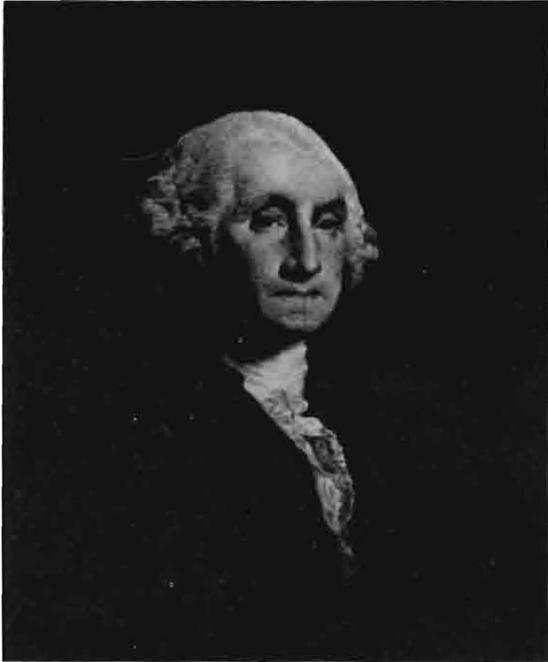


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Juvenal

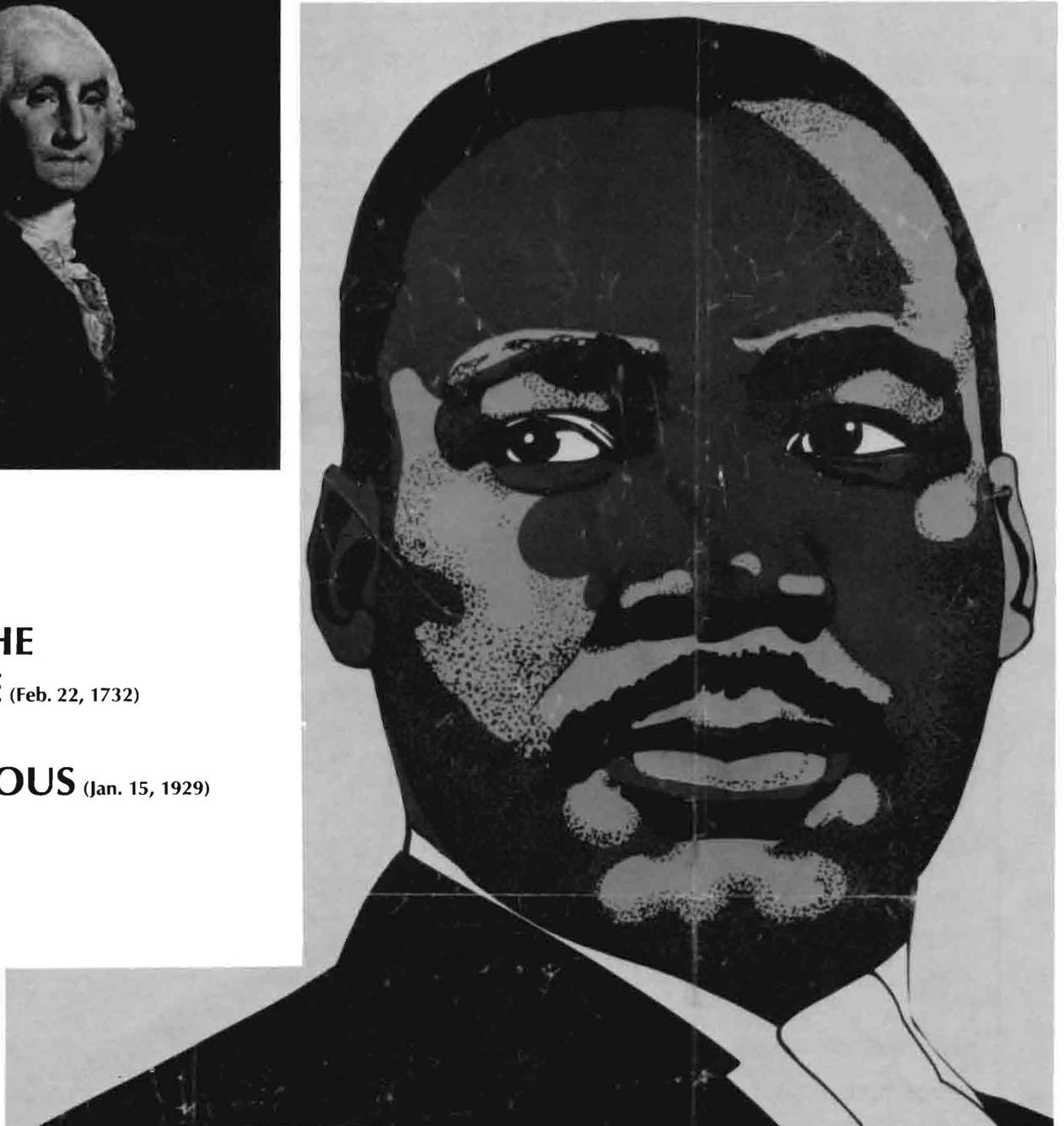
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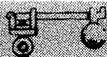
DECEMBER 1983



**FROM THE
SUBLIME** (Feb. 22, 1732)
**TO THE
LUBRICIOUS** (Jan. 15, 1929)



The Safety Valve



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

I spent an hour and a half today watching "Christian television." It is hard to believe that people with sound minds and normal instincts can stomach this stuff. That they can may partially explain why we've gone so far downhill.

293

The only practical thing to do is try to get more money than the next guy -- a bigger share of a shrinking pie. Anything else is a waste of effort. Whether we know it or not, all we are doing is climbing the mast of a sinking ship.

201

The juxtaposition of works (August 1983) from Arno Breker's three periods -- pre-Hitler, Hitlerian and post-Hitler -- constitutes one of the most persuasive aesthetic arguments in favor of National Socialism that I have yet come across.

220

Upon reading your article on "The Painted Word" (June 1983), this writer recalled his subscription to *Architectural Digest*. By looking at the pictures of room interiors I was able to tell which houses were owned by minorities. My present office building is owned by a Jewish group, which has installed numerous large "modern sculptures," resembling components of some monstrous machine. They would lead the innocent to think that they were mistakenly delivered here instead of to a junk yard. They are so ugly and depressing that in one attempt at balance, I have installed in my office a collection of 19th-century Scandinavian oil paintings.

331

My wife and I just returned from a mountain climbing trip in Baxter State Park, Maine. This still is a rather wild area, where moose and bear are familiar sights, quite different from the animals we have to contend with in Zoo City. In the park's regulations for camping is the following sentence (underlined in red): "A black bear generally leaves people well alone, but once it becomes a 'beggar' accustomed to hand-outs, it could turn on the next visitor who does not supply a free meal." When I read this, I heard a bell ringing.

070

The author of the article on James Baldwin (August 1983) performed a real service by pointing out the minority racist borderline lunacy of this tiresome, pansified liberal-minority deity. Baldwin's incoherent and disoriented thought processes offer abundant evidence as to why even the educated Negro is incapable of democracy when left to his own devices.

349

The only difference, it seems to me, between the U.S. and West Germany is that things generally come to a head sooner in the U.S. than they do over here. The pace of acceleration is faster in your country. This is a question of dimension and momentum. There are, of course, those who put all the blame for whatever is happening to the West on America. The French New Right is a case in point. But don't let them make you feel too apologetic. Their accusations are a little too shrill to have the ring of truth. Also, it is quite true to say that the present-day U.S. is occupied territory. With all the European rightists raging against America, aren't they really beating the bag and not the donkey, which is somewhat forgivable for people living in countries where anti-Semitism has become a crime?

German subscriber

I am genuinely surprised that *Instauration* readers, of all people, have to be told that Dr. Sam Johnson, the staunchest of Tory patriots (implacably opposed to American Independence), was not condemning patriotism as such when he described it as the "last refuge of the scoundrel." He no more meant this than we mean that kindness is undesirable when we quip that a kind heart is the last refuge of the socially destitute. In this kind of misrepresentation, I would echo old Sam, "Methinks I smell a vile Whig."

Canadian subscriber

During the great days of the Greek and Elizabethan dramas, actresses were considered little better than prostitutes and tramps and were socially ostracized. Until we can reestablish these definitions, just so long will the minority-ridden entertainment business be able to entice Majority women into its lair.

208

On the anniversary of the Nagasaki A-bomb drop, the anti-A-bombers whined and keened and sniveled over its use, and those who defended it whined and keened and sniveled over Pearl Harbor, as if both events were interchangeable. The Japanese did not drop a firecracker on Honolulu. They did not even attack Fort de Roussy, the big coast artillery installation in the Hawaiian capital. I support the post-surrender position of the Chicago Tribune via stories filed by Walter Trohan that the bombing was unnecessary and that negotiated surrender very similar to what was obtained after the bombing could have been had without the bomb. Now liberals and Buckley's Podhoretz-auxiliary *National Review* and other kosher types join hands in supporting the 1945 liberal line that the bombing "saved lives." It was Buckley's *National Review* which on May 10, 1958, ran Harry Elmer Barnes's precis of Trohan's story. Tsk, tsk!

939

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□ The reactions to the showing of the anti-white Gandhi film in South Africa have been varied, but it is strange that no one seems to have questioned why it is being shown here at all. Would the Indian government permit the showing of South African films in India? One also wonders why the Indians couldn't produce the film themselves, and instead had to call upon the nasty British Imperialists to produce it for them. There is the terrible incident when the gentle saint himself was ejected from the white compartment of a train by a brutish Afrikaner (who would more probably have been an English-speaking South African). But why was he in that compartment? Why, indeed, was he on the train at all? In India he urged his fellow countrymen not to travel on the magnificent railway system (since run-down) the British exploiters had provided for them. His "reason" for this was characteristically "Eastern" and would have earned any Western political leader an indefinite stay in a lunatic asylum. It was that good travels slowly and evil travels fast, and because the white man's trains were fast they were by definition evil! Nevertheless he never hesitated to travel by train himself. He similarly urged Indians not to attend British hospitals in India, which he quite charmingly described as brothels and the white nurses as prostitutes, though he quickly (not slowly) made his way to the nearest of them when he was stricken by appendicitis. (The British surgeon operated only after Gandhi had signed a statement absolving him from any possible consequences.) At the bottom of it all there lies the brown man's envy of the white man and his marvels. Members of the brown race could no more invent and build the white man's railway engines, motor cars and aeroplanes than they could travel to the moon and back. They therefore have the need to conceal their sense of squirming inferiority under a cloak of saintliness and moral superiority. So be it. Let the white race fly while the brown race walks! It is not at all surprising that liberalism, the creed of the money-lending democracies of the West, so essentially mouselike and antiheroic, should find in the grotesque and alien figure of Gandhi a fitting symbol of everything it represents.

South African subscriber

□ My ancestors ran roughshod over the Indians in covered wagons, and I am proud of them. I suspect that many Americans have a sneaking, if not open, admiration for the Israelis for running roughshod over the Palestinians. What irks me is the hypocrisy of Jews preaching what Nietzsche called the Sklavenmoral while so obviously practicing his Herr-enmoral.

220

□ The article, "Arno Breker and the Dilemma of Modern Art" (August 1983), was among the finest pieces, both text and pictures, which Instauraton has ever published. It is clear from his work that Breker understands that transcendence must be mirrored in a work of art for it to be truly beautiful. Instauraton's cover picture was a case in point. Kneeling Girl was godlike.

984

□ In this America of 51 A.D. (After Dispossession), I can go to a newsstand at any hour of the day or night and have my choice of some 40 or 50 pornographic magazines on open display, at least as many publications dealing in depth with various and sundry sports, and perhaps 30 of the standard liberal-minority rags -- anything from Ebony to Commentary. In that vast selection I cannot find one single unabashedly pro-Majority magazine. Not one. Yet our howling minorities have the chutzpah to call themselves oppressed!

883

□ Let's not let Instauratonism fall into the same rut occupied by all those Rev. Billy Bobs out there smashing rock records. Sure there are some less-than-savory aspects to hard rock, yet it is undeniably the music of young white people. If we let our movement restrict itself to country or classical music, we will end up as just another bunch of gray-haired, Conservative Book Club fogey, shaking our heads at "Satan's music," while we leaf through our latest Swiss Bank/Real Estate manual. Majority activism must not pander to Majority young people (only nonwhites are "youths"), but we must not go out of our way to alienate them. Songs like "White Minority" by Black Flag depict an emerging racial consciousness, and so-called "heavy metal" rock has lately been linking up with a sort of "Aryan warrior" mythology. In Britain the "Rock Against Racism" campaign clearly showed that they're getting worried that rock was becoming part of a more aggressive white gestalt. In spite of all the slobbering by "rock critics" about white rock 'n' roll being a second-rate derivative of their beloved, sacred "Afro-American music," the fact is that hard rock is bound to become an increasingly racial manifestation of white identity. Let's harness this raw energy to our cause instead of griping about it.

119

□ The Dispossessed Majority, to my mind, is the most important book of the 20th century. If I can ever succeed in completing a business deal I'm involved in, I'll buy 10,000 copies of the book and distribute them myself. That's the only way it will reach a broader public.

926

□ Connie Chung, the Chink chick, made her debut on "NBC News at Sunrise." She's on with Bryant Gumble or Gumbolt or whatever. As you know, the prerequisite for being on a network news desk is that ye be anti-American and veddy equalitarian. I sent a few favorable comments in re Missy Chung. I also wrote her a couple of letters, which she answered. Then I made the fatal gaffe of saying something derogatory about Moscow. That did it. I was inscribed on her enemies list. One day she let slip about her left-wing leanings when she went into ecstasies over that old bag Mary McGrory (I call her McGory). Chung is reputed to be getting \$600,000 a year for this stint. How can you be anti-capitalistic at those prices? It amuses me that Mao-loving playwrights on Broadway charge capitalists \$100 a seat to hear themselves berated.

921

□ An insidious little piece of hokum appeared in the Vancouver Sun's television guide (July 23, 1983). The announcement of a "revised 1974 documentary" on the Rosenbergs explained that they were executed for "allegedly" trying to sell A-bomb secrets to Russia. Curious as to how such phraseology gets published, I phoned the features editor, who was "away" for the day. So I had to speak to someone who turned out to be an 18-year-old girl. "I never even heard of the Rosenbergs," she cheerfully confessed. Then I was courteously switched to the secretary to the editor. "It gets printed because we just put in whatever they send us," she admitted. I told her that these disgusting spies and traitors were at the time fully supported by the mass media, just as they are today. Yet, the Rosenbergs were so obviously culpable, so prima facie guilty that even though their trials dragged on for years, every high court they applied to was forced to find against them. "This thing is no less ludicrous," I asserted, "than saying that the Boston Strangler allegedly tried to harm women." The secretary sounded surprised. "Gee, yeah, I see what you mean. I just never would have thought about it. But it really is a strange way to put it, isn't it? I don't know for sure when the editor will be back, but I'll ask him to phone you. He'll be interested, I'm sure." I gave the girl my name and phone number. I didn't mention to her the names of the other repulsive subversives in the case -- Gold, Greenglass, Sobell and on and on. She wouldn't understand. Any more than she would understand why the editor never returned my call.

Canadian subscriber





America is fast becoming a First World nation with a Second World ideology and a Third World population.

919

**MAJORITY
RENEGADE OF THE YEAR
NOMINEES**

Majority Renegade nominee: Ronald Reagan, for crawling for the Hispanic vote. Seeing Ronnie in a sombrero is a fashion I can do without. Contenders: Alan Cranston, Walter Mondale and John "Wrong Stuff" Glenn.

208

Majority renegades? To single out some spectacular examples: James Michener, champion of race-mixing and the one who brought the Henry Ford-Eli Whitney approach to writing historical novels. Also Buckminster Fuller, champion of technocracy, universalism and expert in the scientifically trivial. Take yer pick -- the shoddy novelist or the shoddy scientist, elevated to holy status for their support of the liberal-minority crusade.

222

I submit the name of Walter Mondale. Words fail me.

330

Senator Strom Thurmond. Dixiecrat in the 1948 presidential race, he voted for the King holiday in 1983.

880

Ex-Zoo City Mayor John Lindsay, who reminds me of a male Margaret Mead. Both came from classic WASPy backgrounds and both devoted their lives to the causes of every people but their own.

121

Michael Straight's the one. He not only renegaded, he godfathered Soviet spies.

312

I have been acutely aware for many years that a large segment of the American public, especially the honest, trusting Majority members of the Midwest, hold in great esteem every word that Paul Harvey writes or utters, never once suspecting him. There is no doubt in my mind that with his sneak attacks upon their innocence throughout the year he does more against his people, his religion, his country and his Western heritage than anybody else. For instance, tonight on his *The Rest of the Story*, he established with authentic-sounding "documentation" that Christopher Columbus was not Christopher Columbus at all, but a "nice Jewish boy" who used this name and the Christian faith as a way of achieving his dreams as an explorer. I nominate Paul Harvey for Majority Renegade of 1983.

952

Our position is both worse and better than we think. Worse because assaults on the Majority are gathering momentum every day and have an almost logarithmic potential of increase. At the same time there are counter-trends. Recall Emerson's words in "Compensation." "Things refuse to be mismanaged long. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear . . . nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure." Despite polls and ratings favorable to commercial TV, thoughtful Majority members are turning to cable. With the decline of big networks must come a decline in the relentless conditioning that characterizes the assault on the Majority. More important, because the country hasn't been involved in a large-scale war for over 10 years, the Majority young have increased and reached a sturdy maturity. To paraphrase Churchill on the German youth of the 30s, in five years they won't be looking for good jobs and better drugs, they will be looking for guns. I walk a lot, miles every day, and I can assure you that the blond beast is alive and well. Were Nietzsche to walk a few of America's suburbs, he would beam in approval. I know an accountant who travels all over the Western states. This man has few if any practical opinions. Recently he returned from an extended tour and said, "There's bad racial trouble brewing out there. Those people are angry." From my talks with teenagers, for every convert the liberal-minority coalition wins in the classroom, it makes an enemy -- and one enemy outweighs 10 converts. In Greek tragedy koros, a condition of abundance and surfeit of success, led to hubris, a condition of arrogance. The Gods, angered by hubris, responded with ate (retribution). I contend that the liberal-minority coalition is now flush in the middle of that divine triad and, like most humans, forgetful of ate down the road.

641

Having been stationed in Germany and speaking German, I can assure you that the "Old Germany" is alive and well. The reason little is heard of it is because non-Germans cannot penetrate those levels of society. Whatever one's credentials of wealth and position, entrée is denied. There will be some very hard times in Germany, but blood will tell. Eventually the German people will realize that they are in a literal life-and-death struggle, and will react accordingly.

554

Since the media are mounting ever heavier attacks on Martin Luther for his anti-Semitic writings, wouldn't it be wiser and more tactful for the NAACP to ask for a posthumous name alteration for the second American citizen to be given a national holiday? Wouldn't it be more circumspect to replace his first and middle names with those of a much more acceptable father figure -- the Reverend Doctor Henry Kissinger King, for instance?

321

I'll tell you who is most responsible for the King holiday -- James Earl Ray.

487

Ever since Paris found the golden apple inscribed "to the fairest," and the goddesses lined up to compete, we have had beauty contests in one form or another. Blacks or black-white hybrids amounted to 8% of the contestants and 20% of the finalists in the recent Miss America Pageant, although they are only 12% of the population. Mathematically, the odds are pretty steep against that 8% winning the top two positions, yet that is what happened. It should be obvious to everyone that the outcome was determined by politics, not aesthetics. Even before the media event began, "speculation" had been strong that this would be the year of the black. Apparently the judges cast just about all their votes for the two black finalists to make sure one of them would come out on top. That the other one came in second exposed this strategy. If they had pooled their votes (and broken the rules), the judges could have been more subtle and possibly fooled at least some of their viewers.

330

Recently our area had the misfortune of having a Jewish "professional" storyteller (haven't they been that for 2,000 years?) visit our foothills and spout his collection of fables to the local citizenry. Get this. He is funded by the California Arts Council as a "storyteller in residence." He also tells Afro-American folktales. While here, he performed in the Episcopal Church Parish Hall. Can't you see a German narrating Grimms' fairy tales in a synagogue?

947

If, as the Soviets contend, the unarmed Korean passenger plane was over Soviet territory, the American and Japanese search planes must also have been over Soviet territory. Why then didn't these trigger-happy Soviets try to shoot them down? Was it that these planes were armed and could defend themselves and fire back?

600

The blacks have their own black press. The Jews have their Jewish press. Hispanics have a Hispanic press. Even Catholics have a Catholic press. What does the Majority have? A Jewish press!

086

Reading about Margaret Mead and her revolting performance in "A Rap on Race" (Instauration, Aug. 1983) convinced me that this woman epitomizes a particularly virulent strain in many Majority psyches. Her boasting of her family's role in the "Underground Railroad," her racial self-hatred, her pusillanimous philo-Semitism, her racial "guilt," her conscientious regard for all the taboos of contemporary anti-thought, her shameless celebration of the mythical "noble savage," all these and more help to explain the failure of Majority elites over the course of the past century.

442

□ At a time when savages by the tens, if not hundreds, of thousands roam the streets of this nation on their way to their next crime, isn't it reassuring to know that our tax dollars and law enforcement personnel are being used to prosecute and harass elderly Eastern Europeans retired on a meager pension from a machine tool shop because of alleged war crimes four decades ago?

802

□ The craven collaboration of business leaders with antiwhite quotas and their willingness to be bullied by the likes of Rev. Jesse Jackson in his "shake-down" activities prove once again the complete folly of "responsible conservatism" in assigning a leading ideological role to the business community. The profit motive is not and never will be the basis for an ideology which can save the Majority from the death grip of the liberal-minority coalition. Ideological timidity is an almost inevitably dominant trait in those who can see no farther than their balance sheets.

443

□ If the ADL is an unregistered agent of a foreign government (Israel), I should like to register a similar complaint about The New Republic under the editorial direction of Martin Peretz. This magazine, which many still consider to be the most authentic voice of American liberalism, has over the course of the past decade become a loud and surly booster of pure Jewish racism. While Commentary pursues the same course from a slightly different angle, at least more people are aware it is a Jewish publication. There's no such awareness regarding The New Republic, which is an unregistered publication of an alien government or, to be more precise, an alien people. Peretz and his flunkies howl with rage at any imagined slight to "Israel's good name" in the American media. They "cheered on the boys" for the entire duration of Israel's most recent military outrages in Lebanon. They encourage America to "get tough" with Russia -- so that Russia won't dare "get tough" with Israel. To cap it all off, most issues close with a self-pitying whine, coupled with a snarling threat, from Peretz's mighty pen, warning us to remember the endless sufferings of the Jewish people and thus not to dare to criticize Israel.

306

□ As we look about the earth and observe the various races on it, wouldn't common sense dictate that the burden of proof is on the racial egalitarians, not on us?

881

□ Please do not print any more photos such as that on page 30 of the August issue. The emotions they arouse -- knowing the Swedish street scene is in the very heartland of the Northern European race -- are absolutely devastating to those of us with an ounce of racial pride. I can think of nothing which more dramatically depicts the three "ates": integrate, miscegenate and terminate.

907

□ How perfectly absurd that manufactured flap over Reagan's "skin suits and clubs" remark to that woman's organization! The intent of that remark was a tribute to the civilizing influence of women. But the shrill harpies in the audience knew a ripe opportunity when they heard one and were soon all over the evening news with their condescending disapproval of our très gauche Prez. And the media, ever eager to prove the existence of the "gender gap," furnished a more than willing platform for Bella's battalions.

