostility that fuels his comic aggression. This essential difference is nowhere more evident than in the Marx Brothers films of the early Thirties, and its peculiar nature is most clearly isolated against a background of the movie comedy which preceded the Marx brand.

Two decades earlier, comic anarchy exploded on the screen in Mack Sennett's one- and two-reelers, which presented a chaotic universe peopled by cartoon types who were perpetually in flight from, pursuit of, or in collision with one another. Sennett explained his free-wheeling approach to a new employee: "We have no scenario -- we get an idea, then follow the natural sequence of events until it leads up to a chase, which is the essence of our comedy." The employee, Charlie Chaplin, "hated chase. It dissipates one's personality," he wrote in *My Autobiography*. "I knew that nothing transcended personality." Soon enough, Chaplin gave movie slapstick its first truly individualized human figure, his jaunty little tramp. He was to embellish this character with touches of Dickensian pathos, memorably in *The Kid*, *The Gold Rush* and *City Lights*.

Though no rival ever matched his tramp as a dominant screen presence, at least two other silent comedians surpassed Chaplin in the formal artistry of their films. Both Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton were superb stuntmen as well as master builders of carefully structured, visually stunning sequences that are unequaled in provoking, simultaneously, the belly laugh and the gasp of admiration. When Lloyd, the embodiment of the plucky young American of the young century, ascends with uncertain hands and skidding feet the side of an office building in *Safety Last*, we laugh and are thrilled by the authenticity of the sunwashed images: the man in dark-rimmed glasses who encounters a new and funnier peril every handhold of the way up is clearly Lloyd himself, performing near the camera high above an actual city street. When Keaton, in *The General*, sneaks through Union lines to recapture a



Buster Keaton in a scene from *Go West* (1925)



Harold Lloyd in *Hot Water* (1924)

stolen Confederate locomotive and then races it southward, the pictorial blend is evocative and sidesplitting: faithfully rendered period settings that recall Matthew Brady and the epic scale of our Civil War (the story derives from a true incident); and in the center, intent on his mission, his deadpan face like the calm eye of his hurricane movements, Keaton executing comic marvel upon comic marvel of physical timing as he foils his Yankee pursuers and keeps the locomotive chugging homeward.

Chaplin, Keaton and Lloyd aided the resonant dimensions of personality and form to screen comedy, transcending by far the genial, haphazard anarchy of Sennett's pioneering efforts.

The Marx Brothers were, in a cinematic sense (and a social sense as well), throwbacks to a more primitive era. For them the concept of form was either a mystery or something contemptible, and the personalities they project -- Groucho the nonstop wisecracker; Harpo the grimacing mute; Chico the dimwitted schemer -- are credible only at a Punch and Judy level. The early-Thirties films the Marxes and their minority gagmen slapped together are little more than disconnected rehashes of the brothers' stock routines. In successive lines, Groucho alternately woos and insults the rich dowager. Chico and Harpo hire out first to one faction, then another -- but serve neither. Rarely is the brothers' urge to destruction compromised by recognizable human motives or goals. The Marxes are consistent only in their unrelenting, autistic perversity, which levels everyone and everything in its path, including even the self-interest of the figures they portray.

Their travesty of politics, *Duck Soup* (1933), is praised today for its anti-authoritarianism and its "purity," that is, its nihilism. In these respects, the Marxes deserve full credit. They deserve little credit for one of the film's best and most truly amusing scenes, which, we learn from Frank Manchel's book *The Talking Clowns*, were the creative contribution of director Leo McCarey. The most famous of these is "the classic mirror scene, in which Groucho and Harpo, dressed in identical white nightgowns, refuse to recognize the existence of each other." Though the scene is more accurately described by saying that Harpo pretends to be Groucho's mirror image, moving when he does, and so forth, Manchel's version is useful for its broader implications.

Behind the Jewish comic's ferocity and at the core of his

ambivalence, there seem to lie questions of identity, of one's self-image and one's relation to others, questions for which he has too few affirmative, bedrock answers. Jerry Lewis manically hurling from padded-cell behavior to a false, sodden bathos; Danny Kaye playing dual roles in one glossy Goldwyn production after another and looking always like a confused, ready-to-flee imposter, despite, or perhaps because of, his rather Nordic features; the half-Jewish Peter Sellers immersing himself in a welter of accents and disguises and then admitting shortly before his death that he had no idea who he was -- these are men without inner moorings. They are the cultureless nomads described by Jung. They are hollow men.

It was such an absence of positive identity that nearly finished the Marx Brothers in Hollywood. For while *Duck Soup* is hailed today for its "surrealism" and its "attack on Fascism," it did very poorly at the box-office in its first release. Ticket-buyers of the era much preferred the earthy individuality of W.C. Fields and Mae West. The Marxes were written off as "washed up" until Irving Thalberg, the minorityite "boy wonder" MGM executive, saved their career. He was shrewd enough as a script-doctor to diagnose for them the fatal flaw in their comedy: "The trouble with your funny scenes is that they never help anybody." He then launched the brothers into the first of a series of movies in which their aggression is enlisted on the side of a pair of young lovers, and this token humanizing of the Marxes was to prove commercially successful.

Prior to the filming of their first MGM picture, *A Night at the Opera*, Thalberg sent the brothers on tour to test their new gags on live audiences. "We weren't like other comedians," Groucho later told his son. "We had to try everything out first. If he had shot *Opera* with the material we opened with in Seattle, it would have been the end of all of us." Marx's confession speaks volumes about the psychic chasm between the unassimilable outsider and the host-culture.

(To be continued)

### Ponderable Quotes

I was on the staff of the House subcommittee investigating the television quiz scandals. Perfect for the closet socialist like myself; commercial deceit on a national scale, exploitation of the innocent public, elaborate corporate chicanery -- in short, good, old capitalist greed. And then of course that extra bonus, Charles Van Doren. Such character, such brains, such breeding, that candor and schoolboyish charm -- that WASP, wouldn't you say? And turns out he's a fake. Well, what do you know about that, Gentile America? Supergoy, a "goni"! Steals money . . . Goodness, gracious me, almost as bad as Jews -- you sanctimonious WASPs!

Yes, I was one happy yiddle down there in Washington, a little Stern gang of my own, busily exploding Charlie's honor and integrity, while simultaneously becoming lover to the aristocratic Yankee beauty whose forebears arrived on these shores in the seventeenth century.

Philip Roth  
author of *Portnoy's Complaint*

Selection is the key to what we do . . . It's in your allegedly objective news pages that you make your impact.

Henry Grunwald  
Editor-in-Chief, *Time, Inc.*

# SYSTEM THEORY WORKS FOR RACE

A new weltanschauung is beginning to emerge, suspected by Aristotle and sketched out by such great German thinkers as Leibniz and Goethe. No longer viewed as a Machine or as an accumulation of Chaos, the World is beginning to appear as an organization of systems, as a structure of graduated hierarchical order.

Modern System Theory is traceable substantially to Ludwig von Bertalanffy, born in Vienna in 1901, an alumnus, like Konrad Lorenz, of the Vienna Zoological Institute. His lectures on System Theory, begun in 1937, had to wait until 1968 to be issued under the title of *General Systems Theory*. With the help of a few Americans he founded the Society for General Systems Research in 1954. In several popular books he addressed a wider readership from the coign of vantage of his new-found knowledge, at one time going into the philosophy and politics of Oswald Spengler. Von Bertalanffy, who had taught at Ottawa and Buffalo, died in the U.S. in 1972.

While the physical world with its statistical laws was explored in the last century, and the microphysical world with its characteristic inexactitude was illuminated by the Quantum Theory in the first half of this, System Theory has proved to be the proper method for understanding biological and psychological structures with their distinguishing laws of order and organization. In 1970 von Bertalanffy wrote, "Perhaps you could say the System Theory is in the phase of electrodynamics between Faraday and Maxwell: the intuitive grasp of certain principles whose mathematical formulation awaits a future genius."

The triumph of physics and chemistry during the last century rested substantially on the analytical, isolating method. It was once assumed that the essence of things could be understood once their smallest components were identified. Atoms and molecules seemed to satisfy this requirement, until it turned out that they too were complicated systems. The limits to which this mechanistic-materialist approach could be applied to organic and social questions was soon unmistakably evident.

Much of what had been written off by the technologists as unscientific or metaphysical became accessible through System Theory. This is especially true in biology, medicine and anthropology, disciplines in which only rare intuitive geniuses had previously been able to grasp the greater contexts, as in Ludwig Clauss's racial profiles.

Many social and political misunderstandings in contemporary life are traceable to the fact that the individual, in accordance with the analytical method, is perceived only as an individual, while the context in which he functions -- the

family and race -- is neglected. Not long ago Konrad Lorenz wrote:

The technical-mechanistic method is limited to the analysis of individual components. These seem to be more real than the whole, the totality, because they are more easily definable conceptually and quantifiable mathematically. The wider view necessary to grasp the greater context not only escapes the mechanistically minded, but is fundamentally and ideologically rejected by them because the whole is not readily and exactly definable and therefore does not seem real.

Closely related to this question is the ever widening (since the Enlightenment) gulf between science and the humanities, and the ever increasing tendency towards specialization. System Theory, with its interdisciplinary application, now comes to the aid of those scientists, especially in physics and biology, who have been trying to surmount this dualism. A single cell, an organism, a person, a race betrays similarities in formal structure, and similar laws operate on different evolutionary levels. A recognition of this similarity has opened up new lines of development in the various disciplines. Principles of unity, of organization, of dynamism appear in modern quantum physics as opposed to classical mechanistic physics; in the organic development of biology as opposed to the analytical approach; in psychology in Gestalt as opposed to Association Theory.

Thus does the ancient, characteristically holistic weltanschauung find scientific expression through System Theory. Even in the classical world it was known that the whole is more than the sum of its parts. Just as a forest is more than the aggregate of its flora and fauna, so is a people more than the juxtaposition of its momentarily living souls, more than a pluralistic society. Above all, that which is characteristically human is best understood through the concept of "System."

Generally the synergistic advantages of a System enable it to outperform the unconnected aggregate of individual components. A hierarchical structure is absolutely essential to the achievement of this high performance. Nature has followed this path consistently throughout evolution. Higher forms of life are Systems composed of lower Systems in graduated hierarchical order. Even the chemistry of a single-cell organism is ordered. The health of a State rests on the health of its people, which in turn rests on the family. As viable Systems can be assembled only from tested Subsystems, so can a united Europe rise only from the foundation of its peoples as peoples, not from the unordered conglomeration of 250,000,000 alienated, deracinated individuals.

The running together of several Subsystems to form a viable System, a process denominated "fulguration" by Lorenz, can take place in an amazingly short time. Lorenz has shown that conceptual thought and self-consciousness developed in man through the coincidence of several qualities already present in higher animals in an evolutionary brief period.

Damage to or the loss of individual members of a System results in a general disarray which jeopardizes or even destroys the whole. The more important the member lost, the greater the danger. In the case of human communities this means that the nurturing and advancement of the elite must be the primary task of every society.

The understanding and description of Systems demand concepts which have little relevance to their constituents. Family and social virtues, such as duty, loyalty, devotion, self-sacrifice and love are meaningless to the hermetic hyperindividualist, yet these are the decisive communal binding forces.

A knowledge of its development is indispensable to a living system. A person, a family, a people with no historical consciousness and no historical knowledge is counter to nature.

Life is dynamic. Only in death is there absolute quiet and passivity. When the inner dynamism is extinguished, the Sys-

tem dies. The death of an organism means that the destructive processes of metabolism have outpaced the constructive. The same can happen within a race. If those social elements which should be excreted proliferate beyond a certain point, or if the hierarchical order essential to creative dynamism is eclipsed, the alienated mass society approaches the stable balance of death. The development towards higher and higher order within human populations does not lead to mass societies, but to more strongly unified communities evidencing great inequality among their members.

The modern astronomer Unsöld insists, "A person in the strict sense of the word cannot be understood as an individual . . . . Every act and every thought is preceded by a billion-year chain of evolution, and another such chain stretches into the future."

*The above is an edited and condensed translation of Rolf Kosiek's "Systemtheorie und Anthropologie," an article that appeared in a recent issue of the German journal, Neue Anthropologie, Postfach 550380, 2000 Hamburg 55, West Germany.*

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## MEXICO: ECOLOGICAL NIGHTMARE

In 1979 Ixtoc I, the worst oil-spill in history, focused the attention of the world on Mexico. With their fingers crossed ecologists everywhere are praying that the accident may not be repeated. But those who are better acquainted with the country realize that Ixtoc was not an "accident" -- in the sense of an isolated phenomenon never to be repeated -- but part and parcel of an underlying pattern. Ecological malfeasance is and has always been the rule rather than the exception in Mexico. The pollution of rivers, destruction of forests, silting over of lakes, erosion of topsoil, contamination of the atmosphere, are daily occurrences so common as to go unnoticed. The oil-spill just happened to attract attention because of its timing and its magnitude. Its real significance is as a dramatic reminder of how dangerous tinkering with large-scale phenomena can be when attempted by underdeveloped nations; it is a foretaste of the large-scale nuclear accident that is certain to occur sooner or later in one of the Third World nations as more and more of them come to possess fissionable materials.

Pollution, wherever it occurs, may be divided into four main types: biological, industrial, acoustic, and visual. Personal experiences south of the border opened my eyes to the existence of all four kinds long before ecology became a popular word in the United States. Going to Mexico for the first time in 1943, I penetrated southward as far as legendary Tehuantepec. Lured by reports of men and women bathing together nude in paradisaical innocence, I made my way to the river that skirts that Oaxaqueyan city, determined not only to photograph these purificatory rites but to participate in them. But the

storied "river" turned out to be a muddy stream two feet deep, and the piles of refuse heaped up along its banks stopped me in my tracks before I got fairly to it. While trying to find a way around these unlovely mounds, I ran squarely onto a line of dead dogs strewn along the gravelly shore, with buzzards tearing at their entrails. Enough was enough. Returning to the town, I wandered up and down its streets for three days, trying to absorb the local color. What I absorbed most was the stench of human excrement rotting in the sun. The smell was everywhere -- all-pervading, inescapable, and suddenly my air-conditioned hotel seemed the only asylum in a sea of universal contamination. Then I discovered my pillowcase to be reeking with Flit and my soup marbled with droplets of the same ubiquitous liquid.

A year later I bought a piece of property in the capital city of Tamaulipas and have been living there off and on ever since. Shortly after the purchase an American chemical company acquired a large plot along one of the main avenues about four blocks away and directly in front of a high school. With the full cooperation of the local, state, and federal governments it built a plant on that site for the manufacture and packaging of DDT. For the next five years or so the odor from the plant hung over the neighborhood permanently, day and night (and with only slightly reduced intensity over the whole city); when the wind blew from the right direction, particles of DDT powder drifted down on us like malignant snow. Repeated complaints to the authorities were ignored. Acquaintances who worked in the plant sickened one by one, their hair and teeth falling out, their skin yellowing, and their appetite vanishing. Although I tried

desperately to sell my property, I could find no buyers. I could not stay, and I could not leave. Finally, the cotton boom in the southern part of the state collapsed, the planters found themselves unable to pay their debts, the chemical company went bankrupt, and suddenly the nightmare was over.

But all that happened 20 and 30 years ago; surely by 1980 things have changed! They have -- and on balance more for the worse than for the better. Granted that all the larger cities now have sanitation facilities, that the luxury hotels rival our own in modern conveniences, that the upper classes are as well-bathed and well-groomed as any people anywhere, that bars of soap can be purchased in even the remotest hamlet, that the NO ORINAR signs have been taken down from most of the central plazas -- granted all this and more, the pollution and sanitation problems are graver today than ever before. Why? Because sanitary practices that are tolerable in small populations suddenly become intolerable when the population density passes a certain point. In 1943 the total population of the country was 25 or 30 million; today it stands at 70 million. And by far the greater part of that large number is made up of the underprivileged, the underemployed, the unwashed, the illiterate, the homeless, and the landless. While the number of washed has increased with remarkable swiftness, the number of unwashed has increased even faster. Official reports that paint a glowing picture of the nation's social and material progress say nothing about the tens of thousands who still live *in caves*, and the millions who live entirely outside the money economy with no electricity, no schools, and no water but that of the increasingly contaminated streams.

Thus personal hygiene and garbage disposal are problems that become every day more urgent. We find it hard to believe that in the Middle Ages Europeans emptied their chamber-pots into the streets from their overhanging upper windows while pigs roamed up and down day and night cleaning up the filth as it fell -- but what are we to say when we discover that in the more primitive regions of Mexico people still empty their chamber-pots into the street (often dispensing with the window and not infrequently with the pot), pigs still roam the street gobbling up the product, and trichina-infested pork still appears regularly in the marketplace? The simple truth is that in the villages and smaller towns the street is, and has been from the beginning of things, the common dumping ground. To "throw something away" means to fling it into the street. If the streets were all Venetian canals, the water would obligingly carry "away" all unwanted objects, but since they are not, the Mexican depend on the "blessed pigs" and their auxiliaries, the buzzards, rats, and cannibalistic stray dogs, which among them devour all the dead dogs, cats, poultry, and cattle that come their way.

Buzzards and pigs are replaced in the larger cities by fleets of trucks, American-made, which do what they can to keep the central areas navigable and presentable. But however fast the fleets expand, the garbage, malevolently, uncooperatively, piles up even faster. Cans, pails, boxes, and barrels of it are always in evidence, the containers invariably uncovered, swarming with flies, honeycombed by rats, picked at by day

by human scavengers, and overturned at night by prowling dog packs. Soiled toilet tissue blows freely about. Hospitals, located in the most populous sections of town, incinerate refuse of every kind, including slops, bandages, and amputated members, letting the stench blow where it listeth.

Human cadavers are buried, by law, within 24 hours. In communities where everyone knows everyone else, burial is taken care of by friends and relatives, but in the impersonal metropolises many burials become, perforce, the business of the government. For like Calcutta, although providentially on a much smaller scale, Mexico's urban conglomerates have their sidewalk-dwellers who live and die anonymously and in total destitution. The problem is worse in Mexico City than in the nation's other metropolises because of the normal number of derelicts, drawn from every social layer, is superadded a large indigenous element. Trickling into the capital from mountains and valleys come the Indians, lured by rumors of the city's fantastic size and wealth. Never attaining the proportions of a flood yet never drying up, this persistent trickle continues day after day, month after month, year after year. Nothing the government can do -- and it does little enough -- can arrest it. Always these unfortunates are the same: barefoot, unwashed, illiterate, unskilled, disoriented, helpless, destitute, speaking only a few simple words of the nation's official language. The women are the most pitiful: squatting on the sidewalk day and night with begging hand extended, a baby at the breast and two or three toddlers scabbling in the gutter for chance food scraps. Where they sleep -- *if they sleep* -- is a mystery. I have surprised them huddled against the wall at 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning, regardless of cold or rain. The men sleep in doorways or, when drunk, wherever they happen to collapse. In the predawn hours special vehicles roam through the streets picking up the destitute who have died in the open. These are given quick and secret burial, and *that* particular pollution problem is "solved."

