

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 7 NO. 8

JULY 1982



PRINCE FELIX YOSSOUPOFF CLUES US IN

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

Race is too important to be left to the merely prejudiced. 200

Somewhere in deepest Austria stands a range of jagged mountains. Jutting out dangerously from one is a dark castle. There is a howling blizzard and the only warmth in that entire landscape is a log fire inside the castle's stone-floored hall. Pacing up and down before it is a colossal, hawk-nosed former SS General, deep in thought as he meditates on the engineering details of his first and only invention. He is planning a Tay-Sachs bomb. Look for the paperback. I haven't yet decided on a title but my nom-de-plume is Seymour Goldmeins.

English subscriber

My mother was interned for 13 months at the beginning of World War II. She was a German citizen, having lived in the U.S. for 18 years. She was whisked away from our home the night before Pearl Harbor.

959

I don't know why Mrs. Thatcher is so concerned about the fate of a few thousand Falkland Islanders when she was so unconcerned about the fate of 270,000 white Rhodesians. I don't know why she hates South American dictators but adores Black African dictators

South African subscriber

We read in the Times Literary Supplement (Feb. 5, 1982, p. 126) in an article on animal rights, "The moral irrelevance of a creature's species is now as firmly established as the moral irrelevance of its race and sex." Bosh! Cockroach lib is not going to get anywhere.

British subscriber

Never, never forget that Barry Goldwater joined Jane Fonda in giving a lift to agitprop Norman Lear's crashingly boring "I Love Liberty." Never forget that Bob Packwood, the ADL's point man in the Senate, heads up the Republican Finance Committee. Never forget that Reagan's dear pal, Senator Paul Laxalt, has been up in Connecticut working for the reelection of the abominable senator, Lowell Weicker. Never forget that Senator Helms has tilted toward Argentina in the Falkland Islands affair, as have various right-wing publications. Never forget that America's conservative movers and shakers are about as trustworthy as that slithering thing in Genesis 3:1-5.

327

"Israeli security forces fired warning shots into the air, thus injuring several Palestinians," said the official communique. That's the trouble with those Arabs. When they get excited they leap so high in the air.

Canadian subscriber

I finally went to see "Raiders of the Lost Ark." Aside from the ridiculously occult mysticism, it features the repetitious killing of Northern Europeans (represented by Germans) by a fellow Northern European (Harrison Ford), culminating in a mini-holocaust (or mini-Dresden) firestorm in which the Hebrew demon-spirit horribly murders several dozen innocent, clean-cut, good-looking young Northern Europeans in one fell swoop. All of this gratuitous mayhem and slaughter was accompanied by the cheers of the audience. The blonde girl in the seat in front of me remarked to her friend she was glad she had come to see the movie again. She "loved the way their faces melted. They got exactly what they deserved." What she and those like her never realize is that the wounds of other Northern Europeans are her wounds, their deaths are her death, and their fate will be her fate.

330

I suppose Rabbi Kahane is what you might term an Ashke-Nazi.

Scottish subscriber

On Dec. 13, 1981, at 9:30 A.M. I was interned. I did not get out until March 16. It was not easy for me and my friends. I cannot write about it. You know why, I hope.

Polish subscriber

The General Belgrano, the 10,000-ton Argentine cruiser now embalmed in the cold black depths of the south Atlantic, was once the U.S.S. Phoenix, the only American naval vessel in Pearl Harbor to escape the Japanese attack. Supposedly, the Phoobird, as it was called by its American crew, had damage control systems that quickly seal off parts of the ship taking in water as a result of bomb, missile or torpedo hits. The news reports say the Phoenix was struck by two torpedos. Since she was built to survive a worse attack than that, it seems the Argentine crew must have panicked. The Phoenix having been designed to carry 600 men, if there were 1,042 Argentines aboard at the time of the attack, they must have been living in pretty cramped quarters. After Pearl Harbor, the Phoenix was put on convoy duty and served all over the Pacific. Tokyo Rose once claimed it had been sunk with all hands. Altogether the cruiser survived 25 naval engagements. In 1951, President Harry Truman sold her to Argentina.

111

How can what was excellent to start with get better with each effort? The only adequate way to express my admiration for Cholly is to repeat Hazlitt's remark upon finishing Schiller's *Die Räuber*, "I was stunned, as by a blow."

953

The letter from the angry female (March 1982) describes me exactly. I wish I knew her. Few of my female friends are aware of anything. She made me feel less alone.

826

Instauration

is published 12 times a year by
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)
\$15 student (sent third class)
Add \$10.50 for first class mail
\$32.50 Canada and foreign
Add \$17.00 for overseas air
Single copy price \$2, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

Third class mail is not forwardable.
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The U.S. role in the Zionist invasion, occupation and corruption of Palestine is one of the great crimes of the 20th century. It is also a strategic gaffe of the first magnitude since it drove most of the Arab world (100 million plus) and much of the Moslem world (743 million) into a frenzy of anti-Americanism and a love fest with Russia. Before American-Zionist intervention in the Middle East, Christian and Moslem Arabs and Moslems everywhere were generally the most anti-Communist people on earth, mainly because they were also the most religious people on earth and could not abide a nation formally committed to atheism. In May, a Time magazine poll of West Bank Palestinians, who have endured the Israeli military occupation for 15 years, indicated that a large portion of them have moved lock, stock and barrel into the Soviet camp: 72.1% said the U.S.S.R was the country they admired most (the figure was a scant 1.6% for the U.S.). Fifty years earlier these percentages would probably have been reversed. Even worse, 16% of the Palestinians now said they actually favored communism as a way of life. So America, as the running dog of Israel, has done the impossible. It has not only forced millions of innocent people out of their homes; it has driven a majority of them into the arms of the Soviets and a minority of them into abandoning their religion for a mix of Marxism and atheism. Senators Jackson and Moynihan, please stand up and take a bow!

540

At the same time that John F. Hinckley, Jr., was being treated by psychiatrist John J. Hopper, Hopper was also treating his father. It was this same Freudian quack who persuaded Hinckley, Sr., to refuse to take his sorely troubled son back into his home. So here we have another triumph of psychiatry. Reagan would never have been shot and James Brady would still be walking around Washington in good shape if the psychiatrist's advice had been ignored -- and if Hollywood culture vultures had not produced a sordid movie about a white 12-year-old prostitute, "Taxi Driver," which practically presented Hinckley, Jr., with a blueprint of his later assassination attempt.

911

I am reading John Toland's work on the Pearl Harbor attack, *Intamy*. It reveals that Supreme Court Justice Roberts, who headed up the initial inquest into that disaster, was a member of the interventionist gang known as the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Toland says that before issuing the final draft of his Pearl Harbor report (which whitewashed Roosevelt and Marshall) Roberts discussed it (cleared it?) with Justice Felix Hot Dog.

309

I hear that London's black population is supporting the IRA. I am unimpressed. The majority of blacks and muddies in England support just about anything that is against British whites. If the same gang was in Erin, they would act the same against the Irish, whether the whites happened to be agnostic Anglos or pious Celts like myself.

Irish subscriber

Jews in Argentina generally hailed General Galtieri's bravado invasion of the Falklands. The Board of Deputies, the Jewish Sanhedrin in Britain, has given no such support to Mrs. Thatcher. In fact, the only Tory M.P. to oppose the war was Sir Anthony Meyer. As for Israel, it has been supplying Argentina with all sorts of advanced weaponry, including ship-to-ship and air-to-air missiles and two squadrons of Daggers, Israel's copy of the French Mirage, based on blueprints stolen by Israeli engineers. But was it really a theft since the head of the firm that makes the Mirage, at least before it was nationalized by Mitterrand, was Marcel Dassault, also Jewish? The Israeli government said no more arms would be shipped after existing contracts with Argentina had been honored. Nevertheless, the merchant-of-death crowd was pretty sure that deliveries would continue through "unofficial" channels. One could well imagine the clamor of world Jewry if Britain so much as sold one bow and arrow, officially or unofficially, to the PLO.

British subscriber

I'm taking a refresher course in the art of good living before it's too late. I've fallen in love with the now.

038

I totally agree with you that the sooner the crisis is reached the better for the Majority. If our Majority rich knew they would -- will -- lose their all -- all, everything -- they would become activists and leaders.

902

Re "Seeds of Supermen" (April 1982), scientist Freeman Dyson has estimated that, even barring the discovery of some way to travel faster than the speed of light, the human race could easily colonize the entire galaxy in a million years (assuming no one is there to stop us). By then we'd be moving on to other galaxies as well as reshaping this one to our own purpose. A million years isn't all that long on a cosmic scale. The question is, if other intelligent beings exist, why haven't we heard from them already? Although there are any number of oddities in space, none seems to be an artificial engineering work (though Dyson points out that we aren't really sure what to look for).

069

I bought a copy of Yockey's *The Enemy of Europe*. Oliver's commentary was much more interesting than the author's dense theorizing about "superpersonal Destiny."

800

The Canadian subscriber (March 1982) expresses his admiration of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle anent the latter's (speaking through Sherlock Holmes) enthusiasm for Anglo-American unification. I would suggest, however, that he not suspend his critical faculties entirely where Sir Arthur is concerned: the latter may have been right-oh on U.S.-U.K. amalgamation, but he was oh-so-wrong on race. We may forgive his attacks on the original KKK ("The Five Orange Pips"), but his warmhearted acceptance of racial mongrelization ("The Adventure of the Yellow Face") earns him a box seat in the Majority Hall of Opprobrium.

191

Back of all our disorder and woe
Sits the powerful, unspeakable foe.
The grinning monster who dares to laugh
As he scribbles our nation's epitaph.

325

Excellent treatment of Falwell (Jan. 1982). We must keep recognizing the significance of religion, good and bad, and the good intentions of the people who follow the Pied Pipers of the National and World Council of Churches. The "good Christians" are both betrayers (of their own race) and betrayed (by their reverse-collar clerics).

338

All praise to the four brave young Germans (March 1982) who ass-ailed the Six Million myth and hee-hawed all the way to jail.

Canadian subscriber

Saturday, May 22, when British troops were fighting and dying in the Falklands, Prince Charles, whose brother Andrew is a helicopter pilot with the British forces, sponsored a black-tie piano recital in London for aging, creaky-fingered pianist Vladimir Horowitz, who is not even a British citizen. During the same evening, Maggie Thatcher was beginning a pleasant weekend at Chequers, the British Camp David, and Queen Elizabeth II was taking two days off from a not very hectic life to luxuriate at Windsor Castle. It was a long, long way to Port Stanley.

700

It takes more than Ronnie Reagan and alligator shirts to usher in a new era.

208



□ Stripping Yockey of sainthood (Feb. 1982) was a vitally needed task. Technically, he is correct in distinguishing race and civilization as being separate entities, but the empirical overlap is profound. We naturally agree with Yockey that we want our race's civilization to be strong, but we should never get carried away by an author who pretends that there is only a minor connection between culture and race.

333

□ Cattell's is the kind of face (Instauration cover, May 1982) that would have made the Vikings quail. John Tyndall is another with a good face and in Spearhead he never stops reminding us of his handsome phiz. Instauration's editor should print at least one photo of himself. He seems to be keen on Nordics, so I rather suspect he looks like a cross between Democritus and Steve McQueen.

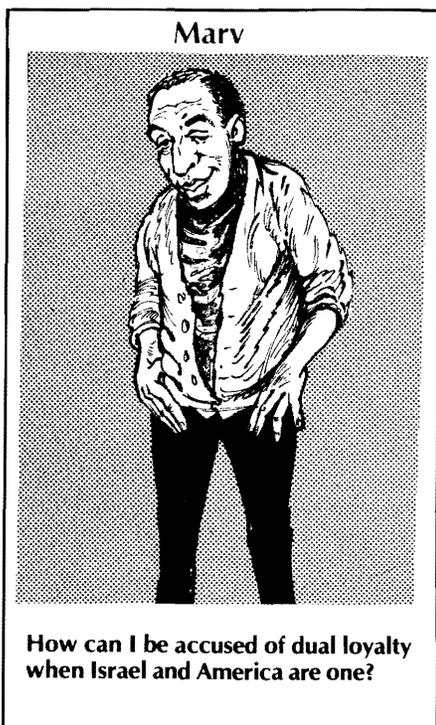
British subscriber

□ Please go a little easier on the Sicilians. Most of them on the West Coast are assimilated and see themselves (as affirmative action sees them) as white, English-speaking Americans. Practically all of them have a healthy sense of the difference between themselves as whites and the nonwhite, non-English-speaking elements they support with their taxes.

932

□ It has now come out that Nixon privately held blacks to be genetically inferior to whites. I was surprised to learn this, but until shown otherwise, I suspect he hardly understood the demographic consequences. He probably thought genetics was an area that could safely be bypassed for the sake of other goals.

208



□ Instaurationists are simply rearrangers of the deck chairs on the Titanic.

208

□ I grew up with Jewish children. I found them quite stupid in contrast to my other friends, awkward socially, not too coordinated physically, and certainly no better equipped mentally. Their parents differed from mine in that they were chronic naggers. They literally forced their offspring to compete for parts in school plays, school government, school bands, and anything else that would bring them attention. Every Jewish kid I knew was always trying to be noticed, even if he had to act like an oaf, which was often the case. I sat next to them in school and found that they were no more gifted than non-Jews. But as a result of their parents' pushy-pushy, they paid a lot more attention to homework. I have yet to meet a Jew who had an original idea. They seem to look at what others are doing, then "borrow" it and call it their own or at least insinuate it is their own. Though I am a pretty fair musician, my parents never paraded or extolled my talent. Conversely, whenever one of my Jewish schoolmates did anything, their parents "raised the Star of David on a flagpole." Look how many no-talent TV entertainers there are. Since they are on TV and we are not, that means they are great and we are not.

633

□ I always wondered why Howard Hughes, who could have done so much for us, did so little. According to Noah Dietrich, Hughes's Man Friday for 33 years, his boss suffered serious head injuries in three airplane crashes. That's why Hughes ducked public appearances in his old age. He was afraid he would be spotted as a loony.

400

□ John Nobull's description of Britain through the words of Auberon Waugh is devastating.

Australian subscriber

□ Many thanks for the article on the two kinds of shyness (Jan. 1982). There is always a pressure to conform to the biosocial mean, and it operates in both directions. A person well above average on introversion will face an overload of stimulation from his peers trying to get him to come out of his shell. An excessively extraverted person will have his extraversion "repressed" by his peers. As with individuals, so with groups.

476

□ I especially appreciated your phrasing in your Falwell article (Jan. 1982), "His battles are for a people not his own." This is by far the most descriptive explanation of the Majority Renegade of 1981.

261

□ I say keep the Willie cartoon. Truth has nothing to do with good taste.

161

□ The article on Gustav Mahler (May 1981) stressed his promotion of other Jews. What could also be argued is the Jewish promotion of Mahler. Two Gentiles, Willem Mengelberg and Leopold Stokowski, promoted his music early on, but only in the concert hall. Since the late 1920s, however, the phonograph has replaced the music hall as the major source of music, and out of seven recordings of Mahler symphonies in the days of 78s, six were conducted by Jews. (The exception was a recording of the Fourth by a Japanese prince, Hidemaro Konoye, which is so scarce that it is unlisted in any Western discography). Today, Jews are responsible for about half the Mahler recordings. Anton Bruckner, an earlier composer of equally long romantic symphonies, was a devout Austrian Roman Catholic and is often compared with Mahler. His symphonies appeal less to the teenager in us, and received twice as many 78 recordings. Today, with a decline in the age of the record buying public, the ratio is reversed. Readers curious to compare Bruckner and Mahler should stay away from the hyper-Semitic exaggerations of Leonard Bernstein, and try the restrained Dutch conductor, Bernard Haitink. Especially recommended are his Bruckner Fourth and Mahler Third.

111

□ "Brideshead Revisited" on PBS should have made our frosting WASP hearts glow. We were treated to a lost world, one never to be recaptured, yet never to be forgotten. There were moments when "Brideshead" slowed down to a boring crawl, but its only serious flaw was "host" William F. Buckley, Jr., who was as miscast as a Bushman on the space shuttle. Billy Boy would have been Waugh's very last choice to interpret the dramatization of his novel for American visitors. In a letter written in 1960 to Tom Driberg, a chintzy British homo politico and alleged Soviet agent, Waugh asked if anything was known of Buckley who "has been showing me great & unsought attention lately Has he been supernaturally 'guided' to bore me?" In answer to Buckley's offer of \$5,000 a year to write for the National Review, Waugh replied, "Until you get much richer (which I hope will be soon) or I get much poorer (which I fear may be sooner), I am unable to accept"

330

□ To believe that this mighty universe, with the marvelous and intricate detail manifested in all living things from a forest down to the tiniest glow-worm, could be the haphazard, bang-crash result of some uncaring, mindless "nature force" or "tribal god" is beyond the bounds of credulity.

900

□ In this neck of the woods to get a plumber's license a white must serve four years as an apprentice and then take a qualifying exam. If you're a black, the whole shooting match takes only six months. I only hire white plumbers -- not because I dislike blacks, but because I feel sorry for the dumb whites who need so much time to learn the plumbing trade.

142

BRANDEIS AND FRANKFURTER -- THE GREAT UNSEPARATORS

Nebraska's Roman L. Hruska was elected to the U.S. Senate four times, but his one moment of real celebrity came in 1970 as a chief supporter of Richard Nixon's Supreme Court nominee, Judge G. Harrold Carswell. In a radio interview he expounded:

Even if he [Carswell] were mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers. They are entitled to a little representation, aren't they, and a little chance? We can't have all Brandeises and Frankfurters and Cardozos and stuff like that there.

Hruska was careful not to let sarcasm taint his deep voice as he rattled off the names of the first, third and second Jewish members of the Supreme Court, respectively. One might *almost* have supposed that he was just naively reciting three names which the mass media have taught entire generations of young Americans to regard as legal superstars. (Who remembers such forgotten contemporaries as George Sutherland and Wiley B. Rutledge?) But Hruska had attended the University of Chicago Law School and was the ranking member of the Senate Judiciary Committee. His absurd defense of "mediocrity," which fooled nearly everyone in Nebraska but very few in New York, may have finally doomed the Carswell nomination. It was a replay of the oldest story in Western history: too much subtlety for one's friends but not enough for one's enemies.

The remarkable subtlety of Louis Dembitz Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter has been reilluminated in Bruce Allen Murphy's new exposé, *The Brandeis-Frankfurter Connection: The Secret Political Activities of Two Supreme Court Justices* (Oxford University Press). The key word in the title is *connection*. It seems the Anglo-American legal system, based upon individualism and the *separation* of powers, is readily subverted by a tribal mentality.

Author Murphy bluntly calls the Brandeis-Frankfurter relationship "unprecedented in Supreme Court history." Professor John O. Beatty of Southern Methodist University, working without access to Murphy's revelations, once declared that Brandeis's confirmation date was "one of the most significant days in American history, for we had for the first time, since the first decade of the 19th Century, an official of the highest status whose heart's interest was in something besides the United States."

Murphy's compendious documentation, including some 300 previously unpublished letters and various other communications, demonstrates that, between 1916 and 1939, the multimillionaire Brandeis paid Frankfurter more than \$50,000 (or more than \$300,000 in current dollars) to advance his policy goals through non-judicial channels. The payments ended when Brandeis retired and Frankfurter joined the Court. But Frankfurter's legal whoring was far from over.

Among the insiders pushing Wilson toward intervention

in World War I, Brandeis was pushing the hardest. In fact, he was pushing a great many of the pushers. Throughout, he was in constant touch with the world's number one Zionist, Chaim Weizmann, who was in constant touch with British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour. After Wilson had endorsed the Balfour Declaration in a letter dated August 31, 1918, Brandeis glibly declared that opposition to Zionism was henceforth disloyalty to America. Twenty years later, the Vienna-born Frankfurter, himself in regular contact with the occupant of the White House and just about everyone else that counted, was yet more active in dragging America toward World War II.

Frankfurter was the perfect conduit for Brandeis. He arranged his informal meetings with government braintrusters, drafted his proposals for legislation, and even forwarded his letters on current events to *The New Republic*, where some wound up as unsigned editorials. Frankfurter did not even need a conduit himself. Murphy:

Together with Jean Monnet, he served as a catalyst for the adoption of a [war] mobilization program . . . It is impossible to assess how many mundane, day-to-day decisions were influenced by Frankfurter's constant attention to the major actors [including President Roosevelt] and by his genius for helping place allies in key administration posts and then informing, cajoling, directing, and, at times, even commanding them.

One of the allies was Alger Hiss, who started out as just another of Professor Frankfurter's "Happy Hot Dogs" at the Harvard Law School. Like the mostly unexceptional young men and women who surrounded Franz Boas in the Columbia University anthropology department, and thereafter became world famous, Hiss -- without apparent qualifications -- commenced a swift and protected rise to the top. He was publicly identified as a Soviet agent as early as 1939 by a fellow Communist who suddenly awoke to his "patriotic duty" when Hitler and Stalin signed their nonaggression pact. But the proof lay disregarded for nearly a decade while Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, following the advice of their nearly hidden "experts," relentlessly promoted Hiss. At Yalta, where Eastern Europe was signed over to communism, Hiss was ever at the side of the doddering Roosevelt. In April 1945, in San Francisco, he became the first Secretary General of the United Nations. He not only presided over the U.N.'s organizing conference, but also over the monetary conference at Bretton Woods, which set up the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. When Whittaker Chambers and others finally blew the whistle on Hiss, Frankfurter, his guide and mentor, appeared in a New York City Federal Court as a character witness for this 20th-century Judas.