504

□ What impressed me most in a summer swing through the Rocky Mountain states was the cleanliness -- compared to the filth and litter of the East. It breaks my heart to return to the pigsty we've made of once beautiful Maryland. The other welcome impression was that most summer travelers were Majority members. Of course, the absence of bright lights and Fontainebleau-type hotels is enough to keep the Jews away, and I've never believed that blacks find anything aesthetically rewarding in the Great Outdoors. It was nice to be surrounded by Nordic types, although one must never become complacent. Some of those Colorado liberals would vote for a black president tomorrow! Guilt has worked its magic!

212

□ By the way, when the Mexican boxer, Lupe Pinter, inadvertently killed the young Welsh fighter, Johnny Owens, at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, as Owens was being carried on a stretcher from the ring to the dressing rooms, the Mexicans responded with a great shower of beer and urine on his comatose body.

916

□ Rev. Jesse Jackson has returned from Germany where he instructed black GIs on prejudice and absentee voting. Does anyone realize how many blacks are in the armories of our militias? Are they in place, so to speak, awaiting the call from some black leader in Atlanta or Detroit? When some ghetto explodes and the National Guard is called in, in which direction will the minority machine-gunners point their weapons?

612

□ I find it amusing Yahweh saw fit to give his people only a small strip of barren sand and rock in one of the world's least desirable places. Even their herring and lox are imported from cold northern waters. I wonder why he didn't give his people a land full of the things they love: gold, diamonds, dollar trees and blondes.

213

□ The concept of superior merit is as alien to blacks as the concept of conscience. No matter what organizations or coalitions they may form, you can count on them splintering off and fighting among themselves because of their inherent inability to accept their place in the scale of being.

434

□ The immigration issue is perfectly representative of our general plight. By fighting for some meliorative immigration legislation, like the now postponed Simpson-Mazzoli bill, we are trying to plug a crumbling Hoover Dam with wadded-up paper napkins. A "good" bill will not really have any impact on stopping the rising tide of color. Only drastic measures (military mobilization, mass deportations and the like), which do not have a snowball's chance in hell in the contemporary ideological climate, would do the job.

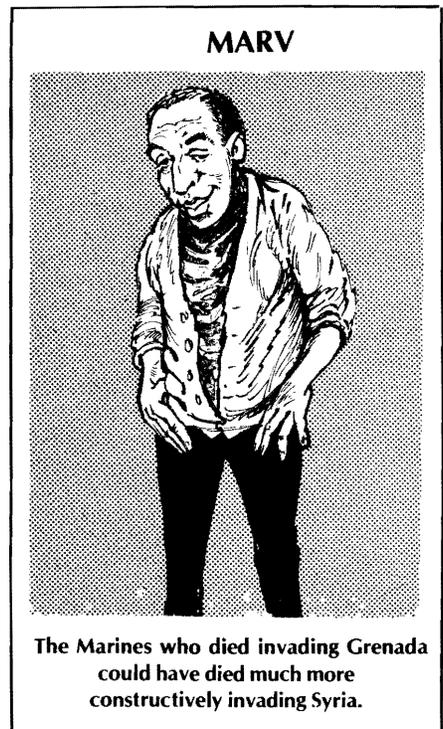
913

□ The Arno Breker sculptures in the August issue were a painful reminder that current modern "art" has abandoned the realistic depiction of the human form. This is especially true of the representation of the male form, which now seems to be the exclusive preserve of homos. Of course, all such depictions of the latter sort are invariably tinged with the eroticism characteristic of the homosexual lifestyle. What a refreshing contrast in approach and outlook was offered by Breker's sculptures. Imagine if "Awaiting the Call" were to replace some obscenely expensive piece of junk manufactured out of the parts of an auto wreck that stands before the entrance to some large building in our Africanized cities! Besides the journalistic cries of "Hitlerism," it wouldn't be long until it was graffiti-ized by black "youths," after which some bull dyke with a sledge hammer would smash it to pieces in the name of "revolutionary justice."

901

□ I have had several opportunities to discuss ethnic questions about the USSR with English-speaking Soviet sailors. They are always very guarded about saying anything "anti-Asian," but the venom that spills out when Jews are mentioned! Wow!

Australian subscriber



□ Remember the words of the Chinese martial arts master, James Wing Woo. When asked by his students about competing in tournaments, he replied, "If you fight by somebody else's rules you gonna get hurt." Majority members are slow to learn this lesson. Different times call for different responses. The opposition has not the slightest notion of fair play.

802

□ AIDS is the Brotherhood disease. That which AIDS does to the human body, Brotherhood does to the white race. Both confuse the system's natural defenses with the result that invading parasites and aliens are not repulsed. A system stripped of natural defenses perishes.

983

□ In the August "Safety Valve", Zip 100 ponders the question of what to call our race. What about Overseas Europeans? Among themselves Chinese Americans refer to themselves as Overseas Chinese. All minorities in this country regard themselves as overseas this or overseas that (with the exception of Mexicans, who merely think of themselves as reclaiming their homeland).

333

□ That we are losing some of our most attractive females to the more dynamic members of the opposition is a common concern of whites, and a volatile issue that is guaranteed to raise the hackles. But let's look at this another way. There is cosmetic beauty, and there is radiant and emanative beauty. To which category do you think those female "fig newtons" belong. Take a close look at them sometime. There are a lot of hard miles on those "cross-overs." We are better off without them. They are doing us all a favor by weeding out the race's defective elements.

927

□ In Japan, many ships arrive with European and Oriental officers and African deckhands and the officers are allowed to go ashore. The Africans are restricted to the ship throughout the port stay.

Zipless seafarer

□ One Filip Müller has written a book, *Eyewitness Auschwitz, Three Years in the Gas Chambers*. I would think that if the gas didn't get him in all that time, starvation would.

606

□ I've had just about enough, thank you, of these ridiculous "what's in -- what's out" lists which have recently been appearing even in such staid publications as U.S. News & World Report. Who cares whether jogging, Cuisinart, Richard Gere, Olivia Newton-John and disco are in or out? If the media continue to insist upon printing these wretched lists, why don't they at least run the only honest one. What's out? The white race. What's in? The colored races.

998

□ "Does anyone know what the tooth fairy is?" asked teacher. "Sure," answered the brightest kid in class, "it's a homosexual dentist."

107

□ "Uneducational Education" (Sept. 1983) hit the nail on the head. As a former teacher, I stand in awe of a layman whose succinct analysis was so devastatingly accurate.

601

□ Your swastika is beginning to show too plainly through the rest of the usually good information. With the August issue of *Instauration* my impulse to cancel was never stronger. The idea that Hitler and the rest of the fascists happened to be correct once in a while doesn't carry over to the notion that Nazism is the panacea for all of the world's troubles. The "myth" of the holocaust smacks a little too strongly of the "myths" of the inquisitions and the "historical review" attempted by the Japanese recently to whitewash their atrocities in China. The lunatic fringe racist dogma that no Einstein, Carl Sagan or Isaac Asimov could do any good because of their Jewishness won't do either. Too many people know otherwise. A bright new world of beautiful, intelligent, healthy people (of course of the proper race, religion and political persuasion) is a powerful attraction. We will never see it. Crackpot political leaders win out over sensible leaders with ignorant masses. Lysenko types win political favor and lead nations to ruin.

331

□ The local TV stations are all aglow with "Black is Beautiful" following the recent Miss America stuff. A little research into her genetic makeup might give more substance to "White is Beautiful." This cookie has more than one honky in her woodpile.

142

□ I was lying in bed reading the latest "Cholly." My giggles turned to outright laughter. The laughter awoke my daughter. Her crying awoke my wife. My wife left the bed to attend to our daughter. This startled the dog, who started barking. My wife bashed me with the pillow and exclaimed, "Instauration has to go!" Alas, censorship even penetrates the bedroom.

223

□ The late departed James Watt said, "woman," not dyke or maneater, "black," not nigger, "two Jews," not two kikes, and "a cripple," which the dictionary defines as a lame or disabled person. Watt had to resign his post, but the congressman who sodomized a 16-year-old page keeps his job.

939

□ Our problem is simple glandular deficiency. Produce-and-consume has bred the last virile genes out of us.

101

□ America's new sweetheart, Mr. T., has revealed that his new-found riches have enabled him to move from Chicago's South Side ghetto to a tony white neighborhood on the North Side. But, he is at pains to explain, this only means he wishes to live in a "nice neighborhood," not a white neighborhood.

606

□ One popular ploy to gain respectability for fags is to appeal to history. Ancient Greece, they tell us over and over again, was a homosexual society. They quote Plato and various literary allusions to homosexuality. They don't quote Aristophanes, whose jackhammer attacks on homos were so hilarious, so to the point, that any modern play that went half as far would be immediately banned by faggots and lesbians who now have a stranglehold on commercial drama. Neither do the third sexers bring up the plot of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*. If women refused to let their husbands into their beds until they stopped warring with each other, and a play built on this theme was credible enough to win the overwhelming approval of Athenian audiences, then there couldn't have been as much homosexuality as we have been led to believe. If the ancient Greeks were all homos, a sex strike by women would have hardly made much dramatic sense.

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□ Having witnessed the convulsions within and around the National Front during the 1979-81 period firsthand, may I add my humble two cents to the homosexual debate. John Tyndall's comments (*Instauration*, July 1983) were quite in step with the majority of British Nationalists. However, I believe the blame for the ugly occurrence of a "daisy chain" within what was seen (even in the U.S.) as the Great White Hope cannot be conveniently shifted onto the shoulders of queers and the inadequate organizational structure of the National Front. Those who attended NF meetings and social gatherings cannot deny that they knew about Mr. Webster's malady. Acquaintances of mine knew the truth of the matter as far back as 1973. I myself was warned (if that is the right word) about Webster and his "boyfriend," who also sat on the party's directorate. One smear slogan used by defectors in 1975 was "Martin Ecce Homo Webster." A considerable portion of the NF, and particularly its guiding lights, turned a blind eye to the homo problem for a good many years. In consequence, they all should feel partly guilty. My own opinion is that elements within the party looked around at possible scapegoats in order to explain away the disheartening results of the 1979 elections. Some turned to the "Free-mason" conspiracy theory (a hysterical notion), some to the "reactionary forces" red herring, and yet more to the homosexuality question. Had the NF garnered the half-million votes that many of us had hoped, and indeed expected, at the time, one wonders how the play of forces within the organization would have evolved. Instead, mass inability to comprehend Thatcher's theft of the racist vote created the void that is British Nationalism today.

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HELMS VERSUS THE ESTABLISHMENT

October 19, 1983, was Black Wednesday in American political history, a day when Senate old pols betrayed their people so brazenly that many nonplussed whites were left feeling they no longer had a country to call their own. Black Wednesday saw the Senate vote 78 to 22 to create a national holiday to commemorate the nativity of Martin Luther King Jr. One Southern Democrat, the aged John Stennis of Mississippi, who was once shot by a black mugger, bucked the tide and voted no. Only three other senators from the old Confederacy, John Tower of Texas and Jesse Helms and John East of North Carolina, joined Stennis, 15 Westerners and Midwesterners, the two Republicans from New Hampshire, and Senator Jennings Randolph (D-WVa) in opposing the bill.

But the no votes hardly revealed the scope of the infamy of October 19, and of the days following and preceding. There were not 22 heroes in the Senate at the hour of cowardly moral capitulation, but one. Unlike those who cited the several billions of dollars another holiday would cost the government (a ploy to avoid the charge of racism), Senator Helms was against the King holiday not because it would hurt the economy, but because King was a man of low character and totally unqualified for the distinction of being designated as one of the two greatest Americans. For his forthrightness, a virtue moribund in U.S. politics, Helms was treated like a parliamentary pariah. Not one senator sprang to his defense, as ex-bartender Daniel Moynihan of New York, crying "filth," hurled to the Senate floor a thick binder full of FBI documents on King's past which Helms had given him. Such documents are no more infallible than any other work of man, but any rational person who examined even a few pages in the FBI dossier on King would have labelled Moynihan's theatrical, mob-minded response as not only "filthy," but unconscionable.

The two leading Irish Zionist senators, Moynihan and Kennedy, with the media clucking behind them, were able to make Jesse Helms appear to be a redneck bigot in the nation's eyes because no one in that once august body had the courage to express publicly the shame and outrage which many felt privately. Had just three or four senators stood together, the vicious Helms-baiting would have been muted. Conversely, Helms had no chance of branding King's promoters as the utter hypocrites they were for the simple but tragic reason that there were so damn many of them.

The vestigial politician in Helms, though eclipsed of late by occasional flashes of statesmanship, required a composed face, upbeat and determined. But inside, the man must have been hurting bad -- confused, heartbroken, heavy-laden, mortified and weary, as pariahs with memories of better days have always been. He was as dispossessed of his birthright as any Plains Indian of 1880, and he must have felt the dispossession deep within his bones.



Jesse Helms -- one in a hundred

One hardly needs to agree 100% with Helms to share his grief and wonderment at the deteriorating shape of the American moral and political landscape.

A Sea of Red

For more than a month prior to Black Wednesday, a 40-page summary of King's political activities and associations was circulated widely among senators and their aides. Dated September 13, the report was never refuted because its case against the King holiday was based wholly on establishment sources like David J. Garrow's 1981 book, *The FBI and Martin Luther King, Jr.* The report was long on facts and short on polemics -- facts that would have killed the King holiday 100 times over in an atmosphere less obsessed with minority bloc-voting. Helms entered the entire 40 pages into the *Congressional Record* (October 3). We offer in evidence a few excerpts:

King was repeatedly warned about his associations with known Communists by friendly elements in the Kennedy Administration and the Department of Justice (including strong and explicit warning from President Kennedy himself). King took perfunctory and deceptive measures to separate himself from the Communists against whom he

was warned. He continued to have close and secret contacts with at least some of them after being informed and warned of their background, and he violated a commitment to sever his relationships with identified Communists.

Throughout his career King, unlike many other civil rights leaders of his time, associated with the most extreme political elements in the United States . . . King's opposition to the Vietnam war . . . was not predicated on what King believed to be the best interests of the United States but on his sympathy for the North Vietnamese Communist regime and on an essentially Marxist and anti-American ideological view of U.S. foreign policy.

The section of the Helms Report dealing with a Soviet-loving Jewish advisor of King, one Stanley Levison, deserves the widest circulation.

There seem to have been few if any agents and administrators in the FBI who knew of Levison's background of involvement in handling the secret and illegal Soviet funds of the [Communist Party] who doubted that Levison remained a Communist or under Party control at the time he was working with King, and some FBI personnel have suggested that Levison may actually have held rank in the Soviet intelligence service

Levison testified under subpoena at an executive session of the Senate subcommittee on Internal Security on April 30, 1962. This testimony is still classified. His attorney at this time was William Kuntzler [H]e pled the Fifth Amendment throughout the hearing.

Next in the Helms Report comes an account of another leading King advisor, Hunter Pitts ("Jack") O'Dell, a certified Communist who is presently foreign affairs counselor to Rev. Jesse Jackson. (A black astronaut, a black Miss America, a black saint and now a black presidential candidate. What next? A black god?) It was Levison who advised King to hire O'Dell as his executive assistant. O'Dell has a history of taking the Fifth Amendment before Senate and House investigating committees. As late as 1961, he was a member of the Communist Party's National Committee. During 1980-83 he was prominent in the World Peace Council, which the CIA has described as "the major Soviet-controlled international front organization." Not only is O'Dell on the Jesse Jackson team, but he remains in good standing with all the Moynihans and Kennedys who can't abide Jesse Helms.

Outspoken antagonists of the King myth have a way of suddenly dropping from sight, almost as if King had put a voodoo hex on them. The first was Rep. John Ashbrook of Ohio, who died suddenly before his time last year under murky circumstances. The second was Rep. Larry McDonald of Georgia, whose last public words before the Russians shot him down were: "Before acting prematurely, let us take appropriate action to have the [King] records and tapes released. If there is nothing to hide, who could object?" These were the only men who spoke up strongly against King during the House "debates" on the holiday bill. Both were warned that speaking out was "political suicide." As for Helms, he frankly admitted that his feelings about King would deprive him of almost all of North Carolina's black vote in his bid for reelection next November.

Much of the Helms Report focused on King's oratorical

sellout during the Vietnam War. In his disgusting speech at Riverside Church in New York on April 4, 1967, King called the U.S. government "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today," and spoke respectfully of Ho Chi Minh. A month later (May 27), he signed a manifesto intimating that the U.S. should use force to keep the Strait of Tiran open for Israeli shipping. So much for King's nonviolence. He wanted to withdraw our men from Vietnam, but was quite willing to lend his name to stirring up violence in the Middle East to please the hawks of world Jewry, who showered him with rewards and commendations. And we must not forget that the era of the King floruit saw more destructive Negro riots than in all the previous years (three centuries plus) of the black presence in America.

Life magazine called King's Riverside Church speech, in which he specifically compared the U.S. to Nazi Germany, "a demagogic slander that sounded like a script for Radio Hanoi." Carl Rowan, the black columnist, warned that King was "creating the impression that the Negro is disloyal." President Johnson called King an "itinerant preacher." FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover denounced him as a "notorious liar."

With so much incriminating data on King, it was fatuous of President Reagan to wisecrack at an October 19 news conference, "Well, we'll know [about King's Communist links] in about 35 years, won't we?" As usual, Reagan had his numbers wrong, because U.S. District Judge John L. Smith Jr.'s order of Jan. 31, 1978, which sealed up most of the FBI documents on King for 50 years, still has 45 years to run.

Two days later Reagan phoned the widow King to "apologize" for his faintly skeptical remarks about her late husband's political orientation. Unfortunately for the First Actor, former governor Meldrim Thomson of New Hampshire had just released a letter dated October 3 in which Reagan seconded Thomson's belief that the "King myth" was totally at odds with reality.

The Response to Helms

Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post* described the FBI files, to which scores of agents had devoted a substantial portion of their lives, as "a collection of garbage, the detritus of the FBI." Other *Post* reporters cottoned up to their boss lady, Katharine Meyer Graham, with a salvo of similar smears:

Edwin M. Yoder Jr.: "debating points from the gutter . . . indecent canards of the '50s and '60s . . . coarse irrelevancies . . . silly . . . antiquated controversies . . ." King's pro-Viet Cong stance was "pardonable," a "period piece of forgotten wrath."

Dorothy Gilliam: "It's time for [Republican] leaders to come to grips with dealing with this pariah [Helms] in their midst."

Haynes Johnson: "slimy business at best . . . obscene effort . . . poking through the garbage of raw files . . . an attempt to rewrite history."

Other major papers were fully as deceptive, leading an exasperated James J. Kilpatrick to ask, "Where are the hard-nosed legions of investigative reporters in [this] matter . . . ? They are silent as mummies in the tombs of the

ing of Beirut, after the Israeli-supervised slaughter at Shatila and Sabra, the Zionist state decides it wants to force a "Christian" government on Lebanon, a government composed of those directly responsible for Shatila and Sabra. Ever obliging, the U.S. agrees, and since the Israelis didn't want to suffer any more casualties, they pulled back and let Washington fill the vacuum. Even the blind ought to be able to see that the Marines are not there to keep the peace; they are there to prop up the Gemayel government -- the same kind of bayonet-supported government the liberal-minority coalition cannot tolerate in El Salvador but considers expedient to prop up in Lebanon. And how is this propping up to be accomplished? Among other means, by lobbing artillery shells from U.S. warships and land-based batteries into Arab positions in the hills beyond Beirut. Blasting Lebanese villages is not exactly the act of a country which pretends to be a mediator in the eternal Arab-Israeli war -- only pretends, of course, because a Kissinger-signed document prevents America from even talking to the PLO. And how does one prop up a government by stationing one's armed forces in an open target like an airfield, guarded by untrained Lebanese soldiers, commanded by officers who order 300 or more of their men to bunk down in one building in a city famous for lethal car and truck bombings. No dispersal, no cover, no proper defense system against kamikaze drivers, no shells in the chambers of the sentries' guns! And no one gets court-martialed!

We should never have been dragged into the Middle East. We should never have financed and supplied the military build-up of the cancer known as Israel. We should never have declared war (or what amounts to war) against any Arab state, whether moderate or radical. And if anyone thinks the word war is exaggerated, what else can one call furnishing the arms and ammo for a genocidal half-century crusade against millions of Palestinians? We should never have forced the Arabs, the most religious people on earth, to look to atheistic Moscow as their only ally against Israeli aggression. We should never have made a mockery of human rights by actually assisting and applauding the uprooting of millions of Palestinians from their homes and the reduction of those who remained to the status of serfs. We should never have given the Arabs the excuse to nationalize and confiscate the oil that Americans had discovered, drilled, pumped and marketed, thus setting off a worldwide wave of inflation that has only recently -- and partially -- subsided. Lastly, we should never have sent one soldier or one ship to bolster a corrupt, unpopular, bloody-shirted gang of "Christian" racketeers whose prime purpose, no matter how much they shout their neutrality, is to turn Lebanon into an Israeli puppet state.

Almost everything the U.S. has done in the Middle East since World War II has been wrong, immoral, bollixed and totally against America's interest. And now Americans are paying for this craven kowtowing to Zionism with their lives -- a payment that is bound to continue. It would probably take a revolution to bring Congress, the president (any president) and the media to their senses, particularly their sense of loyalty, and once and for all put Americanism above Jewish racism. The Marines must be brought home pronto. So must the American battalion in the Sinai, which

everyone has conveniently forgotten about. The latter's real, but undeclared, mission was to guard Israel's southern flank against a sudden Egyptian attack (as in 1973), so that Israel could safely invade Lebanon.

In 1984 the chances that the American government will finally stand up for America instead of Israel are very slim. We are entering an election year. Jews contribute about half the money to the campaigns of Democratic candidates, both presidential and congressional. They also contribute vast amounts to Republican candidates. Fearing the crack of the Zionist whip, the press, radio, TV and most of the opinion-molding magazines stand poised to vilify as an anti-Semite anyone who proposes that the U.S. cancel its military and financial commitments to Israel, or proposes that Americans be given a chance to vote on those commitments.

The upshot is that we are caught in one more deadly bind. Americans are already being forced to die for another lost cause, as they died in World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam. After Vietnam, we were promised we would never again be involved in a land war in Asia. Well, Lebanon is in Asia. There is a land war in Lebanon. And Americans are in it.

Congress cuts off military and financial aid to friendly forces trying to overthrow Soviet stooges in Nicaragua. The possibility of sending a few more military advisors to El Salvador sends the media and lib-mins into a frenzy of denunciation. Yet Reagan can order a large fleet and a small army to Lebanon 5,000 miles away on another continent, in another hemisphere, and Congress obligingly gives him the green light. But when we successfully throw some Cuban butchers out of Grenada in our own hemisphere, in our own turf, the same senators (Moynihan and Levin, among others), who want even more Americans to die in Lebanon (following the "advice" of Henry Kissinger) appear on the tube and denounce America's gunboat diplomacy in Central America and the Caribbean.

These same Zionists and Zionist fellow travelers tell us that a bipartisan policy in regard to Lebanon is a must. But somehow bipartisanship falls apart in the Western Hemisphere, where U.S. interests are paramount. As ever, the sole, the only criterion for American foreign policy continues to be, "Is it good for Israel?"

What we have here is an incredible situation. The center of gravity of the world's first superpower has been moved with the tacit approval of its leaders and without the approval of its people 5,000 miles east. Even when it comes to the death and maiming of our own citizenry, a foreign Hebrew-speaking government backed up by its spies, agents and racial cousins in the U.S. and an overbrimming campaign treasury and the hordes of venal Jewish and non-Jewish pols who live off that money -- all these disreputable and seditious creatures exert a greater influence on American policy, both domestic and foreign, than our own government.