Industrial pollution, like biological pollution, was not yet an issue a scant forty years ago. An agricultural and handicraft economy, Mexico imported even such simple manufactured items as pencil sharpeners, can-openers, and bicycles. During World War II the process of industrialization began in earnest, assisted by generous subsidies from the U.S. Since then it has snowballed at so rapid a rate that a recent issue of *Forbes* seriously discussed the possibility of the nation's becoming a world industrial power, a kind of junior Japan. The three principal industrial centers are Monterrey in the north (home base of the Garza Sada group), Toluca (capital of the state of Mexico), and of course Mexico City itself.

Monterrey, home of breweries, foundries, metallurgical plants, petroleum refineries, discharges so much unscrubbed smokestack effluent into the air that the famous Cerro de la Silla, its impressive profile formerly sharply etched against the sky, is now seen as through a glass, darkly. Inevitably, the fauna and flora of the nearby Mesa de Chipinque are registering the effects, showing dead and dying trees much like those on the San Bernardino mountain slopes near Los Angeles.

Toluca, the highest major settlement in the country (above 8,000 feet), situated at the foot of the towering Nevado, has so

far escaped smog problems because of the altitude, the free movement of air, and the frequent heavy downpours.

Not so Mexico City which, although almost as high (7,500 feet) and ringed by snow-covered mountains, is simply too large and too congested to escape the consequences of its explosive and uncontrolled proliferation. With numbers variously estimated at between 10 and 15 million today, it is predicted to contain by the year 2000 an unbelievable 30 million, making it far and away the largest city in the world. Beyond all doubt it will be, as it now is, one of the most polluted. People who lived during the pre-Revolution era recall the metropolis as an exceptionally clean city, the streets scrupulously swept, the sidewalks washed, supernumerary parks, and potted plants, shrubs, and flowering trees everywhere.

This vision has vanished utterly. As a result of inadequate planning, a rachitic and mismanaged financial base, the exponential multiplication of automobiles, and too many people in too small an area, Mexico City is today one of the most congested cities of the world. While well worth a visit because of its Palace of Fine Arts, its Museum of Anthropology (one of the finest things of its kind anywhere), its four-hundred-year-old churches, and its many other undeniable centers of interest, the place as a whole is an eye-sore. Everything is smeared and smudged, cracked and broken, begrimed and besooted. Crumbling plaster, peeling paint, streaked windows, and superimposed layers of dirt offend the eye at every turn. Streets are littered with refuse, and the odor of sewer gas assaults you even in the midst of the most fashionable shopping quarters. Dirt is not scientifically combatted but merely recycled within narrow limits. From the sidewalk it is swept into the street whence, churned into dust by the traffic, it is redeposited on the sidewalk and, with complete impartiality on store-fronts, fruit-stands, pedestrians, and all objects within range. Fine clouds of dust hang permanently in the air -- washed down momentarily by the drenching summer rains but re-formed thirty minutes or so after the shower's end.

The once beautiful parks are no longer centers for quiet meditation but simply islands of refuge where one may obtain a few moments' respite from the roaring current of traffic that bears everything before it. Hedges are uncut, shrubs untrimmed, grass spotty and unweeded. Trees are scraggly, grotesque caricatures, fighting for life in an increasingly hostile environment, their roots imprisoned beneath tons of concrete and steel, their foliage poisoned by foul air, their bark falling off, their trunks disfigured by gaping and bleeding wounds, their branches dead or dying. Even the millenary *ahuehuetes* (baldcypresses) of Chapultepec Park are declining, and it seems likely that in another 30 or 40 years this exquisite spot, the favorite haunt of Maximilian and Carlotta, will contain nothing but skeletons of those mighty giants over-grown by rank vines and upstart ligustrums.

Pollution is omnipresent. The highways that lead into the city are laid out to avoid the areas of worst contamination, but if you take the train outward in any direction you will get an unobstructed view of belching chimneys, mountains of garbage in active eruption, chemical dumps with the soil boiling and seething like a witch's cauldron, fouled streams, uncon-

trolled erosion, and wretched squatters' shanties sprawling everywhere -- stark reminders of the grinding poverty that seems destined always to accompany "progress" in this paradoxical land.

Smog in Los Angeles? Let no one pretend to a knowledge of that man-made abomination until he has lived in Mexico City. Emission-control devices, while known academically, are never used. Everything that can come out of an exhaust pipe does come out. Diesel-burning trucks and urban buses lay down smoke-screens that literally darken the sky. Like an octopus escaping behind its jet of ink, a vehicle so equipped can hit and run with impunity -- and often does so. As you enter the outlying areas of the great sprawling city you begin to breathe uneasily; as you penetrate farther and farther toward its heart your eyes begin to burn. When caught in a traffic jam with Diesels to the right of you, Diesels to the left of you, Diesels before, and Diesels behind, you kneel down on the floor-board and pray to the god of machines to whisk you back to L.A. for a breath of fresh air.

Even the beautiful city of Guadalajara, famed for its colonial charm, is rapidly being made uninhabitable by the unending stream of city buses, Diesel-powered, that run down the main boulevard, each a moving point-source of two-fold pollution: ear-splitting noise and asphyxiating clouds of black smoke. Following the peculiar logic of smoke-stack builders, some enterprising drivers have directed their exhaust pipes vertically so that the effluent discharges a foot or so above the roof line rather than at wheel level. With this arrangement the black plumes shoot straight upward, and each vehicle resembles a factory on wheels. By polluting the air at 12 feet above ground level instead of 2 feet the problem is solved!

That Mexico is the noisiest country in the world is agreed upon by travelers of all nationalities. Undisciplined, rebellious, uncooperative, jealous of any encroachment on his "liberty," each *mejicano* believes it his inalienable right to make as much noise as his lungs permit and his ingenuity can devise. His training begins in the cradle: all his toys are noise-makers, and as he grows in length so he grows in his ability to generate -- and to endure -- din. Growing up is a progression along the decibel axis as well as along the longitudinal one. The rattle yields to the dish-pan, the dish-pan to the hammer, the hammer to the fire-cracker, the fire-cracker to the motorcycle, and the motorcycle to the jalopy with seventeen different kinds of claxons and *no muffler*.

The irrepressible urge to make noise manifests itself everywhere. In any public place -- in a restaurant, in an elevator, on the bus, in a waiting room -- each person jabbars as loudly as he pleases with cavalier disregard for those around him. Where Englishmen will sit quietly unwilling to intrude on another's privacy, Mexicans yawp away at full blast, each little group of two or three pre-empting whatever space they may be in as if it belonged to them and them alone. Being a hotel guest brings no diminution in this sense of sovereignty. People come and go at all hours of the night, running down the hallways, banging doors, gabbling and guffawing, whistling and caterwauling. You can, of course, call the desk clerk to protest, and if letting off steam in that way brings you some relief, well and good, for that is *all* the relief you are ever likely to obtain.

To go into a popular restaurant without benefit of earmuffs is an act of heroism above and beyond the call of duty. The buildings are acoustical horrors: hard, plastered walls, plastered ceiling, tile floor, rectangular shape where the faintest sound is picked up and bounced back and forth until it dies of inanition. Imagine then in such a room 30 by 30 feet forty or fifty people all talking at once; imagine the continuous rattle of knives, forks, spoons, and plates, the incessant scraping of chairs (metal legs grating on a tile floor), a portable radio at every table, each with its own program, a juke-box playing at full blast in every corner, and on top of everything a television set attached high up on the wall blaring away in its own unholy fashion!

But the nation's inborn talent for making noise had to wait for the invention of the automobile to realize its full potential. While in our country everybody drives and the thing has become a routine matter, in Mexico driving is still a kind of privilege -- a privilege which, rather than creating a sense of responsibility, too often generates a sense of wanton insolence arising from suddenly released inhibitions. People who in daily life are nobodies grow intoxicated with the sense of power that comes from unexpectedly finding themselves in the driver's seat. Kings of the road, they make their way imperiously down the avenues at breakneck speed, and may the devil take the unwary! Red lights are intended for all other drivers; intersections are free-for-alls where the most aggressive bull their way across first; pedestrians are fair game at any season, and to take one on the wing is more exhilarating than to score a goal on the soccer field. Where in Canada, the U.S., or any of the northern European countries an accident, a detour, or traffic jam is treated as an unfortunate occurrence with everyone waiting quietly and patiently in line until the issue is resolved, in Mexico the slightest interruption to traffic flow is the signal for an incessant crescendo of catcalls and horn-honking. A stalled motorist, rather than being an object of compassion, is a target for attack. As the traffic backs up, the chorus of honking swells and swells until the whole welkin reverberates; bombs could fall and no one would be the wiser.

Mufflers are looked upon as signs of effeminacy and horns as god-given instruments for the expression of repressed machismo. A car may have no brakes, no clutch, no window glass, no upholstery -- but it is certain to have a horn, and a radio, and both are certain to be in action at all times. As the Mexican drives, he keeps one hand on the steering wheel and the other on the horn; should he have one arm in a sling, he will work the horn with the elbow of the good arm or, if need be, with knee or foot or head. Honk he will, come hell or high water. Not only is it *his right* to startle and deafen anyone within range as he speeds along: it is also *his right* to stop in front of your home at any hour of the day or night and blast away on his horn for as long as he pleases. Unlucky you if you let out a single peep of protest! The next night he will return and blast away twice as long and twice as loud.

The crowning horror in this inferno of noise is the *carro de propaganda* -- the mechanized town crier. In the pre-newspaper, pre-radio, and pre-television era men with strong lungs and sonorous voices were the chosen instruments both for the dissemination of news and the peddling of wares. In Mexico

with an illiteracy rate of possibly 50% (no one really knows) these colorful figures survive. Newspapers themselves are hawked in the pre-dawn hours by boys running up and down streets singing out at the top of their voice. Wares and services of all kinds, from garlic-sellers to scissors-sharpeners, are peddled by *pregoneros*, just as in Europe in the Middle Ages. While these things are bearable -- picturesque even -- the infamous *carros de propaganda* are something else again. These "advertising cars" represent the ultimate step in violation of privacy. Equipped with loud speakers that can be turned up seemingly without limits, they roam up and down the streets at all hours touting vegetable produce, saints' relics, patent medicines, or anything else imaginable and salable. Sometimes a car will take its stand at a favorite corner and remain there an hour or so, its speaker blasting away, repeating the same stale spiel over and over. The noise is deafening, wherever you hide it will find you. It comes over the tapia, through the walls, through the roof, down the chimney. The windows shiver from its impact, the plates on the table dance, and the bones of your head vibrate in diabolical unison.

All this may be true, you will say, but what concern is it of ours? What right do we have to go poking into the Mexicans' affairs? Surely a people may be expected to do what it likes within the confines of its own borders!

Such is the sovereign-nation approach, formerly valid, now no longer so, but still stubbornly adhered to by all who do not realize how greatly our planet has shrunk within the last 30 years. It is the old, old issue of individual liberty versus social welfare -- modified by the fact that *social welfare* now means *species welfare*. Certainly in regard to acoustical and visual pollution the Mexicans may do as they please, for such pollution is highly localized and we remain unaffected by it, except as tourists; but in respect to biological and industrial pollution they have no right whatever to act unilaterally, however much they may protest to the contrary. Biological pollution can spread far beyond any nation's borders, affecting the health of people everywhere, a fact long recognized and now addressed by the World Health Organization; industrial pollution can do likewise. Hence we have a clear and perfectly legitimate right to look into the Mexican way of handling the planet's physical resources or the Chinese way or the German way or the way of any other country.

The great lesson facing humanity today is to learn that while the world may be politically multifarious, it is ecologically one and indivisible; that although discrete land masses may exist, each with its seemingly "natural" territorial rights, there is only one ocean, only one atmosphere, only one biosphere, and only one small planet: a frail green and blue globe with all things on it interwoven in an incredibly intricate pattern. Some nations have taken a few faltering steps in the direction of ecological wisdom, some are just preparing to take the first step, while others are not yet even aware of the problem. The nations that are ahead have every right to exhort and even coerce those that are behind. It is no longer an occasion for diplomatic niceties but a question of species survival. When you live on a Space Ship of finite size and finite resources, you have not only the right but the obligation to become your brother's keeper. Such is today's Categorical Imperative.

# ETHNIC WAR

The media blitz against the right wing has not been limited to France (*Instauration*, Dec. 1980). The *New York Times* joined the fray with this quiet, restrained headline: KLAN RUMORED TRAINING FOR RACE WAR. A boiler in an Atlanta day school blew up, so the Salt Lake City *Deseret News* uncooled it with: BLAST NOT ACCIDENTAL, ATLANTA PAR-ENTS SAY. (Atlanta blacks booed black Mayor Maynard Jackson when he told them there was no evidence of foul play.) Bayard Rustin, in a speech to the Washington Hebrew Association, attributed the revival of the Ku Klux Klan to the new respectability given to the PLO. As blacks died in various cities -- thousands of blacks kill each other every year -- a national manhunt was organized against a white Mississippian named Joseph Franklin, whose cousin was killed by a black some months earlier.

The publicity accorded the deaths and disappearances of fifteen Negro children in Atlanta during the last fifteen months was accompanied by local TV stations showing Klan ceremonies with no remarks about the police's believing that a black homosexual was the criminal. Scare stories about the sniper killings in Utah of two Negroes jogging with white female teenagers left little space for a report about the new execution date set for the two blacks in Salt Lake City who tortured and killed three whites in a hold-up of a hi-fi store two years ago. For good measure, the Negroes drove a ballpoint pen through the ear of one of the two surviving whites.

Nor did the media devote much space to the rebuttal of Mayor James Griffin to lurid press accounts of murders of blacks in Buffalo. Griffin said only two of the murders occurred within the city limits and recalled that the press was much less interested when a black raped and murdered four white women a few years back. Since two of the deaths involved cutting out the hearts of the victims, District Attorney Edward Cosgrove said that no "self-respecting" Klansman "would have anything to do with this kind of activity." This statement, of course, provoked even wilder outcries from Negro organizations.

Moreover, the media tuned a deaf ear to a white eight-year-old who was shot to death in a Texas school bus by an Unassimilable Minority member, to three whites killed at a Los Angeles rock concert by dark-skinned assailants or to a bearded black man who in one afternoon in New York City knifed five white passersby, killing one. All of these crimes were committed at precisely the time the media were frantically calling on the FBI to solve the murders of blacks in Buffalo, Salt Lake City and Atlanta. As a matter of fact, when the media did mention the black-on-white crimes, the racial identification of the criminals was often omitted. Consequently, as America moves into the 1980s, we may expect to see only white murderers identified by race. Black murderers will be described as just plain people.

No doubt there is an incipient race war going on in the U.S. But the all-important (carefully unanswered) question is, Who is the aggressor? No real data are available, but based on the population of prison death rows, the number of white officers killed each year in the line of duty and the consistent gunning down of whites in fast food stores, gas stations and small retail establishments, it is almost certain that blacks are killing many more whites than vice versa.

The lash has been underplayed. Now that there are signs of a backlash, particularly against interracial couples, the media have removed all the stops. The result has been to put whites off their guard and blacks on theirs. Even murder is becoming a plaything of affirmative action.

**Southern Theater.** Everyone was surprised when six Southerners accused of killing five Communist Workers party members in Greensboro, North Carolina, were acquitted after a 22-week trial. Walter Cronkite had never informed his listeners that of the 39 shots fired about half came from the guns of the wealthy New Yorkers and their followers who had staged a "Death to the Klan" rally in a rundown black ghetto in order to get some publicity. One policeman testified that after wresting a pistol out of the hands of Rand Manzella, one of the Reds, he found six spent shells in the chamber. Nor did Cronkite say anything about the government infiltrator who taught some of the defendants how to "get niggers" and then quietly disappeared after the shootout and was never brought to trial. (Note: We have not called the defendants Klansmen or Nazis because when minority criminals are arrested the media do not call them B'nai B'rithers, ADLers or black racists.)

The surviving Communist Workers (are medical doctors and their affluent wives workers?) refused to testify because they knew they would have to be cross-examined about their guns and their antiwhite racism and why they wanted to stir up class war in a Southern city instead of confining their messianic Marxism to more ethnically attuned areas such as Brooklyn and Long Guyland.

As the trial proceeded, it was obvious that the whole mess boiled down to a gun battle between rich interlopers who could talk better than they shoot and poor locals who could shoot better than they could talk. The bad marksmanship also showed up after the acquittal when one of the Reds or Red sympathizers tried to shoot a defendant in his car and missed by a country mile. A few weeks later the Southern Poverty Law Center sued the Klan for \$1 million, asking that it be prevented by court injunction from intimidating blacks. The lawyer for the blacks is Morris Dees, a McGovernite Zionist who once boasted he was going to destroy the American right. The case was assigned to U.W. Clemon, Alabama's first black federal judge, a recent Carter appointee. The Communist Worker

widows then joined the legal fray by suing the government and the defendants for \$12 million.

\* \* \*

James Parsons, white superintendent of New Orleans police, was fired by Ernest Morial, the city's first black mayor, after cops killed four blacks in their search for the black murderer of a white policeman.

\* \* \*

Practically no newspaper space was given to the trial in South Carolina of a young Negro named James Arthur Brown for murdering two elderly Mormon missionaries. Even Mormon papers in Utah were more interested in the alleged killing of the two Negro joggers in Salt Lake City by Joseph Franklin.

**Eastern Theater.** The media almost seemed to gloat over the murders of John Lennon in New York and Dr. Michael Halberstam, a prominent minority doctor, in Washington. Both murderers were white and their whiteness was widely heralded verbally, electronically and photographically. The murders also gave the mediacrats an excuse to step up their campaign against handguns. The marital miscegenation of both murderer and murdered -- both had Japanese wives -- was widely used to stir up more sympathy for Lennon and a tad of forgiveness for the Georgia-born peacenik, Mark Chapman. Surely, reasoned the press pundits, a man who married someone of a different race can't be all bad.

