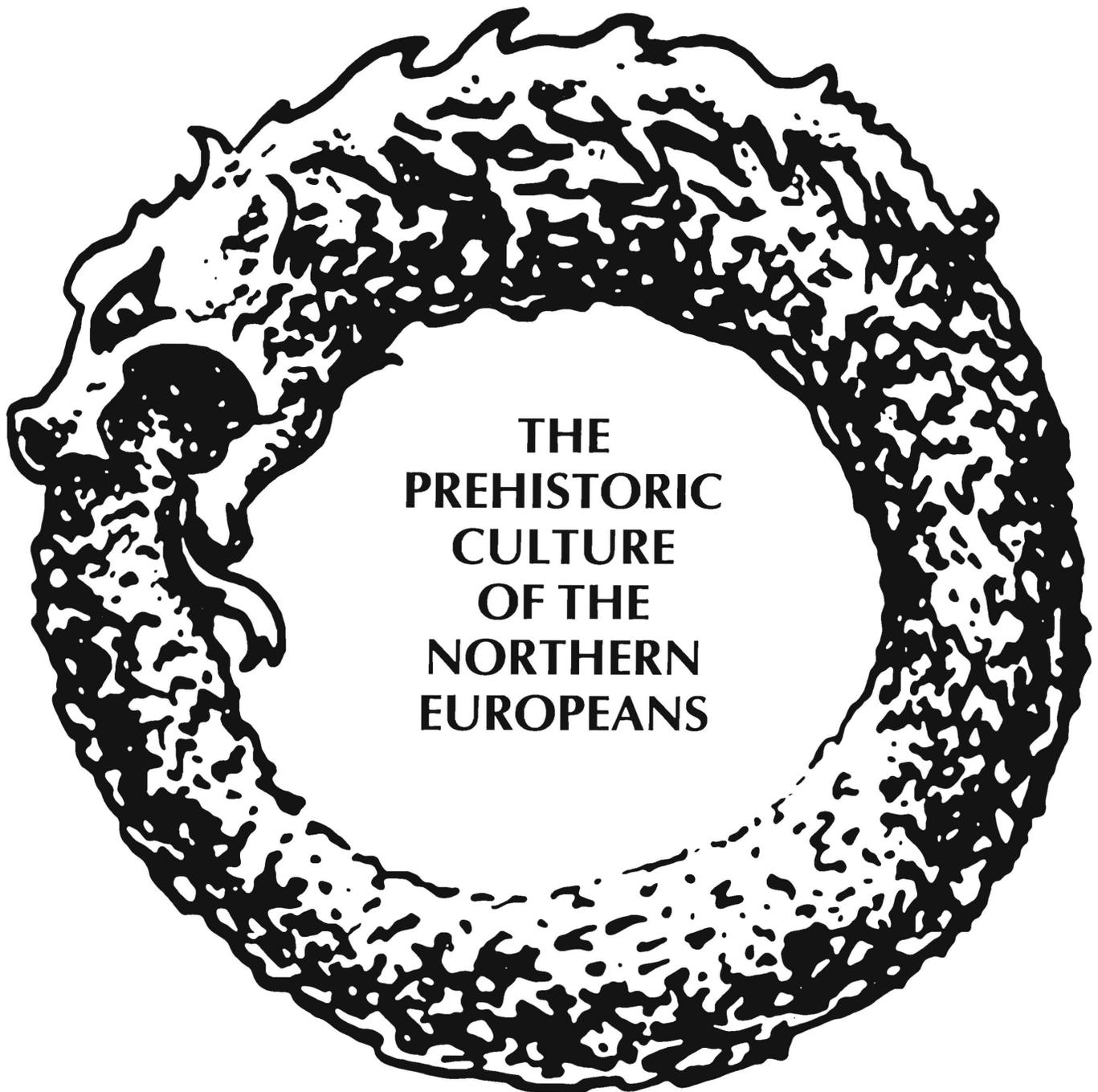


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 6 NO. 12

NOVEMBER 1981



The Safety Valve

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

Mr. Begin blows the hell out of Iraq. So halt the F-16 jet sale! Then start the jet sale to Israel again. Blow the hell out of Lebanon. Stop, then start the jets again. Poor Ronnie just cannot decide what to do! Not so poor Menahem. He knows exactly what to do. Kill and maim 1,000! Lose three Jews or so and make headlines. Bagels Begin is a lot more cunning than Bonzo Boy. That's why the former has the latter in his pocket. 327

Politicians go around wringing their hands like little boys saying, "What shall we do -- Social Security, morality and American efficiency are falling apart!" Well, what did they expect would happen when the mud people flood the land and take over? They will not make any more of this country than they did of their own. Changing tennis courts does not improve the player. 720

To help justify Israel's sneak attack on the Baghdad reactor, Begin announced that his American F-16s had destroyed a secret bomb-making laboratory 40 meters under the wreckage. A day later, he reduced this distance to 4 meters. The French, who had built the reactor, said even this latter claim was a fantasy and no such underground laboratory existed. So we have 40 meters being reduced to 4 meters and then, when the truth is known, to zero meters. Does this same negative progression apply to other, more widely known Jewish figures? 721

Instauration (May 1980) spoke of Mildred Rogers, the learned black college grad from Portland State, who "learned her students to write their name." Did she graduate "summa cum laude" or "laude how cum?" 212

You Anglo-Saxons should not overlook us Ukrainians. We're kindred souls, not "furriners." May I add to the quotation of D.H. Lawrence: "The soul [read Nordic] is not to pile up defenses around herself. She is not to withdraw and seek out her heavens inwardly . . . She is to go down the open road, as the road opens into the unknown, keeping company with those [even Ukrainians] whose soul draws them near to her, etc." A few accomplished Ukrainians in the U.S. are: John Hodiak, Nick Adams, Mike Mazurki, Jack Palance, Anna Sten (all of movies); Paul Plishka (leading bass, Metropolitan Opera); Paul Poberezny (aviation); Sikorsky (aircraft); Archipenko (sculptor); Lukash (president's physician). 529

In your report on the World Sexology Congress in Israel (*Instauration*, July 1981), you neglected to mention one of the more prominent delegates -- Xaviera Hollander, America's leading madame and author of *The Happy Hooker*, which translated into Hebrew has become an Israeli bestseller. 341

I do not think that now is the time for Anglo-Saxon unity, as John Tyndall does in his article (Aug. 1981). We are in a war for the survival of the white race. Surely this is the time for white unity. We can get into subracial unions later. 472

I am pleased to note that, according to the Nielsen ratings, the latest network re-run of "Roots -- the Next Generation" finished in last or next-to-last place for each of the several weeks it ran. And last fall's "Who Shot J.R.?" episode of "Dallas" has surpassed the original "Roots" as the most-watched TV program of all time. It looks like the public has finally tired of Alex Haley's fairy tales. 302

Our local paper mentioned another undesirable side-effect of the importation of Negroes to our shores. It seems the cockroach first came to America in slave ships. 606

I especially liked the article by Throckmorton, "A Sensible Nordicism" (July 1981), as I think along the same lines. It brings to my mind what Hitler once said (with a smile) when he presented Knights Crosses to some air aces, "Whatever happened to my blond, blue-eyed heroes?" It's good to have an ideal, but one also has to be realistic. I agree with Throckmorton that the Swedes are, after all, boring. German subscriber

In respect to your correspondent from the Sceptred Isle, I may be all wet, but I have labored all these years with the firm conviction that one never uses the word "Scotch" for anything but the liquor, or something of which it is part of the name or title. Hence, Nobull's frequent reference to Scotch people and things rubbed me the wrong way. Or again, maybe I have been wrong all these years. 880

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Webster's Third International Dictionary* (p. 2037) defines Scotch as "the people of Scotland" and accepts it as a synonym for Scots.

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Prince Charles is a tragic figure. He will be the last king of Britain.

937

How about another article from the author of "A Majority Family at Bay" (June 1981)? Let him explain why he alone of all his family came to see things our way. What experiences, books, friends, incidents and/or influences helped?

931

Hinckley was associated with the National Socialist Party of America for a time in 1978-79. It is true that the photograph which the media originally claimed to be Hinckley's was that of James Whittom, but it is also true that Hinckley was for a brief time a Party member. Party leader Mike Allen of Chicago claims that Hinckley was expelled on his recommendation because of his inclination to violence and illegality. Allen should know. Hinckley himself said he was leaving the Party voluntarily because he felt it was not an "action" group, and he made it fairly clear that by "action" he meant violence and illegality. Whatever else he may have been, Hinckley struck me as being a serious and thoughtful man; his letters were concise, pointed and made a good case for his point of view. I suppose it is possible the man was crazy as a loon the whole time and was clever at concealing his madness, as so many psychopaths are. This possibility having been admitted, however, I still don't buy it. The question is academic anyway. If he wasn't crazy when he went into Butner for all those "psychological evaluations," the drugs and brainwashing he is receiving in isolation from the System insures he will be crazy if and when he ever appears in court.

294

Remember, the lowest syphilitic 18-year-old prostitute cancels your vote -- as does the most illiterate welfare criminal in South Chicago -- and these dregs receive, from the politicians, much more care and concern than is ever lavished on you.

338

I am not sure why *Instauration* thinks IQ is such a great thing. It is a talent of only limited value. I can tell you that from experience. (I am a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and so is my wife.) Perhaps the greatest of all talents is the ability to tell people in positions of authority what they want to hear with a straight face.

700

I spoke with a young white Israeli in Europe who told me that nothing could be done for the dumb brown Jews who were about to inherit the country. He said there was no hope for Israel. Then with a peculiar smile he added, "But I believe there will be another world war soon, and that will change everything."

084

Latest bumper sticker seen on the Atlanta expressway: "Where Are You Now General Sherman? When Atlanta Really Needs You."

302

Instauration has made the statement that "as long as what is written has a thin laminate of sanity and coherence, we will print almost anything." However, the publication of "Hibernia Agonistes" (July 1981) seems to belie that statement. "Hibernia Agonistes" contained absolutely no sanity or coherence at all. None.

Irish subscriber

For Hinckley there will never be the Golden Dawn after Ragnarok, the new consciousness that might so easily have been his had his heredity or luck been different. No other result could have come from spending seven empty, pointless years in a college town, the worst possible place one can live or try to live. The campus is anti-Majority and has been for a long time. Insular college towns are fatal; even a Lubbock, which is dry, hollow and superficial in Tex-mod style, has nothing to compensate for the gaping nothingness of the Texas Tech environs. These were the conditions that caught and destroyed Hinckley, who came to realize that there was nothing outside him alive, nourishing or worth anything, while inside he was bleeding into an interior nothingness as the last hopes of a real, constructive existence broke off, increment after increment.

653

Before the Reagan freeze on hiring, the FAA was training hundreds of applicants for air traffic controllers' jobs every year. There are 17,000 controllers, and a large number of annual replacements are needed to keep up with attrition. Thirty-eight new controllers every 18 months are not going to hack it. The package Reagan offered PATCO, the controllers' union, was \$40 million, or less than three days aid to Israel.

991

If you have ever looked at Senator Alan Cranston carefully, you will see a marked resemblance to what the Germans call a *Totenkopf*, the insignia you see on such things as iodine bottles. His face consists only of bone and skin, with a mouth appearing only as a straight line the width of a pencil lead. He reflects the warmth of a pit viper.

111

I have heretofore forbore to comment on your frequent cheap shots at President Reagan. I find it difficult to believe that you can be so disloyal to a president who is trying to put this country back on a firm foundation. What in God's name do you want? Would you prefer Jimmy Carter or are you awaiting the Second Coming? You are willfully tearing down the only ray of hope this country has had in decades. I gave up the *National Review* because of Bill Buckley's high-flown, arrogant rhetoric, and the *Conservative Digest* because of its one-track policies. I now ask that you refund my money for the June renewal and cancel my subscription. I shall stick to the only paper which is eminently readable and honest -- *Human Events*. Your snobbish pedantry offends me!

109

What has always bothered me about *Instauration* is that so many of the attitudes expressed and solutions offered seemed to be in such radical opposition to the Northern European soul. You have correctly pointed out that much of what passes for conservatism is anything but that. Cannot the same be said of racism? The many similarities between communism and Christianity are quite clear. Fascism is not that far removed. I once read that Nazism was a Mediterranean invention designed to divide the Germanic peoples against one another. Jung said, "Nazism and Bolshevism are one and the same." That fascism leads to communism is evidenced by the goose-stepping comrades of East Germany. Anyone questioning the link between fascism and Judaism should consult Menahem Begin. I do not care for the Jewish race, yet I do not hate Jews. Those who hate Jews must have much in common with them that they do not care to be reminded of. You don't take seriously that Bircher who would rather sit in rice pudding than read Thomas Hardy, and I don't blame you. I don't take seriously those who scream about "our Nordic race," while being as ignorant of true Nordicism as that Bircher is of literature. "When speaking of greatness, it is best to speak greatly or not at all," to quote Nietzsche.

420

The attacks on Kennedy in his upcoming 1982 senatorial campaign should concentrate on spotlighting Fat Face as the major contributor to the immigration conspiracy.

021

Why not found a Prussian government-in-exile? Obviously the Allies had no right in 1947 to cut up Prussia, and therefore a whole slew of legal angles could be raised. Prussia is also the *Verkörperung of Preussentum*, a political/philosophical idea whose time has come again (similar to Spartanism). Such a government-in-exile could also formally ask (via the U.N.) the Soviet Union to return the Königsberg area.

Swedish subscriber

I certainly do not agree with Cholly B. (Aug. 1981). This time *he* is absurd. What he calls absurdity, I call treason.

902

I see that Zip 727 has been taken in by the Jewish myth that Israel is aiding the Christians in Lebanon. For the record, the Israeli-backed Christians are a very small part of the Lebanese Christian population. They are Maronites, a minuscule sect of the Roman Catholic Church. There is only one Maronite Church in this country, in Pittsburgh. The majority of Christians in Lebanon are Eastern Orthodox and generally have no use for Camille Chamoun and his bunch. Principal among them is Dr. George Habash, M.D., educated at the American University in Beirut, the #2 man under Arafat. The same Safety Valver laments the fact that the Moslems keep on breeding and that way become a majority. He's probably got one kid, and wonders why the American Majority is headed for doom.

731

□ I have to wonder if perhaps the ultimate racism is that which looks forward to a day when there are no races, but a dominant Universal Man. It will be a time of penultimate contempt for the Creator of multitudes of species. It will be a good time for our central star to nova.

168

□ The writings of some of our Majority friends, although well intended, are somewhat disturbing. We are obviously a people whose homeland is occupied by an alien force and ideology, true enough. It is equally obvious that our captors and their ideology both have multitudes of faults and defects worthy of our laughter and of serious criticism. However, I feel that too many Majority activists focus on the negative aspects of our oppressors, and not enough on our own positive aspects and achievements as a people. Probably a shock treatment with negativisms is necessary to gain the attention of our lethargic Majority kindred. But after one worldview is destroyed, we must be prepared to offer another one in its place. We must know where we are heading before we can lead others. And to know where we are heading and should head, we must know from where we came. With the destruction of our Anglo-Saxon and Nordic culture and heritage and its proscription in our educational system, we are left to our own efforts to study our history, our culture, our great leaders and our achievements. For one who loves his people, this should be a source of great pleasure and benefit. Then, once we are standing on a firm foundation, we can begin to climb high again.

392

□ My favorite Viking story concerns Rollo and the king of the Franks, who demanded that Rollo kiss his foot. After some argument it was decided that one of Rollo's men would do the kissing for him. Instead of bending over, however, the Viking grabbed the royal tootsies and yanked them up to the level of his mouth, pulling the king right off his throne. Which reminds me of the song, "Where have all the Vikings gone?"

434

□ Thank God for the Russians. Without them, East Germany would be as full of Negro troops and guest workers as West Germany.

741

□ The Ireland-Northern Ireland border truly is one of the craziest in the world. The "final solution" will surely be a redrawing (retrenchment for Northern Ireland) and the appropriate exchange of minority populations. By the way, the British Israelite sect claims that "Eire" and "Ireland" are corruptions of "Aryan-land." Also by the way, the Ulster Volunteers of 1914 were recruited en masse as the 36th Ulster Division and were deliberately sent as sheep to the slaughter at the Battle of Somme in 1917. Few of them returned to defend Ulster's self-determination. Perfidious Albion!

505

□ I inadvertently left *Instauration* open on my desk. When I returned from lunch, it was gone and has never reappeared. Miss Goldstein, whose office is next to mine, doesn't know anything about it.

559

□ You seem to think that there can be a resurgence of the Nordic race through information placed in the hands of the Majority masses. Indeed, every movement must have its philosopher, but you sell us short if you think the Nordic public does not appreciate the situation -- not in the details or as sharply as you, but with sure instincts. All that is needed to bring it out are leaders -- men that will stand up and boldly speak the unspeakable and will challenge the ultraliberals at every step. This is supposed to be political death -- ask any old pol -- but, in fact, tens of millions of us would for the first time have a champion. For every ethnic vote lost, two would be gained.

162

□ I hesitate to renew because of your atheistic attitude. However, your world events interpretations need to get before more people. The Institute for Historical Review is good along that line, too, and it does not have your distorted view of Christianity.

727

□ Re "Hibernia Agonistes" (June 1981): Dublin is not derived from the Scandinavian. It's officially called Balle Atha Cliath (City of the Ford and the Hurdles) because people had to hurdle two rivers (Liffey and Poddle) to go south. Dubhlinn literally means Black Pool, adopted when the British outlawed Gaelic in the land of the Gaels. The statement that in Ireland before the Vikings, "There were no cities and only primitive tribal political organizations," is pure nonsense. How could a small country produce metalwork of such unsurpassed beauty? Did it spring out of the bogs? It took cities to produce these things. The author is also wrong about Ulster. He says Ulster remained British except for two counties. Ulster has nine counties, six of them British, leaving three in the republic. Of the six in Britain, three have a majority of Catholics, a fourth is too close to count, and only two are solidly Protestant.

077

□ Throughout history the public has subjected the government to coercion of sorts. Today tyranny reigns supreme disguised in sweet language

720

□ Today, the most chic and most "in" pejorative in Mediaville is "Waspy."

334

□ We need the Voting Rights Act renewed like we need another 100,000 black refugees from Haiti.

304

□ While I am deeply worried about the racial amalgam currently being infused into the German nation, I still think that out of the enforced mixture of 1944-47 (i.e., the expulsion of nearly 15 million "East" Germans into the remaining parts of the Reich) will come a stronger nation. A thorough mixture of the same biological stock is beneficial, while too much regionalism (as seen in Scandinavia, for instance) leads to dullness.

Belgian subscriber

□ My contacts in Rhodesia report that the blacks are rapidly abandoning the facade of Christianity for spirit worship and witchdoctorism. I am not surprised. I believe it was Professor Revilo Oliver who once said that the only effective African conversions were imposed by European Mausers. Soon, no doubt, our progressive schools of medicine here, as well as in Rhodesia, will be offering courses in the newly discovered secrets of black medicine, and lecturers will tout the wisdom of the witchdoctors. Incidentally, some Europeans still in Rhodesia have taken to calling their new rulers "non-reflectives." It denotes (1) black as the only color that does not reflect light, (2) a characteristic of African thought.

352

□ "The Human War Drive" (July 1981) was excellent. Comparing such an article with the empty scribbles of most "intellectual" journals, one realizes what would be lost if we were to lose out in the coming battle.

904

□ Cholly does have a way of suddenly chilling the reader with his literary images. I refer to his recent description of the TV set as a kind of smothering irradiation device. And now, the "black pits" in Utah. Given the way that the Jews have treated Palestinians, blacks should not look with equanimity at the prospect of Judaic hegemony here.

606

□ Long ago I accepted as fact the Negroes' lack of appreciation for property, orderliness and moral standards. But in the past 15 years I have come to the reluctant conclusion that the whites are not far behind. In traveling throughout the eastern U.S., I have witnessed a uniformly horrible-looking bunch of long-haired, filthy, rotten-toothed, depraved, pot-bellied illiterates. There are no standards of behavior, dress or decency. The slack-jawed, glassy-eyed potheads who throw their litter along our highways may be worth saving, but truthfully I wonder. Whether their music is country western or hard rock (both played at full volume), I see little difference in their cultural level. As my dear old mother used to observe, I guess Americans can stand everything except prosperity. We have become since World War II a nation of dirty, amoral, drug-ridden cultural basket-cases seeking ever larger welfare handouts from a government which has deteriorated from a republic down into a garbage-ocracy. If we are worth saving, the first step of the cure must be Draconian discipline.

620

THE PREHISTORIC CULTURE OF THE NORTHERN EUROPEANS

Culture is the modification of nature by human will so as to make conditions favorable for the growth of certain organisms and unfavorable for others. This meaning is recognized when talking of corn culture, bean culture, etc. The natural environment is modified by using tools, adding nourishment favorable to the selected plants, and using sprays that discourage the unwanted.

Human culture is usually implied when the word "culture" is used alone. Like corn and bean culture, human culture is also a man-made environment. It favors humans of certain characteristics and discourages others. Its tools, nourishments, and sprays are religions, arts, wars, jails, schools, social systems, to name a few. If there were no dark motives, the selective effect intended by these tools, nourishments, and sprays would be openly stated. In our present world quite the contrary is true: Attempts are made to hide the selective effect. This surreptitious practice is now so common that the very meaning of culture has become clouded.