It's really one for the books, the history books, the books that, unless someone does something fast, will spell out in gory detail how the country that could have been the greatest nation on earth bled to death aiding and abetting the most criminal nation on earth.

THE CASE OF THE CENSORED POEMS

*Roosevelt died and met Wilson; who said, "I
blundered into it
Through honest error, and conscience cut me so
deep that I died
In the vain effort to prevent future wars. But you
blew on the coal-bed, and when it kindled you
deliberately
Sabotaged every fire-wall that even the men who
denied
My hope had built. You have too much murder on
your hands. I will not
Speak of the lies and connivings. I cannot understand
the Mercy
That permits us to meet in the same heaven. -- Or is
this my hell?"*

Entitled "Wilson in Hell" and written by Robinson Jeffers, the above was one of ten poems deleted from a 1948 Random House edition of Jeffers' poetry, *The Double Axe and Other Poems*. Random House, at that time headed by the fervent Jewish free-speech advocate, Bennett Cerf, had been publishing Jeffers' poetry for more than 15 years. "Curb Science?" is another of the ten excised poems.

*Science, that gives man hope to live without lies
Or blast himself off the earth: Curb science
Until morality catches up? -- But look: morality
At present running rapidly retrograde,
You'd have to turn science too, back to the witch-
doctors
And myth-drunkards. Besides that morality
Is not an end in itself: truth is an end.
To seek the truth is better than good works, better
than survival,
Holier than innocence and higher than love.*

Apparently Mr. Cerf was offended by the idea that truth is a more important human goal than good works. Considering the veracity quotient of most of the material Random House publishes, we can well understand his reluctance to agree to Jeffers' priorities. But blotting out the whole poem! How strangely obsessive -- and strangely obnoxious -- is the mentality of the haters of literature who pose as the lovers of literature.

When Random House finally published the heavily censored *Double Axe*, it took the unusual step of adding this disclaimer, which was prominently placed right after the author's preface: "Random House feels compelled to go on record with its disagreement over some of the political views pronounced by the poet in this volume." Has Random House or any other major publisher ever felt compelled to insert disclaimers in any of their Marxist or black power or pornographic books?



Robinson Jeffers (1887-1962)

An interesting point to remember is that Robinson Jeffers in the 1930s and 40s was considered one of America's foremost poets. After the publication of *The Double Axe* in its heavily bowdlerized version, his literary standing collapsed almost overnight. Today his name is hardly mentioned.

Two years before the outbreak of World War II, which he urged the U.S. to stay out of, Jeffers made a grave and momentous mistake, one which the literary establishment apparently discounted as rhetoric until the publication of *The Double Axe*. Jeffers wrote in the preface to a 1937 collection of his poems:

I decided not to tell lies in verse. Not to feign any emotion I did not feel; not to pretend to believe in optimism or pessimism or irreversible progress; not to say anything because it was popular, or generally accepted, or fashionable in intellectual circles, unless I myself believed it; and not to believe easily.

That Jeffers actually tried to live up to his intentions was deemed to be literary lèse majesté by the cultureless cults that were now dictating what Americans should and should not write.

Jeffers' ten excised poems and the story of how Random House wielded its literary axe on The Double Axe are contained in In This Wild Water by James Shebl, Ward Ritchie Press, Pasadena, CA. The book, published in 1976, is now out of print, and no one knows the whereabouts of the Ward Ritchie Press.

LAST EXIT FOR A MARXIST QUACK

Parascientist and Marxist roué Arthur Koestler, who killed himself and his wife last March at their \$400,000 four-story den in fashionable Knightsbridge, London, was a rootless cosmopolitan -- the epitome of the "wandering Jew." There can be few less appetizing sights than the credulous Marxist intellectual, the flexibility of whose mind is matched only by the necessary nimbleness of his feet when the time comes to scamper away from the consequences of his own idol's follies. It is seldom he who suffers.

Because of the Koestlers of this world, a dozen nations whose names are the very essence of Europe lie under the Soviet heel. His press cronies have made much of how he recanted; but let us dwell upon the gravity of his offense. If we don't, we suspect that nobody else will.

Arthur Koestler was born of Jewish parents in Budapest in 1905. After World War I, the family moved to Vienna, not the Vienna of the Hapsburgs and Strauss, but of Sigmund Freud and Karl Popper. He dropped out of science studies at 19 in favor of a Zionist commune in Palestine, where he almost starved to death trying to turn an ideal into a reality. He was not to make that mistake again.

But his experience did start him as a journalist. By 21 he was working for the prestigious Ullstein newspaper group in the Middle East and Paris. By 24 he was science editor at their head office in pre-Hitler Berlin. In the words of Malcolm Muggeridge, who may well know, "This was the Berlin glamorized by Isherwood and others but which I vividly remember as disgusting and depressing."

As Koestler later wrote, Ullstein "was a kind of super-trust . . . They published four daily papers in Berlin alone . . . Their policy was liberal and democratic and in cultural matters progressive to the point of avant-gardism . . . It was at the same time the embodiment of everything progressive and cosmopolitan in the Weimar Republic."

By the last day of 1931, Koestler was an avowed Communist. His position at Ullstein's, where he had become foreign editor of one of the dailies, made him invaluable as a source of information. On the side, he piled up some extra pfennigs by writing two lucrative manuals of sexual instruction.

Traveling as the only press representative on the Russo-German Zeppelin expedition to the Arctic, Koestler reached what he then regarded as the climax of his journalistic career. He wrote his first book about it, and had it published by the Soviet State Publishing Trust. The Zeppelin flew across the Siberian wastelands, where he espied a chain of what looked like forestry settlements. He waved gaily to them, and was surprised at the failure of the inhabitants to wave back. The inhabitants of the slave labor camps were probably equally surprised to be waved at by Arthur Koestler.

He had only been a Red agent for three months when he

was sacked by Ullstein. A colleague from whom he had been obtaining confidential information realized what he was up to and fired him. He went to the Soviet Union, this time at ground level, on a writing trip. What he saw did not shock him. He was writing a new book, *White Nights and Red Days*. It was not a critical review of Stalin's agricultural reforms.



Arthur Koestler

In the autumn of 1933 Koestler settled in Paris and moved into the inner circle of Comintern propagandists masterminded by the infamous Willy Muenzenberg, who ostensibly operated a news service from the French capital. Muenzenberg was a liar at whose knee even Joseph Goebbels could have learned something. He was later to admit that he had largely invented the famous *Brown Book of the Hitler Terror* (his Paris school wrote it under the sponsorship of a spurious committee for the defense of victims of Fascism). Albert Einstein was perturbed to note that he had been made chairman; his protests were ignored.

Misused Credentials

The Paris cell sent Koestler to Spain to spy on General Franco's headquarters at Seville. He was unmasked, but due to a characteristic Spanish muddle, escaped arrest. His

cover had been no doubt unwittingly provided by Philip Gordon, foreign editor of the vehemently Zionist *News Chronicle*. (It has just been revealed by the London *Standard's* veteran Paris correspondent, Sam White, that Gordon committed suicide at the time of the Burgess and Maclean scandal.)

In February 1937, Koestler returned to Spain, this time with Republican forces, and was captured by the Nationalists and sentenced to death. The *News Chronicle* sprang to his rescue with a press campaign, sentence was commuted and Koestler was exchanged. At no time did Koestler let on to his readers -- either of the *News Chronicle* or of his bestselling *Spanish Testament* published by Gollancz in 1938 -- that he was Arthur Koestler, the Communist agent, misusing newspaper credentials to carry out his real trade as a Kremlin spy. (But then neither did Kim Philby who got behind Nationalist lines in the guise of a *Times* correspondent and was actually decorated by General Franco for his services; and when unmasked made good his escape to the Middle East in the guise of an *Observer* correspondent.)

Dr. Johnson's aphorism about death concentrating the mind wonderfully applied to Arthur Koestler. The annihilation of the Anarchist Party (POUM) by the rival Communists in Barcelona at Stalin's command affected Koestler and his friend George Orwell alike. This, coupled with the prosecution of his brother-in-law and two close friends in the 1938 Show Trials in Moscow, discouraged him. He left the Party.

Perhaps it was just that, having tasted life in the capitalist fleshpots, Koestler saw which side his bread was buttered on. The martyring of others left him cold; but that of personal friends made his own evil blood boil. His indictment of fellow gullibles was bitter and complete:

Every single one of us knows at least one friend who perished in the Arctic subcontinent of forced labour camps, was shot as a spy or vanished without a trace. How our voices boomed with righteous indignation, denouncing flaws in the procedure of justice in our comfortable democracies; and how silent we were when our comrades, without trial or conviction, were liquidated in the Soviet sixth of the earth. Each of us carries a skeleton in the cupboard of his conscience; added together they would form galleries of bones more labyrinthine than the Paris catacombs.

In 1955 he announced his intention to end his political writing. "The errors are atoned for," he said.

But were they? Was this cavalier apology in print enough? Could he not distinguish between apology and atonement? Koestler was forever "traveling" without actually arriving anywhere. His friend George Steiner, editor of the unintentionally illuminating *Roots of the Right* books on fascism in Europe, described Koestler as "a voyager to the intellectual frontiers."

But should an inability to make up one's mind be a matter for satisfaction? Where did Koestler end up? The outer fringes of para-science and pseudo-religious quackery.

Steiner on Koestler:

The sceptical witness of reason in the face of ideological Stalinist lies, the defender of blackmail, entered unembar-

assedly on the turgid waters of the poltergeist and the bent spoon. Even close friends and admirers found the resulting brew of psychosomatic inference, mystical biology and murky parlour tricks hard to swallow.

Quackery was his intellectual resting place. It was his starting point and perhaps his true home. He returned to his scientific origins in an attempt, he said, to trace to an imbalance in the brain the self-destructiveness unique to the human race, what he called "an engineering failure." And in the end this human destroyed himself -- a Test to Destruction of his own theories, perhaps.

In a collection of essays, *The Heel of Achilles*, he detected a disparity between the growth of technological achievement and the decline of ethical behavior. "We can control the motions of satellites orbiting the distant planets but cannot control the situation in Northern Ireland."

Only the most insensate left-wing intellectual could do this -- compare the control by scientists of inanimate objects with the tribal feelings of human beings.

Gang-Bang

Koestler may have renounced communism on the surface, but to the end he savoured its essence; his life and investigation led him nowhere, because the only fixed point in his wanderings was a rejection of fixed points. According to David Pryce-Jones, "His life's work was to shake loose every dogma, political or scientific, in which the human race has chained itself."

Whom should we honor the more? A Koestler who recants? Or the Hungarian smallholder who kept communism out of Hungary between the wars when Koestler was trying to force it in?

But the Marxists appear incapable of learning, only of teaching. They did not learn their lesson from the Moscow Show trials, the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939, the rape of Czechoslovakia in 1948, of Hungary in 1956 and the gang-bang of Czechoslovakia in 1968. Now it is Afghanistan's turn for the pleasure of Moscow's company. And into the gap left by each batch of recanters steps another generation of gullible intellectuals.

Said Muggeridge in the *Spectator*:

Koestler often used to say that the last battle would be between the Communists and the ex-Communists. [His] own pessimism as to the outcome of the battle is expressed in the special number of *Encounter* magazine (July 1963) that he edited, with the general theme of "Suicide of a Nation?" The mark of interrogation is clearly not needed in the light of subsequent happenings.

Koestler's own contribution to creating an alternative ideology was minimal. The Marxist weekly *Militant* lamented after his death that

like Orwell, Koestler has no positive programme to offer the working class movement Having lost all hope in the socialist future of mankind, he sought salvation in the mystical world of telepathy and telekinesis -- tricks which any decent conjurer can perform were studied as scientific "experiments." Such folly might have satisfied Koestler's desire for intellectual stimulation but it contributes nothing to the advancement of human knowledge or society.

The literati turned a blind eye on the miseries called forth by the likes of Koestler, and honored him as one of their own:

“intellectual guru of literature, politics and science.” (David Holloway in the *Daily Telegraph*);

“a leading intellectual figure of the twentieth century” (John Witherow in the *Times*);

“a major figure in modern literature” (the *Times*);

“that touch of genius” (David Pryce-Jones in the *Sunday Telegraph*);

“a voyager to intellectual frontiers” (Prof. George Steiner in the *Sunday Times*);

“a brave journey through a dark century” (John Ezard in the *Guardian*).

Brave voyager? Or drifter, idling from one expediency to the next, always traveling to where the cash and the kudos were piled the highest?

Return to an Old Flame

Koestler was in the south of France when war broke out in 1939, was interned but released just before the Germans arrived. He reached Britain after joining and deserting the Foreign Legion.

Since the truth was so painful, he turned to fiction and found it profitable. His first novel, *The Gladiators* (1939), told of the Spartacist revolt against Rome; it was an allegory of the corruption of socialism by Stalin. *Darkness at Noon* (1940), regarded as his finest political work, related the persecution of an elderly Bolshevik. Communists in postwar France tried to buy it up and destroy it.

After the war Koestler went back to Zionism, the way that an aging dowager recalls an old and neglected flame. He went to Palestine for the *Times* and later for the *Manchester Guardian*. Two books resulted: *Promise and Fulfillment* and *Thieves in the Night*. They showed more than a passing sympathy for the Irgun terrorists who were at that time dynamiting hotels and hanging British army sergeants from tree trunks.

Koestler's amiable relationship with the Irgun was to result in a dispute with his biographer, Iain Hamilton, who discovered that Koestler's account in *Promises and Fulfillment* of his experiences were at variance with what he had written in his contemporary private diaries and letters. In particular, Koestler failed to mention in his book what his diaries revealed, his outspoken sympathies for Menahem Begin, whose armed irregulars were fighting the newly formed government of David Ben-Gurion. These sympathies brought Koestler into open conflict with Zionist leaders. Hamilton believed that this controversial issue induced Koestler to disown his biography.

Koestler's dispute with the less bloodthirsty Zionists threw new light on his role as a champion of truth and free inquiry. When the Irgun's chickens were belatedly flapping home to roost, in the bloody streets of Beirut and the camps of Shatila and Sabra, as pictured on millions of color television screens around the world, the valiant champion

of liberty and justice was hiding beneath his royalty statements.

In 1948 Israel was created. But Koestler once again missed the opportunity to match his actions to his convictions. He became a citizen of Britain instead, the country which he has portrayed as oppressing the Jews, and whose soldiers his friends had been murdering and maiming.

Koestler put his principles On Sale. He was now a leading light in the CIA-funded Congress for Cultural Freedom. In 1949 he contributed a dutiful essay to *The God That Failed*, a compendium of confessions by gullible former Communist intellectuals.

The search for his roots began. He immersed himself in the outer reaches of pseudo-science.

With Arnold Toynbee and others he wrote on reincarnation. In the streets of his native Budapest the Hungarian workers were battling against Soviet tanks. In London the Hungarian intellectual Arthur Koestler, far from the dangerous world of shot and shell, did not entirely forget Hungary. Thirty years later he reviewed David Irving's *Uprising!* for the *Sunday Times*, and expressed anguish that Irving belittled the role of the Marxist intellectuals in the 1956 “counter-revolution.” In Koestler's angry words, “It was the intelligentsia which [sic!] triggered off the chain-reaction.”

As vice-chairman of the euthanasia society EXIT, Koestler wrote the preface to its controversial booklet. He had been suffering from leukemia and Parkinson's disease. “The prospect of falling peacefully, blissfully asleep,” as he had written, “is not only soothing but can make it positively desirable to quit this pain-racked mortal frame and become unborn again.”

Koestler's body was found by his Filipino maid. Apart from his Knightsbridge hangout, he had also acquired an oak-beamed farmhouse in Suffolk, and he has bequeathed nearly half a million pounds to fund a chair of parapsychology.

Rope-induced Fluctuations

Koestler, it seems, had for many years been fascinated by many aspects of the “science” of levitation. Two years ago, he funded a £20,000 program to study “mood-induced fluctuations in body weight.” This was a far stretch from the rope-induced fluctuations in body weight in which his former pals had become proficient.

He took the levitation mumbo-jumbo seriously. A micro-sensitive weighing platform equipped with leather harness, strain-gauges and other apparatus was found in his basement. To the uninitiated it looked like an ordinary single bed covered with a Tibetan rug. But he and his researchers used it and kept detailed records of their investigations into levitation.

The Koestler will makes no mention of gifts to Hungarian refugee charities or to any anti-Communist society.

He remained starry-eyed to the end. Let us hope that SomeOne SomeWhere has sent Arthur Koestler to a place not a million miles from the Hell that he helped inflict on others, where he may now be reaping his just reward.

The above obituary, here slightly condensed and denuded of a few Briticisms, appeared in the April 22, 1983,

issue of David Irving's magazine *Focal Point* (Suite 411, 76 Shoe Lane, London EC4, England). To its eternal discredit, the French New Right journal, *éléments*, ran a death notice on Koestler that made him out to be one of the 20th century's great minds. The Nouvelle Droite people, like most Frenchmen, are so hooked on "intellectualism" that their hearts and minds go out to mandarins of almost any persuasion. *éléments*, however, did release some data on Koestler not covered by *Focal Point*.

The only son of a Jewish family with roots in Russia and Czechoslovakia, Koestler was born in Budapest in 1905. Shortly after World War I his parents moved to Austria, where his father represented several German and British textile companies. As for Koestler's Zionism, he preferred the Menahem Begin brand, because he felt it was best for Israel and consequently best for a final solution of the Jewish problem. Jews who went to Israel should act and live as 100% Jews. Those who did not, he asserted, should give up their Jewishness entirely. Koestler chose the latter alternative, solemnly declaring in 1948 that he was no longer a Jew. This "assimilationist" stance eventually led

him to write *The Thirteenth Tribe*, which revived the old chestnut that most modern Jews were not descendants of the biblical Hebrews, but of Mongoloid Khazars, who were converted to Judaism in the 8th century. The British scientist A.E. Mourant laid this fairy tale to rest with an extensive blood group analysis of both Ashkenazic and Sephardic Jews, which showed that 5 to 10% of them possessed some Negro genetic markers, but practically no Mongoloid admixture. Mourant's research convinced him that though the Sephardim and Ashkenazim had by now become two separate population groups, they both originated in the Near East. (See Mourant, *The Genetics of Jews*, Oxford, 1978.)

éléments also informed us that the wife Koestler took along with him on his last journey was his third. Cynthia Jeffries was half Irish, half South African Jewish. Both Koestlers were members of EXIT -- the Society for the Right to Die With Dignity. Whether Cynthia, age 56, was plagued with the same diseases as her husband and therefore had the same compulsion or reason to commit suicide, was not revealed by the French magazine.

Carpetbagging in Mississippi

Blacks claim they are captives of the Democratic party, that they are taken for granted by such people as Mondale and Glenn. Maybe, but maybe not. Aren't most whites equally prisoners of the GOP and taken even more for granted by the Republicans? Reagan acted as if they were when he sent Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds, head of the Justice Department's civil rights division, on a carpetbagger mission to Mississippi to sing "We Shall Overcome" with Jesse Jackson -- and in the process insulting non-black Mississippians with snide allegations of white vote fraud. Vote fraud? Anyone who has been around some of the Northern big-city machines knows that blacks are just as likely to vote twice as white ethnics.

Without batting an eye, Reagan can crawl for Hispanic and black votes, knowing very well that Majority voters, if they do vote, have no one to vote for but him or his candidate in the 1984 election. Jesse Jackson, now under investigation for misusing \$1.7 million in federal grants and contracts, will be forcing the Democratic party to be even more pro-black than it is by running for the Democratic presidential nomination on a purely racist platform. He believes -- and correctly so -- that if he can increase Negro registration he can force the winning Democratic candidate to meet black demands no matter how outrageous they may be. He can simply tell the winning Democratic presidential candidate to make a deal or he will order blacks not to vote and without such votes

Mondale, Glenn, Hart, Cranston, Askew or whoever won't have a chance against the Republican nominee.

The Republicans have no Jesse Jackson in the wings. This leaves most Republican whites without any leverage. What Majority members must do if they want to prevent Republican presidential candidates from routinely betraying them once they get in the White House is to run a bonafide America First candidate in the primaries who will withhold his Republican following from voting in the election unless the winning candidate concedes to his demands. The only other approach is an America First third party which will take enough votes away from the Republicans to ensure their defeat, thereby persuading them to play ball the next time around.

* * *

In spite of the Reynolds trip, the Jesse Jackson hoopla, and the federal gerrymandering to set up black voting districts, in the recent Mississippi elections a white sheriff led the field in Quitman county (56% black) and whites came out ahead on the county board of supervisors. The sheriff, once accused of beating up a Negro, actually received one out of four black votes. Statewide, with a much higher turnout than ever, black voters added only 24 to the 427 elected offices they now hold. Although 36% of Mississippi's population is black, a mere 8% of the elected officials are black.

The Democratic nomination for Missis-

issippi governor was won by Attorney General Bill Allain, a stereotypical "New South" truckler. He defeated Lt. Gov. Evelyn Gandy, who spent most of her campaign "regretting" that she had once made pro-segregation statements and had served as an aide in 1945-48 to the late Senator Bilbo. The only segregationist in the primary race, Lonnie Johnson, got 4% of the primary vote.

Another old pol with a bigger change of heart than Gandy's was Ross Barnett, 85, who rode in the Medgar Evers Homecoming parade. Barnett, the reddest-necked of all Mississippi governors before the Great Sellout, joined the march at the invitation of Charles Evers, brother of the slain black power agitator. Brother Charles, in case Instaurationists have short memories, once gained his living as a pimp and a numbers racketeer, which ought to put him in line as the next black candidate for a national holiday.

One other Mississippian who had been playing up to blacks as pridelessly as the wimpish Reynolds, is Bishop Joseph Brunini, recently honored by a National Conference of Black Priests for appointing a black as auxiliary bishop of a Mississippi diocese. Bishop Brunini was born in Vicksburg, July 24, 1909. He had a Jewish momma named Blanch Stein.

* * *

In November Allain went on to win the gubernatorial election, even though three black male prostitutes produced sworn affidavits that they had had sexual encounters with him.

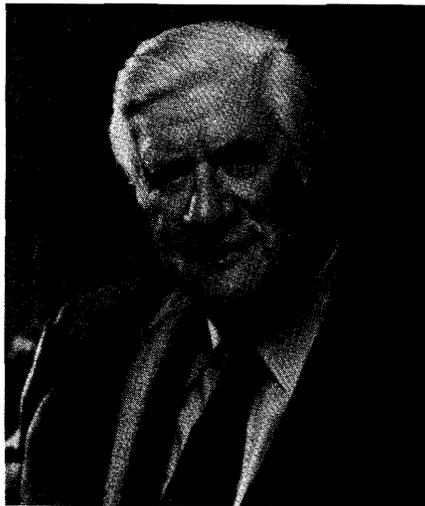
Tip's Friends

The Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees International Union is one of the crookedest labor organizations in the country. A Senate committee has recently been hearing how Cosa Nostra boss Tony Accardo handpicked HERE's president, Edward T. Hanley, who also happens to be a vice-president of the AFL-CIO. The father of one witness who has been testifying against the union has already been shot. Three convicted felons hold high union posts. Two million dollars of HERE money was lost in a bad loan to Morris Shanker, a mobster shylock.

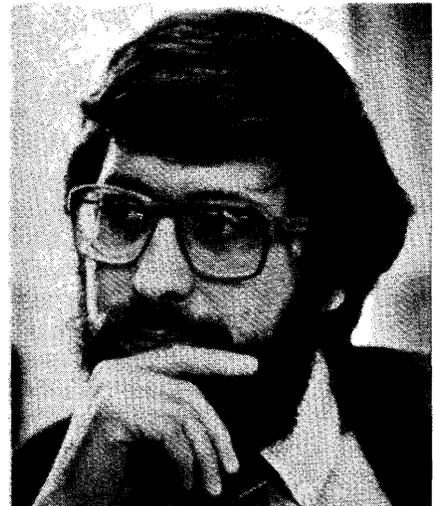
HERE has close links with "Tip" O'Neill and spent nearly \$40,000 on two bashes for the House Speaker in 1976 alone. In 1981-82 HERE paid O'Neill more than pin money to address two annual meetings. In 1981 Hanley and O'Neill made up half of a foursome in a "charity" golf tournament.