\* \* \*

Two armed blacks stormed into a Catholic church in a poor section of Brooklyn and robbed 70 parishioners, most of them young Hispanics, of all their valuables while they were at prayer. *The New York Post* identified the robbers as black, perhaps because the entire congregation had noted the color of their skin.

\* \* \*

Anti-Semitism isn't quite illegal in America -- yet. But it can prove rather costly. Joseph Marcus sued Bendix Corp. and his Bendix foreman for "malicious prosecution," by which he meant he had been subjected to anti-Semitic taunts. A judge threw out an assault charge brought against Marcus by his foreman. When Marcus countersued, a second judge awarded him \$24,000 and ordered him reinstated in his job. We must, however, be content with small favors. At least Marcus's foreman was not sent to jail, as critics of Jews have been in many European countries and in Israel.

\* \* \*

Three young auto repairmen in Tenafly, New Jersey, were caught soaping swastikas on cars. After fining them \$100, a

judge ordered them to reappear some weeks later to answer questions on three books: *Jews, God and History* by Max Dimont; *The War Against the Jews -- 1933-45* by Lucy Dawidowicz; and *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Since (1) preaches Jewish racial superiority, (2) is yet another tract on the Holocaust and (3) has been proven a forgery, the judge's required reading list is hardly edifying. For balance he might have suggested Arthur Butz's *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*.

A somewhat similar sentence was handed out to a teenager in Syracuse, New York, who had painted a swastika on a nearby house. He was ordered to attend an art exhibit of concentration camp survivors, see an anti-Nazi hate movie, "Night and Fog," and compose a 500-word essay on his reactions. This is a novel way for artists and film makers to get favorable reviews.

\* \* \*

Two white 17-year-olds in Long Island confessed to burning a cross on the lawn of a retired black postman. Their sentence:

\$100 fine each  
Three years' probation  
Make three public speeches against racism  
A year's labor at the order of the postman

The last penalty could be interpreted as peonage, which itself is a crime. In addition, the youths must face federal charges.

**Western Theater.** The race of the two gunmen who robbed and shot Sarai Ribicoff outside a French restaurant in a seedy, sandy Los Angeles suburb was not revealed -- a tip that the assailants had to be Hispanics or blacks. Sarai was the daughter of Irving Ribicoff, a millionaire Hartford lawyer, and the niece of Abraham Ribicoff, who recently retired from the Senate. Ribicoff was a leading senatorial advocate of civil rights, the extension of which has marched *pari passu* with the black crime rate. In 1978 Abe's wife lost a niece, Gail Rubin, in Israel when she was caught in the crossfire of Israeli troops and Palestinian freedom fighters. Senator Ribicoff was a leading apologist for Zionism, which over the course of years has been responsible for killing 100,000 Palestinians and dispossessing 2 million more.

Those who live by the sword don't always die by the sword. But some of their relations do.

\* \* \*

Another one-day, underplayed, "de-blackened" news story concerned Priscilla Ford, who drove her car at high speed into a crowd of whites along the main street of Reno, Nevada, killing five and injuring 27. The police report did not identify her race, but the evening TV news showed her dark, glowering, Congoid face as she was booked into jail.

\* \* \*

Two blacks killed a white female secret service agent with her own shotgun while she was staking out a counterfeiting operation near the Los Angeles International Airport. It was her first assignment.

\* \* \*

Two high school honor students, Diana Montenegro and Stephen Zwickert, both fitting the category of "ethnics" (whites who get the brunt of black violence), were killed by Negro teenagers for no good reason -- a dirty look, an insult, a scuffle. Diana was stabbed to death. A bullet finished off Stephen, who was due to attend the University of Southern California on a scholarship this year.

\* \* \*

While whites were biting the dust in press silence across the nation, including one white jogger killed by a black in New York, media attention focused almost entirely on Joseph Franklin, accused of killing two Negro joggers in Salt Lake. Franklin was duly tried in the headlines and found guilty of carrying on a one-man war against blacks in several cities. It was noted by the media that he did not drink coffee, take drugs or consume alcohol -- just like Hitler -- and had read parts of *Mein Kampf* one hundred times. The *New York Times* was especially pleased to report he had a German mother. One press story said "a blond man" was responsible for letting Franklin escape from a Kentucky jail. Franklin's Nazi past was thoroughly explored in interviews with his ex-wife, and taped phone conversations were leaked to the press in which he allegedly admitted his guilt. Publicly, however, Franklin insisted he was innocent, though he did admit his arrest record was as long as his arm.

Franklin was held in an integrated Salt Lake City jail, where his bail was set at \$1 million on a civil rights charge that accused him of "interfering with the right of Theodore Tracy Fields [one of the dead joggers] to use a public park by firing a rifle at Fields, resulting in his death." Civil rights charges are modern versions of double jeopardy, which was supposedly

outlawed by the Fifth Amendment. Interestingly, civil rights charges are only used by the Feds against whites. When a black murder gang did away with 270 whites in the California Zebra killings in 1973, neither the Department of Justice nor the FBI talked about civil rights or showed the slightest interest in the ongoing massacre. Those who think the 270 figure is a typical "right-wing" exaggeration will please turn to page 34 of *Zebra* by Clark Howard (Richard Marek Publishers, New York, 1979).

\* \* \*

In San Bernardino, California, the press was in an uproar last summer. A black had been shot by a white. The former survived to the accompaniment of breast-beating mea culpas from the local white press lord and various public figures. Then, in November, when two blacks tortured and murdered a white real estate agent, the newspapers did not mention the race of the assailants, nor that of the victim, who was kidnapped in his van. A black female "acquaintance" of the Negro murderers explained that the victim was "tied up like a hog" after his abductors robbed him of \$8.00. He was then told to hand over more money or he would be killed. "Honest, honest, I ain't got no more money," he cried. The blacks then drove off with him, stopping en route to sell a cassette player they found in his van to a greedy San Bernardino homeowner. Then, while they parked outside a fast-food establishment and their female companion went in to get some sandwiches, they murdered their trussed-up passenger. When the girl returned, they explained their deed by saying, "It's just one less white man living." This delayed testimony was the first inkling that San Bernardino had a racial murder on its hands.

**Caribbean Theater.** In the midst of all the media hoopla about a nationwide wave of terror against blacks, whites in St. Croix, the Virgin Islands, were begging Washington to protect them from the "systematic terrorizing of the white community" by local Negroes. The Navy sent some extra men to guard the local naval base, but nothing was done to give added protection to the white civilians.

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## NEW AND OLD GUARDS

Enthusiastic about the Republican sweep? Last year these senators voted against an amendment to a bill that would prevent the Justice Department from using federal funds to enforce busing: Boschwitz, Chafee, Cohen, Durenberger, Hatfield, Heinz, Javits, Packwood, Pressler, Stafford, Stevens and Weicker. They all happen to be 14-carat Republicans, many of them scarcely to be distinguished from McGovern and Church except they are still in the Senate. Only Javits didn't make it back. Also, let the overoptimistic not forget that Henry Jackson, the senator from Tel Aviv, Richard Stone, the ex-senator from Haifa, and supertruckler Edward Bennett Wil-

liams were all named to Reagan's Foreign Policy Advisory Committee.

\* \* \*

The Carters, who get a million dollars for moving expenses, left the White House in the cloud of ignominy that any half-truckler, half-proditor deserves. The Iron Magnolia, a little pitted and wilted, is sure the now loose-ended Tooth will go down in history "as a great president." He may indeed. But if he does, it will not be in American history, but in history books

written in Chicano Spanish or Swahili. Not to make too fine a point about it, it is our fervent hope that after Carter and his renegadish crew are resettled in the South, they will be treated like Benedict Arnold would have been if he had returned to America after the Revolution.

\* \* \*

The presidential campaign's saddest event was the broadcast of a one-minute radio spot by George Wallace in support of Carter, after, as an *Atlanta Journal* reporter put it, "Carter's performance in the debate convinced him that he should back the President." Poor old George must have grown blind and deaf if he gave Carter the victory in the question-and-answer press conference that the media so grandiloquently called a presidential debate. Poor old George, so intent on seeking respectability, peace and quiet in his autumn years! Who would have thought he would go out as a New Southerner?

\* \* \*

In one way we are almost sorry Reagan won. In the next four years the media treatment of the White House is going to be one long, loud, interminable smear. In fact, the electronic hyenas couldn't even wait until Reagan took the oath of office. First it was the canard about Nancy Reagan wanting the Carters to move out ahead of time. It's quite true an awful lot of clean-up would be required after the departure of the white-trashy Carters, their offspring and their in-laws. But certainly Nancy didn't want to push them out. Next came harsh criticism of the transition team for interfering with Carter's appeasement of Castro's hit teams in Central America. Then, sharp words for Reagan because he didn't have his entire cabinet line-up all set a few weeks before the election. Finally, came the attack on various cabinet officers because they were all or mostly white and a vast yowling about Haig. He smelled, said Cronkite, Chancellor, Reynolds and Company, too much of Watergate. Haig's old boss, Kissinger, smelled to high heaven of Watergate, but nobody seemed to care about Henry's odor. Somehow or other he is exempt from media barbs about Watergate. Wonder why?

Watch out, whinnied the liberals, the ACLU, the Hispanics and the blacks, watch out! Dark clouds of fascism are forming over Pennsylvania Avenue. Designed to fill up depleted treasuries of various radical and ultraleft organizations, the scare ads and editorials worked well. Nothing raises more money than fear. Concurrently, these same organizations swear they are not about to lose their "gains," as they call the minority racist programs that operate under the name of affirmative action. The lib-mins didn't have the votes, but they still have the media and the courts -- and they won't hesitate to turn the country upside down if Reagan should make any serious attempt to carry out his mandate.

\* \* \*

The Libertarian party raked in 880,000 votes; Barry Com-  
moner's Citizen's party, 220,000. No official results in yet for

the American party, the American Independent party or that monstrosity of monstrosities, Lyndon LaRouche's semi-Muscovite, semi-anti-Semitic U.S. Labor party. Big Labor backed 200 winners and 132 losers in the House; 11 winners and 19 losers in the Senate.

\* \* \*

Steve Symms, who blew Church out of the Senate, read in the Gannett-owned Boise (Idaho) newspaper the Sunday before the election that he was nine points behind the incumbent in the polls. Symms won by 4,000 votes.

\* \* \*

Not much news about vote fraud after the election, although according to the *Wall Street Journal*, many New York City Democrats "registered two, three or four times." In the understatement of the year, Big Apple election officials conceded there might have been some multiple voting.

\* \* \*

William Fine, a cosmetics magnate, Jack Wrather, a Hollywood mogul, Besty Bloomingdale, wife of the Diner's Club Zionist, the Frank Sinatras (Barbara Marx) and a social flit-about named Deutsch are ecstatic about the Republican landslide. They, reported the *New York Times*, are members of the intimate Bonnie Ronnie set and promise to put the zing in the White House that has been missing since JFK had his upper-story assignations with his Mafia moll.

\* \* \*

Jerome Zipkin -- that's right, Jerome Zipkin -- is also very close to the new First Family -- so close we are informed that he was with them on election night. As for haute couture, Adolfo does Nancy's clothes. Monsieur Marc, her New York hairdresser, gave her a shampoo and set when she borrowed a federal jet to fly to New York during her November visit to Washington. David Jones, an Angelino of questionable sex, is her florist.

\* \* \*

Five important space exploration bills were brought before the last two Congresses. These congressmen voted against at least four of them:

J. Burton (D-Calif.); Dellums (D-Calif.); Stark (D-Calif.); Larry McDonald (D-Ga.); Russo (D-Ill.); Yates (D-Ill.); Evans (D-Ind.); Jacobs (D-Ind.); Bedell (D-Ia.); Studts (D-Mass.); Brodhead (D-Mich.); Vento (D-Minn.); Nolan (D-Minn.); Fenwick (D-R.I.); Maguire (R-N.J.); Holtzman (D-N.Y.); Weiss (D-N.Y.); Ottinger (D-N.Y.); Seiberling (D-Ohio); Kostmayer (D-Pa.); Kastenmeier (D-Wis.); Obey (D-Wis.); Reuss (D-Wis.).

All the above House members were reelected in November except Maguire, Kostmayer and Holtzman. McDonald is the

pride and joy of the John Birch Society. Seiberling and Fenwick are Grade A Gracchites.

Only one other interplanetary mission is in the works at NASA -- an orbiter and probe of Jupiter scheduled for the late 1980s. One writer, Michael Thacher, calls our space exploration "America's Parthenon" and added it is now crumbling to earth. Except for the Jupiter shot about all we have left is the space shuttle -- now two years behind schedule.

\* \* \*

John LeBoutillier, a 27-year-old Harvard WASP, who hates Harvard so much he wrote a book against his alma mater, ran against House member Lester Wolff, a pillar of the liberal-Zionist establishment and a former television producer. Against all odds, LeBoutillier turned Wolff out to his TV pastures.

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## PROTESTANTISM IN THE THIRD REICH

There are surprising similarities between the support of Arianism -- a weakened form of Christianity -- by certain Roman emperors and the attempt by Adolf Hitler early in his political career to promote something called Positive Christianity. Hitler was actually a complete cynic in his attitude toward Christianity and the Christian dogmas concerning life after death. Der Führer thought that immortality came only through cultural or political achievement, historical memory and the continuum of race. Raised as a Catholic, he did have some regard for Roman Catholic organizational methods, international connections and esthetic religious ceremonies. But he took a dim view of Protestantism, although he retained a certain cynical appreciation for the political uses to which the British government put the Church of England.

Nazi leaders knew they could not take over the Roman Catholic church in Germany because of its octopean international ties. However, they did hope to control German Protestantism with its 40 million members. The first step was to get the Faith Movement of German Christians -- called German Christians for short -- under the wing of the Nazi party. Joseph Goebbels, who was even more cynical about Christianity than Hitler, was a leading promoter of this strategy.

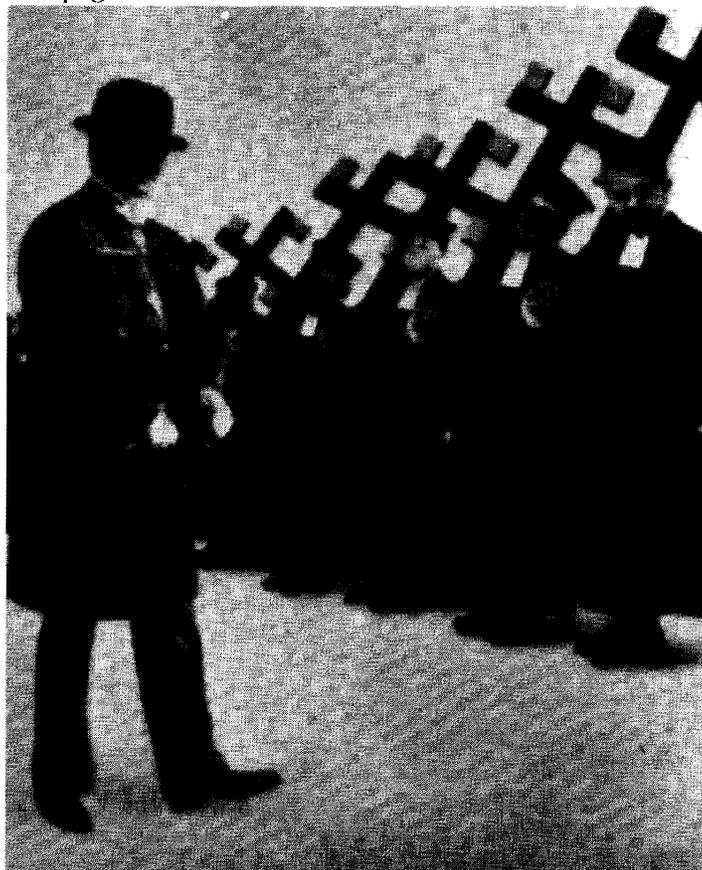
Until 1932 the titular head of the German Christians was an obscure school teacher named Wilm. The movement then came under the leadership of 33-year-old Pastor Joachim Hossenfelder, who was born in Silesia and in the aftermath of World War I had been a member of one of the Freikorps, a voluntary militia defending the remnants of the Reich against its internal and external enemies, Red or otherwise.

Although the Nazi government hoped to puppetize the German Christians, many of the people who joined the denomination were sincere Christians. They were tired of a moribund Protestantism, symbolized by an overly academic clergy with little or no rapport with the laity. Such men often preached abstruse sermons to a handful of worshippers in vast churches maintained by state-collected church taxes. These taxes also paid the salaries of the pastors and ministers.

Quite aware that neo-pagan cults, communism and even social democracy were offering their followers more drama and action, some Protestants saw the German Christian movement as a solution to the crisis of belief. Outstanding Lutheran theologians like Emanuel Hirsch, Ernst Gustav Georg Wobermerin and Friedrich Gogarten joined up at the outset.

The German Christians slowly split into a conservative and a radical wing. The former adhered closely to traditional Christian doctrine as affirmed and reaffirmed during the Reformation. The conservative German Christians, however, did add one innovation -- a "theology of order." The view of the state, nation and race as orders of creation, which had long held an important place in German Lutheran theology, was overshadowed by ideas of militarism and racism. When this trend became clear, most Lutheran theologians pulled out of the German Christian Church, but not fast enough to save their reputations.

The radical wing of the German Christians saw Jesus as an Aryan instead of a Jew and believed that the Old Testament should be abandoned. In some cases doctrines and practice of neo-pagan cults filled in the void.



*Anti-Nazi photomontage of Bishop Müller*

Many German Protestants longed for a unified church instead of the twenty-eight independent provincial synods that existed in 1933. Since the government already collected church taxes, it did not seem out of order to many German Protestants (as it would to most American Protestants) for the national government, now a Nazi government, to sponsor an election for a national bishop to head a unification movement.

The majority of votes in the September 1933 election of a national bishop went to Pastor Friedrich von Bodelschwingh, who had established a reputation for caring for the homeless, jobless, epileptics and refugees. The German Christian candidate was a 50-year-old staunch nationalist named Ludwig Müller, a former naval chaplain. Although Pastor von Bodelschwingh won the election, the Nazis gave the post to Pastor Müller, who was consecrated at a service held in the immense Protestant cathedral in Berlin in October 1934. It was here that Bishop Müller presided over the wedding of Hermann Göring, and later baptized the Reich Marshal's daughter. Some people think these events constituted the highlights of the national bishop's curious career.