Has civilization regressed? More than 4,000 years ago, flesh and blood humans with different characteristics were the recognized products of different human cultures, and between two opposing human cultures, a sharp distinction had already been made.

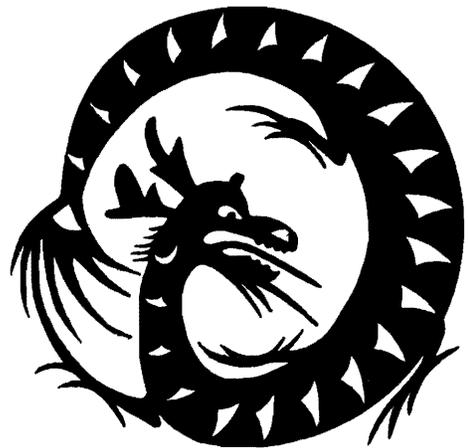
When languages were first developed, people could not fail to be impressed by the helplessness of an individual who was confronted by large, powerful groups of word-coordinated humans. Wherever groups were led by the strongest and most competent, and freely followed by those who perceived and valued leaders of *demonstrated* strength and wisdom, there was no modification of nature.

A word-based culture that *opposed nature* began when inferior leaders made groups into hidden-purpose power units by using words to deceive their followers. Unable to *demonstrate* strength and wisdom, these leaders pretended to be spokesmen for awesome invisible forces. When they had built up a following of those who were easy to deceive, they used the group's power to destroy superior individuals who perceived and opposed their word-perpetuated falsity. This was a perverted culture. It was a man-made modification of nature that bred out strong, proud, competent individuals and preserved the stupid and servile -- those who would submit to and join a group which was manipulated so as to oppose and destroy individual integrity.

Without any need for primitive people to comprehend the long-range evolutionary effect of such a culture, intelligent individuals could see that something needing careful con-

sideration was happening: The best people were being destroyed and their servile inferiors were being given group aid to survive. Quantity was replacing quality.

Long before any recorded history, widespread concern about what was happening was expressed in the primitive dragon symbol for such a manipulated group. Serpent was a symbol often used instead of dragon. Serpent and dragon are history-old symbols used to designate a group that acts as a unit manipulated by some "authority."



Long before any recorded history, a sharp division was obviously recognized between the serpent-dragon culture and the opposing individual-sovereignty culture. The fact that this prehistoric division was sharp, and that it dates back countless thousands of years, is evidenced by the different characteristics bred into different peoples. Our focus here is on the actual *declaration in words* that distinguishes the two opposing cultures in the earliest fragments of history which have been preserved.

Some five thousand years ago, the Aryan people of Europe and Asia were linked together at the Iranian plateau north of the Tigris-Euphrates valley. There are some indications that Aryans verbally expressed their individual sovereignty *commitment* in their approval of dragon slayers. (The reader who is unfamiliar with this fact is referred to the earliest religions and mythology of the Mideast and India.)

In Babylonian records a positive *commitment* is much less clear. However, the *problem* facing the whole human species was recognized. One of the earliest Babylonian stories tells of two lovers in a paradise-like garden who were tempted by a serpent to leave their paradise. This simple story survived because it clearly recognized and recited the fun-

damental problem of the human species -- now the hidden cancer of Western civilization. Long before there was a Western civilization the problem was viewed as highly important.

Several centuries after the Babylonian story was first recorded, the Jews *wanted* to form themselves into a serpent. By twisting the extant story, they attempted to deflect the widespread condemnation of serpents from applying to the serpent they wanted to create of themselves. They modified the Babylonian story so as to present the two lovers as being the first man and woman on earth. Of course, with such a twist, the accepted meaning of the serpent could not apply. In order to adapt the long respected story to their own use, they presented the serpent as a magic sort of biological reptile, as something supernatural, as a devil. Then they fictionalized an opposing supernatural power -- a "good guy," a god, Yahweh -- who they claimed had created the Jewish serpent to eat up other serpents.

The Jewish Bible acknowledges the "sin" of listening to the serpent, of accepting the serpent doctrine that there is a good and evil different from that manifest in nature. But the "sin" that lost those who listened to the serpent their position in paradise is blamed on past generations; it is presented as beyond the power of the present generations to rectify. The acceptance of serpent ways is presented as "acceptance of the way things are." It is so presented because the Jews do not want to abandon the perverted serpent culture and return to nature. Present day analytical Jewish scholars describe the essence of Jewish culture as the attempt to gain "victory over nature."

In Western Civilization the catalyst that precipitated the conflict between the two diametrically opposed cultures was Jesus. Jesus condemned the Jewish serpent culture and presented a concept of a god who was concerned with individuals rather than groups. He tried to save his own people, the group-emphasizing Jews, from the certain doom inherent in their opposition to nature, in their adherence to the ways of the serpent, in their claims that *their* serpent had a unique holiness because they were "god's chosen people" -- in their lack of respect for individual perception. He said that as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so should the son of man be lifted up. His strongest statement was that individuals could transgress against anything, including what the people thought of as a god, and it was all right, but if they transgressed against the holy spirit within themselves they would be eternally doomed.

Jesus injected the age-old conflict between the two opposing cultures into the very midst of the people whose words claimed that -- in their special position as a chosen people -- their serpent culture was holy. Historical records show that the cultural directions, which had made a division between peoples long before recorded history, had been recognized in words for at least three thousand years. But, except for the Jews, no people had ever set forth a word sophistry aimed at claiming the existence of a god who opposed his own creation.

Instead, the serpent culture had long been recognized as a problem requiring some special strategy on the part of intelligent people who had to deal with its controlled-mob prod-

ucts. In the three millennia preceding the birth of Christ, during which time we know that the problem was recognized, the Aryans in Asia and Europe became separated. The Asian branch, in India, took the route of trying to coexist with and teach the wisdom already articulated by the Aryans to serpent-bred peoples. The European branch chose full segregation. To implement their segregation, the Northern Europeans established a no-man's land between themselves and those who accepted the serpent culture. Our focus here is on the European branch of the Aryans -- the Northern Europeans.

In order to view the Northern Europeans in the larger context of the human species, we must recognize two glaringly false concepts that have been perpetuated regarding the last two thousand years of Western civilization.

The first is that the religion of the Northern Europeans was Roman paganism. This is referred to as the worship of many fictionalized gods. Roman paganism had been imposed only on Roman-controlled Gaul. Julius Caesar, in his recorded commentaries, was emphatic in saying that the people at the core of Northern Europe had not even heard of the Roman gods.

The second glaringly false concept is that the so-called "Christianity" imposed on the Northern Europeans was the teachings of Jesus. Looking no further than the King James version of the Bible, it is conspicuous to anyone who reads what is written that it was the serpent culture of the Jews which was imposed on the Northern Europeans. The teachings of Jesus opposed that culture. His opposition to it was what precipitated his crucifixion. Jesus was condemned by the Jews for blaspheming against Judaism.

Ironically, the crucifixion of Jesus was used to spread the serpent culture that he gave his life to oppose. The *Judaeo-*"Christianity" invented by Paul put the history-old conflict of cultures upon the very hearthstone of the Northern Europeans, who had made an unequivocal commitment and fully segregated themselves from it. The finest Roman armies had been unable to gain access to the strongly held core of Europe. Treachery destroyed what force could not. The ostensible fact that Jesus was crucified for his opposition to the Jewish serpent was the "Christianity" passport that got deceptive infiltrators carrying the serpent culture across the no-man's land. When the falseness of the passports was fully recognized, the age-old war between the two cultures had already been transferred to Northern Europe.

As late as A.D. 303 a Christian soldier named George was captured, tortured and killed by the Emperor Diocletian because he was a "dragon slayer," but, looking at the overall picture, Nietzsche made this substantially correct appraisal:

The very word "Christianity" is a misunderstanding -- at bottom there was only one Christian, and he died on the cross. What, from that moment onward, was called the "Gospels" was the very reverse of what *he* had lived. In Paul is incarnated the very opposite of the "bearer of glad tidings"; he represented the genius for hatred. *What, indeed, has not this dysangelist sacrificed to hatred? Above all, the Savior; he nailed him to his own cross. . . .* Once more the priestly instinct of the Jew perpetuated the same old master crime

against history -- he simply struck out the yesterday and the day before yesterday of Christianity, and *invented his own history of Christian beginnings*. -- What he wanted was power; in Paul the priest once more reached out for power -- he had use only for such concepts, teachings and symbols as served the purpose of tyrannizing over the masses and organizing mobs.

After the Roman priests had gained access to power, all the sophistry involved in making the crucifixion of Jesus into a symbol advocating the very thing he opposed made the whole of Northern Europe into a madhouse. The "authority" within the madhouse was the "authority" of the torture rack and the witch burnings practiced by the politically powerful Holy Roman Church.

Over the centuries, while the Roman priests imposed the so-called "Christianity" -- Judaeo-Christianity -- on the Northern Europeans, they had ample time to rework all the native stories. For the same purpose of confusing clear cultural statements that the Jews had originally mutilated the Babylonian story, and Paul had mutilated the opposition of Jesus to the Jewish serpent, the Judaeo-Christian monks and priests mutilated all the ancient stories that built up the Northern European cultural vector.

These stories have now been clarified and made into a consistent whole. To this clarified whole, we here give attention.

In the prehistoric culture of the individual sovereigns who were in Northern Europe, there were no "authoritative" words; words were considered only as good as the flesh and blood person who spoke them; *written* words were viewed with disdain. Spoken poetry and song, freely modified by each singer, clarified the culture. The poetry and song were repeated often enough to survive whenever it expressed something significant. The extant written stories of *Beowulf* and the *Icelandic Eddas* were obviously twisted by Judaeo-Christian writers to distort the Northern European cultural content of the ancient songs. However, the twisted versions still contain enough substance from the originals to be grasped by the perceiving.

Richard Wagner, with amazingly perceptive genius, extracted the essence from these fragments and made of it a consistent whole that runs through all his four Ring operas. Using the archetypal symbols in which the Northern Europeans stated their cultural direction, he created from them a profound musical drama that can probably never be equalled, much less surpassed. Wagner used the original symbols without explanation. No explanation is really needed for those who allow the archetypes to speak directly to the subconscious. Nonetheless, some of them are not clearly understood when viewed within the context of usual present-day waking consciousness.

They should be; the effort of bringing them out of the subconscious yields great rewards. Because they are more graphic and less abstract than current language, they can be used to clarify current thought. For instance, "serpent" or "dragon" is much more descriptive of what contemporary legal jargon defines as "a fictitious entity legally accepted as if it were a natural person" than the current legal term for

serpent: "An authoritatively directed body politic." For those who would look at the extant statement of prehistoric Northern European culture under the hard spotlight of present-day waking consciousness, Melvin Gorham has supplied the illumination.

Gorham has artfully commented on Wagner's work by making a parallel original story set in the 21st century; it uses today's language and thought patterns. Gorham has followed Wagner's entire work so closely that his own creative work could be set side by side for detailed comparison, in the usual way that German and English librettos are published. Gorham's *Curse of the Ring* parallels Wagner's *Das Rheingold*; *The Ring Cycle* gives waking consciousness a parallel for *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*.



The Rhine Maidens

As a continuous story running through three generations, numerous situations are used to contrast the *values* seen in nature and accented in the culture of sovereign individuals, to the nature-opposing *methods* promoted by the culture of groupism.

The story begins with the initial efforts of Alberich, a

serpent culture product, to fashion a Ring -- any attraction that dominates public attention -- by turning manufactured articles into status symbols.

The culture of individual sovereignty is based upon full recognition that (1) the distinctive male and female characteristics of sex, and (2) individual freedom must be retained as a cultural unit because they support each other. Together they give the individual sovereignty culture its nature-accenting direction. Both are being threatened by what Alberich is doing. The threat is so great that Wotan, the leader of the Sovereigns, decides to take emergency measures. Reluctantly, he tries to use the despicable Ring tactics to gain worldwide public support for Sovereign values.

Although all facets of the aboriginal Northern European cultural commitment are clearly set forth, the story takes its title from the Ring symbol. The curse of the Ring is what causes the downfall of the unsuspecting Wotan. Gorham brings every symbol into waking consciousness. As regards the Ring, he shows that the curse is no magic spell put upon a physical Ring by a dwarf who is simply less physically beautiful than the "good guys." He also clarifies the dwarf symbol. A dwarf is clearly seen as the end product of a groupism culture.

Flesh and blood human products bred by the two opposing cultures are, of course, different. However, it is their characteristics, not their appearance that give substance to the story. Dwarfs are those who have been "parts" of a serpent-dragon so long that their life as segments has "given them small, distorted souls." The Sovereigns, the products of the individual sovereignty culture, are fully integrated individuals. *The Ring Cycle* is concerned with the cultures as cultures. A big part of the plot is actually based upon the fact that the human products of opposing cultures may be physically indistinguishable.

Originally there is a physical Ring. It is similar to the present-day Oscar in the movies. Evolving from such a precedent, "Ring" becomes a symbol to designate anything that holds the focus of public fantasy.

Logi is an attorney, who defects to the Sovereigns from FAFNER (Federated Asiatic Farming Nations Eternal Republic -- a dragon). When telling Wotan, the Sovereign leader, what kind of enemy he is up against, Logi gives a good description of the Ring. He is talking about the serpent-dragon culture -- as a culture -- and includes, along with FAFNER, the post-atomic war western hemisphere FASOLT (Federated American Society of Latin Territories). Reviewing the history of FASOLT and FAFNER, Logi says:

Their civilization crystallized into its recognizable character when the power of mass opinion was admittedly made supreme, when politics became nothing but a TV program, and politicians became nothing but script writers and actors. The power of public opinion feeds on itself and destroys its own vitality. This fact was acknowledged by the whimsical designer of the award for the best television program -- the Ring in the form of a Uroborus, a snake swallowing its own tail.

He cautions Wotan, "With their example before us, it

would be thought that no one would again seek power by courting capricious public opinion."

For artistic simplicity, the serpent-dragon culture is personified by Alberich. And in Wagner's version, again for artistic simplicity, Alberich is shown passing the curse of the Ring on to Wotan, when he passes the position of "authority" over a controlled people. However, in waking conscious reality, the curse is inherent in the attempt to lead by manipulating public opinion. Therefore, as Gorham writes in the story, Alberich does not place a magical curse on the Ring; he just describes the curse on it. He says:

Having lost all else, I've got nothing left but my hate! But let me tell you something about visions in a night of hate. My hate gives me some dreams now -- dreams of a god writhing in torment. I see visions now of your terrible downfall. That will be a downfall such as you can't even imagine. Do you know what will happen when you, a romantic idealist, begin trying to control *and shape* the thoughts and opinions of the whole vulgar populace? That, let me tell you, is something a lot different from leading people who follow you freely. That is something utterly outside the clean evolutionary process of a mutant surviving and helping others like himself to survive. That is the old Ring game. Do you hear me? The old Ring game! From that game no man can have joy. A curse rides with it forever. Even among the state officials of FASOLT and FAFNER, tired old men who have become nothing but figureheads, there is anguish and torment like you could never believe. Those in control are gnawed constantly by fearful envy and, in fact just as in symbol, they have found that the only reward for each coveted position is a self-devouring serpent. That alone should turn you away. But listen to this: The curse is in proportion to the stature of the accursed Ring's holder! In the terms of our time the manipulators of public opinion have played only with pompous parades of their positions -- and could lose only that coveted pomp. I -- who am undoubtedly the master manipulator -- have played only with power and could suffer only the loss of power. But you claim greatness and for you the curse will be great. You play with an ideal that to you is more than life, and so after losing it, still, in your honor, you must live when life is less than worthless. The arrogant god I will yet see crawl. When you hold the Ring you will find yourself committed to the ways of a cringing coward -- death-doomed but unable to welcome death.

Alberich was seen by Wagner as using typically Jewish methods -- undercover control of groups who think they are controlling themselves. In the story, the Jewish system has taken over the politics of the entire world. However, it should be remembered that the serpent-dragon symbol is much older than the Jewish Bible, and the prehistoric Northern Europeans had no contact with Jews; they had only the age-old knowledge of, and conscious commitment to oppose, the serpent-dragon system itself. The story is about the system -- not about any specific products of the system. The early Northern Europeans did not call the system "Jewish." The Ring was a descriptive name given to one facet of it. Another facet was called the Tarnhelm -- a typical serpent-dragon political device.

After passing through the mutilation of the Judaeo-Chris-

tian monks who were rewriting the story, the Tarnhelm comes down to us as a magical cap put on the head to make an individual invisible, or make it possible for one to assume a shape other than one's own. The Tarnhelm is put on the stage in that way in the Wagnerian operas and the audience is left to make its own interpretation.

Gorham makes the Tarnhelm clear by describing the system itself in current language. Alberich instructs his assistant, Mime, who is in charge of undercover group manipulation:

My control is tight now and your story that you still need to set up dummy opposition to me, something for the people to hang their faith on, is beginning to sound suspicious. Also, some of the opposition looks too god-damned real to me. You start playing down personalities more. You play up economics, play up unemployment, play up labor and industry conflicts. Give the dopes some harmless problems to think about. You concentrate on that old tried and true garbage that the voters are the boss. You bear down on that. It has always worked. Mr. Average Citizen is running things -- MR. AVERAGE CITIZEN -- the invisible man. And I am Mr. Average Citizen. I'm just a face in the crowd. You can't see me But don't forget that you can feel me.

Clarification of the Tarnhelm and the various methods of using it runs through the whole story. To Logi, who defected to the Sovereigns, Alberich says,

You, Logi, who walk with the Sovereigns yet have colleagues throughout the world, think you are cunning and all men fools. But let me set you right. You Sovereigns identify yourselves with your ideals, principles, codes of conduct and concepts of honor. Then you must live for them and die for them -- you can't compromise when the going gets rough. But I am identified with nothing. I can support any movement, anytime, anywhere, as befits the moment. I have an invisible place under a banner of equality, fraternity and the common good. I am just one of many, a common citizen. It is the people who rule, the people who make mistakes -- and the *people* who get punished. But though you don't see me I am there, the invisible power -- hidden, safe, fearing nothing.

Speaking to Wotan, Alberich says,

As I forswore love of all else for the power behind controlled wealth, so shall you. No obscure inner sense of beauty, of love, and of nobility can stand in the market place alongside sparkling material splendor without losing by the comparison. And the material splendor is gained by skill in manipulating money, position, or any other status symbol -- whatever is the coin of the realm. Controlled wealth is unbeatable power. You can't fight it by inspiring warriors to big ideals for which men are ready to die. First your men will unbuckle their swords in exchange for the right to take a hand in the money grabbing game -- where I am their master Beware the power that grows down deep under cover of darkness. It will ensnare and destroy the idealistic young warriors whose swords flash too conspicuously in the light.

In a way that any school child can understand it, Gorham has artfully presented the numerous situations of personal

love, personal conflict, political intrigue, war, treaties and reparations for broken treaties so as to show that the attempt to *compromise* with an opposing culture is an inevitable prelude to tragedy. (It is not part of the story but worth noting that the resultant differences between the attempt to integrate the opposing cultures and the insistence on slaying the dragon is conspicuous in the difference between India and Northern Europe.)

Humans have passed the point of no return; natural selection has given way to human culture as the dominant factor affecting further direction of the human species. The human species has been a battle of human cultures since long before the first recorded history. Only two cultures are conceivable: One that accents the manifest direction of nature, and one that opposes it.

For how many thousands of years the Northern Europeans had consciously followed -- and culturally accented -- the directions set by nature we do not know, but we do know that they had done much more than cry, "Kill the dragon." Theirs was the most conscious, complete, crystal clear statement of a culture in favor of individual sovereignty -- and opposing groupism -- that has ever appeared in the history of any people anywhere on earth.

The culture of individual sovereignty was mutilated into an almost unrecognizable form by the inquisitions of the Holy Roman Church. Roger Williams, Thomas Jefferson and millions of other Americans have tried to restore it. So far they have failed. The media in the United States are now controlled by those who demand that the serpent culture must dominate the earth. It is not atomic war that poses the greatest threat to the human species. It is the serpent culture.

The serpent culture is the greatest crime against the human species, against nature and against the creative intelligence of the universe that has ever been known -- or ever been conceived.

There is only one culture that can replace it. That is the culture of humans consciously committed to individual sovereignty. It is the culture that bred the Northern Europeans. It is the premise on which the United States was founded.

The Curse of the Ring and The Ring Cycle give a full picture of what *inevitably must happen* to the human species if the serpent culture is not stopped. It is a story much older than any written history. Our ancestors had described it in full detail thousands of years ago.

Erik Holden

Melvin Gorham's *The Curse of the Ring* (paperback \$1.50) and *The Ring Cycle* (hardcover \$8.95; paperback \$5.00) are available from the Sovereign Press, 326 Harris Road, Rochester, WA 98579.

Ponderable Quote

Apart from Spain's desperate economic situation and his fear of aligning himself with an eventual loser, there was a compelling personal motive for Franco's decision to thwart Hitler. He was part-Jewish.

John Toland
Adolf Hitler (Doubleday, 1976, p. 648)



PANSY PARADE



Homosexual acts revolt some and mystify others, but it is hard not to experience both reactions when face to face with the bizarre life styles which often surround the acts. How can the lives of a bunch of grown men revolve around playing "dress up" and watching others do the same? Granted that many homosexuals are a bit on the feminine side, why do so many tend to mimic an 8-year-old rather than an adult female mentality? The great constitutional psychologist, William H. Sheldon, scrutinized the bodies and minds of hundreds of inverters but was never completely satisfied with his own answers -- so we can hardly expect to do better.