Another of Tip's dubious friends is Ariel Weiss, the all-powerful staff director of the House Democratic Steering and Policy Committee. O'Neill, reports *Dun's Business Month* (June 1983), will hardly make a political move without first consulting his Jewish mentor. When House members have a question on pending legislation, instead of going to the Speaker, as they should, they go to Weiss. Says *Dun's*, his "influence seems pervasive," his "power is unprecedented." An orthodox Jew, Weiss plans to retire to Israel in his December years.

Weiss, however, probably had no hand in arranging or approving a recent *New York Times* piece in which Tip gave his



Tip



Ariel

considered opinion of all the presidents he has known. Some of the remarks were definitely not in Weiss's style:

- Roosevelt -- "I didn't realize he was a paraplegic. I don't think anybody in America had known it. He had the braces, you know and they kind of swung . . ."
- Truman -- "He was a beautiful individual."
- Kennedy -- "[W]e had a very, very friendly relationship."
- Nixon -- "Of all the presidents, the one who came to the White House best qualified to handle the job was Nixon. It was a shame . . ."
- Ford -- "[M]y close personal friend . . . we had a lot of colloquies and a lot of debates."

- Carter -- "I have to truthfully say that of all the men who have been president . . . Jimmy Carter was the most able and most talented. He is a brilliant man."

- Reagan -- "I . . . do not feel that he's going to be a candidate . . . He hasn't grown that much, to be perfectly truthful. His knowledge of the government, in my opinion, is extremely limited."

Two final comments about Tip. He is the man who almost singlehandedly torpedoed the latest, though not very serious attempt, to control immigration -- the Simpson-Mazzoli bill. And to the delight of the Israel Lobby, he has been a screeching hawk on Lebanon and a cooing dove on Grenada.

Simon and Elie

Office politics is rearing its ugly head in Holocaust Inc. In a *Penthouse* interview (October 1983), Simon Wiesenthal took Eli Wiesel to task for making the Holocaust a Jewish exclusive and for not agreeing to Simon's not widely known position that "the brotherhood of victims" should encompass non-Jews. His onetime friend's sudden outburst of ecumenism must have come as a shock to Wiesel, who in the same interview was denounced by Wiesenthal as a "chauvinist."

Wiesenthal, now almost 71 and claiming responsibility for the arrest of 1,100 war criminals, went on to say he had a daughter who was born in 1946 in West Germany and is still living there.

While Simon was getting a hefty check

from *Penthouse's* accounting office, Elie Wiesel, who is chairman of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Commission and has just written an anti-Christian play widely acclaimed in Italy, announced the formation of the Second Generation Advisory Committee. Appointed as chairman was Menahem Z. Rosensaft. In reporting the appointment, the *Jewish Journal* (Aug. 26, 1983) said that Rosensaft had been born in the Bergen-Belsen camp in Germany -- just about the strangest time and the strangest place for a Jew to come into the world.

The *Penthouse* interview with Wiesenthal contained nary a mention of what former Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky had to say about him in the Austrian news-magazine *Profil* (Nov. 18, 1975, pp. 22-

23). In an informal discussion with a group of journalists, Kreisky, a Christian of Jewish ancestry, suggested that Wiesenthal had worked for the Nazis. A translation of some of his more pertinent remarks follows:

I only know Mr. Wiesenthal from secret reports, and they are bad, very nasty. I say this as Federal Chancellor. . . . And I say that Mr. Wiesenthal had a different relationship with the Gestapo than I did. That's right. And it can be proven. Can I say more than that? Whatever else there is to say I'll say in court. My relationship with the Gestapo is indisputable. I was their prisoner, their inmate. I was interrogated by them. His relationship was different. That's what I say, and that will eventually come out. It's bad enough



It's bad enough what I've already said, and he can charge me with defaming his honor in the press, if he wants to. But it's not that simple, because that would mean a big court case . . . a man like that doesn't have the right to pretend to be a big moral authority. That's what I say. He doesn't have that right . . .

Whether a man who, in my view, is an agent, yes, that's right, and who uses Mafia methods . . . That man has to go . . .

He is no gentleman, and I would say, to make this clear, so that he won't become a moral authority, because he is not. He is just, I believe, someone who wanted to save his life under the Nazis, as everyone tried to in his own way, right, but then he shouldn't pretend to be a moral authority . . .

I claim that Mr. Wiesenthal lived in that time in the Nazi sphere of influence without being persecuted. Right? And he lived openly without being persecut-

ed, right? Is that clear? And you perhaps know, if you know what was going on, that no one could risk that.

He wasn't a "submarine," . . . that is, submerged and in hiding, but instead, he was completely in the open without having to, well, ever risk persecution. I think that's enough. There were so many opportunities to be an agent. He didn't have to be a Gestapo agent. There were many other services.

Showbiz Buzzings

Over the past months readers have sent us so many notes and comments about the entertainment racket and its shabby affiliates, we decided to paste them together into one disjointed collection.

□ The movie *Liquid Sky* is an ultra-campy look at life in the lower depths of New York City. It touches, heavily, on heroin usage, transvestism, UFOs, and sex, sex and more sex. The film's chief claim to fame is that it was made by four "Russian" dissidents who arrived here during the mid-70s. Certainly didn't take this group long to get into the swing of things, did it?

311

□ The Wall, a bizarre, cinematic mind-trip featuring the music of Pink Floyd, has some racially related scenes which could be interpreted in two ways. Pink Floyd, a punk rock superstar group, has visions of leading a Nazistic political rally where "Jews and queers" are rounded up to be shot. Outside the stadium where this Triumph of the Will rally is being held, some Nordic skinhead toughs corral some Asians, replete with turbans, saris and other exotic attire, throw them out of their ethnic restaurant and proceed to trash the alien eatery. After the whites finish this chore, they happen upon a Negro male kissing and hugging a white girl in the back seat of his car. The whites smash the windows with chains, grab the Negro and thoroughly work him over. So far, so good! But then they tear the clothes off the white woman and rape her. To some minds this may be sick, but if she is handing out sex on a platter, she might at least have been more ethnically loyal.

701

□ I have now seen *Quest For Fire* in two drastically different venues: in a large shipboard theater with a mixed racial audience and in a smaller, more intimate screening room with an almost entirely black audience. The latter experience was a sight to behold. The blacks identified instantly with the cavemen. The entire movie from start to finish was accompanied by shouted translations of the wordless gestures and grunts of the savages into modern black jive. The blacks instantaneously comprehended the meaning of all the ape-like mouthings and grimacings.

095

□ In the recent film *Dr. Detroit*, Dan Akroyd, the late John Belushi's bosom buddy, plays the title role of a reluctant pimp whose "stable" includes an oriental, a black, a Jewess and a Nordic, each an outstanding representative of her race. In the film the four are treated as aesthetic equals, although in real life prostitutes resembling the first three are a dime a dozen, while one resembling the Nordic, if such a one even existed, would be exceedingly rare and would soon be taken "off the market" by the bidder with the most to offer.

In the course of making the film, one of Akroyd's four co-stars caught his eye. Indeed, this racial equalitarian was so taken with one of the four that he married her this past April. Which one of these four supposedly aesthetically equal young women did this supposedly racially unconscious guy fall for? He went for the Nordic (Donna Dixon). Was this merely a coincidence? A one-in-four blind chance? Or is Akroyd racially conscious and aware after all? One thing, however, is certain. Unlike the recent Miss America pageant, politics was not a factor in Akroyd's choice. It is easy, very easy, to believe that aesthetics was.

330

□ My Favorite Year, starring Peter O'Toole, wasn't good, but it wasn't the fault of the English star's acting. The plot concerns a Nordic swashbuckler who is a degenerate hedonist and self-destructive alcoholic. A nice New York Jewish boy, a TV comedy writer, worships this gorgeous goy and is assigned the task of safeguarding O'Toole while he is rehearsing for a TV skit. When his hero boozes it up, the Jew feels let down and angry. In the end, however, O'Toole reforms. In some respects, the film is a Majority allegory. For years Jews thought we were terrific. They loved us, even while they hated us. Now that we are such a race of bums, they hold us in contempt. But since the Jews themselves are so materialistic and so prone to atavism, if they don't have Gentiles to look up to, life becomes pretty impossible -- for them as well as for us.

835

□ Several weeks ago on WABC talk radio, host Ray Brean had as his guest two black extortionists who called themselves the Self Determination Committee. They stated that their organization is going to demand reparations from the

American government for all past injustices. Their goal is to secure \$500,000 plus land, goods and services for all black Americans. Every black who called in eagerly agreed to the demands of this committee. One hysterical Jew called in and reminded the blacks that the Jews treated them well, invited them to their homes, gave them jobs and educated them. The goyim, he said, were at the root of their problems. Later on the same station, host Ira Fastell had a new atrocity tale about Dr. Joseph Goebbels. Whenever the Nazi propaganda minister wanted his lawn mowed, he forced Jews to do it -- with their teeth.

100

□ The comments on *The Twilight Zone: The Movie* by Zip 121 in the September issue are interesting. He states that through the magic of science fiction the late Vic Morrow was able to experience the "terror of a black being chased by the Klan," the "fear of a Jew being persecuted by the Nazis" and the "horror felt by Vietnamese children being shot at by U.S. Marines." Just think what the movie would have been like if Hollywood were in the hands of Majority members. It would have enabled our people to experience the "terror of the white Southerner being chased by a pack of Reconstruction Negroes," "the fear of a postwar German being persecuted by the Jews" and the "horror felt by white children being shot at by Hispanics."

802

□ As Pauline Kael pointed out in her New Yorker review of the Oscar-winning film, *Ordinary People*, one of its important though unspoken messages was that it's better to be Jewish than WASPish. Mary Tyler Moore, who has some Hispanic genes, plays a cold, fastidious WASPess whose behavior is endangering her son's mental health, which is restored by a warm, caring Jewish shrink (Judd Hirsch). He helped "open the son up" -- which means making him more Jewish. Robert Redford deserves *Instauration's* Majority Renegade of the Year award for being the director. Timothy Hutton, who plays the son, is now out in a new movie, *The Book of Daniel*. Since this time his role is echt Jewish, his celluloid metamorphosis is apparently complete. Too bad he still has to be a goy in real life.

025

Majority Hero of the Year

Instaurationists have complained to the editor that the magazine should replace its annual feature, "Majority Renegade of the Year," with "Majority Hero of the Year." This is a difficult assignment because the former outnumber the latter 1,000 to 1. Nevertheless, after much searching, we have come up with a Majority Hero for 1983. He is John Ayers, 34, a Florida repairman.

Early one September evening Angela Vivier, a clerk at a Miami shopping center, decided to take a shortcut on her way home from work. As she drove down a dark stretch of road through a black neighborhood, a car suddenly pulled out in front of her. After the crash, Angela was unable to start her car. Slowly the animals gathered. One of them reached inside and tore a bracelet off Angela's wrist. Another grabbed her purse. A third started to climb in through the window that Angela had rolled down in her vain request for help and could not roll back up. The scene was all set for the increasingly common American ritual known as the black-on-white gang rape when John Ayers drove by in his van.

He fought his way through the mob, forced open Angela's damaged door and half-dragged, half-escorted her back to his van. It cost him several front teeth, a fractured jaw, and severe cuts and gashes on various parts of his body. But they made it back to his van and drove off. "I didn't do much," explained Ayers from his hospital bed. "I just stopped and drove her away. I fall pretty far short of a hero."

What else can we call a 5'5", 160-lb. white guy who rescues a white gal from the clutches of a howling mob of 50 to 100 anthropoids?

The ADL Hits the Tube

As if we weren't getting enough ADL propaganda on local and network TV, the Jewish "service organization" is now in the video cassette business. Its proudest offering to date is "The Demjanjuk Trial," the film report of the government's persecution of a 60-year-old autoworker, one of the latest targets of the Holocaust witch-hunters. On the testimony of witnesses flown in from Israel and documents supplied by the KGB, Demjanjuk has been stripped of his citizenship. He was charged with being a Treblinka guard who lied his way into the U.S.

Like so much of what the ADL says, the

video cassette's title is not quite the truth. The trial was not videotaped. The program, pieced together by the Cleveland *Jewish News*, is merely a 15-minute pot-pourri of slides and artists' drawings of the proceedings, spiced up with a lot of verbal and pictorial editorializing, including "archival footage of the camps."

Any Instaurationist who wants to help the ADL in its "educational" boobtubery may send \$40 (rental) or \$125 (purchase), specifying Beta or VHS format, to the Radio Film Department, Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, 823 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

With the order you might attach a note asking when a similar video cassette of the Frank Walus trial will be available. That was the trial where numerous Israeli witnesses committed perjury in the government's frantic attempt to deport a citizen who was working on a German farm far, far away from the death camp in which the "survivors" swore under oath he had been committing war crimes.

The Warren-Burger Court

The *Nation* (Sept. 17, 1983) appeared with a front-page article under the headline, "The Warren Court -- It Still Lives." For once the fossilized magazine, which after all these years can't find anything more original to do than smear Joe McCarthy and whitewash the Rosenbergs, was right. Indeed, the *New York Review*, the eggheads' *Nation*, came out with a similar article a week earlier. "During the past 14 years," the *Nation* pointed out, "Republican presidents have appointed two-thirds of the Court's members. Yet the Warren Court's legacy persists, weakened in some areas, strengthened in others. How can that be explained?"

The question has a rather simple answer, though it was carefully avoided by the *Nation's* writer. First of all, the Nogood Nine is much more political than judicial and is most learned in the politicians' tricks for survival. Second, like all other branches of government, it is deathly afeared of the media and knows full well it will get a minimum of criticism and few threats of violence if it never strays too far from the liberal-minority line. Third, even if the so-called conservative justices are economic and political conservatives (less government, more free market), they are social liberals (affirmative action, moral permissiveness, protection of criminals, proselytes of equalitarianism). Since the social aspects of liberalism far outweigh the economic aspects of conservatism in the *Nation's* (and the nation's) ideological

pantheon, the Supreme Court, despite the occasional lapses of Burger, O'Connor and the consistent lapses of Rehnquist, is still "left on!"

As Anthony Lewis writes in the *New York Review* (Sept. 9, 1983), "The controversial Warren Court doctrines . . . are more securely rooted now than they were in 1969 [and] accepted by the Burger Court as the premise of constitutional decision making . . . [T]he reach of earlier decisions on racial equality . . . has been enlarged."

Lewis ticks off the reasons he thinks so highly of the Burger Bench:

1. Approval of busing as a judicial remedy for school segregation.
2. Various measures to protect the power of the press.
3. Removal of tax-exemption from "racist" private schools.

Though he didn't mention them specifically, Lewis must also have been mightily pleased by the Court's refusal to review lower court rulings upholding the constitutionality of Boston's firing white firemen with seniority to keep blacks on the payroll and of banning handguns in Morton Grove, Illinois. The Nogooders' ducking of these issues represented two more victories for the liberal-minority coalition and showed that the guardians of the Constitution these days are more interested in subverting it than defending it. There is nothing in the Constitution, for example, that gives blacks preference in jobs and the Eighth Amendment specifically gives citizens the right to bear arms. Lewis explicates the Court's "extraordinary resistance to decline" by the habit of conservative justices to lean on *stare decisis* (don't monkey with precedent). *Instauration* would use a more accurate term, *stare ignavia*, the cowardly habit of letting liberalism and minority racism have their way.

The hero of both the Warren Court and the present-day Burger Court is, the *Nation* and the *New York Review* both agree, Justice Brennan, the fanatic liberalogue and (like Warren) second-generation American, who is portrayed as a legislative Einstein whose wisdom and judicial finesse overawe his colleagues to the point where he can put together a voting majority of befuddled justices by a few lapidary remarks. Actually, Brennan's opinions are so replete with equalitarian rote (and rot) they could be written by a robot programmed with a course outline of Political Science 101 at Harvard.

White Pogroms

Another book that reeks of minority racism has come off the press, *The Dark Fantastic* (Mysterious Press, NY, \$13.95, limited edition, \$50.00). The author is the Brooklyn-born detective story writer, Stanley Ellin, who audaciously says he is a

Quaker. He has written a hate-loaded polemic against an oldline Dutch-descended New Yorker with terminal cancer who, while not busy debauching a Negro girl, plans to blow up the apartment building he owns, killing himself and all his hated black tenants.

We hear more and more about hate literature these days, but nothing equals this book in its portrayal of the lecherous, paranoid old Majority villain, whose hideous crime was stopped in the nick of time by a dashing Italian private eye and his beautiful Negro girlfriend. The ultimate effect of such writing, reinforced by the incessant TV and press vendetta, can only stir up racial violence against Majority members, violence that could easily lead in time to a series of localized massacres. But these, if they should occur, will probably go down in history as "good pogroms." And by then, Ellin or his descendants will be safely holed up in another country, whose people they will then proceed to vilify with books similar to *The Dark Fantastic*.

Sensational Resumé

Job-seeking Dr. Sidney Friedman had an eyebrow-raising resumé:

Inventor of a 6-megabit integrated circuit (256 kilobits is the state of the art)

Inventor of a scanner that can see through walls.

Holder of 300 patents.

Chief scientist or consultant to U.S. presidents, foreign governments, international banks, as well as IBM and Texas Instruments.

Author of several books, including one on epitaxial reactors.

Fluent in 13 languages.

Doctorates in engineering and physics from both Cambridge and Oxford.

Extremely impressed, Seagate Technology, a California scientific firm, lost no time in offering Friedman a salary of \$95,000, moving expenses of \$1,500, a new Corvette and \$12,000 for custom-tailored suits of imported English wool.

Once in his new job, Friedman demanded and received \$1,000 to entertain 15 German Ph.D.s and 25 German secretaries, who were flying in from the Vaterland with \$20 million worth of orders. When no one showed, Friedman's employers belatedly did some checking. Alas, Dr. Friedman was no doctor. His only kudo was a degree in chemistry from Washington College in Chesterton, Maryland. Worse, he had been bouncing checks all over town since he had been hired, while still on probation from a similar spree in southern California. At last report, Friedman was in the Santa Clara County clink, in lieu of \$100,000 bail.

Seagate may be high in tech, but it's higher in gullibility.

Nuclear Gossip

The Jewish media is overflowing with rumors about secret negotiations being carried on between Israel and India concerning the alleged Pakistani bomb. Although Indira Gandhi's government has one or more atomic bombs of its own, it would be most pleased, say the rumor mongers, if Israel would "take out" Pakistan's nuclear facilities, just as it "took out" the Iraqi reactor. India is supposed to have gone on record as promising to assist Israel in its reactor bashing in any way possible.

Another hot item in the Jewish press is that Egypt planned to use Soviet-made nuclear weapons against Israel in the 1973 war if tanks with six-pointed stars had reached Cairo or Damascus. According to retired U.S. Air Force General George Keegan, a Soviet freighter unloaded what amounted to a whole nuclear arsenal in Alexandria, Egypt, in October 1973. Simultaneously, a bunch of officers in the Soviet Strategic Rocket Command landed at the Cairo International Airport. While all this was going on, the Israelis, recovering from their initial defeat in the Yom Kippur war and rearmed to the teeth by a massive U.S. airlift, crossed the Suez Canal and were within 50 miles of Cairo. The gist of the story is that the nuclear threat, not diplomacy, brought about the cease fire.

How true is this late-blooming tale? Well, General Keegan, one of the most rabid Zionist fellow travelers in captivity, has received wads of money and publicity for working, writing and speaking for the Zionist cause.

One more nuclear tidbit: Secretary-General Edem Kodjo of Togo announced at the 19th summit of the Organization for African Unity in Addis Ababa last June that it was "the duty of the African states" to go nuclear and build atomic bombs to drop on South Africa, which he claimed already has more than a few.

Unfair Play

Talk about dirty tricks! Douglas Dodds-Parker, a senior officer in Britain's Special Operations Executive, should have been hired by Nixon as Chief Plumber in the Watergate affair. Among Dodds-Parker's many claims to fame, as revealed in his confessional book *Setting Europe Ablaze* (Springwood, 1983):

- Arming and abetting the French assassin of Admiral Darlan on Christmas Eve 1942.

- Masterminding the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich, the Nazi boss of Czechoslovakia, which led to the destruction of Lidice.

- Impregnating German blankets and

underwear destined for the Eastern Front with itching powder.

- Handing out stink bombs to underground Greek Communists to throw in theaters frequented by German occupation forces.

- Changing destination cards on French freight cars.

The *New York Times* reviewer was enthralled, praising Dodds-Parker for his "candid, often light-handed style" and "the seriousness with which he and other Britons of his generation took the war."

Dodds-Parker writes that at one time he was a close associate of General Orde Wingate, the super-Zionist, non-Jewish hero of the Israeli army, which he trained so expertly in the art of murdering and rooting out Palestinians. Dodds-Parker describes how Wingate, a wacky, later-day John Brown, held a news conference "on his bed, wearing only a shirt, brushing his lower anatomy with a hairbrush."

The Brits once were known for fair play. Who would have ever thought that a colonel in the elite Grenadier Guards, which is what Dodds-Parker was, would descend to the level of a combination Mafia-type hitman and dirty-tricker Watergater -- and then have the gall to boast about it?

Edmund Burke may have been on the right track:

[T]he age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever.

Who Lit the Match?

With a pathos so intense it almost equals glee, the press has been reporting a fearful outbreak of anti-Semitism in Hartford, Connecticut. Someone tried to burn down the home of State Representative Joan Kemler on Yom Kippur, the holiest of holy days to an ardent temple-goer like herself. That Mrs. Kemler's synagogue had been set afire a few weeks earlier was salt in the wound. Other arson attacks were directed against another synagogue and a rabbi's domicile.

Police had three suspects, one of them an unemployed, middle-aged, divorced rabbi who, after having been fired from his job in a kosher meat market, had sent threatening letters to his ex-boss. The Jewish Defense League, however, agreed with the media that the firebug or bugs had to belong to an anti-Semitic gang. This gave the JDLers the excuse to mount a vigilante patrol in the area.

In its souped-up report of the anti-Semitic doings in Hartford, *Newsweek* was too incensed to mention that one of the suspects was Jewish.

One More Coverup

A recently declassified 36-page State Department memorandum dated May 15, 1947, on the subject of illegal immigration in Italy shortly after World War II, has implicated prominent American Jewish organizations in criminal activities. The memo was signed by Vincent La Vista, at that time U.S. military attaché in Rome. La Vista specifically accused the (all-Jewish) American Joint Distribution Committee, which in those days was supported by the highest levels of the federal government, as well as some of the country's most prominent Jews, of engaging in black market operations, espionage and other forms of lawlessness. Some of the people sent to the U.S. by Joint were known to be Russian agents. Some were not even Jews, but Yugoslavs or other Slavic Stalinists who used their endorsements from Jewish refugee organizations to gain entry into various Western countries.

According to La Vista, Jewish relief groups in Italy in 1947 acted as a vast criminal underground, which among other enterprises, operated a ferry service of LTC landing craft from Yugoslavia across the Adriatic to Bari, smuggling in vast numbers of illegals, most of whom eventually found their way to Western Europe, the New World and Palestine.