In 1950 the *Chicago Tribune* (then a free newspaper) reported on an interview with a senior State Department

official who warned of a government-within-the-government. The inner circle, on this man's evidence, consisted of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Senator Herbert Lehman and Frankfurter. The word "Jew" was carefully avoided, but the *Tribune* was nonetheless besieged with protests. Today, of course, Chambers is being called "psychotic" with growing frequency, while Hiss is slowly being rehabilitated.

The present Brandeis-Frankfurter flap will blow over in similar fashion. *Newsweek* has already called Murphy's book "a compelling picture of the patriots whose ideas and energies simply could not be restrained by judicial robes." When, only one month earlier, the partly Jewish John Ehrlichman alleged that Chief Justice Warren Burger had discussed some court cases with President Nixon, no one called anyone a "patriot."

"Brandeis comes off as a giant," concludes *Newsweek*, while "Double Felix" Frankfurter (as Murphy calls him) is "more complicated." According to Watergate sleuth Bob Woodward, Murphy was "brought kicking and screaming to the implications of his discovery. He is a very reluctant muckraker who, after laying out the details, tries in a four-page conclusion to take much of it back."

Woodward won't don the kid gloves:

A payoff is a payoff . . . [Murphy] treats all this "transfer of money" rather tenderly and doesn't dwell on it. Allow me. A whore may like and believe in his or her work but prostitution is just that, despite the passions one might bring to it . . . If uncovered today, this situation would create a major . . .

scandal likely to taint both recipient and donor equally.

The book also proves nicely that bold hypocrisy is not a modern invention. After Brandeis's death in 1941, Frankfurter wrote in the *Harvard Law Review*, "A man so immersed in affairs as Louis D. Brandeis must have closed the door on many of his interests when he went on the bench."

Or, in 1944, when Frankfurter was asked to comment on the possibility of Roosevelt running for a fourth term, Frankfurter said, "I have an austere and even sacerdotal view of the position of a judge on this Court, and that means I have nothing to say on matters that will come within a thousand miles of what may fairly be called politics."

Murphy adds: "A strange response indeed from the man who helped mastermind FDR's 1940 presidential campaign from his seat on the Court."

One wonders how much of this duplicity -- which Murphy euphemistically labels "Europe-first priorities" -- was known to Frankfurter's lovely WASP wife, the former Marion A. Denham of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, the daughter of a clergyman, fine-boned, reserved, literary-minded, with rich chestnut hair and green eyes. After one meeting with paymaster Brandeis, Frankfurter wrote to her, "[Brandeis] feels as one continually bottled up and as he puts it, 'When I talk to you I feel I'm talking to myself' -- so out come the innermost judicial secrets . . . You see how much on the make I am professionally." This may help explain why, in 1925, Frankfurter had to ask Brandeis for money to meet his wife's rising psychiatric expenses.

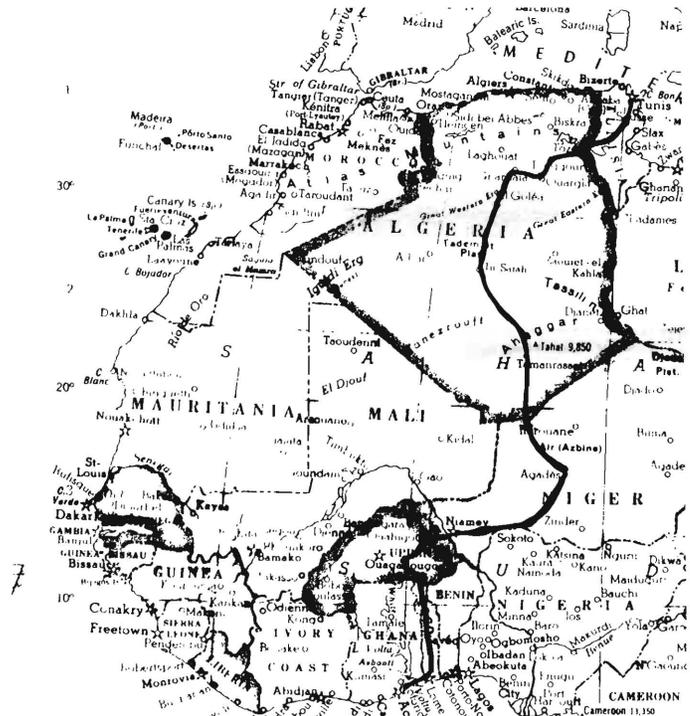
A personal account by an adventurous Instaurationist

CROSS-SAHARA SAFARI

Last spring, after many weeks of soul-searching, I booked a one-month overland tour of Africa from Tunis to Algeria and across the Sahara to Niger, Upper Volta, Togo and Ghana.

Tunisia rates as one of the most pleasant and stable countries in the Arab world, not to mention the African continent. The capital, Tunis, was so crowded with European vacationers, mostly French and Germans, that I couldn't find an inexpensive room anywhere. I took a train to Carthage, 20 miles away, and camped out on the beach for the night. The next day I fulfilled a longtime ambition of my father and visited the grave of his brother, who was killed in the 1943 North African campaign.

Three days later I returned to Tunis and set off on the most frustrating, most uncomfortable and most interesting journey of my brief lifetime. The "expedition" consisted of two Land Rovers, two driver-leaders and eight male and eight female paying passengers. Most of my fellow travelers were Americans and Brits -- straight, decent, conservative-minded folks. Only two were gung-ho egalitarian liberals. One of the few politically nonaligned was a Negro from Brazil, a polite, soft-spoken fellow who got along fine with everyone, but whose presence unfortunately precluded any public discussion of race, a topic which would have made for some



The heavy line indicates the route followed by the author

lively conversation around the evening campfire.

The European influence recedes as you leave the Mediterranean coast. Around dusk of the first day, we reached a captivating little town where sheep and goats mingled along the sidewalks with throngs of hookah-smoking men playing cards or dominoes. Occasionally a woman shuffled by, covered from head to toe save for a small triangular opening in her veil, which lets her see where she is heading.

Although our tour leader, Dave, had briefed us on the complicated formalities to be expected at the Algerian frontier post of Bou Azoua, we weren't quite prepared for the chaotic scene that greeted us. A mile-long queue of automobiles, their occupants gone, stretched back from the customs building. Hundreds of scruffy Arab drivers were sprawled in the baking sun, quite resigned to the interminable delays of the Algerian border officials.

It was a good thing half our group was female. It gave the customs officials the rare opportunity to behave like gentlemen. Instead of being forced to scrounge around for a shady spot with the riff-raff, we were escorted inside like VIPs. Nevertheless, we had to wait forever for our passports to be processed. While our vehicles were being searched, we filled out long, detailed declaration forms listing our meager possessions -- cash, traveler's checks, jewelry, cameras, watches -- anything of value. We were told we must keep records of all our money transactions and every centime must be accounted for when leaving the country.

We were soon pushing into hardcore Islamic territory. Ghardaia is the home of a very devout sect whose work ethic puts most other Moslems to shame. It's not the place for Hugh Hefner. The muezzin, who calls the faithful to prayer, must be blinded so when he holds forth in his minaret he won't see the women in the walled courtyards of their homes. Women here are never allowed to go out except when the river overflows, which is considered a sign of Allah, who last granted the favor seven years ago.

There was a serious accident in Ghardaia during our visit. A bus went careening out of control, slammed into a parked van and knocked it over on its side, pinning a man underneath. A large crowd gathered. In short order a few military vehicles turned up. The soldiers leaped out and whipped people mercilessly with their cartridge belts to clear an area for the ambulance. This provoked a near stampede. To avoid being stomped, I had to bolt into a doorway.

As we moved deeper into the Sahara, one voyager, raving about the "stark beauty" of the surroundings, allowed as how he would like to spend years here. I couldn't help being a little chauvinistic. I explained to him that anyone who had been to Arizona or Utah would never say such a thing. It's true the Sahara had some fine scenery -- interesting rock formations, palm-decorated oases, wind-sculpted sand dunes -- but too much of it is flat, dusty, gravelly and infinitely featureless. The Europeans who work in the remote oilfields of Algeria and Libya have to be flown home or to some big city on the Mediterranean every month or so just to keep their sanity intact. To me, the Sahara's greatest defect was the almost total absence of plant and animal life. Equally distressing was the hard reality that there was no way out of this awful place if some unforeseen problem cropped up. No telephones, no traffic patrol, no air-conditioned café at the end of the road. After Tamanrasset, tire tracks in the sand and rock cairns were our only route markers. Water became

so scarce that for days we were allotted only a liter each, which included washing. Only a few of us escaped sickness. It's not a very pleasant thing to have to stop in the intense heat and hear the anguished moans of a woman suffering simultaneously from nausea and diarrhea.

If I feared and hated the Sahara in the daytime (while relishing the challenge), the nights were something else. They weren't nearly as cool as I had expected, but they were comfortable. The utter solitude and stillness criss-crossed by eerie moon shadows made me think I was in another world. The mood was only broken when company would suddenly appear. One night, three Tuareg nomads on white camels, attracted by our campfire, rode up to investigate. The Tuareg, the legendary "blue men" of the Sahara, were ferocious warriors in an earlier era. In their blue robes and white headdress, atop their ornately saddled, majestic camels, they stood before us like ghostly apparitions. After having a cup of tea with us, they said their bon soirs, gave a loud *ssss* to their camels and galloped off.

We spent two hours at the frontier post of Im Guezzam, a god-forsaken oasis, where a lazy, bare-chested Algerian in a trailer took his sweet time studying our declaration forms, counting and recounting our money, and entering the data in a huge log book. A Frenchman who made a risky living running new Peugeots from France to Benin, sat forlornly in his car, which had lost its rear end. Very likely it would soon join thousands of other scorched, abandoned vehicles which litter the Sahara roadside.

The République of Niger (pronounced nee-ZHAIR) lies in that latitudinal band of countries that straddles Arabic North Africa and sub-Saharan Black Africa. Although there are many Negroes in Algeria, the descendants of slaves, and quite a few mixed-bloods in northern Niger, the traveler notes an essential difference once he crosses the border. From now on the traveler deals with Negro officials. The border, incidentally, exists only on the map. There is no fence, no marker, no sign to indicate you are entering another country.

Fort Assamaka has to be one of the world's most incredibly romantic frontier posts. It is an old, decaying French fort of red sandstone, one side of which is almost submerged in sand. The pathetic flag of Niger flaps in the wind. While one Negro soldier scanned the desert with binoculars, another in a French Foreign Legion cap emerged to collect our passports. It was noon. Since the bureaucrats only work an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon, we were informed we'd have to wait. We take turns bathing in our clothes in tepid, sulfurous water bubbling from an artesian well. The sun dries us completely in ten minutes. We talked with three young Brits who are headed north in a small truck. One showed us the bruises from a beating with rifle butts given him when he refused to yield to a military vehicle at an intersection.

Hours later, two nasty-looking, pistol-packing, bereted soldiers in torn fatigues and rubber flip-flops emerged from the fort to inspect our vehicles. Tarpaulin off, everything down from the roof, open your bags and stand by! They went through our baggage item by item, occasionally pausing to examine something unfamiliar, like a can of shaving cream. That could be a bomb! The inspection is most embarrassing to the women in our party, especially when their feminine gewgaws are poured over and waved about by the Negro

border guards. I was told that on a previous trip a soldier, puzzled by a box of tampons, asked the owner to explain. The women, who didn't speak a word of French, tried her hardest, but couldn't allay the soldier's suspicions. He walked off into the desert with the box, took out a tampon, laid it on the ground, applied a match, and ran.

The next day we reached Arlit, the first town in Niger. I'm not sure the place even existed before the recent discovery of uranium in the area by French technicians, who have established a large mining operation there. We had to go to the police station, surrender passports and fill out more forms. A man in uniform came out to inspect the vehicle and ordered us to undo the tarpaulin and unload the gear. Not again! It was unbearably hot, and nobody wanted to repeat this idiocy. But we had no choice. One of our group tried to take advantage of the wasted time by catching up on his diary. Dave told him to put it away. The police might think he was making a sketch of the police station.

The paperwork completed, we drove across town to indulge in an all-but-forgotten luxury, a cold beer at a real bar! The local brew wasn't half bad. Outside, women sold fried potatoes with hot sauce, a real treat. We drove to the bank to change money. I volunteered to watch the vehicle and was soon surrounded by a dozen men in colorful native dress, selling jewelry, knives and wallets and asking for cadeaux (gifts). Most had thin scars on their cheeks, a ceremonial mark of the Hausa tribe.

Next stop was Agadez, in olden times a caravan crossroads on the route to Timbuktu. For the first time in five days we were on a paved road. The French influence in Niger is pervasive, and for all practical purposes the country still functions as a colony. France furnishes the investment capital, manages the country's institutions and mines its resources. Nearly every manufactured product -- food, soft drinks, tobacco, postcards -- bears the words "fabriqué en France."

For a city, there's not much to Agadez -- low red adobe buildings, sandy streets, a few camels and military vehicles here and there. A portrait of the military dictator, Seyni Kountche, glares menacingly from the walls of nearly every building. Kountche seems to run a pretty tight ship, since the country is blessed with the one thing every white in Black Africa wants most -- a stable government.

We were now in the transition area between desert and tropics known as the Sahel -- the scene of a catastrophic drought in the early 70s. One hundred thousand people and an untold number of livestock were wiped out. Today the water holes are full and surrounded by herds of camels, goats and longhorn cattle, watched over by Fulani tribesmen. They were all very friendly, always waving as we drove past. Women in bright dresses were mashing millet with large pestles. But the further south we went, the more Western clothes we saw, including a few Bob Marley and Muhammad Ali T-shirts.

At our campsites in the bush, natives stop and stare curiously. Sometimes in the evenings distant drumming is heard. We run into problems that hadn't bothered us in the desert. When I roll up my ground cloth one morning I am baffled by all the strange rips and holes. Termites!

We push on toward Niamey, the capital of Niger. At Birni-n-Koni, Roberto, our Brazilian friend, is hauled off to the police station for a special interrogation. The authorities are very suspicious of a black in a group of white tourists.

Negroes are often sullen and unfriendly in the larger towns. The silent, blank stares seem to demand a reason why you, a wealthy white, should come here to see how miserably the natives live. It takes some nerve to pull out your camera and take a picture under these circumstances. The biggest problem for the amateur photographer, however, is the attitude of officials, to whom a camera is almost certain proof that a spy or saboteur is at work.

Niamey has a large, open-air museum where the dwellings and lifestyles of each of Niger's tribes are exhibited, as well as the products of local artisans. I buy some of the handicrafts at a government store, about the only place where prices are reasonable. Signs with quasi-Marxist slogans are posted around the city: "All Nigerians are equal under the law . . . For us the key word is production . . . The peace we want for Niger we also desire for the whole world." At night, the air is filled with the horrible jungle music heard in New York.

We lost our paved road out of Niamey, but the dirt road is in fairly good shape. The scene is typical. Women walk along, balancing their cargo on their heads. Little pickaninies frolic naked in muddy pools, shouting and waving. It is quintessential Africa. No decent white could harbor any ill feeling toward these rural folk. With their minimal contact with the white world, these blacks have not the slightest trace of the racial hatred seething in American cities.

One night while we were still in Niger, I had a talk with Dave. Though his mood was almost always cheerful and he never let the difficulties of travel in Africa perturb him, his philosophy of life was cold and brutal. He said it would be better to let Africans starve to death than send them food, because if you feed them they're only going to bring more hungry kids into the world. As for cannibalism, he declared he'd eat human flesh if he was offered some. After all, monkey meat tasted pretty good. Every native he came across was regarded as a potential thief. Although he was always referring to "the African mentality," he shied away from the question of innate racial differences. Many of the wild, barbaric activities that are the norm in Africa, he claimed, were common in medieval Europe. Because the whites had exploited the continent's mineral resources, he felt they were morally obligated, though without any guilt strings attached, to help the Negro better himself. Admittedly, African countries desperately needed white guidance and assistance. If the white man were to pull out completely, within a year the Negroes would be "back in the trees." He was not optimistic about the future. In the years he has spent in Africa things have grown steadily worse, though Zaire was the only country in which he said his life had been threatened because of his white skin. In general, he explained, animosity of the natives is directed toward Negroes of other tribes, hardly ever toward whites.

At the Upper Volta border post of Kantchari, Kunta Kinte's revenge finally caught up with me. I had to make a beeline for a clump of trees, praying that the officials would not note my vanishing act. While in a rather defenseless position, a tsetse fly came to visit. The moment it hit I was aware of a sharp pain, much like an electrical shock. These bugs hurt. The sting raised a bump, but so far I haven't come down with sleeping sickness.

Upper Volta is a land of rock-bottom poverty. The road was awful, in many places a quagmire, forcing us to limp

along at 10 mph. We had planned to go to Ougadougou, the capital, but road conditions made it impossible.

At Kiupela we stopped for fuel and drinks. Although the market had a fair amount of food available, many of the children had distended bellies and spindly legs, the telltale signs of malnutrition. Driving on to Togo, we followed a bush taxi, the most common form of public transportation in this part of Africa. The small trucks assemble in the markets and don't leave until they are crammed with passengers and cargo. Two adventurous German girls were in the taxi in front of us. When we reached the frontier post of Cinkass, they got out and told us they had been traveling for a month around West Africa without any real problems except in Nigeria. They thought they were lucky to make it out alive from Lagos, considered by many travelers to be the worst city on the continent.

Togo is a slender chip of land along the Atlantic coast, with a paved road running down its center for about 450 miles. Early in the morning we stopped at Dapaong, a bustling little town, to change money, where we were given the usual information cards to fill out and then had to wait while the clerk typed them out, one by one. It took almost two hours. Bureaucracy in the West is bad enough; in Africa it's unspeakable.

Lomé, Togo's capital, has an American cultural center, which I decided to check out, if only to soak up the air-conditioning. It contained a small library full of books in French about American statesmen from Jefferson to Nixon. A large propaganda exhibit with photos and charts showed how much the life of American Negroes had improved. *Time*, *Newsweek* and newspapers abounded. The whole atmosphere was generally pro-American and pro-West.

Ghana, the last country on our itinerary, was once a British colony. The sight and sound of the English language was welcome indeed. Religious slogans were everywhere: *Never Despair . . . Only the Blood of Jesus . . . Good God's Love*. I was disappointed that most of our four-hour drive to Accra would be after dark. On the way we came to a village where women were swaying back and forth to the tom-tom beat of a drummer. A man came up and, speaking forcefully, told us the village chief had died. We were asked to make a contribution to his funeral. We diplomatically complied.

We pulled into Accra at 10:30 P.M. and camped outside the YMCA. In the morning we drove to the post office, the preferred spot for changing money on the black market. This was illegal, of course, but it had to be done unless we wanted to shell out \$200 a day for basic living expenses. Afterwards, we drove to the Riviera Hotel, a decaying building with a ghost-town atmosphere right on the ocean.

When I got to my room it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't slept in a bed in a month. The water for my shower was only lukewarm, but I wasn't complaining. My window looked out on the crashing surf of the Atlantic. We were warned not to walk along the beach day or night because a white tourist had recently had a knife put to his throat and his wristwatch stolen. The Olympic swimming pool was empty and gone to rot.

Our trip ended in Accra. Since I hadn't made any airline reservations, I was overjoyed to find I could take the Monday night flight to New York. I laid out \$599 and had my ticket home. That night at the hotel, if I hadn't changed my money

on the black market, my modest dinner of chicken, rice, salad and beer would have set me back \$85.

The next morning, Sunday, I went to a Presbyterian church. Although I was the only white present, I didn't feel too uncomfortable. The men and women were segregated; the women neatly dressed, the men wearing the handsome Ashanti-style tribal robes. The service was very long, but the choir was worth the visit. Every part was repeated in three tribal languages by three different men, and finally by a fourth in English. The English-speaking preacher launched into a tirade against the corruption of the government and the need to replace it with honest officials. Then to my unbelieving ears he said that the people of Ghana should invite the Europeans back to run the banks and corporations. This set off some murmuring among the congregation, whether of approval or disapproval I couldn't tell.

When I returned to the hotel, a woman in our group said that a raging mob of factory workers had been there screaming for blood. They claimed they hadn't been paid in a month. Someone had spotted their boss's car at the hotel. When they couldn't find him, they chained his car to another vehicle and dragged it away. Frightened to death, the woman had locked herself in her room throughout the ordeal.

The cab driver who took me to the airport the next day -- the big day of my departure from Africa -- told me he had been taught refrigerator and air-conditioner maintenance by technicians and lamented how hard it was to find work. At the Kotoka International Airport there was nothing to drink but cocoa, Ghana's leading crop. A cute little black kid in a Philadelphia T-shirt came by. I asked him where he'd gotten the shirt. He said he had traveled to America last year and visited Philadelphia. The trip was first prize in a school essay contest. He spoke intelligently of the corruption in Ghana and the need to reform it and had an air of sincerity and maturity about him that you don't find in white 11-year-olds who are raised on color TV.