The *Gazette* is Atlanta's flourishing homosexual newspaper. The entertainment section of a typical issue is 12 pages. The news section, which includes more entertainment, is only 8. The entertainment is every bit as silly as it is perverted: there's the Miss Gay Atlanta Pageant for female impersonators; the Miss Bar Fly Contest, produced by Miss Piggy Productions; and the Annual "Phyllis Killer Oscars" awards ceremony. This kind of thing goes on nonstop, year after year. The patrons never seem to develop ennui.



The cast of the *Sweet Cum Head* rocks 'em and socks 'em with a very hot "punk" number at the "Phyllis Killer Oscar Awards" ceremony at the Answer Lounge in Atlanta

Sheldon once described a "DAMP RAT Syndrome." The acronym stands for Dilettante, Arty, Monotophobic (?), Perverse, Restive, Affected and Theatrical. Anyone who has spent time in a big city knows the type. Most male homosexuals are DAMP RATs, says Sheldon, but not all DAMP RATs are homosexual. Some men live in the "arty-perverse" manner without a trace of homosexuality.

In *Prometheus Revisited*, Sheldon contrasted what he called "two singularly different worlds of aesthetic participation":

It is convenient to speak of *natural* aesthetics and *artefactual* aesthetics. The boundary between them is not always sharp, but try to visualize in your mind's eye what the term "arty" means to you, and then compare that with the picture of an observant, eager, though quiet and humble child watching a muskrat build his house. You will then have the essential difference.

When I read this, I was reminded of the time I spent in New York in my college days with a heterosexual Jewish friend. I had always considered myself an aesthetic sort, and so had he, but it slowly dawned on me that our aesthetic worlds had little, if anything, in common. He was constantly gabbing about movies and television and theater. It seemed to me that the vital part of him was living in a world of make-believe -- which may have been necessary given his surroundings. (On the other hand, since his people were creating that world of make-believe, it can be argued that it was *anything but* make-believe for him. It was perhaps the ultimate reality.) I never tried to communicate my thoughts on nature, human or otherwise, because my words -- assuming I could even have found appropriate words -- would have been lost on his experience. He wondered why I had so little to say about a type of staged production which for me was quite depressingly irrelevant.

I am scarcely the first observer to call attention to the relation between Jewish and homosexual aesthetics. One recent predecessor is the Jewish critic, Susan Sontag. In *Notes on "Camp"* (1964), she observed:

The peculiar relation between Camp taste and homosexuality has to be explained. While it's not true that Camp taste *is* homosexual taste, there is no doubt a peculiar affinity and overlap. Not all liberals are Jews, but Jews have shown a peculiar affinity for liberal and reformist causes. So, not all homosexuals have Camp taste. But homosexuals, by and large, constitute the vanguard -- and the most articulate audience -- of Camp. (The analogy is not frivolously chosen. Jews and homosexuals are the outstanding creative minorities in contemporary urban culture. Creative, that is, in the truest sense: they are creators of sensibilities. The two pioneering forces of modern sensibility are Jewish moral seriousness and homosexual aestheticism and irony.

Though Sontag makes a clear distinction here between Jewish seriousness and homosexual frivolity, the fact that both flourish in the same ambience implies a common denominator. (When examined as a whole, Sontag's writings suggest the same thing.)

What exactly is "Camp"? Sontag insists that the natural and the tragic cannot be campy. The Camp ideal is showi-

ness and artifice. The Camp sensibility maintains that only fragments -- rather than the traditional integrated *oeuvre* -- are possible in life and in art. Noting that "every sensibility is self-serving to the group that promotes it," Sontag calls Camp "a solvent of morality." "The discovery of the good taste of bad taste can be very liberating." "What [Camp taste] does is to find its success in certain passionate failures." It is obvious that Camp art and Jewish art are anything but opposites.

250,000 "passionate failures" took to the streets of San Francisco on June 28 for the tenth annual Lesbian-Gay Freedom Day Parade. Led by sixty members of the lesbian motorcycle group "Dykes on Bikes," the three-hour parade featured a record 50 floats. Some men came in low-cut evening dressed with stockings and spiky heels; others wore their best leather and chains. Men dressed as nuns appeared throughout the parade and on stage at the Civic Center. The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, with names like Sister of Perpetual Youth, said they represented the Convent of the Loose Habit. This year's parade booklet included an official proclamation from Governor Jerry Brown in honor of Gay Pride Week. It was thick with advertising from city businesses. San Francisco TV has -- or had -- its own "Gay Dating Game" show. The city has the world's first gay Savings and Loan, with \$12 million capital. And the local cops have hired their own special consultant on sado-masochism.

In other queer developments around the country:

- Washington police have clamped a lid of total secrecy over the brutal July 1 slaying of Senator Claiborne Pell's top aide and very close personal friend, Raymond N. Nelson. Nelson's roommate discovered the body upon returning home at 7:30 A.M. The roommate is not a suspect. So who is this roommate? Even normally cooperative sources in the Washington police department will not say, nor are the big media interested. Since the Rhode Island senator was allegedly once caught in a raid on a Greenwich Village homo-

sexual bar, and his sexual behavior has long been regarded with suspicion, the pieces can only be made to fit in one way. As Washington's "gay old boy" network continues to grow, so does the threat to national security.

- A U.S. Park Service exhibit at Jamestown Island, Virginia, calls attention to the alleged contributions of minorities -- including "gays." Historians tell a different story. Except for a ship captain convicted of raping a cabin boy, there is no record of homosexuality in the early days of the Old Dominion.

- Doctors have linked unusual forms of both skin cancer and pneumonia to homosexual practices. The latter usually affects only those whose immune systems have been suppressed by drugs. In both cases, all of the homosexual victims have been exceptionally promiscuous and most have suffered herpes, hepatitis, etc. Mother Nature still collects her dues from those who commit crimes against her.



A performer at the Atlanta Gay Center benefit.

Majority activists should take heed

POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEES -- ROYAL ROADS TO FREE SPEECH

The undeniable effectiveness of conservative political action committees (PACs) in the 1980 election has created an ongoing media campaign against such rightist vehicles, as well as spurring the proliferation of pinkish counterparts on the political propaganda and fund-raising scene.

Even today, months after the election, the networks and newsmagazines continue on a regular basis to do what verbal violence they can to the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC), the Congressional Club (Senator Jesse Helms's organization) and the other right-oriented PACs.

The reason for this ongoing vendetta is obvious -- the conservative PACs have proven that there *is* a way to circumvent the media blockade -- provided, of course, that you don't go *too* far in telling the truth about the liberal-minority coalition and its real influence on America.

PACs spent millions of dollars last year and were amazingly successful in weakening some of the conditioning brought about by a generation of leftist media influence. Although these millions helped enrich the very industry which has been churning out the disinformation, these dollars have been, comparatively, the best investment the

American right has made in many, many moons, worth infinitely more than all the unread copies of *A Choice*, *Not an Echo*, and *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* now moldering in secondhand bookstores.

It was only the fact that this rightist propaganda was presented in the context of an election that allowed it to reach the people. Outside of the electoral and campaign process, conservative advertising is usually rejected out of hand, especially by the broadcast media. But falling within an election -- especially a federal election -- the federally regulated broadcast media and networks were obligated to accept the commercials and, further, were specifically forbidden to censor or modify the spot ads in any way.

This is a vitally important point. Even as this is being written, in mid-1981, NCPAC is waging a media campaign against Senator Paul Sarbanes (D-Md.). Some \$400,000 has been already been allocated to inform Sarbanes's constituents about his big-spending, liberal ways. (The main reason for choosing Sarbanes, however, is that his state is so close to the District of Columbia, and he will be a handy object lesson for the other 534 members of Congress, who can watch the show as it unfolds.)

But a similar ad blitz against House Budget Committee Chairman Jim Jones of Oklahoma was refused by all three network TV affiliates in Tulsa. While this is an easy way to choke off the message during non-election periods, it becomes more difficult to deny access to air time during campaigns. By law, if a station sells time to any candidate for a particular office, it must make available comparable time at the same rate to any other candidate for that office. By extension, it is difficult for a station to deny the sale of air time to a group opposing a specific candidate if it allows that candidate and groups friendly to him to buy spots promoting his candidacy. Although I cannot quote a court case defining this explicit right, the history of decisions in similar cases makes it unlikely that stations will be able to refuse the commercials.

J.B. Stoner has found this out during his several races for statewide office in Georgia. Running within the Democratic party, Stoner is assured of a certain minimal amount of coverage during the primary season because federal law forces broadcasters to invite him to their panel discussions and forums if they present such programs with his opponents. Likewise, his commercials must be accepted and broadcast *without alteration* (although profuse apologies and disclaimers are added before and after the spots).

Stoner made national news in 1974 when the courts affirmed his right to use the word "nigger" and to speak against the Jews in paid political advertisements. None of this could possibly have been accomplished outside the context of an election.

It seems clear that the last opportunity for truly free speech (even though it may cost scads of money) is electioneering through the news media.

In "Prepare to Score in '84" (*Instauration*, April 1981), I suggested that the racist right should consider running a candidate for president. While such an audacious plan should not be dismissed lightly, the success of such an effort

would depend almost totally on finding a respectable, articulate, attractive and realistic spokesman who would not mind braving the outrageous slings and arrows of our enemies and having his career destroyed in the process. This person, understandably, is not likely to bob up tomorrow.

A next-best plan for racist-rightist media access would be the formation of a Majority Political Action Committee (MAJPAC). Such an organization could be established *right now*. It is possible to have the group in operation and wreaking havoc in at least one congressional district in the 1982 election.

A PAC serves two functions. First, it is permitted to donate money directly to a campaign -- up to \$5,000 per candidate per election. But more importantly from our standpoint, PACs can also spend an unlimited (by law) amount of money to help elect or *defeat* candidates, as long as this expenditure is made totally independently of any candidate in the race.

Like the proposed presidential campaign, this PAC effort would not necessarily be a serious attempt to elect or defeat a candidate. It would serve primarily as a consciousness-raising project to gain invaluable publicity for the Majority cause by spending its money to make rational, reasonable statements on race and its relationship to our current problems -- all in the guise of electioneering. Using the broadcast media wisely, we can communicate an intelligent racist message -- without censorship -- to an incredibly large audience, and perhaps even help elect or defeat a congressman or two in the process.

It is, or should be, a rightist axiom that you never argue with a committed enemy unless there is an impressionable audience present. It is a waste of time and breath trying to convert the hardcore foe, but he can be used as a foil to impress and recruit bystanders.

For the same reason, we would not try to defeat entrenched black congressmen from black districts. That is not only a waste of time, but a hopeless task.

Our dollars would be spent, purely and simply, on propaganda. We would be spending our money within the context of defeating a candidate (in most cases), but we would select these campaigns and candidates on the basis of the effectiveness of getting our message across.

Population size and density, ethnicity, racial friction, media availability and cost, proximity to other metro areas, the national importance of the race and the likelihood of network coverage would all have to be taken into consideration in targeting our efforts.

While we would not mount a serious campaign to unseat Teddy Kennedy, his senatorial race is one we might consider entering in 1982.

Let us take Boston as an example of what can be done.

The Boston-Lowell-Brockton-Lawrence-Haverhill metro area, with a population of 5 million, comprises the nation's sixth largest media market. This area is served by 10 TV stations (six commercial, four educational).

Racial friction in South Boston schools, while not widely spoken of in the media any more, is still high and an ongoing problem which would make large numbers of people -- especially young people -- receptive to our message.

The race, as is always the case when a Kennedy is running, would be deemed of national importance by the media, especially if the Republicans should put up a strong, conservative candidate against the Hero of Chappaquiddick. Under these circumstances, our efforts could hardly go unreported by the networks.

While it would ordinarily be easy to ignore the activities of such a "fringe" group as we would be considered, we could easily overcome that hurdle by being simple, rational, coherent, direct -- and calculatedly blunt.

Picture, if you will, the following commercial on Boston TV stations:

FADE IN:

We're at a polling place, a high school auditorium where a dozen or so voting booths are arranged in a semicircle. The curtains are closed on the booths.

ANNOUNCER (Voice Over)

It's election day. American citizens are going to the polls to choose the leaders who will represent them in Washington. Let's talk to some of the voters.

One of the curtains opens and a dark Hispanic steps out. The camera closes in and we see a microphone in front of his face. He SPEAKS IN SPANISH WHILE AT THE SAME TIME English subtitles are flashed at the bottom of the screen.

HISPANIC (in Spanish)/SUBTITLES (in English)
Who did I vote for? Senator Kennedy, of course.
He understands the needs of my people.

The Hispanic moves out of camera range and we see another curtain opening. A squat, repulsive Oriental comes out. The camera moves in for a close-up. He SPEAKS IN VIETNAMESE WHILE AT THE SAME TIME English subtitles are flashed across the bottom of the screen.

ORIENTAL (in Vietnamese)/
SUBTITLES (in English)

Senator Kennedy. Who else? He has worked to help bring my family to this country. He cares about Asian Americans.

The Oriental moves on and we see still another curtain opening. A big, coal-black Negro buck steps out. He SPEAKS IN "BLACK ENGLISH" WHILE AT THE SAME TIME his words appear in proper English in the subtitles.

NEGRO (in street talk)/
SUBTITLES (in proper English)

I vote fo' Ted Kennedy, dude! He been takin' care of me wit' food stamps an' welfare while I been out o' wu'k fo' de las' five years. He be sensitive to de needs of black people.

He moves out of camera range and another curtain opens. A dignified, blond white man steps out. The camera moves in for a close-up.

WHITE MAN

Vote for Kennedy? Are you kidding? All he's ever done is raise my taxes to pay for his welfare schemes and bus my children to jungle schools. His immigration and defense policies are insane. I can't understand how anybody could vote for him.

We FREEZE FRAME on the man's face and SUPER THE SLIDE:

SLIDE

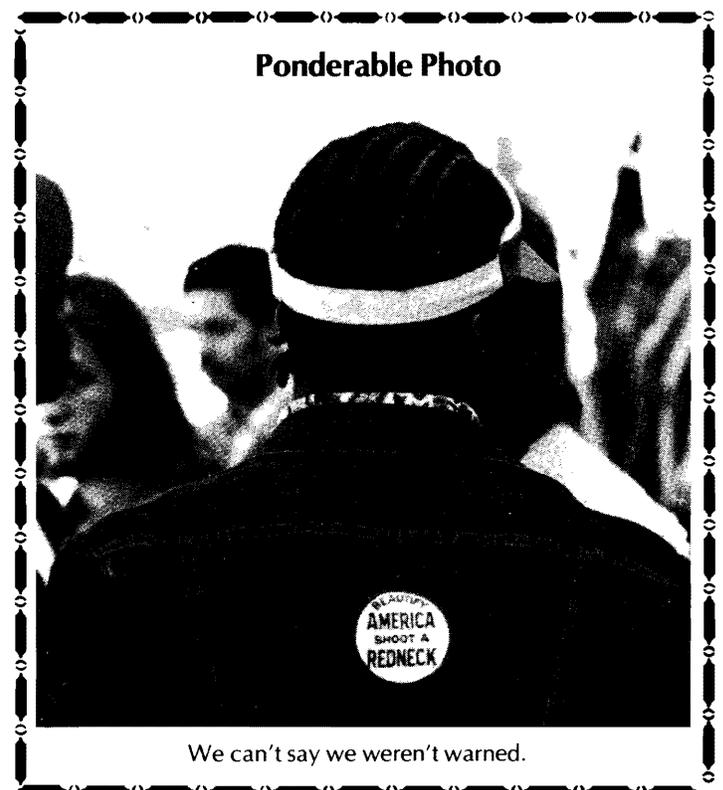
This announcement paid for by the Majority Political Action Committee (Address)

Imagine the effect of such a commercial -- broadcast uncensored -- on Boston TV. Does anyone think that the electronic mafia would be able to resist commenting on such activities in a Kennedy campaign? Judging from the attempted hatchet jobs done on conservative PACs, our commercial would probably be excerpted (the insult of subtitles for the black-speaking Negro would drive the networks wild) and broadcast nationally to show the horrible racist influences at work in the campaign.

Can anyone doubt that millions of Americans, seeing these commercials for the first time, would get the message?

And isn't that our goal -- to raise the racial consciousness of whites?

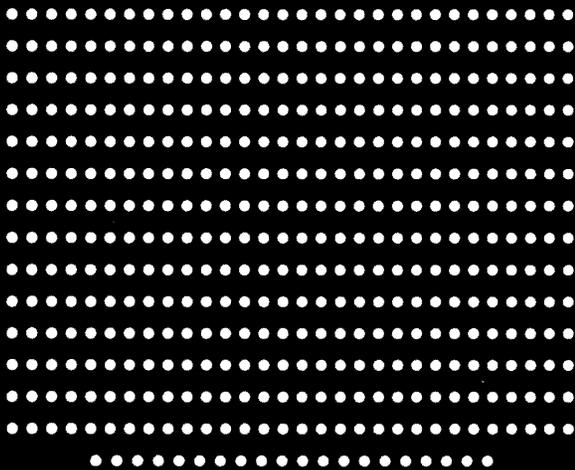
The effectiveness of properly run PACs has been demonstrated beyond all doubt. MAJPAC presents very real possibilities for recruitment, cohesion, a sense of practical purposefulness and, for the first time, effective action.



AMNESTY AMNESIA

In the middle of 1977, President Carter proposed an amnesty for all illegal aliens who had been in the U.S. for a certain length of time. It would be a "one-time-only" program with no extensions whatsoever. Curiously, in the months following Carter's announcement the number of apprehensions made along the Mexican border increased by over 50%. Once again, Mexicans had grasped the jelly-fish-without-a-sting psychology of America's leaders better than Americans themselves.

This dot represents the Immigration and Naturalization Service's \$360 million budget under Ronald Reagan.



These 440 dots represent the Defense Department's \$158.6 billion budget under Ronald Reagan.

440 dots stand against Russia's arms. 1 dot stands alone against Mexico's arms, legs, torsos, mouths, minds and souls.

What does our "conservative" president think he is conserving?

Open Border Ronnie never learned Lesson Number One in School:

Human History is largely the history of migrations.

Lothrop Stoddard, 1920

On July 30, President Reagan proposed a "realistic" new immigration policy that would include a "one-time-only" amnesty for all illegals who had entered the United States prior to January 1, 1980. One complication was that the administration had wasted so much time bickering and dickering over details which might hurt wealthy Western employers that some Justice Department officials now feel the accompanying legislation may not make it through Congress before that body stalls for the 1982 elections! Any American who believes that Mexicans who entered after January 1, 1980, will not eventually be included in some sort of "one-time-only" amnesty is the worst kind of optimist. Surely no Mexican believes it.

The Reagan immigration program shows America's escapist mentality at its very worst. It is not only "realistic"; it will "put teeth" into enforcement. "Most important," says Attorney General William French Smith, "it should enable us to regain control over our own borders."

How? Government spokesmen explained, with perfectly straight faces which should have been weirdly crooked grins, that by adding about \$45 million a year to the INS's present \$300 million budget, net illegal immigration can be reduced from 500,000 to 100,000 a year. Forget the fact that the world's fastest-growing large nation straddles our border for 1,500 miles. Forget that their 70 million people will soon be 150 million, with no hope of providing jobs for most of the difference. Forget the rest of the Third World and its wild urban demographics. For a bargain basement \$45 million, plus a few wrist-slaps directed at employers, we can buy "Control" in our time.

Senator Alan K. Simpson (R-Wyo.) is one lawmaker who does not pretend to believe such nonsense. Concerned because the Reagan team nixed his proposal for a tamper-proof Social Security card, Simpson observes: "Every time someone talks about this issue they flee to the Statue of Liberty."

Attorney General Smith says the cards would cost too much: between \$850 million and \$2 billion. One obvious response would be: why not compromise, by putting, say, \$400 million of that amount into the INS enforcement program? Actually, even \$2 billion -- or \$9 for each American -- would be a pittance to pay for a threat even greater than that posed by the Soviet Union.

Now that he is in a poor position to do much about it, Carter's Labor Secretary Ray Marshall has begun making noises about illegal immigration. Writing in the July 30 *Washington Post*, he said that a "crisis" is "inevitable," and that nothing less will persuade the nation to take effective action. The following day, *Post* writer Dan Balz maintained that "it is impossible to believe that any government program, short of massive force, will stem the flow of people willing to risk their lives [to enter]." Even the cloistered

readers of the national capital's only surviving newspaper are occasionally given the chance to draw the correct conclusions.

One reason why employers are eager to get cheap Mexican help is that, though none dares admit it, they are anti-black racists. A report by New York's Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation reveals that most private businesses are no longer willing to hire unemployed urban youths -- even when outside agencies subsidize their pay at rates of up to 100%! Nearly 6,000 firms were given the seemingly golden opportunity to hire the mostly black

youths for full-time in the summer and/or part-time in the winter. Only 18% of the employers would accept them with a full subsidy, and this fell to 10% for a three-quarter subsidy and 5% for a half subsidy. Tens of thousands of dollars in totally or largely subsidized labor were routinely passed up, and even those who did participate were often motivated by altruism rather than self-interest. The firms claimed they did not have enough work and that they required higher skills than the youths could offer.

What this means is that black youth is so far from being adapted to our modern economy, so far from offering it the skills and -- no less important -- the human qualities it seeks, that many black workers are rejected *even when they come free*. The government's answer is to put these unfortunates on a permanent subsidy and, denying racism all the while, import Hispanic replacements to measure up better to white employment standards.