These same Jewish groups received large amounts of food and clothing from the United Nations for their displaced persons camps. Since the number of inmates in the camps determined the amount of food and clothing received, the camp administrators greatly inflated the head count so they could sell the extra material on the black market. The cash was then used to finance the illegal operations. Although La Vista gave names and addresses of the Jewish agents and groups involved, apparently nothing was ever done by the U.S. government or anyone else to stop the dirty work. That's why La Vista's top-secret memo remained top secret until a few months ago, when it was released under the Freedom of Information Act.

Ironically, the first extended coverage given to La Vista's report appeared in the journal, *Reform Judaism* (spring and summer 1983). Not a word was devoted to the Jewish activities. The entire article concerned La Vista's report on Vatican relief organizations, which were doing for refugee Catholics (some of them Nazis) what the Jewish groups were doing for Jews and Communists. The Pope's minions, however, did not soil their hands in black marketeering and sent most of their displaced persons to South America. Hence the concentration of Catholic Nazis in Argentina.

2.5% Filchers

It was the biggest triple-headed financial swindle of recent times. Alan David Saxon (né Margolis), proud owner of a Learjet, a Masarati, a Porsche and a Mercedes Benz, committed suicide after he had fleeced 30,000 customers out of \$60 million by selling them precious metals receipts for nonexistent precious metals. His Bullion Reserve of North America turned out to be reserveless. Where had all the gold and silver gone? No one knew; and mayhap no one will ever know.

A few weeks earlier came news that Mark Rich had overcharged citizens of his adopted country, the U.S., nearly \$100 million for sorely needed oil during the Iranian revolution. The Justice Department charged him and his pal, Pincus Green, with tax evasion, racketeering and mail fraud. The IRS said Rich, who owns half of 20th-Century Fox with Marvin Davis, the Denver oil tycoon, cheated the U.S. Treasury out of some \$48 million in taxes. The press called it the biggest tax dodge in history.

But it was small potatoes compared to the Newhouse tax fraud, which surfaced at about the same time. The two Newhouse brothers, Sam Jr. and Donald, who run one of the largest and reputedly the most profitable of American media empires, apparently defrauded the government of \$609 million by understating the value of father Sam's huge estate by as much as \$1,053,000,000. The IRS is demanding \$914 million, which includes \$305 million in penalties.

Is it merely a coincidence, merely an accident of history, merely a trick of fate, merely one more proof of the randomness of human affairs that all of the above gentlemen belong to an ethnic group which, according to the latest count of its own enumerators, comprises a tiny 2.5% of the American population?

Bad Seed

After Robert Kennedy Jr. had almost passed out in an airliner's lavatory, his field bag was opened by local authorities when the plane landed in South Dakota. It contained heroin. Bobby Jr. was arrested and could get two years in the pen. But he won't, although he has a previous arrest for marijuana possession and was a very close friend of the Zionist Senate staffer, the "brilliant" Eric Breindel, who recently pleaded guilty to heroin possession. Currently, the 29-year-old son of the late Robert Kennedy is holed up in a New Jersey drug rehabilitation center.

In 1979 brother David also entered a drug rehabilitation program after he was

robbed and beaten in a Harlem hotel frequented by heroin addicts. David is now working for Mortimer Zuckerman's *Atlantic* monthly.

Another young Kennedy, Joseph III, was found guilty of negligent driving in 1973 in a Jeep accident that left his female companion paralyzed for life. Joe now heads a nonprofit energy corporation in Boston.

Christopher Lawford, the son of Patricia Kennedy Lawford, JFK's sister, and her divorced husband, faded and jaded actor Peter Lawford, was arrested in 1979 for obtaining narcotics with a false prescription.

Uncle Ted, of course, committed a much worse crime at Chappaquiddick, and it was recently hinted by columnist Jack Anderson that he, like nephew Robert, also uses drugs. Fat Face, after returning from an air trip to Alaska with a Rothschild, where they broke the local law by landing in a walrus sanctuary and where a member of the party absconded with a \$200 ivory tusk, recently had a silly confab with Jerry Falwell. Teddy's sister-in-law, Ethel, the mother of Bobby Jr., is, according to Washington gossip, a compulsive shoplifter.

In spite of their major and minor crimes, not one scion of the Kennedy clan has been sentenced to jail. But John V. Lindsay Jr., son of the renegadeish ex-New York mayor, got six months last September for selling cocaine to an undercover officer. The Lindsays, being WASPs, do not have as high an IQ (Invulnerability Quotient) as the Kennedys. Lindsay Jr., 23 and 6'6", was put away by an Irish-American judge, George McInerney.

Nice Multiracialists

Featured on a recent Phil Donahue show were a couple named the DeBolts. Now in their fifties, they both had children from their previous marriages: she five, he one. What made them Donahue material was their subsequent adoption of 14 children with various handicaps from what seemed like nearly every race on the face of the earth. Seven of these kids were up on stage with the DeBolts. Only one of them, a blind teenage boy, was white. The DeBolts' "United Nations" family is fast becoming the liberal-minority ideal for future American society. The parents in such cases are invariably white, which is only fitting since whites are expected to take the lead in endorsing and practicing multiracialism.

The show quickly became an hour-long stroking session for the DeBolts, as Phil pranced about the studio, mike in hand, with a beatific smile. Yes, that smile said, this is a very good thing, unlike all the racism, sexism and militarism we regularly see about us in this miserable bigoted

world.

Inevitably, a member of the audience asked the couple how they handled the racial differences within their household. Mrs. DeBolt's answer was entirely predictable: the children were taught that they were human beings first and foremost, and race was only a matter of cultural enrichment. All the children, not just the black ones, were taught about Martin Luther King Jr. And they all shared various ethnic meals. This cheerful, pleasantly packaged ideology -- that race is little more than a topic of dinner conversation -- is our modern orthodoxy. It was surely very hard for the average viewer, overcome with the essential goodness of the DeBolts, to resist its appeal.

The DeBolts were an interesting couple. The wife, a vivacious, blue-eyed blonde, referred to her Swedish-Dutch heritage, and the husband also had some Scandinavian genes. Both were unquestionably energetic, positive, attractive individuals who deeply believed in what they were doing. Yet looking at them, one could not avoid being aware of their tragic flaw -- that curious combination of openness, frankness, naivete and near-total obliviousness towards the interests of their own race.

Clearance for a Big Mouth

When Stephen Bryen was a key staffer on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he was overheard offering U.S. military secrets to Israeli officials in a Washington hotel. A sworn affidavit to this effect was sent to the Justice Department, which then launched an investigation. This action prompted a 1979 Justice Department memo, only one of whose six pages was made public, and even this page was heavily censored.

When nothing seemed to be happening, the National Association of Arab Americans filed a Freedom of Information Act request for copies of government documents concerning Bryen. Three months later the NAAA was notified that 600 pages would be sent along as soon as they were processed.

Two and a half years later the Justice Department notified the NAAA that the files had been lost! In the meantime, the Defense Department granted Bryen top security clearance and put him in charge of the Pentagon's technology transfer program (to make it easier for him to transfer sensitive info to his friends?).

Last April the NAAA sued the Justice Department to try to force it to find the files or explain why they had been lost. In May, Justice reversed itself and said the files had been found. Litigation to get the relevant material is continuing. Meanwhile, Bryen has been promoted to a new Defense De-

partment job -- deputy assistant secretary for International Trade and Security Policy.

The memo seems to indicate that Bryen's lawyer is opposing a full investigation. Wonder why? If Bryen did turn out to be a 24-karat spy for Israel, he'd probably get boosted to even better jobs -- like head of the CIA or president of the Ford Foundation or chief justice of Israel's Supreme Court.

Defending the Truly Weak

"Grandpa" was a darling monkey, a rare 15-inch-tall, stump-tail macaque from Asia. The man paid to clean his cage, Horace Canty, 26, of Brooklyn, has been called a "beast," an "ape" and an "animal" for what he did to Grandpa on July 23, names for which we people must apologize to the Critters Anti-Defamation League. Canty says Grandpa "pulled my braid," so he turned a hose spouting scalding 180° water onto the playful monkey. It spent the next 10 days in torment before dying of burns over its neck, legs and backside.

The International Primate Protection League (P.O. Drawer X, Summerville, SC 29483) deserves commendation for sending an emergency appeal to its readers for action against the incredibly negligent New York City Parks and Recreation Department, an appeal which produced an article in the *New York Daily News* showing the faces of Canty and of a macaque side by side. The pictorial comparison was unforgettable.

Not only did Canty scald the monkey, but a fellow worker (race unspecified) who saw it cry out in agony failed to report the incident. The next day, a visitor to the Prospect Park (Brooklyn) Zoo notified officials that the monkey was screaming and ripping out its fur in pain. The day after that, the officials got around to calling a vet. And, the day after that, the vet got around to arriving. Even then Grandpa was not hospitalized. Canty's job, by the way, required him to make daily reports which described in writing any injuries to animals.

Shirley McGreal of the Primate League asked primate lovers to write Mayor Koch at City Hall, New York, NY 10007, and demand the immediate closing of Prospect Park Zoo (which has an appalling record of violence to its animals), and the firing of all employees directly or indirectly responsible for Grandpa's agonizing death. Canty could receive a one-year sentence for an "unclassified misdemeanor," the least time that this indecent primate should spend behind bars.

They Can Choose; We Can't

Since its incorporation in 1972, the National Black United Fund has been saying, in effect, "When you give through us, you do feel like you're helping some people at the expense of others," and "Thanks to you, it works. For some of us."

The Black United Fund has been busy organizing black employees in the federal government, some state and city governments, Bell Laboratories and IBM, to demand they be allowed to contribute to it through automatic payroll deductions. In the past, the multiracial United Way has had a virtual monopoly on such deductions, which many an employee has found it all but impossible to circumvent.

In 1968, a black activist named Walter Bremond had the thoroughly racist idea of getting whites to continue helping blacks (through the United Way), while every black penny would go to other blacks (through a "Black United Way"). Though his brainstorm has encountered some well-deserved opposition, Bell Labs, as of last December, had awarded a special \$50,000 grant (beyond its employees' deductions) and the San Francisco United Way, working in partnership, had forked over \$100,000. Some of this money goes to outfits like the National Conference of Black Lawyers.

Consider the possibilities. A \$12,000-a-year white clerk, driven from his old neighborhood by rowdy blacks, forced into debt to send his two children to a private school, has part of his meager salary lifted by the United Way (opposition would mean no promotion). The United Way hands over part of the loot to a black racist fund which in turn gives part to a group of \$50,000-a-year black activist lawyers -- who are working on new busing and "fair housing" schemes.

Ponderable Quote

At any given moment there is an orthodoxy, a body of ideas which it is assumed that all right-thinking people will accept without question. It is not exactly forbidden to state this or that or the other, but it is "not done" Anyone who challenges the prevailing orthodoxy finds himself silenced with surprising effectiveness. A genuinely unfashionable opinion is almost never given a fair hearing, either in the popular press or in the highbrow periodicals.

George Orwell



Cholly Bilderberger



"The drive to sexual equality, understanding and supportiveness is making incredible strides," says Olaf Jorgensen in a recent article in *The Journal of Societal Trends and Patterns*. The noted sociologist worked with such fashion experts as Maizee Hamilton, Betty Hornbull and Sonia Beringger-Floss in discovering that, among other new trends, "men are starting to shave their legs and armpits. Of course, the gays have been doing that for years, for sexual reasons, but the new fashion is attracting exclusively heterosexual men who shave for the same reason women do — it's more considerate. A professional football player says, 'We men are shocked when we see an unshaven armpit or leg on a woman, but until now we haven't been men enough to face the fact that women are just as offended by a man's hairy armpit and leg. They've just been too polite to complain.' 'I like the feeling of neatness and crispness,' says a stockbroker (and father of five). 'I usually shave twice a week, and when I'm done I feel so much better.' Betty Hornbull says, 'The shaved man is so much more of a man.' Sonia Beringger-Floss says, 'It not only looks better, it feels better.' " Olaf Jorgensen sees the trend working from the male fashion leaders to all ranks of society: "It will be like any other permanent change in male habits. There will always be a group — concentrated in the lower economic classes — which will never shave. But they will be measurably outnumbered by those who do. The forces pushing men and women to a single standard are irresistible." "The unisex dream is not utopian," Maizee Hamilton insists, "but a realizable reality, thank God!"

* * *

Liberal circles in New York and Washington are buzzing over a very prominent author's current work in progress. This author, heretofore conservative but never guilty of racism, has come up with a staggering revision of the number of Jews in the United States -- from six to seventeen million. "He has done a very silly and unscientific thing," says Amanda Livingston, director of the Mailer Institute and a board member of Holocaust, Inc. "He contends that the six-million base figure comes from religious sources and only counts those Jews who have some sort of synagogue affiliation. This leaves, according to him, many uncounted Jews. So what did he do? He obtained more or less official Jewish figures for Jewish populations in two relatively small towns and then did his own 'head count,' using his own canvassers (probably rabid racists). He naturally found a higher number than the Jewish estimates. He then — can you imagine this! — extrapolated that difference against the overall six million and came up with seventeen million. And — hold your hat — that includes over two million survivors of the Holocaust camps." "We shall certainly stop publication of his book," says Augustus

Charles Schuyler, chairman of the Elie Wiesel for President movement. "I don't believe that any reputable publishers will touch it anyhow, but we're going to make sure." Morley King, organizer of the AIDS telethon; Moshe Glickstein, the critic; Paul Belshield, the banker; Jenny Burden, the socialite; and Jim Larson, head of Iowans Against Another Masada, have joined in the formation of a hush-hush ad hoc committee to stop the wild smear. "Two million death camp survivors!" snorts Yitznap Areshnap, the tympanist. "I guess Hitler missed a lot," says Patricia Astor, Alan Baunmess's current, "but that seems awfully high."

* * *

Potpourri: Jim Weatherbee, the Village eccentric who claims he wrote all of Saul Bellows' books, and a few of Bernard Malamud's, has been arrested for currency fraud. "How can I commit currency fraud when I have no money?" he asked as he was jailed. A long stay in Bellevue for personality evaluation is next for Jim . . . Jack Yardley, of Chicago, who designed the WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING A WIMP? bumper sticker, was recently robbed and sodomized in the Windy City. From his hospital bed, he is marketing a sequel sticker, NOTHING, IF YOU STAY HOME . . . And Lennie and Lottie Propho have offered their lavish apartment to Toussaintesse St. Lazaire D'Estaingelle, the Haitian dancer and poetess who is currently suffering from AIDS. Toussaintesse, the former lover of Margaret (Puggy) Catchpole, is now dating Errol (Tall Enough) Tewksbury, the basketball great. "I am more than aware of the great generosity of the Prophos in offering their very beautiful dwelling to Toussaintesse while they are in China," Errol told us. "As to whether I will be moving in with her, I doubt it at this point in time. To be frank, I was unaware that she had AIDS when we first met. I probably have it now, so I could go on dating her -- and date her at the Prophos as well as any place, probably better and easier in fact, because of all their outstanding facilities. Certainly faster. But that would make AIDS almost a certainty for me, and I have to think not only of my own career and what it means, but also there's my responsibility to my teammates. Why, even now they are avoiding me in and out of the locker room. Toussaintesse and I have a lot of talking to do." The Prophos will be seeing all the very important people in China as they try to tap that country's great potential as a market for X-rated films, massage parlors and adult book stores.

* * *

Our Man in Washington reports that several senators have expressed private approval of a huge fountain and sculpture on the Mall to commemorate black freedom. "It

would be sort of a Bernini-like intertwining of figures," according to J. Stonington Adams, director of the National Committee for the Liberation of the Arts. "George Washington Carver and Cab Calloway and Frederick Douglass and Malcolm X and Marcus Garvey and Muhammad Ali and Dr. King and Count Basie — and lots more — in the nude and embracing each other. If there isn't room for it, we can always tear something else down to make room." . . . Ronald Reagan continuing his sessions on memory control with Rabbi R. Cohen Raftgush . . . A prominent Supreme Court justice the victim of sexual assault in a public restroom near the White House. For various reasons, including the age of the assailants, the matter has been hushed up. A highly respected *Washington Post* editorial writer has said, of suppressing such news, "We are not in the business of airing dirty linen." . . . Schlomo Vasectovitch, the video games tycoon, has offered his tremendous collection of modern art to Washington if the city (and the federal government) will rename Georgetown as Vasectovich Village. He is rumored to have strong support from Senator Daniel Moynihan.

* * *

Sounds in the Night: Potter Bostwick, the alcoholic racist, in Michael's Pub, saying loudly and abrasively, "The next thing you know, Congress will create a national holiday for Martin Luther King." Andrea Sedgwick, who was with Potter, tried in vain to convince him that Congress had already done just that. "Impossible," Potter kept saying. "They'd no more do that than they'd create one for me." . . . The cries of Olive Garrity, a sixty-three-year-old anthropologist as she was forced into an open manhole near Lincoln Center by colleagues from Columbia. She had shown what one of them later termed "malicious pleasure in denigrating Margaret Mead." Charges against them were dismissed by Judge Kinglsey Partridge, who said, "Margaret Mead is part of us now, and attacking her is like attacking a part of your own body." As far as can be determined, Garrity is still somewhere in the NYC sewer system. "A good place for her," says Hernando Hirschhorn, one of the attorneys for SSMM — Stop Smearing Margaret Mead — the group formed last summer by Amanda Livingston and one of John Derek's ex-wives.

* * *

Social event of the week was the glittering AIDS and Organ Transplant Ball at the St. Regis, attended by *tout* New York (and plenty of Philadelphia and points south) . . . John Updike rumored to be set to write the new Knopf biography of Hitler, which should be a blockbuster. Based on the latest research, it will show that Hitler was quite aware of every detail in the death camps, and actually spent most of his weekends at Dachau, disguised as a lowly SS sergeant, in order to work the controls on the gassing ovens personally . . . Sutter Lang, dining alone in the Rainbow Grill, his left arm in a cast and his right foot in a huge bandage . . . Barbara Hellmann, generous as well as rich, is pumping money into *Hasidic!*, the financially troubled musical in which Cary Grant is being coaxed out of retirement to play Tenoye Caskard, the lovable 19th-century rabbi from Lodz who later cornered the world market in indigo, mar-

ried into the British aristocracy, and ended his days as a firm militarist ("The Battle for the Mideast will be won on the playing fields of Eton") and supporter of the royal family ("They can always be counted on.")

* * *

Into town last week came the Reverend Vance Layback, head of Christians for Israelites and Against Arab Terrorists, the fundamentalist group which boasts a multimillion membership and "dye-rect access to the Knesset," as Layback puts it. Over lunch in his Manhattan pied-à-terre (a charming thirteen-room duplex at One Beekman), he outlined his dreams for the future.

"I see a spontaneous uprising," he intoned over the *coeur de filet en chemise au poivre vert* prepared by his French chef — ("I just can't get enough of these gourmet treats!") "I see a great surge of emotion on behalf of the Jews in this country and against the anti-Semites. I see — I have a dream — an organization which can take over from the ADL and the JDL, with their slender resources and gallantly few numbers, in curbing the excesses of the racists."

"Vance-darling has a dream" interjected Drusanda Marbell, his current constant. In her late teens, Drusanda, the former Miss Starkville (Mississippi), heads Christian Youth for Recognizing Jerusalem as the Capital Of Israel, a minor spinoff of Vance's CFIAAAT.

"It's a real dream," Layback confided. "I have it every night. I see the old hard-riding veterans of the War Between the States organizing the original Klan — the decent Klan — and carrying the message of terror out to all those poor shivering blacks, and then the scene shifts to modern times, and I see decent white men of today — all what you'd call Bumblebees . . ."

"He means Wasps," Drusanda explained, daintily finishing off a chocolate sundae.

"I thought it was Bumblebees," Layback said. "Well, some kind of hornet. Anyhow, all these Wasps gather together to form a new organization. I even see the name in my dreams: the Ju Jux Jan. Yes, I know it sounds like the . . . other name . . . but the Scripture tells us that you have to take what you can from your enemies and then smite them with it."

His eyes were alight now, and after a deep draught of Château Lafite, he went on, suffused with his vision. "The Ju Jux Jan could do all the policing and monitoring, and free the ADL and the JDL from the stigma of having to discipline the anti-Semites. In the JJJ of my dreams, every section of the country has a local group, or Javern, headed by a Jugle. And they are on the lookout constantly. Let's say, for instance, that a newspaper editor in a small town prints something critical of Israel. The Jugle immediately calls a meeting of all the members of the local Javern, and they get right into Ju Jux Jan Combat Uniform — I see it as a sort of outer garment, big enough to go over a business suit, and resembling those garments worn that looked like togas that Jews wore in Biblical times. For security reasons they need to conceal their identity, and what could be better and more symbolic than a wig made like the hairdo of the late, and very great, Golda Meir, and pulled low over the eyes. Then dark glasses and one of those skullcaps —

yarmokka, or whatever they call it — on top. Not only a perfect disguise, but also designed to strike terror into the hearts of the anti-Semites."

Drusanda rolled her eyes and sipped her diet cola. "What a picture! They storm out of their Javern, carrying Uzi submachine guns and whips, and tear through town in cars with blacked-out windows. And everyone in town is cowering behind their jalousies and whispering, 'There goes the Jan. Someone is going to get it, and I'm glad it's not me.' They arrive at the racist editor's house and set up a big — and I mean big — Star of David made out of gasoline-soaked wood on the front lawn and light it. What a fire! It can be seen for miles, and everyone in town shivers some more. Then they go in and get that editor, and bring him out and get those whips ready and . . . well, you can imagine the rest."

"The second time they step out of line calls for tar and feathers," said Drusanda. "Third time is what they used to call lynching. But in Vance-darling's dream, they have a new word for it — Jan-gling. Get it?"

"That'll do," Layback said, and returned to the dream. "I see Ju Jux Jan membership in seven figures! I see prominent Americans — governors, senators, representatives, Supreme Court justices, state and federal officials, lawyers, doctors, the cream of our professional men — leading our white trash. Leading them to glory for the sake of God's Chosen People! I have a dream!"

"Wives of JJJ members will be called Ju-esses, and children will be Ju-niors," said Drusanda. "Get it?"

"The JJJ won't fear penetration by the FBI or any other law enforcement agency," Layback cried, overwhelmed by his vision, "because practically all of them will be with us! Why, even the President may be one of us!"

"The Juggernaut Juggle himself," Drusanda said. Layback was suddenly pensive, and she clapped her hand to her mouth. "Oh, I forgot. Vance-darling has to be the Juggernaut Juggle."

Layback cheered up and said, "In the case of the President, I guess there could be co-Juggernauts." Then, briskly: "Anyhow, that's my dream -- the JJJ to supplant the JDL, with its woefully small numbers, as the real paramilitary force against anti-Semitism in the United States. What do you think?"

Before we could answer, Drusanda said, "But there's more. How JJJ social outings are going to be Jan-borees. And all those quotations from the JJJ Field Manual — 'Bring back the Irgun with your gun,' and 'Love your anti-Semitic neighbor . . . to death,' and 'Race is base,' and . . ."

"That's enough," Layback said, laying an index finger to his lips with exaggerated care. "Let's not give away every little detail of the dream, hear?"

We agreed, pointing out that some things are best left unsaid, and departed. As we left, we could hear in swift succession the Reverend's voice raised in anger, then the sound of breaking pottery, and finally Drusanda's tentative contralto launching into "The Ju Jux Jan Forever," sung to the tune of "Sweet Georgia Brown."