When he had gone, I spent some time reflecting on what I had learned on my trip. In one sense I had come here to see first-hand the inferiority of the Negro, to see for myself that he was totally incapable of directing his own destiny or even possessing a destiny. But now, on the verge of leaving, I felt differently. I actually pitied the African black. It seemed a shame that the little contest winner, the taxi driver and the friendly villagers we had met could not enjoy happier lives. It wasn't right that the decent Africans -- the ones who sincerely looked to the white man for guidance -- were denied the opportunity by their own corrupt tyrants and by a world infected with the insane ideology of racial equality.

In the airport lounge, where beer was available, I struck up a conversation with a New Zealander, a construction worker in Liberia. Listening to his horror stories, I wondered out loud how any white could live on this continent. He shrugged it off as being worth the high wages.

Finally it was time to board. I was frisked in a small, curtained booth -- my very last checkpoint -- before walking across the tarmac and up the stairs into the airplane. Eighty-seven days later, on New Year's Eve, there was a military coup in Accra. All hell broke loose, with soldiers rampaging through the streets looting, raping and burning. The airport was closed and the borders sealed. I had missed out on all the fun by less than three months.

FIFTY YEARS OF URBAN INSANITY

**In the Great Depression, Urban America Was White
In the Great (1982) Recession, Urban America Is Going Nonwhite**

1930 Rank	City	1930 RACIAL MAKEUP (%)			1980 Rank	1980 RACIAL MAKEUP (%)		
		White	Black	Other		White	Black	Other
1	New York	95.2	4.7	0.2	1	49.6	25.2	25.2
2	Chicago	92.3	6.9	0.7	2	41.7	39.8	18.4
3	Philadelphia	88.6	11.3	0.15	4	56.1	37.8	6.0
4	Detroit	91.8	7.7	0.5	6	33.0	63.1	3.9
5	Los Angeles	86.7	3.1	10.1	3	45.8	17.0	37.1
6	Cleveland	91.9	8.0	0.16	19	51.8	43.8	4.4
7	St. Louis	88.4	11.4	0.18	27	52.9	45.6	1.6
8	Baltimore	82.3	17.7	0.08	9	43.3	54.8	1.9
9	Boston	97.1	2.6	0.2	21	66.4	22.4	11.2
10	Pittsburgh	91.7	8.2	0.08	31	74.3	24.0	1.7
11	San Francisco	93.8	0.6	5.6	14	51.3	12.7	36.0
12	Milwaukee	98.4	1.3	0.3	18	71.0	23.1	5.9
13	Buffalo	97.5	2.4	0.11	39	69.0	26.6	4.4
14	Washington	72.7	27.1	0.2	16	25.4	70.3	4.3
15	Minneapolis	98.95	0.9	0.15	35	86.6	10.4	5.7
16	New Orleans	71.4	28.3	0.3	22	40.6	55.3	4.2
17	Cincinnati	89.4	10.6	0.05	33	64.7	33.8	1.4
18	Newark	91.0	8.8	0.2	46	20.4	58.2	21.4
19	Kansas City, Mo.	89.5	9.6	3.2	28	68.0	27.4	4.7
20	Seattle	95.9	0.9	3.2	24	78.1	9.5	12.4
Total for 20 Cities		91.75	7.28	0.97		56.74	32.22	11.05

1930 Rank	City	1930 POPULATION			1980 POPULATION		
		White	Black	Other	White	Black	Other
1	New York	6,587,225	327,706	15,415	4,293,695	1,784,124	993,211
2	Chicago	3,117,731	233,903	24,804	1,490,217	1,197,000	317,855
3	Philadelphia	1,728,457	219,599	2,905	983,084	638,878	66,248
4	Detroit	1,440,141	120,066	8,455	413,730	758,939	30,670
5	Los Angeles	1,073,584	38,894	115,570	1,816,683	505,208	644,872
6	Cleveland	827,090	71,899	1,440	307,264	251,347	15,201
7	St. Louis	726,879	93,580	1,501	239,479	206,386	7,220
8	Baltimore	662,124	142,106	664	345,113	431,151	10,511
9	Boston	758,756	20,574	1,858	373,739	126,229	63,026
10	Pittsburgh	614,317	54,983	517	314,904	101,813	7,221
11	San Francisco	594,969	3,803	35,622	395,082	86,414	197,478
12	Milwaukee	568,807	7,501	1,941	466,620	146,940	22,652
13	Buffalo	558,869	13,563	644	247,046	95,116	15,608
14	Washington	353,914	132,068	887	171,796	448,229	17,626
15	Minneapolis	459,479	4,176	701	321,209	38,433	21,309
16	New Orleans	327,729	129,632	1,401	226,204	308,136	23,142
17	Cincinnati	403,112	47,818	230	249,471	130,467	5,519
18	Newark	402,596	38,880	861	67,115	191,743	70,390
19	Kansas City, Mo.	357,741	38,574	3,431	304,602	122,699	20,858
20	Seattle	350,548	3,303	11,732	385,684	46,755	61,407
Total for 20 Cities		21,914,068	1,739,618	230,559	13,412,737	7,616,007	2,612,024

America today faces its greatest economic crisis in half a century, but with far poorer human resources than the last time around. In 1930 our 20 largest cities had a combined population of 23,884,245, of which 91.75% was white. In 1980 these same cities still had approximately the same number of people, 23,640,768, but not the same people. Only 56.74% of the 1980 urban population was (arguably) white.

The official 1980 Census Bureau figures would give a somewhat higher white tally, because 56% of Hispanics listed themselves as *racially* "white" that year. Our tables have been adjusted to account for this by:

(1) *multiplying*, for each city, .56 x the number of ethnic Hispanics counted locally

(2) *subtracting* this multiple from the official "white population," and

(3) *adding* it to the "other" (i.e., nonwhite and nonblack population).

No such adjustment was made on the black population, since very few Hispanics reported their race as "black."

Most of the remaining 44% of Hispanics listed their race in such a way that they already appeared in the "other" column. Although a small minority of Hispanics in the United States are, in fact, racially white, their number is now greatly outweighed by the numbers of Arabs, Iranians, Pakistanis, slightly Caucasoid Spanish-Filipino hybrids, and others who describe themselves as "white" even though few American whites regard them as such.

The 1930 census is an unmatched standard for comparison because that was the one time when Mexicans -- who were then nearly the only Hispanics in America -- were routinely counted as "nonwhite." The Mexican embassy made an international issue out of the 1930 classification, so, from 1940 to 1970, the Census Bureau counted Mexicans -- who are typically of three-fourths Amerindian biological stock -- as "white." By 1980, however, many Hispanics were angry again, this time because the "white" classification was keeping them out of some Affirmative Action programs. It was in this way that approximately half of the Hispanic population came to describe itself as "white" while the other half chose "nonwhite" (though the proportions vary from region to region).

The Hispanic confusion is only one of many reasons why America's racial tallies have become wildly inaccurate. To take an extreme case, if a dark woman from Bangladesh and a coal-black American Negro have a baby, the infant might very well be counted as "white." The Census Bureau now requests that racially mixed offspring be automatically classified by the *mother's* race. A woman from Bengal may describe herself as racially "Asian," "Asian Indian" or "white." Hence, her baby also, regardless of the father, may be "white."

Since genuinely white women are at present much more likely to mate with black men than white men with black women, the Bureau's guideline for racially mixed offspring would serve to exaggerate the count of "whites" even if black-white crosses in America were genuinely regarded as equal parts of both communities. Actually, of course, mulattoes tend overwhelmingly to think, behave and vote in a black-oriented fashion. Yet, the Census now counts most first-generation mulattoes as "white."

None of this is accidental. Several such ludicrous factors combine to make even the shrunken white tallies for 1980 overly generous. And among the *bona fide* white remnant in America's cities, there are relatively far more Italians, Greeks, French Canadians, and the like, and far fewer Northern Europeans than before. Jewish urban numbers have also nearly held up amid the white decline, while Majority homosexual numbers have skyrocketed.

When only young people are considered, even the dramatic changes shown above vastly understate the reality. Most whites remaining in the cities are at least middle-aged, while the black populations are youthful and the "other" populations are primarily immigrants under age 35 with children.

Nearly all of the black growth and white decline occurred only after the Supreme Court's 1954 decision outlawing school segregation. Nearly all of the "other" growth occurred only after the passage of President Johnson's immigration "reform" bill of 1965. Most of America's cities had, in 1955, racial compositions and age-structures which were very similar to 1930 and utterly unlike 1980.

Among the 230,559 "others" residing in our largest cities in 1930, fully 151,192 were Orientals and Mexicans in Los Angeles and San Francisco alone. In the other 18 great cities combined, only 0.36% -- or *one person in 300* -- was nonwhite and nonblack. Today, the big media painstakingly nurture the myth that "exotic" port cities like New Orleans have always been a racial potpourri. But, in 1930, the population of New Orleans was only 0.3% of "other" races. Indeed, *Miami* (not listed on the charts) then had precisely sixty residents who were neither clearly black nor clearly white among its 110,000 people! Today, people who are clearly either black or white are a shrinking minority in the city.

Only three of America's 20 largest cities were as much as 12% black in 1930. Among the other 17, the combined black proportion was exactly 6% in 1930 -- less yet when the already sizable suburbs are included. And most of that 6% had only entered those cities during the 15 preceding years.

Among the most changed cities is Detroit, which lost over one million whites (mostly since 1960) and replaced them with 660,000 blacks. Here, as in many instances, the black gain has been much less than the white loss. In the cases of Pittsburgh and a few others, this suggests that some older housing would have been abandoned in any case. But more often, as with Detroit, it reflects the fact that a relatively small number of blacks has moved through a *succession* of all-white districts, leaving one after another desolated. Thus, St. Louis has lost nearly half a million relatively affluent whites but gained only 110,000 less affluent blacks. And yet vast stretches of the inner city, once filled with good housing, are now being reclaimed by prairie grass. With sensible policies of segregation in housing and education, much of this colossal waste could have been avoided.

The nation's most desirable cities, like San Francisco, are also undergoing swift racial transformation. Perhaps half of the white remnant in what was once one of the world's most magnificent metropolises is now homosexual. We are told that "gays" enjoy the special ambience of the place. What we are not told is that heterosexual, family-oriented whites would like to live in the city just as much -- but cannot afford to compete *economically* with childless, hedonistic whites,

politically with bloc-voting and block-busting minorities or physically with roughneck blacks. Unless they are rich, or make tremendous sacrifices, white families simply cannot live in today's San Francisco, or in most other American cities. People of other races and childless whites can, however. Thus, it is no mystery why the white birthrate is now far below the level of biological replacement (even when the added blow of racial miscegenation is disregarded).

In 1930 -- only yesterday -- Boston was over 97% white and New York 95% white. Newark, today's symbol of Ghetto America, was 91.6% white. Nearly all of the nonwhites in

San Francisco and Washington, D.C. lived in tiny, compact districts. Yet white authors were writing books, many books, which warned that without the fiercest resolve our cities would soon become nonwhite. Instead of resolve, we have had fifty years of growing urban insanity. The adverse racial trends are still accelerating. Long before 2030, there may be fewer *bona fide* whites in our cities than there were blacks in 1930.

Let's clear up one final point. There is no "escape to the sunbelt," whose cities -- Houston, Dallas, San Diego -- are now changing color even faster than the rest.

CLUES FROM A RUSSIAN PRINCE

Prince Felix Youssouppoff was a Russian grand seigneur, the husband of a niece of murdered Tsar Nicholas II. He was indifferent to Germans and friendly toward Jews, which makes his published comments on the latter group worth reading. The prince's long life (1887-1967) was largely one of *dolce far niente*, yet a single act guaranteed his place in Russian history. He killed the "mad monk," Grigori Efimovich Rasputin, a year before the Russian Revolution. In 1927, Librairie Plon (Paris) published his *La fin de Raspoutine*, an English translation of which appeared in New York the same year (*Rasputin*, Dial Press).

Prince Felix relates that Rasputin was born to a West Siberian family of mixed blood. The special Siberian term, *varnak*, meaning "runaway thief," was the locals' worst insult, and "this was the very nickname by which, from his early youth, Grigori Rasputin was notorious in his village." Like his father, he was a horse-stealer, which called for dexterity plus "cunning and rapacious instincts." Several times he was caught and "thrashed within an inch of his life"; only his extraordinary physique saved him. "The settled, industrious life of a peasant could offer no attractions to his thievish nature. His instinct was to wander."

It was only after coming to St. Petersburg in 1905 and falling in with the Tsarina's Jewish jeweller, Aaron Simanovich -- called by an Instauratorist "the Svengali behind the Svengali" (November 1976) -- that Rasputin abandoned his obsession with sex and religion and turned to politics. Prince Felix recalls how a meeting with Rasputin in the latter's flat was interrupted by some unexpected visitors. Before leaving, he took note of Rasputin's strange guests:

There were five men sitting quite close to him, while two others were standing behind his chair. Some of them were writing rapidly in their notebooks.

I carefully examined these mysterious visitors. They were all unpleasant to look upon. Four of them were typically and unmistakably Jewish in appearance. The remaining three were singularly alike; they were fair-haired, with red faces and small eyes

The whole group looked like some meeting of conspirators. They wrote, conferred in whispers, and read out from various parts

Remembering all that I had heard from [Rasputin], I had no doubt that before me was an assembly of spies. In this very

ordinary room, with the ikon of the Savior in the corner, and the Imperial portraits on the wall, the fate of millions of Russians was apparently being decided.

In 1952 Librairie Plon published another book of Youssouppoff's, *Avant l'Exil, 1887-1919. Lost Splendour*, as the English translation was titled, appeared in both London (Jonathan Cape, 1953) and New York (Putnam, 1954). In this collection of family memoirs, the prince describes, with lingering regret, the grand estates of the Russian nobility along the Black Sea coast, "not far from the little port of Yalta . . . a center for excursions, and . . . home port for the Imperial Yacht *Standart*." He continued:

One of our near neighbors, Countess Kleinmichel, owned a considerable library, mostly composed of works on Freemasonry. One day a parchment in Hebrew was discovered there and sent to St. Petersburg to be translated into Russian. The translation was published in the form of a pamphlet entitled *The Protocols of Zion*; most of the copies disappeared mysteriously the day they were published. They were probably destroyed, but in any case it is a fact that during the Bolshevik Revolution anybody found with a copy of this pamphlet in his possession was shot on the spot. A copy found its way to England, and is now in the British Museum; it was translated into English under the title of "The Jewish Peril" and into French under that of "Les Protocoles de Sion."

This intriguing historical footnote, inserted almost as an afterthought (on p. 106 of the Jonathan Cape edition), is scarcely related to the subject matter of the book. If Prince Felix had an ax to grind, he ground it with sublime insouciance. Apparently Countess Kleinmichel's library was a critical way station on the *Protocols*' mysterious underground journey to Professor Sergyei Nilus in Moscow, and not one mentioned by most commentators. (*Instauration*, needless to say, does not believe that a bunch of Jewish greybeards in a conspiratorial caucus allowed their plans for world domination to be taken down verbatim by a hired amanuensis.)

Later in *Lost Splendour* (p. 260), Prince Felix very off-handedly mentions that, under the Bolsheviks, "All government posts were instantly occupied by Jewish commissaries,

more or less camouflaged under Russian names." It is apparently beneath his dignity to belabor a fact with which anyone who knows anything about the misnamed Russian Revolution would be fully conversant. The shortcoming of this fastidious approach is that present-day Americans -- who live behind their own special Iron Curtain -- must endure a 3½-hour fantasia like the movie *Reds*, which scarcely hints at the Jewish connection. It might have been better for all concerned if Prince Felix and the rest of Europe's toppled nobility had thrown their dignity to the wind and done some uncouth ranting and finger-pointing.

The insouciant prince is most revealing in his description of the royal family's final ordeal at Ekaterinburg in the Urals. The conditions which the Tsar, the Tsarina and their offspring endured under their Jewish captor and his associates defy description:

No humiliation was spared them, but they suffered most from being forced to live in such close contact with their gaolers, who were unspeakably boorish and offensive, and almost always drunk. The doors of the room occupied by the Grand Duchesses had been removed, and the soldiers entered it as and when they pleased.

Yet, upheld by an unshakable faith in God, the prisoners seemed no longer affected by their surroundings. They were already living in another world, on another plane. Their calmness and gentleness made a deep impression upon their gaolers, who gradually treated them with less brutality.

For details of the abominable murders Prince Felix refers his readers to the published records of the examining magistrate, Nicolas Sokoloff (*An Inquiry into the Assassination of the Russian Imperial Family*, Payot, Paris). But he adds this (p. 276):

One thing is not explained, and this [was] a very strange discovery made by Sokoloff . . . which he described to me himself. On the wall of the cellar in Ipatieff's house [at Ekaterinburg], he found two inscriptions. The first was a copy of the twenty-first verse of Heine's poem *Balthazar**: *Balthazar war in selbiger Nacht von seinem Knechten umgebracht*. (That same night, Belshazzar was murdered by his servants.) The second was in Hebrew and was later translated: "Here was slain the Head of the Church and of the State. The order has been obeyed."

In *The Controversy of Zion*, Douglas Reed -- the London *Times'* Chief Central European correspondent during the Hitler era -- reports that what he calls "the fingerprints on the cellar wall" were in Magyar as well as Hebrew and German. The German lines, taken from the German-Jewish poet Heinrich Heine -- who in turn lifted them from Daniel 5:30 -- were, according to Reed, meant as parody. He gives

* Like Haman, Holofernes and Julius Streicher, Belshazzar was one of those who took it upon himself to oppose the machinations of Jewry and consequently met an untimely end. Belshazzar's crime was to have quaffed hard stuff from the gold and silver vases taken from the Temple in Jerusalem at a great drunken bash he put on in Babylon. While the guests were in their cups, that famous moving finger appeared and cryptically scribbled on the wall, "Mene, mene, tekel, upsharsin," which Daniel explained to the inebriated company as meaning that Yahweh had weighed Belshazzar in the balance and found him wanting. That night Belshazzar was assassinated.

Heine's version as:

Belsazar ward aber in selbiger Nacht
Von selbigen Knechten umgebracht.

"The parodist, sardonically surveying the shambles, adapted these lines to what he had just done":

Belsatsar ward in selbiger Nacht
Von seinen Knechten umgebracht.

Prince Felix's version (cited above) is thus apparently an inaccurate *hybrid* of Heine and his brutal parodist.

"No clearer clue to motive and identity was ever left behind," concludes Reed. "The revolution was not Russian; the eruption was brought about in Russia, but the revolution had its friends in high places everywhere." It was only by an unexpected fluke that the White Army recaptured Ekaterinburg long enough to recover the scant remains and record the scornful graffiti. Otherwise this declaration of a linkage between our century and Biblical times would have remained the secret and treasured knowledge of a chosen few or, more precisely, a few chosen. Reed's long, fact-crammed chapters demonstrate the Revolution's Jewish background beyond all reasonable doubt.

Why Only Clues?

While researching *The Controversy of Zion*, Douglas Reed all but lived inside a major library for several years. Yet *Zion* was but one of many eye-opening books produced by this able son of the British lower middle class. Such dogged determination would have been most unseemly for Prince Felix or his fellow aristocrats-in-exile. Most of them resolutely "kept up appearances" in Paris and London, which meant that reading and writing could only command a fitting portion of their time -- and that reading and writing about Jews was *infra dig*.

Was it confidence in their natural superiority and faith in their final vindication which determined this stoic attitude -- or was it laziness? cowardice? despair? There can be no simple answers to such questions.

Every traditional Indo-European elite has believed, or rather felt, that *manners*, conceived in the broadest sense, count for more than *morals*, in the narrow Judaeo-Christian sense. Similarly, every profound Nordic thinker has concluded that the ultimate "justification" of an often unpleasant world must be *aesthetic*, again, conceived in the fullest sense, rather than narrowly *ethical*. Nietzsche urged European man to return to the pre-Christian world "beyond good and evil," beyond the reactive cunning sort of moral dichotomy conceived by impotents, to a more natural world where good versus *bad* -- i.e., biologically based capacity and incapacity in all of their forms -- would be emphasized, as in olden times.

The Indo-European mindset has trouble making itself understood today. All of its once forceful words and phrases have been appropriated in varying degrees, either by its enemies or by the overly fragmented and specialized human products of the modern world. "Manners," for example, should mean much more than Emily Post-style etiquette. A 19th-century essayist could still assume that his readers knew this. Ralph Waldo Emerson's final word on the subject

was that "in a good lord there must first be a good animal," full of "animal spirits" and daring attempts. Prince Felix himself recalls how Prince Galitzin's leonine appearance -- and behavior -- justified his surname, Leo. Any kind of behavior, the lion's or the mouse's, can be either mannerly or unmannerly.

Edmund Burke best summarized the Nordic *aesthetic ethic*: "Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness." The televised evening news brought this very old idea forcefully home not long ago. First, it showed the violence of the multiracial schools of Los Angeles, in which everything seen and heard was unspeakably ugly. Next came a report on the far worse violence in Northern Ireland. Amid the guns and the bloody bodies, real beauty kept emerging. The voices were soft and charming; the hymns sung by the warring parties lovely. The commentator refrained from identifying Catholic and Protestant, as if to say: "One cannot tell the two apart, yet there is more bloodshed here than in the Los Angeles schools just seen. Ergo, racial differences are only a pretext, and a poor one, for intergroup hostility." However, since human conflict will never cease, our best hope, perhaps our only hope, lies in its ennoblement. The Ulster fight will seem gross only to one unfamiliar with the utter squalor and screech of the new America.