Emma Lazarus Would Never Have Written This

An interesting immigration manifesto, if we forget about quality and think only of quantity.

We believe that the United States' national interest should be the sole criteria for determining immigration policy.

We further believe that immigration policy must be seen primarily in the light of U.S. population size and growth.

United States population size already far exceeds the long term carrying capacity of our resources, and the capacity of our environment to absorb pollution -- yet our population continues to grow rapidly. For example, our population grew by over 30 million during the last decade. Over half this growth was due to immigration -- both legal and illegal.

Because the United States is already vastly overpopulated, the central problem facing our nation is not how to slow down, but how to halt and then reverse U.S. population growth. We believe that the top priority goal of our nation should be actually to reduce population size to not more than half present numbers.

We believe that a change in U.S. immigration laws is urgently needed, to insure that immigration (or those entering the country permanently) does not exceed emigration (or those leaving the country permanently) so that, on balance, annual migration does not contribute to a net increase in our numbers.

If present estimates of emigration are correct, and if . . . emigration were balanced with immigration, then roughly 40,000 legal immigrants could be allowed to enter the country each year.

As we enter the Age of Scarcity, our national interest requires that the Age of Massive Immigration be brought to an end.

Portions of the testimony presented on January 21, 1980, to the Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy by Donald Mann, president of Negative Population Growth, Inc., 16 E. 42nd St., Suite 1042, New York, New York 10017.

Ponderable Photo



A British staff officer? Not at all. He is Maj. Gen. David Ivri, chief of the Israeli Air Force. With his fair hair, light eyes, clean-cut features and only slightly disharmonic facial design, Ivri is pretty much of a Nordic, which may explain why Israel commands the Middle Eastern skies.

Four Views of "Excalibur"

1

Many critics have panned the John Boorman remake of the Arthurian legend as irrelevant. Others have praised it. The praisers cite the superior photography, the fancy costumes, the fast action and the mesmerizing force. The music from the *Ring* added a fourth dimension. Opera is pretty static. Wagner was made for the movies, not the stage.

Is the plot ludicrous? No, because honor, duty and sacrifice will always have relevance and meaning. The knight or any man-at-arms may be absurd to moderns to whom deceit and thievery are a way of life. Spiritual love is "the pits" to those who think only of bulging biceps and breasts.

There must be some good reason why this movie has been playing in sold-out theaters. Perhaps the philosophy in the final reel is above the comprehension of most viewers. But no Majority member can avoid responding to the "feel" of the story -- its tragedy and its heroism.

Nicol Williamson, an actor of superior ability, plays Merlin, who acquired his reputation as a mighty sorcerer through long, arduous discipline, a high intellect and a strong will. It is the twilight of the pagan priest, who after a long night, will later emerge as the iconoclastic scientist.



Nicol Williamson as Merlin

In parts of the film, Merlin is made into a court jester purely for comic relief, so his dark omens take on a cynical and pessimistic flavor. Sorcery is equated with power

mania or a kind of Semitic occultism. Merlin overcomes the monomania through his realization that "the time of the old gods is past, and the time of the one god is here." Morgana rejects this notion and comes to view her idol with contempt. She cannot understand his soul and his developing spiritual vision. Merlin retreats into a resigned acceptance of death as a lesser evil than survival in a world where wit, mockery and self-loathing are his only defense. Morgana repudiates physical death but embraces a spiritual dead end. Only death proves to her the hollowness of intellect and craft without honor. This, the true meaning of spiritual love, was the truth which eluded her until the end. Magic or science, used selfishly, bring death and retribution.

Merlin's words can mean something entirely other than the battle between Christianity and paganism. The time of the old gods -- intellect, individualism, law, even the search for truth -- must give way to the one god embodied in the concept of racial unity and racial preservation upheld by virtue and sacrifice. This is why leadership and the role of the king are sacred. This is the "divine right."

Guenevere, played by Cherie Lunghi, is a pixie of a lass, gazing with helpless adoration at her handsome champion, like some medieval Lois Lane. She seems miscast in a role we tend to think of as tragic, with the strains of "Liebestod" setting the background for her secret tryst. Instead of Guenevere crying buckets of tears over her ill-starred romance, as in the Broadway "Camelot" version, "Excalibur" depicts not only the high moments of Lancelot's love for his queen and their inevitable separation, but also their spiritual resurrection. The emergent Guenevere is strong, forgiving, beautiful in her new understanding -- not the sad, wretched, defeated waif, bemoaning her fate in a Tin Pan Alley chant.

The symbolism of Mordred's suit of armor is quite effective. This mysterious figure, who wields destruction like some ancient demon, wears a mask, rather than a visor. The gold symbolizes his promise, his inheritance, but the mask is that of a child, with a hopeless, haunted look. Unable to share or cooperate with the others, he can only instill fear. His one obsession is power. Because of his spoiled upbringing and arrested emotional development, he can only accept love from his mother, not his

father.

Arthur, played by Nigel Terry, is not only idealistic, but human and believable. Merlin admonished Arthur to be a king, but Arthur only fully learns what he means at the very end. "Lancelot has borne my honor, Guenevere has borne my guilt, Mordred has borne my sins." Finally he realizes it is time to shoulder his responsibilities and become a true leader, not a "cause." Leadership means rescuing his country from civil dissension and foreign invasion with every ounce of strength he can muster.

The Holy Grail is not some pie-in-the-sky beaker filled with a magic potion. Percival obtains it only after he realizes that "You [Arthur] and the land are one." The owner of the Grail is his lord, and his lord is the king for whom he will lay down his life. Arthur drinks from the cup only after he realizes his mistakes, and after he resolves to forget all his legalistic excuses and rally his people for the arduous task ahead.

"You and the land are one" signifies our inheritance has created our desires, our hopes and our destiny. We can either commit suicide like cowards or live and prevail like heroes. This was the meaning of the Dark Ages. Only a few people knew what they were called upon to do, and they did it to the best of their ability. From their efforts arose the great Gothic civilization known as the Middle Ages.

802

2

"Excalibur" is one of the great box office hits of 1981. New York critics and other media hacks have given the film derogatory reviews, saying it's too long and too confusing, has poor acting and so forth. Actually, the length is perfectly suitable to the script; the plot and story line crystal clear; the acting quite tolerable. Certainly no worse than 99% of other flicks.

The real, unstated rationale for the critics' attacks is that the movie is totally Anglo-Saxon in casting. The story line and "message" is one of Nordic mysticism. The thematic music is Richard Wagner's.

To see a movie with absolutely no minority stars or characters is more than the present-day media critics can stand. What's worse, the actresses actually act like women.

The plot has no liberal themes or references. No hint of drugs, dharma or debili-

tation. A spiritual fantasy revolving around historical and mythical Majority figures is a rarity in the cinematic drivel of the day. The audience loved it. Even black ticket holders smiled.

Anyone who praises Northern Europeans as a group is likely to get the liberal-minority gang angry, upset and psychotically jealous. Sometimes the truth hurts. That's why "Excalibur" has bruised the mental callouses of so many film critics.

425

3

"Excalibur" is a brilliant photographic montage, a moving panorama of breathtaking action, a witching hour of charms, spells and folk magic. Wagner in the background or rather in the foreground synchronizes perfectly with the images on the screen. But film drama needs more than a magnificent musical score, more than skillful camera work, more than eye-catching finery and landscapes. It needs character and story. Unfortunately, "Excalibur" has these two all-important ingredients in short supply.

"Excalibur" fails as a film, but succeeds



Producer John Boorman

magnificently in giving white audiences a change of pace. It is a promise of what can be accomplished in the future, if Majority film makers, after 60 years of servitude and solitude, develop a cinema that mines the riches of their own culture.

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4

We were the first in France to announce the filming of the latest motion picture of John Boorman, "Excalibur." Originally entitled "Merlin," the film, which recounts the principal tales of King Arthur's Table Round, has been the object of a particularly enthusiastic reception by critics. With great fidelity to the spirit of the Celtic myths, "Excalibur" exposes in the character of Merlin the conflict between Christianity and European paganism. According to one critic, "It is the first poetic expression of the values of France's New Right."

from *éléments*,
a French cultural bimonthly

Cyril Darlington (1903-1981)

Despite recent dysgenic trends, Majority scientists still abound in America. The more intelligent choose to concentrate in the relatively apolitical physical sciences. Rarer are those who pursue the biological sciences; rarer still the delvers into the social sciences. Rarest of all, those who apply biology to social phenomena. For their pains, they can expect only the harshest treatment from the media and mind controllers.

One outstanding British scientist who dared to take the biosocial route was C.D. Darlington. Early in his career, after establishing himself as one of the founders of modern genetic theory, he opened up a new dimension in the life sciences with chromosome cytology (the study of individual cells) that had fellow biologists hailing him as "the Newton of cytology." Elected a Fellow of the superprestigious Royal Society, he was later awarded its Royal Medal. He was professor of biology at Oxford from 1953 to 1971. While at Oxford, he became a close friend and associate of John R. Baker, the author of *Race*.

According to the *London Times* (Mar. 27, 1981), Darlington's *The Evolution of Genetic Systems*

is among the really important biological books of the century, for it laid the foundation for the integration of cytology and

genetics at the population and evolution level From this book . . . stem many of our present ideas about the structure of population, the need for adaptability as well as adaptation, and the sense in which the needs of individuals and populations must be compromised if the species is to survive.

In a later book, *Genetics and Man*, Darlington spent much time discrediting the ever popular, but totally foundationless, theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. Indeed, Darlington went so far as to trace the evolution of this misconceived idea from old Jewish folk tales (the Bible episode of Jacob and Laban's sheep) to the more recent charlatany of the Stalinist guru, Lysenko.

The Evolution of Man and Society, which Darlington wrote at age 66, is a monumental work, the first biological account of world history. The author explained historical events not only in terms of gene pools of various population groups, but dealt in depth with the pedigrees of important historical figures.

Darlington's final work was *The Little Universe of Man*, in which he performed his greatest work of synthesis -- biology, genetics, evolution, history, economics and ecology. The book is a plea addressed from a scholar of the old school to a world going stark raving mad.

Darlington argued against modern social welfare programs because of their deleterious effects on the quality of gene pools. He was in favor of compulsive physical labor for adolescents, against "I'm O.K., you're O.K."-type social organization, against produce-and-consume neo-conservatism which glories in the thought of strip mining the world and prays at the altar of better price-to-earning ratios. He was totally opposed to the arms-building orgy that taxes productive citizens to death in order to arm paleolithic world leaders with space-age weaponry.

In *The Little Universe of Man* (unpublished in the U.S.), Darlington warned his fellow mortals to return to a hierarchical, disciplined society or be exterminated by a nuclear holocaust or mass starvation. It is a shocking indication of the state of Western civilization that his editors felt compelled to bowdlerize his words for fear of feeling the wrath of Britain's Race Relations Board.

PBS will never televise a series of any of Darlington's works. It prefers the puerile, clichéd Sunday Supplement TV endeavors of J. Bronowski and Carl Sagan.

Nevertheless, we must be thankful for small favors. If there is a large library nearby, we can still read a fraction of what one of the greatest minds of the modern age wanted to tell us without fear of arrest -- at least for the moment.

Breeding Down and Down

American "social science" is full of unreported scandals. Among the very worst is the continued life of the "convergence theory" for differential fertility. Back in the 1920s, when many social scientists still possessed a modicum of responsibility, there was widespread concern over differences in fertility among races and social classes, differences which always favored the lower at the expense of the higher. When eugenics became unpopular in the 1930s, it was theorized that fertility differences would soon level out, and all groups of women would converge toward similar brood sizes.

As late as the 1960s, fertility statistics were still being inventively twisted to "prove" that black and white fertility convergence was just around the corner. The truth is that now, in the 1980s, fertility differences among the American races remain as great as they have ever been since the major studies began. The data for 1980 show that every 1,000 white women aged 18 to 44 had 68.5 children per year, while the equivalent figures for black and Hispanic women were 84.0 and 106.6, respectively.

No less ominous were the rates for income groups: 94.3 children per 1,000 women per year in families earning \$5,000 or less, versus a genocidal 48.5 for families with \$25,000 in income. The latter rate means that during their 26 peak child-bearing years well-to-do American women are giving birth only once every 20 years. In other words, they were bearing only 1¼ children each! Since the data includes only the ages 18 to 44, and many poor women, but few well-off women, have children before 18, the fertility differences among income groups are really even greater.

Exactly the same deadly dysgenic situation prevails in America today as in the 1920s -- and, in the meantime, two or three generations have passed, *compounding* the differential mischief. There is simply no cause for wonder at any kind of maladaptive behavior we see springing up around us today. It was all predictable -- and it was all predicted.

The Wallace Factory

Did you know that the Japanese were creating guns superior to Europe's within decades after they first encountered them? Did you know that Amerindians never, ever scalped each other before Dutch settlers taught them the practice? If you didn't,

there is no reason to feel badly, because experts on this subject did not know either until Irving Wallace, daughter Amy Wallace and son David Wallechinsky (he stuck to the old family moniker) told them about it. Their new column "Significa," a coinage for "significant trivia," runs weekly in *Parade*, America's most widely-read magazine. Among the three or four innocuous items appearing each week, there is usually one directed straight at the worldwide Northern European community.

One short piece stated repeatedly that the Nazis had "swindled" German workers out of \$68 million in a VW "Beetle" production project. Beginning about 1938, a little more than \$1 a week was voluntarily withdrawn from the paychecks of those wishing to save up for a car. But the VW plant had to be converted to arms production in 1941, so the workers never got their cars or their money. The Wallaces' caption stated that this plant conversion in the midst of a life-or-death struggle constituted a "massive Nazi swindle."

The so-called Wallace Factory consists of a literary assembly line that has a full-time staff of 15 researchers and a 35,000-volume library. The Wallaces' latest book production is *The Intimate Lives of Famous People*, which presents as gospel a lot of hearsay, conjecture and lubricious tidbits about 200 celebrities. It is no coincidence that all but a few of those selected are no longer around to defend themselves.

Love That Genius

Actor Ed Metzger is traipsing about the country in a one-man show called "Albert Einstein: The Practical Bohemian." Metzger portrays the saint as something of a swinger. He dwells on the fact that Al spent a long time marrying his second wife. He also touts a "delicious rumor" about Marilyn Monroe. What did she want most in the world? To sleep with Einstein (47 years her senior)!

Einstein justified his idiosyncrasies in words which Metzger repeats on stage:

Long hair minimizes the need for a barber. A nightshirt and pajamas are needless if you have bedcovers. And when you wear shoes, socks can be done without. They only produce holes.

Metzger says his hero was "warm, humane, charismatic and loved to tell jokes, which he would do with a twinkle in his eye."

How could anyone be more lovable than the man who was the chief promoter of that lovable invention, the world's first atomic bomb?

Media Monsters

Four years ago, Anita Bryant was making \$350,000 a year in concerts and ad appearances. Now, happy just to make a living, she and three lady friends are opening a little dress shop in Selma, Alabama. Speaking out against homosexual teachers and youth counselors "wiped me out financially," says Bryant. Just like Alexander Dubcek in Czechoslovakia following the 1968 Russian invasion, she has discovered that opposing the core values of an establishment is a surefire ticket to downward social mobility.

Staff members at radio station KSDT in San Diego learned the same lesson last July when they were ordered off the air for three weeks following their in-station interview with California Majority activist Tom Metzger. The Student Center Board felt that 21 days of complete silence was a fitting penance for the University of California-affiliated station.

Metzger, who won the Democratic primary in California's 43rd Congressional District in 1980, was beaten in November following a concerted smear campaign. David Nussbaum of the Community Relations Committee of the Jewish Federation of Greater San Diego confesses that the media "first created a monster, then destroyed him." Metzger's positions on the more pressing issues of the day were almost totally ignored.

A bearded young Jew named Donald H. Harrison probably had the most to do with Metzger's defeat. "Metzger's goose-stepping rhetoric" put "chills in my memory," says Harrison, so he quickly got himself hired as a political consultant and public relations adviser -- by Metzger's arch-conservative Republican opponent, Clair Burgener. He convinced the easygoing Mormon that the Klan's "image" (something the Klan has almost no control over) should be the focal point of his entire campaign.

The miracle is that Metzger still got 45,000 votes after most of San Diego's Jewish community of 23,000 launched a vast volunteer effort to defame him and the modest White Survival platform he stood on. Local rabbis and Jewish organizations made a deliberate point of abusing their tax-exempt status by sending out appeals under their letterheads which called for Metzger's defeat. As expected, the IRS looked the other way.

Jews pressured virtually every state Democratic official to oppose the Demo party's own representative. Of course, had any major official declined to do so, he would have been ruined -- a circumstance that should (but surely won't) provoke the most intense resentment against the black-mailers.

Burgener, an archetypical Majority Californian -- blond, blue-eyed, handsome --

professed incomprehension at why 45,000 of his own people would vote for a monster. Perhaps, he mused, they were casting a protest vote for the "forgotten white man." Obviously no "deep thinking" was involved on their part; they were "terribly misinformed." But, he allowed, "maybe 5 or 6 percent" of the Metzger voters were "people who just hate people." Of course, none of the Mexicans and Asians who have swarmed into the district since 1960 voted for Metzger -- which proves them to be less hateful people, and people who -- in Burgener's star-spangled eyes -- better understand the American way.

Salt Pillar Rhetoric

Five-time socialist presidential candidate Eugene Debs once said, "While there is a soul in prison, I am not free!" So-so rhetoric. Zero truth content.

Speaking before 150,000 New Yorkers at the annual rally for Soviet Jewry last May, National Security Adviser Richard Allen said, "Let us remember, no men are free until all men are free." Since real freedom depends at least as much on the individual as on his surroundings, and since many men and women are biologically incapable of free minds and independent convictions, you and I would have a long wait for our freedom -- if this were not more rhetoric.

Last spring, Coretta Scott King told marchers in Georgia, "As long as black children are not safe on the streets of Atlanta, no child is safe anywhere in the world." Her words would have come as a frightening revelation to mothers in crime-free Tokyo, Oslo and Perth, were they not transparently rhetorical.

Times Square priest Bruce Ritter used the same approach in a recent fund appeal. Speaking of a 15-year-old boy prostitute who sat glaring at him, he wrote: "Like it or not, he is part of us." A bit mystical, perhaps, but it brings the money in.

Time hack Roger Rosenblatt entitled an editorial last March, "The Great Black and White Secret." After taking a page to tell readers that blacks are slitting white throats (true) while whites are universally shafting blacks (untrue), he concluded with his revelation: "The great secret is that they [blacks and whites] may need each other." (Horsefeathers!)

Examples of this cheap rhetorical device could be multiplied a hundredfold. The common theme is human interdependence -- which happens to be the exact opposite of *Instauration's* main theme.

It's true that the world has shrunk. It's true that when two faraway nations decide to atomize each other, we will get more than one kind of fallout. But the fact of

growing (though still limited) interdependency is not something to revel in, unless you are a Third Worlder looking for hand-outs. It is rather a trend to strive mightily against, a world force which must be stopped and reversed if human evolution is to continue.

The sad truth is that some souls will always languish in prison; that some men will never be free; that some children will never be safe. The happy truth, the real "great secret" of life, is that progress comes only through quarantine, compartmentalization, separation. When life's pioneers look back too many times they are likely to become as stationary as pillars of salt.

Chapman's Caulfield Connection

Older Americans who were kept busy reading Shakespeare in their school days may not be aware that, for millions of their younger compatriots, an adult-baiting, generation gap-fomenting novel called *The Catcher in the Rye* is required reading in many high-school and college lit courses. Older Americans may never even have heard of the 1951 J.D. Salinger novel -- unless, that is, they closely followed the trial of John Lennon's killer.



J.D. Salinger

Mark David Chapman said that Satan told him to kill the most bumptious Beatle. In the courtroom he clutched a worn copy of his favorite book, which was in his possession on the night of the shooting last December and which he feels tells his story. Asked if he had anything to say in his own defense, Chapman rose quickly and read a passage which he said would be his "final spoken words."

Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field

of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody's around -- nobody big, I mean -- except me. And I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff -- I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going

Chapman, who saw himself as a protector of the weak and innocent, quoted a second-rate Jewish novelist to justify shooting Lennon four times at point-blank range.

The interesting thing about his Salinger selection is that just these words remain indelibly etched on the minds of unnumbered Americans now reaching physical (if not always mental) adulthood -- men and women who were encouraged to see in protagonist Holden Caulfield's self-pitying maunderings the pinnacle of artistic sublimity. Chapman is by no means the only member of his generation to have gone over the edge of Salinger's "crazy cliff." The question that nobody asked was whether or not Salinger pushed him.

Minority Spat

Back in 1969, Lillian Hellman published *An Unfinished Woman*, which purportedly recounted her experiences in Spain during the Civil War years. Last spring, one of Ernest Hemingway's merry widows, his only Jewish widow, finally came forward to denounce much of the work as a fabrication. Novelist Martha Gellhorn, who was a well-known war correspondent in the 1930s and 40s, used her own copious notes to demonstrate, among other things, that Hellman could not have been caught in air raids in Valencia and Madrid; and that she did not, in fact, disregard Hemingway's warnings by dashing off to make a radio broadcast amid the shelling of Madrid.