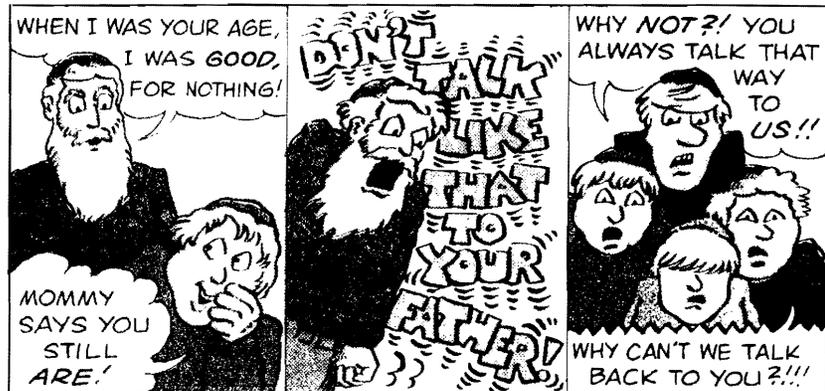
Goyish-looking Jews

Although *Instauration* of late has been expending a lot of print on the Aesthetic Prop, we cannot resist mentioning the most recent minority anomaly -- a Jewish superman. He appears in a bimonthly comic book, *Mendy and the Golem*. Although all the principal characters are Jewish, not one looks like a Jew. Mendy, the smart young aleck, is blond. His father resembles an 1849 California gold prospector; his mother could be anyone; his brothers are reddish blond; the superman Golem is faceless.

The dialogue, however, is entirely Jewish and is crammed with Yiddishisms and nightclub one-liners. Sample:

The father says, "Kids, I want you to be good for a change." Mendy replies, "How much change?" The brothers chime in, "A quarter? Fifty cents? A dollar?"

Actually, *Mendy and the Golem* (32 pages, 32,000 circulation) is not all that bad. It is put out by Orthodox Jews (four rabbis look it over carefully before publication) and there is a lot of stress on



Every last one of them is blond!

family loyalty, clean living, morality -- and violence and pornography come in for scathing criticism. But on the minus side there is the deliberate portrayal, in a totally Jewish publication, of Jews who don't bear the slightest resemblance to Jews. *Mendy* is utterly faithful to Jewish

speech and mannerisms, and utterly unfaithful to the Jewish phenotype.

Which leads us to surmise that the Aesthetic Prop is the one aspect of present-day American life from which Jews don't wish to dissociate themselves.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

The purpose of *Instauration* is to change opinion by revealing so much that has been concealed. Inevitably, this is a long-term project, and awakened members of the Majority may be excused for regarding it as a cowardly alternative to immediate action. The trouble with immediate action is that it is most unlikely to be successful at this stage -- the relatively small numbers of those committed to our survival, and the wall of misrepresentation which surrounds them, make it easy to isolate them. That is why those who favour immediate action are usually people with little to lose. We all admire the man who dares to be a Daniel and sympathise with Sir Henry Wotton's seventeenth-century picture of the ideal yeoman:

*How happily is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.*

But Wotton himself was no yeoman. He was a subtle ambassador, who defined himself as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." The uncomfortable truth is that prudence and foresight are evolutionary characteristics, and those who lack them soon find themselves in difficulties. *Suggestio falsi* is to be avoided, because it undermines the self-confidence of its practitioners, but *suppressio veri* may occasionally be a condition of survival.

Am I therefore arguing for inaction? Far from it. Nor am I saying that the self-sacrifice of those who come out into the open is by any means wasted. The power of example is very great, though it is most unlikely at this stage to be decisive. What I am saying is that we can radically reshape our societies by the way in which we live, and that we can best appeal to the very silent majority by demonstrating that common sense and the need for survival dictate action against the very real threat of replacement by the minorities. Once we get this message across, I guarantee there will be enough action to satisfy the most committed activist. The greatest danger is that Majority anger will be frustrated through redirection into another pointless war.

Our cause may be furthered through the existence of secret groups among ourselves, but my experience of such groups is that in so far as they become effective they cease to be secret. As Sir Oswald Mosley used to say, it is a rare man that can keep a secret from his own wife. On the other hand, dedication to an idea automatically creates the likelihood of cooperation among its adherents. This, rather than any system of signs and passwords, is what matters.

Both in the propagation of our point of view and in our

daily lives, I think that negative rather than positive selection should be our watchword. In winning over the fence-sitters, we should stress the obvious defects of our enemies and the threat to our survival rather than the virtues of a hypothetical future society. Listening enraptured to *Parsifal*, letting the overwhelming *Zukunftsmusik* wash over one like a tidal wave, as the hero does in Simon Gray's *Otherwise Engaged*, is all very well, but not likely to win over any of the ghastly people who interrupt him one after another. At the end of the play, he and his best friend do drown themselves in *Parsifal* once more, just as we shall be able to when we have transformed massive Majority inertia into momentum. Meanwhile, a new society can most easily emerge by way of reaction to what we see around us, and we can leave the manufacture of blueprints to those with the time and talent for such things.

But there is one highly effective way of maintaining one's sanity and improving one's prospects: eliminate as many problem-makers as possible from one's immediate circle. We have a special duty towards problem-makers within our families, and are usually in a position to modify, if not alter, their behaviour. For example, I have made it crystal clear that no son of mine is going to inherit anything from me, or even continue to enjoy my hospitality if he marries a half-breed of any kind. Women find it very difficult, if not impossible, to lay down the law in this way, but they feel grateful towards men who can. We have no defectives in our family, thank heaven (unless you can count one of my uncles, who was very brave but rather eccentric), but if we had it would be our duty to take discreet care of them by institutionalising anyone whose presence would be an intolerable burden on other members of the family. Far too many women try to deal with such problems by shifting the burden onto outsiders. However, the woman who ruined our garden party by inflicting her noisy mongoloid sister-in-law on us will not be invited again.

We also have a duty towards old folk who have fought the good fight and towards the children of our relations. I personally enjoy teaching my eleven-year-old nephew mathematical tricks or playing the Hobbit video game with him on Sinclair's little Spectrum computer. Outside the family we have our duties, too, though it is wholly wrong that our war wounded should be dependent on private charity while useless minority mouths are the recipients of public largesse. We also have an inner need to help anyone who looks right. But the emphasis should be on kindness to the deserving, not on that universalist benevolence which creates many more problems than it solves. The first step toward mental health is to eliminate all subscriptions to societies seeking to improve the chances of procreation for



genetic defectives of any kind. Muddying the gene pool is the ultimate sin.

The most difficult problem of all is what to do about teenagers. The answer is to keep them working and playing as hard as possible, and to take the trouble to ensure that they meet suitable members of the opposite sex. I know that this is rather like mixing carbon, saltpetre and sulphur. Someone only has to apply a match, and boom! Consider, however, the frightful consequences of letting things drift, giving the media and the educational system carte blanche to brainwash our youth. In my house there is no pop music whatsoever, and I find that a formal dance, with the Dashing White Sergeant, Strip the Willow and an eightsome reel gives teenagers a great deal more to remember.

There should also be some hypocrisy about sex -- implying that it doesn't happen, even though one can be pretty sure that sooner or later it will. It is no part of my plan to turn my house into a high-class bordello. Besides, teenage boys should be told that it is genetically unhealthy for them to sire children, and teenage girls should have their attention drawn to the awful consequences of bearing children out of wedlock. I know that I sound like a naughty old pander, but just consider the alternative -- some sleazy tart moving in with my son and refusing to leave. You should see the frowsy floozies who come openly into the great halls of Oxford colleges to have breakfast with their hosts: Chinese, Negresses, Eurasians, and grotty, bespectacled schoolteachers from South Wales.

The question of dealing with aliens is a tricky one for those who work with Jews, sell to coloureds or travel outside countries with populations of European origin. The important thing is to examine one's relationship with foreigners and restrict them to circumstances which are to our advantage, without of course betraying our own people in either word or deed.

I just don't have any Jewish friends. Experience has taught me that even the most open-minded Jews will go against me when the chips are down, and everything they know about me will then be used to my detriment. Nor do I even allow myself to enter into mutually profitable dealings with Jews, because of the unforgivable key part they have played in promoting the miscegenation of our society while maintaining their own exclusiveness. I have had many contacts of a commercial and cultural nature with non-Europeans, but have always found that goodwill is lessened rather than furthered by too much familiarity. They are very easily offended by our behaviour with intimates and very easily get hold of the wrong end of the stick where women are concerned. You may be sure that no rich young Middle Easterners have privileged access to the attractive young women of my tribe. Above all, I have no dealings with coloured immigrants, which I regard as a form of collaboration with the enemy. I do not wish to see them settle in comfortably at our expense, so I give them no useful information or help of any kind. If enough people followed my example and welfare were drastically cut, most immigrants would be anxious to emigrate to countries where their folk are in a majority. I also strongly disapprove of the upper-class custom of employing Filipino servants. Plenty of our people are willing to clean, wash and cook for us, if only this can be arranged without

detriment to their financial position. What is the point of ensuring that the tax man takes a huge bite out of every transaction when one considers how the money is wasted on a horde of uncivil servants, loafers and immigrants.

Then there are the guests. Americans are much too indiscriminate in their hospitality, but their natural behaviour with guests makes it much easier to have more of them. We tend to feel that we should make a special effort on behalf of guests, which means we invite fewer of them -- which is a pity, if the old Majority is to strengthen the bonds of kinship. If I invite people to dinner, I invite them to dinner; but if I am eating cheese and apples, that is what I offer. Also, I give guests the opportunity to help with the weeding of flowerbeds and the building of stone walls or the pruning of roses. Children love feeding animals, and I recently gave a lot of pleasure to an old gentleman by allowing him to build and light a bonfire:

*Our England is a garden, and such gardens are
not made*

*By exclaiming, "Oh, how beautiful," and sitting in
the shade.*

Nor is there any reason why healthy young men who do their full share of eating and drinking should not help maintain one of the ancient vehicles we have available.

Fortunately, I don't have to keep extensive files on my friends and acquaintances, with their birth dates, notes for Christmas cards, etc. My dear wife, whose name escapes me for the moment, is a storehouse of such information; and people like to be remembered. I am content to study their freely expressed opinions, reinforcing healthy instincts when I see a chance, and putting the choice before us starkly to those who would prefer not to think about it.

Then there is the whole range of useful contacts I have with artisans of all kinds: builders, bakers, butchers, plumbers, electricians and garage mechanics. Strangely enough, the class thing makes such relationships easier, because it makes it unnecessary to pretend we are all the same. On the other hand, we do have a common interest in surviving, and I don't forget to deliver that message. I do believe than an alliance of the problem-solvers, and the rejection of problem-makers, constitutes a most effective social and political idea. We must live what we are before we can act effectively. We must create the pools in which the revolutionary fish can swim.

Of course, it is a whole lot easier to maintain a clean system than to create one. The moment problem-makers realise that you are out to get rid of them, they cling like leeches, using every kind of moral blackmail, though this blackmail can only work through weaknesses in ourselves. Not everything can be achieved by just sliding away, and there are going to be some unpleasant interviews before you are home and dry. Even when firmly removed, the problem-makers will try to make a comeback, but by that time one has developed the diplomatic and undiplomatic skills necessary to keep them away. Nor is it just a matter of dumping the no-hopers. Committed liberals must also receive the red pencil treatment, however intelligent they may be. It is just too dangerous to allow them access to one's house, with a free licence to look through one's

books, vet one's friends, look at odd manuscripts, or come across odd copies of *Instauration*. They are ideological enemies, always ready to justify a stab in the back on moral grounds. God, how I despise them!

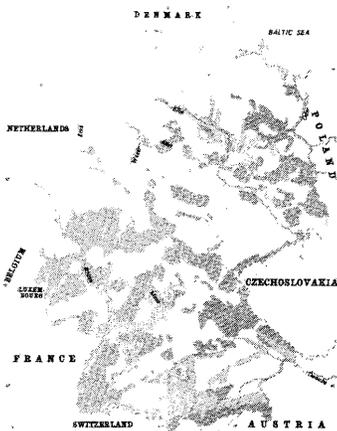
My chief problem is the excellent fellows who have been trapped by appalling wives. This has become particularly common since the war, as the upper-class male, unnerved by the collapse of Empire, has taken to marrying women from the stay-at-home, safety-first bourgeoisie. The only solution is to maintain relations of distant cordiality with the wives and meet the husbands at clubs, or at sports meetings. I agree that there are also wonderful women married to appalling men, but in so far as they tolerate their husbands, they become even more of a problem, because they find it difficult to distinguish between a friend and a lover.

Do not think that I spend all my time lecturing my family, friends and acquaintances about the politics of race. All that I demand is that relevant remarks of that nature should not be ruled out of court. In my opinion, a conversation of any kind which is conducted without any genuflection to the established dogmas is in itself a political act, whether it is with an old lady on the virtues of different herbs, with a farmer about fruit trees, or with a visitor about the arts. All informed discussion of the real world must necessarily deal with the differences between closely related phenomena,

and this differentiation inevitably conflicts with the doctrine of abstract egalitarianism.

Once the cleansed hierarchy has been established, even if only from our point of view, it is possible to go much further. Measures taken to combat crime, especially when the police encourage them, are a good starting point, and lead to much closer social cooperation. This leads naturally on to the immigrant question, and actual political influence can then be wielded. Eventually, we shall be able to strike back, instead of just defending ourselves.

Now, I am not saying that I have managed to create a paradise, but our lives are a great deal more tolerable than those of people who just drift along with the tide, insulted at the dinner table by ghastly Jews, lectured on morality by creeping liberals, forced to act as nursemaids to other people's defective dependents, saddled with demoralised, drug-addicted teenagers, deafened with disgusting pop music, forced to pay through the nose for every little service, and impoverished by the charity industry. Well, they have left their beds unmade and must lie in them. Often, their willingness to sell out their own people has resulted in their getting more money, but at what cost! Wealth lies not in money but in human skills, which can be much more effectively mobilised through a social network of common interests. Majority solidarity is not just the precondition of our ultimate survival but also of our present well-being.



Heimat Hotline

The German World War II ace, Colonel Hans-Ulrich Rudel, died last December at age 67. He was probably the most decorated soldier of World War II. Shot down 30 times, wounded 5 times, he held the highest German medal for bravery, the gold oak leaf cluster with swords and diamonds for the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross. Rudel often flew 10 missions in a day in daring attempts to repel Soviet breakthroughs on the Eastern front in the climactic days of the war. By the time peace came, he had flown 2,350 combat missions. His record of kills: 1 battleship (the 23,000-ton Soviet *Marat*), 1 cruiser, 1 destroyer, 80 landing craft, 4 armored trains, 9 bridges, 150 gun emplacements, 569 tanks (some sources put the figure at 519), 7 fighter planes and 2 fighter bombers.

Field Marshal Ferdinand Schörner once

told Rudel, "You are worth a whole division to me." Although the West German media reported his death, they offered no praise. Over 2,000 mourners, young and old, attended the funeral -- some giving the Nazi salute, which is forbidden in West Germany. *Der Spiegel* (January 3, 1983) published three photos of mourners saluting, one of them a frail old woman who must have been in her 80s. The intention of publishing these photos was to assist authorities in identifying the lawbreakers. Although the West German Air Force was ordered to ignore the funeral, six jet fighters mysteriously appeared and flew very low over the church and cemetery, two of the planes executing maneuvers that could be construed as tracing out a swastika.

* * *

Savitri Devi Mukerji, born September 30, 1905, in Lyons, France, died October 22, 1982, in Essex County, England, where she was staying with a friend. Her mother was of German-Scottish descent, her father Greek and Italian. She studied philosophy, mathematics, mineralogy and chemistry, earned two doctorates, spoke 8

languages, authored books in English, French and Hindi, including *The Lightning and the Sun*, *Gold in the Furnace* and *Souvenirs et réflexions d'une Aryenne*. In 1932 she went to India, where some years later she married a high-caste Brahmin, who died in 1977. A passionate admirer of National Socialism, she spread the word among the Hindus during her travels throughout India. In 1949 she was tried and jailed in West Germany for praising Hitler. In her defense, she quoted from *Mein Kampf*, whole pages of which she had memorized, without the court recognizing the source. Part of an interview she gave in July of 1982, three months before her death, offers a few hints of her *Weltblick*:

QUESTION: Mrs. Mukerji, your return from India offers us the opportunity to question you on a number of matters.

DEVI: My stay in Europe will only be temporary. What you call my "return to Europe" must not be understood as a spiritual return. Contemporary Europe -- which has distanced itself from its spiritual foundations, which is demonized by the materialism of a technical hypercivilization, seized by the equality

madness of the ideas of 1789, and is now cutting itself free of its biological roots -- is alien to me. For lack of anything better, I went [to India in 1932] in search of an equivalent to our pagan Europe in the tropical regions and in part found it. Pagan society has the following principles: Precedence of blood (or birth) over money and over mere knowledge (and over all that which man can appropriate) When the Aryans came out of northeast India about 4,000 years before Christ, they found a society divided according to occupation. It was the Aryans who further divided society in accordance with race or social nuances.

* * *

The 36-year-old Hamburg attorney Jürgen Rieger has served as defense lawyer for Thies Christophersen, who was employed in Auschwitz from January to December 1941 in a research project to discover how India rubber could be effectively extracted from plants. While there, he saw, heard and smelled nothing to suggest gas chambers. He stated all of this in a booklet originally entitled *Die Auschwitz Lüge (The Auschwitz Lie)*, first published in 1973 and which since then has gone through several editions in German and English. Having now appeared in five languages, it can be said that Christophersen's booklet has had more than a modest success, although it has been banned in West Germany, along with his quarterly *Die Bauernschaft*. Christophersen, having been a farmer before and after the war, fled his country two years ago when he was about to be arrested for questioning the Holocaust. While a political exile he continued to publish and write a booklet, *Inquisitionsprozess Heute — Hexenprozess der Neuzeit (The Inquisition Today: the Modern Witchcraft Trial)* in which he documents, step by step, how the West German government has persecuted him. The booklet has also fallen under the West German ban.

A few months ago while his wife was visiting him in Belgium, Christophersen went to renew his residence permit, whereupon he was seized by the Belgian police and handed over to West German authorities who forced him in a car and drove him over the border to Flensburg, where he was jailed. Just imagine what would appear on the front pages of the *New York Times* if a Holocaust survivor had been kidnapped in this high-handed fashion.

Jürgen Rieger had defended Christophersen in a number of trials over the years. Now, Rieger himself is under indictment. In the trial against the former SS colonel and police head in Warsaw, Arpad Wigand, Rieger, as the defense attorney, had declared, during his speech for the defense (November 13, 1981), that the order to shoot persons [Jews] found out-

side the ghetto [in Warsaw] was to be understood as "nothing more than a rigorous measure to prevent the typhus epidemic" from spreading.

The chairman of the Berlin Jewish community, Heinz Galinski, who had attended Wigand's trial as an observer, quoted Rieger as saying, "It is not murder when several hundred are shot to save tens of thousands."

Rieger later described the quotation as abridged and stated that in his speech for the defense he had explained that no extermination had been carried out in the Warsaw ghetto before the 1943 uprising; rather, because of the danger of typhus, there had been an order to shoot anyone who illegally left the confines of the ghetto, issued at "the request of the medical doctors," but not at the request of the SS. The writer Arie Goral, who lives in Hamburg and had observed the Wigand trial on behalf of the Hamburg Jewish community, at that time brought charges against Rieger for "offense against the victims of the violent National Socialist government."

In May 1982 the Hanseatic Higher Regional Court, acting on a petition from Galinski, forbade Rieger to claim that "the Warsaw ghetto was established and hermetically sealed because of measures ordered by the medical doctors to combat the epidemic." In doing so, the court reversed a previous ruling of the Hamburg Regional Court, which had rejected Galinski's petition. On May 7, 1982, in a successful civil suit against Stern, the scandal sheet that bought Hitler's "diary," Rieger repeated his statement about the Warsaw ghetto.

* * *

In early 1979, Michael Kühnen, a man who appears to be in his early 20s, was sentenced in West Germany to four years in jail for founding a neo-Nazi political party. He wrote a letter from prison warning against armed resistance: "An armed war of liberation on the part of rightists is not a question of courage, but one of pure political folly." He cited the historical example of November 9, 1923, when the Nazis failed to overthrow the Bavarian government in an armed putsch. The National Socialist party was banned, Hitler jailed and his political activities temporarily stymied. One would suppose that a letter of this nature would recommend itself to the authorities. By no means. The issue of *Die Bauernschaft*, in which the letter appeared, was seized by the government. When Kühnen was freed in early 1983, *Die Bauernschaft* (June 1983) published an interview with him, a segment of which follows:

QUESTION: Mr. Kühnen, you were jailed. Under what law were you sentenced and did you serve the full term?

ANSWER: I was sentenced to four

years in jail for having spread National Socialist ideas. I served the term down to the very last day. Because I wrote the manuscript for a book, I was sentenced to an additional nine months of probation, four of which are now behind me. The sentence is not yet valid, so I don't know whether or not I must still serve the remaining punishment of five months.

QUESTION: After your imprisonment were you given the opportunity to learn a profession or offered a position?

ANSWER: No! For political reasons I am not permitted to practice my profession as a soldier, because the Army discharged me for spreading National Socialist views. My imprisonment did not offer any other possibilities because I was held in the maximum security wing.

QUESTION: What is your profession?

ANSWER: I spent three years in the Armed Forces as a volunteer, my last rank being lieutenant.

QUESTION: What do you want to do now?

ANSWER: I have no professional future as long as I continue my political work. And that is my foremost concern.

QUESTION: Do you continue to embrace the ideas of National Socialism and Adolf Hitler?

ANSWER: Yes!

QUESTION: What was good and what, in your opinion, was not good during the National Socialist period?

ANSWER: There were mistakes everywhere. I judge the Third Reich in accordance as it was able to realize the Party's program of February 24, 1920 A true union of the people was coming into being, but its most dangerous enemy -- the reactionaries -- were still present after National Socialism came to power. The influence of reactionary circles in the nobility, the bureaucracy, the Armed Forces and so on, was fatal, in my opinion.

* * *

Morigen (near Göttingen) recently celebrated its 1,000th anniversary. When the town archivist, Walter Ohlmer, published the town's official chronicle, it was found that he had attributed *Kristallnacht* (Nov. 9-10, 1938) to "worldwide Jewish provocations" which caused "several radical elements of the SS and the SA [to lose] their temper." The provocations, which are relatively unknown and which the Morigen archivist dared to recount, included the stoning and damaging of German businesses abroad, and a number of assassination attempts on German overseas representatives, culminating in the slaying of Ernst vom Rath (an anti-anti-Semite) in Paris. Heinz Galinski, the leader of the small but powerful West Berlin Jewish community, has demanded a retraction. He got more than that. Herr Ohlmer has now joined the ranks of the unemployed.

* * *

A film version of *Olympia*, Leni Riefenstahl's ineffable documentary of the 1936

Olympics in Berlin, has been making the rounds in the West with a soundtrack in which German crowds chant, "Jesse Owens! Jesse Owens!" Someone who had a copy of the original version checked it out and heard no such chanting. Apparently the after-the-fact dubbing is just one more instance of the many, many attempts of late to make history fit hokum. It's true, however, that a street that leads to the Olympic stadium in Berlin has been named Jesse Owensstrasse. Though the press said just the opposite at the time, Jesse, one of the truly great black athletes, admitted before he went off to compete in that great track meet in the sky that he had been well treated by his German hosts in 1936.

* * *

Deutschland in Geschichte und Gegenwart shed some polarized light on Klaus Barbie in its article in the spring 1983 issue. We translate:

The Klaus Barbie, who was kidnapped in Bolivia, carried off to France, and there locked up, and whom the popular press the world around calls the "Gestapo Chief of Lyons," never existed. The Gestapo, as the Ministry IV of the Security Service in the Central Security office (headed by Reinhard Heydrich and, after his murder in 1942, by Dr. Ernst Kaltenbrunner, hanged at Nuremberg, 1946) was popularly (but wrongly) called, had only very limited duties in France during the war. The Ministry was

represented only by its Bureau B (Jewish Questions), and thus its sole concern was to ensure that in the occupied zone of France the pertinent instructions of the military commander, and in unoccupied France (thus also in Lyons) the laws and regulations of the legal government of Marshal Pétain at Vichy, were carried out. The relative unimportance of this German office is apparent from the fact that the head of Bureau IV/B was only a first lieutenant.