Although Müller was clearly in the conservative wing of the German Christian movement and condemned the radicals, his high-handed and dictatorial efforts to unify German Protestants led to a schism in which some Lutheran and Reformed (Calvinist) believers split off from the German Evangelical Church to form the Confessing Church, which took its name

from the "Confessions" or doctrines of Reformation times. The Confessing Church included among its leaders Karl Barth, the former Swiss theologian, Martin Niemöller, the equally famous World War I submarine commander, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer who headed the Confessing Church seminary and was later hanged for his involvement in the 1944 plot to assassinate Hitler. The Confessing Church was vigorously persecuted by the Nazis and eventually became the nucleus of the Evangelical Church, which was formed after the war.

Bishop Müller, who had never been subservient enough to suit the Nazis, had been virtually superseded by Hans Kerrl, appointed Minister for Church Affairs in 1935. Refusing to resign his post, Müller was left by the authorities to "rot away in full regalia," as his fate was cynically described. Despite the fall of their national bishop, the German Christians dominated more than half of the provincial synods during World War II. After the war, the more extreme German Christians disappeared from public view, while others seceded from the established churches to join in a free church.

Today the postwar Evangelical Church in Germany represents almost as moribund a form of Protestantism as that which existed in pre-Nazi Germany. Only about 5 percent of West Germany's Protestants attend church services with any degree of regularity. Less than 10 percent of West Germans between the ages of 18 and 24, according to a recent poll, stated that religion had any importance to them.

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## Faustian Dilemma

*An Instaurionist cautions us about our nuclear arms tilt.*

*Instaurion* has identified and strongly opposed threats to the survival of the Nordic genotype. Unfortunately, it has not recognized that the release of ionizing radiation into the environment, which will inevitably accompany widespread use of nuclear power, can disrupt genotypes and interfere with the survival of all biological organisms including Nordics, just as surely as miscegenation.

Nuclear power might work fairly safely for a long time if it were always operated by perfect people. With affirmative action, however, we know that will not be so in the United States.

It was pointed out long ago by Madison Grant that Faustians carry the seeds of their own destruction. The crowded, highly organized and technologically convenient modern world, the product of the Nordic's state-building and mechanical inventiveness, may not be the world in which he feels psychologically most at home. Demographically it is certainly not an environment in which he reproduces well relative to other races like the Orientals. Madison Grant convincingly demonstrated that this was the cause of the rise and fall of empires -- em-

pires that would always be replaced from Nordic hearths which were beyond the Faustian state-building reach of the last Nordic imperium.

Unfortunately for the Nordic there are no hearths untouched by the latest global product of his Faustian urges. The Nordic has all the characteristics of what are known in ecology (the scientific discipline, not the quasi-political movement) as pioneer or early successional organisms, i.e. ones that create a favorable environment for other organisms which then proceed to crowd out the pioneers. As long as new environments are constantly created, pioneer organisms can continue to flourish. When their creation ceases, the pioneers die out.

If Nordics collectively came to understand some rather simple things about the ecological interactions between their natures and their environments, they undoubtedly would still have the power to create the constantly open environments which they need to survive. That enough will develop such a sophisticated insight about themselves in time to make a difference seems unlikely since most neither know nor care what they are. The many Nordics at anti-nuclear and ecology rallies who want to turn back the clock to a simpler time may be uttering a cry for help and survival that is the

more poignant because it gives voice to needs they little understand themselves at any conscious level.



*Faust by Eugène Delacroix*

### Mortal Rejection Slip

John Kennedy Toole was a writer of enormous talent who sent his finest piece of writing, a novel entitled *The Confederacy of Dunces* to Simon and Schuster, where it came to the attention of editor Robert Gottlieb. For two years Gottlieb played cat and mouse with Toole, building him up, tearing him down and finally cutting him off with a letter containing this uncopacetic critique: Your book "isn't about anything. Period. It could be improved, but it wouldn't sell." Soon after receiving this, the thoroughly frustrated 24-year-old Toole shut the garage door, got in his car and started the engine. Like that other budding Majority genius, novelist Ross Lockridge, who also dealt with a Jewish editor, he was soon dead of carbon monoxide poisoning.

No one would probably ever have heard of Toole if it had not been for his mother, who kept trying to get someone interested in her dead son's manuscript. She finally managed to bring it to the attention of Majority novelist Walker Percy, who persuaded the Louisiana State University Press to publish it. It came out last year and has been both a critical and financial success.

Toole's mother, Thelma, 78, says of Robert Gottlieb, who is now editor-in-chief of Knopf: "He's a creature . . . a Jewish creature. Not a man. Not a human being."

The tragedy of Toole, thanks to the loyal persistence of his mother, has become known. There have been probably hundreds, if not thousands, of similar cases in America in the last half century.

It is very hard for native talent, even genius, to gain recognition in an occupied country.

### Proportional Representation

*The Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups* (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1,175 pages) will set you back \$60, but it does contain a mountain of interestingly tendentious material on American minorities and on the Majority, which it describes as a collection of minorities. Americans of English, Scotch-Irish, Scotch and Welsh extraction are lined up cheek-to-cheek with Gypsies, Koreans, Kalmyks, Kurds, Maltese, Syrians and Aleuts. Seventeen pages are given to the English who founded the U.S. and gave it its laws, government, language and whatever shreds of high culture it still possesses. Twenty-seven pages are devoted to Jews; 18 to Afro-Amer-

icans, Harvard's appellation for Negroes. The descendants of the Adams family might be pleased to know that a three-page exordium on the Yankees was contributed by Oscar Handlin, Harvard's noted Jewish professor of non-Jewish history.

### Gene Screen

Cytogenetics is an etymologically vague word that is winning common currency as a process of identifying persons whose heredity has made them especially vulnerable to the chromosome-damaging effects of various industrial carcinogens.

Blacks, Mediterraneans, Chinese, Filipinos and East Indians carry within their gene pools such biological shortcomings as thalassemia, sickle-cell anemia and a deficiency of the enzyme glucose-6-phosphate dehydrogenase. Someone carrying the gene for any of these disorders would run a special risk if exposed to benzene, nitrosamines, nitrites and lead -- chemicals in frequent use in industry. The latter defect is present in almost 0.1% of white American males, 12% among black Americans. North and Central Europeans have a singularly high frequency of deficiency in serum alaph antitrypsin, which increases vulnerability to industrial agents linked to chronic bronchitis and emphysema.

Genetic screening programs were first developed by Herbert Stokinger and John Mountain in a 1963 blood test. No one knows just how much genetic screening is going on today, and no one can document a case of an applicant being denied employment because of his genes. The *New York Times* ran a three-month study which claimed that women and blacks have been barred from jobs because of high genetic susceptibility. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission claims it has had about forty cases -- almost all women. General Motors has gone on record that it will not allow fertile women of child-bearing age to be exposed to lead.

"1984 is already here," asserts Anthony Mazzochi, director of health and safety for the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International. "The emphasis will not be so much on what you work with, it will have to do with who your mother and father were."

"As of right now, examining hypersusceptibles is in its infancy," Dr. Paul Kotin, medical director of the Johns-Manville Corp., declared, "but everybody knows that we are going to continue to live in a world of expanding chemical use. It's all just aborning. Cytogenetics is an idea whose time has come."

It will be interesting to see if the ADL, the NAACP, and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission will take the "Fortune 500" to court for attempting to reduce the possibility of genetic damage by discriminating against "susceptibles" by race and sex. Will the Supreme Court eventually rule that members of a race likely to suffer from exposure to certain chemicals must not be prevented from being exposed to such chemicals?

Since science can't seem to stop embarrassing equalitarians, the wisest thing for them to do might be to abolish science altogether.

### The New Minority

The minority of the 1980s is likely to be the mentally handicapped. Who else is left, except the lower primates, dogs and cats? First, it must be arranged that the dim-witted have the right to vote. This has already been accomplished in Oregon by the passage of a referendum which removes that part of the state constitution denying voting rights to an "idiot or mentally diseased person." So now the 75,000 to 100,000 Oregonians estimated to be in one or the other category will cast ballots that count just as much as yours and mine. Not one prominent Oregonian, by the way, objected to this idiotic referendum.

In addition to the vote, the right of the mentally retarded to bear children is being promoted. In fact, a Teenage Parent Program (TAPP) in Georgia is dedicated to making it easier for young girls with mental handicaps and learning disabilities to pass their defects on to future generations. Some of these mothers don't even know how they got pregnant. Others can't dial a phone, read a prescription or remember instructions from their Medicare medicos. Fifteen years ago they would have been sterilized. Now they are qualified to vote and encouraged to have babies.

Physically and mentally handicapped is Miss Celestine Tate, a black mother with two children and no arms. Justice Edward Rosenberg of Philadelphia ruled a few years ago that Miss Tate was quite capable of taking care of her first baby. As a result, she received some worldwide publicity and even tried to write a book. A few months ago she surprised Judge Rosenberg by trying to commit suicide. Her physical defects were not passed on to her children, though no one is willing to say the same about her mental disabilities.

Since the fertility of the new minority is not declining, the U.S. may expect to have a much larger proportion of nuts in the future. One reason is that mentally capable women are cutting down on their number of offspring, while the mentally incapable don't

have enough brains to use contraceptives. Two surveys of female psychiatric patients have shown that only about 40% of them do not want to have children, whether legitimate or illegitimate. Right now female schizophrenics, manic depressives and the slow-witted have an average of two to three live births.

## Why Blacks Want Kids -- and More Kids

One illuminating reason for the disparate birthrates in this country was provided by a black mother who spoke her piece in Jimmy Breslin's column (*New York Daily News*, Sept. 21, 1980). The Negress, with her three girls, 10, 9 and 7, had recently arrived in New York from North Carolina. The day after her arrival she was put on relief and she and her brood were added to the 735,000 New Yorkers receiving Aid to Dependent Children.

Two of her illegitimate girls were born while the mother was still in high school in the Tarheel state. She explains she didn't know anything about birth control in those days. Now she knows. Yes, "girls like me know about it, but they still don't think about it." She went on:

Same thing with abortion. I come from a religion that doesn't believe in abortion . . . Black women don't want much to do with abortions. That's a white woman thing.

You ask why? Black women feel mostly alone anyway and a child means a lot. Some of them think havin' a baby is an easy way out for them. Woman don't have to get off her behind and go out and get hassled by the world. Just have a baby and stay home. But I think mostly a woman is a scary type person. Black woman's afraid of being alone. She knows she's going to be alone. Get a black man, you know he be gone someday. There must be 10 black women for every black man. For a woman, knowing somebody's there with you, even an unborn baby, is all she's got. Being alone in an empty room, with the four walls to talk to, can run you crazy. Talking even to an unborn baby is nice.

I think havin' babies stops you from committin' suicide . . . When you do live with a black man, he's been cut down so low all his life that he has to have a baby. He needs it as a brag off because he never done anything that got noticed before in his life. He makes a baby, he can walk around and say, "Look at what I done." They been down so long that they're not about to stay with no family. The man cuts out. See the girls here? Their father left them. He don't even see them anymore. He had his time to brag off them and now he's gone.

Cogent words, these. Words that not only have to do with the abortion of the unborn, but the abortion of America the beautiful.

## Somebody Else's Diary

Another part of the foundation of the house of lies crumbled in recent months. The West German Criminal Investigation Bureau found that the *Diary of Anne Frank* was altered or added to after 1951, at least six years after Anne had died of typhus in a German concentration camp. It took no great display of genius to arrive at this conclusion, which could just as easily have been reached before the late Otto Frank made millions out of his daughter's alleged journal. Portions of the work were found to have been written with a ballpoint pen, which no one, not even Daddy Frank, could have purchased until 1951, when it was first invented. To the dismay of true believers, the story of the Frank fraud found its way into some areas of the world press, including the *New York Post*, the Australian-owned afternoon daily read mostly by Jews.

## Holocaust Hellcat

The ADL and *Commentary* magazine have been losing their cool in regard to the growing amount of anti-Holocaust literature. The ADL is particularly angry at Northrop University for renting its facilities to the Institute for Historical Review for its second Anti-Holocaust Convention held last summer. The Organization of American Historians is also catching flak for renting its mailing list to the Institute, which sent free copies of its journal to the group's 12,000 members. After a bitter complaint from the ADL, OAH Executive Secretary Richard Kirkendall humbly apologized for the "major error."

Even more agitated about the mounting number of unanswered questions about the Holocaust was an article that appeared in *Commentary* (Dec. 1980) by the high priestess of extermination theory, Lucy Dawidowicz, author of *The War Against the Jews*. The tone of the article seemed right out of *Pravda* or perhaps the wildest anti-Semitic literature to which the author is so much opposed.

In seven pages of high-temperature polemics Dawidowicz did not once bother to answer one of the many discrepancies pointed out by Holocaust skeptics. Instead, she damned each and every one of them from Butz on down with so many pejorative

adjectives that she soon ran out of them and had to resort to "paranoid" four times in her attack on the distinguished American historian Harry Elmer Barnes.

*Commentary*, which prides itself on being a "scholarly" journal, is presently on a "conservative" kick, having traveled the well-rutted road from Marxism to liberalism to anti-Communism in little more than a decade or two.

A few more nutty explosions from Dawidowicz and even the most fanatical *Commentary* subscribers will have to ponder about a magazine which can now be honestly described as America's most frothing-at-the-mouth hate sheet.

Dawidowicz rationalizes her refusal to debate Faurisson by asking who would argue about the existence of black slavery. She's quite right. It would be silly to argue about the existence or nonexistence of that peculiar institution. But if contemporary black "historians" asserted that Southern rednecks had gassed six million slaves during the War Between the States, wouldn't such an assertion be a fitting subject for debate?

## Wasted Genes

Of all the Nordic actresses whose lives have been wrecked on the minority shoals of Hollywood, the most pitiful case was probably that of Jean Seberg, a blonde, blue-eyed, would-be Thespian from Iowa. After being properly broken in by Otto Preminger, the Viennese Jewish producer of ennui-producing hate films, Jean eventually fell into the orbit of a Lithuanian Jewish novelist, Romain Gary, who fancied himself a Parisian. While married to him and perhaps under his inspired guidance, Jean plunged into the civil rights movement so deeply that she ended up as the mistress of a half-insane Black Panther honcho, Hakim Jamal, who was later shot to death in a street brawl in Boston. Gary at one time accused the FBI of destroying his ex-wife (she later remarried) by leaking a gossip item that she was bearing a black child from another Black Panther leader. The infant, stillborn, was white. Last year Jean Seberg, her veins bursting with alcohol, was found dead in the back of her car in Paris. Some say she committed suicide. Others say she was murdered. A few months ago Gary himself committed suicide, but this by no means evened the score.

*Note: Our new Attorney General is William French, a law partner of Paul Ziffren, a prominent California Zionist and former Democratic National Committeeman. Paul Ziffren and wife Mickey once invited Jean Seberg and her loony black loverboy to dinner. Jamal arrived toting a gun.*

### FBI's Blind Eye

It is mentioned elsewhere in this issue that Joseph Franklin's bail was set at \$1 million on a civil rights charge. But for Bernadine Dohrn (geboren Ohrnstein), one of the Weather Underground harpies and Stalin worshippers, it was only \$25,000, after she exited from a New York City hideout and gave herself up to the police, the press and the legal fraternity in a carefully rehearsed ceremony. Ms. Dohrn, a lawyer, had been a fugitive from justice for ten years. Since she had almost openly lived with her paramour, had two illegitimate kids and held various jobs during this time, the FBI didn't seem to have been too eager to find her, just as it never seemed to have been too eager to find Abbie Hoffman and similar radical throwbacks who went about their business for years as if there were no warrants out for their arrest. Unquestionably, the FBI has much better vision in its right eye than its left. It was Bernadine Dohrn, by the way, who publicly rejoiced at the Sharon Tate murders. "Dig it," she enthused, "first they kill the pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they shoved a fork in the victim's stomach! Wild!" Now that Dohrn is back in circulation, perhaps Roman Polanski, Sharon's widower, who is on the lam for sexual misconduct with a California minor, may return and star Bernadine in a new film spectacular.

In the "Days of Rage" of 1969, Dohrn and her gang ran amuck through the streets of Chicago, smashing everything in sight and permanently paralyzing a store owner. As *Instauration* summed up in its February 1976 issue:

Off and on from the underground, Bernadine occasionally sent in taped pep talks to keep the morale of her male and female cohorts from flagging. Her political and social philosophy, if it can be explicated at all, is a brew of instant miscegenation, prairies of green weeds and the holocaustic horoscopes of Marx, Freud and Marcuse, seasoned with a soupçon of stale eroticism from the *Nachlass* of Wilhelm Reich, the orgasm man.

### Prime Rotter

In 1977, when David Begelman was only making \$300,000 a year as president of Columbia Pictures, he stole \$60,000 of the company's money in addition to forging the signatures of some prominent Hollywoodians to five-figure checks. Nevertheless, he was only removed from his post after a great deal of hemming and hawing by the board

of directors. Though he pleaded guilty to various felonies, he was slapped on the wrist with a suspended sentence. (Think of the tens of thousands of Americans who have served years in prison for stealing one percent as much.) Today, as if nothing had ever happened, Begelman is head of MGM's film company at \$500,000 a year, plus perks.

This is the man in charge of making television films and movies that have a pervasive and enduring influence on American minds, particularly the minds of the young. This is one of the men who actually controls and shapes our culture. This is the man before whom Majority actors and actresses, film writers and directors must bow and scrape to get a job.

Let's come right out with it. A country which permits such a creature as Begelman to exist, not to mention lord it over us, is rotten to the core.

### The Newest Immigration

Isabel Krouch, mother of a four-year-old and wife of a Navy man stationed in Guam, was kidnapped, repeatedly raped and then murdered by three Cuban mulattos after they had abducted her from a Hialeah, Florida, phone booth. They had arrived in Florida in last year's sea lift, three of the 20,000 hardcore and softcore criminals, dope addicts and perverts that President Carter had welcomed with "open arms." Carter has now returned to the sheltered, peaceful life as the "Sage of Plains." Mrs. Krouch has returned to the dark, damp earth. By coping out on his duty to uphold the law, as specified in the oath of office he took in 1977, Carter is just as responsible for the rape-murder of Mrs. Krouch as the three Cubans, all of whom came to America directly from Castro's jails.