"Miss H. has written a great part for herself throughout, with special skill in her Spanish War scenes," Gellhorn wrote in *The Paris Review*. "She is the shining heroine who overcomes hardship, hunger, fear, danger -- down center stage -- in a tormented country." The charges were not worth answering, sniffed Hellman, the ultra-liberal, from her far-from-the-madding-crowd home on Martha's Vineyard. It may be significant, however, that she did not sue -- because she had sued novelist Mary McCarthy (a 50% Jewess) last year for calling her a "dishonest writer" on the Dick Cavett Show.

Another non-member of the Lillian Hellman fan club is Diana Trilling ("Let's say she's a gifted writer of fictions."). Diana, a Jewess, accuses Lillian, a Jewess, of minimizing her longtime support of Stalinism while coming down hard on the anti-Stalinists. In the realm of apocrypha, added Gellhorn, "Miss Hellman ranks as sublime."

Behind the Hotel Tragedies

Faithful readers of the unfaithful press have not been given the whole story of the two hotel tragedies that occurred in the U.S. within the last year. They have not been told the identities of the owners or controllers of the corporations which own or operate these ill-starred hostleries. Some may have heard that the owner of the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas (84 dead, 700 injured in a fire started by an alleged homosexual) is a company called MGM Grand Hotels. But who are the people behind this company? Were we informed that Fred Benning was the chief executive officer and that one of the directors is Frank Rosenfelt, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the highest-paid executive in America in 1979 (\$5.1 million)? Were we told that MGM Grand Hotels is a subsidiary of Loews Corporation (\$4.7 billion annual sales), which is controlled by the Tisch brothers, Laurence and Preston? It was once reported that Laurence gives more than \$1 million a year to Israel.



Preston and Laurence Tisch

Somehow the management of the MGM Grand Hotel, in whose casino millions of dollars of gambling money pass hands every week, couldn't afford to put in a sprinkler system and smoke alarms.

The operator of the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Kansas City, Missouri, where 112 died and 200 were injured when two walkways collapsed during a tea dance, is the Hyatt Corporation of Chicago (\$398 million annual sales) controlled by the Pritzkers, America's richest Jewish family (net worth \$600 million to \$1 billion).

Donald Swan (1935-1981)

After a long period of illness, caused partly by overstudy, Donald Swan died in Forrest General Hospital in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, in June at the age of 46, two days after he had been released from the hospital's intensive care unit. Swan, for many years assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Southern Mississippi, was the author of innumerable articles on race and racial topics published in *Mankind Quarterly* and other scholarly publications. He had recently completed a detailed study of the behavior of American Anglo-Saxons. In the 1960s he was active in the Social Science Press, which published Audrey Shuey's classic, *The Testing of Negro Intelligence*. Swan left behind him a magnificent library of rare books on race, which may soon be housed in a large university. Swan was born in New Jersey and earned an M.A. degree in both mathematics and economics. His death prevented him from completing a book called *The Anthropology of the Brain*.

Alliance or Misalliance?

One of the great fantasies of the left is an alliance of blacks and Hispanics that will drive the Majority out of public life and institutionalize its second-class status in the American scheme of things. There are, however, some nagging differences between the two races that are not going to go away overnight:

Blacks are Protestants; Hispanics are Catholics.

Blacks have 200 colleges; Hispanics one.

Blacks have lower IQs, less OA (organizational ability) and less WC (work concentration). Hispanics tend to surpass blacks in most jobs after a few years of competition.

Hispanics have a foreign ally close by -- right across the border. Blacks can expect little help from African blacks.

There are more blacks than Hispanics, but the latter expect to catch up and even outnumber the former by the end of the century.

Hispanics have a culture of sorts; blacks have an ersatz Western culture.

The black middle class is much bigger proportionally than the Hispanic middle class.

These differences may be serious enough to forestall a workable and effective alliance between the two groups. They may also be enough to cause an open rift, perhaps even a violent confrontation, in some of the larger cities where large numbers of both races reside.

If blacks and Hispanics should move further apart instead of coming together, the ongoing dispossession of the Majority will hardly be affected. Divide and rule is an honorable technique in politics. The trouble is that a black-Hispanic split will aid the rulers, not the ruled. Unfortunately, the Majority already belongs to the latter category.

Instinctual Preference

Research on the brain continues apace. *Science* (July 24, 1981) reports the results of removing the neocortex ("new mammalian brain") from some newborn Syrian hamsters and part of the cortex ("old mammalian brain") from another hamster group. Paul MacLean, one of the directors of the experiment, is responsible for the theory that the human brain consists of three evolutionarily successive layers: the reptilian (oldest), succeeded by the cortex and the neocortex (see "A Difference of Minds," *Instauration*, July 1979).

The hamsters' behavior remained typical when the comparatively small neocortex was removed, although motor coordination and success in mating were somewhat impaired. But when the cortex itself was partly removed, the hamsters displayed none of the normal play-fighting associated with growth, and did exhibit severe deficits in maternal behavior. These are two of the cardinal behavior characteristics that distinguish mammals from reptiles.

Yet even when part of the cortex had been removed, the hamsters, when offered a choice of members of a similar species of laboratory hamsters, showed a marked sexual preference for their own species. Which goes to show that preference for one's own kind is not a new thing in evolution, indeed it may well be one of the oldest things, and perhaps even a prime cause of evolution.

Death to Tourists!

The British press was in an uproar over nothing, absolutely nothing. It was as if the headlines had screamed, "Sun Shines! Clouds Float By! Grass Continues to Grow!" For some reason, the nation's edi-

tors thought it was hot news that a popular antique dealer from a sleepy country town in west England had been brutally slain on the streets of a major American city. A friend of the victim who works for BBC mused, "This makes me think the rumors about violence in America are true." There is growing evidence that this kind of media attitude is making European tourists into the sitting ducks of urban America's undeclared race war.

Philip Rouse, 34, had been mugged on a previous visit to Baltimore just last year. A young black ripped his pocket off his pants with his money in it. Rouse said to him, "Why don't we sit down and talk about this and why don't you explain why you did what you have just done?" Anyone who spends much time in any big American city is certain to hear some blond visitor from the hinterlands as he soothingly beseeches a screeching black with words like, "Now why don't we have a sensible talk about this matter?" Those urban whites within earshot just shake their heads, look down in embarrassment, and pray that the gentleman rube gets out of the city alive. Rouse's mugger did not want to talk, so he punched Rouse in the mouth instead.

On his second -- and last -- visit, Rouse and two British friends were strolling about at 2 A.M. on August 22, commenting on how marvelously safe everything was. A black kid came by on his bike and grabbed Anne Bullivant's purse. Rouse and Nigel Lawrence started to give chase but, before Rouse had gotten five steps, three more black teenagers -- unconnected with the first -- had tripped him and shot him in the chest. He was Baltimore's 149th homicide of 1981.

Who is to blame? Consider an article which appeared in a major London paper last fall. "A murder every nine hours in Soweto," the headline read.

Horrendous statistics showing a spiraling crime rate among Soweto's 1.4 million inhabitants are blamed on "inhuman" social conditions, unemployment and restrictive racial laws . . .

In the first six months of this year, 500 people were murdered and 639 women raped in the 56 "zones" that make up the 13,000 square acres of urban sprawl of Soweto -- a crime rate three-and-a-quarter times as great as that of New York.

Of the 500 murdered, 468 were stabbed to death with anything from knives to sharpened bicycle spokes. 14 were shot, 11 clubbed to death, and six hacked to death . . .

By comparison, only 25 Whites were murdered in the same period in the predominantly White greater Johannesburg conurbation.

Later in the article it was admitted that only 10 percent of economically active Sowetans are without jobs. Note also the ref-

erence to "urban sprawl": the crime-free Japanese would envy the Sowetans their space. Gun control advocates can derive little satisfaction from the methods of killing.

Most significant of all is correspondent Christopher Munnion's eager comparison of Soweto's crime rate with New York's: 3¼ times greater. What he does not tell his captive British audience is that this difference exists because Soweto is 100% black. New York is about a quarter or so black, and the latter city's violent crime is nearly all black or brown. It has nothing whatsoever to do with "restrictive racial laws." Britons are no safer in black American neighborhoods than in Soweto -- probably less.

Munnion goes on to tell his readers that, under conditions similar to Soweto, whites would have a similar crime rate. Yet black Americans, who have higher incomes and better (if more poorly maintained) housing than white Britons, continue to rape and rob and kill at fifty times the British rate. Detroit's black population in 1980 was 750,000. They committed the vast majority of the city's 548 murders. Their murder rate was about the same as Soweto's, yet their mean income exceeds that of Munnion's countrymen and their housing is far, far superior to that of Britain's white working class. (Through block-busting, they inherited dozens of square miles of beautiful houses on large lots in neighborhoods which are now suddenly crime-filled and falling apart.)

San Francisco's black gangs continue to zero in on foreign tourists. Klaus Scheliga, an attaché at the German Consulate General, says, "We hear of at least three cases a week of muggings and burglaries involving Germans." He recommends marking high-crime areas on city maps. "The route from Downtown to Golden Gate Park is just not walkable." One young German victim, referring to the all-black Western Addition, said, "There should be signs telling people not to go there."

Goggle Box Gossip

Grant Tinker, the new chairman of NBC (the first Majority member to hold the post in decades), is not too happy about the present state of the television art:

There's just been an erosion -- the good things, the quality things . . . I don't think there is much of that now . . . It comes close to a national scandal. Somebody ought to go to jail for that.

Asked "Who should go to jail? Network executives?", Tinker responds half-jokingly, "Yeah, probably." A man with a "great frustration," Tinker sees TV's "lowest com-

mon denominator" sinking lower and lower, but thinks that audience fragmentation brought on by new technologies like cable and videocassettes may save us yet.

After all the Moral Majority talk, however, Tinker protected his left flank by appointing Irwin Segelstein, one of the geniuses responsible for "Holocaust," as his second-in-command.

NBC's "Today" star Tom Brokaw was nicknamed "Duncan the Wonder Horse" by executive producer Steve Friedman, and it stuck. CBS news staffers call Walter Cronkite "the gorilla." We don't know whether the four Jews, one black and one white Gentile female who were backing up Phil Donahue on his show the last time we checked have an animal nickname for their aesthetic front man.

Dumb blondes are "out" (temporarily). The latest Nordic stereotype being peddled in Hollywood is the lusty, ruthless supervixen with veins of ice. Witness Pamela Sue Martin of "Dynasty," Morgan Fairchild of "Fleming Road," and a host of others who pack demons in their angelic bodies. The viragoes who women once loved to hate are now being touted as role models. Donna Mills, who plays Abby, the bitch-in-perennial-heat on "Knot's Landing," says she is acting out popular fantasies, "The only difference is that I have a conscience and morals that she doesn't have." Fine, except for those millions of nonwhites who watch their tube six hours a day but rarely meet blonde women as they really are -- and, consequently, begin to mistake fantasy for reality. But this is not likely to worry the creators of "Dynasty" (Esther and Richard Shapiro) and the creator of "Knot's Landing" and "Dallas" (David Jacobs).



Morgan Fairchild



Cholly Bilderberger



The diary was given to me in the sitting room of my suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel by Frank Yarborough, the director. He brought it there the morning after the party out at his place in Malibu.

"I told you about it last night," he said. "Do you remember?"

"Of course I remember. Do you?"

"Barely." He examined himself in a mirror. "I look awful. Listen, I can't remember what details I gave you, so I'll start from scratch. Her name was Susan Larrabee. She was a beauty, but she never got anywhere. Probably because she was too intelligent. Her story was no different from thousands of others, but she knew what was happening to her. That's what made her unique, as we say out here. Christ, she came to me — you'll find it in there — and she told me what was happening. And I thought, what else do you expect out here? And tried to lay her myself. Do you have a beer?"

"Try the refrigerator."

After he had it in his hand, he said, "She was intelligent, but she was crazy, too. Especially after she got away from Berkan — that's Jed Berkan, the producer. He was her last. They weren't married, but he was the last. He was the one who took her to Cuernavaca, to Lou Protkin's place, and let the animals loose on her. I mean real animals, my friend, beasts of the field. Anyhow, after she got away from Berkan, you'd think she would have been free. But the memory of it all was too much, I guess. Listen to this." He had taken the notebooks out of the big manila envelope, and he flipped the pages of one of them until he found what he wanted, and then he read from it: "I do feel better sometimes, but most of the time I don't. I can remember everything, the years of it, and it's awful. The really awful parts, like Cuernavaca, are obviously awful, but even the lesser parts — like being married to Ben — seem just as bad. I'm like Kurtz. I can't get over the shame." He tossed the notebook on a table. "So she took the pills."

"Kurtz was the trader in *Heart of Darkness*," he continued. "I thought that was who it was, but I wasn't sure, it's so long since I read anything. So I looked it up. You probably knew it was Kurtz, but I'm telling you anyhow. Not so much who Kurtz was as that I went to the trouble to look it up. I felt I owed her that. After all, I'd been in Cuernavaca, too, and

seen her *avec les animaux*. Cheered her on, in fact. Just as sardonically as Berkan or Protkin or Wasserbrucke or Thomming or Wontage — big names out here, studio heads and producers, no less — to say nothing of the lesser fry who were there in force."

He stared at me hard, his bloodshot eyes truculent and unrepentant. "Part of me can see myself," he said finally, "and can be disgusted with what it sees. But there's another part which doesn't care at all. Isn't that awful? I suppose that means I am now so corrupt that I've gone over the line."

He picked up the notebooks. "They're after this. They know she wrote something. They've never seen it, never read a word of it, but they're scared to death she's blown the whistle on all of them. On Cuernavaca and here and . . . everywhere they go. They think this could leave every one of them looking like Polanski. Only much worse. It's not quite what they think it is — I mean, it's more a *tour de force* than an *exposé* — but it still names enough names and describes enough nightmare to justify their panic.

"They know I was in her place just after she died — my number was on her telephone pad and the cops called me — and they suspect me of having picked it up right under the cops' noses and walking off with it. Which is just what I did. I just happened to pick it up, and when I saw what it was I put it under my arm and strolled out. Anyhow, they've asked me about it, and I tell them I don't have it. Don't know what they're talking about. So what can they do? At the moment, nothing. But if they ever find it, they can do plenty to me. And they'll go through the Malibu place, don't think they won't. And don't think they can't check my safe deposit box. Or any hiding place I might think of. Oh, I suppose I could find one — in Nevada or someplace — but I'm a drinker, I'm a talker, and sooner or later I'd make a slip. So I'm giving it to you."

"Thanks."

"Sarcasm will get you nowhere. Listen, I'm giving it to you because I trust you."

"How well do you know me?"

"Come on, we've known each other for years."

He and I had met in Cairo twenty years ago in an operation there. He was right, we did know each other, even if we didn't see each other very often. It had not been a picnic in

Cairo, that time, and those who had worked together there had a permanent bond.

"Maybe you wonder why I don't give it to some pal out here," he went on, "but they all have the same problem I do in hiding anything and keeping it hidden. No, you're the only person I know who moves in a world the enemy out here can't get into."

"You might be surprised."

He shook his head. "I know about you. I don't mean everything, but enough. I know you have deep, deep connections all over the East — in business, in government. And the East still runs this country, don't let this California facade fool you." He stared down at the carpet. "I know it doesn't fool you, but it does fool most people, even most Easterners. What the hell, your connections even out here are probably better than mine."

"Do you want me to bury it forever?" I asked him.

"I want you to put it where it will be safe. Hold it against the day when it can be used."

"What if I drop dead tomorrow?"

He waved his hand impatiently. "You know how to arrange these things."

"Do you want a veto on how it's used?"

"No, I told you I trust you. It's all yours. Incidentally, I won't tell anyone you have it."

"I didn't think you would."

"It's funny, isn't it. If I hid it, I'd talk. And betray myself. But after I give it to you, I won't talk. I won't betray you. How do you explain that?"

"You're a born follower."

"Probably true . . . Don't forget, it's a work of art. I'm just a director who drinks too much now, but I had aesthetic judgment when I started, and I still do. It's just that I can't do anything with it any more. No one can. Have you seen what Johnny Huston's doing? Or not doing, I should say?"

"Not really."

"Don't. And that's the man who did *The Maltese Falcon* and *African Queen* . . . But it's not his fault. It's just that the industry belongs to them now. They always did own it, I guess, but some of us used to be able to get around them. Now we can't. That's probably part of what blew Susan. Oh, Christ, I don't know what blew her. I only know that she watched herself making every step, all the way down. And she was able to be coherent about it. I don't mean that she wasn't paranoid. She was. But she was awfully observant and shrewd at the same time."

He opened one of the notebooks. "Listen to this: 'These are people who say they care, people who know what has happened to girls from Frances Farmer on (and before), people who say isn't it awful what those iguana bastards do to them? Frank can say all that.' " He looked up. "You know who Frank is," he said, "and iguana was her word for them." He went on reading. "But they don't mean it, it isn't in them to mean anything. It's words with them. We girls are all alone. If I had a man or a man had me, and it was June-moon and baby makes three — if bliss was possible, which is questionable at the best of times — then I'd go for bliss, but bliss isn't possible because I've never seen a man — at least a

white man — who could be fundamental about anything, let alone me, and you can't have bliss without being fundamental. So if you can't have bliss, then go all the way and have hell. That sounds good, anyhow, and, who knows, perhaps it's true.' "

He looked up again. "Well, she got hell, all right. With wheels on. She didn't have to, though. She was very willful. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know."

"She could be so damned funny about them. Here she is on Ben Placer, the agent. He was her first husband: 'He's rather an anomaly — big, shaggy, Dartmouth, imagine an iguana in an old Harris tweed jacket — but thinks, of course, that he's Apollo. Brillo hair, the upper lip thin and the entire area quite flat against the upper teeth and gums. A fleshy, pendulous lower lip — see Jack Klugman and Elliot Gould and lots more for the same formation. Sulky, peevish, arrogant. Tells stories casting himself as a madcap D'Artagnan: claims, for instance, to have sent a telegram every day for two hundred days to some white girl in New York proclaiming his undying love. "Did she succumb?" I ask breathlessly. He rolls his eyes in the most unspeakably repulsive fashion. Did she not! those eyes say. Who could not!? they continue . . . Later I ask him where the name Placer is from. "What do you mean, 'from?' " he growls. "Of what origin? English? Irish? German? French? . . . Tibetan?" "I dunno," he says, "I guess my family was Polish." Never do they say iguana. "How interesting," I say. "What part of Poland?" He doesn't like this quiz, and asks, with a whiff of menace, "What difference does it make? — they're all the same, aren't they?" "In what way are they all the same?" I press. "You know," he says, "they're all backward." "Oh, in what way?" After much of this fencing, he finally says, "They're anti-Semitic." "Oh, how awful," I gush. He smells a rat, but can't be sure where it is. The big, bobbed (the better to sniff with?) nose lifts and twitches with suspicion.' "

Frank closed the notebook. "She could write like that about him, and two months later she was married to him, which she rationalized as follows." He opened another notebook and thumbed through it until he found what he wanted. " 'I knew Ben was an iguana and awful when we married, but I also knew the iguanas were on top. I thought — and I assume Frances Farmer and Marilyn Monroe and all the rest of us victims thought — that you married an iguana even though he was awful because you wanted to marry what was on top, and if you had married a white years ago, when the whites were on top, he would have been awful in his way. The iguana demeaned you by making you Mrs. Iguana — but the white man demeaned you in his way, too. Awful and the top went together . . . of course, that was awful as defined in a rather girlish way. It was awful the way a bad joke is awful, or the wrong shade of lipstick. Ben Placer was awful because he was an iguana and obtuse, but I thought I could live with that because he was on top, and smart cave girl always goes for top cave man. He was pathetic as well as awful, which made him seem a bit less awful, and . . . what else was there? It was only after we had been married for a couple of years that it began to dawn on

me that he was awful in a much more sinister way. When he came at me in bed in the dark, a great hairy horror, with that smell they have . . . then it was truly awful. Not at all school-girlish, the real thing. But in the morning, I'd funk it, and say I must have been making it up. I couldn't face what it was"

"And Ben was Little Lord Fauntleroy to what came after," Frank said. "But she could rationalize that, too: 'You are so ashamed of what you've allowed one of them to do to you — what you've done to yourself, *willingly*, let's be honest — that you can't face it. So the next one is always a step down. You can't face what you're doing, like an alcoholic, so you just keep going down. Until you end up with a Jed Berkan. Then you're finished — they think they've finished you, and you may think you've finished yourself, but whatever or however or whoever, you're finished — and a Jed Berkan gives you the final shove, and you end up in that little dirt pit in Cuernavaca with all of them yelling Ben was probably there, too, making it a full circle. Come see Mrs. Iguana in her natural habitat.

"Your only point of pride is to say that you did it to yourself, that you yourself chose to go all the way down. But that isn't true, or altogether true. They did it. They spotted you, they knew you were ambitious and prideful and that no white man had ever warned you or would protect you. To say nothing of wanting you, June-moon style. So they took you up, and outwitted you, and finished you off. That's what I can't stand, that I was outwitted. I admit it There was a girl who said to me, when we were talking about Marilyn Monroe being married to Arthur Miller — she'd been dead for years then — 'How could she stand that rubbing itself all over her?' And I said, 'I suppose she respected him as a playwright.' And the terrible thing is that I was probably right. And outwitted myself — brainwashed — even then.'"

Frank threw the notebook on the floor and rubbed his hands over his tanned, flushed face. When he took them away, his eyes were moist.