Barbie had nothing to do with him. He was commanding officer of an SS combat group, whose sole duty was to subdue the guerrillas, chiefly in central France. He and his unit were subject to the orders of the local Security Service head, who was an SS lieutenant-colonel. The apprehension and deportation of Jews, at present the only charge made against Barbie, lay entirely beyond his jurisdiction. (As a "crime against humanity," deporting Jews does not fall under the statute of limitations.) Barbie's daughter, who in her capacity as a lawyer has undertaken her father's defense, should have no difficulty in proving his purely military role if the trial is a fair one and if the media don't take over the proceedings. The simple fact is that Klaus Barbie, the deporter of Jews, no more existed than did Klaus Barbie the Gestapo Chief of Lyons.

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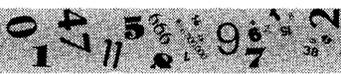
Remember Philip Goetschel, 23, nephew of a prominent Swiss physician, third-year student at the University of Basel medical school? Although Jewish,

he distributed violently anti-Semitic tracts, threatened Jewish fellow students, tried to desecrate the Basel synagogue and Jewish cemetery, and started a one-man anti-Semitic campaign that, until he was caught, the Swiss media treated as a sort of horrendous Nazi Second Coming. Well, Goetschel has finally been delivered into the care of a psychiatrist, which means that he has escaped the jail term which most surely would have been handed out to a non-Jew, if he had done half as much.

* * *

Lectures Françaises and Courrier du Continent (August-September 1983) tell us of another Goetschel type, a certain Michel Goldschmidt, a policeman who lives in Lorient, France. He came to the police in May 1983, claiming that he had been the victim of an anti-Semitic attack. According to his theatrical account, motorcycle killers, calling him a "dirty leftist Jew," discharged a gun at him, striking him in the arm. His wound was his proof. In such dramatic wise was the story reported in most of the mass-circulation French newspapers, which spoke ominously of "unbalanced neo-Nazis." The police inquiry came to a radically different conclusion. Under sharp police questioning Goldschmidt admitted that he had shot himself in the fleshy part of his arm and had invented the anti-Semitic attack.

Talking Numbers



Two million Arabs now live in "Greater Israel" -- Israel proper, the annexed Golan Heights and occupied West Bank and Gaza. Not included in this census are the Arabs in occupied Southern Lebanon. Half of all Palestinians are now under Israeli rule and account for 38% of the country's population. More than 30,000 Israelis now live in 94 settlements in the West Bank and 100,000 more are ready and willing to move there if someone will come up with \$1.5 billion to construct the housing. American aid to Israel now frees up some \$250 million a year of private investment money for settlement building. (*New York Review of Books*, Oct. 13, 1983.)

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American workers are not too happy, asserts the Public Agenda Foundation of New York. Only 22% say there is a direct relationship between how hard they work and how much they are paid. Only 13% believe that they would benefit more if they worked harder. Only 23% say they are performing at full capacity.

7 illegal aliens apprehended by Chicago police on July 21, 1983, were found to be working for wages of \$10-\$16 per hour. Incidentally, less than 15% of California's farmworkers are migrants.

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The *World Almanac* counts 1,350,000 Orthodox Jews in the U.S., up from 1,280,000 in 1979.

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In the past 20 years, enrollment in Hebrew elementary and high schools has more than doubled -- 45,000 to 95,000. The number of such schools has increased from 78 in 1945 to 613 today.

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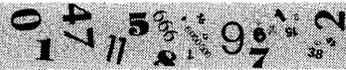
A survey by the American Jewish Committee stated that 51% of American Jews believed Israel should suspend settlements on the West Bank; 28% disagreed. 70% say Israel should talk with the PLO if it recognizes Israel and renounces terrorism; 17% disagree. More than 90% of the respondents said they were "pro-Israel" or "very pro-Israel."

Tobacco, the only major crop of Zimbabwe that operates without price controls, produces 20% of the country's foreign exchange and employs 90,000 farm owners and laborers. Last year the government picked up \$17.5 million in excise and corporate income taxes from one cigarette manufacturer alone, Rothmans of Pall Mall. This year Zimbabwe expects to export some 90,000 tons (\$340 million) to 55 countries. Practically all the growers of the high-quality, flue-cured tobacco are white, though their number in recent years has declined from 3,000 to 1,300. Most of the nearly 4,000 growers of the less valuable and less abundant burley tobacco are black, but 155 white growers account for 65% of the harvest.

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A poll by the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR) revealed that blacks (by 70%) and Hispanics (by 57%) feel their jobs are threatened by illegal immigrants and favor controls. Majority members favor controls overwhelmingly and minority members by a considerable margin. It seems most undemocratic that voting on the new immigration bill was put off by the House (at the command of Speaker Tip O'Neill) until next year. The Senate had already approved it.

Talking Numbers



Southland Corporation, which operates the 7-Eleven Stores, signed a "trade agreement" to pour \$600 million into black and Hispanic pockets in the next five years. \$711,000 will be earmarked for scholarships for minority students, and 22% of all Southland's purchases will be allocated to minority vendors. The Southland deal was followed a month and a half later by Anheuser-Busch caving in to a Jesse Jackson boycott with pledges to give more than \$320 million to nonwhites. The Mafia calls such payments "protection money." The media, always less than truthful, characterize the scam as "improving relations with minorities."

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A recent Gallup Poll showed that nationwide 43% of the respondents approve of marriages between whites and nonwhites; 50% disapprove (56% of whites, 20% of nonwhites). 79% approve of marriages between Catholics and Protestants; 10% disapprove. 77% approve of marriages between Jews and non-Jews; 10% disapprove. By more than 10%, Catholics are more tolerant of interracial marriages than Protestants. The numbers are probably wildly off base. Who, for instance, is going to tell an unknown questioner over the phone -- someone who already has your phone number -- that he or she disapproves of Jews marrying any race?

#

A Labor Department study of 77,000 companies revealed that from 1974 to 1980 minority employment grew 20% in firms doing business with the federal government, but only 10% in companies sans affirmative action. Female jobs in companies with federal contracts grew by 15.3%, as opposed to 2.2% in businesses with no federal contracts. In 1980 companies with federal contracts had a total of 14.1 million employees of whom 5 million were women and 2.6 million were minorities. Nearly 20,000 to 30,000 companies these days are subject to the affirmative action squeeze.

#

The U.S. (234,193,000) is the fourth most populous nation in the world. China is first (1,059,802,000); India second (730,572,000); Soviet Union third (272,308,000). As of last June there were 4,721,887,000 earthlings, a jump of 82 million in one year.

#

University of Massachusetts cops reported that campus crimes climbed from 1,923 in 1981 to 2,317 in 1982.

There are less than 4,000 lines in all of T.S. Eliot's published poems. One poem of Thomas Hardy's, "The Dynasts," has 27,000 lines; Browning's "The Ring and the Book," 22,000.

#

Israel, which contributes 0.0023 (\$1.5 million) of the UN budget, has announced it will withhold \$70,000 of it next year because of UN support for two agencies concerned with Palestinians and Palestinian rights. The U.S., which always acts as Israel's point man in foreign policy, has already withheld \$1.5 million from the UN for precisely the same reason.

#

Eryk Spector, a New York multimillionaire, is the chairman of the Jabotinsky Foundation, which has established an annual \$100,000 award for the Jew or non-Jew who has done the most "for the defense of the rights of the Jewish people." Judges include Milton Friedman, Henry Rosovsky, dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, and Lord Weidenfeld, British publisher of mountains of equalitarian propaganda.

#

25% of American adults are Republicans, 45% Democrats, 30% Independents, say the Gallup pollsters. Since 26% of men and 24% of women claim to be Republicans, compared to 42% of men and 47% of women who claim to be Democrats, the much touted gender gap more or less dissolves into the party gap. 29% of Protestants defined themselves as Republicans; 44% Democrats. Catholics divided into 22% Republican, 47% Democrat. Jews 8% and 60%; blacks 6% and 76%.

#

The ADL has come out with a poll that suggests 73% of Americans disapprove of quotas. Even 52% of the nonwhite respondents said that jobs should go to the most qualified applicants regardless of race or ethnic background.

#

A New York investment firm (Kohlberg, Kravis Roberts Co.) has offered to buy the Wometco media empire for \$842 million. Mitchell Wolfson, together with Sidney Meyer, founded the company in 1925 and the former controlled it until his death last January. 1982 earnings were \$26 million on revenues of \$423.4 million. Wometco is deeply involved in the entertainment industry, television, automatic vending machines and Coca-Cola bottling plants. Wolfson's heirs will get most of the loot.

The Los Angeles metro area has the largest Hispanic population in the U.S., 2,065,727, followed by New York City, 1,493,081. Miami, 581,030, Chicago, 580,592, San Antonio, 481,511, Houston, 424,901, San Francisco-Oakland, 351,915, El Paso, 297,001, Riverside-San Bernardino, 289,791, Anaheim-Santa Ana, 286,331. San Antonio, Miami, Denver, Tampa and Santa Fe now have Hispanic mayors.

#

Titus Tomescu, a 17-year-old Romanian immigrant (legal status unknown), worked for 17 hours a week as a parttime grocery bagger in Chicago last summer. At \$3.75 an hour, his pay was \$63.75. \$4.41 was deducted for federal income taxes, \$4.27 for Social Security, \$2.23 for state income taxes, \$2 for health and other insurance, \$10.83 for union dues, \$40 for union initiation fee. Net pay: 1¢. The previous week, having earned exactly the same amount of money, he took home \$3.08.

#

In 1981 Hispanics in the U.S. averaged 97.9 births per 1,000 women, compared to 68.1 for white women and 83.6 for black women.

#

A plastic cap that fits on the leg of the stool used by B-52 navigators should sell for 25¢. The Pentagon has been buying them for \$1,100 each. The name of the manufacturer was diplomatically withheld.

#

Five years ago Congress gave its seal of approval to an amendment that would treat the District of Columbia as a state by giving it two senators and one representative in Congress. Up to now, 13 states have ratified it. Unless 25 more okay it by August 1985, the amendment, provided it doesn't get the special extension treatment accorded to ERA, will die. More than 10,000 resolutions for amendments have been introduced in Congress. Only 26 made it into the Constitution.

#

In the U.S., twins occur once in every 89 white births, once in every 70 black births. In Japan it's once in every 155 births; in Nigeria once in every 22. A newborn twin weighs 2,600 grams on average, compared with 3,350 grams for a single birth.

#

In the Nov. 2, 1982, elections in 43 California congressional districts, Republican candidates received 3,574,000 votes; Democrats 3,527,000. Because of clever Democratic gerrymandering, Republicans won only 17 seats; Democrats 26. One man, one vote?



RAOUL WALLENBERG, the "righteous Gentile" who belonged to Sweden's richest family and was a descendant of a Jewish trader who settled in that country some generations ago, is the third person to be made an honorary U.S. citizen. Only Lafayette and Churchill preceded him into this very exclusive club. Reagan signed the necessary papers two years ago and Brooklyn Judge Mark Casantino formalized the affair on October 2, 1983, while Brooklyn borough President Howard Golden proclaimed the occasion "Raoul Wallenberg Day." A few weeks later, PBS honored Wallenberg with a docudrama entitled, "Hitler's #1 Enemy: Buried Alive" as if it were the Nazis, not Stalin, who arrested the Swedish diplomat when he was working for Jewish refugee groups (and Allied intelligence services) in Hungary in the orgasmic end days of World War II. The Soviets swear Wallenberg died in a Gulag in 1947. On the basis of "eyewitness" accounts from Jewish former inmates of Russian Gulags and work camps, who claim to have seen Wallenberg years after his alleged demise, the media have been keeping him alive. Now that Wallenberg is a U.S. citizen, the State Department has a legal right to intensify its snooping into the mystery.

☆ ☆ ☆

"I made a lot of mistakes in my life," recalls 94-year-old William Galvin of LaGrange, Illinois, "but one mistake I never made was becoming friendly with the Marx Brothers." Galvin, a World War I veteran who well remembers **GROUCHO, CHICO, GUMMO, HARPO** and **ZEPPO MARX**, hates to talk about them because of the way they avoided the Army draft. As Groucho once admitted to an interviewer, "We thought we'd raise some crops at that time so we all wouldn't be drafted." Elsewhere, he confessed that the brothers, who would sometimes rise at noon, had 200 chickens, "but the rats kept eating them and we never got any eggs." When the war ended, the draft-dodging 5 immediately moved back to Chicago, and thence to fame and fortune in Hollywood.

☆ ☆ ☆

The new Teamsters Union president, **JACKIE PRESSER**, may soon be indicted on corruption charges by a federal grand jury. Presser's uncle, **ALLEN FRIEDMAN**, was indicted in July for alleged embezzlement of \$165,000 in union funds as a "phantom employee" of Presser's Cleveland local. Uncle Al told NBC News, "Jackie Presser should have been in jail dozens of times going back 30 years."

Richard Stockton, 1730-1781, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In 1888, the grateful people of New Jersey sent his statue to the U.S. Capitol, where it remains today. Emma Jane Stockton, 37, was his direct descendant, a lovely blonde socialite and "social activist." In November 1979, a black man named **KEITH ALFORD** raped Stockton in her stylish Trenton townhouse. Then, on December 7, Alford paid her another visit, during which he robbed, brutally tortured and strangled her. For this and the hour-long torture-murder of another white woman, Alford received two life sentences. Now one **R.F. DUNN**, a young dancer who writes that she is Alford's "leterary" agent, is working hard to make her pet monster into a celebrity.

☆ ☆ ☆

In the recent 339 to 90 House vote to make Martin Luther King's birthday a national holiday, a vote with which Southern Democrats concurred by 69 to 12, Georgia was the only state where even half of the Democratic Congressmen were in opposition. But Georgia is also the state where black collegiate footballer **HERSCHEL WALKER** dated white girls right and left before finally marrying a Greek American. When Walker prematurely signed a record \$16 million pro football contract, the local response was "much like the death of a dignitary." The **GEORGIA STATE SENATE** wore red and black armbands.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Immigration Service recently smashed an illegal alien smuggling ring that over a 4½-year period grossed an estimated \$24 million a year, of which \$12-15 million was profit. Led by **SALVADOR PINEDA VERGERA**, a Mexican hotelman, the smugglers may have brought in more than 100,000 illegal aliens from eight Latin countries, about two-thirds of whom went to Chicago.

☆ ☆ ☆

BARBARA HONEGGER, the Reagan administration's former "low level munchkin" and the *Washington Post's* heroine of the month, just happens to hold America's first master's degree in parapsychology. In 1980, the disgruntled ERA-booster became convinced that Reagan would win the presidency because of various "omens of power," including star patterns and the magic number "137." "I will tell the whole story in my book," she promises, "because it really is amazing."

☆ ☆ ☆

LAVELL MERRITT is the minority purchasing officer for affluent Montgomery County, Maryland, which means his mission in life is to assure that county jobs are done less efficiently and at higher cost by racial minorities. Merritt, whose very position is unethical, is facing charges of ethics violations before the County Ethics Commission because *inter alia* he used government stationery and his official title to ask the embassy of Red China for a \$1 billion line of credit to help black American businesses. Late last year he launched the so-called "Leadership Assembly," a scheme to get black businesses and community leaders to work together racially, more or less like E.O. Wilson's "social insects" work in hives and anthills.

☆ ☆ ☆

Somehow, the word "anti-Catholic" doesn't carry the same Pavlovian punch as "anti-Semite." One of San Francisco's more notorious anti-Catholics is **JACK FERTIG**, aka **SISTER BOOM BOOM**. Fertig, a 28-year-old astrologer, works in the locker room at the Jewish Community Sports Center. "The exploitation of women, racism and nuclear power plants" are much more offensive than homos parading around as nuns, says Fertig. **MORLEY SAFER**, who covered Sister Boom Boom for "60 Minutes," says of San Francisco, "it's elegance is enhanced by its terminal weirdness."

☆ ☆ ☆

Chicago Mayor **HAROLD WASHINGTON's** hand-picked successor in Congress is **CHARLES A. HAYES**, a vintage Stalinist who makes California's **RONALD DELUMS** look almost mainstream. Among the 13 opponents whom Hayes had to defeat in a special Democratic primary was **LU PALMER**, the journalist who helped launch the drive that registered more than 100,000 new black Chicago voters. Though the *Chicago Reader* recently characterized Palmer as the city's "foremost raving black militant," Illinois Bell long sponsored his radio program, "Lu's Notebook." When Palmer quit writing for the *Chicago Daily News* 10 years ago, he publicly vowed never again to allow a white person to edit his copy. Ma Bell obliged.

☆ ☆ ☆

A hugely overweight man who admitted repeatedly raping his daughter over a period of years drew only a suspended sentence and three years probation in Springfield, Massachusetts, last summer. Since **RALPH W. RICE JR.** is just 32 years old, has only six children so far, and is almost certainly on public relief, Judge **GEORGE KEADY's** ruling will give him a chance to father another half-dozen black offspring.



Britain. "Of all the deceptions perpetrated on the British public by Westminster, whether deliberately or unwittingly, few have been more patent than the joint effort by Tories, Socialists and Liberals at the time of the expulsion of the Ugandan Asians by [Idi] Amin in late 1972." So writes investigative reporter Chapman Pincher in his recent book *Inside Story* (Stein and Day). Pincher credits his friend Enoch Powell -- "perhaps the nation's most intelligent politician, probably the most honest, and certainly the most eloquent" -- for drawing his attention to the politicians' sustained coverup of the truth about the Ugandan Asians, which is that they had absolutely no right to settle in Britain.

Ironically, Pincher (unlike Powell) does not regret that the 30,000 or so colored refugees were allowed to enter, only that Britons were told repeatedly -- and are still told, to this day -- that they were legally obligated to accept the Asians, which is a blatant falsehood. "What had really happened was that those Asians who declined to accept Ugandan citizenship [in 1962] were issued UK passports to enable them to travel on business or on holiday . . . [These special passports] specifically did not carry the right of abode in Britain." Powell told Pincher this, Pincher confirmed it with the Foreign Office and spelled it out plainly in a newspaper article, and yet "the politicians continued to insist that such a legal right existed. In an emotional speech at the Tory party conference a few weeks later the Home Secretary, Robert Carr (now Lord), said that he would not remain a member of a government which 'went back on its word.' There was, in fact, no 'word' to go back on." Even the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, lent his authority to the charade. The Asians were called "our citizens" and "our nationals," and "international law" (which had no bearing on the case) was trotted out in their behalf.

Pincher also recalls a small private dinner at a friend's house, at which he defended Powell's claims that the Home Office had once again underestimated both the number of colored immigrants and their birthrates. Harold Lever, a Jewish member of the Labor front bench, casually remarked, "But we always knew Enoch was right." "In that case why did your side always say he was wrong?" Came the reply, "Because he's a racist."

Holland. Of all European countries, none has been more overtly and covertly pro-Semitic than the Netherlands. Which makes it all the more astonishing that Amsterdam's *NRC Handelsblad* came out in August with a cartoon of Henry Kissinger captioned: "Frustrated Jewboy responsi-

ble for U.S. foreign policy." Although letters of protest flooded the editorial offices, neither the cartoonist nor the publisher has as yet put on sackcloth or sprinkled himself with ashes.

Poland. If, as many observers have charged, there is an innate passive-conformist streak in the Slavic peoples, a certain craving for strong leadership and abdication of responsibility, then the Polish nation can ill afford to lose many Solidarity activists. A total of 2,357 such dissidents, plus their families, emigrated during the recent martial law period, an official stated on August 5. Thousands more have applied to leave. Worse yet, approximately 125,000 Poles who were outside the country when martial law was imposed in December 1981 have not yet returned. Not surprisingly, the number of Poles permitted to travel to the West fell from 1.3 million in 1981 to 340,000 in 1982.

The emigrants should not anticipate finding instant gratification with the relative freedom of the West. As Solidarity leader Lech Walesa recalled, in his first account of his conversation with Pope John Paul II last summer, "I expressed my thought that the Polish nation is more happy than any other, although it has less bread and shoes than any other." Walesa also told the pontiff, "Times have changed since the August (1980) upheavals changed people's souls. The nation knows what it wants and nobody is able to eliminate this change."

The materially rich American, who often wonders (or should wonder) if he even has a nation any more, might ponder those words.

Israel. "Shamir" is the Hebrew word for the hard stone used in building the Temple in Jerusalem. Also, if the *Jewish Almanac* (Bantam) is to be believed,

since no swords or other implements of war (particularly iron) were permitted in the construction of the Temple, "shamir" came to be the name of the tiny worm [apparently a screw-like mechanical device is meant] which was used to cut the rocks.

Shamir is also the last name of the dwarfish Israeli politician and former terrorist (first name, Yitzhak) who is replacing the mysteriously ailing Menahem Begin as prime minister.

Begin's slow fadeout contrasts with the swift demise of Yitzhak Rabin. One Friday in January 1977, several ministers in Rabin's cabinet attended a welcoming ceremony for American F-15 warplanes. They failed to drive home before sundown, thereby violating the prohibition against

operating machinery on the Jewish sabbath. The resulting flap brought down the entire administration, which became the latest of several to fall in Israel over religious issues.

Israel's three major religious parties currently have only 13 Knesset members between them, but those 13 votes represent the balance of power between the dominant Labor and Herut (Beginite) blocs. That minority clout -- much like America's black 12%, which had the Democrats and Republicans scrambling to make Martin Luther King's birthday a high holy day -- is gradually forcing Israel's secular majority to embrace a theocracy. The latest step in the religious parties' campaign is the so-called "Who is a Jew" bill, which says that a true Jew must be either the child of a Jewish mother or someone who converted "according to Halacha" (strict religious law). The bill would invalidate thousands of conversions made by other than Orthodox rabbis, and prohibit such unauthentic Jews from settling in Israel under the "Law of Return." Menahem Begin, who pledged to do everything in his power to get the bill adopted, saw it defeated last March by a 58-50 vote. For a people desperate to receive Jewish immigrants, some Israelis are mighty choosy.

The fanaticism of the big three religious parties pales beside that of smaller groups like the Neturei Karta movement (which means "Guardians of the City" in Aramaic) or Rabbi Meir Kahane's Kach ("thus") movement. The former group, centered in Jerusalem's Mea She'arim quarter, is adamantly anti-Zionist. Rabbi Moshe Hirsch and his followers insist that only the Messiah can reestablish the Jewish state. Until such divine intervention occurs, they plan to remain on excellent terms with Arabs like Yasser Arafat and King Hussein. "Some of my best friends are associated with the PLO," says Hirsch. "We accept Mr. Arafat as the ruler in Palestine, if the Palestinian people want him." Paying taxes, serving in the army, or using the 100-shekel note with Theodor Herzl's picture on it are obviously out of the question.

As for Kahane's Kachniks, they want to drive all Arabs out of Israel at the first opportunity. "He's just a neo-Nazi who happens to be Jewish," sniffs one former Israeli government official. Maybe so, but this "neo-Nazi" (arrested more than 60 times) finds doors open wherever he goes. The *New York Times* granted him a lengthy op-ed column on July 18. *Commentary* carries his incendiary advertisements. When he visited Brandeis University recently, the students received him "cordially" according to the *Jewish Journal*, while internationally famous linguistics expert Noam Chomsky, was "confronted by well-informed Jewish students who heckled the anti-Israel academic mercilessly." (In his American role as founder of the

Jewish Defense League, Rabbi Kahane has often praised acts of political violence, something that few, if any, American Nazi or Klan leaders would dare to do.)