Meanwhile, Cubans continue to sneak into refugee-jammed Florida, but in smaller numbers. Haitians arrive at the rate of 200 a week. The Haitian situation is not at all what the media have been telling us -- poor, oppressed blacks daring to take to the open sea in homemade boats in a desperate quest for freedom. The migration is actually a huge smuggling operation. Smugglers take the Haitians to Andros Island in the Bahamas where they are forced to work for up to a year picking vegetables until they earn the \$1,000 fee for entry into the United States. When their term of slavery is up, they are transferred to wooden boats, which are towed by power boats to within a few miles of the Florida coast and then cut loose. High

officials of the Bahamian government are involved in the racket.

### Detroit Doldrums

An auto worker's letter to the *Detroit News* explains better than a thousand newspaper stories what is really happening to the American automobile industry.

As a worker for one of the Big Three, I, as all the rest of us, know why we are turning out junk. First, after lunch over half of the workers on the line are either drunk or high on something. Second, people are being promoted that can't read or write. The foremen are afraid for their jobs and of the men they work with, so there is no discipline. Third, absenteeism. How can you run a line when only half of the workers come to work? I have worked 22 years for this company and just can't believe what I see every day . . . and it is not the foreign cars that are killing our jobs. We the workers are doing it with the help of the union.

The woes facing the auto industry, especially Ford, were not lightened by constant harassing by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. One recent "agreement" forced the second largest car manufacturer to pay \$23 million to minority members who either weren't hired or were allegedly discriminated against. Ford, which lost over \$1 billion last year, also had to take precious money out of its emptying treasury to improve training programs for female and minority workers.

### Constitutional Miscegenation

Melissa Fiedler, white, Jewish name, 14, dated her classmate, Rufus Bostick III, black, Christian, age unknown. Whereupon the principal of her Woodbridge (Virginia) Baptist Christian School, Aleck Lee Bledsoe, white, Baptist, 38, expelled her. When Raymond Fiedler, the paterfamilias, protested, Melissa's sister, Charlotte, white, Jewish name, 11, was also kicked out.

Thereupon Raymond Fiedler sued Aleck Bledsoe and his school for \$70,000. Federal Judge Oren R. Lewis, white, Christian, 78, threw out the suit. The Fiedlers, aided, abetted and spurred by the ACLU, appealed. Whereupon a three-judge panel of the Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals overturned Judge Lewis and ruled that the Fiedler sisters' constitutional rights had been violated. Judge Lewis was ordered to hear the case again.

"This is a stunning victory," crowed Leonard Rubenstein, the Fiedlers' lawyer,

whose racial kin in Israel would have been quickly expelled from an Israeli religious school if they had dated blacks, or even Christians.

Preacher Bledsoe is not faring so well. All the publicity has cost him half his congregation and half his students. But Papa Fiedler hasn't come out entirely unscathed. He received so many unfriendly phone calls he had to move to an undisclosed location. Whether it was also undisclosed to Rufus Bostick III is not known.

## Three American Families

1. Father listed in *Who's Who*. Annual income, \$80,000. Two children; one in an Ivy League college, the second at an Eastern prep school. Cost, \$14,000. Taxes (federal, state, social security, real estate), more than \$40,000. Unable to make any substantial savings.

2. Father, 55, scientist. Annual income, \$30,000. Taxes, \$11,000. Family income not high enough to send four children to college or good secondary schools, but too high to qualify for government assistance.

3. Chicano mother, no father in house, nine children. Eldest daughter, 15, already has two illegitimate children. All twelve family members live on welfare with rental allowances, food stamps, free medical and dental care, and Aid to Dependent Children. Annual cost to taxpayers, \$20,000, with another \$10,000 for welfare administrative overhead.

*Condensed and edited from Martin Larson's column in Spotlight.*

## Epochal Phenomenon

When Winifred Wagner died last year at 83, she finally met the fate that Churchill had planned for her and thousands of other Germans some thirty-five years ago when he sent a fleet of bombers to plaster and incinerate her hometown of Bayreuth. Some 274 women died in the raid, but the Meister's granddaughter was not among them. In fact, it was then that her youngest grandchild came into the world by candlelight in the smoking ruins.

A few days later American "liberators" arrived to make her house an office for the Counterintelligence Corps. They were still there in 1951, when Winifred was allowed to resume the directorship of the Bayreuth Festival.

In pre-World War II days one of the devoted patrons of the Festival was, of course, Hitler, known to Winifred by the hypocor-

ism of "Wolf." Der Führer protected her from party intrigues and privately financed some of her productions. There were several in the Nazi leader's inner circle who expected they might marry. They did have much in common: orphaned early in life, born outside the Reich (Winifred was English), naturalized voluntarily, devotees not only of Richard Wagner, but of Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

The close friendship was to cost Winifred dearly after 1945. She was dragged through the denazification grinder, loaded with fines and confiscations, and prohibited from working. Though she had to turn the direction of the Festival over to her sons and see the Wagner estate converted into a government foundation, the annual Bayreuth celebration of Wagner was at least preserved. On the other hand, the 1972 transmutation of Tannhäuser into an antifascist pot-boiler by East Berlin regisseur Götz Friedrich must have been as traumatic as the bombs.

Whatever her multifarious critics may have had to say about her, they can hardly accuse Winifred Wagner of disloyalty. In a TV interview in 1975 she upspoke, "If Hitler were to walk in here right now, I would be just as happy to see him as ever." Such remarks prompted the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* to obituarize Winifred as "an epochal phenomenon."



*Winifred Wagner sitting for a bust by sculptor Arno Breker (1977)*

## Count Not the Hebrews

The Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts, William Foley, director, sent out a letter to all its Equal Opportunity Coordinators (every government bureaucracy is loaded with these political commissars) requesting "race and national origin" information on judicial officers and employees in the federal court system. Whites were defined as "persons having origins in any of the original peoples of Europe, North Africa or the Middle East." It was carefully speci-

fied that this category did not include persons of Hispanic origin.

Then came the bombshell: "Please indicate the following distinct subgroups which are based on ethnic, not religious, factors:

A. Arabic B. Hebrew"

A month later, as any Instaurationist would have expected, a second letter went out from the Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts, William Foley, director, saying that due to comments "raising serious concern as to the desirability of requesting such additional information . . . the subcategories need not be reported."

Somehow we don't think it was Arab objections that aborted this bravura attempt to count what is not allowed to be counted.

## Is the B'nai B'rith the Real Foggy Bottom?

Let those naive enough to believe the Majority is in control of American foreign policy read the article, "The Craft of Persuasion," in the *National Jewish Monthly* (Aug.-Sept. 1980). Author Herman Edelsberg, a former director of the B'nai B'rith International Council, spells out clearly how his friends won a battle against the Greek government and dealt with Poland and Yugoslavia as if the Sons of B'rith were citizens of an independent state. Polish officials didn't mince words about their government's motives. "We want good relations with the Jews because we want good relations with the U.S."

In 1968 after the Soviets had turned the Prague spring into a Fimbul winter, Marshal Tito, worrying that he might be next on the Russian hit list, ordered his embassy in Washington to improve relations with the B'nai B'rith, as if this step was more important than improving relations with the State Department.

Later the Greek colonels, in the traditional totalitarianist way, decided to take over the local Jewish agency in Greece that was administering large "welfare funds" received as reparations from West Germany. Since all other foreign organizations of this type had been taken over without a whimper, the colonels couldn't foresee any problems. They were blind. They were quickly put to rights by the State Department, which made a formal complaint after a visit from a B'nai B'rith bigshot, and then by Dr. William Wexler, at that time BB president (Grand Saar?). Before Wexler even arrived in Greece, the government humbly apologized and allowed the Jewish organization to go its merry racist way.

Multiply these little diplomatic vignettes by a thousand and you have 20th-century American foreign policy.



# Cholly Bilderberger



Shaw said that every man over forty is a scoundrel, and no one -- least of all any man over forty -- has ever publicly disputed that aphoristic judgment. In America, a specific aspect of this scoundrelism lies in knowing a set of truths -- on race, for one -- and then living in opposition to them. Needless to say, no American over forty is free from this deception; in fact, very few Americans of any age are.

The split between inner and outer selves is chronic in all races and nationalities, but the American has taken it to exotic lengths. When one talks to men from other countries and cultures, one can see some connection between the public manner and the private self. The former is usually an accommodation -- however distorted and attenuated -- of the latter. The American's public manner, however, is so alienated from his private self that one can't find that self in it at all. He has become a spiritual imposter of unprecedented degree.

And of considerable tedium, as noted in this passage from a letter of Evelyn Waugh's to his wife, in 1948, from New York: ". . . dined with Mr. and Mrs. Luce. It was not a great success; caviar, Dover soles flown that day from England, etc., but neither aware of what they are or drank. He handsome, well mannered, well dressed, densely stupid. She exquisitely elegant, clever as a monkey, self-centered. She came back with me & sat in my suite talking about religion for a long time but complained later that I had no heart." Waugh, evidently probing for the private selves behind the official facades -- certified wise man, via *Time*, in Henry's case; and certified artistic intellectual, via her playwrighting, in Clare's -- came up with dense stupidity and self-centered monkeyishness; and no one who knew them could argue with those judgments.

But were they the last words on the Luces? There is always the possibility that the American has no private self left at all, but is actually a disembodied booby rather than a conscious scoundrel. In that case, Henry's stupidity and Clare's monkeyishness would not be the final answer. The last compartment would be a void, an empty box. And equally empty for all.

It's difficult to decide which we are -- boobies or scoundrels. But either condition is untenable in the long term, so be assured that we're goners either way. And so is our country.

Incidentally, Clare's animadversion of heartlessness in regard to Waugh was only tactical. In a country where everyone is heartless, it is *de rigueur* to impute heart to oneself and lack of it to anyone suspected of seeing through that imposture.

Years ago, we used to go to a cinema in Roslyn, Long Island, which remains my prime example of how the Jews take over the arts at the consuming end as well as at the source. As Long Island filled up with Jews, Roslyn showed one of the heaviest proportional concentrations; and the little cinema naturally reflected that concentration. Each year there were more and more Jews there, and they gradually established their own peculiar atmosphere. Most of the Roslyn Jews were "creative" -- advertising agency copywriters, that sort of thing -- and arrived at the cinema with the usual bared torsos, gold chains, heady colognes, etc. Their women had the usual goatlike, predatory stares, the harsh voices, the calling to each other at any distance, the disregard for others, especially whites, etc. It all added up to the usual Jewish unpleasantness, foreign and impertinent.

It was interesting to see how the local whites stopped going to their cinema. Not just the closet racists, but a good percentage of the whole, including the liberal element. Of course, no white would say he had been driven out; he wouldn't discuss it at all. He just didn't go any more.

(Evidently, the way this worked was as follows: Husband [to wife]: Want to go to the movies tonight? Wife: I don't know. It's always so . . . crowded. Husband: Maybe we'd rather stay home. Wife: I think so.)

This pattern of increasing white absenteeism can be seen all along the East Coast, from Boston to Miami. It may not be as severe at Lincoln Center as at the Roslyn cinema, but it exists to some degree at any and all cultural events, from chamber music concerts to nightclub acts. The percentage of Jews is always increasing, that of whites always decreasing. Naturally, the whites won't admit the reason.

A prominent Instaurionist writes that there are lots of people out there who would be willing to do something if approached in the right way. I am inclined to disagree. If there were people out there who wanted to do something, they would literally be swamping *Instauration* -- including this column -- to offer their services. It is useless to try to talk people into action; even if they agree, they always renege later. It must work the other way around. A commitment to action must be

voluntary and spontaneous. People aren't ready until they themselves are beating the doors down, begging to be told what to do.

Thoreau's warning -- beware of any enterprise which requires new clothes -- can be paraphrased here into: Beware of any revolution which depends on salesmanship.

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One could hardly ask for a more perfect example of the whimpering silliness of our time than the outpouring for John Lennon, the Beatle recently shot dead in New York. Messages of condolence from Carter and Reagan, editorials in every major newspaper and on every television station, all eulogizing this "man who did so much for music and for peace," worldwide vigils, silent observances . . . one can't imagine anyone, even a president, receiving more in the way of attention.

And for what? For a truly meaningless and pathetic lump of flotsam from the slums of Liverpool, a wholly untalented purveyor of "music" to which no one in full possession of his senses can listen without questioning the entire argument for evolution, a physical and mental specimen of such inferiority that one could not avoid classifying him automatically as subhuman . . . the kind of English slavey who would never have been allowed out of the slums in days gone by without cleaning himself up completely and learning that to be permitted to pull his forelock in the presence of his betters was the greatest pleasure he could aspire to.

In the modern inversion of all values, he and his kind have, naturally, been allowed not only out of the slums but into positions of authority. These positions, made more manifest in death, are more fantastically exalted than even those given the minorityites.

And this exaltation was and is given Lennon not only by other subhumans -- see the faces on the crowds gathered in his memory -- but by nearly everyone. Read, if you can wade all the way through it, the gushing *Time* cover story on Lennon for proof of the ubiquity of the adoration. Is the moral that everyone is now subhuman?

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Aphorism: The proper study of Jews is whites. Or: To understand Jews, one must first understand whites.

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And to understand whites, one would first have to understand their love-hate relationship with Jews. What can one say of people who put all their faith in a really mad book written by Jews about Jews? The Old Testament is a nightmare of Jewishness, with all the unattractive characteristics unfolding page after page -- see the story of Abraham and Sarah, for instance. One would imagine the first white reader breaking into immoderate laughter and throwing it away as too preposterous for words. The New Testament details the same unattractive-

ness on the part of its Jews, with the exception of an heroic anti-Jew Jew (or perhaps he was not Jewish at all).

In any case, the lesson of the Bible as a whole is that Jews are awful and couldn't possibly serve as examples. This was the conclusion of the heroic anti-Jew, who drove it home by forcing them to kill him to prove it.

But whites have managed to miss the point completely for 2,000 years. Instead of laughing at the Bible as the record of a barbarous, repulsive people, they have used the book as the basis of their "religion."

In view of this lunacy, can anyone take whites seriously? One certainly can't expect the Jews to. As they say, "How can you respect people who worship the son of a Jewish mother?" And then say they can't stand Jews. Can a greater contradiction be conceived?

If it is ever to be straightened out, the Jewish book and everything stemming from it will have to go -- first, before anything else. It is not possible to think of Jews clearly, to say nothing of dealing with them, while involved in a Jewish-derived religion.

Of course, it is doubtful that any western leaders of the past 2,000 years, including the popes, have believed in the Bible. But they have believed in the necessity of a unifying ideal, and thus in the necessity of giving lip service to Christianity. And for hundreds of years that system worked. It gave the white West the unity of the Middle Ages, and what now seems to have been the golden age of post-Reformation industrialism -- let's say until World War I. But from 1914 on, the system has broken down. It no longer works at all. And because it only worked for such a short time, relatively speaking, and ended in minority domination, it was really a failure. If the white leaders of the past had it to do over again, in the light of 1980, they might well say that they should never have given Christianity the lip service, but should have stamped it out at any cost.

Christian unity always had Jewish derivation as the worm at the core, and so had no staying power. The truth had to out, and now we see the death throes of the ancient Western deception. Be assured that the whites will not escape annihilation by formally abandoning Christianity and its tainted Bible. Being whites -- i.e., proud of and loyal to their lunacies -- they will go down with their Jewish religion. See the increasing incidence of boob "faith" -- born-again Christians, Moral Majorities, etc. -- for substantive assistance in bolstering that assurance.

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A few of those who write letters to *Instauration* seem to have a more accurate grasp of the future than any of the formal contributors. For instance, consider this excerpt from Zip 280 in the December, 1980, issue: "The internal tensions of Nordic society are so overwhelming that outside pressures, no matter how strong, are not only ignored, but utilized as weapons. The blue-eyed masses are not going to listen to *Instauration*. They are going to follow Jesus and Ronald Reagan and Milton Friedman into oblivion. Nordics of all classes have totally shut out external stimuli and will continue to tear one

another to shreds much like sharks in a feeding frenzy." This understanding is reflected in other letters, and, on the existing evidence, is irrefutable.

Be assured, then, on those rare occasions when you may feel tempted by some incident or moment of induced elation to believe that the blue-eyed masses (or upper classes) will get off their knees that you are merely succumbing to temporary fantasy. Our march to the tar pits will not be stopped. You can bet the ranch on that -- and everything else you may possess.

(In view of such a future, why does Cholly -- or anyone else -- go on writing at length about meaningless details? Just to keep busy on the long walk. Dylan Thomas said poetry was "statements made on the way to the grave," and the perspective holds for all writing, however redundant.)

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Speaking of financial tips: To make money, always bet against any official United States fiscal policy succeeding. These bets are, of course, translated into activity in certain stocks and commodity futures, and are the current insider favorites.

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The December issue of *Instauration* contains a plea to right wingers to let up on the Rockefellers. The argument is that they aren't all that powerful any more anyhow, and that they are better people than those attacking them. Well, it doesn't take much to be superior to the professional right wingers, and the Rockefellers certainly qualify, so there's no argument there. But, since the subject has been broached, there is another, more profound level on which they can be legitimately examined.

Of all the great plutocratic names cast up in the wake of the Civil War and at the start of the truly industrial America -- Vanderbilt, Ryan, Gould, Whitney, Carnegie, etc. -- that of Rockefeller became first among peers. The obvious explanation would seem to be that the family took a larger part in the economic, political and civic life of the country than any other merely rich clan; and they took it for a longer period of time. But there is, I think, another, more important reason: Every age creates its own poetry, as expressed in folklore, and the American people themselves chose the Rockefellers -- the splendidly monied sound of the name itself? -- to stand as first family of the system. If we had returned to a monarchy at any time from 1890 to 1940, they would have been the popular choice for a royal family.

In view of the thrust of that period, they were bang on, and received the commensurate rewards and respect, up to and just short of crown and sceptre. By the same token, as that Majority-dominated period has given way to this minority-dominated nightmare, they can't avoid being held responsible -- symbolically if not actually -- for the breakdown. If they were the poetic leaders in 1940, and now we are all in chains, then they must have had a leading role in the downfall.

So runs, I believe, the subconscious line of thought of any-

one who thinks about this mess and about them. And there is substance to that thought. The Rockefellers and the entire ruling class did abdicate to the minorities after 1940. Henry Kissinger stands as a specific example of what was let loose by a Rockefeller, and many other comparable figures and ideologies depended on their support.

It is true that much more of the obvious surrendering was done by Nelson, Winthrop and John D. III than by David and Laurance, but in the deeper sense they all surrendered in equal degree, along with their entire class. (Among the old, pre-Civil War New York families, the Rockefellers were always regarded as rather simple-minded nouveaux riches, but those families behaved no better.) It is equally true that no one family could have reversed the tide after 1940. However, if a family of Rockefeller standing had declared against that tide, its members would have been recognized, in the long run, as having behaved with the backbone they were supposed to have possessed.