"I said she wasn't sane," he said, "but I have to take that back." His voice was thickening. "She was sane, all right. She was foolish — and they outwitted her, as she says — but she was sane. It was when she was married to Bud Lappman — he was after Placer — that she told me she was sick of them. We were up in Utah on location — the picture was *The Desert Effect*, it was fair — and she said she was sick of all of them, especially Lappman. It's in that notebook, but I'll tell you myself. Our versions agree. She said, 'I want to get away from him, from all of them. I never want to see another iguana in my life. But I can't leave now, because I don't have enough money. I have to go on acting for a few years to build up a stake.'

"She was that open with me because we'd always gotten along. I had directed her a couple of times before — always in small parts — and I liked her . . . when I thought about her at all, that is. That night we were talking at the bar in the town, and I was thinking that I wouldn't mind a roll with her, so I let her believe she could let her hair down with me. After she told me she needed a stake, I said, 'That should be no problem, just keep plugging.'

"Then she said, 'I'm weak and sick, Frank — because of what I've done to myself — and I can't be entirely on my own.' She didn't say any more, but I knew what she meant. She was too shaky, she needed a friend, someone she could talk to when she had to, someone she could trust, someone she could be easy with. It wasn't a demanding relationship she needed — just someone at the other end of the phone if she had to talk. And it wouldn't last forever — just a year or so until she was on her feet. I knew what she wanted, even though it was unspoken — it's in one of these notebooks, too. I could have given it to her. But I didn't. I made a pass at her instead."

His voice was unsteady now, and he paused to collect himself. "And when I did, she drew back and turned me down politely and left the bar. The last thing she said was, 'It doesn't make sense — with all the iguanas I end up with, I mean — to say no, Frank. But I wanted something else from you . . . so I can't let it go that way.' She smiled a very pathetic little smile and that was that. I didn't see her again until she came down to Cuernavaca with Berkan. We were all on the same plane together." His voice quavered again. "It was Berkan's plane. He gave the party, paid for everything. For her . . . for me. I killed her. If I'd taken care of her, she wouldn't be dead."

He stood up and said, "I've got to take a nap." He lay down in one of the bedrooms and slept hard for over two hours. When he reappeared he seemed all right.

"Sorry about that," he said.

"You needn't be."

"But I am. I could pretend I don't remember all of it. But I do. And I did kill her." He was quite calm. "And the worst of it is that if the same situation came up again, with some other girl asking for help, I'd do the same thing all over again. As I told you, I'm so corrupt that I've gone over the line."

"If you say so."

"I wonder if you aren't, too. No, I take that back."

"You don't have to."

"You don't trust me, do you? I don't mean about keeping it under my hat that you have her diary, but in a human sense."

"No."

"Well, you're right not to. If I were you, I wouldn't trust me, either. Would you trust me if I paid like she paid? If I went home and took some pills, too? Or blew my brains out? You don't have to answer that . . . I'm not going to do it, you know. I can't, because I have such an active social life. I'm going to Bob Wassermann's tonight, and to Sinatra's party on Friday . . . and, who knows, Berkan may invite me to join the next expedition to Cuernavaca."

He sat quietly for a moment before resuming. "Don't let that cheap bravado fool you into thinking that I'm kidding. I'm not."

"I didn't think you were."

"The really awful part is that no one is any better than I am. At least out here. Probably anywhere. When the pressure is on, anyway."

He looked at me expectantly, and I said, "That's probably right."

"I've been thinking how pathetic it was that she picked

me as her guardian angel. If I was the best she could find, she never had a chance, I thought. But she never had a chance, anyhow, because there's no one any better than I am. That's some comment on the times, isn't it?" He didn't wait for an answer this time, but got up briskly and started to leave.

He paused by the door and said, "Thanks for taking care

of Susan's diary. If they got their hands on it, it would probably end up as a Woody Allen production. With Woody playing me. And Streisand as Susan."

As he backed out the door, he gave me a tentative wave. And an even more tentative smile.

The Night-riding Feds

Human rights are not only under attack abroad; they are also having an increasingly hard go of it in the U.S. In Buffalo, 30-year-old Karl Hand, Jr., was arrested on a counterfeit weapons charge 24 hours before he planned to lead a right-wing rally protesting the celebration of something called Martin Luther King Day. A federal jury found him innocent, but not until huge media headlines and TV reports had stirred up so much hatred against him that his life was continually threatened. As Hand's lawyer stated at the trial, "The danger here is not from Karl Hand. The danger here is when the system gets inspired to 'get' people like Karl Hand." Hand had used a public defender so he spent only \$3 on his defense. The Department of Justice, which flew in witnesses from as far away as Washington, D.C., spent tens of thousands of dollars in its abortive conspiracy to jail Hand.

Hand was arrested when a dingbat from the BATF, the U.S. agency that seems destined to outdo the KGB in deep-sixing human rights, entered the defendant's apartment, handcuffed him and tore the place apart before dragging him off to jail. The dangerous weapon, the basis for the trumped-up charge against him, was a shotgun given him by his father in 1975.

* * *

An even greater outrage took place in Denver, Colorado, some weeks later, when David Lane, 42, was arrested after a massive five-hour police chase. Lane's offense? He had been passing out "racist" literature. Police in seven unmarked cars directed from a police helicopter in the sky followed Lane and a few companions through the streets of Denver for hours. Finally, when they were outside the city limits in Aurora, where the Denver cops had no right to be, the Fuzz caught up with them and forced them to pull over. Plainclothesmen jumped out brandishing guns, ordered Lane and his friends out of the car, made them put their hands on the hood just like common criminals, and searched them at gunpoint -- all, of course, without a

warrant. A reporter from the *Denver Post*, who "happened" to be on the scene, grabbed some of their literature and put it in his jacket, just like an ordinary thief. Other literature was taken back to police headquarters and scanned just like the Gestapo does in Hollywood anti-Nazi films. Media photographers who had been tipped off by the police in advance were there to take pictures, and reporters conducted interrogations, which appeared in print the next day. Altogether, it was a neat little media-police conspiracy that seemed more fitting for the land of the Gulags than Colorado.

For this Grade A violation of the Bill of Rights and countless Colorado statutes, the police used the excuse that the NAACP annual convention was scheduled to start the next day in Denver. One could imagine what would have happened if the police

had employed the same techniques on NAACP delegates, many of whom are far more racist-minded than Mr. Lane.

At last report, Lane has initiated criminal proceedings against the Denver police, the city attorney, the *Denver Post* and a local television station. He is also planning to sue the city of Denver for \$6,000,000. All to no avail, of course. Neither the KGB nor the Denver police nor the *Denver Pravda (Post)*, nor the ADL, which probably staged the affair, have ever been known to have been taken to task for their actions. The whole agglomeration is above the law when it comes to such matters as suppressing the rights of Majority activists. But by fighting back Lane is at least stinging what is left of the conscience of those who trash human rights in a country that claims to be the bastion of human rights.

Extremely Ponderable Quote

It is clear that much of the glaring discrepancy between U.S. crime rates and the crime rates of other countries can be traced to the disproportionate share of violent crimes committed by blacks. Minus crimes committed by blacks, America's rates of violent crime are much closer to the rates found in other countries. For example, while the U.S. national robbery rate is eight times higher than England's, the white robbery rate is only three times higher. Similarly, although the overall U.S. homicide rate is five times higher than Japan's, the white homicide rate is only twice as high.

True, this still leaves substantial differences, but the white crime rate is based on data that classifies Hispanics as white. In many U.S. cities Hispanics constitute an ethnic underclass with rising crime rates and the same motivations and opportunities for violent crime as one finds among blacks. Subtracting the Hispanic crime rate from the rest of the white crime rate would further reduce the difference between crime rates in the U.S. and those found in Japan and Britain

Marvin Harris
"Why It's Not the Same Old America,"
Psychology Today
August 1981

John Nobull

Notes from the Sceptred Isle

Driving down from Bonn to Strasbourg, I was struck by the deterioration of the German autobahns. They are, of course, the oldest in the world, and their surfaces are having to be renewed, often in the most hazardous fashion, with the traffic zipping along only inches from the workers. But the worst decline is to be seen in the standards of the rest stations. Germany is now a welfare state, and its native unskilled workers are slacking off, so services have either been automated or taken over by guest workers. What is more, the autobahns are free to all; there are no tolls. This combination of circumstances is disastrous. A decent cup of coffee is unobtainable without sitting for hours at a table trying to catch the leisurely waiter's eye. At the dispensing machines, you may obtain horrible instant coffee, still more horrible tea, or lukewarm sticky drinks, full of additives. Worst of all is the litter. No one bothers to empty the trash barrels. In a rest station near Karlsruhe, the flies swarmed, while an oiled and curled homosexual, clearly of Levantine origin, leered and lurked in the background.

Strasbourg has been a bone of contention between the French and Germans for centuries. They needn't have bothered; it has now been taken over by a horde of Africans. Historically, this ancient city of the Holy Roman Empire was the habitat of a large Jewish community. The Jews betrayed the city to the French revolutionaries, only to welcome the hegemony of Prussia in 1871. (Remember, it was the Jews and German liberals who insisted on the annexation of the whole of Lorraine as well as Alsace, against the wishes of Bismarck. This overreaching made the French irreconcilable.) In 1917, the Jews swung against Germany, as part of a worldwide change in policy, and in 1945 they participated in the frightful massacres of Alsatians ordered by the French authorities. There are still influential Jews about, clustered round the stock exchange, but the native Alsatians, who erected those splendid buildings (so reminiscent of the architecture in Basle and other Alemannic parts of Europe), have become strangers in their own city. Occasionally, one sees a big poster with the legend, "Freies Elsass," but the streets are full of lounging Africans. Seated in a café near the red sandstone cathedral, I saw a small group of teen-age Algerians making their way along the tables, mostly occupied by French-speaking tour-

ists of modest appearance. The first Algerian said, "Bon appétit," at each table, while his companions followed this up with the similar-sounding "Bande d'abruttis" (band of brutalized people) in lower tones. Now, just what right have the Algerians to resent the French? Was it because they were partially colonised, after having been a piratical menace to Mediterranean shipping for centuries? In due course, they expelled over a million francophone settlers, but failed to make their economy pay. So they poured into France, where they took the dirty jobs, but now live increasingly off the dole. In any case, they have a far higher standard of living than they had in North Africa.

And yet, the Algerians do have a psychological justification for their hatred of the French. They are reacting against the effort to assimilate them. A long TV interview with Ben Bella, the former Algerian nationalist leader recently released after twenty years in prison (mostly in Algeria itself), provided a clue to the whole problem. Ben Bella explained how he had become committed to an anti-French nationalist position. A French teacher in Algeria had admitted to him, in response to a question, that he thought Mohammed was an impostor.

The panel of prominent journalists interviewing Ben Bella contained some pretty sinister faces. Only one of them, Jean Daniel, had some Nordic characteristics and looked superficially genial. In other words, he was what I call a high visibility Jew, like Leslie Howard, Danny Kaye and Kirk Douglas. He beamed as he pressed Ben Bella on the question of the colonists -- many of them, as he said, socialists or communists -- who had been pushed out of Algeria. What Daniel is after, of course, is the re-creation of a racially mixed society.

The autoroute from Strasbourg to Paris was a revelation: good new surfaces, well-appointed rest stations, and a relative absence of Third Worlders.

The secret is that the French autoroutes are relatively new, and you have to pay tolls. This keeps away the worst of the riffraff. But the state of the Italian autostradas, which are toll roads, shows that even payment does not guarantee good standards in the long run.

In Paris, I stayed in a delightful flat on the Ile St. Louis and spent my usual afternoon of contemplation in the Louvre. What especially struck me this time was how seldom the



models used by great painters of the past were outstandingly beautiful. Titian's courtesans, Rubens's fleshy females, Rembrandt's solid Dutch housewives -- none of these can be claimed as beautiful. I think the reason is that until relatively recently it was not considered respectable for middle-class girls to pose as undraped models, so that the girls depicted were no better than they should be. Aristocratic ladies were depicted, it is true, but they were usually not undraped. (The famous picture of the school of Fontainebleau, showing Gabriella d'Este and her sister, the Duchess of Villars, both slim, naked and delightful, is the exception.) By the 19th century one begins to see more undraped beauties of a higher social class. There is an example in the Louvre, by a good painter of the second class called Chasseriau (1819-1856). It shows Chaste Susannah bathing in a woodland pool, bare above and descending into the delicate folds of her dress. She is fair-haired, and so beautiful that it hurts me to look at her. I suppose I am still up to my old tricks. I could never treat beauty and grace with anything but awe. To think that we have it in our power to breed more women of whom it might be said, "I did but see her passing by, and yet I love her till I die."

I walked out of the Louvre and made my way back to the Ile St. Louis, stopping to pick up a copy of *Le Monde*. There I read an account of the legalised persecution of M. Faurisson, who was heavily fined and given a suspended three-month jail sentence for daring to question the authenticity of Holocaust propaganda.

Note the suspended sentence -- the usual way of silencing inconvenient critics nowadays. Note also that one of Faurisson's fines was for remarks made on TV. The very fact that he is allowed on TV at all is a sign that France is a little freer intellectually than the Anglo-Saxon countries. But still, Faurisson has had to undergo the expensive, degrading rigamarole of a staged trial, confronted by overwhelming influence and limitless funds. As Eliot said in *The Cocktail Party*, we learn to survive humiliation, and that is already something.

Driving up to the hoverport at Boulogne, I was struck by the featurelessness of the hinterland as compared with rural Kent, just across the Channel. The place names of the villages behind Boulogne and Calais are mostly Flemish, the language of the Franks, who gave their name to France. I cannot help thinking that the relative architectural unproductiveness of this part of France, as compared with Flanders proper or the thoroughly French parts of France, has something to do with the partial assimilation of the people into the French scheme of things. The absorption of even a kindred people takes so many centuries and creates so much bad feeling that one cannot help wondering whether it is really worthwhile.

The waterfront of Boulogne is truly sordid -- a long line of cheap cafés catering to the tourists from England, and depressing eateries selling the soggy chipped potatoes and slimy fish to which the British working class has become accustomed. Among the trippers were children from a state comprehensive school, across from London for a day. Over half of them were what I heard a bloody-minded young man describe as "niggers, chinks and untouchables." Such is the

state of feeling among the more vigorous working-class elements. I was sorry for the little white children mixed in with them, but not for their teacher, a rather handsome young Englishman in faded jeans, who was fingered by the black children whenever they wanted to attract his attention. (The English children, brought up in the same educational environment, instinctively did not do this.) Most of the white trippers looked like gargoyles, mutants resulting from two hundred years of coddling. They hope, in a vague sort of way, that the coloured people will leave them in peace if they only show enough tolerance. They are wrong. The coloureds despise as well as hate them, and with some reason.

An hour later, I was being carried across the sea by that convenient British invention, the hovercraft, to the shores of friendly Kent. Ribbon development has spoiled stretches of the coast, and the roads towards London too, because they were not developed into motorways until too late. However, the country in between is as lovely as ever: the sleepy village church with its mediaeval tombs, the churchyard with its ancient yews (once used to make the English longbow), the fine old avenues of Spanish chestnuts, the smooth green lawns and the quiet voices.

It was in these idyllic circumstances that news reached us of the rioting, looting and burning by crowds of blacks and Indians, accompanied by some token white leftists, in cities all over England. The reaction of the Establishment was pathetic. All sorts of authority figures appeared on TV to swear that race had nothing to do with the riots. They said it was all a matter of unemployment (which had been even greater among the white working class in the 1930s, but without the same results), or social frustration or whatever. One preposterous professor even claimed that the young people had been overexcited by the high concentrations of lead from car exhausts. How, then, do we account for the absence of such riots in Reykjavik? I cannot help noticing that they have plenty of exhaust fumes there, but no concentrations of racial aliens.

I saw Enoch Powell at a distance across the Palace of Westminster, and he looked as grave and imperturbable as ever. But he would not be human if he did not feel that this rioting -- and worse to come -- is just what he had predicted:

Round de ghettos am a-ringin'
De darkies' hostile screams,
Where de mockin'-bird am singin'
"Blood be gonna flow in streams."

Down in de High Street,
Hear dat plate-glass smash,
All de darkies am a-screamin'
"Brother, come and have a bash."

The police have sustained a lot of injuries, but most of them still believe the law-and-order protestations of the politicians. They have not yet realised that, as highly visible Majority members, they are being set up for public humiliation, worn down with constant riots and "trained" not to

arrest black transgressors where they would certainly arrest whites. Only that fine old judge, Lord Denning, has spoken out openly, and he has been accused of racism because he claimed that the Bristol rioters had got off scot-free because half the jury was black. But most significant of all is the growth of white vigilante groups among the tough white working class in areas threatened by coloured rioters. No

wonder the powers-that-be are worried. Black frustrations were not scheduled to boil over until their electoral power had been increased by the arrival of an enormous new generation of voters. Now the Establishment sees the danger that polarisation may take place too early. It may even save us.

Father Machree

Notes from the Ould Sod

I would like to start off this column by telling Zip 900 just how much I enjoyed reading his remarks in the August issue, but I must inform him that despite his contention to the contrary, everything in the Bible -- even when correctly translated -- does most certainly not agree with nature. The story of Jonah is a satire that was written centuries after the real Jonah expired. There is only one case on record that I know of where a man was swallowed by a whale. He was an English sailor of a much later period. He was not inside the whale anything like a period of three days, yet he was unconscious by the time he was rescued. He was also bleached a sickly shade of white for the rest of his life from the whale's juices, and, had this happened to Jonah, the Bible writer would have no doubt mentioned it. As for the Song of Solomon, it is nothing short of silly filth. Indeed, when it was translated into English it had to be cleaned up. As those who are able to read the Hebrew well know, the language is a lot more than simply just blue -- hell, Zip 900, it's dark purple!

I realize, Zip 900, that you must feel rather lonely being a 100% Bible-believing Christian among the general run of *Instauration* subscribers. As an Irish nationalist, I oft' times feel pretty lonely myself midst all the pro-British readers which appear to make up the vast majority of Instaurationists. However, I still feel more at home among fellow nationalists (even Limey ones) than I do among liberal Irishmen and one-worlders. Good luck and God bless, Zip 900 -- and hang in there!

* * *

If the Catholic Celts in old Erin were not enough to contend with, the British in England now have another Catholic problem. I was recently reading that a group of crazier Catholics, officially known as Opus Dei (unofficially known as Octopus Dei) is making a few gains even in holy Ireland. The Opus Dei has been secretive, power-

seeking, money-mad and political almost from its beginnings. Members go in for self-mortification along with a few other strange practices -- like having a whip with five or six thongs applied by the numeraries on their own hind ends while at the same time attempting to pray. This masochism was thought up by Monsignor Escriva, a half-nuts Spanish priest -- or perhaps an all-nuts Spanish priest. Anyway, the nonsense gang, founded in 1928, was actually able to obtain a Decree of Final Approval from the Holy See in 1950. These crazies have been running around loose ever since. The fact that a great many Opus Dei members are viewed as holy rather than poor souls with mental problems does not speak well for either our Catholic Church or the semi-moronic pope who now leads us.

* * *

The recent marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Di will do nothing to relieve unemployment in England, nor will it have much effect on the war in North Ireland.

Being Irish, and perhaps too much influenced by the writings of the early American revolutionaries (especially Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Paine) I am quite unimpressed by royalty and by the great many religious spectacles that I have been forced to endure by various popes.

However, these royal affairs (like some of the religious spectacles) do tend to unite the best nationalists and patriots.

While I'm glad all went well, I can't resist sending a poem that was written by my American friend, who, tho' certainly an American nationalist, was equally unimpressed by the recent pomp and circumstance in England.

*The Royal Sideshow's here at last,
Prince Charles, the Duke, the Regal
cast,
The Lady Di -- oh, she's a dear,*

*A glimpse of Margaret Thatcher's
rear,
The horses gaily trotting by,
The Guards afraid to bat an eye,
Three choirs, Archbishop and the
rest,
The Queen demands the very best.
I thought of what the cost would run,
But they still can't pay us for World
War II!*

While on the subject of the royal newlyweds, I might point out that Charles is a slumlord. That's right, the royal family owns the Eagle Star Insurance Company, of which the Rank Corporation is a subsidiary. The Rank Corporation, in turn, owns that seamy slice of 42nd Street that is the porno, dope and crime center of midtown Manhattan.

Then there is Princess Diana. She is a high school dropout. Lord Spencer dropped a bundle to send her nibs through the West Heath School, a very proper British boarding school. She quit at the age of 16. Pops then sprung for a very expensive finishing school in Switzerland. Diana was finished after six weeks.

If someday the pair visit Ulster, the descendants of the real queens of the land, Maeve, Eire, Fionna and Saraid, will be expected to curtsy respectfully.

* * *

It was very interesting to note John Nobull's recent comments about Switzerland. It seems, considering that 90% of 'em have access to nuclear shelters, that the Swiss are not as convinced as the Washington politicians that a nuclear war is out of the question. It also seems that, unlike the Washington politicians, the Swiss do not believe that their general public should be written off if such a war should break out. One reason that Swiss citizens are generally more patriotic than Americans is that the Swiss government has more concern for its citizens.

Talking Numbers



The D.C. Voting Rights Amendment (cooked up to add two black senators and one or more black representatives to Congress) has been ratified by 10 states. To become part of the Constitution, the amendment must be approved by the legislatures of 38 states by January 19, 1985.

#

Goldblatt's, a vast and usurious Midwest bazaar, filed for bankruptcy after running up an \$830,000 tab with the *Chicago Sun-Times*, one of the most "liberal" newspapers in the U.S. Yes, they do this to their best friends.