Many Israeli moderates believe that Jews a lot more powerful than Kahane have a plan to drive the Arabs from Israel by force. One such moderate is Haim Baram, a veteran of four Mideast wars. Baram says that General Alon Yaariv, a former head of Israeli military intelligence, once told him that just such a plan exists. "I don't have written evidence," admits Baram.

Last March, the Deputy Speaker of the Knesset, Meir Cohen, publicly bemoaned the fact that Israel had not driven several hundred thousand more Arabs across the Jordan River during its conquest of 1967, when it had the means to do so.

Jonathan Kuttab, an American-educated Palestinian attorney, says there is a "well-orchestrated campaign that says 'Jordan is Palestine' . . . to prepare world opinion for the [coming] deportation." Peter D. Waldstein and the Chicago Jewish *Sentinel* take Kuttab seriously enough to quote him at length. Among the "many danger signals" which Kuttab has noted:

1. Jewish settlers now carry out functions (like arrest and detention) once reserved for the military.
2. The settlers have established a record of lawlessness to intimidate the inhabitants of surrounding Arab villages.
3. The military governors not only utilize the settlers to go into refugee camps and villages to punish Palestinians, but actually threaten the Palestinians by saying they'll let the settlers loose on them.

These settlers are not a cross-section of Israeli society, but the most militant element of world Jewry, including some Americans. While they put the fear of Yahweh into the locals, an outfit called Americans for a Safe Israel is doing everything it can to sell additional West Bank Arab lands to those rich American Jews who would rather not leave home. The sales pitch offering "huge mortgage subsidies and cheap land" is not directed at Gentile Americans. Indeed, Gentile Americans would have as much difficulty buying Israeli land as they would have marrying Israeli Jews.

Russia. From a not-on-the-scene *Kremlin watcher*. The USSR internal passport system is not a barrier to intermarriage. Actually it's the Soviet instrument to impose various "affirmative action" type programs for national minorities, the difference being that no Soviet institution lowers standards for academic success to fulfill quotas. The opposite was true until the mid-70s when it was realized that large numbers of incompetents were being churned out of some institutions, especially centers of higher learning in the Central

Asian Republics. (See "The Dialectics of Nationalism in the USSR" by T. Rakowska-Harmstone in *Problems of Communism*, May-June 1974.)

The Soviet Union is trying to ethnically integrate its military units, but non-Slav troops are extremely unreliable. When the Soviet army went into Afghanistan, the ground forces, not the elite paratroop units that took Kabul, were composed of Central Asians. Most of these troops belonged to Soviet Asian tribes who had a "blood feud" going back centuries with Afghan tribes. For them it was an excuse to finish the feud with massive firepower. This was one reason the Asians were quickly replaced with Slavs. (See "Soviet Muslims and the World of Islam" by A. Benningsen, *Problems of Communism*, March-April 1980.)

This does not mean that Central Asians as a whole are happy about joining their Russian masters in war or peace. As recently as 1978 there were massive anti-white race riots in Central Asian Republics. At one point a reserve motor-rifle division had to be sent to Dushname to quell 10,000 rioting Moslem youths. (*Survey*, Vol. 24, pp. 43-44.)

At Alma Ata University, also in 1978, Turkic youths went on a rampage of bashing or stabbing any whites they came across. ("Nationality Power in Soviet Republics" by R. Karlins in *Studies in Comparative Communism*, Spring 1981, p. 88). Russian youths refer to their fellow citizens in the Central Asian Republics as *Chernopatzy* (black derrières). One teenage Russian girl in Kazakhstan was quoted in regard to Asians gaining higher places in the Soviet establishment: "It's terrible, the Chernopatzy are taking over!" (*Ibid.*, p. 77.)

One might wonder to what degree the Soviet establishment wishes to appease its nonwhite citizens after the lavish, nationwide celebrations marking the anniversary of the 1380 Victory of Kerlikovo (Russians creaming Mongols). Despite various Soviet protestations about how satisfied Moslems are under Soviet rule, KGB chiefs are extremely worried.

Eastern Mediterranean. From a seafaring *Instaurationist*. Passed through the scenic strait of Constantinople, otherwise known as the Bosphorus. Magnificent city situated on hills which break up its silhouette, so large that the sun shining through broken clouds illuminates one part but not another. Quite a strong visual effect. The differential lighting makes the city look both plaintively gay and tragically sad -- the same effect produced by knowing its history. The great church of St. Sophia and the romanesque cathedral, now the "Blue Mosque" of the Asians who stole it, dominate the central Golden Horn area. Near the strait is a sloping wooded hillside

where the last Byzantine holdouts stood until they were overcome and sold into slavery.

One old story has it that a Western European approaching Constantinople mistook its outer walls for its main gates because they were so large. I, too, thought the southern suburbs was the city itself. It goes on for miles on either side of the narrow waterway. It is most beautiful in the old central section. The few Turks I saw, such as the pilot and his crew, and well-to-do yachtmen who came by to look us over, looked essentially Southern European. They must be the descendants of European captives, but they still pay religious lip service to their Semitic dogma and patriotic lip service to a tribe and name drawn from the barbarians of the Asiatic steppes.

Byzantium was called by its people, simply, the City, *stin polin* in Greek. The Turks kept the name, Stan Pul, now Istanbul. I like to call it what the late Romans called it, Constantinople. If the Turks can't pronounce what they steal, it's not my obligation to imitate them. I dislike Turks, just as I dislike any people who fancy themselves tough, but whose martial record rests heavily on the torture of helpless civilians and prisoners. The much maligned Italians beat the Turks three times in this century: once in Cyrenaica, once in the western tip of Turkey and once in a naval victory in the Dodecanese. The magnificent Spanish-Italian victory at Lepanto (1619) under Don Juan of Austria tells us that without the Italian soldier -- and the Polish soldier who beat the Turkish hordes at Vienna -- Europe would be a much different place today.

We were followed all the way through the strait by a Soviet Embassy yacht, unmarked like any small-town cop car but crewed by blond stalking Russians furiously snapping photos of us and avidly scribbling notes as we waved and smiled. Our old wreck of a tanker with its second-rate Third World crew isn't worth an Instamatic snapshot. Once we had exited the Bosphorus and headed north, we were picked up by a Soviet seaplane, a lovely old relic with a big red star and olive green paint. It is said Russians are some of the world's best bush pilots. They have to be because of the deplorable state of some of their flying equipment.

On the Black Sea we came within radar range of the Crimean peninsula while bothering the Soviets with our destroyers. The last drops of the Greek colonists' blood had long ago disappeared in the veins of the mongrelizing Tartar and other Asiatic invaders whom Stalin in WW II packed off back east to their ancient deep-freeze homelands. Not many people outside the Soviet Union give old Joe credit for that.

* * *



Back out of the Black Sea again. Past the great city of the Golden Horn once more and south through the Sea of Marmora to another strait, the Dardanelles, with the Mound Hissarlik rising above us. The ancient Persians and Greeks called it the Troad. The river Meander is still there and still meanders. We are told the Trojan war was fought for the command of the Dardanelles (Hellespont to the old Greeks) and Black Sea commerce.

The strait, although Leander swam it every night to be with Hero and Byron swam it once, could not have been all that easy to close near Troy, where it is quite broad, much broader than the Bosphorus. To the military technocrat of the late Bronze Age, it would be like "closing" the English Channel today.

Almost exactly opposite the site of ancient Troy and its memories, there stands a large cenotaph to the thousands of British Empire soldiers who were slaughtered at nearby Gallipoli.

All along the strait stand crumbled castles and forts, usually built by white Europeans to ward off the Eurasian invaders. Just east of where I write these words is the Ionian coast. Further south along that coast is where one of the great flowerings of Western genius took place -- Miletus, Pergamum and Halicarnassus. They're all Turkish now!

With a lot of white chromosomes in the de-Asianized segment of the Turkish population, and even some slight backwash of white genes returning with Turkish guest workers from France and Germany, with some of the most endearing, roundish-faced, diminutive, blue-eyed, light blondes to be seen in the upper- and middle-class discos of Ankara and "Stanbul," is it too farfetched to envision an eventual reemergence of Europeans consciously throwing off the primitive Mohammedanism and re-identifying with the ancient Hellenes?

* * *

Sept. 20, 1982, off Beirut. So close I can hear the shelling and see U.S. whirlybirds shuttling constantly back and forth between recently arrived helo carriers and the Marines on the beach. Next day Beirut was visible for once without its usual cover of mist, artillery smoke or fires. The profile of the city has changed since I first saw it last summer. The Israelis and their overseas cousins have changed the profiles of quite a few cities.

Destroyer *Arthur Radford* suddenly breaks off and goes to the coast to shell targets. Cruiser *Virginia* has been busy doing the same for days.

The British carrier *Invincible* of Falklands fame pulled in this afternoon. She

has small craft running about in the big, rapidly growing Allied formation just three miles or so off the downtown tip of the Beirut peninsula.

At night big fires in and near Beirut, visible from four to five miles out.

Through the big eye, the big binoculars on the signal/flying bridge, Beirut is a shattered wreck. All high-rises on the facing or shoreline part of the city, the Muslim part, are shot up. No people, no cars, no animals, no laundry hanging out to dry.

The *New Jersey* has joined us. Now we have 20 ships, from five or more different countries all paddling around out here. I want to transfer to a quiet, clean spy ship. That kind of ship at least works directly for the U.S. What in hell are all these ships and troops doing out here?

I came back from one night on the town full of vino and went to the cabin of some friends who were sitting around guzzling rum. An intruding black overheard me say something that could be construed as racist and took umbrage. Three weeks later, at sea, he demanded that I apologize. I refused, saying that I came from a background and cast of mind that barred mixing with blacks. The response was most interesting. One black suggested that I be arrested and hauled before the captain because I was "against the policy of our government." Others talked about filing charges against me for violating civil service regulations. Only later did the blacks resort to the customary mutterings that I would be knifed or dumped over the side.

Thailand. A six-foot Thai businessman has started an exclusive "tall people's club" for those of his countrymen who are at least 5' 7". The club will provide match-making services for tall Thai girls, but, more importantly, it will offer sperm from club members to Thai women who are tired of having short children. The ultimate goal is to breed taller Thais.

Australia. In July the Australian Union of Jewish Students put on a play, *The Diary of Anne Frank -- A Forgery?*, in which a sinister neo-Nazi character was modeled after John Bennett, the prominent Aussie civil libertarian who has written, "If the Diaries of Anne Frank were subjected to the same elementary forensic tests as the Hitler Diaries, they would be shown to be a fraud."

Meanwhile, Bennett carries on his campaign against the incitement of racial hatred toward 300,000 Australians of German descent. He has compiled a list of 300 films which negatively stereotype Germans, most of which, he says, have been shown in Australia since 1945. On the

other hand, only two films negatively stereotyping Jews were produced in Hitler's Germany.

* * *

Patrick White in an article in *Quadrant* (Aug. 1983) writes that saying "Hitler's gas chambers didn't exist has become a fashionable view." That would be news, excellent news, to Robert Faurisson and Arthur Butz. Unfortunately, it's the kind of false news and false views that fill so many pages of each *Quadrant* issue.

* * *

- Of the present Australian population of 15 million, no fewer than 6 million are the product of post-war migration, either born overseas or the children of overseas-born.

- Only a little more than half of Sydney's population now have both parents born in Australia. In Melbourne, such people have actually become a minority.

- More than half the children being enrolled in Victorian infants schools have overseas-born parents. The figures for Sydney are not far behind.

- Migrants now comprise one-third of the work force. They are a large majority in the industrial sector, where they do the most dangerous, dirty and unpleasant jobs. Migrant women predominate even more strongly in the women's industrial work force.

- While unemployment in the community generally hovers over 10%, Lebanese unemployment is 28%. Greek unemployment had doubled in the last six months. In New South Wales, Aboriginal unemployment is approaching an incredible 70%. There's a real prospect that most minority group unskilled workers will never again be able to get jobs.

- Despite all this, the current migrant intake is 134,000 a year. And with 14 million refugees in the world, there's always the chance of many more of them suddenly reaching our shores.

This pessimistic viewpoint is being propagated in pamphlets put out by the Uniting Church of Australia, which nevertheless wants the country's march to multi-racialism and multiculturalism to continue.

One Aussie who refuses to join the march is Dame Leonie Kramer, professor of Australian literature at the University of Sydney. Hitting out at the multiculturalists, Dame Leonie said:

There's a passion for using the term "Anglo-Saxon" nowadays as one of abuse It's as immature, it seems to me, for a nation -- as for a person -- to disparage its origins. One must come to terms with them, including -- and especially including -- all the bad points

Australians are the inheritors of British culture and institutions and, most important, of the English language.

Rare Chance for Truthful Writers

"Spineless journalists on both sides of the Atlantic have forgotten the powerhouse that is Europe. Time is running short. A European renaissance is imperative." So concludes a large advertisement which appeared in the liberal *Dagens Nyheter* (July 24), Sweden's largest morning daily. The ad appeared in English and warned against an American-based propaganda blitz which is immersing Europeans in a "Niagara of misinformation and gutter culture." (English is almost universally known to young Scandinavians, having replaced German as the first foreign language in 1945.)

The ad's sponsor was the Baltic Sea Foundation, P.O. Box 44, 00281 Helsinki 28, Finland, "a charitable, nonprofit organization supported by private and corporate donors." The largest private donor was apparently Eric Ertman, husband of Margaret Behn, the heiress daughter of the late hectomillionaire Sosthenes Behn, founder of International Telephone and Telegraph (ITT). Ertman allegedly told a Finnish newspaper recently, "America is a good example of the Jews' capability to govern The cowboy brains and culture of the Americans stand no chance beside the Jews."

The ad invited the public to participate in any or all of five "editorial contests." The equivalent of \$3,000 (U.S.) will be awarded every three months to the contestant who submits the best entry in opposition to "the inquisitorial practices and methods employed by the established world press." Short (i.e., letters to the editor type opinions and comments) newspaper or magazine writeups in any language are eligible, provided an exact English translation is attached. Entries should be confined to one of the five following topics:

(1) The Israeli war against Lebanon and the subsequent massacre in the fall of 1982 of Palestinians, and the later whitewash of Sharon and Begin (Deadline Oct. 31, 1983).

(2) The Lillehammer murder of an innocent Arab waiter and the subsequent whitewash of the responsible Israeli agents by the Norwegian authorities (Deadline, Jan. 31, 1984).

(3) The Morgenthau Plan to dismantle all German industry after World War II and reduce Germany to an agrarian state (Deadline, April 30, 1984).

(4) U.S. economic warfare against Europe by means of artificially maintained interest rates (Deadline, July 31, 1984).

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The Foundation's ad, which appeared in at least several European newspapers, promised a second list of contest topics to be announced late next year. Israelis of good will were specifically invited to participate. The "European patient" was advised that he had "better get moving" to create "a Europe for the Europeans." Otherwise, he would be condemned to "wallow forever in borrowed trappings," economic, political and cultural.

From a racial, though not a national, viewpoint it is hard to imagine a more encouraging advertisement. Penurious Instaurationists should take note.

Maverick Politico

The *New York Times* has dubbed Richard Barrett a "New York-born segregationist." The expression is not an oxymoron. There are more New York-born segregationists around than *Times* editor Abe Rosenthal has ever dreamed of, and more than a few of them, like Richard Barrett, have ended up in the South. But, unlike Barrett, not many have run for governor of the deepest of the Deep South states.

Barrett, who came into this disheveled world in the Washington Heights section of Zoo City, way back in the early 40s, is the offspring of a hard-drinking Irish-English father and German mother. He early learned the trick that has propelled him to a certain level of notoriety. Rather than being manipulated -- especially when it comes to the media -- Barrett tries to manipulate. This is S.O.P. with liberals, but not the ordinary behavior of right-wing "patriots" who adhere to racial themes and who want all the nation's Unassimilable Minorities put on the first boat or jet to Africa, Southern Europe, the Near East, Far East and points beyond.

Barrett's latest media event is his new book, *The Commission*, the first half of which is autobiography, the second a combination manifesto/political platform/homily. The contents read as if they were being delivered from the stump -- and part of them must have been written there, as the author seems to have spent most of his recent life on the soapbox circuit supporting such causes as the D.A.R., Wallace, anti-communism, anti-ERA, old-style unreconstructed Mississippianism, physical fitness -- and, of course, himself. The language is bombastic and the words pleonastic. What Barrett didn't seem to know when he first took pen in hand was that words designed for political rallies in the Mississippi boondocks don't read to well in an artificial-leather, gold-embossed, 435-page book. As they say in poetics, they just don't scan.

Example #1 (p. 255): *The American Dream can, and must, become a reality for*



Barrett and Lester Maddox press the flesh

the workingman to own land or possess an affordable dwelling. No man can reach down and pluck up a clod of soil, earned by the sweat of his own brow, without, at the same time, bending his knee, in humility, and looking up and around, in thanksgiving.

Example #2 (p. 365): *The law is a single-colored flame of the right. It is eagles, scales, pillars and robes under a lofty dome, bared knuckles, clenched fists and sweat-filled eyes beneath an azure sky, but more, it is the crown turned upside down; the people is the monarch.*

As for the more readable parts of his book, Barrett's biographical ups and downs should be of some educational benefit to young Majority politicians on the make. The author talks about his boyhood, how he learned about multiracial America as his family fled from the city to suburbia to ruralia to escape being drowned in tsunamis of southern Italians and Negroes. He went to Rutgers University, and soon became known as the campus conservative. Putting his patriotism where his mouth was, he volunteered for service in Vietnam, where he garnered two Purple Hearts. Returning home and hearing that one of his old professors had been teaching Uncle Ho's party line, he turned in his diploma while press photographers' bulbs popped and wire services clicked out the story worldwide. This made him a one-month hero to a lot of people who don't count -- namely, the Old Right. It got him into Senator Eastland's office, into the Alabama statehouse for a chat with George Wallace and into a handshake with Representative Larry McDonald.

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fying, his handling of hecklers, his organizational trips, his media performances should be invaluable to the young Majority member who is thinking about going public and stirring up *hoi polloi*.

Barrett's politics, though stated in 19th-century prose, is mostly late 20th-century populist. Much of what he says is right on the button, with perhaps a little too much emphasis on the enemy overseas and not enough on the deadlier one on the home front. And then there is that one esoteric, magnolia-scented plank in his platform that recommends the return of dueling as a way of reducing litigation in the courts.

Because of the National Movement (his caps) he says he has formed, Barrett assures us that he is "the man all America will soon be talking about." Maybe yes, maybe no. Will he suit his acts to his adumbrations? It will be a Herculean task, perhaps even a Sisyphean one. But we must wish him well, as we wish anyone well who speaks for the Majority, even if he speaks too loudly and not too convincingly.

The Commission may be ordered from the author at 465 City Center Plaza South, P.O. Box 6700, Jackson, MS 39212. Price, \$25.00.

Back to Africa

NAAWP News, the publication of the National Association for the Advancement of White People (Box 10625, New Orleans, LA 70181), featured an extraordinarily candid interview with James Meredith in a recent issue. Meredith became a key figure in the Civil Rights Revolution in October 1962 when 3,000 Federal troops and National Guardsmen were needed to register him as the first black student at the University of Mississippi. Now it turns out that Meredith never believed in the possibility of lasting racial equality, having sought all along the eventual world dominance of his own race. Meredith deserves our respect for his racially uncharacteristic frankness while making the following points to interviewer David Duke:

- Repatriation to Africa would be "wonderful for the black race." Blacks would not mind going, but the white elite, with its craving for cheap labor, would never allow it.
- Whites would benefit tremendously from a black exodus. "There would be . . . a marked reduction of crime. The tremendous social welfare burden could be lessened." A reduction in "guilt feeling" would be another of the "great advantages to white people."
- Blacks in America have become totally dependent upon white welfare. Not one in a thousand can feed himself.

- If an elite wishes to enjoy the superior culture of a Greece or Rome, a base of cheap labor must exist. When the current mania for equality dies down, the blacks should try to be in the position of controlling others. "My only interest is that me and my kind dominates . . . Right now and for the next two or three hundred years race is the dominant political factor in the world."

- Willpower, not native ability, is the key to obtaining control over others.

The interview ended with this exchange:

Duke: Has the white race lost its will?
Meredith: Oh, there's no doubt about it.

Last spring, Meredith sent a letter to President Reagan proposing black resettlement in Africa. The letter calls to mind the House resolution which Robert N.C. Nix (D-PA) introduced in 1971, calling for repatriation. Congress left the idea hanging in the wind.

James Meredith's dream of repatriation may be shared by many blacks. His idea of eventual black supremacy is probably shared by most. But the great majority of blacks are likely to continue believing that such supremacy is best achieved by staying put in this hemisphere and depending on the high black birthrate to africanize America.

One Finger in the Dyke

The decent American liberal is not yet an extinct species. One lingering exception that comes to mind is Edward Abbey, a noted writer on conservation.

Abbey became a hero to a generation of wilderness enthusiasts with his book *Desert Solitaire*, which promoted the message that a few good people, living in harmony with the earth, should be the goal toward which America strives. Since many young people who read authors like Abbey sacrificially elected to have fewer children than they would have liked, such liberal gurus have a grave responsibility to see to it that their trusting constituency is not "stabbed in the back" by a subsequent liberal toleration for baby-booming immigrants. Abbey, at least, has recognized the stand that he is morally obligated to take. He is frankly appalled by the millions of low-life Mexicans who are illegally flooding our Southwestern states, and he wants them returned to their native garbage dumps. Indeed, in his latest book, *Down the River*, Abbey refers to all Mexico as "a garbage dump." He says this "partially to shock," but also "because it's true. I think most Mexican towns do look like garbage dumps."

What is at stake, warns Abbey, is the entire quality-conscious American way of life. To save it, we should militarize the entire Mexican border, require national ID cards, and do whatever else may prove necessary: "I think we have to choose between evils." From his home near Tucson, Abbey has been courageously spreading this message in letters to editors across the country. His smug liberal critics are giving him hell for it. "I'd much rather keep quiet on this issue," he admits. "I don't like being called a racist and a bigot and a fascist." (As if anyone likes being called the devil incarnate!) "Closing the border to illegal entry would put the Latin Americans under some sort of pressure to reform their societies," he says. Not doing so will generate incredible unhappiness and squalor both there and here.

High IQ Sheet Takes the Low Road

An Instaurionist with a daughter who is a member of MENSA, the hoity-toity, intellectually segregated IQ society, wrote a letter to the *MENSA Bulletin* that was critical of the Federal Reserve Bank and even went so far as to mention the names of several Jewish banks. Wonder of wonders, the letter appeared in the June 1983 issue. Then the roof fell in. In the July/August *Bulletin* the editor, Darlene Criss, mea-culpaed most mightily with a special notice expressing her "deepest apologies to the total membership of MENSA for publishing the letter." It didn't seem to do much good. The September issue appeared with another special notice: the editor was leaving -- not fired, just leaving. Ms. Criss, it was explained, "would like to retire as soon as a new editor can be selected and trained."

There are quite a few MENSA members who subscribe to *Instauration*. Perhaps one of them might apply for the job. Then letters straying from the establishment line would be printed without the ignominious follow-up that flowed from the word processor of Ms. Criss. At least when the Instaurionist got fired, as any upholder of free expression inevitably would, whether on the payroll of the *MENSA Bulletin* or the *Inner City Gazette*, he could go down with flags flying, rather than at half mast.

Heritage

A surge of Norway in my blood;
A tingling in my Nordic bones;
A tingling, urging -- half forgot,
Diluted by some Keltic blood.

Whatever caused this ancient urge?
This longing for my ancient home?
A thousand ages past and gone!
A Nordic standing here alone!

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