(The *Instauration* piece implies that the only choice David and Laurance have is to espouse the right wing, and they won't do that because "they obviously consider most right-wingers nuts and with reason." But there are other avenues open to them, as there are to the rest of us, and they could say a great deal between the lines without compromising themselves. But they don't. No matter what they believe privately, their public posture can only give the impression of unqualified support for the current structure.)

In sum, the Rockefellers were and are no better or no worse than any of their peers. But because they came to stand for all multi-millionaires, partly through their own efforts in that direction, and because that class led the surrender, they can't avoid the stigma of being first in ignominy as they were first in the old glory days.

If there ever is a white uprising (rest easy, there won't be, this is only an abstract discussion), and David and Laurance are alive at the time, they will probably go off in a tumbrel, like Louis XVI. That will be unfair in one way; but in another way, it won't.

### Ponderable Quotes

We really don't know how to raise children . . . the fact that children are raised in families means there's no equality . . . in order to raise children with equality, we must take them away from families . . . .

*Dr. Mary Jo Bane, associate director  
of Wellesley College's Center for  
Research on Women*

We must destroy love . . . . Love promotes vulnerability, dependence, possessiveness, susceptibility to pain, and prevents the full development of woman's human potential by directing all her energies outward in the interest of others.

*Women's Liberation. Notes from the Second Year*

John Nobull

# Notes From the Sceptred Isle

To those who make snide remarks about the raininess of England, I draw attention to the following meteorological data:

The average rainfall in London, Kent and East Anglia is around forty inches, which compares with that in the Low Countries. Only in Wales, Ireland and Scotland does the rainfall rise to really phenomenal heights. Hence the number of heavily freckled skins in those countries. Charles II used to claim that England was the only country where you could go out for a walk every day of the year. Did he walk! His courtiers had to run to keep up with him. You will find that hard to believe, but I get that mystical look when I think of walking through fields in the drizzle, with Wellington Boots on. There's nowt so queer as folk, as they say in the North Country.

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In England, the vulgarity of newspapers for the masses has to be experienced to be believed, while journals for the intelligentsia are by and large insipidly left-wing (e.g., *The New Statesman*, *Encounter*, *Punch*). Only *The Spectator* and *Books and Bookmen* told even part of the truth, and now the latter is no more. Philip Dossé, publisher of *b & b* and several other artistic journals, has committed suicide.

By an extraordinary coincidence, the final issue of *b & b*, which came out in July 1980, before Dossé's death, contained Diana Mosley's most outspoken article to date. It was a review of *Magda and Dr. Goebbels*. She begins, "I knew Magda and Dr. Goebbels quite well. She was charming and beautiful, he was clever and witty." As for the book: "Dr. Goebbels naturally has to be the villain of the piece. He is variously described as a sophisticated fiend, an undersized, miserable cripple, and a *Schrumpf-Germane* (shrunken German) . . . Why should a beautiful young woman, rich, independent and popular, wish to marry such a man?" She goes on: "Goebbels was a small man, not much taller than Napoleon, He limped because of a club foot, as did Byron."

The main thrust of the review is not so much justification of Goebbels as sympathy with the plight of his wife in her dreadful dilemma: "Everyone knows the tragic end. As the Russians surrounded Berlin, the Goebbels painlessly killed their children and then themselves. The dead children were described by people who saw them as looking 'peacefully asleep.'" Lady Mosley calls this a "Masada-like deed," and dismisses the argument of those who say that Magda should have taken refuge in the West: "To speak of the West as though it were a

civilized alternative to the barbarities of the Russian occupation . . . hardly corresponds with the reality of those days, which was chaos, hunger, disease, unconditional hatred and often gratuitous cruelty . . . Frau Goebbels would have been arrested and gaoled, forced to abandon her children to her bitterest enemies." Of course, this is what had happened to Diana Mosley herself four years before.

Can you imagine the effect of such a review on British "public opinion?" Anguished "Oy vehs" were heard immediately. Christopher Hitchens of the *New Statesman* misquoted Lady Mosley with expressions of shock and horror, and swore he would never write for *b & b* again. Whereupon Sally Emerson, the editor, wrote in to point out that Hitchens' promise was unconvincing, since he already knew when he wrote his article that *b & b* was bankrupt, and would not reappear. Shortly after this came Dossé's suicide.

Now that *b & b* is no more, allow me to give some examples of the kind of thing which roused the powers that be to fury. Here is Auberon Waugh, unwittingly expanding on a theme recently treated in *Instauration*: "In the year 1976, the latest for which figures are given, there were 4 cases of gonorrhoea reported per thousand inhabitants in Japan, 47 in the UK, and 455 in the U.S. Where reported cases of syphilis are concerned, the figures were 3.2 in Japan, 4 in the UK and 35 in the U.S." Later in the same article, he writes: "Nearly all the campaigners for pornography, as well as many of the founders of the free love movements, turn out to be of either Jewish or (more often) half-Jewish background" (July 1980). And here is Waugh reviewing a book on Africa by Patrick Marnham (June 1980): "The further they [African tribesmen] distance themselves from the Northern civilization which they instinctively reject, the more depraved, inadequate -- and funnier -- they become!" He goes on to refer to "modern Africa, whose liberated citizens suffer from alternating

moods of stupefying boredom and paralyzing fear, which overwhelm all initiative as they lie in the sun, picking their teeth and telling preposterous lies to each other, and to anyone else who will listen." He ends with the question, "Who on earth would want to be an African?"

Auberon Waugh is so brave as to be almost rash. In *b & b* (October 1979), he refers to Liberal leader Thorpe being "as queer as a five-shilling note," and tells how Thorpe was given a directorship by one Gerald Caplan in a fringe bank dealing with second mortgages. It seems Thorpe was known in Parliament as "Mr. 280 percent" long before the bank crashed and Caplan fled the country.



Waugh decries Cecil Beaton's diaries as "only part of the truth . . . a delicate, covered porcelain chamber pot whose real contents we can only guess at" (Sept. 1979). He continues: "Then comes the war. Although Cecil is too sensitive to fight, he becomes frightfully patriotic on occasion, and we hear that 'Cecil had a perfectly horrid fiftieth birthday in a nasty hotel in Norfolk, Virginia . . .'" There is always Waugh's delightful chauvinism: "I can't really see the joy of being German or Japanese. Who wants an economic miracle?" (Aug. 1979).

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Very occasionally a corner of the veil is lifted, and we get some idea of the real historical role of the Jews. In the official handbook of Oxford (O.U.P., 1968) occurs the following passage by Sir Charles Mallet (fine Norman name, incidentally): "In 1244 and again in 1268 there were great quarrels with the Jews, then rich and powerful, who probably took advantage of impecunious students."

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I hope that the Auld Sod, God Bless him, has seen the error of his ways. Let him renounce the tricolour of Bongoland and embrace the cross of St. Patrick emblazoned in the Union Jack.

\* \* \*

*Private Eye*, despite its faults, still comes out with some little gems. Here is its idea of the marriage ceremony between Antonia Pakenham, known to its readers as Lady Magnesia Freeloove, and Harold Pinter, the playwright.

Trendy Parson: "Wilt thou, Antonia, since thou hast been living with this man for the past three years, now agree to make it all legal like?"

Antonia: "I will."

Parson: "And as for thee, Harold. Dost thou agree to give it a whirl so long as it remains mutually convenient?"

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In the same issue of the *Eye* we have Auberon Waugh again, this time on the Book of Revelation. He says his own theory (that St. John was drunk at the time) is disputed by a clerical friend, who believes that St. John was "talking in code, comprehensible only to Jews." Waugh comments, "This seems to be a most dangerous theory, which might be extended to the whole modern movement in art by unscrupulous persons for their own ends."

\* \* \*

I used to enjoy horse-racing a great deal, and you might have seen me as Ascot or Aintree in a morning suit and grey top-hat. But I no longer go. The whole system of handicapping horses with lead weights strikes me as an abomination. Break-

ing the heart of a good horse, merely because it is better than the others, is not sport but its antithesis. You'll never see me at a zoo either. I think it is wrong to confine animals in small cages who roam widely in their native habitats -- just so that *hoi polloi* can enjoy their captivity. I once saw a lot of Indians at the Calcutta Zoo shoving bamboos through the bars to tease a tiger -- whereupon I stamped heavily on a lot of bare feet, with a big, placatory smile on my face. On the other hand, you will see me in hunting pink, riding to hounds. That strikes me as a natural activity.

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In view of cracks in *Instauration* about "brown-eyed grandmothers called O'Shaughnessy," it is worth recording that Carleton Coon describes Ireland as having the highest proportion of light eyes in Europe. Thus the painting by Lawrence O'Toole entitled "Washington's Irish," which shows everyone in the picture with brown eyes, including Washington, is obvious nonsense. I challenge anyone to find a random dozen of Irishmen with dark eyes. Hair colour is another matter. The Baltic states have the highest proportion of people with fair hair, and between there and Ireland one can find almost every combination of hair and eyes.

\* \* \*

It is high time someone struck a blow for the traditional English dinner, which is coming under fire for its class associations and "sexist" overtones. Allow me to elaborate. The participants in this ritual wear evening jackets with black bow-ties in the case of the men and long dresses in the case of the women. On highly formal occasions a white tie and tails may be worn. Note that the garb is standardized, and this has drawn the critics' fire. Indeed, it is a kind of uniform, a class uniform if you like, and any departures from tradition (plush red bow-ties, blue velvet smoking jackets) are rightly regarded as steps on the downward path towards "doing your own thing." It was Bernard Shaw who justified evening dress (and the common garb of monks) by claiming that equality in matters of dress allowed for greater individuality. It concentrates attention on the face if everyone is wearing the same clothes. Eye-catching suits for men are in fact a substitute for individuality. The ladies are permitted much more latitude, but their objective would appear to be different. They wish to focus attention on the body as a whole. This leads me to the anti-liberal aspects of the dinner party. When dinner is over, and one has said all that one has to say (in public at any rate) to one's female neighbours, the hostess tips the wink, and all the ladies file out quietly, leaving the gentlemen in possession of the field. The ladies meanwhile enjoy a good gossip in the drawing-room, while the men remain at or around the table (or sometimes in a study) passing around decanters of brandy, and discussing ideas or different aspects of country life, according to taste. Sometimes the older men encourage the younger ones to show off by jumping out of the window or performing other feats to amuse the company. Each sex is free to relax in the

manner most natural to it, so that when they come together again at the end of the evening, a suitable tension of interest and expectation has been recreated between them.

Now contrast this with what goes on among the bourgeoisie. Husband and wife are inseparable, to such an extent that they have unisex interests and mannerisms. They are, of course, excruciating bores. How could it be otherwise, when each has suppressed his or her most natural instincts? The husband is mentally "doctored" and the wife is naturally dissatisfied with him. But she is a frightful phenomenon too -- opinionated beyond belief. In Central Europe, which may claim a fair number of the world's most tedious people, such couples sit together for as long as six hours at a stretch,

chewing the stale cud of ideas borrowed from magazines and newspapers. In the States there are also plenty of unisex couples, but social life is redeemed by the institution of the buffet. It is not rude in America to change one's seat with each course, and the fact that one serves oneself makes it all the easier. In Britain the bourgeoisie tries to pretend that nothing has changed and that it still has maidservants. The wife makes conversation with a bright smile, and disappears from time to time into the kitchen. I find this pretentious, and so do many others, with the result that the American buffet is becoming increasingly common. In Australia, they have borrowed the excellent Swedish institution of the Smorgasbord, which is rather similar. In South Africa they still have servants.

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## Father Machree

# From the Auld Sod

Recently I had a talk with an Ulster friend who just returned from a visit to the States. He was greatly pleased (and even astonished) at the success we nationalists have had in making the American public aware of the true nature of the Irish situation. However, when he began discussing life in present-day America, he seemed to be very glad to be back in Ireland.

To make a long story short, it seems that the U.S. appears to be going down the drain a lot faster than any of us here in the Auld Sod could have imagined. Despite all of our troubles, we Irish in Ireland should start taking up a collection of cash and good advice for the unfortunate American. For the first time in weeks, I actually counted my blessings.

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There should most certainly be some special laws that apply to Northern Ireland to protect the Orangemen's rights to their own culture and religion. There should also be some laws to enable the Northern Irish to carry on some of their present-day commercial dealings. The flight of foreign capital, foreign markets, and foreign trade would be a disaster. After all, a religious fanatic can't eat scripture nor can an Irishman swallow Sinn Fein rhetoric. And, considering how federal laws have chewed away states' rights in the U.S., one wonders how the rights of Irish WASPs would be protected.

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One of the greatest strengths of Ireland is that Catholics encourage large families -- white families over here. However, Catho-

lics could prove to be one of Ireland's greatest disasters should they decide to accept large numbers of blacks and mud people. I have heard that some of Ireland's more radical priests now favor this policy.

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As for *Instauration's* WASP readers who are upset by my Irish thoughts, the more outraged their comments the better I like them. If they get mad enough to write letters, then they will have less time to spend in the idiotic clutches of American television.

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Despite the anger at the conditions over the treatment of the Irish POWs in H-Block, I am told an effort to raise money in Florida for the American branch of the IRA fell flat. One Irish Floridian remarked: "Prisoners in Ireland? What about the elderly prisoners in Miami who are afraid to go out on the streets at night since the Cuban invasion?"

When it was explained that the AIRA did not plan to get involved in American politics, the same man recalled that *The Irish People* (a pro-IRA paper that has been recommended for reading by the AIRA) had all sorts of good things to say for the Marxist Afros who took over Rhodesia. At that point the gathering for the Irish POWs began to disintegrate. The end came when another Irishman told about what was happening to Irish Americans and to all whites in American prisons. While the AIRA received no donations, the Ku Klux Klan received quite a few contributions and welcomed several new members.

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The IRA has already knocked off nineteen prison guards -- which does not do a lot toward improving relations between the guards and their prisoners. Nevertheless, I consider the guards are fair game for this type of war. You see, the stories are quite true about the dreadful treatment of the Irish nationalist prisoners. It is also true that the British army is in Ulster simply to protect the Protestants and bring about the defeat of those who would unite Ireland. The soldiers oppress the Catholics and in no way protect them. And yes, the British have continually lied and distorted the facts both to the world and their own people.

However, the Dublin politicians have yet to make any serious preparations to protect the non-Catholic people of Ulster should the British troops pull out. Indeed, the thought seems to have frightened the Dubliners into paralysis. One reason may be that many of the Sinn Fein's more radical members plan to keep the fight going whether Ireland is united or not. In fact, they have recently announced that their goal is nothing less than to establish a "democratic socialist republic," as Phil Flynn practically said at Sinn Fein's National Education Seminar last September. "Anything short of this," he assures us, "is not worth fighting for, and does not justify one loss of life. It follows that anyone who rejects such an objective, rejects republicanism, as sure as those who accept the imperialistically imposed border."

Sinn Fein members seem to despise nationalist parties in most other countries, though some of them do seem to have fairly good relationships with the Communists and their ilk. In other words, while mouthing democratic socialism or whatever, what

they seek is a Marxist-type revolution if they do not get the kind of a government that they desire in all Ireland.

To that, of course, a great many Irishmen say, "mud."

Before we can hope to have any real peace in Erin, the colonies in the north will have to be given some special status. To expect the Ulster Protestants to break all ties with England, as Tone envisioned, is absolute nonsense. In fact, before the British troops leave, it might not be a completely insane idea to sign a treaty with the British which would make the Northern Irish wards of the Queen. Then the Old Girl could send her troops back to Northern Ireland, if the Irish government failed to protect the Ulsterites.

If we don't come up with some original solutions like the above, the Eire Nua we all look forward to in Ireland will probably turn into a Cuba at best, or at worst a Uganda.

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It is my unhappy duty to report that I also hear from America that another blooper has been made by an AIRA member. A letter from AIRA Internal Security bemoaned the fact that much American Nazi and KKK material had been circulating -- material that was claimed to be contrary to the AIRA Constitution. The letter warned that all such literature will be turned over to the U.S. Justice Department the minute it is received.

This seems rather strange because the AIRA and other Irish-American organizations are forever howling that the FBI and the U.S. government persecute Irish nationalists, and forever complaining that their side of the story is not given in the pro-British, American news media. So far, it has not dawned on most of the Irish that the American news media is Jewish-oriented and that the proper place to take their gripes of this nature would be to the Hebrew Department.

The idea of making brownie points with

the government by turning in "controversial" political material often tends to backfire on the jackasses who make a habit of it. However, where the AIRA security chief really put his foot in it was in some of his other statements, such as, "No man or country is good enough to be another's master" (which would be better said to the Zionists and the Russians) and, "We Irish never have, nor will we ever feel we are superior to any other race."

Needless to say, this statement shows the AIRA man to be completely ignorant of both Irish history and genetics. Since the Irish tend to be thought of as a rather comical race, these remarks have probably produced more laughter than any genuine outrage.

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While I often tend to dismiss John Nobull as being full of lots of bull concerning the Irish situation, I must admit that his remarks in the November *Instauration* made me think. The idea of aiding some of the radicals in Ulster to relocate in the south of Ireland deserves some study. This would be an ideal project for the Dublin government. But first the Dublin politicians should sit down with the northern politicians and recognize that two very different types of governments and two very different types of people share the same island.

For over 800 years the Irish have been fighting off and on to unite Ireland, but the differences between the thought and the culture of the two tribes are even greater than those between East and West Germany or North and South Korea. Certainly, I would like to see a united Ireland along with some justice for the Catholic minority in the north. Still, the Protestant majority in Ulster must certainly be well aware of disasters in England and America which have come from permitting minorities to call the shots on running a country. It is also a sad fact that

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black Africans are an exception to this rule. But it is now illegal in Britain to write or discuss this problem objectively. Fortunately in Ireland we still can.

Of course, a lot of my Irish nationalist friends are going to howl that I'm selling them out. Yet by taking positive steps to help the entire island, we may eventually arrive at the unity that has divided Irishmen for eight centuries.

While John Nobull's idea might well fail, as so many others, I think it would be almost criminal not to attempt it. This idea should also be considered in the Mideast where moving the entire Jewish population of Israel to a new homeland would most certainly be cheaper and more humane than embarking on World War III.