One of the great moral aestheticians of all time, Friedrich Schiller, preached a gospel of *equipoise*, of the fully developed man's relaxation and enjoyment in a world for which he is ideally suited -- in other words, *perfection as being*. Jews, on the contrary, have always conceived their perfection in futuristic or messianic terms, for reasons as plain as their noses. Trotsky could only proclaim that communism would, in some inexplicable and unexplained way, make every man as handsome as Adonis, every woman as lovely as Aphrodite: *perfection as becoming*.

Prince Felix was probably unable to explain such conceptions verbally, since excessive verbalism is frowned upon by the aesthetic ethic. But, as with many true aristocrats, he may have understood them with his body rather than with his brain. Let the minorities and the rabble -- with their revolutions and putsches and unceasing, red-in-the-face, puffed-up, blowhard propaganda -- run riot across Europe: his station in life was to *be*. Victor Hugo once wrote that God does not *have*, nor is he *becoming*. He simply *is*. Those Indo-Europeans, who saw themselves as demigods, understood the part they had to play. Their god was a *spatial* god, scorning time and change. The ancient and also the modern Hebrew god is a *temporal* god, perpetually revolutionary, eternally valuing the agitation and willfulness which comes with imperfection above the wholeness-feeling of realized form.

Spengler once asked his racially mixed fellow Germans,

Do we know anything at all about revolution? When Bakunin was opposed in his intention to crown the Dresden revolt of 1848 by burning all public buildings, he declared, "The Germans are just too stupid for that," and went on his way. The indescribable ugliness of our [leftist] November Days [in 1918] is without precedent. Not one forceful moment, nothing in the least inspiring. Not one great man, no enduring words, no incisive actions; only pettiness, loathsomeness, and folly. No, we are not revolutionaries. No emergency, no party, no press can stir up an anarchic tempest having the same force as that exhibited in the name of order in 1813,

1870, and 1914 [and 1933 -- ed.] . . . The same soldiers who fought as heroes for four years under the black-white-red banner turned spineless and impotent under the red flag. This revolution did not impart fortitude to its adherents; it robbed them of it.

The classical site of Western European revolutions is France.

The National Socialists were not a notably Nordic lot. Germany's ideal Nordic specimens -- like a great many of the refugee Russian blue-bloods -- were too preoccupied with worshipping their racial god of good form and "breeding" to thrash about in all the unsightly ways which were absolutely necessary to overcome the yet-more-wildly-thrashing Jews. The well-known irony here is that the quasi-Nordic Nazis consciously made their revolution in the name of a fully Nordic ideal. They who, to begin with, had been (internally) agitated by their own personal blemishes, found it not too difficult to agitate (externally) in behalf of a Man on a pedestal, just as some of the more boorish "rednecks" in the American South have fought for Woman on a pedestal.

As for the real princes of this world, they intuitively realize that for the kind of counterrevolution they desire -- a revolution of form -- to succeed, there must be someone left on the pedestal -- someone *necessarily* a bit mannered and a bit inclined to self-indulgence, for whom the rest will fight. When all the world is finally out in the streets in faded blue jeans, hoarsely decrying the Jews (or any other upstarts), then the world will have been "Judaized" beyond redemption. This may be the reason why Prince Felix, the onetime Rasputin-slayer, later maintained a measured, aloof existence, treating his worst enemies to disarming civility and barbing his remarks on only the rarest occasions. Understatement has, after all, known many conquests. On the other hand -- for we have not carefully studied the man -- Prince Felix may have been incredibly lazy or cowardly, and used the formality of his class to conceal his own weakness.

This is the mystique of today's notoriously *patient* Nordic. Has his forbearance under provocation, which long signified strength-held-in-reserve, come to mask weakness? Has the "inscrutable Nordic" at last become scrutable even to himself? Do the flesh-and-blood statues -- the ten million "golden boys" (and girls) of our planet -- remain above the thickening fray by choice, or because up there their knees are knocking? If the latter is the case, then the bloom is really off the rose; Christendom's flower has putrefied; the Nordic ideal is obsolete, and manners must yield to matters, and style to substance.

One question remains. Why have *those who know the most*, those schooled from birth in the exercise of authority, contented themselves with occasional dignified parries -- nothing more than mere clues -- while their power ebbed furiously? Why have the Prince Felix Youssoupoffs, who best knew the score, forced outsiders like Douglas Reed to dig things out? Is the root of it their latent strength -- or their suicidal weakness?

Ponderable Quote

Morality is the best of all devices for leading mankind by the nose.

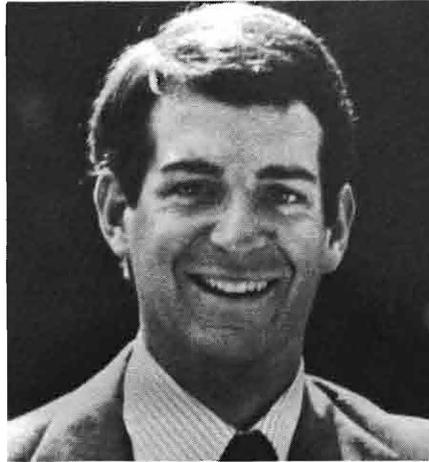
Frederich Nietzsche
The Antichrist

Angry Congressmen

The U.S. Congress, at least in the 20th century, has been about the most civil legislative body on earth. Even Britain's Parliament often resounds with acrimonious jibes along party lines; but members of the American "congressional club" shield one another from abuse except in the rarest instances. A freshman Republican representative, who hails (rather appropriately) from "Long Guyland," believes it is time for a change. For John LeBoutillier, 28, civility was appropriate when real gentlemen (if they ever did) inhabited the Capitol, but now that Congress has become a "joke," the nation should know it.

"Left-wing people have ruined our country and they deserve to be attacked," he says. Thus, his New York colleague, Democratic Senator Daniel P. Moynihan, is a "drunken bum"; fellow Republican Senator Charles Percy is a "wimp," a "turkey," and a "living disaster." Even Ronald Reagan is "wimping out" on Poland by not stopping the flow of Western technology to the Soviet Union. As for House Speaker Tip O'Neill, he personifies the federal government: "They're both big, fat and out of control."

LeBoutillier, whose mother is a Whitney, rarely loses control himself. His crass remarks are a very deliberate device to get him onto TV talk shows. Like many conservatives of his generation, he has a pro-



John LeBoutillier

found respect for television's power, having grown up in front of it. "The world has changed," he observes succinctly, "It's all tube." It was skillful TV advertising which allowed him to upset liberal incumbent Lester Wolff in 1980. Prior to that, he had achieved a modicum of notoriety with his book *Harvard Hates America*, a loosely-written account of his disgust with ungrateful professors and slovenly students.

Boot, as his friends call him, sees himself as refreshingly honest. "I know that most

people who voted for me want me to be angry, because they're angry." So he remains unrepentant, except perhaps for his Moynihan quip, which he modified by adding that the senator is really about the brainiest man in government. More disconcerting yet is his reason for the "wimp" remark concerning Senator Percy: he felt the Foreign Relations Committee chairman was getting too cozy with Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat. His dream of touring with his favorite rock band, the Eagles, and "playing music till [my] brains pop out," introduces another false note. Time alone will tell whether the kid is just a right-wing John McEnroe, or something better.

An equally angry but more genteel congressman is Republican Ron Paul of Texas, who wants to know why much of America's \$13 billion foreign aid budget is funding programs identical to those being terminated in this country. For example, the U.S.-funded World Bank has "lent" India more than \$1 billion for new railroads -- even as Amtrak and Conrail services are being pared to the nub. The Inter-American Development Bank has given the Dominican Republic \$500,000 outright for its urban transport system -- even as the Reagan folk are eliminating many mass transit subsidies at home.

For Congressman Paul, all this adds up to an "outrage" against the taxpayer.

That Sinking Feeling

"Walter, you must come with me," begged Mrs. Walter D. Douglas as she climbed aboard one of the last lifeboats departing the stricken *Titanic*. "No," replied Mr. Douglas, turning away, "I must be a gentleman." Many of the 651 survivors of the 1912 disaster recounted similar scenes of chivalry. Some men panicked, but most deported themselves so admirably that Mark Girouard has used the episode to illuminate Victorian behavior in *The Return to Camelot: Chivalry and the English Gentlemen* (Yale University Press, 1981).

The tableau was rather different when fire broke out in the engine room of a Dutch cruise ship on October 3, 1980. The *Prinsendam* was four days out of Vancouver on a Far East cruise with 319 mainly American passengers and a 204-member international crew. One of the officers aboard testified at a Dutch Maritime Board hearing that:

A group of ten entertainers from New York, who had given shows in the ship's theater, forced their way into the first boat to be launched, although the boat list assigned them to another boat.

Also, some Indonesian and Filipino crew members took places reserved for passengers, but there was no way I could get them or the entertainers to come back on board. I had no gun.

The ship's captain, Kees Wabeke, reported similar incidents during the embarkation of the ship's other five lifeboats. Some passengers were forced to leave the ship in the rubber rafts designated for crew. The *Prinsendam* finally sank -- a week later.

Many *Titanic* passengers behaved as if they had a week's grace when, in fact, only two hours and 40 minutes remained after an iceberg ripped open the ship's hull. Consequently, lifeboats with a combined

capacity of 1,100 were launched with only 651 people aboard. A steward later testified that "There were various men passengers, probably Italians, or some foreign nationality other than English or American, who attempted to rush the boats." Girouard cautions against the ethnic prejudices of the time without offering any evidence against the steward. In any event, it was the excessive sang froid of the British, and not any last-minute panic among foreigners, which claimed the most lives aboard the *Titanic*. Believing their ship to be "unsinkable," they provided only 1,100 emergency spaces for 2,340 passengers; and, once they were sinking, they wasted so much time proving their good breeding that of the available seats barely half were occupied.

Although Mark Girouard maintains that the pre-1914 gentleman "scarcely survives," it does not require too great a leap of the imagination to see today's Nordic

race as a great sinking ship. While New Yorkers, Filipinos, Italians and others scurry about us for the best berths available in a worsening world situation, we compulsively play Alphonse and Gaston. As the rising tide of color laps at our ankles, we carry on: "After you, Alphonse"; "You first, Gaston"; "I wouldn't dream of it, Alphonse." (After all, the whole survivalist mentality is in *such* poor taste.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in 1856 that the English national temper "is not flashy or whiffling . . . The wrath of London is not French wrath, but has a long memory, and, in its hottest heat, a register and rule." The practically incombustible Englishman must smolder long with a hidden fire which only finally "sets all [England's] borders in flame."

Today, Alphonse-and-Gaston civility is

being terminated throughout the Nordic world. The tide is at our knees. Tens of millions of our people have already perished. A far greater number will soon discover that the lifeboats with their names on them have put out to sea long ago with Third World crews, the very same folks who made their beds and served their meals.

Another staunch segregationist goes the way of George Wallace

The Racial Treachery of Roy V. Harris

The headlines were familiar to faithful readers of the now defunct *Augusta Courier*, published by longtime Georgia white supremacist Roy V. Harris: BLACK RULE THREATENS U.S. CITIES and BLACK CRIME ON INCREASE. The November 12, 1973, issue of the paper even had this prominent headline: SILENT TREATMENT IS GIVEN BOOK DEFENDING U.S. RACIAL MAJORITY. It was a plug for *The Dispossessed Majority*.

But just as pundits say there is an "old" and a "new" George Wallace, so too there is now an "old" and a "new" Roy Harris. The "old" Harris is well known in the annals of right-wing Southern politics: president of the Citizens Councils of America, former speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives and Board of Regents member, Georgia campaign manager for Wallace's 1968 presidential bid, friend and supporter of former Governor Lester Maddox.

Enter the "new" Harris: champion of black rule in Augusta and financial angel of that city's first black mayor, Edward M. McIntyre.

In the 1981 mayoral election in this typically Southern city, which boasts one of the largest Confederate monuments in the South, city voters had a choice between McIntyre and two white candidates, one of whom was heavily backed by the conservative newspapers and a large portion of the business community. McIntyre, because of the black voting bloc, was assured a runoff with one of the whites. (The city, though having a 50-50 racial split, still has a 55% white voter edge.) Yet Harris, instead of supporting the white candidate who would have continued the stable administrations of the past, did the unexpected. He raised almost \$30,000 for the McIntyre campaign. In a deal that subsequently came to light in the news media, the onetime Wal-



Roy Harris

laceite gave his support to the black in return for being named city attorney, with all the lucrative business that goes with such a position.

So McIntyre was elected mayor, much to the delight of black activists everywhere. And, surprise, surprise! The Harris law firm was made the official representative of the city in all legal matters. "Mr. Roy," who has practiced law in Georgia for almost 65 years, is now in a position to "smooth the way" for his new black ally.

One of the black mayor's first actions upon taking office earlier this year was to fire a white Recorder's Court judge and

replace him with a black. According to an Augusta newspaper, the ousted judge contended in a law suit that "McIntyre and a number of City Council members conspired to remove him from the post because the mayor wanted a black to hold the position." No one, incidentally, heard Roy Harris protest this injustice.

In light of all this, one can only laugh at a Harris quotation that appeared in an article in the *American Mercury* (Spring 1970):

Atlanta has committed suicide. They started out to make Atlanta a model city of race mixing. The whites wouldn't stand for it and fled to the suburbs. The Negroes have taken over and they have a Negro government . . . Why the Atlanta leaders didn't have sense enough to know this would happen is beyond me.

This quote suggests the onetime segregationist can't tell when his own hometown is "committing suicide" or -- a more likely and more charitable explanation -- the aging Citizens Council leader doesn't have any more sense than the Atlanta race mixers he once

decried.

One more thought. What do the Roy Harrises of this country hope to gain by selling out? Do any whites really think they can ever "do enough" for nonwhites to be honored, showered with praise and have statues erected in a minority Hall of Fame? Harris, if he hadn't grabbed those 30 pieces of silver, could at least have earned a small niche in the history books of his own race. Now, when his obituaries are written, he will be briefly and grudgingly praised by his new black friends and eternally written off by the people -- his own people -- he once made such a great show of defending.

Elmer Pendell (1894-1982)

Until the 1930s, population experts the world over routinely concerned themselves as much with human quality as with human quantity. Then the political climate changed, and with it the tune that demographers were singing. One population man who wouldn't switch to a monotone was Elmer Pendell, a holder of the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Service Cross, and several advanced degrees, whose distinguished teaching career spanned five decades. Dr. Pendell died at his home in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, on March 18.

Many Instaurationists will best remember Pendell for his masterful study of "the biological basis for both the building and unbuilding of civilizations," entitled *Why*

Civilizations Self-Destruct (Howard Allen, 1977).

The book's main theme is that every advanced social order to date has tended to undermine natural selection (and thus eventually its own well-being) by protecting and even rewarding human weakness in all its many forms.

Pendell's readers are spared complete pessimism by a brilliant question-and-answer section which is in the book's final chapter. Here, the author offers "ways and means to stop the historic and hitherto unstoppable processes of social entropy." One intriguing remedy is a sperm bank program for proven geniuses. This discussion may have helped to inspire inventor

Robert Klark Graham's Repository for Germinal Choice, which, on May 23, announced the birth of its first eugenically conceived baby, the healthy, nine-pound daughter of an unidentified "eminent mathematician."

Pendell's other books include *Population on the Loose* (1951), *The Next Civilization* (1960), *Sex Versus Civilization* (Noontide Press, 1967), *Rhymed Reminders* (1970) and, with Guy Irving Birch, *Population Roads to Peace or War* (1945), which was revised as *Human Breeding and Survival* (1947). He also served on the Board of Directors of Birthright, Inc., a now defunct national organization which encouraged the sterilization of the unfit.

The Big Scare

Time (March 29, 1982) had a box detailing the destruction a one-megaton Russian H-bomb would do to Detroit if it were "exploded at 6,000 feet on a clear spring evening" over the center of the city. At 0-1 mile radius, *Time* prophesied, all buildings and practically every man, woman and child would be destroyed; at 1-2 mile radius, only a few reinforced buildings would still be standing and at least half the people would be gone; at 2-3 miles, 25% of the people would be dead and all homes would suffer severe damage; at 3-4 miles there would be "moderate structural damage" and "10% of the population could die, with 35% injured."

Now let's outloom *Time* and assume that everyone in the 0-3 mile radius would be annihilated and all buildings, including reinforced structures, destroyed. That represents an area of slightly more than 28 sq. mi. Next let's recall that the Kremlin is supposed to have a nuclear arsenal of 7,868 megatons contained in 8,040 warheads. If a one-megaton nuke can destroy all the people and buildings in an area of about 28 sq. mi., then 7,868 x 28 or 220,304 sq. mi. of the U.S. would be utterly destroyed if every one-megaton warhead were mounted on every Russian missile (land-based and submarine) and if every one of those Russian missiles, even those that could not possibly reach the U.S., somehow did reach the U.S. and land smack on target. This is a very generous estimate since the average Russian warhead is less than one megaton.

To continue the numbers game, the area of the U.S. is 3,618,467 sq. mi. When the

220,304 sq. mi. of total devastation produced by an all-out Russian attack is divided into the total area of the U.S., there emerges a figure of nearly 16. This means that under perfect conditions, if the Russians were willing to throw their entire nuclear stockpile at us in one fell swoop, if they were willing to strip down their nuclear defenses against China to zero and if the dubious accuracy of their guidance systems is not considered -- not to mention our interceptors -- a Russian nuclear attack could destroy 1/16 of the United States. (The total destruction scenario, by the way, has no place for radioactive fallout, since bombs exploded in the air for maximum destruction produce very little fallout.)

Yet in spite of this obvious arithmetic, all we hear these days in *Time* and in the press at large are doomsaying lamentations about total destruction, the end of civilization, the death of the planet, *und so weiter*.

What we are really hearing, of course, is the old liberal wind. When we take into account that the real destruction would probably be much less than that outlined above, since we have given Russian destructiveness every possible statistical break, it seems that the liberal wind is blowing hotter every day.

As a matter of fact, when the liberals, pacifists and appeasers are talking about civilization, just what are they referring to? And when they talk about the end of civilization, what do they mean by "end"? There are quite a few people in the U.S., particularly those who live in New York, Detroit, Newark and other darkening urban agglomerations, who believe that civ-

ilization in the U.S. has already ended. Isn't it rather tautological to talk about the end of the end?

And isn't it strange that the very people who are propagandizing for a nuclear freeze today (many of them really want the U.S. to disarm unilaterally) are the very same people who wanted us to share our atomic secrets with Russia when we had a nuclear monopoly and could have kept it by nuking any country which tried to make a nuclear bomb? Some of these people, those who could not wait, actually stole the secrets and handed them over to the Muscovites.

In the late 1940s, Americans who wanted to prevent nuclear proliferation by preemptive strikes against would-be bomb builders were called "fascists." Later, we were called warmongers when we called for an ABM system which would have destroyed or diverted incoming Russian missiles. Today, we are called "fascists" for trying to prevent Russian nuclear superiority. But those, of course, who built the bomb, and dropped the bomb on Japan, who wanted to give it to Russia and now demand a freeze, since Russia has as many or more bombs than we have, are called liberals.

And they will still be called liberals when, if Israel's security is ever seriously threatened, they quickly whistle a different tune and instruct us that nuclear war no longer means the end of the world, but has become a just and necessary end for the salvation and safety of God's chosen acres.

Calling Paul Revere

In Europe, one does not "study journalism"; one studies history, or science, or some other substantive field, and only slowly receives opportunities to show that one knows a thing or two. In America, all too often, journalism attracts the shallowest minds on university campuses, people all too capable of taking over the *Home-town Blather* and spending the next 50 years believing -- and relaying -- all the gas that comes through the syndicate pipelines.

A recent editorial in the Salem (Oregon) *Statesman-Journal*, entitled "Immigration plan is odious," had "journalism degree from Cow Tech" written all over it:

While we sympathize with the goal of having a standard identification card, we have no particular enthusiasm for a forge-proof card that everyone would have to show when he or she applies for a job. Social Security numbers have turned into a de facto national identification system, and that is troubling enough. The icy demand in too many grade B movies to "see your papers" rings in our ears.

The typical small-town journalist still sees America as a Pollyanna nation, inhabited by 225 million souls as dense and unimaginative as himself. The notion that Organized Meanies from Outside with Long-range Goals might take over some Hollywood studios and crank out hundreds of grade B movies in order to "ring" certain ideas inside his virginal ears is unintelligible to someone as rooted in the here-and-now and ignorant of past tragedy as he.

Someone should tell Salem -- that an estimated half-million people from tiny El Salvador alone are now camped illegally in America, mostly in California; that experts have determined that, without massive deterrence, more immigrants will come to America in the next 15 years than came between 1790 and 1970; that Secretary of State Alexander Haig has warned the National Governors Conference that the continued radicalization of Latin America will trigger a tidal wave of new refugees, "making the Cuban influx look like child's play"; that Ruben Bonilla, the president of the 100,000-member League of United Latin American citizens is crowing that, "After 50 years, we're still Mexicans first, then Americans"; in short, that all hell is being let loose on America.