#

Each day approximately 215 California youngsters are attacked in the state's public schools -- a grand total of 17,145 students assaulted from September 1, 1980 to January 31, 1981.

#

In the 18 months ending last July 20, 24 Israelis were killed by Palestinian attacks from across the border in Lebanon. In the same "time frame" (liberalese for "period"), Israelis holocausted 675 Palestinian and Lebanese men, women and children (hardly any of the men were soldiers). Since these statistics came from *Time*, there were "arguably" (liberalese for "probably") many more Palestinian and Lebanese fatalities than 675.

#

Palm Springs, habitat of the fealthy rich, received \$667,756 from the U.S. Treasury this year to help pay for various municipal luxuries and amenities that Palm Springers (hard "g") should pay for themselves.

#

The number of births in Los Angeles County public hospitals last year was 24,478. In 16,419 (67.5%) of the cases, mama was a wetback.

#

Of America's colleges, Rutgers ranked first in crime, followed by the Universities of Illinois, Florida, Maryland and California (at Berkeley). Indiana U., with 11 rapes last year, won the academic honors in that category.

#

Almost one-quarter of U.S. non-Jews have "strong negative beliefs about Jews," according to an American Jewish Committee survey. In view of the media's taboo on seeing, hearing or speaking evil of Jewry, these must be gut feelings. Where else could such ideas come from?

#

The U.S. is now a hive of 535,000 lawyers -- up 50% from 1970. One-fourth of the shysters live in California and New York. In D.C., which hosts the biggest swarm of attorneys in the world, there is one for every 64 residents. West (by God) Virginia has the least pettifoggers per capita -- one for every 1,100 residents.

#

Howard University, which pocketed more federal money in 1979 than all but one (Johns Hopkins) of America's colleges, will get a raise of \$19.2 million from the administration that is sharply cutting federal funding for higher education. In all, American taxpayers pay about 75% of Howard's academic expenses, which include \$13,122 a year spent on each black student. Georgetown University, the D.C. college which is second in student spending, only allots \$8,570 to each undergraduate. Howard President James Cheek has an annual salary of \$101,432, plus house, plus car, plus a \$25,000 expense allowance, plus a plethora of other creature comforts. Six Howard vice-presidents have annual stipends ranging from \$74,750 to \$92,279.

#

Black graduate students numbered about 6% of full-time graduate students in 1975. In 1978, the last year for which figures were available, they comprised 5.6%. Some 1,200 blacks were given Ph.D.s in 1980. They obtained 8.8% of the doctorates in education, 4% in the social sciences, 1.5% in life sciences, 1.2% in engineering, 0.9% in the physical sciences. Since whites collect 10 times more Ph.D.s in hard science than blacks, there seems to be some discrimination going on. The quota people better get busy. Soon there may have to be forced busing of white physics students to the more affirmative environment of a black studies classroom.

#

The three countries boasting the world's highest homicide rates in 1976: Lesotho

(where dat?), 136.7 per 100,000; Nigeria 80.7; Peru 36.0. The three countries with the least murders: Spain 0.4 (1974); Norway 0.6 (1976); Denmark 0.7 (1974). The three leaders in suicide: Hungary 40.3 (1977); East Germany 30.5 (1970); Finland 25.1 (1974). The three least suicidal: Philippines 1.1 (1974); Angola 1.0 (1972); Jamaica 1.0 (1971). The U.S. came in the middle of both categories: 9.7 per 100,000 in homicide; 12.5 in suicide. Black Africans greatly preferred murdering fellow blacks to self-murder. White Europeans, particularly those forced to live in or near the cage of the Russian bear, preferred to turn their homicidal tendencies inward.

#

Only four groups of Americans have more Republicans in their ranks than Democrats, says a June 18, 1981 Gallup poll -- (1) farmers, (2) those with incomes of \$25,000 and above, (3) persons from professional and managerial backgrounds, (4) the college educated. All the other categories, whether designated by sex, age, region, class, religion, economic status, occupation and race, have more Democratic voters than Republican. Jews and non-whites were the most heavily and fanatically Democratic (57% to 17% and 74% to 9%, respectively).



Primate Watch



Leathery-faced, foghorn-voiced **LIONEL STANDER**, who plays the "irascible, lovable" chauffeur-butler Max on "Hart to Hart," recently used a *TV Guide* profile to portray every Majority ripple in American politics as a potential riptide. Inventing both words and facts as he went, he called the name Moral Majority a "misnomenclature. It's like the 50s all over again: HUAC, Communist witch-hunting." Stander, who became a rich Wall Street broker after being forced out of Hollywood, insists the blacklist hurt a lot of people you would not think of. "After the hearings . . . people wouldn't cast W.C. Fields in anything but a character role. He couldn't do his satire." We'll say he couldn't! Fields died back in 1946, when Stalin was still Uncle Joe.

☆ ☆ ☆

Columnist **IRV KUPCINET** is disturbed by the rise of "one-issue" organizations in America. Whether or not Sandra O'Connor favors abortion is a petty point to him. "Candidates for office or judicial appointments should be judged on the totality of their commitment to the public good, which should be the touchstone. Democracy can founder if voters base their judgments solely on one issue." Can the Zionist Kupcinet be so blind to his own double-standard that he fails to see that his own crowd has been the "one-issueist" of all peoples in history?

☆ ☆ ☆

The confidential cable from the U.S. embassy in Guatemala raised a lot of diplomatic eyebrows. It reported that New York Congressman **STEVE SOLARZ**, off on a Latin American fact-finding trip, asked the State Department to "attempt to arrange meetings with Israeli ambassadors in country or any other Israeli official able to meet him."

☆ ☆ ☆

In 1950, **JUDITH D. COPLON** was convicted of conspiracy to give secret Justice Department documents to a Soviet "diplomat." But she had to be released because of a "technical fault" in her arrest. Her defender was **ALBERT SOCOLOV**, a legal associate of Red-leaning shyster Leonard Boudin. Now they are married, and Socolov has just been acquitted on charges of laundering the vast illegal profits of a heroin ring. The judge told the jury it had to acquit unless it knew with perfect certainty

that Socolov knew the loot came from dope sales.

☆ ☆ ☆

PAUL ALAN LEVI has composed an original cantata for the "Natural History of the Water Closet," a half-hour film combining documentary, animation and Levi's music that provides a look at America's water-borne sewage system. Leonardo da Vinci was one of many firm believers in the idea of "affinity." In his *Treatise on Painting*, he noted that lively painters usually give their subjects their own vivacity, pious ones their own heavenward gaze, lazy ones their own sluggish attitude. The initial selection of the artist's subject, according to Leonardo, is the second aspect of affinity.

☆ ☆ ☆

GARRY TEMPLETON is the black short-stop to whom St. Louis baseball fans are obligated to pay \$680,000-a-year for the next six years. Throughout the 1981 season he played lackadassically, repeatedly faking injuries so he could quit half-way through games. The fans razed him for it, so on August 26 he made obscene gestures at a hometown crowd. Manager Whitey Herzog's voice still quivers with outrage when he recalls the incident. "That was the most disgraceful thing I have ever seen in baseball." He ordered that Templeton be suspended without pay until he publicly apologized, which he did three weeks later.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Take Prince Charles, today's quintessential Imperial Briton. He's so white: stiff, awkward, stuffy, nerd-like." So wrote **BILL MANDEL** in his San Francisco *Examiner* column. To him, the royal wedding was offensive, a "bloated showpiece." "Are we to forget the years of brutal world domination" under the Empire? Mandel apparently forgot that the real bloodbaths began in the Third World only after the British had pulled out. Mandel was right on one thing: "[Britons] didn't hate the colored wogs under their heel; they were hardly aware of them." What white people the world over desperately need today is not hatred of colored people, but an intense awareness of colored people.

☆ ☆ ☆

Helene von Damm is President Reagan's longtime personal secretary and now his executive assistant. Nancy Reynolds is a

friend so close they call her "the other Nancy." Ursula Meese is the wife of one of his top advisers. **PHYLLIS KAMINSKY** is the press liaison for national security adviser Richard Allen. These four ladies, and twenty others in the presidential inner circle, were given a free trip to Israel and Egypt last summer. Kaminsky arranged it with the help and funding of the Jerusalem Women's Seminar, a Zionist organization. White House lawyer Fred Fielding reviewed the \$50,000 junket and awarded it his "no conflict of interest" blessing.

☆ ☆ ☆

He was "neither architect nor planner, lawyer nor legislator." His power to reshape the face of New York City was "nominally derived from the chairmanship of obscure park commissions." The only time he ran for office, he lost the New York governor's race by a record 800,000 votes. He was **ROBERT MOSES**, recently deceased at age 92, the autocrat who urbanologist Lewis Mumford regrets to say had a greater influence on the course of American cities in this century than anyone else. Moses championed the erection of sterile public housing towers which became high-rise prisons, with gang leaders for wardens. He favored the Hiroshima approach to urban renewal: level everything and start from scratch. A quarter of a million New Yorkers were displaced by his road projects alone. He defied mayors, governors and even presidents by plowing ahead with rejected projects. One obituary recalled Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral: "If you seek his monument, look about you." But no compliment was intended.

☆ ☆ ☆

As the co-author of *Six Million Did Die*, **ARTHUR SUZMAN** claims to be an expert on revisionist history. Our doubts as to whether he ever actually reads the stuff were not exactly assuaged by the blooper he pulled in the March issue of *Jewish Affairs*. Asking, "Who are the publishers, distributors and purveyors of these scurrilous publications [meaning the books questioning the Holocaust]?" he answered, "The Organization of American Historians and other similar anti-Semitic bodies." The OAH happens to be the establishment body whose mailing list the revisionist Institute for Historical Review (IHR) once rented. As one observer noted, it was another case of Suzman "leaping from the springboard without bothering to check for water in the pool."

☆ ☆ ☆



Britain. A London Instauratorist reports. In regard to the recent riots that temporarily turned Britain into the good old U.S.A., every attempt was made to defuse the racial aspect by describing the rioters as "young people" or "white and black youths," though occasionally the double-talk, in spite of the most strenuous efforts by mediocrats, slipped into remarks about "deprived young blacks." The truth is that Brixton, one of the main riot areas, had, until the flames went to work, one of the best shopping centers of South London and was one of the British capital's most prosperous suburbs. A few minutes by underground from Central London, Brixton is in Lambeth Borough, whose Marxist leader, Ted Knight ("Red Ted") has practiced a stern antiwhite racist policy of "positive discrimination." In Lambeth, publicly financed loans are only available to coloured businessmen. As might be expected, blacks have not taken advantage of these subsidies, which have been used by Asians to buy up most of the small local shops.

Ebony News claims that 75% of the whites who took part in the riots were members of Brixton gay organizations, which are noted for their extreme effeminacy and have taken over several houses in Brixton for their orgies and daisy chains. Most are of Irish-Catholic origin, as are most of the pub drag queens in the area, including Danny La Rue (O'Carroll), who has made his fortune by his exotically queer performances. There are also numerous Marxist groups in Brixton, among them many perverts and nuts who sell weirdo publications in the foyer of the Brixton underground station. Some of these print peddlers are Jews. Most are lapsed Irish Catholics.

An interesting book could be written on the disintegration of the Irish in England. They swarm to every far-out religious and political group and are extremely numerous in both the far left and far right. Michael McLaughlin of the British Movement is the son of an IRA man and gets very upset when his second Christian name of Dermot is mentioned. His swastika-draped skinheads often have such things as "made in Sligo" tattooed on their shaven skulls. Visits to Hare Krishna temples reveal that though the accents come from all over Britain, there is nearly always an Irish-Catholic parent or grandparent in the family tree. The same applies to Buddhist groups, many of whose members worship a goddess named "Green Tara."

Hundreds, if not thousands of whites live in Brixton because of the availability of drugs from the large number of blacks. The latter do not take much interest in politics

generally, though they are easily stirred to violence. Typically, the Brixton Defense Committee, the watchdog of black interests, has as its chairman a man who, although he calls himself a West Indian black, is in fact a West Indian Asian named Rudi Nariyan.

* * *

Although published in England way back in 1972, Chaim Bermant's *Point of Arrival* (Eyre Methuen) is a book that needs to be unearthed. It's a fascinating historical account of London's East End. Many chapters are devoted to immigrant groups, especially the Jews. Being one himself, Bermant is more free and more open than any non-Jewish author tackling the same subject would dare to be. Today, immigrants of every brood and breed automatically "enrich." In the old days, Bermant shows us, immigrants were associated with less euphemistic verbs.

For instance, the *Liberal News* said of turn-of-the-century Jewish immigrants, "these unwashed, cringing, lying and wage-cutting aliens have elbowed thousands of Englishmen out of their homes and out of their employment." This was in keeping with the Liberal party's views of the Boer War as a conflict fought on behalf of mainly Jewish "Rand lords." Lloyd George said in almost as many words that it was a Jewish war, while the radical *Reynolds News* published such verses as:

Oh Tommy, Tommy Atkins
My heart beats sore for you
To be the eternal catspaw
Of the all-pervading Jew.

There were allegations that notices in Jewish shop windows declared: "No English Need Apply," which brought forth this poem in the *Eastern Point*:

O spirits of bygone heroes!
O souls of England's best!
Can ye in the grave find slumber
Can ye in the grave find rest?
While your sons with their wives and
children
Go forth in the winter's cold
At the bid of the stranger's children
By the power of the stranger's gold?
List now ye old time spirits
List to the bastards cry
In England, O Mother of Nations,
No English need apply.

Bermant is especially interesting when he discusses the situation in East London before the Balfour Declaration. Most of the Jews there were Russian citizens and could not be called up when conscription was introduced in 1916. This caused anti-Jew-

ish feelings that alarmed the Zionists who were trying to influence the British government to support the idea of a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

Vladimir Jabotinsky, the Zionist leader who is Menahem Begin's hero, wrote:

The Jewish East End is a separate world shut off as by a thick wall from embattled England. There are thousands of youths in the East End who go in mufti while others go in khaki. This fact cannot be explained to the mothers and sisters of the men who are in the trenches. So long as they see young Jews in the thousands at large, they will not relax their pressure.

Jabotinsky and Weizmann campaigned amongst the East End Jews and called on them to join the colours, but few did so.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* was another publication that took a dim view of Jewish immigrants. "People in the East End here are maddened to frenzy by the filth, the insolence, the depravity of this refuse of Europe which is being dumped at our doors."

The British government finally decided to send Russian Jews who would not join the British army to Russia to join the Czar's forces. The Military Service Act, which became law in July 1917, gave friendly aliens the choice of conscription into the British army or that of their country of origin. Because of the confused situation in Russia, however, the law was never really enforced. The Bolsheviks seized power in November 1917, the same month the Balfour Declaration was signed. The Balfour Declaration can be considered another attempt to persuade Russian Jews in the East End to enroll in Britain's desperately over-extended forces. Now they wouldn't just be fighting for Britain; they would be fighting for a Jewish homeland. But they still refused to enlist. One East End paper published a bitter poem on the subject:

30,000 Russian chaps, fit and fat and
gay,
See 'em swanking in the East End any
Saturday
See 'em prancing up and down, curled
and oiled and sleek,
30,000 Yiddishers that lick the world for
cheek.

30,000 Russian chaps faring on the best
Speed the parting Englishman crowding
in his nest
All with healthy appetites, were the
alien's brood
30,000 greedy chaps to stuff with British
food

30,000 Russian chaps, fit and fat and
young
(Guileless as Old Nick himself) strafe our
English tongue
Bribes and lies to tell the tale, dope to
make them sick
30,000 dodgers they and up to every
trick.



As a result of the desperate labour shortage on the home front in World War I, East End Jews were able to make a killing. War profiteering, it turned out, when added to the wealth of the Rothschilds and other Jewish pound millionaires, was a prime cause of the Jews' rise to the great influence they wield in Britain today. The new rich were able to buy up many British family businesses whose sons had all been killed in the war and whose owners no longer had the heart or money to carry on, especially in the slump of the early 1920s.

* * *

Margot Strickland in *Angela Thirkell, Portrait of a Lady Novelist* (Gerald Duckworth, 1977) mentions that Miss Thirkell had to alter incidents in her 1940 novel, *Cheerfulness Breaks In* because Knopf in its 1968 reprint of the work objected to the names and actions of her Jewish characters, the Warburgs. She not only had to change their name to Warbury but also change their behavior. As Miss Thirkell explained to a friend, "His [Knopf's] point of view is Jewish. My Warburgs, alas, are all too true and the things they say not overstated in the least If it were really necessary I could make them Christians." She did not, in fact, go so far as to make them Christians. But one wonders whether other non-Jewish novelists have not run into similar difficulties.

France. A high French court has remanded the case of Samuel Szyjewicz (known in Israel as Samuel Flatto-Sharon) to a lower court for trial. Flatto-Sharon has been accused of defrauding Frenchmen of 300 million francs (\$60 million) in various real estate and building scams. Several years ago he fled to Israel, where he managed to get himself elected to the Knesset to avoid extradition for similar swindles, for which a French court had sentenced him in absentia to five years in prison and a 30,000-franc fine.

Last June, Flatto-Sharon, having been in the world's headlines for financing Jewish hit teams to track down and kill various Arabs, Ugandans and alleged European anti-Semites, lost his bid for reelection to the Knesset. At the same time an Israeli court sentenced him to three years in prison for vote fraud. He is now out on \$60,000 bail pending appeal of his conviction and sentence.

When and if -- the if is a big one -- Flatto-Sharon serves his time in Israel, he

may have difficulty escaping extradition to France. But then again he may not. The Flatto-Sharons of this world have a habit of making others, not themselves, pay for their crimes.

* * *

The late novelist Romain Gary was the "bastard son of a Lithuanian Jewish woman who immigrated to France," which means, for the *Washington Post*, that he "possessed the kind of tortured sensitivity that sometimes requires a suspension of disbelief."

Gary, whose American wife, actress Jean Seberg, killed herself in 1979, followed suit in 1980. Now his cousin, Paul Pavlowitch, has revealed that for six years Gary had him pose as Emile Ajar, the shadowy author of four bestsellers.

What did Gary gain from the ruse? The 1975 Goncourt Prize for one thing. France's most prestigious literary prize, it is intended to recognize new talent and assures a best seller, translation, and -- in this case -- a successful movie. (Since Gary, then over 60, had won the prize in 1956, he was disqualified.) The lower taxes which go with dividend revenues was another bonus. France's sharpest lawyers are now trying to untangle a legal mess complicated by the entry of Diego, Gary's 18-year-old son by Seberg. Diego accuses Pavlowitch of jumping the gun on the authorized version of the hoax, written by his father, in order to reap publicity and profit.

West Germany. When opposition leader Hans Kohl mentioned the Hitler-Stalin pact at a recent youth meeting in Hamburg, an 18-year-old retorted, "That's another one of your cold war lies, and we won't take them any more. There never was such a pact." According to *New York Times* correspondent Flora Lewis, who spoke with Kohl, "The great bulk of the audience applauded." Kohl told her that when Germans watch the Poles on television, they feel acute envy for a people with such a strong sense of identity. As Lewis notes, "It's about all Poland has, and the only thing West Germany lacks. But it matters and underlies the Federal Republic's malaise."

Not everything she said made as good sense. Describing the battle between Solidarity and the Communist party over the rewriting of Polish textbooks, she called it a tricky problem because the "compulsion" to control history "is an integral part of the Soviet system, though it has nothing to do with Marxism." And unlike in the East,

"history was never officially suppressed in West Germany."

* * *

About the only people with a worse identity crisis than the real Germans are the phoney Germans. First-, second- and even third-generation immigrants in the Bonn Republic are finding that they don't know who they are. An 18-year-old Turkish girl says: "I think in German but feel in Turkish; I can't stand it any longer." A German woman teacher observes: "Foreigners are in the majority in my class and it has struck me that they have the same behavioral hang-ups and learning trouble as German classes for the educationally subnormal."

Worst of all, the children of many Southern European immigrants have begun denying their origins, to others and even to themselves, in a bid to win social recognition. Since "passing" is much more than simply a black-white phenomenon, a lot of borderline racial aliens, and especially their mixed offspring, may soon be passing as real Germans. Perhaps one day they will be the only kind of German.

* * *

As vice president of the lower house of the national parliament, Annemarie Renner is an important West German. She has cordially asked Menahem Begin to withdraw his remark that all Germans were responsible for the Holocaust. Begin did not even bother to cordially decline.

* * *

Indian diplomats jumped onto the stage at Göttingen City Hall last May and joined in the gypsy dance at the Third World Roma Congress. A Stuttgart reporter said, "There was more than just a whiff of the Punjab, the original homeland of the Roma [gypsy] people, pervading the crowded hall." Simon Wiesenthal was the main speaker, and European Parliament leader Simone Veil received a delegation the next day.

* * *

The Sinhalese and Tamil ethnic groups have been savaging each other in Sri Lanka (Ceylon) recently. Scores have died; the world press has been almost silent. Now Communists have helped over 5,000 young Tamils get to West Germany and automatic "political asylum." There, they will have the reproductive power of over 15,000 Germans taken from a complete range of age groups. If nearly all are male, which is likely, they must either go childless or they will miscegenate with the impact of 30,000. And if one angry German should decide forcibly to suppress Tamil procreation, the world press will proclaim the umpteenth rebirth of Nazism.