Of late our new Pope has displayed a great sense of showmanship, but not much common sense. Clearing the name of Galileo, who was vindicated centuries before John Paul II was born, is not a great act. Arthur Butz's writings give us a better insight into what did not happen at Auschwitz than a papal opinion of what did. Though the Pope was honest enough to admit that much of what Martin Luther had to say about the Catholic Church was correct, he lacked the courage to admit that Martin Luther also gave us some pretty good insights into the Jews.

Now Johnny Paul the Second has come out with a theory that a married man may actually lust after his own wife. I am not quite sure I know what all this means. Nor am I convinced that the Pope knows what he means. However, this type of theological nonsense will keep the Church so occupied with trivia, that it won't have time to look into more important matters, such as the war in Ireland, for scores of years.

Butz will probably have to wait longer than Galileo to get that papal OK. Meanwhile, I will probably be excommunicated.

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## Primate Watch

**HARRY S. (for nothing) TRUMAN** once said *thousands* of Americans were more qualified for the presidency than he was. On July 17, 1945, the first day he met Stalin, Truman wrote in his diary, according to a recent report in the *Chicago Sun-Times* (Nov. 16, 1980): "I can deal with Stalin. He is honest . . ." Let's raise that number to *millions*.

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In Tahlequah, Oklahoma, a scenic col-

lege town, a petition was signed by 2,000 residents asking that local ordinances in regard to pornographic material be enforced and all feelthy magazines be removed from local stores and newsstands. However, there was a catch. **BURT JOSEPH**, the attorney for Playboy Enterprises in Chicago, said these citizens "could get sued for depriving other town residents of their constitutional rights. . . they are tampering with the most precious, closely held freedom Americans have."

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San Diego State University loaned its academic halls last November to **STOKELY CARMICHAEL** (aka Kwame Tourne) so he could present his minstrel-show lecture, "Pan Africanism -- the total liberation and unification of Africa under scientific socialism." Kwame, the black swami, wants one big chocolately Africa full of revolution and empty of whites (except for Sts. Marx and Lenin, who really weren't too white).

**JACOBO TIMERMAN**, formerly a leading Argentine editor and now living in Israel,

made the obligatory grand tour of the United States. "In America," he explained, "anti-Semitism is found most strongly in born-again Christians and Spanish-speaking people." The media say Timerman was arrested by the Argentine military for defending "human rights." The facts are he was arrested for his close contacts with leftist terrorists and his even closer contact with Jewish swindler David Graiver, who may or may not have died in the flaming crash of his leased private jet a few years ago in the mountains of Mexico.

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Recently the Tulsa Jewish Community Council at Temple Israel sponsored a seminar on "What Are Jewish Values?" According to the principal speaker, **DR. MERVIN F. VERBIT**, a sociology professor at Brooklyn College, "The Jewish people were chosen by God to bring perfection to the world." Some of the perfectionists are listed in other parts of this column.

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There's welfare and there's welfare. But welfare payments for sex-change surgery? Yep, \$57,000 worth for Frank Felipe, now **PAMELA FELIPE**, 29, who appeared in a St. Paul district court and lispily pleaded guilty to welfare fraud.

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California State Senator **ALAN ROBBINS**, a macho edition of that mainstay of Eastern conservatism, pederast Robert Bauman, seems to believe in thoroughly researching his legislation. The leading author of California's anti-rape laws, he has just been charged with ten felony counts of sexual misconduct with three teenage girls.

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Who's enticing a pretty young actress named Patti Davis into doing a film called "Silver Doll"? Producer **ANDRÉ LEVIN**, that's who. He wants to make the film in Russia and hopes Patti will oblige. Mother Nancy and Papa Ronnie haven't commented publicly. The First Family was also rather close-mouthed about the "transition period" marriage of their balletomane son, Ronald, to a Mediterranean miss, who, if she were seven years older, could have been his mother.

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Helping to dig your own corporation's grave is a favorite past-time these days. In

November, Chairman **DAVID RODERICK** of U.S. Steel hosted a fund-raising luncheon for the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund at the once lily white but now mud-flecked Duquesne Club in Pittsburgh. **JACK GREENBERG**, the director of the Fund, noted that money donated to his affirmative action hope chest might later be used to pay for lawsuits against the donating corporation. As Roderick remained mum and smiled a sickly smile, Greenberg twisted the dagger, "We've gotten contributions from corporations after we've won cases against them."

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Pretty Miss World, **GABRIELLA BRUM** of West Germany, resigned her crown when it was revealed that her old man, movie cameraman **BENNO BELLENBAUM**, 52, had taken some nude photos of his 18-year-old protégée. Bellenbaum, the Beast, said Fraülein Brum, the Beauty, was a fun-loving girl and had "only posed . . . for me, not for anybody else."

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During his not-so-triumphant swing through the U.S. last November (he couldn't get to see Reagan though Schmidt could), Menahem Begin awarded gold medals to the following: **JERRY FALWELL**, **ADMIRAL ELMO ZUMWALT**, **ex-SENATORS FRANK CHURCH** and **JACOB JAVITS**, surviving **SENATOR HENRY JACKSON**, **BILLY GRAHAM**, **LEON URIS** and **DANNY KAYE**. All of these gentlemen richly deserve these awards. No Americans have lent more support to the Zionist state while it was chasing more than a million Palestinians out of their homes and killing 100,000 of them in the process. Falwell is the moral monster who cheers Israel's bombing of refugee camps in Lebanon, while heading up the Moral Majority over here.

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If you walk down the street in our nation's capital, depending on your color and your chromosome imbalance, you may be handed the following card:

**National Coalition of Black Gays, Inc.**  
 A Political & Educational Network  
 "As Proud of Our Gayness"  
  
 "As We Are of Our Blackness"  
 P.O. Box 57236 - West End Station  
 Washington, D.C. 20037  
 202-797-8877

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Let us pray that the Pope will issue the same orders for **SISTER JANICE McLAUGHLIN** as he gave to ex-congressman Father Drinan -- to cease and desist forthwith all political activity. Sister Janice is one of those spinsterish nunnerly types who went to Rhodesia/Zimbabwe and cheered and fed the black "freedom fighters," those heroes of the bush, who shot down commercial airliners and then massacred on the ground the whites who managed to survive the crash. Sister Janice was deported but has now been invited back by the anti-Catholic Marxist, Robert Mugabe, to "help restructure" Zimbabwe's educational system. She'll probably be teaching Terrorism I.

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Indicted in a \$780,000 Chicago Medicare and Medicaid fraud were **DR. SAMUEL MATLIN**, **DR. IRVING WEISSMAN**, **ROBERT J. BOLNICK**, **J. MALCOLM BEAL**, **DONALD HOROWITZ**, **RICHARD WOIT** and **EMILY ROSE**.

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**CAPTAIN JAMES R. JOHNSON**, a black, was fined \$3,000 by a military court in West Germany for using obscene language. The charge was brought against him by his white woman assistant, Linda Sue O'Herne, who claimed he filled, but did not tickle, her ears with lurid descriptions of sex fantasies. There have been three similar trials in West Germany recently, all involving black males. Johnson's case was a little different because he was not a foul-mouthed infantry officer -- just a foul-mouthed chaplain.

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Former heavyweight champ **GEORGE FOREMAN**, like Johnson, a distinguished member of the black clergy, also had to pay up for some unholy doings. A West Indian nightclub operator, Erma Compton, sued him for \$10 million for beating her, stuffing part of her dress in her mouth and threatening to hang her with two towels. Foreman said he couldn't remember anything, but settled out of court for \$30,000.

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**KUNLE** and **KOFO OSINUBI**, from Nigeria, have sued in a Boston court because their sex life was disrupted after a rental agent refused to show them an apartment. The couple claims "emotional damage" and "loss of sexual drive" because of discrimination.

## Elsewhere



**London.** One of Britain's new culture-enriching immigrants is Desmond Robinson, a mulatto from the island zoo known as Jamaica. Recently the 47-year-old accountant had a brilliant idea. He would advertise in Irish newspapers for young nannies, making sure to include pertinent questions about age, physical measurements, etc. The applicants with the proper specifications were summoned to his flat in London, where they were promptly raped. Robinson figured the girls, all from rural conservative Catholic families, might be too ashamed to tell the police. He was right for many months.

\* \* \*

There will be some changes coming up in British law if the Criminal Law Revision Committee has its way. The bewigged judges and lawyer who comprise the committee have recommended making a husband who forces his intentions on his wife guilty of rape. They also wish to make it legal for close family members to have sex together. For example, it will be perfectly all right for a father to have sexual intercourse with his daughter, provided she is above a certain age, though the lawmakers have not been able to agree whether she should be 15, 18 or 21.

**Paris.** After all of France and large parts of the West had endured a week-long fit of media hysteria following an explosion on a street outside a Paris synagogue, after the police had put out a countrywide dragnet for French right-wingers, after Jews had beaten up and almost killed Marc Fredriksen, the right-wing leader blamed for the incident, after Jews had attacked, injured and half-blinded totally innocent people, a man named Jean-Ives Pellay stepped forward and admitted it was he who had called the police after the bombing and several other anti-Zionist incidents attributed to FANE, Fredriksen's small group of national socialists. Pellay further explained that as a Jew he had taken it upon himself to infiltrate the group and had made the telephone call in order to discredit it. Pellay therefore was directly responsible for Fredriksen's being sentenced to jail for eighteen months (twelve of them suspended), to the outlawing of his group, and to a fine of \$8,250, all of which happened while he was in the hospital recovering from severe injuries and a broken hand inflicted upon him by a "Jewish ambush." Now that Pellay has confessed, will the French government make it up to Fredriksen? Probably not. When Jews light the anti-Semitic flame, it is generally

non-Jews who get burned.

In the end the hue and cry may be counterproductive to those who use it to turn the French people against President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the only Western head of state who has adopted a truly neutral attitude in the Middle East imbroglio. The intense propaganda campaign was also aimed at the Nouvelle Droite, which has been attracting more and more well-educated young Frenchmen to its fold. As *Instauration's* French correspondent writes:

All that has emerged from this nauseous affair is the feeling that Jews are an alien body in France of surprising importance, both in regard to number and influence. Moreover, French right-wing movements have gained a certain amount of public sympathy because of the disgustingly unfair treatment they have received in a so-called civilized country. GRECE in particular has benefitted from Jewish excesses and continues to impress the public with its calm and dignity.

One point that must not be forgotten is that the French government, although in the beginning it played along with the media madness, finally put the case in the hands of the State Security Court, a tribunal organized during the Algerian civil war. Hearings are public but no outside intervention is permitted. There is no appeal. The death penalty is often pronounced (and executed). The resulting total blackout has crippled Jewish attempts to interfere with the investigation and make the usual derogatory comments in the media. The court's judges are always obedient to the government's orders in respect to both its investigations and decisions. By removing the "Copernic" bombing to the jurisdiction of the State Security Court the trial can be postponed indefinitely, though the investigation can be used as a pretext to arrest anybody at any time, seize any document, enter any premises, even those of lawyers and judges, and indefinitely harass people of both the extreme right and the extreme left. This may sound shocking to nations which still observe or pretend to observe the Anglo-Saxon common law, but opening private mail and tapping telephone conversations is a traditional practice of the French government and a basic part of the State Security Court's *modus operandi*.

It is quite possible if the Jews continue their agitation the Court could release evidence that the entire affair was instigated by foreign countries, possibly even Israel itself. It is the fear of such revelations which may keep French Jews and Israelis less raucous in the future.

Another plus from the synagogue bomb-

ing was that in the midst of all the hoopla Fredriksen was able to talk about the Holocaust hoax and his comments on this subject were the first time many Frenchmen heard that the Six Million was a myth.

One final point: One of the earlier "anti-Semitic" incidents that received such a big splash in the press was a report that 67 Jews living in Nice and the French Riviera had been the targets of death threats. A Jewish reporter, who finally got around to investigating the story, discovered that not one of the 67 Jews had ever received or even heard of such threats.

\* \* \*

Last summer Ilse Schwidetzky, a West German who has done some pioneering work in physical anthropology, was awarded one of the three annual Broca prizes in Paris. The other two recipients were American anthropologist William Howells of Harvard and Rumanian anthropologist Olga Necrasov. All well and good. But then the French press published a manifesto by eleven leftists and Jewish intellectuals, none of them anthropologists, accusing Frau Schwidetzky of having directly participated in the "development of Hitlerian racist theories." The Anthropological Society of Paris, which presided over the award ceremonies and the accompanying conferences, was astonished.

A day later the venerable members were even more astonished. During a lecture by Schwidetzky several unidentified young people (Instaurationists could easily identify them) burst into the meeting hall and accused the speaker of having produced "racist writings." They yelled that the science of physical anthropology itself was racist, since race was a "meaningless" concept in human biology. At this point several members of the conference got to their feet and said that the accused had been investigated by various allied commissions after the war and had been properly denazified.

The barbarians are not only at the gate. In France they have started crashing the gate.

**Holland.** Joop Glimmerveen, the leader of the small right-wing National Youth Group, and ten of his followers met in a wood near the town of Soest to commemorate the anniversary of their gallant fight a year ago against a rampaging gang of "anti-fascists" who outnumbered them ten to one. Almost immediately the police descended on them, arrested them and took them off to police headquarters and fined them. What are the rulers of Holland and the rest of the West so afraid of?

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At the age of 81 Pieter Menten was given a ten-year sentence for allegedly taking part in a July 1941 "massacre" of 20 to 30 Jews in Podhoroce, then a part of Poland, now a city in the Soviet Union. Menten's trial was not a very speedy one. It took place in July 1980, exactly 39 years after the event. Menten is now suffering from hardening of the arteries, diabetes, a severe bladder complaint and is a "mental and physical wreck" according to his attorney, who asked that his client be released from jail. A Dutch court rejected the appeal.

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**West Germany.** Now that the *Diary of Anne Frank* has been proved, at least in part, not to have been Anne Frank's diary, now that Robert Faurisson is awaiting trial in France for daring to question the Holocaust, what new horror will the Jewish Inquisition and its hoodwinked (not hooded) non-Jewish assistant inquisitors perpetuate on freedom of inquiry? One of the latest was a German police raid on the home and office of Dr. Wilhelm Stäglich, author of *The Auschwitz Myth*. All copies of the book were seized, as well as the printing plates. Previously a West German court had found Stäglich not guilty of any crime for authoring a factual discussion of the question of the existence of gas chambers. But apparently it is a crime to question the huge German reparations payments to Israel, because it is an attack on the "honor" of the Jewish community. So a German court permitted the search and seizure of the books. What will the West German government do next? Burn them? Shred them? Perhaps in 500 years the Spanish Inquisition in the Middle Ages will be classified as a tea party compared to the Jewish Inquisition of the late 20th century.

**Italy.** The Inquisition is also going great guns in Milan. Eleven young Northern Italians who screamed insults to the Israeli team in a basketball game in March 1979 in Varese were given jail sentences ranging up to 40 months. The official charge was "exalting genocide." It is illegal in most of Western Europe to write anything critical of Jewry. In Italy it is a criminal act to criticize Israeli basketball players. Next year it may be a crime in Italy to cheer for an Italian team in a game against Israelis.

**East Berlin.** Fewer than 350 Jews remain in the eastern half of Germany's former capital, which in the time of the Weimar Republic, when 170,000 Jews called it home, was the most decadent municipality on

earth. The Communist government gives members of the remnant a pension of \$700 a month, four times the amount received by elderly non-Jews. The government is also footing a \$1.1 billion bill for the rebuilding of a Jewish cemetery wall and paying for the upkeep of Jewish institutions, even though there are so few left to use them. Jewish East Berliners, as well as all East German Jews, are exempted from the general ban on foreign travel, so they may attend world Jewry's interminable international conferences.

**Austria** (from a foot-loose Instaurionist). Since German grandmothers seem to be a subject of recent correspondence in the Safety Valve, I would like to share an anecdote with your readers. I often go to Europe and hike in the mountains during the summer, generally stopping and buying fruit and cheese each day for lunch. In a small town in Austria last summer I walked into a store to be greeted by an old lady who reminded me of my own North German grandmother. Rarely have I seen a face so full of age and life at the same time, and such sparkling, piercing blue eyes.

After I had bought a couple of apples, she gave me a searching look and asked, "You're Dutch or Swedish, aren't you?" I replied: "I'm an American." She looked puzzled and disappointed. "Oh, I don't know anything about Americans. But then surely you must have had a grandmother who was Dutch or Swedish?" "No, my grandmother was German." As she again looked disappointed, I quickly added, "But she came from Ostfriesland, so you are correct after all." I winked, and we had a good laugh together.

I left the shop more conscious of my racial identity and with more of a feeling of being part of an ethnic continuum than I had had in many years. I am now doing my best to pass on to my children the sense of Nordic duty, responsibility and pride that my grandmother gave me. I wish I had started when they were younger.

**Moscow.** *Pionerskaya Pravda* is a semi-weekly read by ten million Soviet school children who belong to the Pioneers, a sort of Russian Boy Scout organization. The October 10 issue carried an article that stated, among other things, "the major portion of American newspapers and television and radio companies are in Zionist hands."

The article then went on to say that "Jewish bankers and billionaires" are behind the Jewish Defense League, which "terrorizes Soviet diplomats and other Soviet officials in the United States." *Pionerskaya Pravda*

didn't stop there. "Most of the biggest monopolies for the production of weapons are controlled by Jewish bankers. Business and blood bring them enormous profit."

It is unnecessary to point out that the ADL does not have a branch in the Soviet Union.

**Israel.** As their black trenchermen -- Bayard Rustin, Benjamin Hooks and Vernon Jordan -- frantically try to bridge the yawning abyss between blacks and Jews that opened with the firing of Andrew Young, Israeli bigwigs seem to be doing their best to widen the split. The Israeli minister of the interior not only rejected a plan to legalize the status of 1,500 "black Hebrews" but announced that he would try to convince them to leave the country. He was afraid that if they stayed Israel might soon be the scene of a Middle Eastern Jonestown.

Equally humiliating to black sensibilities was the treatment handed out recently in the Tel Aviv airport to Bayard Rustin, the one-time sex criminal who is presently American Jewry's loudest black voice. Rustin, along with some prominent American black "divines," was pulled out of line and grilled for two hours by Israeli immigration officials before he was allowed to enter the country.

An even more insulting blow came from Moshe Dayan, who vented these incendiary remarks: "Because there is no compulsory draft, the U.S. army is composed only of volunteers, of those who have had to make a living out of the army's payment. Therefore, up to the rank of sergeants, most of the soldiers are blacks, who have a lower education and intelligence. . . . The army should be getting better blood and brains."