The world is streaming into these parts like quicksilver. America's journalism students are responding like cold glue. They cite the wisdom of grade B movies, Superman comic books and Perry Mason novels in their editorials for a very good reason: it's the only thing most of them know.

Attitudinal Turnabout

The U.S. is "ignored, despised, reviled" at the U.N. *Pravda* didn't say this. Jeane Kirkpatrick, our U.N. ambassador, did. We used to have Chile and the Dominican Republic with us on most issues, she recently told interviewer Mike Wallace, but now even they are lost. "We're a country without a party."

Kirkpatrick went on to say that various U.N. delegates have expressed concern about the number of Jews in the American mission. The "whispers" she alluded to were coming from Western Europeans, not from Arabs and Third Worlders, and they were occasioned by three of her top five appointees: Kenneth L. Adelman, second in command; Charles M. Lichtenstein, deputy delegate; Carl S. Gershman, adviser. A fourth appointee is a Cuban refugee.

Speaking before the ADL's national executive committee a short time later, Kirkpatrick claimed that the language used in the U.N. resolution calling for the isolation of Israel went far beyond any previous remonstrances against member states -- including South Africa. She saw the resolution as "laying the groundwork" for the suspension or expulsion of Israel and warned of "serious consequences" for the world body if this inconceivable horror should take place. She quoted "Holocaust" survivor Tom Lantos, a congressman from California, as saying, "the Congress and the American people are sick and tired of financing the antics of the Libyas and Cubas of this planet."

The U.S. will pay 25% of this year's total U.N. budget of \$753 million. This sum of \$188 million falls rather short of the direct annual American subsidy of \$3 billion for Israel's antics, and indirect subsidies are at least as large (special tax and tariff privileges, private gifts, secret deals and what not).

Mayor Edward Koch of Fun City is running for governor of his state on an anti-U.N. platform. He calls the international body a "cesspool" and a "den of iniquity," although the attendant diplomatic community, comprising 40,000 free-spenders, is one of his financially troubled city's major economic props. New York State's conservative Republicans, among them Representative Jack Kemp and Senator Alphonse D'Amato, are also campaigning on the Israel First ticket. Exclaims Mayor Koch: "If the U.N. would leave New York, nobody would ever hear of it again."

Yet it was the United Nations, at U.S. and Jewish prodding, that created Israel in 1948. In those days the world organization was the apple of Jewry's eye.

Frankenstein's monster is just adorable; Frankenstein's monster is not monstrous -- until it turns against Frankenstein.

Not-So-Democratic Party

The same people who promised Americans "more democracy" in the 1960s got cold feet when white survival advocates began winning Republican and Democratic primaries in the 1980s. So now they are marching us right back into the era of the "smoke-filled room."

On March 26, the Democratic National Committee (DNC) gave its final approval to new rules for the 1984 presidential nomination process. More than 500 elected and party officials, including nearly 200 congressmen, will be in the convention hall as uncommitted delegates. A move to make 350 DNC members automatic, unpledged delegates as well was ruled out of order by the party chairman, but may resurface later. Party power brokers are expected to control most of the huge new uncommitted bloc.

Darkhorse candidates like Jimmy Carter will now have to win a lot more primary votes to have a shot at the nomination. This latest development, combined with growing minority registration among Democrats, probably eliminates the last remote chance of electing a "White Firster" through that party. Since third parties rarely go anywhere in America, the most realistic hope for ending white decline lies with the Republican electoral process and through extrapolitical means.

Other DNC rule changes also serve minority bloc interests. States will again have the option of electing their delegates on a plurality basis. Thus, if Candidate X wins a plurality of 30% in a crowded field, he may again receive all 100% of the delegates at stake (in a given congressional district). This change, which was favored by "organization states" like New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Texas, exaggerates the influence of populous (i.e., more heavily minority) states. It was banned as recently as 1978 as a violation of the principle of proportional representation.

No Angel

Hardly anyone likes to play minor league baseball. The crowds are small, the pay is lousy, and the accommodations involve long bus rides between cheap motels. The Carolina League is an extremely competitive minor league, where coaches and managers say that one or two extra hits in clutch situations over the course of a long season often make the difference between a batter's moving on to fame and fortune, or staying put. Those same hits may end a pitcher's career.

Last August 19, Carolina League umpire Spook Jacobs, who knows some Spanish, heard a young catcher named Angel Rodriguez alerting some of the opposing batters to upcoming pitches. "Directa" meant a fast ball, and "curba" a curve. He also told

them whether the pitch would be high or low, inside or outside -- and his tips were accurate. After the game, Jacobs spoke with officials, who confronted Rodriguez. The 20-year-old admitted passing signals, and was suspended for the last 11 days of the season, pending an investigation.

The five-month probe revealed that at least six of the league's eight umpires had heard Rodriguez pass signals to opposing batters. Umpire Chuck Morgan lamely explained, "I don't understand Spanish, but I did notice that every time Rodriguez would say a certain word . . . it would be the same type of pitch." Coleman Coffelt, who had umpired in the Gulf Coast League with Rodriguez in 1979, and in the South Atlantic League in 1980, reported having clearly heard the wayward Angel passing signals to Latin American players. "I told the skippers and they took him out of the games," Coffelt said. He saw the same thing happening again in the Carolina League last year but at first said nothing about it: "I figured it has been going on for three years and nothing happened, so I didn't do anything."

Among the 25 Hispanic players in the Carolina League last year, about eight figured in the investigation. Back home in Puerto Rico, Rodriguez changed his story, and claimed that he had misunderstood questions put to him last August 19 because of his poor English. Actually, he now said, he was trying to deceive his opponents.

"The integrity of the game is at stake in this," says Spook Jacobs. "If a batter knows where a pitch is going to be, that's half the battle. These pitchers have their careers on the line." On February 2, the verdict came in: a one-year suspension for Rodriguez, no penalties for the other Latin players, and -- worst of all -- no action against the Majority umpires who saw what was happening and never said boo. "He [Rodriguez] will have been punished enough," remarked one permissive official.

The Real Thing

The U.S. is loaded with "talking" revolutionaries. They publish pamphlets and manifestos oozing with insurrectionary vitriol, then switch off their word processors, go back to their seedy public housing pads and watch "Archie Bunker's Place" through a marijuana haze. Once in a rare while they climb up on a soapbox and utter a few imprecations against Reaganite bloodsuckers or, well protected by a safety belt of police, heroically throw rocks at a couple of Klansmen. Otherwise, revolution in this country remains prudently cool. The day when the proles charged the Pinkertons with their bare fists is long past.

Or is it? There is one group in the land that does emit an authentic proletarian odor. It is called ACORN (Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now). Composed almost entirely of Unas-

similable Minority members, ACORN moves its riffraff into vacant houses where they squat and laugh at the law. Recently in Pittsburgh, after some hesitation, Mayor Caliguri summoned up enough courage to order the police to go in and remove ACORNites from a few houses. When Pittsburgh Councilwoman Michelle Madoff obligingly came to ACORN's defense, J.J. Doerschner, who had a house taken over by ACORN members, accused her of saying it was all right for the scofflaws to squat to their hearts' content. Madoff threatened to sue for libel.

ACORN is active in a few other American cities, and similar organizations have been squatting around Europe. Grabbing homes is a far more revolutionary act than grabbing gold neck chains and purses. We know from what mighty oaks grow. We should also know from what revolutions grow. The first storm signals are flying. A real, not a media, enemy is finally coming into sight.

Juvenile Mentality

How many times have we all heard young members of the liberal establishment referring to Southern political leaders two and three times their age as "good ole boys"? But only white men may be called "boys" under the present rules of the game. Ask the speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, A.L. Philpott, 62. After meeting last April with the five blacks in the legislature, who agreed that he was "helpful," "very cordial," and, as always, a "gentleman," he was heard to casually remark, "I've never had any problems with those boys. They understand the system." This one word soon had every black politician in Virginia yapping in unison. The only black in the state Senate called it evidence of a "magnolia mentality" which would force blacks to launch their own independent candidate for the U.S. Senate. One black delegate called upon Governor Chuck Robb and other Democratic party leaders to "publicly and viciously" criticize Philpott. No one listened when white Delegate C. Hardaway Marks, 61 years old, observed that the speaker always called him "boy."

Black Questers

A report from an Instaurionist film buff.

"Quest for Fire" is supposed to be a serious film about how prehistoric man first learned to make, and make the most of, fire.

I had to laugh.

There were three racial types portrayed in this dawn-of-man period: monkey men, post-monkey men and Negroes. The monkey men, cannibals who enjoyed boiled Negro delicacies, were wanton barbarians with no hint of human intelligence or indi-

viduality. They were endlessly at war with the post-monkey men, who had a talent for independent thought and were not a faceless mass. It was this latter group that was questing for fire.

But guess who had the secret of fire already well in hand? Negroes! Guess who lived in well-ordered villages instead of trees and caves? Negroes! Guess who had a highly developed language, while the lighter-skinned brutes could only grunt? Right again.

So it was only fitting that the kindly blacks (who like Jerry Brown wouldn't hurt a fly) taught the pre-whites how to keep the fires burning. And it was only fitting that the pre-historic Negro heroine would offer herself to the bumbling pre-white and initiate him into another secret that also produces flames.

Yes, I had to laugh, though not as hard as I would have liked to. I was sobered by the thought of the subliminal damage such deliberate distortions of the past might have on the impressionable young audience.

Just a Perfect Friendship

Jerry Paris, the producer of ABC-TV's "Happy Days," is a millionaire Hollywoodian ex-actor who claims to be an old and "very close" friend of Ronald Reagan. Why, he made three movies with Ronnie, including "Bedtime for Bonzo"! Even after his old pal became president, he was invited to a joke-cracking private session with Ronnie at the former Reagan home in Pacific Palisades, where Paris himself lives.

Recently Paris gave a talk to the students of St. Petersburg (Florida) Junior College in which he, a Jew, explained that his half-Jewish wife, Ruth, had gone to school with Nancy Reagan. There Mrs. Paris had learned firsthand that Nancy

hated Jews. . . . This is a fact. Also blacks. Openly. I'm going to give you the low-down. I don't pull any punches. . . . She would kill every black she could find.

Nice friend, that Jerry! Nice president, to have such friends! Will Ronnie now invite Jerry to the ranch for another friendly chat so he can personally apologize for having such a bigoted wife?

One trouble with Jerry Paris's story is that other Jerry. If Nancy really hates Jews so much, why did she choose Jerry Zipkin (*Instaurion*, March 1981) above all other American males to be her constant escort? Moreover, why did Nancy go to Hollywood and get into movies in the first place? If you don't like polar bears, you don't move to the North Pole. And why was she so hep on moving to Washington? If you hate blacks all that much, you don't move to America's blackest city.

Dr. Onestone Contradicted

Einstein's General Theory of Relativity has become part of the canon, not only of modern physics but of modern life. In some ways it belongs more to the realm of theology than science. As *Instauration* has shown in previous issues, our modern mentors simply won't entertain the idea that Einstein could be wrong. An atheist in the Middle Ages had more chance to be heard than an anti-Einsteinian in the mid-20th century, the high tide of anti-Nazism. Einstein, the media instructs us, was not only a genius; he was a Jew, a humanitarian and a hero for all seasons, a liberal with just the right touch of Zion, a grandfatherly pre-hippie who refused to wear socks and who let his hair grow decades before the appearance of the Beatles. So sacrosanct was he that no one dared criticize him for having a soft place in his heart for Stalin, for deserting his first wife and son (who spent a great deal of his life in deep psychoanalysis) and for writing a letter to Roosevelt that kicked off the atomic bomb project. Bombfather simply could do no wrong.

Although Einstein's General Theory of Relativity has no correspondence with physical reality and is basically a complicated equation designed to account for the gravitational mysteries of physics, it has been hailed as gospel ever since Sir Arthur Eddington "confirmed" it during a total eclipse in 1919.

Now along comes Prof. Henry Hill of the University of Arizona to say that the inexplicable advance in the precession of Mercury's orbit, which the sacred Theory is supposed to explain, is explicable by Newtonian physics. The sun, says Hill, after years of studying Old Sol, has a core that rotates six times faster than the surface. Because of its spin rate, the core flattens out at the top and bottom, which in turn has a direct effect on the sun's gravitational pull. Since Mercury is the closest planet to the sun, its orbit is measurably affected and its precession rate is increased by 1.7%, which fits as well with the facts as Einstein's theory.

So perhaps all the mysterious numbers, all the arcane tensors and other mathematical claptrap were for nought. A good old Western experimental scientist using the tried and true methods of Western science (the experiment before the theory, the observation before the inference) has come up with an explanation for Mercury's strange behavior that makes sense, not nonsense.

So the nimbus of another modern saint is losing some of its glow. Freud and Marx are still worshipped, but their congregation consists largely of cranks and nuts, although many of these cranks and nuts still

hold high academic and political offices. Boas is still the apostle of the equalitarian fanatics, but his pulpit is getting shaky, what with the devastating attacks of Arthur Jensen, Konrad Lorenz and Edward Wilson.

Attending a scientific meeting in New York after he questioned Einstein's General Theory, Professor Hill was warned, "He better have it right." Indeed, he better. Remember what happened to Galileo.

When and When Not to Shoot

Under New York's laws on self-defense, you are entitled to fight back when attacked, but not to excess. If someone is trying to punch you, you may preventively punch him, but if you react more strongly, you -- not your assailant -- are the criminal. If someone comes at you with a knife, you are allowed to shoot only if you are unable to retreat. The "duty" of retreat means that you may not join a fray on equal terms if you can escape unharmed. Exceptions apply to the crimes of murder, kidnapping, rape, armed robbery and sodomy. There you may blast away to your heart's content -- and no one except maybe the gay lobby will give you any grief.

If you are defending personal property in New York, you are generally permitted to use only physical force, not "deadly physical force." Shooting an unarmed man who is stealing your car will get you manslaughter. On the other hand, if an unarmed prowler is inside your house, you may use your gun and the legal beavers will probably back you up to the point of keeping you out of jail. But don't count on it.

Lincoln's Warts

A University of Dallas professor named M.E. Bradford, considered the front-runner for chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, probably lost the post because his carefully documented findings on our first Republican president clashed with the myth.

Columnist George Will, who "reveres" Lincoln and still "smolders with indignation" at the uppitness of Southerners who only wanted to go on their own way, labeled Bradford "unfit for office" because he had called attention to Lincoln's Cromwellian and Bonapartist attributes. Bradford replied:

Most of [Will's] quotations from my work on Lincoln are reflections of academic commonplaces -- the books and essays of Edgar Lee Masters, Donald W. Riddle, Willmoore Kendall, Edmund

Wilson, Gottfried Dietze and . . . Frank Meyer. My contribution to the critique has been an analysis of Lincoln's rhetoric, an idiom that contributed to the deaths of 600,000 American boys. I have also spoken of Lincoln's use of troops to win elections, the graft of his administration, his abuse under the war powers of political opponents in the North, his claims to intimacy with the divine will . . . and his willingness to waste Northern lives . . .

Even great admirers of Lincoln, like Henry Clay Whitney, conceded major faults:

This was one of the most uneven, eccentric and heterogeneous characters. One of the most obvious of Mr. Lincoln's peculiarities was his dissimilitude of qualities, or inequality of conduct, his dignity of deportment and action, interspersed with streaks of frivolity and inanity; his high aspirations and achievement, and his descent into the primitive vales of listlessness, and the most ridiculous buffoonery.

Mass Murders and Mini Murders

Just as mestizo writer Luis Marin, a Guatemalan immigrant, was being convicted (and then unconvicted) in White Plains, New York, of setting the fire which swept through a local Stouffer's Inn in 1980, killing 26 whites (most of them corporate executives), the case of mestizo labor boss Juan Corona was resurfacing in Sutter County, California. Marin allegedly "murdered up" in socioeconomic terms, while Corona "murdered down," by slashing 25 winos and wanderers to death. Corona's victims, by the way, were described by the media as "Anglos."

Marin was found guilty in April by a Westchester County jury which deliberated long and carefully. Then Judge Lawrence N. Martin, Jr., invoked a little-known point of law to overrule its verdict. The county district attorney called the intercession "a perversion of the criminal justice system" and vowed to appeal.

Corona was convicted in 1973, while gangs of Chicano militants shouted for his release. Now a defense team headed by one Michael Mendelson is arguing that Corona's crazy homosexual brother, Natividad -- conveniently missing -- really did it all. Since Corona is indigent, California taxpayers will pay both sets of legal bills, which could come to more than \$4 million.

Hollywood Heresy

How are these for teaching credentials? Doctorate in classical history, six years' teaching experience at Bogota University, Colombia; active in the 1956 Hungarian uprising; imprisoned and tortured by Soviet interrogators; formerly hosted a Hungarian-language radio show in California.

Quite a record for a high-school teacher anywhere in this day, even at ritzy North Hollywood High School.

Yet Dr. George Ashley, 54, was abruptly transferred a few months ago to Polytechnic High School in the boondocks town of Sun Valley, and local Jewish leaders want him ousted from the Los Angeles school system altogether. His crime was to express doubts, based on his own first-hand experience, about the nature and extent of the persecution of Jews during World War II.

Ashley (his naturalized name) watched Budapest's Jews leading unhindered though somewhat restricted lives until 1945. The deportations to labor camps were mostly from small towns. After the Soviet invasion of Hungary, Ashley saw Hungarian soldiers summarily executed for alleged war crimes. One friend was executed solely because a Jewish woman accused him of murdering her husband. A few days later the husband turned up alive.

Ashley tells students about the things he has seen and challenges them to be inquisitive. This is unacceptable to people like Jewish Anti-Defamation League attorney Robert Glasser: "If anything, we are most upset because there are so few Jews at Poly. At least at North Hollywood we could keep an eye on him."

School board member Roberta Weintraub warns that Ashley is being closely monitored, adding, "I don't think that's good enough, but that's all we can do." Ms. Weintraub was previously known as an anti-busing crusader -- but only after Jewish neighborhoods were added to the busing program.

When Ashley became anxious for his job, he called his union, the United Teachers of Los Angeles. The administrator just laughed at him and said he was crazy if he doubted the Holocaust. The union, which is about 90% Jewish, failed to return his subsequent calls.

Was Davidoff the Falkland Fuse?

The British-Argentine confrontation actually began last March when a scrap metal dealer named Constantino Davidoff and his 43 workmen hoisted the Argentine flag over the tiny settlement of Leith in the South Georgia Islands, a dependency of the Falklands. Although carrying Argentine passports, they had been authorized by London to dismantle the old whaling station there. When British scientists reported Davidoff's caper, however, the *HMS Endurance* was sent down to evict him. The Argentine Navy responded by sending the warship *Bahia Paraiso* to protect Davidoff and his men. On March 30, news from London suggested that two submarines had left Gibraltar for the South Atlantic. On April 2, Argentina preempted their arrival with an invasion. By April 5, nearly two-thirds of the British fleet was setting sail for

Portsmouth.

"Malvinas," Spanish for the Falklands, is derived from the French, "Isles Malouines," so named from a stay there in 1706-14 by sailors from St. Malo, Brittany. Two years after a short-lived French colony had been founded, Commodore John Byron took formal possession for England in 1766. This claim went unchallenged until 1820, when the newly independent Argentine Republic established a cattle ranch on the islands. Then, according to Samuel Eliot Morison (1974):

Trouble ensued between the Argentine gauchos and American sealers from Stonington, Conn., in consequence of which President Jackson ordered *U.S.S. Lexington* [under command of Silas Duncan] to clear out the offenders; he did so in 1832, deporting to Buenos Aires all the gauchos, who were nothing loath, having had no pay for over a year. Just at that time, when the Falklands were temporarily unoccupied, the British moved in, and there they have stayed. The Argentine Republic is still trying to get the islands back.

One of the greatest battles in naval history, the Battle of the Falklands, was fought in the area in December 1914. In one day the Royal Navy destroyed German naval power in the Southern Hemisphere.

By 1957 the Falklands enjoyed virtual self-government. The Argentine claim to sovereignty was rejected by the International Court of Justice in 1955 and by the United Nations in 1965. Until April 2, 1982, any Argentine visiting the Falklands had to show his return ticket on arrival.

No Dough for the PLO

When the media noised it about that one Fred Sparks, a newspaper man, had left \$25,000 to the PLO, the faithful held up their hands in horror. What? An American reporter leaving money to those Holocaust-copying, Arabian nightmarish terrorists? Tax-deductible money may flow by the billions to the overflowing coffers of Israel. No problem. But valuta of any kind to the representatives of the Palestinian homeless? No way. So the ADL leaped into the fray with some ad hoc litigation and tied up the bequest. If the legal precedent is hard to come by, the ADLers may be sure to invent one.

But there's an ironic and mysterious twist to the affair. Although the info was omitted from the first news reports, Fred Sparks was Jewish. On top of that, he had written some spitefully anti-Arab pieces for his employer, the *Newhouse* newspaper chain, and for other journals.

So what was Fred Spiegelstein (alias Fred Sparks) trying to say in his will? Was he atoning for his sins? Playing a practical joke on his racial cousins? Who will ever know?

But what is known is that the enigmatic soul of Sparks will spend a long time up there or down there before that \$25,000 ever gets deposited to the account of Yasser Arafat.