Israel. Three dates to remember in the history of American-Israeli relations are June 7, June 30 and July 17, 1981. Begin bombed the Iraqi reactor on the first date, a Beirut residential district on the third date, and his moderate opponent Shimon Peres "bombed" in the election on the second date. The political fallout from all three bombings continues to drift down months later.

Columnist Joseph Sobran argues that "Israel is losing the liberals" and a lot of evidence bears him out. Black commentator William Raspberry, observing that "Begin's guiding principle seems to be two eyes for a tooth," bluntly stated: "The fact is that America has a madman for an ally." He also compared the Jewish response to Begin with the black response to Idi Amin: "It was a long time before America's black leadership could even bring itself to say anything against Uganda's Idi Amin."

Other media men are saying equally surprising things. Smith Hempstone, late of the *Washington Star*, finally conceded, "The Israeli tail does indeed wag the American dog The facts of American political life are that there is one law for the Israelis and another for everyone else." Lars-Erik Nelson of the New York *Daily News*, calling Israel "above the law," noted, "Even for a friend, that is an untenable position." Joseph Kraft pointed out that Yasser Arafat is not "more prone to use terrorist tactics than Menahem Begin." After eight years of ostracism, former Senator J. William Fulbright's hour of vindication seemed at hand.

Hard language came from every part of the political spectrum. William F. Buckley, Jr., admitted that Begin is a "thoroughly unreasonable man." Georgie Anne Geyer called him "a man who believes that the entire non-Jewish world is anti-Semitic. Therefore, there is no hope and no compromise, only endless war against the outside." His goal "is to recreate a ghetto for Israel; while keeping the Middle East in chaos in order to annex the Arab West Bank." "Undreamed-of disasters," a future "too awful to contemplate" are in store for America if we do not adopt "a harsh attitude toward Israel."

The Economist headlined an article "Begin versus the World," which warned he

is prepared for an all-out war with the Palestinians -- and the Syrians too -- at the price of a grave quarrel with the United States, even including an embargo on arms and money

The impression in Israel is that if the Palestinians continue their cross-border fire the Israelis may launch a major ground attack into southern Lebanon. Such a land offensive might well provoke Syrian intervention. This would permit Mr. Begin to advance on both his quar-

ries -- the Palestinians and the Syrians. He intends to put the seven months that remain before the last slice of Sinai has to be returned to Egypt to Israel's best military advantage.

* * *

Israeli rabbis have been flexing their muscles lately. Digging at the City of David was temporarily suspended because the country's most important archaeological site happens to coincide with an ancient Jewish cemetery. "Lonely hearts" services, which have been invaded by partner swappers, sadomasochists and prostitutes, may be forced to clean up their act. And Jerusalem's first Passion Play, whose script had to be rewritten four times to satisfy the authorities, will portray the Roman rulers as louts while using dancers to symbolize "the evil of the world," in place of the traditional Jewish mob.

* * *

Israel's recent sale of \$27.9 million worth of arms to Ayatullah Khomeini was all in a day's work for the Zionist merchants of death. Deposed Iranian president Bani-Sadr says that similar deals occurred even while Iran was holding American hostages and the U.S. was asking for a boycott of the country. Israel is now the world's seventh-largest weapons dealer, with \$1.4 billion in exports in 1980.

Egypt. Islamic fundamentalism is growing rapidly in Egypt as proved by the bullets pumped into Anwar Sadat in early October. Mosque attendance is way up. Many women are reverting from Western dress to scarves and long gowns. Prohibition has been imposed by popular demand nearly everywhere that tourist dollars do not go. Reed prayer mats are becoming common in the hallways of modern office buildings. Even Napoleonic justice may soon give way to the Islamic kind.

Unlike American fundamentalism today, but like its counterparts throughout the Third World and in Germany in the 1930s, Egyptian fundamentalism is strongest on the nation's college campuses. During the past two years, the Islamic Associations -- which make the once-feared Moslem Brotherhood look lax by comparison -- have won overwhelming control of the student councils at most Egyptian universities. When Sadat's henchmen cancelled the elections on technicalities, dozens of violent campus riots erupted.

There is no place for the spirit of Camp David in Islamic fundamentalism. One banner at a recent religious gathering proclaimed: "Believers do not take the Jews and Christians as friends." Leaflets, decry-

ing a nation "without creed or vocation," remind many of the tracts which circulated throughout Iran during the Shah's final days. Sadat promised he would allow "no politics in religion and no religion in politics," and his September purge bore him out, but the fundamentalists, in or out of jail, represent Egypt's largest political opposition. "Egypt is a boiling pot 24 hours a day," says one professor. By next April, if Israel lives up to its promise to return the remainder of the Sinai, it will be boiling only 60 miles from Jerusalem and Tel Aviv.

Black Africa. Food relief programs the world over accept theft as a fact of life. A 3 percent rate of loss is considered good, while 10 to 20 percent is not shocking. But in Somalia, the world's hungriest country, a 30 to 50 percent food loss is commonplace in the south, and 60 percent has vanished en route to some refugee camps.

* * *

When blonde reporter Everly Driscoll was shot in the heart during a car robbery in the Nairobi suburbs she became the fifth American fatality in a recent crime wave directed at foreigners. The attractive, 41-year-old aerospace writer and editor from Texas, who never married, had reluctantly left the U.S. for the first time only days before.

* * *

The slayer of 69-year-old conservationist Joy Adams of "Born Free" fame, was sentenced in Nyeri, Kenya, to detention "at the pleasure of the president." He avoided hanging by claiming that he was under 18 when he stabbed the defenseless lady.

Mexico. Costa Rica is the most stable country in Central America because it is the most European; Mexico is the second most stable because it has an escape hatch to the United States. Prof. Claude Pomerleau of the University of Notre Dame says that the Mexican Southwest is Mexico's most economically depressed and socially explosive region because it is the most distant from the American border and pressured by immigrants from other nations further south. In comparison with the rest of Mexico, it has "disintegrated substantially" in the last ten years. The Center and West are relatively stable and prosperous largely because its unemployed and landless peasants automatically head for the States. (Whether or not a similar disparity is growing between our own Southwest and Midwest, and for analogous reasons, is an

Elsewhere



obvious question that Pomerleau passes over.)

Most of today's Central American refugees come from El Salvador. Between 70,000 and 150,000 are believed to have entered Mexico in the last two years, but many of these passed straight through to the American border. More troublesome for Mexico have been refugees from Guatemala's civil war, since whole communities of them flee across a 550-mile common border and threaten to bring their fighting along with them. In July, Mexico deported all but 46 of one group of 1,900 in-fighting Guatemalans.

* * *

Besides emigration, oil is the one thing that has kept Mexico from exploding. But the government has borrowed so heavily against anticipated oil revenues that the present world oil glut is sending the country's foreign debt sky high. The equivalent of three-quarters of this year's \$16 billion or more in Mexican oil exports may be needed simply to service that debt. The nation's ruling "Institutional Revolutionary Party" (now there's a neat trick) is struggling to keep its massive development program going, but the new Mexican factories are having one devil of a time competing against more efficient foreign operations.

* * *

If everything else fails, many Mexicans know one surefire method of keeping up with the gringos. It is no coincidence that Texas leads the nation in the theft of heavy equipment. Some \$30 million worth of construction equipment was stolen in the Houston area alone during 1980, half of it destined for Mexico. Machinery stolen from a Houston work site after midnight can be loaded into a waiting truck and be across the border before it is missed the next morning. The border patrol estimates

that it catches only one-fourth of the illegal traffic since it is mixed in with a lot of legal purchases heading for the oil fields. Many Houston-area contractors have been forced to add 10 percent to their bids to cover loss from theft.

A 1936 convention between the United States and Mexico deals with the recovery and return of stolen boats, planes and motor vehicles. When the State and Justice Departments asked Mexico to agree to an extension covering farm and construction equipment, the answer was "a polite but firm no." They claimed that Americans are in a better position to halt the flow; that innocent Mexicans who have purchased stolen goods without knowing it should not be injured. (After all, why should a bargain basement price tag arouse any suspicion. When a new \$32,000 tractor is fenced on this side of the border, it goes for \$8,000 to \$10,000, and, presumably, prices are similar elsewhere.)

Justice Department attorney Steve Weglian says the real reason why Mexican officials are uncooperative is that they feel they need such equipment more than we do. More evidence of this Robin Hood mentality comes from California, where nearly 4,000 cars valued at more than \$30 million were driven south of the border by a single car theft ring. Fourteen of the 28 men charged were believed to be Mexican officials, mostly in the DFS (Department of Federal Security), although employees of Mexican Customs, the Federal Judicial Police and the Federal Automobile Registry also appear to be involved. The DFS is the Mexican equivalent of the CIA. The stolen cars, ranging from Mercedes-Benz models to expensive recreational vehicles, were delivered to Mexico City, Guadalajara and other locations for low-cost sale to top government officials.

It is not exactly preposterous that 28 people are being charged in what has to be a

vast criminal conspiracy, but the chief immediate response of Mexican authorities was a threat to kill any American law-enforcement officers who come down after the 14 hombres still at large. The threat is being taken seriously: Baja California State Police have had shoot-outs with Mexican federal police after catching them with stolen cars.

The eight-month FBI investigation that cracked the ring was begun after two stolen cars driven by Mexican citizens had been stopped by San Diego patrolmen. Since FBI agent Robert L. Montoya played a key role in infiltrating the racket, and Jesus Rangel helped write the *San Diego Union's* article describing the operation, one might say that white America is coming to rely on foxes to guard the chicken coop. It's a perfect replay of the late Roman Empire, when more and more Germanic warriors were needed to keep other Germans at bay -- only this time we're on the wrong side of the *limes*.

Australia. From an American subscriber on a six-month visit to the island continent. I'm concerned about the avoidable mistakes I see Australia making. The newly announced tax laws provide generous benefits for "large families." Australians will come to regret this when the water supplies run low. Only the country's perimeter is green. The vast interior is desert. Worse, the World Council of Churches and similar groups are bringing pressure to do more for the non-English speaking immigrants (mostly Southeast Asians) whom the government is welcoming. Only 30,000 to 50,000 this year, however, compared to the hundreds of thousands Americans can expect. Nevertheless, it is both a joy and a shock to be in a predominantly white society. The children are so handsome. I had forgotten that there are TV commercials without a mandatory minorityite. And Australians can still get away with ethnic and racial jokes.

Stirrings



Guns for Everyone

Only one section of the Bill of Rights does not seem "right" to a lot of America's opinion-molders -- the Second Amendment. A recent TV satire had a bunch of racial Levantines, dressed up as the Founding Fathers (we weren't supposed to notice), debating whether changed conditions in the far distant future should, perhaps, make them qualify the right to "keep and bear arms." Cute.

Since the police have gradually acquired

something like a monopoly on the right to actually bear arms on their persons, it would not be remarkable if they sought to maintain and even expand the privilege. Certainly, a lot of top law enforcement officials -- appointed by politicians -- have plugged "gun control" before national audiences. But a new poll taken of real cops on the beat shows a very different point of view prevailing.

Nearly 80 percent feel that current gun control laws have had no effect on crime

in their area.

83 percent think that gun control aids the criminal.

64 percent feel that an armed citizenry deters crime.

86 percent would keep firearms even if they were private citizens.

Two-thirds believe that federal gun registration would not help solve crimes.

None of this should surprise anyone who remembers that a single policeman is sometimes responsible for 12,000 civilians; or that only 1 percent of those arrested for felonies in New York City ever

spend a day in jail.

Columnist Joseph Sobran suggests that we adopt the "Swiss approach," which encourages responsible citizens to own and train with guns. What have we got to lose, he reasons -- all the wrong people already own Saturday night specials and are not about to surrender them. "The Willies might behave very differently if they couldn't count on their victims being unprepared to shoot back." Sobran was referring to Willie Bosket, convicted of murdering two New York subway riders "because it was fun." Bosket is to be freed in 1982 after only four years in the clink.

Odin Comes to Oakland

The Althing is known as "Iceland's parliament," but since it first met in 930, long before the Normans' original parli-ment, perhaps the latter institution should rather be called "Britain's Althing."

Half-black, half-baked Oakland, California, seems the unlikely of places to hold an Althing, but that is where the Ásatrú Free Assembly met last August for four days of rituals, classes, workshops and bonfires -- together with "our notorious Viking feast." Ásatrú is the correct name for "Odinism."

Nearby Berkeley is home to the Church of the Northern Dawn. One day last May, at the Finnish Brotherhood Hall, a full-bearded young man named Stephen A. McNallen led the congregation through a meditation which he called "guided visualization." When the group had closed its eyes and relaxed, McNallen had them "connect with nature." They felt themselves rooted to the earth while extending to the sky, "somewhere between the micro- and macrocosm." They contemplated the DNA inside their bodies and how it linked them to the wisdom of their forebears. They mentally projected themselves into their descendants.

Later, McNallen spoke about the need for Northern Europeans to be joined again to a "living religion" that emphasizes racial kinship and unity with nature. For those in touch with the "archetypes of the Northern European collective unconscious," who cannot make themselves believe in notions like "guilt" and "original sin," Christianity can never be other than a "dead Eastern religion."

The meeting was on a Sunday but Ásatrú teaches that a religion restricted to "Sunday only" is no true religion. That is why it promotes special interest groups like the Varangian Guard, "a warrior fraternity," and the Committee on Odinst Social Concerns, which warns of a Northern European "population implosion," brought on by miscegenation, vasectomies, crime and other causes. Home base of the Ásatrú Free

Assembly is 3400 Village Ave., Denair, CA 95316.

A New Anthology of Racial Wisdom

Robert Lenski is the editor of an out-of-print journal called *Body and Mind*, which has featured several articles on the racial variation in physical factors and the corresponding variation in behavior. The journal's most important effort was his own article, "An Introduction to European Constitutional Psychology," in which he analyzed European subracial data given in an appendix to William H. Sheldon's *The Varieties of Temperament*. The article is full of insightful quotations from Sheldon and generously sprinkled with the author's own observations. Other articles include comparisons between Englishmen and Italians and among different Scandinavian nations.

Comes now a whole book from Lenski, his first, *Toward a New Science of Man: Quotations from Sociobiology*. It is a well-organized source book of quotations from thoughtful men of all periods, on subjects pertaining to race and racial values. Such a compilation is timely, for we are still learning to ask the right questions about race. Only the flat-earth egalitarians deny the importance of race anymore, but they control the purse strings of academia and the post-Hitler inquisition on racial studies will certainly continue into the foreseeable future. The first series of questions to be answered will deal with just what the race differences are. The second, more important and more difficult, will deal with how these differences interact with history.

The quotations demonstrate directly or indirectly how some of the great minds of the West have endeavored to answer such questions.

Who is not interested in beauty, form, evolution, hedonism, inequality, manners, liberalism, character, love, the sexes, to give a few of the titles from Lenski's alphabetized list of subjects? Quotations from the famous and undeservedly less so do not amount to scientific proof, but they incite the imagination and lead to asking the right questions. The author provides an elaborate cross-indexing system for pursuing ideas in their many tangents and an author index (and descriptions of the most important books) for following a single man's chain of thought.

Buy the book, read it in bits and pieces, and keep it handy. You may take issue with some quotes, but others will stimulate you to think deeply and perhaps originally about race and racial differences. The connection between character and physical beauty is perhaps overemphasized, but nevertheless it makes fascinating reading. The author may quote too extensively about intra-European subracial differences

and not enough about the far greater differences among the races themselves. One suspects that Lenski agrees with those he quotes most generously, but it needn't matter; it is having the quotes that is important, not whether there are a bit too many on a given issue or a given side.

The book might have been subtitled *An Anthology of Racial Wisdom*. Let us all buy it and be inspired to add our own quotations to it, as we are urged to do in the author's preface.

Toward a New Science of Man will go down in the future history of raciology as a critical, seminal book. Better books of this type may be written, but this will be the one that inspired them.

Toward a New Science of Man (251 pages, index) by Robert Lenski may be ordered from Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc., Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920. Price, \$7.25, plus \$1 for postage and handling.

A more extensive review of Toward a New Science of Man will appear in the December issue of Instauration. For information about Lenski's out-of-print journal, Body and Mind, write Pimmit Press, Box 4815, Washington, D.C. 20008.

Fresh Air in Physics

A group of aspiring young physicists met at Salt Lake City's TerraLab on July 11 to hear Mensan Dick Hazelett champion the ideas of Herbert E. Ives as an alternative to Einsteinian relativity. No one could find anything wrong with Hazelett's presentation but, as one of those present recalls:

the offended spirit of Einstein invaded the air conditioner in mid-discourse, causing the room to fill with acrid smoke. The truth will out in any course, however, and we regrouped outside in the fresh air.

Sent Packing

Under West Germany's constitution, if you say you are a political refugee then, by golly, you are a political refugee, and the government is powerless to deport you. Things may be reaching that stage in America -- or again they may not. The Reagan administration has quietly taken the first steps toward deporting thousands of Salvadorans in California who had applied for political asylum. The State Department sent them letters, saying that the vast majority do not meet the government's refugee criteria -- even though a civil war is raging in El Salvador. Several thousand Haitians have also been told that they are only "economic refugees" and must go home.

Liberty Reunion

Stan White of Yankton, South Dakota, is trying to stage a reunion of the U.S.S. Liberty survivors. The problem is that the gov-



ernment, ever fearful of displeasing Israel, won't cooperate by giving him names and addresses. He started out with 20, and has now reached 82, but his leads have "run dry" with hundreds yet unreached. Nearly everyone contacted is enthusiastic and plans to attend. The reunion will be held on June 5-6, 1982, probably in Kansas City. Anyone with information as to the whereabouts of *Liberty* survivors (34 did not survive) should call White at 605-665-9311 or 605-624-5129.

Write, Team, Write!

The *Tulsa World* recently printed about the best letter we have ever read on American-Israeli relations.

How dare any American Jewish group or Israeli politician criticize the United States! There would have been no way that the State of Israel could have come into existence or survived the last 33 years without the assistance of the U.S. This was done by ignoring the rights of hundreds of thousands of Palestinians that had been native to the area for thousands of years. We have given Israel billions in loans and gifts with no chance of ever being repaid, and yet they cry "more."

We have alienated many good and friendly Arab nations and have even guaranteed Israel a supply of oil despite any world crisis that may arise. Israel has refused to sign the nuclear non-proliferation pact and they have a supply of atomic bombs at their disposal. Sen. Baker was refused the right to inspect a nuclear plant for which we supplied the money to construct. We stripped our defense capabilities during one of their wars with the Arabs. [They attacked] an unarmed American naval vessel with considerable loss of American lives and they constant-

ly presume to dictate American foreign policy.

Now, in direct violation of our agreement with them that no American arms be used for offensive actions, they constantly bomb Lebanon and destroyed, without consultation with the U.S., the Iraqi nuclear reactor with American-supplied bombers.

This is our "best international ally." If so, we are scraping the bottom of the barrel for a friend. Name one other country in the entire world that has so abused its constant protector.

Dexter P. Moody

Dick Tarpley, the executive editor of the *Abilene Reporter-News*, may have seen this typeset trumpet blast. (Abilene and Tulsa are only 300 miles apart.) Right after returning from a free trip to Israel, where his ego was stroked and his supper dish filled, he repaid his hosts with an editorial: "American Letter-Writers Lead Opposition to Mideast Solution."

An American band of letter-writers is even more dedicated to eradication of the Jewish state than the leaders of Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Libya, Algeria, and others of the 21 Arab neighbors of Israel.

These "hate letters" were threatening the existence of a "tiny" state, the "only democratic nation in the Middle East." They also happened to be threatening the existence of one of the few remaining forums of free expression in this country. That's why the ADL and freeloaders like Tarpley want to gag all letters to editors that might stray too far from the liberal-minority line on Israel.

Speaking of letters and letter writers, a "white power" message strikes most read-

ers as intemperate, whereas "white survival" seems much more reasonable, at times even commendable. Obviously, the way the world is headed, we cannot get white survival without first reasserting white power. But there is no reason to say so; in fact, there is every reason not to say so. Instead, recite some of the grim statistics which appear regularly in *Instauration*, and then say you wish to save all of us from drowning in a sea of uncontrolled immigration, crime and political venality. That will establish you as a radical -- but as a "good" radical who will be tolerated by a press that cares only for certified underdogs -- and, unfortunately, by such an attitude have created a land full of whimpering underdogs.

Affirmative Tyranny

"Miserable, ruthless, vicious" were the words used by Utah Senator Orrin Hatch to describe the Labor Department's Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs. Congress had been unwilling to ask "the difficult, critical and unpopular questions," said Hatch, "for fear of being labeled racist or sexist," so as the Senate's new Labor Committee chairman he would begin asking them. Industry spokesmen gave a lot of grim answers. Chairman Robert A. Beck of Prudential Insurance said that the Labor Department's enforcement of affirmative action "is marked by an adversarial atmosphere of threat and intimidation." The department had demanded all Prudential computer tapes containing data on the company's personnel under threat of disqualifying the firm from all government contracts. Stephen Glenn of San Jose's Bank of the West testified that his bank had to spend \$83,350 over 18 months in complying with Labor's orders, although nothing had ever been found amiss in its affirmative action program.

Now Available in Paperback

Dr. John R. Baker's
Race

A softcover edition of the Oxford University Press edition of *Race* has now been published by an American foundation (625 pages, index, bibliography). Price: \$10, plus \$1 postage and handling. Although the original hardcover edition is now out of print, a few copies are still available at \$22.50 plus \$2 postage and handling.

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