American officers would be drummed out of the service for speaking so forthrightly. Though we know why Dayan is so interested in our military proficiency, it was reassuring to hear what we are all aware of, even if the words had to come from the mouth of an enemy who pretends to be a friend.

While white pundits carefully withheld comments on Dayan's remarks, blacks went bananas. The rift is getting wider and deeper.

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Israeli soldiers shot a dozen unarmed Palestinian students demonstrating in closed-down Bir Zeit University on the occupied West Bank. One may die. The outrage evoked some highly qualified and squirmingly apologetic criticism from the *Washington Post*. But the dollars that make all this possible continue to flow in ever bigger packets to the financial black hole of Zionism. The *Post*, incidentally, did not com-

## Elsewhere



plain about the recent Israeli helicopter spraying of poison on Palestinian farmlands, though Katharine Graham's hokum hustlers used to complain mightily about the U.S. Army's defoliation sweeps over North Vietnam. Nor did the *Post* see anything wrong when the Israelis blew up the Gaza Strip home of U.N. official Abdul Karim Surani, who had rented his \$60,000, seven-room home to an Arab medical doctor. The medico was charged with sheltering three PLO members.

\* \* \*

An Israeli commission set up in 1978 to investigate organized crime has released a report which has now been published in France in a book entitled *Israel Connection*, Editions Plon, Paris. Author Jacques Derogy, a French Jewish journalist, lets it all hang out -- the huge drug traffic (100,000 addicts in a population of nearly 4 million); racketeer control of gambling, prostitution, diamond thefts on the grand scale, real estate (settlement) deals on the West Bank; even the distribution and sale of food. In the last five years more than \$100 million worth of goods was stolen from the Tel Aviv airport.

The corruption extends from the police up to the highest levels of government and the army. One of the world's biggest swindlers, Samuel Flatto-Sharon, holds forth in the Knesset as a duly elected deputy and recently played an important role in swinging a decisive vote to keep the Begin government in power. Meyer Lansky, presently a visitor in Israel, has made many other trips there in the past and not for purposes of tourism. One smart con man, Lou Boyar, a

former gold smuggler from San Francisco, even had the chutzpah to propose marriage to Golda Meir.

And it all started long, long ago. Israel's first prime minister, David Ben Gurion, refused to crack down on Mordecai Serfati, one of the most active Israeli dope peddlers. More recently both Moshe Dayan and Ezer Weizman, the author charges, have supported arms smuggling and other criminal activities of Flatto-Sharon, who is financing a network of armed "Jewish defense teams" in France, black Africa and probably elsewhere. Samuel Rothberg, a top-ranking American Zionist and a member of the United Jewish Appeal, is accused of having extended dealings with Lansky. In this context the author notes that an investigation of a drug-running Israeli Mafia in California was quashed in 1979 by Israeli officials and American Zionists. Too late for inclusion in *Israel Connection*, but confirming the author's claim of a general collapse of morality in Israel, was the indictment of Aharon Hattiera, Israeli minister of religious affairs, for bribery.

Derogy's book is a little too hot for publication in either of the world's two Zionist states. But Americans should not be too surprised at its findings. The Mafia in America has always been a joint venture of Southern Italians and Jews, with the former providing the muscle and the latter the legal and financial brains.

**Beirut.** After serving the Jewish cause well with a marvelous performance in the television production, "Playing for Time," Vanessa Redgrave, possibly the greatest living English actress, and certainly one of the

wackiest living Trotskyites, told a Beirut magazine:

I believe that the state of Israel must be overthrown. There can be no room for such a state.

Vanessa said she is going to pay her first visit to the Holy Land, "the day the Palestinian revolution wins, and I'm absolutely convinced that the day is not very far away."

Although she admitted receiving death threats from Zionist organizations, she was unmoved. "I have got the example of the Palestinians in front of me. They are not afraid and neither am I... I will never retreat, never, never, never!"

**Liberia.** Before Liberia's football team began its big game against Gambia, the country's new dictator, Master Sergeant Samuel K. Doe, gave the players a pep talk. He told them they weren't doing too well because they were unwilling "to sacrifice their lives for their country." Then he reminded them of the firing squad that had recently shot to death 13 officials of the former government. The players got the message. They gave their all and managed to hold the vastly superior Gambia team to a draw. The Liberians breathed a deep, collective sigh of relief when Thomas Wehsyer, vice chairman of the Liberian Council, announced after the game, "the footballers have been spared because they played well."

**Argentina.** The 20th-century numbers game is not limited by time and space. The latest version is now being played in Argentina. An Israeli politician, Nahum Solan, an emigrant from Argentina, has charged that the Argentine military has brutally murdered 2,500 Jews. The government of Argentina denies these Jews ever existed.

ing to organize a new group, "White American Political Action," and to formulate goals and issues for 1982. Here is a report from an Instaurationist who attended the meeting:

I was favorably impressed. Metzger expresses himself confidently, reasonably and matter-of-factly, but also with some verve. Though he has gone through the media's "baptism of fire," he appears to have no fear of their machinations, and spoke very objectively about how to reduce their impact to a minimum. For example, he no longer plans to announce his moves in advance, but rather issue press releases after the fact.

He began by speaking about the meaning of his receiving as many votes as he did in the election, and pointed out that his percentage was far higher than any of the independent candidates in California election races. Noting that he had worked for Goldwater back in the sixties, he said

## Stirrings

### Metzger Keeps Running

Majority activists have the habit of bobbing up haphazardly during elections, running for office, doing badly in most places, doing well in a few, and then, after all the votes are in, crawling silently back into the woodwork. All the thousands, in some cases tens of thousands, of followers, supporters and boosters are left hanging in the wind. Instead of building on his electorate, instead of turning his voting bloc into a permanent, dynamic political core, the average Majority activist returns to his old pursuit of chasing the not-so-almighty dollar

Tom Metzger is an exception. The most talked about and most cursed at Majority candidate in the 1980 congressional races, he defeated an old pol for the Democratic

nomination for a House seat from Southern California. After a stormy campaign Metzger was defeated by incumbent Republican Clair Burgener by a vote of 292,039 to 45,623. If Burgener had been less right-wing and more of a typical, hypocritical "me-too" Republican, his atypical, non-hypocritical, non-fork-tongued rival would have netted a much greater number of votes.

Almost the day after the election, Metzger started running for the same congressional seat in 1982. He sent his followers a letter in which he stated that if he could win 45,000 votes, so could similar Majority candidates in other congressional districts. If they did, this would amount to 875,000 friendly voters in California alone.

On November 16, Metzger called a meet-

he felt more optimistic about the political scene now than then. He proclaimed that his WAPA group would be in a positive vein, not "against" anyone or anything, but "for" whites in the same manner as the minority organizations stick up for their members.

Metzger made the point that most of the poor people in this country are white people, but no one speaks for them. He said he wants a "nuts-and-bolts," hard-working organization, not one where he goes on TV for fifteen minutes and tries to "win the war" against the liberal-minority coalition. He reminded his audience that, though wide-open immigration was one of the hottest issues in the minds of the public, it was hardly touched on during the presidential campaign. Finally, he said that WAPA would have "spiritual alliances" with other like-minded groups. His closing remarks were followed by questions and a discussion from the audience. During his talk he mentioned several books which he had stacked on the table in front of him. Prominent among them was *The Dispossessed Majority*.

Metzger's address is P.O. Box 65, Fallbrook, CA 92038.

### **Anti-Zionist Findley Back in Congress**

A congressional race of particular interest to the Majority was that of Republican Paul Findley of Illinois, a Republican incumbent. Findley has been the one member in the House in recent years who has been outspoken in his desire to give the homeless Palestinians a decent break. As a result, Jews pulled out every stop in an effort to unseat him. First, they ran a local mayor against him in the Republican primary. When that failed, they put up a Jewish politician, David Robinson, and backed him to the hilt with a huge campaign chest. Robinson, though born in Illinois, had spent his early days in New York City politics serving on the staff of ex-Mayor Lindsay and the black president of the borough of Manhattan, Percy Sutton. In the course of the campaign a former ADL regional director announced in newspaper advertisements that "Findley was a practicing anti-Semite." This smear was even too much for Robinson, who had to make a public apology.

In the high tide of the campaign Findley put on a special fund-raiser in Springfield, Illinois. Bob Hope, who was scheduled to appear, circumspectly and faint-heartedly bowed out at the last moment, as did Ronald Reagan, who happened to be in town that very day. In the end, however, Findley won handily, 132,174 to 96,590.

### **Tax-Exempt Politics**

The ADL took an active part in the defeat of Tom Metzger and Gerald Carlson and did its best to remove Paul Findley from Congress, despite the fact that it is a tax-exempt organization specifically forbidden to engage in partisan politics. But since it is above the law, no one dares to challenge its tax-exempt status. All during the 1980 campaign the monthly *ADL Bulletin* devoted a great deal of its space to direct or indirect attacks on any politician or political ideology that put the interests of this country above those of Israel. The *Bulletin* has a circulation of 169,000 and enjoys the low-cost mailing rate of nonprofit organizations. The ADL can mail its minority racist propaganda at less than half what it would cost Howard Allen to mail a magazine of similar size and weight.

### **The Race is On for Mississippi Governor**

Another Majority activist who is planning ahead -- way ahead -- is Elmore Greaves of the Southern National Party. Mr. Greaves, a lawyer and the most prominent living Southern Separatist, is going to run for governor of Mississippi in 1983. As he states in a recent issue of the *Southern National Newsletter*:

Appeals to the Constitution will not save us. It is as absurd to believe in Constitutional rights for the white man in the latter part of 20th-century America -- especially in the South -- as it is to believe in Santa Claus or the tooth fairy. The Constitution did not protect the South in 1860 and it will not protect us now. After all, what is the Constitution but a paper document made of rags, subject to the interpretation of a subversive Supreme Court, assisted in various ways by lower courts of the same ilk? . . .

We must give all our attention to the creation of an instrumentality that will protect us, that will sustain us, and that will ultimately free us . . . It was necessary that . . . the George Wallace movement and other rear-guard actions had to dry up. All effort must now be put into the supreme task of revitalizing the spirit of the Southern people. This can still be done legally by political action . . .

We must carry the message to the masses of the Southern white people in a particular locality, in a particular geographic area, on a particular occasion. We must have an exciting campaign. We must go out during the time when people get most excited -- and in Mississippi they get most excited about the gubernatorial race. Our first effort must be based on the local level. It must be provincial in its very nature. We have no idea of fielding a candidate for president, even if we could. We must first

have a home base, a home party, with a limited objective . . .

The most feasible race at this time is the governorship of Mississippi, which is coming up in three more years -- in a small population area of two and a half million, with sixty-five percent white people. I shall be that candidate, either as a Southern Nationalist or as an Independent! But it is not enough to wait until 1983 to start . . .

The address of the Southern National party is P.O. Box 18214, Memphis, TN 38118. Phone number: (901) 794-2115.

### **The Times Loses a Few**

The *Chattanooga Times*, the first rung in the media ladder that led Adolph Ochs to the ownership of that platitudinous palimpsest of diurnal democratic doggerel known as the *New York Times*, has fallen on such evil times that it had to merge its printing operation last year with the *News-Free Press*, which, horror of horrors, is owned by a Majority member who, horror of horrors, is a Republican, a conservative and somewhat of a regionalist. Yes, the New York Ochs and Sulzbergers, although they still own the *Chattanooga Times*, had to rattle a tin cup in front of their local competitor to keep their logorrheic lib-speaking lexicon on the kiosks. Over the years, fewer and fewer Chattanoogaans, as the paper's balance sheets clearly show, are swallowing the alien corn served up by their Manhattan minority mentors.

Up there in the Big Wormy Apple Adolph Ochs's heirs are facing other problems. The *New York Times*, the primary media prophet of affirmative action, pleaded guilty to discriminating against black, Hispanic and Asian employees and settled out of court for \$685,000. A few years ago the same exemplary anti-sexist newsorgan lost a similar suit filed against it by its female employees.

There is still more bad news to come. Saul Steinberg, a rhinestone corporate raider, has now bought 5.2% of the New York Times Company stock, a purchase which must be viewed as the beginning of an all-out, Ochs-out ploy to replace the German-Jewish ownership with a Russian- or Polish-Jewish owner (it is uncertain out of which ghetto or shetl Steinberg's immediate forebears emerged). This should result in a smoother relationship between the business and editorial divisions of the *Times*, since the chief editor, Abe Rosenthal, is a redblooded Ashkenazi from oriental Europe.

Steinberg eventually hopes to buy 20 to 30% of the *Times* shares, though he will have a hard time obtaining control, since most of the voting rights are reserved for



holders of Class B stock, which is not for sale. This is an unusual financial set-up not enjoyed by ordinary corporations, whose common stock includes voting rights. But the owners of the *Times*, you know, don't have to comply with SEC regulations like ordinary mortals. Steinberg, by the way, through his billion-dollar complex of insurance companies, already owns 4.5% of Gannett and 4.9% of Knight-Ridder, two supposedly "Aryan" newspaper empires.

### Calling Hefner by His Right Name

No one has made more money out of Nordic beauty and no one has done more to degrade the Nordic race than a banal, degenerate racial hybrid named Hugh Hefner. Finally, finally, a group of citizens got together, raised some money and ran a full-page ad in the *Chicago Tribune* calling Hefner, who was recently honored by the ADL, to account for his war on human decency. The proper English word was used to describe him. "It may be time the people stopped calling you a fun-loving editor and start thinking of you as a *pimp-like* promoter who has been attempting to make a sexual toy out of the American woman and an irresponsible adolescent out of the American man." The italics are *Instauration's*.

The words were written, or at least approved, by an Italian-American Jesuit, a Presbyterian pastor, a Polish-American judge, a former *Playboy* bunny and a fundamentalist preacher. All hail to them. If any Instaurationist wants to help defray the cost of the ad or of future ads, he can send a few bucks to the National Heritage Foundation, P.O. Box 40945, Washington, D.C. 20016.

### Reversing Reverse Discrimination

The entire enforcement process of reverse discrimination -- i.e., the withholding of federal funds from schools, institutions and businesses who refuse to comply with government-ordered racial quotas -- rests on a 1965 executive order of President Lyndon Johnson, who promulgated it after Congress refused to tack on such powers to the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Alone of all the big corporations, the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company has decided to test the legality of this executive order, which has no basis in law or even in congressional intentions. The case was first heard in December by the U.S. District Court in Beaumont, Texas, after which the judge took the matter under advisement. Whatever happens, this will only be the first step in the long legal march which Firestone hopes will lead to the High Bench.

### Anglicizing Britain

The National Front is British, says Ray Shenton, a low-magnitude but possibly rising star in the British political firmament -- and that is very wrong. It should be English. He points to the success of the Scottish and Welsh nationalists who appeal to "folkish traditions" and base their ideas and activities on the history and tradition of an ancient "folk."

Britain, explains Shenton, only came into being in 1707 and the United Kingdom in 1801, and both therefore are practically history-less. England, on the other hand, goes back into the dim, dark days of the *völkerwanderungen*. What's more, the English have a long and consistent record of xenophobia, a state of mind and deed that Shenton cannot recommend too highly. King Athelstan expelled the Celts from his realm. The Irish were driven out of London in 1243 and from all England in 1492. Scots were forbidden to live in England until 1603. A century later, Parliament passed an act to repatriate the Scots who had come south to get a taste of the good life. In 1290, King Edward I kicked out the Jews. In 1596, Queen Elizabeth threw out the blacks.

There is no such thing as a British or Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race, Shenton asserts. He quotes British nationalist Andrew Fountaine, who proclaimed in 1952 that "Britain and the Empire are synonymous." Since the Empire is dead, Shenton notes that Britain must be dead and Fountaine must be right.

Shenton wrote in a letter to the National Front:

Whilst the NF remains "British" it will be tied to a fading memory. Once it becomes an English party it will be able to cry "Remember" as do all nationalist parties. . . . Remember the peasant revolts which attacked and drove out the foreign immigrants (and for this reason are no longer mentioned by the revolutionary left). These were revolts of English peasants, not British ones, and drove immigrants from England, not Britain. The left ignores them because they were anti-immigrant; the NF because they were English, not British. 1981, by the way, is the 600th anniversary of the Peasant's Revolt.

Shenton recommends a "Confederate Britain with an English Parliament in control of English citizenship and immigration." He sees this as the only way to break the liberal-minority stranglehold because England is conservative (true blue conservative, not phony Tory conservative), whereas Wales and Scotland are strongholds of the left. He adds that it was England, not the other parts

of Britain, that established

the world's largest empire, the world's first parliamentary democracy, the world's first industrial revolution and the world's most widely spoken language. . . . England's decline started with the massive influx of Celtic immigrants. . . . They brought with them their love of canting oratory, rather than a dynamic action -- a trend that has become more noticeable as the Celtic proportion of the population increased.

As for the Ulster Protestants, whom Shenton describes as Anglo-Celt mestizos, he calls their claim to be British absurd. He does admit, however, they are a unique folk and deserve to have their own state.

If National Front members can't get their leaders to become more English and less British, Shenton offers them an alternative. They can join his National English party, 36 Eastgate Street, Stafford, England.

### Holocaust Case Goes To U.S. Court of Appeals

The Ridgewood Group, a cultural and educational organization composed principally of German Americans, has appealed an FCC decision denying the group's Fairness Doctrine complaint against NBC-TV. The Ridgewood people demanded air time to respond to the 1978 and 1979 TV Holocaust series on the grounds that the "extermination allegation" constitutes a controversial issue of public importance. In appealing, the group is also challenging the general application of the Fairness Doctrine in the context of First Amendment rights to media access and the promulgation of "unpopular views." The constitutional aspect of the case may possibly push it as far as the Supreme Court. Any ruling of the Appeals Court, however, will certainly be of prime interest to anyone in the communications business.

The Ridgewood Group has now exhausted the appeals process within the Federal Communications bureaucracy. The last Petition for Reconsideration was filed in May 1979. It took the bureaucratic mediocrats more than fourteen months to decide that the petition had been filed a day late, although the plaintiffs contend that it had been filed on time. The plaintiffs also stated, "Even after three appeals within the Commission, there was no effort to seriously address the evidence of the major Fairness Doctrine violation which exists in this case."

Instaurationists who would like to contribute something to this pioneering but costly litigation may do so by sending their checks to the Ridgewood Defense Fund, P.O. Box 37711, Omaha, NE 68137.