Impure Gentile

Whether or not he is rotting away in some Soviet Gulag, Raoul Wallenberg, the alleged rescuer of hundreds of thousands of Hungarian Jews toward the end of World War II, has become the latest Holocaust martyr, a sort of male Anne Frank, and the hero of a new nonfiction (fiction?) bestseller called *The Righteous Gentile* by John Bierman (Viking Press, 1981).

Raoul may have been righteous, but was he really a Gentile? He was the great-grandson of one Michael Bendicks, who arrived in Stockholm in 1780 and opened a jewelry store. He later became a usurer to the royal family, married a Swedish girl and converted to Lutheranism. Michael Bendicks, we are told in *Atlantic* (Nov. 1980, p. 40), was a German Jew.

The Most Dangerous Habit

One way to stop one of the deadliest habits of modern times, TV addiction, is to make a log of the programs being viewed and the time spent viewing them. Some Americans, usually women, are glued to the tube 11 or more hours each day. After the log, which makes the addict aware of his or her addiction, a metronome should be plugged into the TV. The loud ticking off of the seconds while the set is on warns the addict of how much time is being wasted on the tube.

"The important point," says Leonard Jason, a professor of psychology at De Paul University, "is to develop some sort of activity, some intervention, that is incompatible with passivity. TV watching is the ultimate passivity. Get people doing something -- anything -- and they'll stop watching TV."

The average American home has a TV set on more than 6 hours a day. American children watch 20,000 hours of TV before they're 16. The average viewer's brain waves enter a pre-sleep phase within 30 seconds of switching on the set, an alpha-wave pattern which itself can be addictive.

In many ways, TV is worse than drugs. The dope addict isn't given a cram course on the glories of liberalism and race-mixing while he sniffs his cocaine or dribbles heroin into his veins.





Cholly Bilderberger



An article in the May *Instauration* raises some compelling questions. Entitled "Getting Out of the Rut," it considers the effects of an accelerated collapse of the U.S., with the whites driven into enclaves:

From the rump all-white nation, greatly reduced in size and numbers, might come the resurgence of the old pioneer spirit, a burst of creative energy that would build a shining new civilization on the ruins of the past. As such, it might act both as a magnet and a tonic for the decaying white nations of Western Europe and Australia. Anglo-Canada might even merge with the new America, which would offer a haven for besieged Northern Europeans in South Africa

The smart Majority strategy would be not to oppose this trend, but to accelerate it. Our future depends on whether we will have the strength to survive chaos once it explodes. The longer we put off the day of reckoning, the fewer our chances of survival. The quicker the country ignites, the better equipped we will be to put out the fire. Half measures, such as a more prudent economic policy, a temporary dampening of inflation, a renewal of détente, tighter immigration laws, would only postpone the crisis, delay it until such time as we may be too debilitated to meet it successfully.

Ironically, the future of the white race everywhere may depend on the speed of America's decline. If the Majority member realizes too late that he is slated for extinction, his extinction will be certain. The man who is in a fight for his life has little hope of winning and even less to gain if he waits until he is on his deathbed to put up a fight.

This analysis challenges the basic premise of such white resistance as does exist at present: that the only solution to America's woes is to work through the so-called democratic process. This is the premise on which all concerned Americans in government operate. It is also the premise on which very nearly all concerned Americans operate in private — so long as they try to work inside the system, they have discharged their obligations.

It is on the near-total acceptance of this premise that concerned politicians and pundits propose courses of action inside the system, and ask for support; and that concerned citizens respond with money and time and effort. It is on this premise that what is left of American — and Northern European — resistance to disintegration is built.

If the premise is wrong, it is because it is unworkable. The process of disintegration is moving faster than the counter-effort to stop and contain it. The countereffort can only produce a delay of the inevitable. And, as the article points out, such a delay may be fatal. When the inevitable collapse finally does occur, whites will very likely be too debilitated to survive it. Working inside the system is revealed as a vast and destructive charade.

There are situations in ordinary life in which it is disastrous to insist on following a failing policy. Men must abandon worthless coal mines, bankrupt businesses, dry wells and all other unworkable dreams. Those who don't are considered lunatics. The same judgment is eventually applied to nations and races which pursue failing policies. The

only difference — and it is, unfortunately, a profound one — is that it takes so much longer for the lunacies of nations and races to be admitted and judged. A single man insisting on an unworkable policy fails in a short time in an isolated, observable catastrophe. A nation or race insisting on an unworkable policy takes forever to fail in an all-embracing catastrophe, which involves all the observers.

If concerned Americans are wrong in trying to effect changes by means of the "democratic process," because those changes are always inadequate half measures which only prolong the agony and debilitate their own energies, then they are immoral Americans as well. Willy-nilly, they have become the allies of the very forces of darkness they are trying to defeat. They are causing more trouble than if they did nothing.

If the "smart Majority strategy would be not to oppose this trend [to collapse] but to accelerate it," then the stupid strategy would be to do just the opposite and oppose acceleration. It is on this point that morality as well as intelligence turns. In my experience, no one in a position of any responsibility in this country is urging acceleration of collapse. For anyone in public life to do so would be extremely impolitic, of course, but no one does so in private, either, except in a casual, joking fashion. Does this mean that everyone in a position of responsibility is either stupid, immoral or both? And if it doesn't mean any of those things, what does it mean?

In the years leading up to the American Revolution, colonial leaders were intelligent enough — and moral enough — to welcome the acceleration of collapsing relations with England as a necessary part of their strategy. They could not say it baldly in public, naturally, but they could, and did, say so in private. They welcomed each English administrative error, even when those errors caused them and their countrymen financial hardship and even loss of life. They wanted to accelerate the process of severance; they didn't want to wait forever. They aided the process; they assisted the inevitable.

Of course, their acceleration of collapse was based on the agreed goal of national independence. Without the goal, it is doubtful that they could have or would have become involved in such acceleration. It is equally doubtful that we can heed the call "not to oppose this trend, but to accelerate it" without an agreed goal. In our time, that would be to regain control of our lives and destinies no matter the cost. Such a goal is, again, a form of independence — a far more basic form, incidentally, than the one for which the American Revolution was fought. We could have survived — we might even have thrived — under the Crown; we cannot survive the present oppression, which cuts at the very quick of our being.

If it is moral as well as intelligent to accelerate America's decline, how can that be done? Ideally, a concerned individual would slowly join with others equally concerned, and equally dedicated to regaining control of life and destiny. This would be an organic rather than an intellectual

movement, flowing naturally and gradually increasing in numbers and force. By its very existence, it would accelerate collapse.

The moment anyone believes that "the quicker the country ignites, the better equipped we will be to put out the fire," he becomes a force for ignition. Even though nothing in his outward life ostensibly changes, he has added to acceleration, no matter how infinitesimally. Fitzgerald's definition of America as "a willingness of the heart" is quite accurate psychologically; what continues to hold this country together — insofar as it does function — are the tattered remains of that willingness, that decency, that desire to go beyond the boundaries of the known. The commitment of the collective willing heart to the American way is the core of our society's being. If that willing heart withdraws its commitment to the American way, even in its secret recesses, and instead commits itself to the end of the American way because it sees that way has become hopelessly corrupt, then that way cannot survive. Since the collective willing heart is an aggregate, any individual subtraction counts. Enough subtractions guarantee ignition.

Even if they understand that, many concerned people will still ask, "But then what? What would we do? There must be more to accelerating collapse than withdrawing the commitment of my 'willing heart' from the American way. Give me specifics." Specifics could be discussed, but it would be putting the cart before the horse; at this point such a discussion only obscures the central question of commitment. To paraphrase "Form follows function": "Action follows commitment." If enough Americans were committed to regaining control of their lives and destinies, nothing could prevent that commitment from bursting into the open by means of very definite specifics. It is of paramount importance to understand that the shift in commitment comes first, and is indispensable.

At the present time, very nearly all concerned Americans are more frightened at the prospect of being alienated from the remains of the American way than they are determined to save themselves and their descendants. The fear of alienation is a powerful force, inextricably bound up with patriotism, honor, loyalty and other desirable characteristics. It can only be overcome by courage rising from the desire for survival, and the passion for fulfillment of the self, family and race. To date, the fear has been stronger than the courage, and — as the *Instauration* article noted — it is wishful thinking to assume that this inversion will not continue.

It is an omnipresent inversion in America, which means that the rare individual who sees the situation and is strong enough to accept alienation, is thwarted because he can find no others with whom to join. He must live like an outsider in his own country, and be skillful enough to mask that condition. Like James Joyce, his weapons are silence, exile and cunning, and he can do no more than watch and wait for others to come to their senses. Even then, he must be extremely cautious, and not reveal himself without an equal commitment from others.

His only amusement — and he must have some fun in his alienation or give up — is sardonic and isolated, because he lives by completely transposed values. He does not deplore the Kennedys, for example, but welcomes them as wholly destructive, and hence desirable accelerators. He extends the same silent welcome to rock musicians, prime-time TV,

and each and every other diseased symptom. He applauds rampant blacks, proliferating Hispanics, befuddled Reagans, blubbery Meeses, insolent William Safires, simpering Ben Bradlees, and preposterous William Styrons. He can hardly — but he does! — keep a straight face at any aspect of the seamless, ludicrous shambles that is contemporary America. To him, the repulsive Jewish comedian is always only one side of the gruesome comedy: the other is the slack-jawed Nordic or quasi-Nordic watching that comedian on television and smiling appreciatively at such wonderful entertainment. To him, it is all one stew: Harvard and Andy Warhol and Alexander Haig and Norman Mailer and Stansfield Turner and Frank Sinatra and Jim Baker and chicken tacos and video games and the White House and Harlem and Des Moines . . . everything and everyone, gathered together in a single gigantic canoe headed toward an equally gigantic waterfall.

"More!" he says to himself. "More and more and more. We haven't had Ted Kennedy yet. How about Richard Pryor for president? Or Jane Fonda? Or Cesar Chavez? How about legalized drugs? How about 'anti-defamation' laws with real teeth? How about a Nobel Prize for Jerry Lewis? How about 150,000 students at the University of Michigan? How about a year-round pro football season? How about a 700-foot-high copper and stainless steel monument to John Lennon? How about nine-foot basketball players? How about four computers in every home? How about making Jerusalem the capital of Idaho? How about bank failures? How about a stock market collapse? How about farmers walking away from their tractors? How about mass starvation? How about enough firepower to produce fifty million corpses? . . .

"And how about paraphrasing Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address to read: Yet, if God wills that this nonsense continues until all the wealth piled by the coward's 250 years of unchallenged materialism shall be sunk, and until every drop of dignity drawn by the lash of the oppressor shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'? With that sentiment always in mind, I shall view what is now and what shall come — what must come — with equanimity, knowing that if it must come I must be strong enough to accept it, and look on it as deserved and just."

Ponderable Quote

Most slaves . . . were not kidnapped by whites but were prisoners of war sold by African potentates and traders to agents of European slaving enterprises residing in coastal enclaves. The African side of the trade, with few exceptions, was under indigenous control and did not constitute an early phase of white colonization. The normal relation between black and white on the west coast of Africa was what [the author] calls a "landlord-stranger" relationship, with Europeans in the subordinate role.

Review of James A. Rawley's
The Transatlantic Slave Trade
(N.Y. Times Book Review,
November 1, 1981)

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Rose Wilder Lane's *Discovery of Freedom: Man's Struggle Against Authority*, is a seminal work for American conservatives. It was first published in 1943, and republished in 1972.

You might think that the title of the work tells us all we need to know about it, but it contains much of value mixed up with nonsense and inaccurate history. I regard it as worthwhile to disentangle the various strands which the authoress has intertwined with all the assiduity of the black kitten in *Alice Through the Looking-glass*.

Her thesis is that the American tradition represents freedom, while the Old World, with some kind words for England and (less enthusiastically) the fringes of Western Europe, represents authoritarianism. She argues that there have been three main attempts to release human energies from the chains of authority: in ancient Israel, in Islam and in modern America. Universal hostility towards the Jews is explained away by claiming that Jewish libertarianism makes other people afraid, although one wonders whether the Jews are quite so pleased with her summary of their situation in ancient Egypt at the time of Joseph: "It seems that they became a rich and highly privileged class, having a pull at court with a clever kinsman who was reducing the Egyptians to slavery." But since "civilization depends upon religion," she feels that a bow towards the People of the Book is obligatory.

She next turns her attention to Islam, which she describes as "the first scientific civilization," by contrast with "the stagnation of Europe which is called the Dark Ages." Islam is given high marks for institutionalizing washing (a tradition really handed down from the Romans), for grasping the concept of zero (really transmitted from Sanskrit India), and for inventing the sextant and magnetic compass (though the lodestone had been known from very early times). Mohammed is credited with the invention of trench warfare (well known to Caesar), and silk is looked upon as an Islamic invention (actually Chinese). She regards Islamic civilization as having flourished for no fewer than eight centuries (there is no mention of the shattering effect of the 13th-century Mongol invasion), and she ascribes the decline of Islam, which she dates between the 15th and 17th centuries, to a new tendency to think of God as an authoritarian principle. Yet this was the very time when Ottoman civilization was at its most brilliant.

Some of the points she makes in favour of Islam are justified. Dissection did make considerable strides in Muslim countries at a time when it was forbidden by the Church in Europe. The Saracenic pigeon post was both quick and efficient. No doubt Muslim universities did benefit from Mohammed's notion that organisation corrupts knowledge. Damascene silks and steel were superior to those of Europe, and remained so for a very long time. But the authoress goes too far when she claims that the Saracens

invented the idea of the gentleman, which "especially impressed the English" and is "still producing perhaps the finest class of human beings on earth today, the men and women of the British ruling class. It is an ideal which permeated all of American life." This is a flattering passage, but extremely anachronistic for 1943, when the English ruling class had already been undermined and when New Deal America hardly reflected gentlemanly ideals.

Mrs. Lane seems never to have read Tacitus, and gives the ancient Germans no credit for their love of freedom. For her, the Germans are pagans, with a typically pagan reverence for authority. Luther's reformation shows the same spirit. Yet by implication she makes precisely the opposite point when she explains that the *Germani* were defeated by the Romans because they only united in time of war. Of course, there has come to be a certain element of truth in her charges where modern Germany is concerned, because the Alpine type, which makes up about a third of the German population, really does revere authority. But to blame the Germans for Karl Marx is going a bit far, especially in view of her admiration for the Jews as a separate people. She describes the dropping of bombs "from Hamburg to Tokyo" as inspired by the first shot at Lexington (*tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*), and reaches the edge of hysterics when she tries to define the character of Hitler.

Mrs. Lane's attitude towards the feudal system is ambivalent. She feels that it combined authority (bad) with "the knowledge that men are free" (good). She even quotes Hilaire Belloc, who called feudalism, "a civilization which was undoubtedly the highest and best our race has known, comfortable to the instinct of the European, fulfilling his nature, giving him that happiness which is the end of man." She agrees that feudalism was "the most perfect social system in history," but implies that it broke down for that very reason. In the same way, she rejects G.K. Chesterton's "intolerant trumpets of honour, that usher with iron laughter the coming of Christian arms."

Indeed, by contrast with Islam, "the fanatic Catholic Europeans" get plenty of stick. The Gothic hidalgos of Spain are referred to as "a few Spanish Catholics remaining in the mountains, not worth conquering," and the Reconquest of Spain is represented as significant only in so far as it let in a flood of Saracenic energy. Well, the expulsion of the Moriscos does seem to have had a deleterious effect on Spanish agriculture, and the razing of the Moorish baths was a bad thing by any standards, but she omits to mention that Spain's most brilliant century, the sixteenth, occurred *after* the Moors (and Jews) had been expelled. As for the cultural achievements of Milan and Venice, she ascribes them to their contacts with Islam. Yet there was no Milan and no Venice in the Muslim world.

Rose Wilder Lane is much better on the United States, largely because she is better acquainted with its history. She



rightly regards American inventiveness as part of the individualist tradition going back to Roger Bacon, and she sees private property as basic to freedom (as it is, after population has built up beyond a certain point). She perceives that the American Constitution, as originally devised, exists "to limit and restrain and check and hinder American government." She admits, however, the ruler of a pure democracy swiftly becomes a tyrant (as we should be aware from the experience of the Greeks). She also makes an interesting distinction between the intellectual theorists of the 18th century Enlightenment and the American settlers who mainly read the Bible. The former were looking around for a benevolent despot who would bring in the Age of Reason, would make men live according to Natural Laws and would then "wither away," since he was no longer necessary in such a virtuous society. The settlers were more practical.

Mrs. Lane contrasts the Roman Peace, with its planned economy supporting the feckless on the taxes of the productive, to the sparing, laissez-faire attitude of Elizabeth I, who would not even pay for the ammunition used against the Armada. Her judgement of George III bears quoting and could apply equally well to Philip II of Spain: George III "toiled from candlelight to candlelight to prepare himself for governing He curbed English industry and commerce by more than two thousand new regulations." She sees that only smugglers can prevent starvation under monopolies planned for the good of the poor, because the controllers of planned economies have no means of knowing real costs, which therefore increase exponentially.

Rose Wilder Lane was writing at a time when it was becoming obvious that America was the most powerful

country in the world. She gave reasons as to how this phenomenon had arisen, and many of them are justifiable. She did not regard progress as inevitable, but she expected it to be unlimited because the principles of Americanism were being disseminated far and wide. She gloried in the superior productivity of the American worker, and believed that poverty would be abolished. The last words of her book are, "The time is coming when Americans will set the whole world free." It did not happen. Why?

The answer to that question will also be found in her book. She lays stress on the alleged poor quality of the early settlers of the United States, not taking into account either the dedication of the pioneers or the hard circumstances which killed off the weak. Principles alone cannot explain their success. But alas, she really believes that principles alone are enough to ensure success. She proclaims that "all men are brothers, of one blood, of one human race," and that "in the human world there is no entity but the individual person." For her, as for so many others, Americanism has nothing to do with "races, creeds, classes or nations." In fact, she makes the typically Nordic mistake of assuming that everybody else has the same aspirations as she has. It is akin to the pathetic fallacy of the Romantics, which led them to imagine that Nature somehow sympathised with men. She fails to realise that individualism is not typical of the human race as a whole, but is confined to Mediterranean and Nordics, becoming harmful if carried to excess. Nor has she understood that the freedom which the Nordic needs is not only incomprehensible but actually hateful to people of other races.

Talking Numbers

The Free Congress Foundation has listed what it considers to be the top 100 and bottom 100 corporate political action committees, on the basis of 1979-80 contributions to liberal and conservative candidates. Kodak, Getty Oil, Blue Bell and UTAH International all gave 100% to conservatives; Coca-Cola, Chrysler and Time, Inc., were among the top ten liberal givers.

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The Mormon church won 211,000 new converts last year, but expended 150 million missionary-hours winning them. That's nearly 750 hours per convert.

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In the 16th century, 51% of the noblemen of Venice never married; in the 17th, 60%; in the 18th, 66%. Of the marriages that did take place, 40% were childless or only produced one child. Source: *Venice and Amsterdam. A Study of 17th Century Elites* by Peter Brook (Temple Smith, London, 1974).

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As of last October 1, only 77% of the nation's 18-year-old males had registered for the draft. In California, the rate was a

dismal 51.2%. Washington, D.C., ran a close second in nonregistration, with only 53.9% of the draft ages signing up.

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670,000 American buildings were deliberately "torched" in 1980, as opposed to 62,750 in 1964. Juvenile vandalism ("Colored Lightning") accounts for perhaps 40% of the destruction; arson-for-profit ("Jewish Lightning") for much of the remainder. Less than 1% of all arson cases lead to the incarceration of a suspect.

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San Diego County spends over \$600,000 annually to provide medical care for illegal aliens. Approximately 1.1 million illegal aliens live in Los Angeles County, at a cost of \$529.3 million per year to taxpayers. Illinois investigators say their state pays \$66.2 million a year in unemployment benefits to illegal immigrants. Cuban refugees cost Florida \$148.7 million and the federal government \$219.4 million from April 1, 1980 to Jan. 31, 1982.

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Cecil R. Haden, Texas millionaire, spent \$599,333 in the 1979-80 election years on

Republican candidates. The next two biggest spenders in 1979-80 were Democrats -- Stewart R. Mott (\$110,179) and Norman Lear (\$108,301).

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There were no deaths as a result of the Three Mile Island nuclear incident. There were 350 deaths caused by wood stoves in 1980.

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Prof. Yehuda Bauer of Hebrew University asserts a maximum of 750,000 non-Jews were killed in German concentration camps. He also says the Warsaw ghetto uprising in 1943 was financed by American Jews.

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Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris in *Bomber Offensive* (Macmillan, N.Y.) claims that Allied air bombardments destroyed more than 60% of 23 German cities and 50% of 46 German cities in World War II. In Berlin, 2,600 hectares (6,422 acres) were completely leveled; in Hamburg, 2,500; Dusseldorf, 810; Cologne, 807. In contrast, German bombers flattened only 243 hectares in London, 163 in Plymouth, 40 in Coventry. Anglo-American bombers dropped 1,996,036 tons of bombs on Western Europe. The 1,350,000 tons that fell on Germany killed 635,000. Germany dropped 72,172 tons of bombs on Britain.

Primate Watch



In March 1978, three "penniless" Israeli immigrants, **JOE, AVI** and **RALPH NAKASHE**, started the Jordache Company, which specializes in "designer" jeans and ran ads featuring a topless white female model posing with a topless black male. In 1979 each Nakashe brother earned \$114,000; in 1980 each took home \$875,000; in 1981, \$1,000,000. In 1982 each hopes to pocket \$1,150,000, but they may have a little trouble with the IRS about corporations paying excessive salaries to avoid taxes on profits. Says Joe Nakashe in his Tel Aviv accent, "We need the increase; we know what inflation is doing." Jeans were originally developed by Levi Strauss, a racial cousin of the Nakashes, for Western working men. By making the same "Levis" for women and charging four or five times more, the Nakashes and their rival, Calvin Klein, another Jewish clothier, whose ads featured the pubescent derriere of Brooke Shields, have milked millions upon millions of dollars out of fashion-sappy American females.

☆ ☆ ☆

MISS SUZANNE PUTTOCK, 31, is a petite blonde teacher who, rather than have children of her own, teaches immigrants' children in London. She recently suspended a disruptive black girl, whose 170-pound battle-ax of a mother burst into class, smashed Puttock in the neck and sent her flying across the room. The badly bruised and shaken Puttock went to court, where the magistrate, **DAVID FINGLETON**, accused her of wasting taxpayers' money and said she should expect to be hit a minimum of six more times during her career.

☆ ☆ ☆

ROBERT CLAYTON HAYES had a good deal going teaching "recreation and leisure studies" at Boston's Northeastern University. But the black professor couldn't resist opening a so-called alcoholics' and battered mothers' center in the local ghetto. Trouble was, few of the participants ever saw their government checks. Now Hayes has pleaded guilty to ripping off more than \$200,000 in "the largest welfare fraud scheme in the state's history."

☆ ☆ ☆

WILLIAM MUSTO, a New Jersey state senator, was reelected in May to his seat on the City Commission of Union City, N.J. Two months earlier, in March, Musto was sentenced to 7 years in prison for racketeering, fraud and conspiracy to cheat his city out of hundreds of thousands of dollars in connection with two federally funded school projects.

☆ ☆ ☆

Multicolored condoms festooned the dance floor. Young people competed for prize money in a condom-blowing contest. It wasn't a Fellini movie. It was the "National Condom Week Rubber Disco" in Washington, financed with U.S. taxpayers' dollars. Spokesperson **AMY FINE** elucidated, "We've had this event for several years, and it's never [previously] been objected to."

☆ ☆ ☆

Recent polls have shown that the individuals most admired by America's manipulated youth are all either TV or movie "personalities," rock musicians or the occasional black athlete. What are some of these people like? Rocker **OZZY OSBOURNE**, who once bit off the head of a live bat, was recently arrested for doing a "John Lennon number" against the side of one of America's most sacred shrines, the Alamo in San Antonio, Texas. (Lennon once urinated from a balcony on the heads of three nuns.) Meanwhile, Osbourne's fellow Britisher, **ROD STEWART**, had to go to a hospital to have 14 ounces of human semen pumped from his stomach. Toronto's rock station CHUM-FM later revealed that Stewart had engaged in oral sex with 60 of his own stagehands prior to a show.

☆ ☆ ☆

JUDGE FRANCIS CALDIERA recently sentenced Mrs. Jeannette Paggioni, 25, of Mastic, Long Island, to 35 hours of community service, a contemporary legal euphemism for forced labor. Mrs. Paggioni, the mother of two, had shouted a few anti-Semitic remarks at a Mrs. Marsha Falik, a Jewish lady on the same block. Mrs. Paggioni claimed that Mrs. Falik had made some anti-Gentile allusions against her, but the judge did not consider these remarks a crime. Mrs. Paggioni, who could have received up to a year in prison, was the first person convicted under the new New York State law prohibiting harassment by ethnic or racial slurs. There goes the First Amendment! Here come the European race relations laws! And whatever happened to those valiant guardians of free speech, the ACLU lawyers?

☆ ☆ ☆

The gambling license application of the Elsinore Corp., controlled by Chicago's **PRITZKER FAMILY**, considered to be the richest Jewish family in the U.S., was unanimously approved by New Jersey's Casino Control Commission. Elsinore may buy Playboy's casino interests in Atlantic City, now that pornocrat **HUGH HEFNER** has been turned down by the commission.

☆ ☆ ☆

The primary runoff in the Newark mayoralty election was between **MAYOR KENNETH GIBSON** and **EARL HARRIS**. Both are black. Both have been indicted by a New Jersey grand jury for paying a former councilman \$115,000 for two jobs on which he never worked one hour.

☆ ☆ ☆

A Trotskyist sociology lecturer, one of many such in the British universities, together with eight of his more militant students, recently formed a hit squad and went prowling for right-wingers. Armed with "a fearsome array of weapons" -- including a sledgehammer and a nail-studded baton -- **JOHN PENNEY** and his comrades drove their school van into a mill town near Manchester where, according to their textbooks, hard-working, white-skinned specimens still abounded. They only managed to kidnap one 16-year-old skinhead before the cops closed in.

☆ ☆ ☆

McDonald's, the hamburger empire, is suing a **RAYMOND DAYAN** of Paris, France, for selling a degraded version of their product. Among the many charges: dog droppings in the food storage area; food stored near insecticides; recycled cooking oil; etc.

☆ ☆ ☆

Nicaragua's Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs **NORA ASTORGA** was idolized as a guerrilla leader in a recent *Washington Post* article by **KAREN DE YOUNG**. It seems she bravely helped to kill a nasty Guardia Nacional general. What really happened is that she carried on an affair with General Reynaldo Perez for some time, and then, one night, sent away his bodyguard on a pretext and admitted a team of leftist killers. The Sandinistas gouged out the general's eyes and otherwise mutilated him before letting him die. Nora now qualifies for the 1982 Judith Award.

☆ ☆ ☆

Harry Winston was a New York Jewish jeweler with a "peculiarly evasive manner" who somehow built a small shop into a rather palatial building at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street. Singer Phyllis McGuire believes she understands that "somehow." Harry is dead now, but his son **RONALD WINSTON** has been sued for \$60 million by one-third of the McGuire Sisters trio. At a recent party in San Francisco, McGuire had met a millionairess wearing a diamond just like one of her own. This sent her rushing home with a big question mark in her mind. Sure enough, her own diamond was a fake. An investigation revealed that the Winston firm had substituted synthetic stones for \$10 million in gems that she had taken for cleaning and repair.



Canada. They said it couldn't happen, and it happened. Now they say it didn't really mean anything. Last February, a drawling Alberta oil scout named Gordon Kesler became the first Western Canada separatist elected to office -- by a landslide. The voting behavior of the Olds-Didsbury Riding, situated about 50 miles north of boomtown Calgary, had the establishment politicians muttering from Vancouver Island to Labrador. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau blamed "racist, hateful" propaganda by unnamed federal and provincial officials for the Alberta legislature's new face.

At its convention in Red Deer, Alberta, last November, the Western Canada Concept (WCC) called for "independence for Western Canada," one nation with one language, an elected judiciary, the right to bear arms, and uncontrolled world prices for Western resources.

There are several differences between the WCC and René Levesque's separatist Parti Québécois. The WCC's "Creed" is made up of one-liners like "We promise to stop compulsory metrification." Kesler's campaign anthem was a country and western ballad. Quebec separatism, on the other hand, springs from café-haunting intellectuals willing -- indeed happy -- to give long hours to ideological palaver. Kesler, 36, who "sounds Albertan to the marrow of his lanky bones," is a soft-spoken cowboy who prefers wrestling steers at rodeos in his spare time. His supporters tend to be older and rural people in a region whose cities are being transformed by Third World immigration -- a human stream which the brash French chauvinists have steered away from Quebec.

* * *

A recent Gallup Poll asked Canadians whether they would support organizations working toward the preservation of an all-white society. Quebec led the way, with 37.2% saying yes, compared to 29.9% in Ontario, 26.4% in British Columbia, and 26.2% in the Atlantic provinces. Nationally, 31.3% of Canadians were willing to tell a total stranger that they would support the kind of groups which their news media regularly liken to Beelzebub.

Does this mean that Canada has more than 7¼ million potential *Instauration* subscribers? Guess again. The thesis of Jacques Ellul's masterful book *Propaganda* is that the distance between political conviction and action -- even the smallest action -- is akin to the distance on foot between the two ends of Death Valley on a broiling midsummer's day. Very few modern men and women will act on their convictions unless they are regularly told to do so by several communications media *simultaneously*. That explains why nearly the only

mass demonstrations in the Western world these days are of kinds which the mass media desire -- despite the fact that other masses of people out there have contrary ideas.

* * *

The Canadian clone of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League is the League for Human Rights of B'nai B'rith. It is planning a campaign to have the U.S. Library of Congress book classification system amended so that history books it disagrees with are automatically classified as fiction. "We don't want this to be seen as book-burning, because we're very much opposed to censorship," says Alan Shefman, the league's executive director. "But I don't think reclassification would involve censorship."

Rather than plunging in over his head, Shefman is letting his co-religionists at the 10% Jewish University of Toronto test the waters for him. If students there can force chief librarian David Esplin to reclassify works of World War II revisionism against his expressed wishes, then the Jewish Student Unions at Canada's other great diploma mills -- the 26.3% Jewish McGill University in Montreal, the 40.5% Jewish York University in north Toronto, and the 7.5% Jewish University of Manitoba in Winnipeg -- will start making life miserable for their librarians.

* * *

A Greek-Canadian philosopher named Alex Michalos has synthesized hundreds of statistics from the years 1964 to 1974 and compiled them in a five-volume, 1,400-page tome which demonstrates that the quality of life is higher in Canada than in the United States. Canadians, who have rather needlessly suffered from a certain inferiority complex vis-à-vis their southern neighbors, are eagerly snapping up the dry *North American Social Report*, at \$25 for the fifth volume alone.

Michalos identified differences on social indicators like the rate of venereal disease and the extent of racial conflict, and awarded points on that basis. Canada wound up with 884, the United States with 775. And, says the author, the Canadians would have scored higher had he not "consciously biased" the scoring by giving every social indicator the same weighting, whether it was vital or slightly whimsical.

The Canadians were ahead on all the "life and death stuff," according to the former Cleveland native, who recently traded his white ethnic and black neighbors for the Anglo-Saxons and Scots of Guelph, Ontario. Michalos gave the best reasons he could for his more controversial point awards. For instance, the higher percentage of Americans believing in a Devil was scored as a minus because to believe in "a

thoroughly evil yet logical being is mush-headed." On the other hand, and rather too generously, the greater number of Americans believing in a Great Horned Hitler was disregarded.

Britain. An Irish judge recently told one of his Republic's top criminals that he could retain his freedom by sailing for Britain with his wife and three children. Uncle Paddy would even pick up their fares. The London *Daily Mail* nearly choked: "if it were ever to degenerate into a contest, we could swamp them" with villains -- "many, no doubt, with bona fide Irish family connections."

On the same day an article by Andrew Alexander alerted *Mail* readers to the connection between immigration's "massive alteration of British identity" and several other ongoing assaults upon their precious heritage. "Schools and colleges with traditions which often stretch back hundreds of years have vanished, or been submerged in the flood of comprehensivisation [?], supposed to raise standards and, in fact, doing the opposite." Meanwhile, the expression "faith of our fathers" was being drained of any meaning by the witless trendiness of the bishops. Perhaps worst of all, townscapes and landscapes everywhere were being savaged by increasingly distant and unfeeling developers. Today, "no fine building seems safe."

In sum, "Our capacity to relate the present to the past is under systematic attack. The importance of this capacity cannot be over-rated." Thomas Hardy extolled the timeless quality of Egdon Heath. The mere awareness of its endurance, he wrote, gave "ballast to the mind" in times of uncertainty. That, concluded Alexander, is what Britons are really jettisoning on many fronts: "the ballast in people's minds." At the same time, they, like Americans, were being exposed to "wild fantasies, like the TV series 'Roots.'" Quite understandably, their morale and self-confidence were collapsing. Alexander's solution: "Do not just moan about it, do not just seek refuge in nostalgia. Resist!"

* * *

White activists in Britain are infuriated when they see countless exhibits devoted to the black, Jewish and Asiatic "contributions" to their island. A group called the British Nationalist and Socialist Movement is determined to alter the score. They are asking local authorities in Manchester, Liverpool and four other darkening cities for grants to set up "white cultural centers." Mr. Paul Rothwell, the group's press officer, says the centers will provide whites -- who are now a minority like any other in many British locales -- with literature and instruction on their racial and cultural background. Nonwhites would be welcome to participate if they did so respectfully. Up to £10,000 in funds have been requested for each center.



Northern Ireland. The most important date in modern Ulster history was 1978. That was the first year when more children were apparently born to Catholic parents than to Protestants. The total population is still officially 62% Protestant, but a door-to-door canvasser was shot dead in Catholic Londonderry during last year's census, which tended to diminish his colleagues' dedication to accuracy.

Ulster was 80% Protestant only a century ago, but *differential fertility* -- the most unsung political force on earth -- has favored the Catholics ever since. Today, it favors them more than ever. Ulster Protestants have only 14 live births per 1,000 people per year, while Ulster Catholics have 21. The death rates are 13 and 9, respectively. Thus Rev. Ian Paisley's cause and democracy are "radically incompatible," as Rabbi Meir Kahane recently said of Zionism and democracy. Kahane is clever enough to grasp that one cannot have baby-booming minorities and majority rule (or even Majority majorityhood) for long.

Democracy is also incompatible with long-term white racial survival in Britain itself. Imported stocks have outbred and will continue to outbreed the natives. The British radical right, which Paisley seems to scorn, realizes this. Perhaps someday the Ulster leader will stop pretending.

Many young Ulster Protestants have already made their peace with the demographic reality. Says one: "Inevitably, there will be a Catholic majority in the north within my lifetime. People my age had better begin to adjust to the idea." Like white Protestants the world over, he has been taught to "adjust" to his group's decline, not to reverse it.

Belgium. Ex-King Leopold III was a European monarch who did not hightail it to safer pastures in Britain or America during World War II. In fact, he surrendered his army to the Germans after Belgium was overrun, a sensible and life-saving act for which he was never forgiven by the ghoul-ish Allied statesmen who demanded that all Europeans either run from the Nazis or fight them in the underground. Otherwise, they were likely to be classified as Nazis themselves and after the war treated and tortured as such. For his great sin Leopold was forced to abdicate in 1951 in favor of his son, Baudouin. Whereupon he became a nonperson. A few months ago Leopold, now 80, broke his 30-year silence to object to a television docudrama which accused him of trying to keep a collaborationist Belgian newspaper alive after the editor had quit in protest against increasing German editorial intervention. In a letter to the Belgian government, Leopold said the report was a complete fabrication. Having gotten

this off his chest, he promised he would return to his policy of silence unto death.

France. At 10:00 P.M. on April 29, a French autorail had barely left on its scheduled run from Marseilles to Aix when the engineer was obliged to bring the train to a screeching halt to avoid running into some stone blocks on the tracks. When the train had stopped, a dozen "youths," which is what the French call young Algerians and what the U.S. media call young Negro hooligans, climbed into one of the passenger cars and began to harass the terrified passengers. After dispossessing the voyagers of their possessions, the vandals cut the air and water tubes connecting the cars. A second autorail sent to repair the damage came under a hail of rocks before the "youths" melted into the night. The "Great Train Robbery" had taken place near a huge immigrant transit camp on the outskirts of Marseille.

Middle East. To what extent can Arab disunity be traced to Israeli divide-and-conquer tactics? The evidence is clearest in the case of Lebanon. One important piece of the puzzle recently fell into place for the English-speaking world when a courageous Palestinian Jewess named Livia Rokash, now living in Italy, published her book *Israel's Sacred Terrorism*. It includes revelatory passages from the diary of Moshe Sharett. These cover the period when he was Israel's foreign minister and prime minister, and detail how Israel worked actively to "balkanize" Lebanon by setting the nation's religious groups against one another.

On February 27, 1954, Prime Minister David Ben Gurion observed in a letter to Sharett that "Lebanon is the weakest link in the Arab League," and that its Maronite Christians could be maneuvered to "proclaim a Christian state" and "bring about a radical change." The time was ripe for such a state, but it could arise only with Israel's "initiative and vigorous aid." No amount of money should be spared, said Ben Gurion, to produce an internal rupture in the peaceful land.

Sharett's reply, dated March 10, noted that there was no movement within Lebanon to divide the stable Christian-Moslem state which then existed. But if there was any hope at all for success, he would certainly favor the idea of "actively aiding any manifestation of agitation in the Maronite community tending to strengthen its isolationist tendencies." The plan must be kept secret, however. Otherwise, "the damage which we shall suffer . . . would not be compensated even by an eventual success of the operation itself."

At a May 16, 1954, joint meeting of senior Defense and Foreign Affairs officials, the project began to take shape. From Sharett's diary:

According to him [Moshe Dayan], the only thing that's necessary is to find an officer, even just a major. We would either win his heart or buy him with money to make him agree to declare himself the savior of the Maronite population. Then the Israeli army will enter Lebanon, will occupy the necessary territory and will create a Christian regime which will ally itself with Israel. The territory from the Litani southward will be totally annexed to Israel and everything will be all right. If we were to accept the advice of the chief of staff we would do it tomorrow . . . I agreed to set up a joint committee composed of officials of the Foreign Affairs Ministry and the Army to deal with Lebanese affairs.

On May 28, Sharett wrote: "The chief of staff supported a plan to hire a [Lebanese] officer who will agree to serve as a puppet so that the Israeli army may appear as responding to his appeal to liberate Lebanon from its Muslim oppressors." Sharett next referred to a commission charged with overseeing "prudent actions directed at encouraging Maronite circles who reject Muslim pressures and agree to lean on us."

Author Livia Rokash believes that the first of these "prudent actions" occurred on September 22, 1954, when a bus was mysteriously attacked in Galilee, killing two and wounding ten. Moshe Dayan demanded immediate reprisals across the Lebanese border, despite its total peacefulness since Israel's creation. There must be no preliminary investigation of the bus incident, he said. Sharett vetoed this particular action, but in the ensuing quarter century the "plot against Lebanon" deepened, and the Israelis eventually found their major, Saad Haddad.

The latest Israeli invasion of Lebanon -- the bloodiest so far -- had nothing to do with Israel's security, but everything to do with Israel's *Drang nach Norden* worked out way back in 1954.

Egypt. In 1953 Anwar Sadat, Israel's future best friend, was asked by a Cairo newspaper what he would say in a letter to Hitler if a report that *Der Führer* were living incognito in Brazil proved to be true. Sadat wrote the "resurrected" Hitler as follows:

I congratulate you with all my heart because, though you appear to have been defeated, you were the real victor, you were able to sow dissension between Churchill, the "old man," and his allies on the one hand and their ally, the devil, on the other . . . I think you made some mistakes, such as opening too many fronts on Ribbentrop's short-sightedness in the face of Britain's "old man" diplomacy. But you are forgiven on account of your faith in your country and people. That you have become immortal

in Germany is reason enough for pride. And we should not be surprised to see you again in Germany, or a new Hitler in your place.

Anwar Sadat

According to Sadat's autobiography, *Revolt on the Nile*, he once wanted to do a Beginesque *shtick* by blowing up "the British Embassy and everybody in it." His leader, Nasser, dissuaded him.

Just about everyone in Egypt knew that Sadat was a political chameleon, so just about no patriotic Egyptian or Arab showed up at his funeral. But Menahem was there, with Jimmy, Jerry and Dick.

South Africa. Lothrop Stoddard wrote in 1920, "If there be one truth which history has proved, it is the solemn truth that those who *work* the land will ultimately *own* the land." Right now, it must seem to many Afrikaners that Jewish interlopers own the land which the Boertrekkers settled and developed, while Bantu interlopers (whose entry from the north followed theirs from the Cape) work it. The Afrikaner is being squeezed in a tightening vise between big capital and labor interests which share an utter disregard for his future. Harry Oppenheimer's control of the mammoth mining cartels is unyielding from above, even as the Afrikaners -- plagued by a plummeting birthrate -- are being forced to yield more and more jobs below to the exploding black population.

Back in the 1920s, World Communism (as it was then) formally and forcefully sided with South Africa's white laborers against the white bosses and their black allies. The white workingman was called "the hope of the future," and permitting blacks to undercut his living standard was considered a dirty capitalist ploy. Even as National Socialism was rearing its head on the world stage, the Communist and democratic socialist movements were committed to not terribly different racial policies. But a race is like an individual: when it suffers a prolonged bum streak, and cannot pull out of the skid, the whole world eventually turns against it. Consider the plight of the white South African worker:

South African Digest, the overseas propaganda arm of the Nationalist government, regularly reprints editorials like the one recently taken from the *South African Sugar Journal*. "This is South Africa," it proudly proclaimed:

The progress made to date by South Africa's black people is significant. Five percent of the country's white families now have a smaller disposable income than the average urban black family and within five years the proportion is expected to reach 15 per cent.

Of all the troops protecting South Africa's borders, more than 20 per cent are black or brown.

Between 1970 and 1978 the income of blacks, Coloureds and Asians outside

the agricultural sector rose by 40 per cent while white incomes dropped by 3 per cent.

And so the recitation continued. The facts were clearly a source of pride to the well-off whites who had assembled them. One must consider, however, the stark poverty of all Africa's blacks relative to any white, Northern European population on earth. What is being said here is that 5%, and soon 15%, of white families will have disposable incomes below not the well-to-do blacks but the average urban black family.

Blacks have not taken over in South Africa, but the tragedy of Gresham's Law is unfolding nonetheless. The nation's top 600 business leaders are oblivious to its operation. They gathered last November with Prime Minister P.W. Botha, and encouraged him to put short-term economic development before all other considerations. Harry Oppenheimer was naturally allowed to speak first. "Let us look at the leading facts," he said. These were that, despite the black homelands policy, the number of urban blacks had leapt from 1.75 million to 9 million in the past generation. In less than 20 years, it would certainly rise past 20 million. This would have been the place for Oppenheimer to appeal for an all-out drive for black birth control and sterilization, and for heavily subsidized white fertility programs. After all, he might have asked, is it fair that black South African women average *six or seven* children each, while white South African women average *two or less*? Is it fair that nearly all of those black babies survive, not because of anything their fellow blacks do for them, but because white doctors and farmers provide them with the best possible medical care and nutrition? Shouldn't whites have the right to insist: we will give you these things if you agree to adopt our fertility level -- neither higher nor lower -- but we must withhold them from those of you who want to conduct a breeding contest.

Oppenheimer would have found immense latent sympathy for such a policy initiative, and, given his 80% control of the world diamond trade, and his vast international connections, he could have hoped to see it have a fair hearing. Instead, he made his usual appeal for a new political dispensation which recognizes that the South Africa of the future will be primarily a black man's country. The alternative, he said, would be economic collapse because the new workers and new consumers alike would have black skins.

A South African with an altogether different vision is Mrs. Irene Buchanan of the quiet Natal town of Howick. Her dream is the white homeland of Boeretannia, with no black maids and servants, no Indian shopkeepers, and, if need be, a lower standard of living (though she doubts it).

Mrs. Buchanan is a well spoken and immaculately mannered Scottish immigrant

whose rich accent remains after 20 years. The group she co-founded four years ago, called Wake-Up for short, has already published hundreds of different pamphlets. More than a million copies of these were distributed during the early months of 1982 alone. Why a white homeland?

Because a white homeland will remove our unfair black burden, reduce taxes by 80 percent, allow us to run our homeland as we wish, and shut the big red mouth of world opinion.

A lot would have to be surrendered. Mrs. Buchanan sees little hope for her lovely Natal. But much of Cape Province and the Orange Free State, and the core of the Transvaal, might still be salvaged. The South African establishment mercilessly ridicules Mrs. Buchanan and several other white separatists like her, but this genuine Iron Lady manages somehow never to raise her voice. Her vision actually is a very traditional one. According to Paul Johnson, writing in the (London) *Times Literary Supplement* for March 27, 1981:

[T]he object of [the traditional Boer Calvinist] policy was . . . to isolate and so preserve a unique cultural entity by restricting multiracialism. The Dutch churches did not endorse white supremacy, or even *baasskap*. They wanted total separation on a territorial basis so that whites would do unskilled work.

Indeed, the Dutch churches had little to do with the foundation of apartheid, which was laid down by governments which looked for spiritual inspiration to Canterbury rather than Geneva; the 1911 Mines and Works Act which legalised the colour bar; the land legislation of 1913 and 1936; the 1927 Act which forbade sex between the races, and the 1938 Act which put Coloured voters on a separate roll. Their moral responsibility only began in 1950 when Dr. Malan rejected the Dutch church's policy of genuine separate development as "impractical." That is the point at which they should have broken with the government, and dissociated themselves from any legislation which embodied supremacy rather than separation. But they did not do so. Instead they found themselves saddled with a hybrid ideological monster which cannot be effectively defended . . .

There may, however, be a way out for the Dutch churches . . . If [the fast-growing black sects] do not fit in with the liberal Christian scheme, they do fit in with the growing black rejection of multiracialism . . . Black Christianity is taking a not-too-dissimilar path to the Dutch churches, when they are true to themselves: protection of their uniqueness and individuality, self-nourishment for their own cultural roots, and a rejection of fusion into an amorphous mass, which is the only solution liberal Christianity has to offer. The way out for the Dutch churches is to recognize this parallelism of aims, and . . . some of their theologians are beginning to do so.

Dr. Gutz

It was another hectic week in the life of America's foremost historian of the Jewish Holocaust. On Wednesday, April 14, twenty demonstrators from the International Committee Against Racism (ICAR) burst into Dr. Arthur Butz's Northwestern University class on Numerical Methods for Engineers. Fortunately, Dr. Butz was away on jury duty. The substitute teacher called in the security guards and lodged a complaint of infringement of academic freedom.

Over the weekend of April 17-18, Dr. Butz participated in a local symposium on the Holocaust. Another impressive participant was Dr. William Lindsey, a chemist for Du Pont in Chicago, whose own research has convinced him of the technical impossibility of the conventional "gas chamber" story. Twenty-five Jewish picketers descended upon the Holiday Inn where the conference was being held, but their belligerency only highlighted by contrast the "air of integrity, level-headedness and total knowledge of his subject" which Dr. Butz projected. Local news coverage of the event was "amazingly objective," according to one participant. Even so, the Holiday Inn management announced a ban on revisionist history conferences in the future.

On Monday, April 19, the ICAR returned to Dr. Butz's classroom. This time his students' patience snapped. A fist-fight broke out, and, as one wit put it, "two burly engineering students demonstrated the errors inherent in dialectical materialism to the protestors." "Get out of our class," a student yelled. "He's giving us a damn good education. He doesn't bring his views into the classroom." But ICAR member Dave Jimenez rejoined, "We have to harass him because his ideas are harassing the working class . . ." The security guards pitched out Jimenez & Co. just as Dr. Butz arrived.

No Amnesty

Polls have shown that 91% of the American people want illegal immigration stopped. So how does Congress respond to the people? The old pols came out with S. 2222 and H.R. 5872, which would amnesty all illegal immigrants who crashed the Rio Grande and other national boundaries before a "given date," as yet unmentioned. It's as if a bank would pardon the bank robber if he stole money before, let's say, 1979.

To stop this nonsense, Rep. Jim Jeffries (R-Kansas) has introduced a Current Resolution "expressing the sense of the Congress that no amnesties will be granted to aliens presently in the U.S." Jeffries plans to get as many signatures as possible and at-

tach the resolution as an amendment to H.R. 5872 when it gets to the House floor.

We'll see what happens. At least it's some comfort to know that some congressmen don't want to turn this country into another Brazil.

Carlson Runs Again

In 1980 Gerald Carlson prided himself as being the most successful Majority activist candidate in the land. Running for the congressional seat of Michigan's 15th District, he won 55% of the vote in the Republican primary and 32% of the vote in the general election, which he lost to William Ford, the establishment's Democratic incumbent. Carlson compares his record with that of Harold Covington, a retired Nazi, who garnered 40% of the vote in a North Carolina primary contest for state attorney general, and with the record of Tom Metzger, who won the Democratic primary for congressman from California's 43rd District with 50.5% of the vote, but only received 13% of the vote in his defeat at the hands of Representative Clair Burgener, the Republican incumbent who outspent him 8 to 1. In pointing to these figures, Carlson skipped over the fact that he took part in a special primary race in 1981 to fill David Stockman's empty seat in Michigan's 4th District and came out a poor fourth in a field of six.



Gerald Carlson

Undaunted and unbowed, Carlson is now hitting the campaign trail again and is running so hard that one would think he was trying out for a part in "Son of Chariots of Fire." Again the scene of action is Michigan's 15th Congressional District. Only this time Carlson is running in the primary

as a Democrat. His chief opponent will be his old rival, Congressman William Ford. Carlson explains his switch by pointing out that the district is heavily (80%) Democratic and that a victory in the primary might well lead to the defeat of the Republican candidate in the November election. One drawback, however, is that the 15th went for Reagan in 1980.

The primary is scheduled for August 3, but there may be a postponement due to hitches arising from redistricting. Since Carlson is running in the Detroit suburbs, where there is a depression and not just a recession, he will emphasize the economic issues (if the media will let him). He is opposing higher property taxes and the emergency taxes needed to pay for increased state spending. As for the social issues, he says he is fighting for "equal rights" for white minorities, in which category he includes "the Italians, the Irish, Swedes, Poles, Greeks, Germans, Hungarians and many other European ethnics."

Carlson asserts contributions up to \$200 can be made to his campaign without disclosure of the donor, who can claim a tax credit for half of the contribution, as long as the credit does not exceed \$50 -- \$100 on a joint return. The address of the Carlson for Congress Committee is P.O. Box 476, Wayne, MI 48184.

Christianity versus "Christianity"

A century before Nietzsche, in the *Anti-christ*, declared that Paul had nailed Jesus back on his own cross and invented his own history of Christian beginnings, Thomas Jefferson used scissors to cut up the Bible and separate the life and teachings of Jesus from Paul's Judeo-"Christianity." Jefferson wrote that the true teachings of Jesus were "as easily distinguished as diamonds in a dung hill."

The inquisitions that, in the name of Christianity, imposed the teachings of Paul on the Northern Europeans did their brainwashing so well that Jefferson, who wrote, "I am a real Christian" had to keep his "real Christianity" secret. The so-called Jefferson Bible was not discovered until 1902 and is still suppressed. The newly published *American Christian Bible* does much more than make a long suppressed work available. It clearly shows that the words "Nature and Nature's God," as written into the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson, do not refer to the dogmatical monstrosity that Judeo-"Christians" call Yahweh or Jehovah.

The *American Christian Bible* is a scholarly plus because it reproduces a readable photographic copy of the Jefferson Bible. Equally significant is editor-publisher Erik Holden's commentary. Among other

things, Holden believes the *American Christian Bible* could trigger a "real Christian movement" to counter Judaeo-"Christianity."

Holden is also convinced that traditional Judaism (not merely Zionism) is the mortal enemy of both the teachings of Jesus and the philosophical foundations of the United States as articulated in the Declaration of Independence.

There are Majority members who have given up on Christianity and believe that all versions of it are totally incompatible and even inimical to any American resurgence. Then there are the more practical folk who know you can modify universal religions, but you can't destroy them.

For those who think Christianity can be "saved," turned around and used as a constructive weapon to end the Majority's dispossession, the *American Christian Bible* is worth a look-see. It may be ordered from The Sovereign Press, 326 Harris Road, Rochester, WA 98579, for \$5 postage paid.

California Primary

The number of local politicians in California who have had direct or indirect connections with the Black Panthers, La Raza Unida and other militant minority groups could not be counted on the legs of a centipede. Yet when, in 1980, Klansman Tom Metzger took his seat on the Central Committee of the San Diego County Democratic Party (by virtue of having won the party's primary for the 43rd Congressional District), a howl was raised from the redwoods of Eureka to the truck farms of Calexico. Five months later, Metzger had been removed for espousing "bigotry."

Metzger came back in '82 -- and he brought his friends with him. Besides running for the U.S. Senate in the June 8 Democratic primary, Metzger deliberately contested a Central Committee seat in the 74th State Assembly district. Two of his supporters, Steve and Gloria Packan, were sure of getting on the party's local governing board because they were among only six candidates on the ballot for six Committee seats representing the 80th Assembly district. Meanwhile, in other San Diego area districts, a draftsman named John R. Nilsen, a manager for a pet supply company named Winston Burdage, and a partly disabled paralegal named Donald Musgrove were also campaigning actively on "white survival" platforms. The *Los Angeles Times* not-too-objectively called it "a scheme to try to infiltrate" the Central Committee. But Metzger denied any "plot." "There's no crazy, funny stuff on my part," he insisted. Everything was upfront and strictly legal. (It is rather the San Diego County Democratic chairman, Floyd Morrow, who's likely doing the scheming, because he knows that kicking out the Packans will test all of his

rules-twisting wiles.)

One would have thought that with the Metzger Six on the San Diego Democratic ballot, and folks like William Shockley, John Schmitz and Pete McCloskey contesting the Republican nomination for U.S. Senate, a corporate executive and Los Angeles political pillar like Steve Frank would have been busy decrying "white bigotry." Instead, he singled out the ethnic appeals of Governor Jerry Brown's former welfare boss, Mario Obledo, as "the most blatant" attempt to inject race into a campaign. In his run for governor, Obledo repeatedly spoke about rousing the "sleeping giant" of Hispanic votes. Echoing a familiar theme from *Instauration*, Frank declared that "those very forces that allegedly are anti-racist are sometimes unconsciously [?] the most racist of all." It was, said Frank, the political establishment which had started the racial trend in the 1970s by "dividing up" everyone [except the Majority] into minority and ethnic committees.

The veteran opinion pollster Mervin Field accused this year's California candidates of ignoring the "real issues" and sidetracking voters with the "phony issue" of race. Phony or not, he added, the old taboos had been shattered and "you're going to hear more about [race]" in the years to come. A Los Angeles Republican activist named Al Zapanta seconded that idea. "The melting pot . . . is disintegrating," he lamented. "Polarization no longer is around income levels; it's along ethnic and racial lines."

Among the polarized candidates was Irv Rubin, national director of the Jewish Defense League and a would-be state legislator. He accused Pete McCloskey of "using the same type of anti-Semitic canards and clichés that Hitler used 40 years ago," and told him in a debate, "the difference between an anti-Semite [meaning McCloskey] and a Nazi is tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum in my mind." McCloskey, like plenty of others before him, found that "to be called an anti-Semite because I put the interests of the United States ahead of Israel . . . seems to me bizarre."

California state Senate President Pro Tem David Roberti (D-Hollywood), responded to these developments rather like an ostrich. "The taboos have been broken . . . and it could get worse. How much worse, I don't know." What we are seeing, he continued, is "the pollution of the [political] center." Somehow, though, all of this was due to "economic uncertainty," to people "personifying" their abstract problems and seeking to "retire to Citadel America." What Roberti neglected to say, but a *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* reporter said for him, is that southern California was only recently a celebrated "white Anglo-Saxon stronghold," one which, in a single generation, was transformed into a stewpot of mutually suspicious minorities.

Tom Metzger, a suburban television repairman, did not cause this demographic disaster. Nor is he gleeful about it. He simply has the native sense to disagree with facile observers like Mervin Field, who calls the brave new racial politics of 1982 "a little virus existing in the body politic that has come to the surface and will be slapped down."

Editor's Note: The results of the California primary will be tallied and analyzed in the August issue of Instauration.

Double Standard Denounced

Those of us who have wondered if Americans of Eastern European descent would ever begin fighting back against our society's defamation of them can take heart in an important meeting which occurred on January 13. Representatives of six Eastern European nationalities met that day with two key members of the U.S. Justice Department: Assistant Attorney General Lowell Jensen and Director of the "Office of Special Investigations" (OSI) Allan Ryan. Ryan and his substantial force are paid millions of dollars a year to hunt down and prosecute suspected Axis war criminals living in America while ignoring other war criminals.

The ethnic delegation's leader, Juri Raus, told Ryan, "We demand that if the United States prosecutes war criminals . . . it prosecute all of them," including "communists who participated in the mass murder of Eastern Europeans."

University of Maryland professor Tonu Parming warned that "the manner in which the OSI has handled the cases prosecuted to date has manifested a political dimension and threatens to extend the long arm of Soviet terror into American courts."

Alexandra Shwed, co-president of the Ukrainian Anti-Defamation League, asked Ryan, "Isn't it disturbing to you, as a federal prosecutor, that these trials are becoming trials by press?" Several delegations noted that Ryan, a man grown accustomed to a *carte blanche* kind of operation, had trouble containing his emotions during the 2½ hour session.

Organizing the Outcastes

American River College in Sacramento, California, is a two-year public college with 22,000 students, founded in 1955, whose main claim to fame may be its newly active White Student Union (WSU). Chief organizer Gregory Withrow, who has assembled 23 members and a much larger body of silent supporters, wants other campuses to follow the WSU lead. He notices that more and more student governments are dominated by a Black Student Union, a Chicano or Mexican Student Union, a Jewish Student Union, a

Homosexual Student Union, a Feminist Student Union, a Leftist Student Union of some sort, and unsavory combinations thereof. "Organized minorities are always stronger than unorganized majorities," he adds, especially on campuses, where political activity is limited.

When starting a WSU, cautions Withrow, one may be asked to produce a formal constitution. If so, "copy another racial club's constitution word for word . . . Simply replace the word Jew or black with white." Go to the school paper and other local news media and announce the formation of a WSU chapter. Refer to the national headquarters in Sacramento (Box 41872, Sacramento, CA 95841). Possible activities would include a White Awareness Week, guest speakers, book donations to the library and book sales to students, and a cystic fibrosis fund-raising campaign (this disease usually strikes children of Northern European ancestry). If an impeccable image is established and no wrong is done, yet equal recognition is withheld by the college administration or student government, the case should be reported to Withrow in Sacramento, who will advise on going to either the Federal Office for Civil Rights (OCR), which handles violations of Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, or to a Federal Court, for First Amendment violations. All pertinent records should be kept.

Withrow has gained some painful exper-

ience in the field. Last September, members of the local Black Student Union (BSU) disrupted one of his meetings, and American River College security personnel confiscated literature and actually handcuffed him. He filed a complaint of discrimination with the OCR. A Jeff Kaliss was handed the investigation. Kaliss recently concluded that mistreatment was "based on political association rather than race . . . [and] First Amendment concerns are not within OCR's jurisdiction." Withrow is considering going to Federal Court. He has tapes of the BSU disruption which could not be played for the OCR, but are admissible in court. He says they will prove that James Williams, the BSU faculty advisor, lied in an interview conducted by the OCR.

Still Healing

It is gratifying to learn that one's best efforts in a chosen field have inspired a worthy and sympathetic response from afar. A man like David Irving, the editor of *Focal Point* magazine and himself the focal point of controversy on the college lecture circuit, has had precious little reward for 20 years of challenging certain historical prejudices of the English. But the Irish composer Cormac O'Duffy was so moved by Irving's first book, *The Destruction of Dresden*, that he has created "A Dresden Requiem." Its premier, reported in the Irish newspapers but almost ignored by the Brit-

ish press, was fittingly held in the Coventry (England) Cathedral as the climax of that badly bombed city's Festival of Peace and Reconciliation.

We cannot bring back Dresden's dead, said O'Duffy, nor restore its lost grandeur, but "we can express our genuine sorrow . . . and ask for forgiveness and healing." His sentiments were affirmed by Wing Commander Maurice Smith, present for the occasion, who was "just obeying orders" when he led the senseless raid which killed 100,000 or more people in a single night, while destroying one of the architectural gems of the West. The vanquished Germans had blunders and needless cruelties aplenty of their own to atone for, and have searched their hearts thoroughly. But when the English and Americans are asked to do the same, there is still a lot of emotional resistance. "A Dresden Requiem" will likely remain an artistic rarity for some years to come.

Gunslinging Arab

Ed Fitzgerald, 45, is a family man and a second-grade schoolteacher. But he lives in greater Los Angeles and has found that guard dogs, a \$3,200 alarm system and defensive weapons are no longer enough. So he's made The Decision.

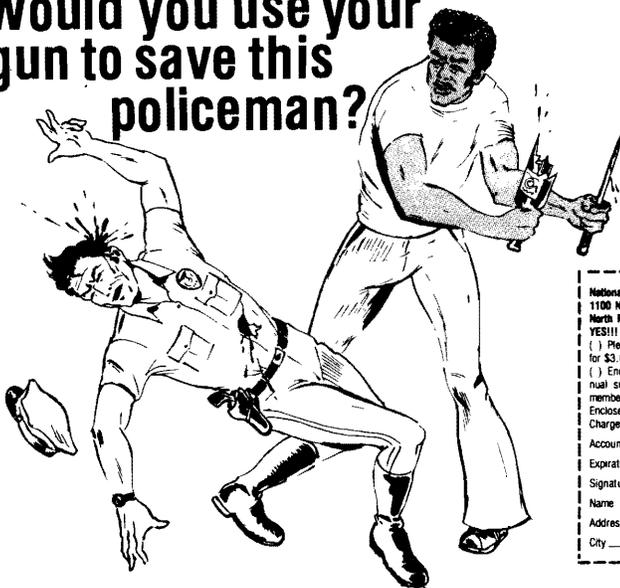
Maurice O'Brien, 44, is a private pilot and aerospace engineer whose Irish brogue is untouched by more than twenty years in America. But his wife, mother-in-law and front door have all been badly roughed up -- mugged, mugged and smashed down respectively -- and so he too has made The Decision.

Both men have enrolled in Massad Ayoob's Lethal Force Institute, a travelling gun academy designed to take ordinary civilians up to, and usually beyond, the training levels of big-city cops. Ayoob, a trim, light-skinned, second-generation Syrian American, was firing a pistol by the age of 4. A master combat shooter and international gold medalist, he alone (among 800 entrants) survived a supposedly unsurvivable, computer-controlled pistol course at the Ohio State Police Academy. Ayoob is rarely more than inches from a loaded weapon, but he has a deep respect for the damage a gunfight does to everyone involved. Even the most justified of shootings can lead to years of depression, social withdrawal, insomnia and sexual dysfunction, not to mention a suit from the dead felon's family. That is why The Decision to responsibly undertake advanced survival training must be communicated to Ayoob before he will pass on his tricks.

Ayoob plans to buy his 4-year-old daughter a gun in two years. He knows the stigma of being perceived as a "gunslinging paranoiac," but recognizes that new skills will be needed to meet the threat of a deteriorating society.

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